THE BLUE UMBRELLA

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One

"NEELU! Neelu!" cried Binya.

She scrambled barefoot over the rocks, ran over the short summer grass, up and over the brow of the hill, all the time calling "Neelu, Neelu!"

Neelu—Blue—was the name of the blue-grey cow. The other cow, which was white, was called Gori, meaning Fair One. They were fond of wandering off on their own, down to the stream or into the pine forest, and sometimes they came back by themselves and sometimes they stayed away—almost deliberately, it seemed to Binya.

If the cows didn't come home at the right time, Binya would be sent to fetch them. sometimes her brother Bijju went with her, but these days he was busy preparing for his exams and didn't have time to help with the cows.

Binya liked being on her own, and sometimes she allowed the cows to lead her into some distant valley, and then they would all be late coming home. The cows preferred having Binya with them, because she let them wander. Bijju pulled them by their tails if they went too far.

Binya belonged to the mountains, to this part of the Himalayas known as Garhwal. Dark forests and lonely hilltops held no terrors for her. It was only when she was in the market-town, jostled by the crowds in the bazaar, that she felt rather nervous and lost. The town, five miles from the village, was also a pleasure resort for tourists from all over India.

Binya was probably ten. She may have been nine or even eleven, she couldn't be sure because no one in the village kept birthdays; but her mother told her she'd been born during a winter when the snow had come up to the windows, and that was just over ten years ago, wasn't it? Two years later her father had died; but his passing had made no difference to their way of life. They had three tiny terraced fields on the side of the mountain, and they grew potatoes, onions, ginger, beans, mustard and maize: not enough to sell in the town, but enough to live on.

Like most mountain girls, Binya was quite sturdy, fair of skin, with pink cheeks and dark eyes and her black hair tied in a pigtail. She wore pretty glass bangles on her wrists, and a necklace of glass beads. From the necklace hung a leopard's claw. It was a lucky charm, and Binya always wore it. Bijju had one, too, only his was attached to a string.

Binya's full name was Binyadevi, and Bijju's real name was vijay, but everyone called them Binya and Bijju. Binya was two years younger than her brother.

She had stopped calling for Neelu; she had heard the cow-bells tinkling, and knew the cows hadn't gone far. Singing to herself, she walked over fallen pine-needles into the forest glade on the spur of the hill. She heard voices, laughter, the clatter of plates and cups; and stepping through the trees, she came upon a party of picnickers.

They were holiday-makers from the plains. The women were dressed in bright saris, the men wore light summer shirts, and the children had pretty new clothes. Binya, standing in the shadows between the trees, went unnoticed; and for some time she watched the picnickers, admiring their clothes, listening to their unfamiliar accents, and gazing rather hungrily at the sight of all their food. And then her gaze came to rest on a bright blue umbrella, a frilly thing for women, which lay open on the grass beside its owner.

Now Binya had seen umbrellas before, and her mother had a big black umbrella which nobody used any more because the field-rats had eaten holes in it, but this was the first time Binya had seen such a small, dainty, colourful umbrella; and she fell in love with it. The umbrella was like a flower, a great blue flower that had sprung up on the dry brown hillside.

She moved forward a few paces so that she could see the umbrella better. As she came out of the shadows into the sunlight, the picnickers saw her.

"Hello, look who's here!" exclaimed the older of the two women. "A little village girl!"

"Isn't she pretty?" remarked the other. "But how torn and dirty her clothes are!" it did not seem to bother them that Binya could hear and understand everything they said about her.

"They're very poor in the hills," said one of the men.

"Then let's give her something to eat." And the older woman beckoned to Binya to come closer.

Hesitantly, nervously, Binya approached the group. Normally she would have turned and fled; but the attraction was the pretty blue umbrella. It had cast a spell over her, drawing her forward almost against her will.

"What's that on her neck?" asked the younger woman.

"A necklace of sorts."

"It's a pendant—see, there's a claw hanging from it!"

"It's a tiger's claw," said the man beside her. (He had never seen a tiger's claw.) "A lucky charm. These people wear them to keep away evil spirits." He looked to Binya for confirmation, but Binya said nothing.

"Oh, I want one too!" said the woman, who was obviously his wife.

"You can't get them in shops."

"Buy hers, then. Give her two or three rupees, she's sure to need the money."

The man, looking slightly embarrassed but anxious to please his young wife,

produced a two-rupee note and offered it to Binya, indicating that he wanted the pendant in exchange. Binya put her hand to the necklace, half afraid that the excited woman would snatch it away from her. Solemnly she shook her head. The man then showed her a five-rupee note, but again Binya shook her head.

"How silly she is!" exclaimed the young woman.

"It may not be hers to sell," said the man. "But i'll try again. How much do you want—what can we give you?" And he waved his hand towards the picnic things scattered about on the grass.

Without any hesitation Binya pointed to the umbrella.

"My umbrella!" exclaimed the young woman. "She wants my umbrella. What cheek!"

"Well, you want her pendant, don't you?"

"That's different."

"Is it?"

The man and his wife were beginning to quarrel with each other.

"I'll ask her to go away," said the older woman. "We're making such fools of ourselves."

"But I *want* the pendant!" cried the other petulantly. And then, on an impulse, she picked up the umbrella and held it out to Binya. "Here, take the umbrella!"

Binya removed her necklace and held it out to the young woman, who immediately placed it round her own neck. Then Binya took the umbrella and held it up. It did not look so small in her hands; in fact, it was just the right size.

She had forgotten about the picnickers, who were busy examining the pendant. She turned the blue umbrella this way and that; looked through the bright blue silk at the pulsating sun; and then, still keeping it open, turned and disappeared into the forest glade.

Two

BINYA seldom closed the blue umbrella. Even when she had it in the house, she left it lying open in a corner of the room. Sometimes Bijju snapped it shut, complaining that it got in the way. She would open it again a little later. It wasn't beautiful when it was closed.

Whenever Binya went out—whether it was to graze the cows, or fetch water from the spring, or carry milk to the little tea shop on the Tehri road—she took the umbrella with her. That patch of skyblue silk could always be seen on the hillside.

Old Ram Bharosa (Ram the Trustworthy) kept the tea shop on the Tehri road. It was a dusty, unmetalled road. Once a day, the Tehri bus stopped near his shop and passengers got down to sip hot tea or drink a glass of curds. He kept a few bottles of Coca-cola too; but as there was no ice, the bottles got hot in the sun and so were seldom opened. He also kept sweets and toffees, and when Binya or Bijju had a few coins to spare they would spend them at the shop. It was only a mile from the village.

Ram Bharosa was astonished to see Binya's blue umbrella.

"What have you there, Binya?" he asked.

Binya gave the umbrella a twirl and smiled at Ram Bharosa. She was always ready with her smile, and would willingly have lent it to anyone who was feeling unhappy.

"That's a lady's umbrella," said Ram Bharosa. "That's only for Mem-Sahibs. Where did you get it?"

"Someone gave it to me—for my necklace."

"You exchanged it for your lucky claw!"

Binya nodded.

"But what do you need it for? The sun isn't hot enough—and it isn't meant for the rain. It's just a pretty thing for rich ladies to play with!"

Binya nodded and smiled again. Ram Bharosa was quite right; it was just a beautiful plaything. And that was exactly why she had fallen in love with it.

"I have an idea," said the shopkeeper. "It's no use to you, that umbrella. Why not sell it to me? I'll give you five rupees for it."

"It's worth fifteen," said Binya.

"Well, then, I'll give you ten."

Binya laughed and shook her head.

"Twelve rupees?" said Ram Bharosa, but without much hope.

Binya placed a five-paise coin on the counter. “I came for a toffee,” she said.

Ram Bharosa pulled at his drooping whiskers, gave Binya a wry look, and placed a toffee in the palm of her hand. He watched Binya as she walked away along the dusty road. The blue umbrella held him fascinated, and he stared after it until it was out of sight.

The villagers used this road to go to the market-town. Some used the bus; a few rode on mules; most people walked. Today, everyone on the road turned their heads to stare at the girl with the bright blue umbrella.

Binya sat down in the shade of a pine tree. The umbrella, still open, lay beside her. She cradled her head in her arms, and presently she dozed off. It was that kind of day, sleepily warm and summery.

And while she slept, a wind sprang up.

It came quietly, swishing gently through the trees, humming softly. Then it was joined by other random gusts, bustling over the tops of the mountains. The trees shook their heads and came to life. The wind fanned Binya’s cheeky. The umbrella stirred on the grass.

The wind grew stronger, picking up dead leaves and sending them spinning and swirling through the air. It got into the umbrella and began to drag it over the grass. Suddenly it lifted the umbrella and carried it about six feet from the sleeping girl. The sound woke Binya.

She was on her feet immediately, and then she was leaping down the steep slope. But just as she was within reach of the umbrella, the wind picked it up again and carried it further downhill.

Binya set off in pursuit. The wind was in a wicked, playful mood. It would leave the umbrella alone for a few moments; but, as soon as Binya came near, it would pick up the umbrella again and send it bouncing, floating, dancing away from her.

The hill grew steeper. Binya knew that after twenty yards it would fall away in a precipice. She ran faster. And the wind ran with her, ahead of her, and the blue umbrella stayed up with the wind.

A fresh gust picked it up and carried it to the very edge of the cliff. There it balanced for a few seconds, before toppling over, out of sight.

Binya ran to the edge of the cliff. Going down on her hands and knees, she peered down the cliff-face. About a hundred feet below, a small stream rushed between great boulders. Hardly anything grew on the cliff-face—just a few stunted bushes, and, halfway down, a wild cherry tree growing crookedly out of the rocks and hanging across the chasm. The umbrella had stuck in the cherry tree.

Binya didn’t hesitate. She may have been timid with strangers, but she was at home on a hillside. She stuck her bare leg over the edge of the cliff and began climbing down. she kept her face to the hillside, feeling her way with her feet, only changing her handhold when she knew her feet were secure. Sometimes she held on

to the thorny bilberry bushes, but she did not trust the other plants, which came away very easily.

Loose stones rattled down the cliff. Once on their way, the stones did not stop until they reached the bottom of the hill; and they took other stones with them, so that there was soon a cascade of stones, and Binya had to be very careful not to start a landslide.

As agile as a mountain-goat, she did not take more than five minutes to reach the crooked cherry tree. But the most difficult task remained. She had to crawl along the trunk of the tree, which stood out at right angles from the cliff. Only by doing this could she reach the trapped umbrella.

Binya felt no fear when climbing trees. She was proud of the fact that she could climb them as well as Bijju. Gripping the rough cherry bark with her toes, and using her knees as leverage, she crawled along the trunk of the projecting tree until she was almost within reach of the umbrella. She noticed with dismay that the blue cloth was torn in a couple of places.

She looked down; and it was only then that she felt afraid. She was right over the chasm, balanced precariously about eighty feet above the boulder-strewn stream. Looking down, she felt quite dizzy. Her hands shook, and the tree shook too. If she slipped now, there was only one direction in which she could fall—down, down, into the depths of that dark and shadowy ravine.

There was only one thing to do; concentrate on the patch of blue just a couple of feet away from her.

She did not look down or up, but straight ahead; and willing herself forward, she managed to reach the umbrella.

She could not crawl back with it in her hands. So, after dislodging it from the forked branch in which it had stuck, she let it fall, still open, into the ravine below. Cushioned by the wind, the umbrella floated serenely downwards, landing in a thicket of nettles.

Binya crawled back along the trunk of the cherry tree.

Twenty minutes later she emerged from the nettle clump, her precious umbrella held aloft. She had nettle stings all over her legs, but she was hardly aware of the smarting. She was as immune to nettles as Bijju was to bees.

Three

ABOUT four years previously, Bijju had knocked a hive out of an oak tree, and had been badly stung about the face and legs. It had been a painful experience. But now, if a bee stung him, he felt nothing at all: he had been immunised for life!

He was on his way home from school. It was two o'clock and he hadn't eaten since six in the morning. Fortunately, the Kingora bushes—the bilberries—were in fruit, and already Bijju's lips were stained purple with the juice of the wild, sour fruit.

He didn't have any money to spend at Ram Bharosa's shop, but he stopped there anyway, to look at the sweets in their glass jars.

"And what will you have today?" asked Ram Bharosa.

"No money," said Bijju.

"You can pay me later."

Bijju shook his head. Some of his friends had taken sweets on credit, and at the end of the month they had found they'd eaten more sweets than they could possibly pay for! As a result, they'd had to hand over to Ram Bharosa some of their most treasured possessions—such as a curved knife for cutting grass, or a small hand-axe, or a jar for pickles, or a pair of earrings—and these had become the shopkeeper's possessions and were kept by him or sold in his shop.

Ram Bharosa had set his heart on having Binya's blue umbrella, and so naturally he was anxious to give credit to either of the children; but so far neither had fallen into the trap.

Bijju moved on, his mouth full of Kingora berries. Half way home, he saw Binya with the cows. It was late evening, and the sun had gone down, but Binya still had the umbrella open. The two small rents had been stitched up by her mother.

Bijju gave his sister a handful of berries. She handed him the umbrella while she ate the berries.

"You can have the umbrella until we get home," she said. It was her way of rewarding Bijju for bringing her the wild fruit.

Calling "neelu! Gori!" Binya and Bijju set out for home, followed at some distance by the cows.

It was dark before they reached the village, but Bijju still had the umbrella open.

★

Most of the people in the village were a little envious of Binya's blue umbrella. No one else had ever possessed one like it. The schoolmaster's wife thought it was quite wrong for a poor cultivator's daughter to have such a fine umbrella while she, a second-class B.A., had to make do with an ordinary black one. Her husband offered to have their old umbrella dyed blue; she gave him a scornful look, and loved him a little less than before. The Pujari, who looked after the temple, announced that he would buy a multicoloured umbrella the next time he was in the town. A few days later he returned, looking annoyed and grumbling that they weren't available except in Delhi. Most people consoled themselves by saying that Binya's pretty umbrella wouldn't keep out the rain, if it rained heavily; that it would shrivel in the sun, if the sun was fierce; that it would collapse in a wind, if the wind was strong; that it would attract lightning, if lightning fell near it; and that it would prove unlucky, if there was any ill-luck going about. Secretly, everyone admired it.

Unlike the adults, the children didn't have to pretend. They were full of praise for the umbrella. It was so light, so pretty, so bright a blue! And it was just the right size for Binya. They knew that if they said nice things about the umbrella, Binya would smile and give it to them to hold for a little while—just a very little while!

Soon it was the time of the monsoon. Big black clouds kept piling up, and thunder rolled over the hills.

Binya sat on the hillside all afternoon, waiting for the rain. As soon as the first big drop of rain came down, she raised the umbrella over her head. More drops, big ones, came pattering down. She could see them through the umbrella silk, as they broke against the cloth.

And then there was a cloudburst, and it was like standing under a waterfall. The umbrella wasn't really a rain-umbrella, but it held up bravely. Only Binya's feet got wet. Rods of rain fell around her in a curtain of shivered glass.

Everywhere on the hillside people were scurrying for shelter. Some made for a charcoal-burner's hut; others for a mule-shed, or Ram Bharosa's shop. Binya was the only one who didn't run. This was what she'd been waiting for—rain on her umbrella—and she wasn't in a hurry to go home. She didn't mind getting her feet wet. The cows didn't mind getting wet, either.

Presently she found Bijju sheltering in a cave. He would have enjoyed getting wet, but he had his school books with him and he couldn't afford to let them get spoilt. When he saw Binya, he came out of the cave and shared the umbrella. He was a head taller than his sister, so he had to hold the umbrella for her, while she held his books.

The cows had been left far behind.

"Neelu, Neelu!" called Binya.

"Gori!" called Bijju.

When their mother saw them sauntering home through the driving rain, she called out: “Binya! Bijju! Hurry up, and bring the cows in! What are you doing out there in the rain?”

“Just testing the umbrella,” said Bijju.

Four

THE rains set in, and the sun only made brief appearances. The hills turned a lush green. Ferns sprang up on walls and tree-trunks. Giant lilies reared up like leopards from the tall grass. A white mist coiled and uncoiled as it floated up from the valley. It was a beautiful season, except for the leeches.

Every day, Binya came home with a couple of leeches fastened to the flesh of her bare legs. They fell off by themselves just as soon as they'd had their thimbleful of blood; but you didn't know they were on you until they fell off; and then, later, the skin became very sore and itchy. Some of the older people still believed that to be bled by leeches was a remedy for various ailments. Whenever Ram Bharosa had a headache, he applied a leech to his throbbing temple.

Three days of incessant rain had flooded out a number of small animals who lived in holes in the ground. Binya's mother suddenly found the roof full of field-rats. She had to drive them out; they ate too much of her stored-up wheat flour and rice. Bijju liked lifting up large rocks, to disturb the scorpions who were sleeping beneath. And snakes came out to bask in the sun.

Binya had just crossed the small stream at the bottom of the hill when she saw something gliding out of the bushes and coming towards her. It was a long black snake. A clatter of loose stones frightened it. Seeing the girl in its way, it rose up, hissing, prepared to strike. The forked tongue darted out, the venomous head lunged at Binya.

Binya's umbrella was open as usual. She thrust it forward, between herself and the snake, and the snake's hard snout thudded twice against the strong silk of the umbrella. The reptile then turned and slithered away over the wet rocks, disappearing in a clump of ferns.

Binya forgot about the cow's and ran all the way home to tell her mother how she had been saved by the umbrella. Bijju had to put away his books and go out to fetch the cows. He carried a stout stick, in case he met with any snakes.

★

First the summer sun, and now the endless rain, meant that the umbrella was beginning to fade a little. From a bright blue it had changed to a light blue. But it was still a pretty thing, and tougher than it looked, and Ram Bharosa still desired it.

He did not want to sell it; he wanted to own it. He was probably the richest man in the area—so why shouldn't he have a blue umbrella? Not a day passed without his getting a glimpse of Binya and the umbrella; and the more he saw the umbrella, the more he wanted it.

The schools closed during the monsoon, but this didn't mean that Bijju could sit at home doing nothing. Neelu and Gori were providing more milk than was required at home, so Binya's mother was able to sell a kilo of milk every day: half a kilo to the schoolmaster, and half a kilo (at reduced rate) to the temple Pujari. Bijju had to deliver the milk every morning.

Ram Bharosa had asked Bijju to work in his shop during the holidays, but Bijju didn't have time; he had to help his mother with the ploughing and the transplanting of the rice-seedlings. So Ram Bharosa employed a boy from the next village, a boy called Rajaram. He did all the washing-up, and ran various errands. He went to the same school as Bijju, but the two boys were not friends.

One day, as Binya passed the shop, twirling her blue umbrella, Rajaram noticed that his employer gave a deep sigh and began muttering to himself.

"What's the matter, Babuji?" asked the boy.

"Oh, nothing," said Ram Bharosa. "It's just a sickness that has come upon me. And it's all due to that girl Binya and her wretched umbrella."

"Why, what has she done to you?"

"Refused to sell me her umbrella! There's pride for you. And I offered her ten rupees."

"Perhaps, if you gave her twelve …"

"But it isn't new any longer. It isn't worth eight rupees now. All the same, I'd like to have it."

"You wouldn't make a profit on it," said Rajaram.

"It's not the profit I'm after, wretch! It's the thing itself. It's the beauty of it!"

"And what would you do with it, Babuji? You don't visit anyone—you're seldom out of your shop. Of what use would it be to you?"

"Of what use is a poppy in a cornfield? Of what use is a rainbow? Of what use are you, numbskull? Wretch! I, too, have a soul. I want the umbrella, because—because I want its beauty to be mine!"

Rajaram put the kettle on to boil, began dusting the counter, all the time muttering: "I'm as useful as an umbrella," and then, after a short period of intense thought, said: "What will you give me, Babuji, if i get the umbrella for you?"

"What do you mean?" asked the old man.

"You know what i mean. What will you give me?"

"You mean to steal it, don't you, you wretch? What a delightful child you are! I'm glad you're not my son or my enemy. But look—everyone will know it has been stolen, and then how will I be able to show off with it?"

“You will have to gaze upon it in secret,” said Rajaram with a chuckle. “Or take it into Tehri, and have it coloured red! That’s your problem. But tell me, Babuji, do you want it badly enough to pay me three rupees for stealing it without being seen?”

Ram Bharosa gave the boy a long, sad look. ‘You’re a sharp boy,” he said. “You’ll come to a bad end. I’ll give you two rupees.”

“Three,” said the boy.

“Two,” said the old man.

“You don’t really want it, i can see that,” said the boy.

“Wretch!” said the old man. “Evil one! Darkener of my doorstep! Fetch me the umbrella, and I’ll give you three rupees.”

Five

BINYA was in the forest glade where she had first seen the umbrella. No one came there for picnics during the monsoon. The grass was always wet and the pine-needles were slippery underfoot. The tall trees shut out the light, and poisonous-looking mushrooms, orange and purple, sprang up everywhere. But it was a good place for porcupines, who seemed to like the mushrooms; and Binya was searching for porcupine-quills.

The hill people didn't think much of porcupine-quills, but far away in southern India the quills were valued as charms and sold at a rupee each. So Ram Bharosa paid a tenth of a rupee for each quill brought to him, and he in turn sold the quills at a profit to a trader from the plains.

Binya had already found five quills, and she knew there'd be more in the long grass. For once, she'd put her umbrella down. She had to put it aside if she was to search the ground thoroughly.

It was Rajaram's chance.

He'd been following Binya for some time, concealing himself behind trees and rocks, creeping closer whenever she became absorbed in her search. He was anxious that she should not see him and be able to recognize him later.

He waited until Binya had wandered some distance from the umbrella. Then, running forward at a crouch, he seized the open umbrella and dashed off with it.

But Rajaram had very big feet. Binya heard his heavy footsteps and turned just in tune to see him as he disappeared between the trees. She cried out, dropped the porcupine-quills, and gave chase.

Binya was swift and sure-footed, but Rajaram had a long stride. All the same, he made the mistake of running downhill. A long-legged person is much faster going up hill than down. Binya reached the edge of the forest glade in time to see the thief scrambling down the path to the stream. He had closed the umbrella so that it would not hinder his flight.

Binya was beginning to gain on the boy. He kept to the path, while she simply slid and leapt down the steep hillside. Near the bottom of the hill the path began to straighten out, and it was here that the long-legged boy began to forge ahead again.

Bijju was coming home from another direction. He had a bundle of sticks which he'd collected for the kitchen fire. As he reached the path, he saw Binya rushing down the hill as though all the mountain-spirits in Garhwal were after her.

“What’s wrong?” he called. “Why are you running?”

Binya paused only to point at the fleeing Rajaram.

“My umbrella!” she cried. “He has stolen it!”

Bijju dropped his bundle of sticks, and ran after his sister. When he reached her side, he said, “I’ll soon catch him!” and went sprinting away over the lush green grass. He was fresh, and he was soon well ahead of Binya and gaining on the thief.

Rajaram was crossing the shallow stream when Bijju caught up with him. Rajaram was the taller boy, but Bijju was much stronger. He flung himself at the thief, caught him by the legs, and brought him down in the water. Rajaram got to his feet, and tried to drag himself away; but Bijju still had him by a leg. Rajaram overbalanced and came down with a great splash. He had let the umbrella fall. It began to float away on the current. Just then Binya arrived, flushed and breathless, and went dashing into the stream after the umbrella.

Meanwhile, a tremendous fight was taking place. Locked in fierce combat, the two boys swayed together on a rock, tumbled on to the sand, rolled over and over the pebbled bank until they were again threshing about in the shallows of the stream. The magpies, bulbuls and other birds were disturbed, and flew away with cries of alarm.

Covered with mud, gasping and spluttering, the boys groped for each other in the water. After five minutes of frenzied struggle, Bijju emerged victorious. Rajaram lay flat on his back on the sand, exhausted, while Bijju sat astride him, pinning him down with his arms and legs.

“Let me get up!” gasped Rajaram. “let me go—i don’t want your useless umbrella!”

“Then why did you take it?” demanded Bijju. “Come on—tell me why!”

“It was that skinflint Ram Bharosa,” said Rajaram. “He told me to get it for him. He said if I didn’t fetch it, I’d lose my job.”

Six

BY early october the rains were coming to an end. The leeches disappeared. The ferns turned yellow, and the sunlight on the green hills was mellow and golden, like the limes on the small tree in front of Binya's home. Bijju's days were happy ones, as he came home from school, munching on roasted corn. Binya's umbrella had turned a pale milky blue, and was patched in several places, but it was still the prettiest umbrella in the village, and she still carried it with her wherever she went.

The cold, cruel winter wasn't far off, but somehow October seems longer than other months, because it is a kind month: the grass is good to he upon, the breeze is warm and gentle and pine-scented. That October everyone seemed contented—everyone, that is, except Ram Bharosa.

The old man had by now given up all hope of ever possessing Binya's umbrella. He wished he had never set eyes on it. Because of the umbrella he had suffered the tortures of greed, the despair of loneliness. Because of the umbrella, people had stopped corning to his shop!

Ever since it had become known that Ram Bharosa had tried to have the umbrella stolen, the village people had turned against him. They stopped trusting the old man, instead of buying their soap and tea and matches from his shop, they preferred to walk an extra mile to the shops near the Tehri bus stand. Who would have dealings with a man who had sold his soul for an umbrella? The children taunted him, twisted his name around. From "Ram the Trustworthy" he became "Trusty Umbrella Thief".

The old man sat alone in his empty shop, listening to the eternal hissing of his kettle, and wondering if anyone would ever again step in for a glass of tea. Ram Bharosa had lost his own appetite, and ate and drank very little. There was no money corning in. He had his savings in a bank in Tehri, but it was a terrible thing to have to dip into them! To save money, he had dismissed the blundering Rajaram. So he was left without any company. The roof leaked, and the wind got in through the corrugated tin sheets, but Ram Bharosa didn't care.

Bijju and Binya passed his shop almost every day. Bijju went by with a loud but tuneless whistle. He was one of the world's whistlers; cares rested lightly on his shoulders. But, strangely enough, Binya crept quietly past the shop, looking the other way, almost as though she was in some way responsible for the misery of Ram Bharosa.

She kept reasoning with herself, telling herself that the umbrella was her very

own, and that she couldn't help it if others were jealous of it. But had she loved the umbrella too much? Had it mattered more to her than people mattered? She couldn't help feeling that in a small way she was the cause of the sad look on Ram Bharosa's face ("His face is a yard long," said Bijju) and the ruinous condition of his shop. It was all due to his own greed, no doubt; but she didn't want him to feel too bad about what he'd done, because it made her feel bad about herself; and so she closed the umbrella whenever she came near the shop, opening it again only when she was out of sight.

One day towards the end of October, when she had ten paise in her pocket, she entered the shop and asked the old man for a toffee.

She was Ram Bharosa's first customer in almost two weeks. He looked suspiciously at the girl. Had she come to taunt him, to flaunt the umbrella in his face? She had placed her coin on the counter. Perhaps it was a bad coin. Ram Bharosa picked it up and bit it; he held it up to the light; he rang it on the ground. It was a good coin. He gave Binya the toffee.

Binya had already left the shop when Ram Bharosa saw the closed umbrella lying on his counter. There it was, the blue umbrella he had always wanted, within his grasp at last! He had only to hide it at the back of his shop, and no one would know that he had it, no one could prove that Binya had left it behind.

He stretched out his trembling, bony hand, and took the umbrella by the handle. He pressed it open. He stood beneath it, in the dark shadows of his shop, where no sun or rain could ever touch it.

"But I'm never in the sun or in the rain," he said aloud. "Of what use is an umbrella to me?"

And he hurried outside and ran after Binya.

"Binya, Binya!" he shouted. "Binya, you've left your umbrella behind!"

He wasn't used to running, but he caught up with her, held out the umbrella, saying, "you forgot it—the umbrella!"

In that moment it belonged to both of them.

But Binya didn't take the umbrella. She shook her head and said, "you keep it. I don't need it any more."

"But it's such a pretty umbrella!" protested Ram Bharosa. "it's the best umbrella in the village."

"I know," said Binya. "But an umbrella isn't everything."

And she left the old man holding the umbrella, and went tripping down the road, and there was nothing between her and the bright blue sky.

Seven

WELL, now that Ram Bharosa has the blue umbrella—a gift from Binya, as he tells everyone—he is sometimes persuaded to go out into the sun or the rain, and as a result he looks much healthier. Sometimes he uses the umbrella to chase away pigs or goats. It is always left open outside the shop, and anyone who wants to borrow it may do so; and so in a way it has become everyone's umbrella. It is faded and patchy, but it is still the best umbrella in the village.

People are visiting Ram Bharosa's shop again. Whenever Bijju or Binya stop for a cup of tea, he gives them a little extra milk or sugar. They like their tea sweet and milky.

A few nights ago, a bear visited Ram Bharosa's shop. There had been snow on the higher ranges of the Himalayas, and the bear had been finding it difficult to obtain food; so it had come lower down, to see what it could pick up near the village. That night it scrambled on to the tin roof of Ram Bharosa's shop, and made off with a huge pumpkin which had been ripening on the roof. But in climbing off the roof, the bear had lost a claw.

Next morning Ram Bharosa found the claw just outside the door of his shop. He picked it up and put it in his pocket. A bear's claw was a lucky find.

A day later, when he went into the market-town, he took the claw with him, and left it with a silversmith, giving the craftsman certain instructions.

The silversmith made a locket for the claw; then he gave it a thin silver chain. When Ram Bharosa came again, he paid the silversmith ten rupees for his work.

The days were growing shorter, and Binya had to be home a little earlier every evening. There was a hungry leopard at large, and she couldn't leave the cows out after dark.

She was hurrying past Ram Bharosa's shop when the old man called out to her.

"Binya, spare a minute! i want to show you something."

Binya stepped into the shop.

"What do you think of it?" asked Ram Bharosa, showing her the silver pendant with the claw.

"It's so beautiful," said Binya, just touching the claw and the silver chain.

"It's a bear's claw," said Ram Bharosa. "That's even luckier than a leopard's claw. Would you like to have it?"

"I have no money," said Binya.

“That doesn’t matter. You gave me the umbrella—i give you the claw! Come, let’s see what it looks like on you.”

He placed the pendant on Binya, and indeed it looked very beautiful on her.

Ram Bharosa says he will never forget the smile she gave him when she left the shop.

She was halfway home when she realized she had left the cows behind.

“Neelu, Neelu!” she called. “Oh, Gori!”

There was a faint tinkle of bells as the cows came slowly down the mountain path.

In the distance she could hear her mother and Bijju calling for her.

She began to sing. They heard her singing, and knew she was safe and near.

She walked home through the darkening glade, singing of the stars; and the trees stood still and listened to her, and the mountains were glad.

'*The umbrella was like a flower, a great blue flower that had sprung up on the dry brown hillside.*'

In exchange for her lucky leopard's claw pendant, Binya acquires a beautiful blue umbrella that makes her the envy of everyone in the village, especially Ram Bharosa, the shopkeeper. It is the prettiest umbrella in the whole village and she carries it everywhere she goes.

The Blue Umbrella is a short and humorous novella set in the hills of Garhwal. Written in simple yet witty language, it captures life in a village—where ordinary characters become heroic, and others find opportunities to redeem themselves.

RUSKIN BOND'S first novel, *The Room on the Roof*, written when he was seventeen, won the John Llewellyn Rhys Memorial Prize in 1957. Since then he has written several novellas (including *Vagrants in the Valley, A Flight of Pigeons* and *Delhi Is Not Far*), essays, poems and children's books. He has also written over 500 short stories and articles that have appeared in a number of magazines and anthologies. He received the Sahitya Akademi Award in 1993 for *Our Trees Still Grow in Dehra*, a collection of short stories, and the Padma Shri in 1999.

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by EDWARD ALBERT

Revised by J. A. STONE

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PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION

Albert's *History of English Literature* has won for itself a secure place as a study of literary history and criticism. Its continued popularity suggests that the value of its judgments remains for the most part unimpaired. In places, however, the last twenty years have inevitably seen changes of perspective and revaluations; these the present edition seeks to incorporate, while yet preserving of its predecessor all that is in line with modern thought. The chapter on post-Victorian writers, which has felt most strongly the impact of fresh evaluations, has been completely rewritten, and, difficult though it is to view things so close at hand in any true perspective, the attempt has been made to bring the story of our literature up to date.

The entirely new bibliography will, it is hoped, enable those who wish to pursue their studies further to acquaint themselves not only with the standard authorities, but with more recent research, and thus gain some impression of the changing trends of critical opinion.

The method and layout of the original work have been preserved as far as possible, except that considerations of length have necessitated the omission of the exercises at the end of each chapter and at the end of the book as a whole.

For the revision of the first two chapters I am indebted to Dr Kenneth Cameron, Lecturer in English in Nottingham University.

J. A. S.

PREFACE TO THE FOURTH EDITION

It is a truism to say that in literary history, as in all else, nothing stands still; and it is therefore not surprising that in our time of vigorous literary activity further material on current trends should again be required. In view of this, considerable amendments have been made to statements in Chapter XIII, while Chapter XIV, on

the contemporary literary scene, has been completely rewritten. The Bibliography for Chapter XIII has been updated, and a bibliographical section supplied for Chapter XIV. For this work of revision I am indebted to Dr G. G. Urwin.
J. A. S.

PREFACE TO THE FIFTH EDITION

Once again, the whirligig of time brings in his revenges, and in a relatively short time new notes and evaluations are once again called for. These are in fact more extensive than were undertaken for the fourth edition, and have resulted in some increase in length. Chapter XII, The Birth of Modern Literature, has suffered a few changes; Chapter XIII has again been extensively overhauled; Chapter XIV is once more rewritten. But the main point to emphasize is that the Bibliography has been entirely re-compiled to take into account more recent scholarship. This considerable task has produced a book-list that cannot but add immeasurably to the value of the work. For all these labours I am indebted once more to Dr G. G. Urwin.
J.A.S.

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Let us now praise famous men,...
Such as found out musical tunes,
And recited verses in writing, ...
Their bodies are buried in peace;
But their name liveth for evermore.

The Wisdom of Jesus the Son
of Sirach or Ecclesiasticus

CHAPTER 1

THE OLD ENGLISH PERIOD

THE BEGINNINGS

Little indeed is known of the origin of English Literature, though it is reasonable to assume that verse of an extemporary kind was composed long before the period of the earliest written records and that we can be certain that poetry made its appearance long before the first prose was written down. It is important from the outset to remember that the extant remains of Old English Literature have come down to us (for the most part) in late copies, some of which were made three hundred years after the composition of the poems themselves. So far as poets are concerned, again little or nothing is known beyond the names of two of them, but this has not prevented some scholars from writing their' lives,' from hints in the texts themselves, fortified by scanty contemporary references (in the case of Caedmon) but mainly from a mass of conjecture, most of which cannot be described as intelligent. Indeed, the lengths to which critics will at times go is clearly indicated by the fact that one Old English poet has been provided with a wife on no valid evidence whatsoever. Notwithstanding the mists which shroud the beginnings and our lack of knowledge of the poets themselves Old English Literature has a richness which amazes the reader who overcomes the initial difficulty of the language, and it is hoped that this richness will be seen even in the meagre summary which appears in the following pages.

THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

The period is a long one, for it opens in the fifth century and does not conclude, as is often supposed, with the Norman Conquest in 1066, but rather continues in prose at least till *c.* 1150. The events, however, must be dismissed briefly. The departure of the Romans in 410 left the British population open to the inroads of the invaders from the north. According to British traditions the English from the

Continent came first as mercenaries to help in the defence against the Picts and Scots; but soon they began to settle in the country, and archaeological evidence shows that certainly permanent settlements had been made in the last quarter of the fifth century if not before. In the course of time they gained possession of all the land from the English Channel to the Firth of Forth to a greater or lesser degree. Then followed the Christianization of the pagan English tribes, beginning in Northumbria with the work of Irish missionaries, though the influence from Rome begins in Kent (597). In succession followed the inroads of the Danes in the ninth century; the rise of Wessex among the early English kingdoms with the important contribution of Alfred the Great; the establishment of the Danelaw in England with the permanent settlement of Danes in the country; the accession of a Danish king (1017); and the Norman influence on the English court which began before the Conquest in 1066. All these events had their effect on the literature of the period.

LITERARY FEATURES OF THE PERIOD

1.Pagan Origins. Many of the poems of the period appear to have in them features which are associated with the pagan past, in particular *Widsith* and *Beowulf,* though the Christian elements in the latter are no longer looked upon, as was the case among the earlier scholars, as 'clumsy additions.' It appears likely, therefore, that the earliest poems or themes have their origin in the Continental home of the English peoples. Such themes were the common property of the gleemen or 'scops,' who sang them at the feasts of the nobles. As time went on Christian ideas influenced the earlier pagan, and, though the phraseology remains, it is impossible to refer to any of the extant poetry as 'pagan.' Indeed this is only what is to be expected when it is remembered that the manuscripts themselves were written down in the monasteries.
2.Anonymous Origins. Of all the Old English poets we have direct mention of only one Caedmon, though not one of the extant poems can definitely be ascribed to him. The name of another poet, Cyne-wulf, is known because of the fact that he signed his poems in runic letters at the end of four poems. Of the rest we do not even know their names. Prose, as we have noticed, came later, and as it was used for practical purposes its authorship in many cases is established.
3.The Imitative Quality. Much of the prose and some of the poetry is translated or adapted from the Latin, though the debt to

the original varies greatly. The favourite works for translation were the books of the Bible, the lives of the saints, and various works of a practical nature. In some cases the translations are close and without much individuality, but in others the material is reshaped with expansions and comments and has considerable literary importance. 4. The Manuscripts. It is certain that only a portion of Old English poetry has survived, though it would appear likely that the surviving portion is representative. The manuscripts in which the poetry is preserved are late in date, are unique, and are four in number. They are (a) the *Beowulf* MS. (Cotton Vitellius A. XV in the British Museum), containing *Beowulf* and *Judith* and is to be dated *c.* 1000; *(b)* the Junius MS. (MS. Junius XI in the Bodleian Library, Oxford), so called since it belonged to Junius, librarian to Lord Arundel, and was first printed by him in 1655. It contains the so-called Caedmonian poems; (c) the Exeter Book (in the Chapter Library of Exeter Cathedral), known to have been donated to that Cathedral by Bishop Leofric *c.* 1050, containing two of the signed poems of Cynewulf; and *(d)* the Vercelli Book (in the Cathedral Library at Vercelli near Milan), containing also two of the signed poems of Cynewulf (including *Elene)* and *Andreas* and *The Dream of the Rood.*

THE LANGUAGE

The difficulty encountered in reading Old English Literature lies in the fact that the language is very different from that of to-day. Its vocabulay is for the most part native, though already there has been some borrowing from Latin. Its grammar shows declinable nouns, pronouns, and adjectives and a more elaborate verbal system than that of to-day. There were four main dialects: Northumbrian, which was the first to produce a literature; Mercian, the language of the Midlands; Kentish, the language of the south-east spoken in an area larger than that of the modern county of Kent; and West Saxon, the language of Alfred, which--due to the political supremacy of Wes-sex--became a 'standard' and in which almost all the extant texts are preserved.

OLD ENGLISH POETRY

BEOWULF

1. Origin of the Poem. The theme of the poem is Continental Germanic, and it is likely that it was the subject of lays long before

its present version was composed. There is, it may be noted, no mention of England, and Beowulf himself is king of the 'Geatas.' Though there is much in the poem which can be considered 'pagan' and which suggests that the poem in origin may be considered as such, the extant version was clearly written by a Christian for the 'christianization' is no mere veneer. Of its actual authorship there is no evidence. Modern scholars in the main now look upon it as a reworking of older material by a Christian and not simply as a collection of tales strung together by one hand. The dialect of the text is West Saxon though there is clear evidence that it was written in some Anglian dialect, but whether Mercian or Northumbrian is uncertain.

2.The Story. There are so many episodes and digressions in the story of *Beowulf* that it is almost impossible briefly to give an adequate synopsis of the narrative. In outline it may be said that Beowulf, son of Ecgtheow, sails to Denmark with a band of warriors and rids the Danish King Hrothgar of a terrible mere-monster called Grendel. The mother of Grendel, seeking vengeance for the death of her son, meets the same fate, and Beowulf, fittingly feasted and rewarded, returns to his native land. He becomes king of the Geatas and after a prosperous reign of some forty years slays a dragon which had ravaged his land, but in the fight he himself receives a mortal wound. The poem concludes with the funeral ceremonies in honour of the dead hero.

3.Style. A short extract is printed below, with a literal translation, to illustrate the style. The extract describes the funeral rites of the hero, and occurs near the end of the poem (lines 3137-49).

Him oa gegiredan Geata leode
For him then the people of the Geats made ready
ad on eordan unwaclicne,
a splendid funeral pyre on the earth,
helmum behongen, hildebordum,
hung around with helmets, with battle-shields,
beorhtum byrnum, swa he bena waes;
with shining corslets, as he requested;
alegdon oa tomiddes maerne peoden
then they laid in the midst of it the illustrious prince,
haeleo hiofende, hlaford leofne.
the weeping warriors, the beloved lord.
Ongunnon pa on beorge baelfyra maest
Then the warriors began to kindle on the cliff
wigend weccan: wudurec astah
the greatest of funeral fires: the wood-smoke rose up
sweart ofer swiooole, swSgende leg,

dark above the fire, the roaring flames,
wope bewunden --windblond gelaeg--
surrounded by lamentation--the tumult of the winds subsided--
oopaet he he banhus gebrocen haefde,
till it had completely crushed the body,
hat on hreore. Higum unrote
hot in his breast. Sad in mind
modceare maendon, mondryhtnes cwealm.
they complained of the sorrow of their hearts, the death of their liege-lord

It will be observed that the language is forceful and expressive, conveying with an economy of words the picture of the funeral pyre on the cliff top and the lamentation of the warriors for their dead king. The use of compound words should be noted especially, together with that of the *kenning,* which skilfully handled "took on the form of a compressed vivid statement of a highly original image." The best example in this passage is *banhus*--literally 'bone house,' *i.e.,* 'body.' A further stylistic characteristic which should be noted is the use of repetition and variation. The same idea is expressed more than once by the use of different Words which were more or less synonymous. Such parallel phrasing can be seen in lines 5 and 6 above: *malrne peoden* and *hlaford leofne* ('illustrious prince' and 'beloved lord') and elsewhere as the translation will suggest. The verse is strongly rhythmical, based on a stress system with four stresses to the full line, two in each of the half-lines; it is also alliterative, there being two alliterating syllables in the first half-line and one (usually the first) in the second. The stressed syllables are the ones which bear the alliteration.

OTHER POETRY

1. The Pagan Poems. Most Old English poetry can be said to be 'Christian,' but a few pieces are distinctly secular. It would be better in many respects to refer to them as 'national' rather than pagan, for some included for convenience in this group are of tenth-century composition.
a)*Widsith (i.e.,* 'the far traveller'), usually considered to be the oldest poem in the language. It consists of nearly 150 lines of verse, in which a traveller, more imaginary than real, recounts the places and illustrious people he has visited. The poem is of especial importance from a historical point of view, but poetically it is of little merit.
b)*Waldere* consists of two fragments, some sixty-three lines in all,

telling of some of the exploits of Walter of Aquitaine. The work has vigour and power, and it is to be greatly regretted that so little is preserved. It might well have been one of the finest of narrative pieces.

(c) *The Fight at Finnsburh* is a fragment of some forty-eight lines with a finely told description of the fighting at Finnsburh, allusion to which is made in the Finn Episode in *Beowulf.*

d)*The Battle of Brunanburh* is a spirited piece on the famous battle which took place in 937.

e)*The Battle of Maldon* describes the battle which took place in 993, with emphasis on individual deeds of valour and on the feelings of the warriors. It is particularly outstanding for the sentiments expressed by the warriors, especially those of the aged Byrhtwold.

2. The Elegies. These poems, among which are *The Wanderer, The Seafarer, Wife's Lament,* and *Husband's Message,* appear in the Exeter Book. There is no connexion between the individual pieces, but they each display similar qualities, being meditative in character, and can perhaps be called monologues. The first two named are the finer artistic compositions, reaching real heights of personal feeling. In Old English literature they come nearest to the lyric, a type which is not represented among the extant corpus.

3. The so-called Caedmon Group. In his *Ecclesiastical History* Bede tells the story of the lay brother Caedmon, who by divine inspiration was transformed from a state of tongue-tied ineffective ness into that of poetical ecstasy. He was summoned into the presence of the abbess Hilda of Whitby (658-80), became a monk, and afterwards sang of many Biblical events. Bede quotes in his story the *Hymn* said to have been composed by Caedmon, nine lines in length, displaying to a remarkable degree the qualities of repetition and parallel phrasing noted above.

This is all that is actually known of the life and work of Caedmon, but the four poems of the Junius MS. correspond in subject matter so closely to Bede's statement of the themes on which Casdmon wrote that they were long associated with his name. The *Genesis, Exodus, Daniel,* and three shorter poems often considered as one under the title *Christ and Satan* are of unequal merit. At best they are strong and spirited with some gift for descriptive writing and choice of incident; at worst they are tedious paraphrases of Biblical stories. They are certainly not all by one hand, and little if any is early enough to be ascribed to Caedmon himself. In all probability in spite of their long ascription to his name they have nothing to do with the Northumbrian poet himself.

4. The Cynewulf Group. Four poems contain the signature of Cynewulf in runic characters, *Juliana, Elene, Christ,* and *The Fates of the Apostles* (in the two last named spelt Cynwulf). This is all that is known of the poet, though unfortunately it has not prevented critics from 'deducing' additional facts about his life. Likewise other poems have on little or no authority been ascribed to him, the most important being *The Dream of the Rood*--undoubtedly the finest of all Old English religious poems in its intensity of feeling, brilliance of conception, and certainty of execution. It is the work of a real artist and poet.
The signed poems are much more scholarly compositions than the Caedmon poems. There is a greater power of expression, surer technique, and real descriptive powers. The ideas are broader and deeper, and a certain lyrical quality is found at times. Their date is probably ninth century.

PROSE

1. Alfred. Though there were some prose writings of an official nature (such as laws) before the time of Alfred, there can be little objection to the claim frequently made for him, that he is 'the father of English prose.' As he himself tells us in the preface to the *Pastoral Care* he began his series of translations due to the lamentable state . of English learning, largely the result of the depredations of the Danes. Even the knowledge of Latin was declining, so the king, in order to encourage learning among the clergy, translated some popular books into his own tongue. These works are his contribution to our literature. Sometimes he translated word for word, at others more freely, but those passages which have greatest value both for an understanding of the character of the king and also for their literary qualities are originals freely introduced by way of explanation or expansion. The five important translations are the *Pastoral Care* of Pope Gregory, the *History of the World* of Orosius, Bede's *Ecclesiastical History,* Boethius' *Consolation of Philosophy,* and the *Soliloquies* of St Augustine, though it should be noted that Alfred's claim to the translation of Bede is disputed. There is in addition a *Handbook* or commonplace-book, the existence of which we know from Asser, the king's biographer, but which is no longer extant. The chronological order of the translations cannot be determined with any certainty, though it is clear that the *Pastoral Care* was the first and the *Soliloquies* the last of the series.
A brief extract is given below to illustrate his prose style, but it

should be remembered that this is from his earliest work and comparison should be made with the Preface of the *Soliloquies* to see the development. It is not a polished style, but that cannot be expected in view of the stage of development of prose as a literary form. For the most part it is a simple, straightforward style, and though Alfred never completely masters it, there is always the feeling that he was an artist of considerable natural ability--though it is idle to speculate what he would have produced had he lived at a later period when a more highly developed prose-style had been evolved.

Swa claene hio waes oofeallen on Angelcynne oaette swi&e feawe waeron behionan Humbre *pe* hiora oenunga cuoen understandan on Englisc oaee furoum an srendgewrit of Laedene on Englisc areccan, ond ic wene oaestte noht monige begeondan Humbre naeren; swa feawe hiora waeron oastte ic anne anlepne ne maeg geoencean besuoan Temese oaoa ic to rice feng. Gode aelmihtegum sie onc oaestte we nu aesnigne onstal habbao lareowa. Foroam ic oe bebeode oaet ou do swa ic gelife oaet ou wille.. . .

So completely has it [learning] decayed in England that there were very few on this side of the Humber who could understand their mass-books in English and could even translate a letter from Latin into English, and I believe there were not many beyond the Humber either; so few of them were there that I cannot remember a single one south of the Thames when I became king. To God Almighty be the thanks that we have now any supply of teachers. Therefore I command you that you do as I believe you will. ...

(Preface to *Pastoral Care)*

2.AElfric, probably best known for his *Grammar,* was a churchman who became abbot of Eynsham in 1005. Several of his works are extant: the *Catholic Homilies,* two series of sermons suitable for delivery by priests, a third series--the *Lives of the Saints* (written before 998), and translations from the Scriptures. AElfric's flowing and vigorous style shows remarkable skill in the art of putting complicated thought into narrative form. It is natural and easy and is often alliterative. His *Colloquy* is of great interest as a dialogue between master and pupils not only from the literary but also from the historical point of view.

3.Wulfstan was Bishop of Worcester and Archbishop of York. Several of his signed homilies survive, and there are many more which are believed on good evidence to be by him. His most famous piece is the *Sermo Lupi ad Anglos,* which is typical for its sheer force and vigour, its repetition of ideas, and the alliterative nature of its style. It is fluent and powerful; indeed Wulfstan must have been a most brilliant preacher.

4. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle was in all probability inspired by Alfred, who himself may well have dictated some of the entries, more particularly those dealing with his own campaigns. It is extant in several manuscripts, the most important being the A or Parker and the E or Laud MSS. To the year 915 much of the material is common to most of the manuscripts, though the relations of each individual one to the others present serious difficulties. Local events and miscellaneous items are introduced into the various versions and they also show clearly yarying points of view in their attitude to events. They all end at different dates, the latest being 1154(E).
As is to be expected the style varies greatly from simple notices to long passages of narrative and description. Most interesting are certain character studies, particularly that of the Conqueror himself, while the well-known descriptions of the horrors of Stephen's reign are worthy of note. A brief extract from the description of William the Conqueror written in the annal for 1086 indicates fairly clearly certain of the stylistic features of the later part of the Chronicle:
Se cyng Willelm be we embe sprecao waes swioe wis man and swioe rice and wurofulre and strengere ponne aenig his foregenga waere. He waes milde pam godum mannum pe God lufedon and ofer eall gemett stearc pam mannum *pe* wiocwaedon his willan. On 5am ilcan steode be God him geuoe paet he moste Engleland gegan he arerde maere mynster and munecas paer gesaette and hit waell gegodade. On his dagan waes paet maere mynster on Cant-warbyrig getymbrad and eac swioe manig ooer ofer eall. Engleland.
King William, of whom we have spoken, was a very wise man and very powerful and more glorious and stronger than were any of his predecessors. He was mild to the good men who loved God and beyond measure stern to those men who opposed his will. At the same place where God granted him that he should conquer England, he established a glorious monastery and there established monks and endowed it well. In his days the illustrious monastery was built in Canterbury and also very many others over all England.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY FORMS

During the period Old English Literature undergoes a noticeable development, though it is well to remember that it is the result of hundreds of years of slow growth, and it is impossible to divide the types of verse, for example, into definite water-tight compartments.
1. Poetry. Poetry appears earlier than prose, and the heroic type of *Beowulf, Waldere,* and *The Fight at Finnsburh* persists throughout

the period, for similar qualities are found in a poem as late as *The Battle of Maldon.*
a)The *epic* exists in one of its forms in *Beowulf,* which lacks the 'finer' qualities of the classical epic, the strict unity, the high dignity, and the broad motive, though it possesses a vigour and a majesty which have obvious appeal. The so-called Christian epics have little claim to the title and should not be considered here.
b)The *lyric* has no real example in Old English, though there are certain poems which have some of the expressive melancholy and personal emotion associated with the lyric, *e.g., The Wanderer* and *The Seafarer.*
2. Prose. Although much of Old English prose consists of translation from Latin and is clearly influenced by the originals, it is by no means correct to consider the prose of the period as lacking in originality or personal qualities. The homilies of AElfric and Wulfstan are at the beginning of the true line of development to the prose of the Authorized Version. The beginnings of historical writings are to be seen in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle,* and the development is clear by a comparison between the Cynewulf and Cyneheard episode in the annal for 755 and the later annals in the E'MS.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY STYLE

1.Poetry. A comparison between the so-called Caedmonian and Cynewulfian poems shows clearly a development in technique. There is an easier flow to the later poetry in general, a greater sureness in handling material, greater individuality of approach and feeling, less reliance on stock phrases, more subtle use of alliteration, and a greater desire for stylistic effect. This is the natural development of a literature, and though the alliterative type of poetry was apparently to receive the death-knoll with the Conquest, the flowering of a similar type in the fourteenth century shows that this is more apparent than real.
2.Prose. In spite of its limited scope as the vehicle in the main of the homily and historical writing a great advance in style is readily seen. From the earlier simple, halting prose of the Chronicle and Alfred, where the writers tend to become obscure and elliptical when presented with more abstruse thoughts, from the period where sentence structure is fairly Ibose and lacking the finer touches of rhythm and cadence, the later prose is noteworthy for its fluency, its animation, and indeed, as is to be expected, its confidence. There is

in some, especially in the prose of AElfric and Wulfstan, an excellent use of alliteration and of rhetorical figures. The personality of the author becomes truly apparent.
The effects of the Conquest on both poetry and prose have doubtlessly in the past been exaggerated. Rhyme was to take the place of alliteration, but already before the end of the period there are signs that this would have been a natural development due to the influence of Latin. The Conquest certainly removed from power the audience for which the older type was composed, and the impetus was lost; but, as will be noted, the later flowering of the alliterative type, with a looser structure it is true, shows clearly that the composition of the older type was never completely lost. The inflexional system was already becoming looser before the effects of the Conquest could make themselves felt, and while,this process was undoubtedly hastened by the events following] *066,* it cannot be maintained that there was in any real sense a decay of the prose style of, say, Wulfstan. The development in the Middle English period of the homiletic prose style has clearly been demonstrated to be in the true line from that of the Old English period. In other words, in spite of the Conquest the continuity is clear.

CHAPTER II

THE MIDDLE ENGLISH PERIOD

THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

The extensive period covered by this chapter saw many developments in the history of England: the establishment of Norman and Angevin dynasties; the internal struggles between king, nobles, clergy, and people; and the numerous wars both at home and abroad. From the literary point of view, however, more important than definite events were the general movements of the times: the rise of **the** religious orders', their early enthusiasm, and their subsequent decline; the blossoming of chivalry and the spirit of romance, bringing new sympathy for women and the poor; the Crusades and the widening of the European outlook which was gradually to expand into the rebirth of the intellect known as the Renaissance. All these were symptoms of a growing intelligence that was strongly reflected in the literature of the period.

STATE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

The period sees the development of Middle English with the gradual weakening of the inflexional system of the older period. The texts written down at the end of the Old English period are in the West Saxon dialect, but when texts reappear in the twelfth century they are written in the particular dialect of the author or scribe. Scandinavian and French loan-words are found, the latter in increasing numbers. The dialects which were noted in the Old English period continue to develop, and it is usual to distinguish five main dialect areas: Northern, which can be sub-divided into Lowland Scots and Northern English, corresponding to the old Northumbrian dialect; East"Midlands and West Midlands, corresponding to Mercian; South-eastern, corresponding to Kentish;and South-western, corresponding to West Saxon. Gradually a standard is developed, which was to become the Received Standard English of to-day, from the East Midland dialect; this was due in part to the importance of that area in the period and to the importance of the capital, London.

LITERARY FEATURES OF THE AGE

The period under review provides a large amount of interesting, important, and often delightful works. The general features are somewhat difficult to give in brief outline, and emphasis will be placed later on individual works of outstanding importance.

1.The Transition. In many ways the period is one of transition and of experiment. The poets, for example, appear in part to be feeling for new media. The influence of French and Latin works is undoubtedly great, but at the same time there are some poets who are following in the line of development from the Old English period. The contrast is obvious and in the fourteenth century is clear with the work of the alliterative poets of the west, but in the earlier part too there are outstanding examples of this tendency, particularly La3amon's *Brut.* It is clear that oral tradition preserved the poetic models of the past, though apart from obvious examples it is not till the fourteenth century that they appear in extant texts.

2.The anonymous nature of the writing is still strongly evidenced. A large proportion of the works are entirely without known authors, and most of the authors whose names appear are, indeed, names only.

3.The Domination of Poetry. Much of the surviving work of the period is poetry which is used for such fields as history, divinity, and science. Many of the authors are clerics, but at the same time some of the romances must be of a popular kind.

Because of the use of poetry for subjects which one would expect to be written in prose, the amount of the latter seems small by comparison. But it must be remembered that Latin was the language of official documents and, indeed, of learning. Much of the extant prose is homiletic in character, though none the less important for that. The *Katherine Group* and *Ancrene Riwle* are quite outstanding in their own way, though for most modern readers they lack interest and are mainly known to the general reader from certain 'purple patches.' Yet they are individual in style and, though many are translations, they are by no means slavish.

POETRY

For the sake of convenience this may be classified into three main groups, according to the nature of the subject:

1. Chronicles. During this period there is an unusual number of **verse** chronicles. They are distinguished by their use of stories which

appear incredible, by their inventiveness, and in many cases by their vivacity of style. It should be remembered that in spite of the use of incredible adventures and the like the individual poets looked upon their work as history, though to the present day they appear rather to fit into the category of romance.

(a) La3amon's *Brut.* This was written about 1205 by La3amon, a monk of Arley Kings, in Worcestershire, and tells in some 16,000 long alliterative lines the history of Britain from the landing of Brutus to the death of Cadwallader. The chief source is the *Roman de Brut* of Wace, itself a translation into Norman-French of the *Historia Regum Britannia* of Geoffrey of Monmouth. The vocabulary is archaic and tends to preserve the poetic traditions of Old English poetry. Characteristic of La3amon's style is his use of epic formulas, often in summing up a situation, and his use of similes. The alliterative metre is used, though with a good deal of licence and with the added presence of assonance and rhyme. Sometimes, indeed, alliteration and rhyme appear together. The following passage will serve as an example of the poem:

penne sizep to segges under beorzen,
mid hornen, mid hunden mid haezere stefnen:
hunten per taliep, hundes per gahep,
pane fox driuep zeond dales and zeond dunes.
He flihp to pan holme and his hol isechep,
i pan firste ende, i pan hole wendep.
penne is pe balde fox blissen al bidaeled;
and mon him to deluep on aelchere haluen.
penne bip per forcupest deoren alre pruttest.
Then men come towards him at the foot of the hills
with horns, with hounds, and with loud voices:
huntsmen shout there, hounds, yelp there,
they drive the fox over hill and dale.
He flees to the hill and seeks his hole,
in the nearest place he goes to earth.
Then the bold fox is deprived of all joy;
and men dig' to him on each side.
Then there is, there, most unhappy the proudest of all animals.

(b) *Robert of Gloucester* is known from his rhyming chronicle. From internal evidence it is possible that there is more than one author to this work, but certainly one was Robert, a monk of Gloucester, who wrote some time towards the end of the thirteenth century. He drew largely on the work of Geoffrey of Monmouth, William of Malmesbury, and other chroniclers. He is no poet, and not particularly learned, though he attempts always to show impartiality

in his approach to history. Above all, he shows a true love of his country and, as has been often pointed out, for him Arthur is the hero of his work. It is often lively enough, thoroughly sincere, but by no means outstanding in any way.

(c) *Robert Manning of Br urine* came from Bourne in Lincolnshire and though not himself in full orders was connected with the priory at Sempringham and later with Sixhill. His rhymed *Story of England* was completed, as he himself tells us, between three and four o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, May 25, 1338. It begins with Noah and the Deluge and ends with the death of Edward I. The first part translates closely Wace's *Brut,* while the second is based upon the Chronicle of Pierre de Langtoft, an Anglo-Norman work. There is little originality, and the work is designed for the unlearned, but is none the less entertaining. Written in alexandrine couplets, the metre, unfortunately, at times is marred by both internal and tail rhyme.

His other work *Handlyng Synne* was commenced in 1303, based upon the *Manuel des Pechiez* of William of Wadington and intended for the common people. It is written in four-stress lines in couplets. It is a series of stories, "an epitome of the various sins," with tales and anecdotes as illustrations. The work is enlivened by these anecdotes and undoubtedly shows a keen sense of observation, being in many ways more impartial in attitude than *Piers Plowman* and many of the political verse pieces.

2. Religious and Didactic Poetry. *(a)* The *Ormulum,* written by a certain Orm, is dated *c.* 1200. Of enormous length (some 10,000 lines and even then incomplete), it is preserved in what is probably the author's own autograph copy. The dialect is north-east Midlands. It consists of a large number of religious homilies addressed to a fellow canon-regular Walter. The work claims no literary quality and has none. The metre is based on the Latin *septenarius,* with fifteen syllables, and there is little to vary the sheer monotony of the rhythm. It has been neatly said "he is a merciless syllable-counter." The work is unique for its complicated system of spelling, with its frequent doubling of consonants, but scholars are not all satisfied as to the exact interpretation of this feature. No extract is necessary to illustrate the monotony of the metre; it is clearly indicated in the single line which tells us simply, "this book is called Ormulum because Orm wrote it."

piss boc iss nemmnedd Orrmulum, forpi patt Orrm *itt* wrohhte.

(b) The Owl and the Nightingale, the authorship of which is still

doubtful, was probably written in the early part of the thirteenth century. It consists of a long argument between the nightingale, representing the lighter joys of life, and the owl, standing for wisdom and sobriety. The poem is among the most lively of its kind, and the argument at times is, to say the least, heated. In metre it is in short rhyming couplets handled with considerable skill. "Scholars have united in praise of the narrative skill of the author, his characterization and sense of form."

(c) The *Orison to Our Lady, Genesis* and *Exodus,* the *Bestiary, the Moral Ode,* the *Proverbs of Alfred,* and the *Proverbs of Hendyng* are to be dated in the first half of the thirteenth century, with the exception of the *Moral Ode* and the *Proverbs of Alfred,* which may be as early as 1150. They are all important from a metrical point of view, and the *Moral Ode* is one of the most important of the early poems. There may be little originality, but it is simple and dignified, remarkable for the steadiness and maturity of its lines.

(d) The *Cursor Mundi* was composed in the north in the first quarter of the fourteenth century. It is a religious work of an encyclopaedic nature, treating almost all the Old and New Testament stories and much from later religious history also. It displays considerable ability in the handling of so much material and was immensely popular in its age and later, having influenced to some extent some of the plays in the miracle cycles. The metre, which is in the main the short couplet, shows considerable variety, and the author, who displays a 'wide humanity,' handles his form well.

(e) Richard Rolle of Hampole, who died in 1349, is one of the few .literary figures about whom definite personal facts are recorded. He was born near Pickering in Yorkshire about 1300, educated at Oxford, and left home to become a hermit. Later he went to Hampole near Doncaster, where he is assumed to have written his *Pricke of Conscience* and where he died in 1349. He wrote various prose pieces, and while some are accepted as being definitely by him there are others which from time to time have been ascribed to him. His most important work was the long poem mentioned above, though it should be noted that its traditional ascription to him depends on a statement by Lydgate and that there are serious doubts as to whether it is indeed the work of Rolle. The work, which is based on the writings of the early Fathers, describes the joys and sorrows of a map's life as he is affected in turn by good and evil. The matter is abstract but is handled in a simple way, with several striking passages, and in spite of its lack of appeal to-day must have been

Tremendously popular judging from the number of manuscripts which are still preserved. The metre is four-stressed but by no means regular, for there are irregular numbers of unstressed syllables. The popularity of Rolle's work is clearly indicated by the fect that so many pieces have been attributed to him and also because due to his popularity his influence is traced to a whole 'school' of writers.

(f) **The Alliterative Poems.** In a unique manuscript, preserved in the British Museum, there are four remarkably fine poems written in a West Midland dialect: *Pearl, Purity, Patience,* and *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight.* There is no indication of authorship, but on various grounds it is considered likely that they are by the same poet. The date of the poems is uncertain, but it is possible they should be dated in the third quarter of the fourteenth century. The first three poems are religious in theme, and of them *Pearl* is undoubtedly the finest. This poem is allegorical and tells of a vision in which the poet seeks his precious pearl which he let slip into the grass. In his vision he sees his pearl which appears perhaps to be the vision of a dead maiden, and he obtains a glimpse of the New Jerusalem. The poem, which contains a long discussion between the poet and the pearl, has passages of real, moving beauty, of deep sincerity, and of passion. It is artistically a finished production, and its complicated metre is exceptionally well handled. *Purity* and *Patience,* more didactic in theme, are of less interest and beauty, but they are spirited and realistic and their exaltation makes them conspicuous among the poems of the period. Each is written in the long alliterative line showing a similar mastery of handling. Sir *Gawain and the Green Knight* is without doubt the finest of all the Middle English romances, for its mastery of plot handling, its realism, characterization, descriptive powers, and use of the alliterative long line. At times the poet achieves real heights in his poetry which can stand comparison with that of any period.

3. The Romances. The very great number of romances in this period can be classified according to subject, though it should be noted that they are both alliterative and rhyming in metre:

a)The romances dealing with English history and its heroes are numerous. Of these the lively *King Horn* and *Havelock the Dane* and the popular *Guy of Warwick* and *Bevis of Hampton* are among the best. Sometimes contemporary history was drawn upon as in the well-known *Richard Coeur de Lion.* This group is often known as "The Matter of England."

b)**There are numerous romances connected closely or loosely**

with King Arthur. Some are of high merit, others worthless. *Sir Tristrem,* in spite of its shortcomings, is by no means one of the worst, while *Arthur and Merlin, Ywain and Gawain,* and the *Morte d'Arthure* have each various claims for consideration. As noted above, *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* is the finest example of all Middle English romance. This group is often called "The Matter of Britain."

c)Among the romances of "The Matter of Rome the Great" is a large number with classical themes, such as the exploits of Alexander the Great and the Siege of Troy. *King Alisaunder,* though long, is of more than average merit, as is also *The Destruction of Troy.*

d)The group dealing with the Charlemagne legends is smaller and in general the quality is lower, though the late alliterative *Rau, Coilzear,* a popular romance, had considerable merit. Also noteworthy is *Sir Ferumbras.* This group is sometimes called "The Matter of France."

(J) There is also a class of miscellaneous romances on various themes and of equally varying quality. *Amis* and *Amiloun* is a touching love story; *William of Palerne* has the familiar 'missing heir' theme; while *Floris and Blauchefleur,* telling of the love of a king's son for a captive maid, is one of the most charming of all romances.

It would take a volume to comment in detail upon the romances. The variety of their metre and style is very great; but in general terms we may say that the prevailing subject is of a martial and amatory nature; mere is the additional interest of the supernatural, which enters freely into the story; and one of the most attractive features to the modern reader of this type of literature is the frequent glimpses obtained into the habits of the times.

PROSE

1. The Ancrene Riwle is the most important of the early prose texts of this period and, as has been frequently pointed out, the most influential. Its date is difficult to decide but is to be ascribed to the twelfth century. It was written for three noble ladies who had become anchoresses, and was revised soon after for a larger community. It is a manual designed to guide them in the life they had chosen. The guiding principle in this 'rule' is doubtlessly 'moderation in everything,' and the most characteristic feature of the author as it appears in the work is his broad humanity. The homely elements in the work are such as attract the modern reader. The

continuity of English prose style is now a commonplace in literary criticism, and here in the *Ancrene Riwle* the connection with the prose of Wulfstan and with that of the Authorized Version is clear. The following description of backbiters is given as an example of the text:

Bacbitares, *pe*biteoopremen bihinden, beoo of two maneres; auhpe latere beo wurse. Pe uorme cumeo al openliche, and seio vuel bi anoyer, and speouweo ut his atter, so muchel so him euer to muoe cumeo, and gulcheo al ut somed pet *pe* attri heorte sent up to *pe* tunge. Ac *pe* latere cumeo foro al an oper wise, and is wurse ueond fen *pe* yer, auh under ureondes huckel, weorpeo adun pet heaued, and for on uor te siken er he owiht sigge, and make drupie chere; bisaumpleo longe abuten uor te beon betere ileued. And hwon hit alles cume8 ford peonne is hit zeoluh atter. *Backbiters, who bite other men behind their backs, are of two kinds; . but the latter are the worse. The first comes all openly, and speaks evilly about another, and spews up his poison, as much as ever comes to his mouth, and vomits all out together that the poisonous heart sent up to the tongue. But the latter kind comes forth in a completely different way, and is a worse fiend than the other, and in the guise of a friend casts down the head and begins to sigh before he says anything and puts on a dismal appearance; moralizes for a long time to be the better believed. But when it all comes forth then it is yellow poison.*

What was true in the twelfth century is still apparently true to-day!
2.The Azenbite of Inwyt was written by Dan Michel of North-gate in 1340 and comes from Canterbury. It is a translation of a French work and a bad one at that. From the literary point of view it is of little importance and is well summed up by the word 'dull.' From the linguistic point of view, however, it has considerable importance, since the author's own autograph copy is preserved, and it is the most important text in the South-eastern and more particularly the Kentish dialect.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY FORMS

1. Poetry. (a) *Metre.* One of the main features in this period is the development of rhymed metres, which in general displaced the alliterative line of Old English poetry, though the poems of the so-called alliterative revival in the fourteenth century are a clear warning (if any were needed) that it is foolish to dogmatize. It is clear, in fact, though written records do not show it, that the two types develop side by side, even though from the literary history point of view the alliterative is confined to the west and more particularly to **the** north-west. In extant texts the gap between the end of the Old

English and the Middle English period proper is covered by so few pieces that no clear indication can be seen of what was actually taking place. Certainly from the twelfth century, if not earlier, is the song supposed to have composed by King Canute about the monks of Ely:

Merie sungen oe Munekes binnen Ely
oa Cnut ching reu oer by.
Roweo cnites noer the land
and here we paes Muneches saeng.

Merrily sang the monks in Ely when king Canute rowed by there. "Row men near the land and let us hear the song of the monks."

In this example there are two couplets. The first rhymes and the second is a fair example of assonance.

A definite advance is to be seen in the fragments of Godric, a hermit who died at Finchal *c.* 1170, the metre of which is based on that of St Anselm's hymns. Noticeable is a strict syllabic pattern with a consistent attempt at end-rhyme. The following four-line stanza is in honour of his patron, St Nicholas:

Sainte Nicholaes godes dru8
tymbre us fairs scone hus.
At pi burth at pi bare
Sainte nicholaes, bring vs wel pare.

Lazamon, writing in an alliterative metre, shows clearly how false it is simply to look at the period from the point of view of metre as a steady development towards rhymed verse, while Orm, using neither rhyme nor alliteration, is remarkable for the regularity of his metre. Some of the verse in the thirteenth century (for example *King Horn,* the earliest of the romances) is in couplet form--the result, as has been shown, of the short French couplet on the long alliterative line. A further example is the popular *Havelock the Dane,* and while the poet often uses tags, he nevertheless handles his metre competently enough.

It was a king bi aredawes,
pat in his time were gode lawes,
He dede maken an ful wel holden;
Hym loved yung, him lovede holde,
Erl and barun, dreng and tayn,
Knict, bondeman and swain,
Wydues, maydnes, prestes and clerkes,
And al for hise gode werkes.

Experiments with metre are often to be found in the period and perhaps more especially in the fourteenth century, when under

French influence the stanza form was used. There is, for example, among the romances the twelve-line tail-rhyme stanzas of *Amis* and *Amiloun* and *The King of Tars,* the intricate eleven-line stanzas with the *bob* or short line, as the tenth, of *Sir Tristrem,* the sixteen-line tail-rhyme stanza form of *Sir Percyvelle of Galles,* the thirteen- line rhyming stanzas with nine long alliterative lines and four short lines of *The Awntyers of Arthure,* and the six-line tail-rhyme stanzas of *The Turke and Gowen.* These examples will suffice to show the variety of the stanzaic forms attempted, though the excellent metre •' of *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight,* with its stanzas of varying length each concluding with five short lines rhyming *ababa* (the first with one stress, the others with three), should be noted as an example of the use of the alliterative long line at the same time as other poets are composing in the rhymed form. It is impossible to do justice briefly to the varying metrical forms of the period, but the examples quoted will serve as an indication of what was happening in this field in the Middle English period.

c)*The Lyric.* Probably the form which has greatest appeal in this period for the modern reader is the lyric. It has been noted that there is no example of the true lyric from the Old English period, and it is impossible to say when they were first written in this country. Only a very few fragments have been preserved from the twelfth century, and it is not till the next that we have any in large numbers. No doubt they have been influenced considerably by French and Latin lyrics, but it is impossible to say whether they were inspired by these or had a native origin. Many of the early lyrics were devoutly religious in theme and tone, especially noteworthy being those addressed to the Virgin Mary. On the other hand the secular lyric is well represented too, both by what we should look upon as love-lyrics and those which have subjects from nature. However, it is difficult to separate the religious and the secular lyric, for it is clear that there is much mutual influence between them. Of the earlier examples perhaps the *Cuckoo Song* is as well known as any:

Sumer is icumen in,	*Summer is coming in*
Lhude sing cuccu!	*Sing loud, cuckoo!*
Growep sed and blowep med	*Seed grows, meadow bursts into flower*
And springp *pe* wude nu.	*And the wood now sprouts.*
Sing cuccu!	*Sing cuckoo!*
Awe bletep after lomb,	*The ewe bleats for the lamb,*
Lhoup after calue cu,	*The cow lows for its calf,*
Bulluc stertep, bucke uertep.	*Bullock leaps, buck breaks wind.*
Murie sing cuccu!	*Merry sing cuckoo I*

Cuccu, cuccu, *Cuckoo, cuckoo,*
Weil singes pu cuccu. *Well do you sing, cuckoo.*
Ne swik *pu* nauer nu! *Never cease now!*
The regularity is particularly noteworthy.

(c) *The Romances.* It is important to note that the modern use of the word 'romance' can lead the reader astray when approaching medieval Romance, for, as has been pointed out by several scholars, it is highly doubtful that the contemporary audience would consider romance to be romanti" its virtue seems to have been its 'modernity,' for its setting was always medieval, even if it was an idealized setting. The influence was French, but romance was thoroughly acclimatized, and, as the period progresses, examples appear in greater numbers. Attention has already been drawn to the varied metre of this type, and something must be said of the other chief features. The story is usually long, with many intricacies of plot; above all the emphasis is on incident; martial exploits play a large part and are often made ridiculous (for the modern reader) by heaping battle on battle, exploit on exploit, so that the hero becomes a superman; the element of the supernatural is often introduced, again sometimes with ridiculous effect; characters are often of a type, though in the best examples characterization is excellent; the style is often simple and direct but with a lack of artistic finish, though again the best examples must be absolved from such strictures. The spirited approach makes the best good adventure Stories. In spite of the exaggerations, extravagances, and ridiculous elements of the worst, the best of the romances provide a rich treasure-house of wonderful tales.

2. Prose. The prose for the main part is strictly practical in purpose, but the thread of a definite development has so often been demonstrated that the doctrine of the ' Continuity of English Prose' has become firmly rooted in English literary criticism to-day. The prose of the *Ancrene Riwle* and of the *Katherine Group has* at last been accepted for its true value.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF STYLE IN POETRY

That the poetry of the period under review has developed greatly from the stylistic point of view is clear from a comparison between, say, Lazamon's *Brut* and Sir *Gawain and the Green Knight,* but it is difficult to describe in a few words, precisely, this development.
It is not too much of an exaggeration to say that from being ' artleas' the poet becomes the consciout artist. Often enough the

poets when faced with more difficult material tend to become obscure, and again in handling some of the difficult metres which they attempted the same result is achieved. Though humour is often enough lacking, there are touches here and there, sometimes of a grim kind. Pathos, too, of a solemn and elevated kind is to be found as well as that of a more simple *genre.* In the best the style is lucid, firm, controlled, and superb; in the worst it has every possible fault.

NOTE. For the quotations, some general conclusions, and for further reading, see R. M. Wilson, *Early Middle English Literature* (Methuen, 1935).

CHAPTER III

THE AGE OF CHAUCER

THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND (1350-1450)

Compared with the periods covered by the last two chapters, the period now under review is quite short. It includes the greater part of the reign of Edward III and the long French wars associated with his name; the accession of his grandson Richard II (1377); and the revolution of 1399, the deposition of Richard, and the foundation of the Lancastrian dynasty. From the literary point of view, of greater importance are the social and intellectual movements of the period: the terrible plague called the Black Death, bringing poverty, unrest, and revolt among the peasants, and the growth of the spirit of inquiry, which was strongly critical of the ways of the Church, and found expression in the teachings of Wyclif and the Lollards, and in the stem denunciations of Langland.

LITERARY FEATURES OF THE AGE

1.**The Standardizing of English**. The period of transition is now nearly over. The English language has shaken down to a kind of average--to the standard of the East Midland speech, the language of the capital city and of the universities. The other dialects, with the exception of the Scottish branch, rapidly melt away from literature, till they become quite exiguous. French and English have amalgamated to form the standard English tongue, which attains to its first full expression in the works of Chaucer.

2.A curious **'modern' note** begins to be apparent at this period-There is a sharper spirit of criticism, a more searching interest in man's affairs, and a less childlike faith in, and a less complacent acceptance of, the established order. The vogue of the romance, though it has by no means gone, is passing, and in Chaucer it is derided. The freshness of the romantic ideal is being superseded by the more acute spirit of the drama, which even at this early **time is faintly** foreshadowed. **Another more modem feature that at once**

strikes the observer is that the age of anonymity is passing away. Though many of the texts still lack named authors, the greater number of the books can be definitely ascribed. Moreover, we have for the first time a figure of outstanding literary importance, who gives to the age the form and pressure of his genius.

3.Prose. This era sees the foundation of an English prose style. Earlier specimens have been experimental or purely imitative; now, in the works of Mandeville and Malory, we have prose that is both original and individual.The English tongue is now ripe for a prose style. The language is settling to a standard; Latin.and French are losing grip as popular prose mediums and the growing desire for an English Bible exercises a steady pressure in favour of a standard English prose.

4.Scottish Literature. For the first time in our literature, in the person of Barbour (1316 (?)-9 95), Scotland supplies a writer worthy of note. This is only the beginning; for the tradition is handed on to the powerful group of poets who are mentioned in the next chapter.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER (c. 1340-c. 1400)

1. His Life. In many of the documents of the time Chaucer's name is mentioned with some frequency; and these references, in addition to some remarks he makes regarding himself in the course of his poems, are the sum of what we know about his life. The date of his birth is uncertain, but it is now generally accepted as being 1340. He was born in London, entered the household of the wife of the Duke of Clarence (1357), and saw military service abroad, where he was captured. Next he seems to have entered the royal household, for he is frequently mentioned as the recipient of royal pensions and bounties. When Richard II succeeded to the crown (1377) Chaucer was confirmed in his offices and pensions, and shortly afterwards (1378) he was sent to Italy on one of his several diplomatic missions. More pecuniary blessings followed; then ensued a period of depression, due probably to the departure to Spain (1386) of his patron John of Gaunt; but his life closed with a revival of his prosperity. He was the first poet to be buried in what is now known as Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey.

2. His Poems. The order of Chaucer's poems cannot be ascertained with certitude, but from internal evidence they can as a rule be approximately dated.

It is now customary to divide the Chaucerian poems into three stages: the French, the Italian, and the English, of which the last is a

development of the first two. In none of these divisions, of course, is the one influence felt to the exclusion of the others. It is merely that one predominates.
a)The poems of the earliest or French group are closely modelled upon French originals, and the style is clumsy and immature. Of such poems the longest is *The Romaunt of the Rose,* a lengthy allegorical poem, written in octosyllabic couplets and based upon *Le Romaunt de la Rose* of Guillaume de Lorris and Jean de Meung. This poem, only a fragment, though of 8000 lines, was once entirely ascribed to Chaucer, but recent research, based upon a scrutiny of Chaucerian style, has suggested that only the first part is his work. Other poems of this period include *The Book of the Duchesse,* probably his earliest and written in 1369, the year when John of Gaunt's wife died, *The Compleynt unto Pite, An A.B.C.,* and *The Compleynt of Mars.*
b)The second or Italian stage shows a decided advance upon the first. In the handling of the metres the technical ability is greater, and there is a growing keenness of perception and a greater stretch of originality. To this period belong *Anelida and Arcite* and *The Parlement of Foules.* The latter has a fine opening, and, in the characterization of the birds, shows Chaucer's true comic spirit. *Troilus and Criseyde* is a long poem adapted from Boccaccio, but in its emphasis on character it is original, and indicative of the line of Chaucer's development. Reality and a passionate intensity underlie its conventions of courtly love and the tedious descriptions which this code demanded. The complex characters of Criseyde and Pan-darus reveal a new subtlety of psychological development, and indicate Chaucer's growing insight into human motives. *Troilus and Criseyde* is held to be Chaucer's best narrative work. The rhyme royal stanzas are of much dexterity and beauty, and the pathos of the story is touched upon with deep feeling.

If no love is, O God, what fele I so?
And if love is, what thing and which is he?
If love be good, from whennes com'th my wo?
If it be wikke, a wonder thinketh me,
When every torment and adversite
That com'th of him, may to me savory thinke;
For ay thurste I the more that ich it drinke.
The Hous of Fame, a poem in octosyllabic couplets, is of **the dream-allegory type. In his dream Chaucer is carried by an eagle to the House of Fame and watches candidates for fame approach the**

throne, some being granted their requests and others refused. Though the story is rather drawn-out, and the allegorical significance obscure, it is of special interest because, in the verve and raci-ness of the Eagle, it shows gleams of the genuine Chaucerian humour. In this group is also included *The Legend of Good Women,* in which Chaucer, starting with the intention of telling nineteen affecting tales of virtuous women of antiquity, finishes with eight accomplished and the ninth only begun. After a charming introduction on the daisy, there is some masterly narrative, particularly in the portion dealing with Cleopatra. The poem is the first known attempt in English to use the heroic couplet, which is, none the less, handled with great skill and freedom.

(c) The third or English group contains work of the greatest individual accomplishment. The achievement of this period is *The Canterbury Tales,* though one or two of the separate tales may be of slightly earlier composition. For the general idea of the tales Chaucer may be indebted to Boccaccio, but in nearly every important feature the work is essentially English. For the purposes of his poem Chaucer draws together twenty-nine pilgrims, including himself. They meet at the Tabard Inn, in Southwark in order to go on a pilgrimage to the tomb of Thomas a Becket at Canterbury. The twenty-nine are carefully chosen types, of both sexes, and of all ranks, from a knight to a humble ploughman; their occupations and personal peculiarities are many and diverse; and, as they are depicted in the masterly *Prologue* to the main work, they are interesting, alive, and thoroughly human. At the suggestion of the host of the Tabard, and to relieve the tedium of the journey, each of the pilgrims is to tell two tales on the outward journey, and two on the return. In its entirety the scheme would have resulted in an immense collection of over a hundred tales. But as it happens Chaucer finished only twenty, and left four partly complete. The separate tales are linked with their individual prologues, and with dialogues and scraps of narrative. Even in its incomplete state the work is a small literature in itself, an almost unmeasured abundance and variety of humour and pathos, of narrative and description, and of dialogue and digression. There are two prose tales, Chaucer's own *Tale of Melibeus* and *The Parson's Tale;* and nearly all the others are composed in a powerful and versatile species of the decasyllabic or heroic couplet. To this last stage of Chaucer's work several short poems are ascribed, including *The Lak of Stedfastnesse* and the serio-comic *Compleynte of Chaucer to his Empty Purse.*

There is also mention of a few short early poems, such as *Origines upon the Maudeleyne,* which have been lost.
During his lifetime Chaucer built up such a reputation as a poet that many works were at a later date ascribed to him without sufficient evidence. Of this group the best examples are *The Flower and the Leaf,* quite an excellent example of the dream-allegory type, and *The Court of Love.* It has now been settled that these poems are not truly his.
3. His prose. The two prose tales may be apposite, but are not among Chaucer's successful efforts. Both--that is, *The Tale of Melibeus* and *The Parson's Tale* on penitence--are lifeless in style and full of tedious moralizings. Compared with earlier prose works they nevertheless mark an advance. They have a stronger grasp of sentence-construction, and in vocabulary they are copious and accurate. The other prose works of Chaucer are an early translation of Boethius, and a treatise, composed for the instruction of his little son Lewis, on the astrolabe, then a popular astronomical instrument. The following extract is a fair example of his prose:

"Now, sirs," saith dame Prudence, "sith ye vouche saufe to be gouerned by my counceyll, I will enforme yow how ye shal gouerne yow in chesing of your counceyll. First tofore alle workes ye shall beseche the hyghe God, that he be your counceyll; and shape yow to suche entente that he yeue you counceyll and comforte asThobye taught his sone. 'At alle tymes thou shall plese and praye him to dresse thy weyes; and loke that alle thy counceylls be in hym for euermore.' Saynt James eke saith: ' Yf ony of yow haue nede of sapience, axe it of God.' And after that than shall ye take counceyll in yourself, and examyne well your thoughtys of suche thynges as ye thynke that ben beste for your profyt. And than shall ye dryue away from your hertes the thynges that ben contraryous to good counceyl: this is to saye--ire, couetyse, and hastynes."
The Tale of Melibeus

4. Features of his Poetry. *(a)* The first thing that strikes the eye is the *unique position* that Chaucer's work occupies in the literature of the age. He is first, with no competitor for hundreds of years to challenge his position. He is, moreover, the forerunner in the race of great literary figures that henceforth, in fairly regular succession, dominate the ages they live in.
(b) His Observation. Among Chaucer's literary virtues his acute faculty of observation is very prominent. He was a man of the world, mixing freely with all types of mankind; and he used his opportunities to observe the little peculiarities of human nature. He had the seeing eye, the retentive memory, the judgment to select, and

ho capacity to expound; hence the brilliance of his descriptions, which we shall note in the next paragraph.

c)*His Descriptions.* Success in descriptive passages depends on ivacity and skill in presentation, as well as on the judgment shown n the selection of details. Chaucer's best descriptions, of men, nanners, and places, are of the first rank in their beauty, impressive- less, and humour. Even when he follows the common example of the time, as when giving details of conventional spring mornings and dowery gardens, he has a vivacity that makes his poetry unique. Many poets before him had described the break of day, but never with the real inspiration that appears in the following lines:

The bisy larke, messager of day,
Salueth in her song the morwe gay,
And firy Phoebus riseth up so brighte
That all the orient laugheth with the lighte.
The Knight's Tale

The *Prologue* contains ample material to illustrate Chaucer's power in describing his fellow-men. We shall add an extract to show him in another vein. Observe the selection of detail, the terseness and adequacy of epithet, and the masterly handling of the couplet.

First on the wal was peynted a forest,
In which ther dwelleth neither man nor best,
With knotty, knarry, barreyne trees olde
Of stubbes sharpe and hidouse to biholde,
In which ther ran a rumbel and a swough,
As though a storm sholde bresten every bough;
And dounward from an hille, under a bente,
Ther'stood the temple of Mars armypotente,
Wroght al of burned steel, of which the entrée
Was long and streit, and gastly for to see.
The northern light in at the dores shoon,
For wyndowe on the wal ne was ther noon
Thurgh which men myghten any light discern,
The dores were al of adament eterne,
Y-clenched overthwart and endelong
With iren tough, and for to make it strong,
Every pyler, the temple to sustene,
Was tonne greet, of iren bright and shene.
The Knight's Tate

(d) His Humour and Pathos. In the literature of his time, when so

few poets seem to have any perception of the fun in life, the humour of Chaucer is invigorating and delightful. The humour, which steeps nearly all his poetry, has great variety: kindly and patronizing, as in the case of the Clerk of Oxenford; broad and semi-farcical, as

in the Wife of Bath; pointedly satirical, as in the Pardoner and the Summoner; or coarse, as happens in the tales of the Miller, the Reeve, and the Cook. It is seldom that the satirical intent is wholly lacking, as it is in the case of the Good Parson, but, except in rare cases, the satire is good-humoured and well-meant. The prevailing feature of Chaucer's humour is its urbanity: the man of the world's kindly tolerance of the weaknesses of his erring fellow-mortals.

Chaucer lays less emphasis on pathos, but it is not overlooked. In the poetry of Chaucer the sentiment is humane and unforced. We have excellent examples of pathos in the tale of the Prioress and in *The Legend of Good Women.*

We give a short extract from the long conversation between Chaucer and the eagle ("with fethres all of gold") which carried him off to the House of Fame. The bird, with its cool acceptance of things, is an appropriate symbol of Chaucer himself in his attitude toward the world.

Thus I longe in his clawes lay,
Til at the laste he to me spak
In mannes vois, and seyde, "Awak!
And be not so agast, for shame!"
And called me tho by my name.
And, for I sholde the bet abreyde--
Me mette--"Awak," to me he seyde,
Right in the same vois and stevene
That useth oon I coude nevene;
And with that vois, soth for to sayn,
My minde cam to me agayn;
For hit was goodly seyd to me,
So nas hit never wont to be.. ..
And sayde twyes "Seynte Marie!
Thou art noyous for to carie." . . .
"O god," thoughte I, "that madest kinde,
Shal I non other weyes dye?
Wher loves wol me stellifye,
Or what thing may this signifye?
I neither am Enok, nor Elye,
Ne Romulus, ne Ganymede
That was y-bore up, as men rede,
To hevene with dan Iupiter,
And maad the goddes boteler."

(e) His Narrative Power. As a story-teller Chaucer employs somewhat tortuous methods, but his narrative possesses a curious stealthy speed. His stories, viewed strictly as stories, have most of the weakness of his generation: a fondness for long speeches, for

pedantic digressions on such subjects as dreams and ethical problems, and for long explanations when none are necessary. *Troilus and Criseyde,* heavy with long speeches, is an example of his prolixity, and *The Knight's Tale,* of baffling complexity and over-abundant in detail, reveals his haphazard and dawdling methods; yet both contain many admirable narrative passages. But when he rises above the weaknesses common to the time he is terse, direct, and vivacious. The extract given below will illustrate the briskness with which his story can move.

This sely widwe, and eek hir doghtres two,
Herden thise hennes crie and maken wo,
And out at dores stirten they anon,
And syen the fox toward the grove gon,
And bar upon his bak the cok away,
And cryden, "Out! Harrow! And weylaway!
Ha! Ha! The fox!" And after hym they ran,
And eek with staves many another man;
Ran Colle, oure dogge, and Talbot, and Gerland
And Malkyn, with a dystaf in hir hand;
Ran cow and calf, and eek the verray hogges,
So were they fered for berkynge of the dogges,
And shoutyng of the men and wommen eek;
They ronne so hem thoughte hir herte breek.
They yolleden, as feendes doon in helle;
The dokes cryden, as men wolde hem quelle;
The gees, for feere, flowen over the trees;
Out of the hyve cam the swarm of bees;
So hidous was the noys, *a benedicitee!*
Certes, he Jakke Straw, and his meynee,
Ne made never shoutes half so shrille,
Whan that they wolden any Flemyng kille,
As thilke day was rnaade upon the fox.
The Nun's Priest's Tale

(f) His Metrical Skill. In the matter of poetical technique English literature owes much to Chaucer. He virtually imported the decasyl labic line from France--it had been employed hardly at all in England previously--and he used it in both stanzaic and couplet forms. The seven-lined stanza *a b a b b c c* has become known as theChaucerian or *rime royale.* Chaucer is no great lyrical poet but in some of his shorter poems--roundels and ballades--he shows a skill that is as good as the very best apparent in the contemporary poems.

(g) Summary. We may summarize Chaucer's achievement by saying that he is the earliest of the great moderns. In comparison

with the poets of his own time, and with those of the succeeding century, the advance he makes is almost startling. For example, Manning, Hampole, and the romancers are of another age and of another way of thinking from ours; but, apart from the superficial archaisms of spelling, the modern reader finds in Chaucer something closely akin. All the Chaucerian features help to create this modern atmosphere: the shrewd and placidly humorous observation, the wide humanity, the quick aptness of phrase, the dexterous touch upon the metre, and, above all, the fresh and formative *spirit*--the genius turning dross into gold. Chaucer is indeed a genius; he stands alone, and for nearly two hundred years none dare claim equality with him.

OTHER POETS

1. William Langland, or Langley (1332 (?)-140© (7)), is one of the early writers with whom modem research has dealt adversely. AD we know about him appears on the manuscripts of his poem, or is based upon the remarks he makes regarding himself in the course of the poem. This poem, the full title of which is *The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman,* appears in its many manuscripts in three forms, called respectively the A, B, and C texts. The A text is the shortest, being about 2500 lines long; the B is more than 7200 lines; and the C, which is clearly based upon B, is more than 7300 lines. Until quite recently it has always been assumed that the three forms were all the work of Langland; but the latest theory is that the A form is the genuine composition of Langland, whereas both B and C have been composed by a later and inferior poet.
From the personal passages in the poem it appears that the author was born in Shropshire about 1332. The vision in which he saw Piers the Plowman probably took place in 1362. The poem itself tells of the poet's vision on the Malvern Hills. In this trance he beholds a fair "feld ful of folk." The first vision, by subtle and baffling .changes, merges into a series of dissolving scenes which deal with the adventures of allegorical beings, human like Do-wel, Do-bet, and Do-betst, or of abstract significance like the Lady Meed, Wit, Study, and Faith. During the many incidents of the poem the virtuous powers generally suffer most, till the advent of Piers the Plowman--the Messianic deliverer--restores the balance to the right side. The underlying motive of the work is to expose the sloth and vice of the Church, and to set on record the struggles and virtues of common folks. Langland's frequent sketches of homely

life are done with sympathy and knowledge, and, unlike Chaucer, he portrays vividly the terrible hardships of the poor peasant.
The style has a sombre energy, an intense but crabbed seriousness, and an austere simplicity of treatment. The form of the poem is curious. It is a revival of the Old English rhymeless measure, having alliteration as the basis of the line. The lines themselves are fairly uniform in length, and there is the middle pause, with (as a rule) two alliterations in the first half-line and one in the second. Yet in spite of the Old English metre the vocabulary draws freely upon the French, to an extent equal to that of Chaucer himself.
The following lines illustrate the predominant tone of the poem. The fiery and direct denunciation of the vices of the times makes an interesting comparison with Chaucer's portrayal of the ecclesiastics in the Prologue to *The Canterbury Tales.* The reader should note the strong rhythm, and the regular system of alliteration.

Heremites on an heep . With hoked staves,
Wenten to Walsyngham . and here wenches after;
Grete lobyes[1] and longe . that loth were to swynke,
Clotheden hem in copis . to ben knowen fram othere,
And shopen hem heremites . here ese to have.
I fonde there Freris . alle the foure ordres,
Preched the peple . for profit to hem-selven,
Preched the gospel . as hem good lyked,
For coveitise of copis . construed it as thei wolde.

2. John Gower, the date of whose birth is uncertain, died in 1408. He was a man of means, and a member of a good Kentish family; he took a fairly active part in the politics and literary activity of the time, and was buried in London.
The three chief works of Gower are noteworthy, for they illustrate the unstable state of contemporary English literature. His first poem, *Speculum Meditantis,* is written in French, and for a long time was lost, being discovered as late as 1895; the second, *Vox Clamantis,* is composed in Latin; and the third, *Confessio Amantis,* is written in English, at the King's command according to Gower himself. In this last poem we have the conventional allegorical setting, with a disquisition on the seven deadly sins, illustrated by many anecdotes. These anecdotes reveal Gower's capacity as a story-teller. He has a diffuse and watery style of narrative, but occasionally he is brisk and competent. The metre is the octosyllabic couplet, of great smoothness and fluency.
[1] Lubbers.

3.**John Barbour (1316 (?)-95)** is the first of the Scottish poets to claim our attention. He was born in Aberdeenshire, and studied both at Oxford and Paris. His great work is his *Bruce* (1375), a lengthy poem of twenty books and thirteen thousand lines. The work is really a history of Scotland's struggle for freedom from the year 1286 till the death of Bruce and the burial of his heart (1332). The heroic theme is the rise of Bruce, and the central incident of the poem is the battle of Bannockburn. The poem, often rudely but pithily expressed, contains much absurd legend and a good deal of inaccuracy, but it is no mean beginning to the long series of Scottish heroic poems. This spirited passage from the first book is often quoted:

A! fredome is a nobill thing!
Fredome mayss' man to haiff liking!
Fredome all solace to man giffis;
He levys at ess that frely levys!
A noble hart may haiff nane ess,
Na ellys nocht that may him pless
Gyffe fredome failzhe: for fre liking
Is zharnyt[2] our all othir thing.
Na he, that ay hass levyt fre
May nocht knaw weill the propyrte,
The angyr, na the wrechyt dome,
That is couplyt to foule thyrldome.

PROSE-WRITERS

1. Sir John Mandeville is the English form of the name of **Jehan de Mandeville,** who compiled and published a French book of travels between 1357 and 1371. This French work was very popular, and it was translated into several languages, including English.The English version has a preface, in which it is stated that the author was a Sir John Mandeville, a knight, bom at St Albans, who crossed the sea in 1322 and travelled in many strange regions. Much of the personal narrative is invention; nowadays the very existence of Sir John is denied. The real author of the book is said to be **Jehan de Bourgogne,** who died at Liege in 1372.
It has now been demonstrated that the so-called *'Travels'* is a compilation from several popular books of voyages, including those of a Friar Odoric, of an Armenian called Hetoum, and (to a very small extent) of the famous traveller Marco Polo. These, with a few grains of original matter, are ingeniously welded into one of the most charming books of its kind. The travels are full of incredible

[1] makes. [2]yearned for.

descriptions and anecdotes, which are set down with delightful faith and eagerness. The style is sweet and clear, with some colloquial touches; and the short narrations freely dispersed through the text, tersely phrased and accurately gauged in length, are rendered with great skill.

We add an example to illustrate this admirable prose style. Observe the brief sentences, many of which begin with 'and,' the simple but effective diction, and the straightforward style of narrative.

And zee schull undirstonde that whan men comen to Jerusalem her first pilgrymage is to the chirche of the Holy Sepulcr wher oure Lord was buryed, that is withoute the cytee on the north syde. But it is now enclosed in with the ton wall. And there is a full fair chirche all rownd, and open above, and covered with leed. And on the west syde is a fair tour and an high for belles strongly made. And in the myddes of the chirche is a tabernacle as it wer a lytyll hows, made with a low lityll dore; and that tabernacle is made in maner of a half a compas right curiousely and richely made of gold and azure and othere riche coloures, full nobelyche made. And in the ryght side of that tabernacle is the sepulcre of oure Lord. And the tabernacle is viij fote long and v fote wide, and xj fote in heghte. And it is not longe sithe the sepulcre was all open, that men myghte kisse it and touche it. But for pilgrymes that comen thider peyned hem to breke the ston in peces, or in poudr; therefore the Soudan[1] hath do make a wall aboute the sepulcr that no man may towche it. But in the left syde of the wall of the tabernacle is well the heighte of a man, is a gret ston, to the quantytee of a mannes hed, that was of the holy sepulcr, and that ston kissen the pilgrymes that comen thider. In that tabernacle ben no wyndowes, but it is all made light with lampes that hangen befor the sepulcr.

2. John Wyclif, or Wycliffe (1320-84), was born in Yorkshire about the year 1320. He was educated at Oxford, took holy orders, received the living of Lutterworth in Leicestershire (1374), and took a prominent part in the ecclesiastical feuds of the day. He was strong in his denunciation of the abuses then rampant, and only the influence of his powerful friends saved him from the fate of a heretic. He died peacefully in 1384. An active controversialist, he wrote many Latin books in support of his revolutionary opinions. In addition, he issued a large number of tracts and pamphlets in English. An English translation of the Bible made at the end of his life has been popularly attributed to him, but, while it undoubtedly reflects his influence, its authorship remains uncertain. His English style is not polished,, but it is

[1] Sultan.

vigorous and pointed, with a homely simplicity that makes its appeal both wide and powerful.

3. Sir Thomas Malory (died 1471 (?)) is included here, though bis famous work, the *Morte d'Arthur,* was composed as late as the "ix yere of the reygne of Kyng Edward the furth" (1469). Nearly all we know about Malory is contained in the preface of Caxton, the first printer of the book. Caxton says that the book was written by Sir Thomas Malory "oute of certeyn bookes of frensshe."

The *Morte d'Arthur,* like the travels of Mandeville, is a compilation. The French Arthurian romances are drawn upon to create a prose romance of great length and detail. However diverse its sources, the book is written with a uniform dignity and fervour that express the very essence of romance and chivalry. It is a skilful blend of dialogue and narrative and is full of colour and life, while the style has a transparent clarity and a poetic sensitivity which make Malory our first great, individual, prose stylist. Remote in spirit from the everyday concerns of its age, the *Morte d'Arthur* stands outside the main stream of the development of English prose.

And on the morn the damsel and he took their leave and thanked the knight, and so departed, and rode on their way until they came to a great forest. And there was a great river and but one passage, and there were ready two knights on the further side to let them the passage. "What sayest thou," said the damsel, "wilt thou match yonder knights, or turn again?" "Nay," said Sir Beaumains, "I will not turn again and they were six more." And therewithal he rushed into the water, and in the midst of the water, either brake their spears upon other to their hands, and then they drew their swords and smote eagerly at other. And at the last Sir Beaumains smote the other upon the helm that his head stonied, and therewithal he fell down in the water, and there was he drowned. And then he spurred his horse upon the land, where the other knight fell upon him and brake his spear, and so they drew their swords and fought long together. At the last Sir Beaumains clave his helm and his head down to the shoulders: and so he rode unto the damsel, and bade her ride forth on her way.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY FORMS

The Chaucerian age saw a great and significant advance in poetical forms of literature, and noteworthy ones in the domain of prose.

1. Poetry. With regard to poetry, we can observe the various forms separating themselves and straightening out into form and coherence,

(a) The *lyric,* chiefly the religious and love-lyric, continues to be written and developed. Chaucer himself contributes very little

toward it, but a number of anonymous bards add to the common stock. It is seldom that we can give precise dates to the lyrics of this period; but about this time were composed such exquisite pieces as *The Nut-brown Maid,* a curious hybrid between the lyric and the ballad, and the lovely carols of the Church.

b)*The Rise of the Ballad.* By the late fourteenth century, the traditional ballad, of the type of *Chevy Chace, Sir Patrick Spens,* and the Robin Hood poems, had become an important source of popular entertainment, especially in the North. The origins of this form are much disputed, but, whether the ballad was composed by minstrels, or was the result of communal activity, it is essentially simple and popular. Mainly about love, local legends, the feats of local heroes, supernatural happenings, or religious stories, the ballad deals with man's elemental passions in frank and uninhibited terms, while its situations are such as affect the individual or family rather than the larger social unit of clan or nation. Its tone is impersonal and detached, and there is little or none of the composer's personality to be felt. The verse form (most commonly *abcb,* with alternating lines of four and three iambic feet) was subject to considerable variation, but was always simple and easily memorized. Frequent use of a refrain and of repetition are, similarly, products of this necessity to memorize the ballad, which also led to a concentration of emphasis (usually on a single incident), a complete lack of ornamental detail, and a rapidity of movement which made each stanza a definite step in the development of the story. It will be seen that the ballad is completely different from the romance, which is aristocratic in tone and theme, and cumulative in form, so that it could deal with any number of adventures. Collections of ballads were not made until the eighteenth century, so that we find many varying forms of the same ballad, and it seems likely that the versions we now possess differ considerably from the original.

c)*The Rise of the Allegory.* This is perhaps the suitable place to note the rise of allegory, which in the age of Chaucer began to affect all the branches of poetry. Even at its best the allegorical method is crude and artificial, but it is a concrete and effective literary device for expounding moral and religious lessons. It appeals with the greatest force to minds which are still unused to abstract thinking; and about the period now under discussion it exactly suited the lay and ecclesiastical mind. Hence we have a flood of poems dealing with Courts of Love, Houses of Fame, Dances of the Seven Deadly

Sins, and other symbolical subjects. Especially in the earlier stages of his career, Chaucer himself did not escape the prevailing habit. We shall see that the craze for the allegory was to increase during the next century and later, till it reached its climax in *The Faerie Queene.*

d)*Descriptive and Narrative Poems.* In this form of poetry *The Canterbury Tales* is the outstanding example, but in many passages of Langland and Gower we have specimens of the same class. We have already mentioned some of the weaknesses that are common to the narrative poetry of the day, and which were due partly to lack of practice and partly to reliance upon inferior models: the tantalizing rigmaroles of long speeches and irrelevant episodes, the habit of dragging into the story scientific and religious discussions, and an imperfect sense of proportion in the arrangement of the plot. In the best examples, such as those of Chaucer, there is powerful grip upon the central interest, a shrewd observation and humour, and quite often a brilliant rapidity of narration.

e)*The metrical romance* is still a popular form, but the great vogue of the last century is on the wane. Among the lower classes it is being supplanted by the ballad; and the growing favour that is being shown to the *fabliau*--that is, the short French tale, realistic in subject and humorous-satirical in style--is leading to tales of the coarser Chaucer type.

3.Prose. The field for English prose is rapidly extending. The *Travels* of Mandeville presents an interesting departure as a prose work written for amusement rather than instruction. We have the translation of the Bible usually associated with Wyclif, and a prose version of Higden's *Polychronicon* by John of Trevisa (1326-1412). But the most significant development is to be found in the clarity and vigour of the homely English used in civic records, and by letter-writers such as the Pastons, Celys, and Stonors. Simple, straightforward, and free from the stylistic ornamentation of the consciously literary prose, these everyday writings illustrate vividly the growing command of the native idiom in many sections of the community.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY STYLE

1. Poetry. We have already stated that the time of transition and experiment is nearly over. English poetical style has established itself, and the main lines of development have been laid down. For this we are indebted almost entirely to Chaucer.

a)With regard to *metre,* it is curious to observe that with increasing practice the tendency is toward simplicity. The extremely complicated stanzas are becoming less common, and rhyme royal and other shorter verses are coming into favour. Along with simplification is a greater suppleness and dexterity. There is less rigidity in the position of the pause, and a greater freedom in the substitution of three-syllabled feet for two-syllabled feet. These features are most strongly developed in the couplet forms. It is this union of simplicity and freedom that is to remain the dominating characteristic of English verse, thus contrasting with the quantitative system of the classical measures and the syllabic nature of the French.

b)There is an interesting *revival in alliteration.* In the true alliterative poem the basis of the line is a system of repeating sounds, such as was the custom in Old English verse. One of the earliest examples of this type which occurs after the Norman Conquest is *Wynnere and Wastour* (1352), an anonymous poem of ho great merit. The tradition is continued in the alliterative romances of the type of *Cleannesse;* and it attains its climax in *Piers Plowman,* Though this last poem gained a great popularity it left no important literary descendants. Hence the revival of the ancient system of alliteration remains as an interesting curiosity. In a very short time after Langland alliteration becomes simply an ornament to metre --sometimes a device of great beauty, but not vital to the metrical scheme.

As regards the actual *poetic diction* of the period, there is a considerable liking shown for ornate French and classical terms. This can be observed in the earlier poems of Chaucer and in the *Confessio Amantis* of Gower. We have not yet attained to the aureate diction of the succeeding generation, but the temptation to use French terms was too strong to be resisted. Langland, though he draws upon the French element, writes with much greater simplicity; and the ballads also are composed in a manner quite plain and unadorned.

2. **Prose,** The state of prose is still immature, but the everyday writings of the age show a vigour and clarity which are a great advance on the mingled French and English writing of the beginning of the period, when English was still struggling to shake off the dominance of French. Wyclif's prose is unpolished, though it can be pointed and vigorous. Mandeville's prose style, though it is devoid of artifices, attains to a certain distinction by reason of its

straightforward methods, its short and workmanlike sentences, and a brevity rare in his day. In the case of Malory, who comes some time after the others, we have quite an individual style. It is still unadorned; but it has a distinction of phrase and a decided romantic flavour that make Malory a prose stylist of a high class. His prose is, indeed, quite distinct from that of his predecessors, and exerts little influence on the writers who follow.

CHAPTER IV

FROM CHAUCER TO SPENSER

THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND (1450-1550)

The dates that appear at the head of this section are only approximate, but the general features of the time are well defined. In England the period begins with wars, unrest, and almost chaos; it concludes with a settled dynasty, a reformed religion, and a people united and progressive. Abroad, as well as in England, there is apparent the broad intellectual flood known as the Renaissance, running deep and strong: the renewed desire for knowledge, changes in religious ideals, the discovery of new worlds, both geographical and literary, and the enormous quickening of heart and mind. In England the scene is being prepared for the great age to follow.

LITERARY FEATURES OF THE AGE

1.Poverty of Material. Considering the length of the period, the poverty of the output is hard to explain. There is no English poet of any consequence; the prose writing is thin in quality and quantity; and if it were not for the activities of the Scottish poets the age would be poor indeed.
2.Scottish Poetry. Scottish poetry comes late into notice, but it comes with a bound. The poverty and disunion of Scotland, its severance from the intellectual stimulus of English thought, and the dearth of educational facilities all combine to retard its literary development. But these disadvantages are rapidly passing away, with the beneficial results apparent in this chapter.
3.The Development of the Drama. The popularity of the romance is almost gone; the drama, more suited to the growing intelligence of the time, is rapidly taking on a new importance. The professional actor and the playwright, owing to real demand for their services, are making their appearance. The development of the drama is sketched in this chapter.
4.The Importance of the Period. The importance of the time is belied by its apparent barrenness. In reality it is a season of healthy fallow, of germination, of rest and recuperation. The literary

impulse, slowly awakening, is waiting for the right moment. When that moment comes the long period of rest gives the new movement swift and enduring force.

POETRY

1. The Scottish Poets, *(a)* James I (1394-1437) was captured by the English in 1406, and remained in England till 1424, when he married Joan Beaufort, the cousin of Henry V, and returned to Scotland. The chief poem associated with his name is *The Kingis Quair (quire* or *book).* The attempts to disprove his authorship have not been successful. It seems to have been written during his captivity, and it records his first sight of the lady destined to be his wife. It follows the Chaucerian model of the dream, the garden, and the introduction of allegorical figures. The stanza is the rhyme royal, which is said to have derived its name from his use of it. The diction, which is the common artificial blend of Scottish and Chaucerian forms, is highly ornamented; but there are some passages of really brilliant description, and a few stanzas of passionate declamation quite equal to the best of Chaucer's *Troilus' and Criseyde.* It is certainly among the best of the poems that appear between the periods of Chaucer and Spenser. Other poems, in particular the more plebeian *Peblis to the Play* and *Christis Kirk on the Grene,* have been ascribed to James, but his authorship is extremely doubtful.
The two following stanzas are fair examples **of** James's **poetry. The man who wrote them** was no mean **poet.**

Off **hir** array **the** form gif **I** sall write,
Toward hir goldin haire and rich atyre
In fret-wise couchit[1] was with perllis quhite
And grete balas[2] lemyng[3] as the fyre,
With mony ane emeraut and faire saphire;
And on hir hede a chaplet fresch of hewe,
Off plumys partit rede, and quhite, and blewe;

Full of quaking spangis[4] bryght as gold,
Forgit of schap like to the amorettis,[5]
So new, so fresch, so plesant to behold,
The plumys eke like to the floure-Ionettis,[6]
And othir of schap like to the round crokettis,[7]
And, aboue all this, there was, wele I wote,
Beautee eneuch to mak a world to dote.
The Kingis Quair

[Footnote: 1 **inlaid.]**
[Footnote: **2 rubies.]**
[Footnote: **3 gleaming.]**
[Footnote: **4 spangles.]**
[Footnote: **5 love-knots.]**

[Footnote: **6 St John's wort.]**
[Footnote:**7 curls.]**

(b) Sir David Lyndsay (1490-1555) was born in Fifeshire about the year 1490 He entered the roya! service, and rose to fill the important position of Lyon King-of-Arms.

His longer works, which were written during his service at Court, include *The Dreme,* in rhyme royal stanzas, with the usual allegorical setting; *The Testament of Squyer Meldrum,* in octosyllabic couplets, a romantic biography with a strongly Chaucerian flavour; *The Testament and Compleynt of the Papyngo,* which has some gleams of his characteristic humour; and *Ane Pleasant Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis,* a morality-play, coarse and vulgar, but containing much of his best work. It is full of telling satire directed against the Church, and it shows acute observation of the frailties of his fellows. Lyndsay represents the ruder type of the Scottish Chaucerian. He has a coarseness beyond the standard even of his day; but he cannot be denied a bluff good-humour, a sound honesty of opinion, and an abundant and vital energy.

(c) Robert Henryson (1429 (?)-c. 1508) has left us few details regarding his life. In one of his books he is described as a "scholemaister of Dunfermeling"; he may have studied at Glasgow University; and he was dead when Dunbar (see below) wrote his *Lament for the Makaris* in 1508. Hence the dates given for his birth and death are only approximations.

The order of his poems has not been determined. His longest is a version of the *Morall Fabillis of Esope,* composed in rhyme royal stanzas and showing much dexterity and vivacity; *The Testament of Cresseid* is a continuation of Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde,* and it has a finely tragic conclusion; *Orpheus and Eurydice,* an adaptation from Boethius, has, along with much commonplace moralizing, some passages of real pathos; and among his thirteen shorter poems *Robene and Makyne,* a little pastoral incident, is executed with a lightness, a brevity, and a precision that make it quite a gem among its fellows. His *Garmond of Gude Ladies,* though often quoted, is pedantically allegorical, and of no high quality as poetry.

. We quote two stanzas from *The Testament of Cresseid.* The diction is an artificial blend of that of Chaucer and of colloquial Scots, and it is heavily loaded with descriptive epithet; but it is picturesque and dramatic, in some respects suggesting the later work of Spenser.

His face frosnit,[1] his lyre was lyke the leid,
  His teith chatterit, and cheverit[2] with the chin,
His ene[3] droupit, how,[4] sonkin in his heid,
  Out of his nois the meldrop5 fast can rin,
  With lippis bla,[6] and cheikis leine and thin,
  The iceschoklis that fra his hair doun hang,
Was wonder greit, and as ane speir als lang.

Atouir[7] his belt his lyart[8] lokkis lay
  Felterit[9] unfair, ouirfret with froistis hoir,
His garmound and his gyis[10] full gay of gray,
  His widderit weid[11] fra him the wind out wolr;
Ane busteous bow within his hand he boir,
  Under his girdill ane flasche[12] of felloun flanis,[13]
Fedderit[14] with ice, and heidit with hailstanis.
  The Testament of Cresseid

(d) **William Dunbar (1460 (?)-1530 (?))** is generally considered to be the chief of the Scottish Chaucerian poets. He was born in East Lothian, studied at St Andrews University (1477), and went to France and became a wandering friar. Returning to Scotland, he became attached to the household of James IV, and in course of time was appointed official Rhymer. He died about 1530.
Dunbar wrote freely, often on subjects of passing interest; and though his work runs mainly on Chaucerian lines it has an energy and pictorial quality that are quite individual. Of the more than ninety poems associated with his name the most important are the *Goldyn Targe,* of the common allegorical-rhetorical type; *The Thrissil and the Rois,* celebrating the marriage of James IV and the English Margaret (1503); the *Dance of the Sevin Deidlie Synnis,* with its strong *macabre* effects and its masterly grip of metre; the *Tua Mariit Wemen and the Wedo,* a revival of the ancient alliterative measure, and outrageously frank in expression; and *The Lament for the Makaris,* in short stanzas with the refrain *Timor Mortis conturbat me,* quite striking in its effect. The following short extract reveals Dunbar's strong pictorial quality and his command of metre.

"Lat se," quod he, "Now quha begynnis; With that the fowll Sevin Deidly Synnis

[Footnote: [1] frosted.]
[Footnote: [2] shivered.]
[Footnote: [3].eyes.]
[Footnote:[4] hollow.]
[Footnote: 5 moisture.]
[Footnote: [6] blue]
[Footnote: 7 out over]
[Footnote: [8] gray.]

[Footnote: [9] tangled.]
[Footnote: [10] attire]
[Footnote: 11 tattered clothes.]
[Footnote: [12] sheaf]
[Footnote: [13] arrows.]
[Footnote: 14 feathered.]

Begowth[1] to leip at anis.[2]
And first of all in dance wes Pryd,
With hair wyld[3] bak and bonet on syd,
Lyk to mak vaistie wanis;[4]
And round abowt him, as a quheill,[5]
Hang all in rumpillis[6] to the heill
His kethat[7] for the nanis:
Mony prowd trumpour[8] with him trippit
Throw skaldand[9] fyre, ay as thay skippit
Thay gyrnd[10] with hiddouss granis.[11]

Than Yre come in with sturt[12] and stryfe; His hand wes ay upon his knyfe, He brandeist[13] lyk a beir.[14]
Dance of the Sevin Deidlie Synnis

(e) **Gawin Douglas (1474 (?)-1522**) was a member of the famous Douglas family, his father being the fifth Earl of Angus, Archibald 'Bell the Cat.' He studied .at St Andrews University (1489) and probably at Paris, became a priest, and rose to be Bishop of Dunkeld. He took a great share in the high politics of those dangerous times, and in the end lost his bishopric, was expelled to England, and died in London.
His four works belong to the period 1501-13: *The Police of Honour,* of elaborate and careful workmanship, and typical of the fifteenth-century manner; *King Hart,* a laboriously allegorical treatment of life, the Hart being the heart of life, which is attended by the five senses and other personifications of abstractions; *Conscience,* a short poem, a mere quibble on the word 'conscience,' of no great poetical merit; and the A*Eneid,* his most considerable effort, a careful translation of Virgil, with some incongruous touches, but done with competence and some poetical ability. It is the earliest of its kind, and so is worthy of some consideration. Douglas is the most scholarly and painstaking of his group; but he lacks the native vigour of his fellows. His style is often overloaded and listless, and in the selection of theme he shows little originality.
2. John Skelton (1460 (?)-1529) comes late in this period, but he is perhaps the most considerable of the poets. His place of birth is disputed; he may have studied at Oxford, and he probably graduated at Cambridge. He took orders (1498), entered the household of the Countess of Richmond, the mother of Henry VII, and became a

[Footnote: [1] Began.]
[Footnote: [2] once.]
[Footnote: 3 combed.]
[Footnote: [4] desolate houses.]
[Footnote: 5 wheel.]
[Footnote: [6] creases.]
[Footnote: 7 long coat.]
[Footnote: [8] deceiver.]

[Footnote: [9] scalding.]
[Footnote: [10] grimaced]
[Footnote: [ll] groans.]
[Footnote: 12 trouble.]
[Footnote: [13] swaggered]
[Footnote: 14 bear.]

tutor to Prince Henry. In 1500 he obtained the living of Diss in Norfolk, but his sharp tongue ruined him as a rector. He fell foul of Wolsey, and is said to have escaped imprisonment by seeking sanctuary in Westminster Abbey, where he died in 1529.
In his *Garlande of Laurell* Skelton gives a list of his own works, most of which have perished. This poem itself is a dreary effort, stilted in style and diffuse in treatment. It is in satire that Skelton appears at his best. His satirical poems, in spite of their shuffling and scrambling metres, are usually sharp, often witty, and nearly always alive. *Why come ye nat to Court?* is addressed to Wolsey, and for jeering impertinence it is hard to find its equal, at that time at least; *The Tunnynge of Elynour Rummynge* is realism indeed, for it faithfully portrays the drunken orgies of a pack of women at an ale-house. His more serious poems include a *Dirge on Edward IV, The Bowge of Court,* and a quite excellent morality-play, *Magnificence.*
We quote an example of Skelton's peculiar metre, which came to be called ' Skeltonics.' It is a species of jingling octosyllabic couplet, but crumbling and unstable, often descending to doggerel. It is, however, lively, witty in a shallow fashion, and attractive. His own description of it is quite just:

For though my rhyme be ragged,
Tattered and jagged,
Rudely rayne beaten,
Rusty and moughte eaten,
If ye take well therwith,
It hath in it some pyth.

The following extract shows his powers of invective:

But this mad Amelek
Like to a Mamelek,
He regardeth lordes
Not more than potshordes;
He is in such elation
Of his exaltation,
And the supportation
Of our sovereign lorde,
That, God to recorde,
He ruleth all at will,
Without reason or skill;
Howbeit the primordial
Of his wretched original,
And his base progeny,
And his greasy genealogy,
He came of the sank[1] royal
That was cast out of a butcher's stall.
Why come ye not Court?

3. John Lydgate (1370-1451) had a great reputation in his day, but little of it has survived.. He was born at Lydgate, near New market, and became a monk at Bury St Edmunds, where he rose to be priest in 1397. He studied and wrote much, gaining a wide reputation both as a scholar and a poet. The dates of his birth and death are only approximately fixed.

Lydgate was a friend of Chaucer, upon whom he models much of his poetry. But as a poet he is no Chaucer. He has none of the latter's metrical skill and lively imagination, and the enormous mass of his poems only enhances their futility. *The Falls of Princes,* full of platitudes and wordy digressions, is no less than 7000 verses long; *The Temple of Glass,* of the common allegorical type, is mercifully shorter; and so is the *Story of Thebes,* a supposed addition to *The Canterbury Tales.* On rare occasions, as in *London Lickpenny,* he is livelier; but he has no ear for metre, and the common vices of his time--prolixity, lack of humour, and pedantic allegory--lie heavy upon him.

4.Thomas Occleve, or Hoccleve (1368 (?)-1450 (?)), may have been born in Bedfordshire; but we know next to nothing about him, and that he tells us himself. He was a clerk in the Privy Seal Office, from which in 1424 he retired on a pension to Hampshire.

His principal works are *The Regement of Princes,* written for the edification of Henry V, and consisting of a string of tedious sermons; *La Male Regie,* partly autobiographical, in a snivelling fashion; *The Complaint of Our Lady;* and *Occleve's Complaint.*

The style of Occleve's poetry shows the rapid degeneration that set in immediately after the death of Chaucer. His metre, usually

version of Swerers; and *A Joyfull Medytacyon.* Of all the poets now under discussion Hawes is the most uninspired; his allegorical methods are of the crudest; but he is not entirely without his poetical moments. His *Passetyme of Pleasure* probably influenced the allegory of Spenser.

5.Alexander Barclay (1475 (?)-1552) might have been either a Scotsman or an Englishman for all that is known on the subject. He was a priest in Devonshire, and later withdrew to a monastery in Ely. His important poem, the *Ship of Fools,* a translation of a German work by Sebastian Brant, represents a newer type of allegory. The figures in the poem are not the usual wooden creatures representing the common vices and virtues, but they are sharply satirical portraits of the various kinds of foolish men. Sometimes Barclay adds personal touches to make the general satire more telling. *Certayne Ecloges,* another of Barclay's works, is the earliest English collection of pastorals. It contains, among much grumbling over the times, quite attractive pictures of the country life of the day.

PROSE-WRITERS

1. Reginald Pecock (1390 (?)-1461 (?)) may have been born in Wales, and perhaps in 1390. He was educated at Oxford, and took orders, when he became prominent through his attacks upon the Lollards. In his arguments he went so far that he was convicted of heresy (1457), forced to make a public recantation, and had to resign his bishopric of Chichester. He died in obscurity about 1460.

His two works were *The Repressor of Over-much Blaming of the Faith.* In his dogma he strongly

English printing. The first book printed in England was *The Dictes and Sayengis of the Philosophers* (1477). The main part of the volume was the work of Lord Rivers, but Caxton, as was his habit, revised it for the press.
It would be difficult to overestimate the debt of English literature to Caxton. He printed almost every English work of real quality known in his day, including Chaucer and Malory. In addition, he made and printed twenty-four translations from French, Dutch, and Latin texts, of which the most remarkable were the two earliest, the *Recuyell of the Histories of Troye* (1471) and the *Game and Playe of the Chesse* (1475). The introductions of many of his books are of great personal and general interest, and show him to have been very conscious of his limitations as a literary artist. Anxious to use the elegant, ornate, 'literary' style, he found himself unqualified to do so, and decided to write in "Englysshe not ouer rude, ne curyous, but in suche termes as shall be vnderstanden by goddys grace." Even so, his style is marred by a very involved and confused sentence structure, which he never mastered, and a tendency to introduce foreign words and phrases which he neglected to translate.
We give a brief extract from his preface to the *Recuyell.* Observe the rather clumsy sentences and the plain language.

When I remember that every man is bounden by the commandment and counsel of the wise man to eschew sloth and idleness, which is mother and nourisher of vices, and ought to put myself unto virtuous occupation and business, then I, having no great charge of occupation, following the said counsel, took a French book and read therein many strange and marvellous histories wherein I had great pleasure and delight, as well for the novelty of the same as for the fair language of French, which was in prose so well and compendiously set and written, which methought I understood the sentence and substance of every matter. And forsomuch as this book was new and late made and drawn into French, and never had seen it in our English tongue, I thought in myself it should be a good business to translate it into our English, to the end that it might be had as well in the realm of England as in other lands, and also for to pass therewith the time, and thus concluded in myself to begin this said work. And forthwith took pen and ink and began boldly to run forth as blind Bayard, in this present work which is named the *Recuyell* of the Trojan histories.

3. John Fisher (c. 1459-1535) was born in Yorkshire about 1459, was educated at Cambridge, and entered the Church. In due course he became Bishop of Rochester. During the time of the

Reformation he .opposed Henry VIII's desire to be acknowledged as the head of the English Church, and was imprisoned in the Tower (1534). While there he was made a cardinal by the Pope; and he was beheaded by the orders of Henry.

Fisher wrote much in Latin, and in English he is represented by a small collection of tracts and sermons and a longer treatise on the Psalms. Though they arc of no great quantity, his prose works are in their nature of much importance. They arc the first of the rhetorical-religious books that for several centuries were to be an outstanding feature of English prose. In addition, they show a decided advance in the direction of style. They are written in the style of the orator and are the result of the conscious effort of the stylist: the searching after the appropriate word (often apparent by the use of two or three words of like meaning), the frequent use of rhetorical figures of speech, and a rapid and flowing rhythm. In brief, in the style of Fisher we can observe the beginnings of an ornate style. It is still in the making, but it is the direct ancestor of the prose style of Jeremy Taylor and other divines of the same class.

In the following passage observe the use of such doublets as 'painful and laborious,' 'rest and ease,' and 'desire and love.' The rhythm is supple, there is a quick procession of phrases, and the vocabulary is copious and Latinized to a considerable extent.

What life is more painful and laborious of itself than is the life of hunters which, most early in the morning, break their sleep and rise when others do take their rest and ease, and in his labour he may use no plain highways and the soft grass, but he must tread upon the fallows, run over the hedges, and .creep through the thick bushes, and cry all the long day upon his dogs, and so continue without meat or drink until the very night drive him home; these labours be unto him pleasant and joyous, for the desire and love that he hath to see the poor hare chased with dogs. Verily, verily if he were compelled to take upon him such labours, and not for this cause, he would soon be weary of them, thinking them full tedious unto him; neither would he rise out of his bed so soon, nor fasl so long, nor endure these other labours unless he had a very love therein.

The Ways to Perfect Religion

4. Hugh Latimer (1485 (?)-1555) was bom in Leicestershire, educated at Cambridge, and rose to be chaplain to Henry VIII and Bishop of Worcester. He resisted some of the reforms of Henry, was imprisoned in the Tower, and was released on the death of the King. At the accession of Mary he was once again thrown into jail and was burnt at Oxford.

Latimer's English prose works consist of two volumes of sermons published in 1549. They are remarkable for their plain and dogmatic exposition, their graphical power, and their homely appeal. He is the first of the writers of plain style.

5. **Sir** Thomas More **(1478-1535)** was born in London, and was the son of a judge. He was educated in London, attached to the household of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and became a lawyer. A man of eager and aspiring mind, he fell under the influence of Erasmus, Colet, and other humanists of the period. For a time he sat in Parliament and saw State service. His refusal to accept the Act of Supremacy led to his imprisonment (1534), and he was beheaded in the following year.

Owing to their elegance and wit, his Latin works are of unusual importance. They include his *Utopia,* the description of his imaginary ideal state. This book was not translated into English until **1551,** and so does not count as an English work of More's. His English prose works include *The Lyfe of John Picus, The Historie of Richard III,* and a number of tracts and letters. He writes ably and clearly, but with no great distinction of manner. He is the first writer of the middle style.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY FORMS

1. Poetry. In this period we have to chronicle the appearance of **the** *eclogue* or *pastoral* in the work of Barclay *(Ecloges)* and in some shorter poems like Henryson's *Robene and Makyne.* The pastoral, which in classical times had been practised by Virgil and Theocritus, became **a** common form of poetical exercise in Italy, France, and **Spain** before in the sixteenth century it appeared in England. It was marked by a set of conventional shepherds and shepherdesses, possessing such names as Colin, Phyllis, and Phoebe; by stock scenes introducing sheep, meadows, and flowers; and it was often made the medium for philosophical and political theories. As yet the golden age of the pastoral had not made its appearance in England, but the beginning of the vogue was apparent.

A glance at the poems mentioned in this chapter will reveal the importance of the *allegory.* In this period it grew and hardened into a mechanical and soulless device, for the poets lacked sufficient poetical fire to give it life. The allegory, as we can see in Dunbar *Goldyn Targe* and Lydgate's *Temple of Glass,,* usually opened with a garden and a dream, conventionalized to an absurd degree, and it continued with the introduction of the Goddess of Love, the

Virtues and Vices, and similar stock personations. The allegory, however, in spite of its enormous elaborations, was not at the end of its popularity, and, as we shall see in the next chapter, it was to add another great poet to its list of devotees.

The development of the *ballad* and *carol* continued, with highly satisfactory results. These poems began to acquire polish and expertness, for the early rudeness was becoming a thing of the past. To this period probably belong the lovely carol to the Virgin Mary beginning "I sing of a maiden," and the ballads connected with Robin Hood, Fair Rosamund, and many others.

2. Prose. There were no outstanding achievements in prose, but facts all helped to reveal the waning influence of Latin and the increasing importance given to English. English prose appeared in theological works, as in those of Fisher; and Cranmer (1489-1556) gave it a new field in his notable English Prayer Book. Historical prose was represented by *The Chronicle of England* of Capgrave (1393-1464), who wrote in a businesslike fashion; a species of philosophical prose appeared in *The Governance of England* of Fortescue (c. 1394-c. 1476), and in *The Boke named the Governour* of Elyot (c. 1490-c. 1546), a kind of educational work; *The Castle of Health,* also by the last author, was a medical work. The great race of Elizabethan translators is well begun by Lord Berners (1467-1533), who translated Froissart with freedom and no mean skill; and, lastly, the English Bible was taking shape.

The Development of the English Bible

The work on the English Bible began as early as the eighth century, when Bede translated a portion of the Gospel of St John into Old English prose. The work was ardently continued during the Old English period--for example, in the Lindisfarne Gospels (about 100) and the prose of AElfric (about 1000). During the Anglo-Norman period, owing to the influence of French and Latin, English translation did not flourish; but efforts were made, especially in the Psalms and the Pauline epistles. Translation was strongly stimulated by Wyclif (1320-84), under whose influence two complete versions were .carried through about 1384 and 1388. How much actual translation Wyclif accomplished will never be known, but his was the leading spirit, and to him falls the glory of being the leader in the great work. To the second of the Wycliffian versions is sometimes given the name of John Purvey, the Lollard leader who succeeded Wvclif. The two versions are simple and unpretentious

renderings, the second being much more finished than the first.

After Wyclif translation flagged till the Reformation bent men's minds anew to the task. The greatest of all the translators was William Tyndale ((?)-1536), who did much to give the Bible its modern shape. Tyndale suffered a good deal of persecution owing to his hardihood, and was driven abroad, where much of his translation was accomplished, and where it was first printed. At Cologne (1525) a fragment of his English New Testament was printed. A feature of Tyndale's translation was its direct reliance upon the Hebrew and Greek originals, and not upon the Latin renderings of them. Of these Latin texts the stock version was the Vulgate, upon which Wyclif to a large extent relied.

Miles Coverdale (1488-1568) carried on the work of Tyndale. Though he lacked the latter's scholarship, he had an exquisite taste for phrase and rhythm, and many of the most beautiful Biblical expressions are of his workmanship. An edition of his translation (1535) was the first complete English Bible to be printed.

Translations now came apace. None of them, however, was much improvement upon Tyndale's. In 1537 appeared the finely printed version of 'Thomas Matthew,' who was said to be John Rogers, a friend of Coverdale, though it may be a pseudonym for Tyndale himself. The *Great Bible* (1539), the first of the authorized versions, was executed by a commission of translators, working under the command of Henry VIII. It was based on Matthew's Bible. Another notable translation was the Calvinistic *Geneva Bible* (1560). This book received the popular name of *'Breeches Bible,'* owing to its rendering of Genesis iii, 7: "They sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves breeches." In the reign of Elizabeth was issued the *Bishops' Bible* (1568), a magnificent folio, which was translated by a committee of bishops and learned men. It was intended to be a counterblast to the growing popularity of the Breeches Bible.

With these we are close upon the great *Authorized Version* (1611), which we shall mention in the next chapter, where also we shall briefly discuss the influence and the literary qualities of this translation.

3. The Drama. The later Middle Ages bring a rapid growth in the native drama, a preparation for the great age of Elizabeth; and we give now a brief sketch of its development.

The ancient classical drama had long ceased to be a vital force, and the only trace of it was in the *mimes* or professional strolling

players to be found throughout the Middle Ages in all parts of Europe. To them medieval drama owes little or nothing. Popular mummings at great festivals, a crude survival of ancient pagan ritual, developed into more elaborate amusements, with morris dancing and simple dramatizations of the feats of such heroes as Robin Hood and St George, These festivities were the occasion of much popular fun and licence, particularly at the election of the 'Abbot of Unreason,' with his attendants, the hobby horse and the clown.

(a) THE MIRACLE-PLAY. It is in the Church and its liturgy that we find the stimulus which leads to the rebirth of drama. The commonly used antiphonal singing had in it the elements of dialogue, while the obvious dramatic possibilities in the Roman Catholic ritual, especially in the Mass, were gradually developed as part of the elaborate ceremonial of the great religious feasts like Easter. As early as the tenth century we hear of Easter representations of the empty tomb of Christ, with dialogue between one figure sitting outside and three others who come in as if seeking something. The authorities were quick to appreciate the instructional value of such presentations as an addition to the Latin liturgy, and to this dramatization of the *quern quceritis* (whom seek ye?) rapid additions seem to have been made, both at Easter and at other feasts.

The writers seem to have turned next to other New Testament stories, such as the Annunciation and the Nativity, and then to the Old Testament, where the Fall and the stories of Noah and Daniel were among the most popular. By the fourteenth century we have the evolution of complete cycles of plays, covering the history of the world from the Creation to the Day of Judgment, and there is a common tendency to incorporate into them material from legend and the saints' lives. It has long been the fashion to call the Biblical plays 'mysteries' and those dealing with saints' lives 'miracles,' but there is no evidence to justify this distinction in England, though it seems to have been used in France. We hear of no play being called a 'mystery' in England before the eighteenth century, and it seems probable that all out-of-door liturgical dramas in this country were known as 'miracles.'

From the eleventh century onward monastic and cathedral records frequently mention properties used in such dramatic representations. The performances were still part of the liturgy, spoken ir, Latin by clerics, and their role was a subordinate one. Slowly, however, the vernacular crept in to usurp the place of the Latin, minor clerics and then laymen were introduced as actors, and

episodes began to be found in single performances. This growth necessitated the moving of the presentation from the choir (its original place) to the nave of the church, and rapidly the liturgical drama grew to overshadow the ritual of which it had been a very small part. By the twelfth century the dramas, in quest of still more space, seem to have moved into the open, and the organization had begun to pass from ecclesiastical to lay hands. The vernacular was by now the usual medium, and the growing secularization of the drama is reflected in an edict of 1210 forbidding clergy to take part in the plays.

From the clergy, control passed first to the religious and social guilds, and then to the trade guilds, under the general control of the council of the town. The guilds, which were wealthy, and keen rivals in public show, became responsible for the productions. Each guild took on a separate episode from a cycle--often an episode suited to its own interests. Thus at Chester the water-leaders and drawers of the Dee performed Noah's Deluge. The growing elaboration of presentation, stimulated by guild rivalry, and the extension of the cycles led to the evolution of the ambulatory cycle, in which each episode was performed on a two-decked cart, or pageant. This pageant consisted of one enclosed room, which served both as Hell and as a tiring room, and a second storey open to the sky, on which the action was performed. It was towed round the town so tha the play could be performed at fixed points, and at York we read of twelve places at which each play was given in a sequence which began at 4.30 A.M. and went on until the light failed. In London, about 1500, the plays, which were presented very elaborately, lasted from four to seven days.

For such elaborate cycles presented out of doors only summer festivals were really suitable, and after the creation, in 1311, of the feast of Corpus Christi, which fell in May or June, when weather was likely to be good and the hours of daylight were long, most of the play cycles began to attach themselves to that feast. Here and there, however, and notably at Chester, the plays were associated with Whitsuntide. The cycles, some of which were performed annually, and some only at intervals of several years, made Corpus Christi a great public holiday. Soon the licence and revelry of the crowds congregated in the great religious centres on this occasion were arousing strong ecclesiastical opposition and leading to a deterioration in the religious significance and spirit of the plays. Though their composition probably remained in clerical hands, a

growing secularization of tone is clearly discernible. A realistic note, often coarse, but always vigorous, was creeping in, while Herod, Pilate, and Pharaoh, among others, were developed as popular comic roles, on which the dramatist gave his imagination free rein. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries traces can be found of miracle plays in about forty different districts in England, most frequently in the North and East. Many texts, most of them very corrupt, are still preserved, among them three complete cycles-- those of Chester, York, and Wakefield. The Chester cycle (probably the earliest of the three) is of uncertain date, but was composed between 1350 and 1450. A complete cycle from the Fall of Satan to the Day of Judgment, it is more truly religious than the other two. The York cycle contains forty-eight plays, examination of which suggests that they may be the result of three separate periods of production at some time between 1350 and 1400, while the Wakefield plays (often known as the Towneley plays, from the name of the family which owned the manuscripts for many years) date from about 1430, and are notable for a very strong vein of realism which runs through many of them.

Stylistically the plays of these cycles are widely differing. All are in predominantly iambic verse, much of which is in elaborate metrical patterns. In the Chester cycle all are in one or other of the following patterns $aaa_1b_3ccc4b_3$ or $aaap4aaap_3$, the uniformity of the metrical pattern being a distinguishing feature of the series. At York there are many metrical forms, some of them much more elaborate than those at Chester, e.g. $ababcc4dd_2e_2ff_3$, while many of the plays make much use of alliteration. In the Wakefield plays, the best that we have from a literary point of view, there is a considerable variety of stanza combined with a more artistic use of alliteration than is seen in the York cycle.

Of the following examples the first, from the Cornish play, *The Three Maries,* shows something of the true religious note, while the second, from the Wakefield second *Shepherds' Play,* illustrates clearly the more secular, and more truly dramatic development to be seen in many of the plays.

(1) *Mary Magdalene.* Oh! let us hasten at once
For the stone is raised
From the tomb. Lord, how will it be this night, If I know not where goes
The head of royalty?

Mary, Mother of James. And too long we have stayed,
My Lord is gone his way
Out of the tomb, surely.
Alas! my heart is sick;
I know not indeed if I shall see him,
Who is very God.

Mary Salome. 1 know truly, and I believe it,
That he is risen up
In this day.
How will it be to us now,
That we find not our Lord?
Alas! woe! woe!
[They sing.
(The Dirge)
Alas! mourning I sing, mourning I call,
Our Lord is dead that bought us all.
The Three Maries

(2) *2nd Shepherd.* Mac, the devil in your ee, a stroke would I lend you. *3rd Shepherd.* Mac, know ye not me? By God, I could tell you. *Mac.* God look you all three, methought I had seen you.
Ye are a fair company.
1st Shepherd.
Can ye now moan you?
2nd Shepherd.
Shrew, jape'!
Thus late as thou goes,
What will men suppose?
And thou hast an ill noise[2]
Of stealing of sheep.
Mac. And I am true as steel all men wait,
But a sickness I feel, that holds me full haytt,[3]
My belly fares not well, it is out of its state.
3rd Shepherd. Seldom lies the devil dead by the gate.
Mac.
Therefore
Full sore am I and ill,
If I stand stock still;
I eat not a nedyll4
1st Shepherd. How fares thy wife? By my hood, how fares she?
Mac. Lies weltering! by the rood! by the fire, lo!
And a house full of brood,[5] she drinks well too,
111 speed other good that she will do;

But so
East as fast as she can,
And each year that comes to man,
She brings forth a lakan,[6] And some years two.
But were 1 not more gracious, and richer by far,
I were eaten out of house, and of harbour,

[Footnote:1jest.]
[Footnote: [2]repute.]
[Footnote:3 'hot.]
[Footnote: 4 literally'needle'--hence'scrap.']
[Footnote:[5] children.]
[Footnote:[6] plaything.]

Yet is she a foul dowse,' if ye come near. There is none that trows, nor knows, a war[2]
Than ken I.
The Shepherds' Play

(b) THE MORALITY-PLAY registered a further advance. In such plays virtues and vices were presented on the stage as allegorical creations, often of much liveliness. Abstractions such as Justice, Mercy, Gluttony, and Vice were among the commonest characters. An important feature of this class of play is the development of characterization. It is almost crude; but it is often strongly marked and strongly contrasted, with broad farcical elements. The favourite comic character was Vice, whose chief duty was to tease the Devil.
Everyman (about 1490), perhaps the best of the morality-plays, is represented by the brief extract here given. The characters are simply but effectively drawn, and the play does not lack a noble pathos.

Everyman. O all thing faileth, save God alone;
Beauty, Strength, and Discretion;
For when Death bloweth his blast,
They all run from me full fast.
Five- Wits. Everyman, my leave now of thee I take;
I will follow the other, for here I thee forsake.
Everyman. Alas! then may I wail and weep,
For I took you for my best friend.
Five- Wits. I will no longer thee keep;
Now farewell, and there an end.
Everyman. O Jesu help, all hath forsaken me!
Good-Deeds. Nay, Everyman, I will bide with thee,
I will not forsake thee indeed;
Thou shalt find me a good friend at need.
Everyman. Gramercy, Good-Deeds; now may I true friends see;
They have forsaken me every one;
I loved them better than my Good-Deeds alone.
Knowledge, will ye forsake me also?
Knowledge. Yea, Everyman, when ye to death do go:
But not yet for no manner of danger.
Everyman. Gramercy, Knowledge, with all my heart.

(c) THE INTERLUDE. The last predecessor of the drama proper was the *interlude,* which flourished about the middle of the sixteenth century. It had several distinguishing points: it was a short play that introduced real characters, usually of humble rank, such as citizens and friars; there was an absence of allegorical figures;
[Footnote:1 Jade.]

[Footnote: [2] worse.]

there was much broad farcical humour, often coarse; and there were set scenes, a new feature in the English drama. It will be observed that the interlude was a great advance upon the morality-play. John Heywood, who lived throughout much of the sixteenth century, was the most gifted writer of the interlude. *The Four P's* is one of his best. It is composed in doggerel verse, and describes a lying-match between a Pedlar, a Palmer, a Pardoner, and a Potycary. His *Johan Johan* has much sharp wit and many clever sayings.

(d) THE EARLIEST DRAMAS. Our earliest dramas began to appear about 1550. Their immediate cause was the renewed study of the classical drama, especially the plays of Seneca (3 B.C.-A.D. 65), whose mannerisms were easily imitated by dramatic apprentices. The classical drama gave English drama its five acts, its set scenes, and many other features.

1)*Tragedies.* The first tragedies had the Senecan stiffness of style, the conventional characters and plot, though in some cases they adopted the 'dumb show,' an English feature. *Gorboduc* (1562), afterwards called *Ferrex and Porrex,* written by Sackville and Norton, was most probably the earliest, and was acted at the Christmas revels of the Inner Temple. The metre was a wooden type of regular blank verse. Other plays of a similar character were *Appius and Virginia* (1563), of anonymous authorship; the *Historie of Horestes* (1567), also anonymous; *Jocasta* (1566); and Preston's *Cambyses, King of Percia* (1570). Hughes's *Misfortunes of Arthur* (1588) broke away from the classical theme, but, like the others, it was a servile imitation of classical models. Many of the plays, however, preserved a peculiarly English feature in the retention of the comic Vice.

2)*Histories.* Along with the alien classical tragedy arose a healthier native breed of historical plays. These plays, the predecessors of the historical plays of Shakespeare, were dramatized forms of the early chronicles, and combined both tragic and comic elements. This union of tragedy and comedy was alien to the classical drama, and was the chief glory of the Elizabethan stage. Early historical plays were *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth* (before 1588), a mixture of crude verse and prose; *The Troublesome Raigne of King John* (before 1591); and *The Chronicle History of King Leir* (1594).

3)*Comedies.* Though the comedies drew much upon Latin comic authors, like Plautus, and on Italian models also, they were to a great extent the growth of the English mumming element. They were composed usually in mixed verse and prose, the humour

was of a primitive character, but the best of them had verve and high good-humour, and they were distinguished by some worthy songs and ditties. *Ralph Roister Doister* (1551), by Nicholas Udall, is the earliest extant comedy. Its author was the headmaster of Eton, and the play seems to have been composed as a variant upon the Latin dramas that were the stock-in-trade of the schoolboy actors then common. Another comedy was *Gammer Gurton's Needle* (1575), the authorship of which is in dispute. The plot is slight, but the humour, though the reverse of delicate, is abundant, and the play gives interesting glimpses of contemporary English life. We add a short scene from an early comedy. It shows the doggerel verse and the uninspired style--the homely natural speech of the time.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE MAROERIE MUMBLECRUST

C. Custance. Who took thee this letter, Margeric Mumblecrust?
M. Mumble. A lusty gay bachelor took it me of trust,
And if ye seek to him he will 'low[1] your doing.
C. Custance. Yea, but where learned he that manner of wooing?
M. Mumble. If to sue to him, you will any pains take,
He will have you to his wife (he saith) for my sake.
C. Custance. Some wise gentleman, belike. I am bespoken:
And I thought verily this had been some token
From my dear spouse Gawin Goodluck, whom when him please,
God luckily send home to both our hearts' ease
. *M. Mumble.* A joyly man it is, I wot well by report,
And would have you to him for marriage resort;
Best open the writing, and see what it does speak.
C. Custance. At this time, nurse, I will neither read ne break.
M. Mumble. He promised to give you a whole peck of gold.
C. Custance. Perchance, lack of a pint when it shall be all told.
M. Mumble. I would take a gay rich husband, an I were you.
C. Custance. In good sooth, Madge, e'en so would I, if I were thou.
But no more of this fond talk now, let us go in,
And see thou no more move me folly to begin.
Nor bring me no more letters for no man's pleasure,
But thou know from whom.
M. Mumble. I warrant ye shall be sure.
Ralph Roister Doister

Summary. We can thus see the material that lay to the hand of Shakespeare and his fellows. It was almost of uniform development and of ancient and diverse origin; it was frequently coarse and childish, but its material was abundant and vital. The time was at

[Footnote:[1] allow, approve.]

hand, and so was the genius of the master to give this vast body a shape and impulse. Almost in a day, after centuries of slow ripening, the harvest came, with a wealth and excellence of fruition that is one of the marvels of our literature.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY STYLE

1.Poetry. In English poetry there was a marked decadence in style. In the works of Lydgate, Skelton, and Hawes the metres often became mere doggerel; there was little trace of real poetical imagination and phrasing; and the actual vocabulary is not striking. Compared with that of Chaucer, their work seems childish and inept. Many reasons have been advanced to explain this rapid collapse. The most obvious one is the sheer lack of talent: there is nobody to carry on the Chaucerian tradition with any great credit. Another cause is probably the rapid decay of the use of the final e, which in the metre of Chaucer was an item of much moment. Pronunciation of English was rapidly changing, and the new race of poets had not the requisite skill to modify the old metre to suit the new age. In Scottish poetry there is much activity. To a large extent the Scottish poets were content to imitate the mannerisms of Chaucer. In one respect, indeed, they carried his descriptive-allegorical method too far, and made their poems lifeless. Such were the less successful poems of Dunbar (the *Goldyn Targe),* and of Gawin Douglas (*The Palice of Honour).* On the other hand, peculiar Scottish features were not lacking: a breezy and sometimes vulgar humour, bred, perhaps, of the ruder folk and the bleaker air; a robust independence and common sense; a note of passion and pathos; and a sense of the picturesque both in nature and in man. We find such features illustrated, wholly or in part, in such poems as Lyndsay's *Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis,* in Dunbar's *Lament for the Makaris,* and at the close of Henryson's *Testament of Cresseid.*

2.Prose. The development of prose style was marked by a number of small improvements which in the aggregate represented no small advance. Unlike the poetry of the time, prose suffered from no retrogression. There was a perceptible increase in skill, due to increased practice; there was a growing perception of the beauties of rhythm and cadence; and in the purely formal sense, there was the appearance of the prose paragraph. Above all, the chief prose styles--the ornate, the middle, and the plain--are appearing faintly but perceptibly. With their arrival the rapid development of English prose is assured.

CHAPTER V

THE-AGE OF ELIZABETH

TIME-CHART OF THE CHIEF AUTHORS

The thick line indicates the period of active literary production.

THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND (1550-1630)

This chapter introduces the. reign of Elizabeth, sees it reach its climax and conclusion, and then witnesses the literary decline under the first of the Stuarts. The dominating features of the period can be conveniently summarized under two heads.

1.**Settlement.** In politics the English nation was attaining to a state of stability. Dynastic problems, though still nerve-racking, did not cause open warfare, and the union of the Crowns finally set at rest the ancient quarrel between Scotland and England. This settlement was all for the good of literature.
2.**Expansion. In** our history this is perhaps the most remarkable epoch for the expansion of both mental and geographical horizons. Now knowledge was pouring in from the East, and new worlds were opening in the West. The great voyagers, whose exploits were chronicled in the immortal pages of **Hakluyt (1552 (?)-1616),** brought home both material and intellectual treasures from beyond the "still-vexed Bermoothes," as Shakespeare called them. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the important effects which these revolutionary discoveries produced in literature.

LITERARY FEATURES OF THE AGE

1.**The New Classicism.** By the time of Elizabeth the Renaissance, as it was called, had made itself strongly felt in England. In particular, there was an ardent revival in the study of Greek, which brought a dazzling light into many dark places of the intellect. The new passion for classical learning, in itself a rich and worthy enthusiasm, became quite a danger to the language. In all branches of literature Greek and Latin usages began to force themselves upon English, with results not wholly beneficial. It said much for the native sturdiness of English that, after a brief and vexed period of transition, it threw off the worst effects of this deadening pressure. English did not emerge unscathed from the contest. But, applied to this slight extent, the new classical influences were a great benefit: they tempered and polished the earlier rudeness of English literature.
2.**Abundance of Output.** After the lean years of the preceding epoch the prodigal issue of the Elizabethan age is almost embarrassing. As we have pointed out, the historical situation encouraged a healthy production. The interest shown in literary subjects is quite amazing to a more chastened generation. Pamphlets and treatises were freely written; much abuse, often of a personal and scurrilous character, was indulged in; and literary questions became almost of national importance. To a great extent the controversies of the day were puerile enough, but at least they indicated a lively interest in the literature of the period.

3.The New Romanticism. The romantic quest is for the remote, the wonderful, and the beautiful. All these desires were abundantly fed during the Elizabethan age, which is our first and greatest romantic epoch. On the one hand, there was the revolt against the past, whose grasp was too feeble to hold in restraint the lusty youth of the Elizabethan age; on the other, there was a daring and resolute spirit of adventure in literary as well as in other regions; and, most important of all, there was an unmistakable buoyancy and freshness in the strong wind of the spirit. It was the ardent youth of English literature, and the achievement was worthy of it.

4.The Drama. The bold and critical attitude of the time was in keeping with the dramatic instinct, which is analytic and observant. Hence, after the long period of incubation detailed in the last chapter, the drama made a swift and wonderful leap into maturity. Yet it had still many early difficulties to overcome. The actors themselves were at variance, so much so that outrageous brawls were frequent. On more than one occasion between 1590 and 1593 the theatres were closed owing to disturbances caused by the actors. In 1594 the problem was solved by the licensing of two troupes of players, the Lord Chamberlain's (among whom was Shakespeare) and the Lord Admiral's. Another early difficulty the drama had to face was its fondness for taking part in the quarrels of the time--for example, in the burning 'Marprelate' controversy. Owing to this meddling the theatres were closed in 1589. Already, also, a considerable amount of Puritanical opposition was declaring itself. The most important anti-dramatic book of the day was Gosson's virulent *Schoole of Abuse* (1579), to which Sidney replied with his *Apologie for Poetrie* (about 1580).

In spite of such early difficulties, the drama reached the splendid consummation of Shakespeare's art; but before the period closed decline was apparent.

5.Poetry. Though the poetical production was not quite equal to the dramatic, it was nevertheless of great and original beauty. As can be observed from the disputes of the time, the passion for poetry was absorbing, and the outcome of it was equal to expectation.

6.Prose. For the first time prose rises to a position of first-rate importance. The dead weight of the Latin tradition was passing away; English prose was acquiring a tradition and a universal application; and so the rapid development was almost inevitable.

7.Scottish Literature. A curious minor feature of the age was the disappearance of Scottish literature after its brief but remarkable

appearance in the previous age. At this point it took to ground, and did not reappear till late in the eighteenth century.

POETRY

I. (EDMUND SPENSER (1552-99)

1. His Life. From a passage in one of his sonnets it seems clear that Spenser was born in 1552; and from another passage, in his*Prothalamion,* we can deduce that he was born in London. His parentage is unknown; but, though Spenser claimed kinship with the noble branch of the Spenser family, it is fairly certain that he was a member of some northern plebeian branch. (He was educatedat the Merchant Taylors' School (just founded in 1560) and at Cambridge. He left Cambridge in 1576, and for a few years his movements are unknown, though he probably spent the time in theNorth of England. He comes into view in London during the year1579 as a member of the famous literary circle surrounding Sir Philip Sidney and his uncle the Earl of Leicester. Sidney patronized Spenser, introducing him to the Queen and encouraging him in hisimitation of the classical metres. In 1580 Sidney's patronage bore fruit, for Spenser was appointed secretary to Lord Grey de Wilton, who had just been appointed Lord-Deputy of Ireland.In Ireland Spenser remained for eighteen years, serving theEnglish Government in more than one capacity, and seeing his share of the rebellion, outrage, and misery that afflicted the unhappy land. In the end his services were requited by the grant of Kilcolman Castle, near Limerick, and an estate of three thousand acres. In 1589 he visited London to publish the first three books of *The Faerie Queene.* After remaining in London for nearly two years he returned to Ireland; married an Irishwoman (1594); revisited London in 1595, bringing a second instalment of his great work; and once more returned to Kilcolman, which was ultimately burnt down (1598) during one of the sporadic rebellions that tormented the country. One of his children perished in the fire. A ruined and disappointed man, he repaired to London, where in the next year he died, "for lack of bread," according to the statement of Ben Jonson.

2. His Minor Poems. The first of the poems that have descended to us is *The Shepheards Calendar* (1579). The title, adopted from a popular compilation of the day, suggests the contents: a series of twelve eclogues, one for each month of the year . Each eclogue, as is

common with the species, is in dialogue form, in which the stock pastoral characters, such as Cuddie, Colin Clout, and Perigot, take part. Skilful literary exercises on classical pastoral models, the pieces show great metrical dexterity. Their style is deliberately archaic, in keeping with the rustic characters, Spenser adopting the dialect and alliteration of the Midlands and North.

volume of miscellaneous poems, including *The Ruins of Time, he Tears of the Muses, Mother Hubberd's Tale,* and *The Ruins of Rome,* appeared in 1591; in 1595 he published his *Amoretti,* eighty-eight Petrarchan sonnets celebrating the progress "of his love; *Epithalamion,* a magnificent ode, rapturously jubilant, written in honour of his marriage; and *Colin Clout's come home Again,* somewhat wordy, but containing some interesting personal details. In 1596 appeared his *Four Hymns* and *Prothalamion,* the latter not so fine as the great ode of the previous year.

Spenser's shorter poems illustrate his lyrical ability, which is moderate in quality. His style is too diffuse and ornate to be intensely passionate; but, especially in the odes, he can build up sonorous and commanding measures which by their weight and splendour delight both mind and ear. To a lesser extent, as in *Mother Hubberd's Tale,* the shorter poems afford him scope for his satirical bent, which can be sharp and censorious.

We quote from the *Epithalamion,* which stands at the summit of English odes:

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with girlands trim,
For to receive this Saint with honour due,
That cometh into you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She cometh in, before the Almighty's view;
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces.
Bring her up to the high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throats,
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

3. Prose. In addition to his letters, which are often interesting

and informative, Spenser left one longish prose work, a kind of State paper done in the form of a dialogue. Called *A View of the Present State of Ireland* (1594), it gives Spenser's views on the settlement of the Irish question. His opinions are exceedingly hostile to the Irish, and his methods, if put in force, would amount to pure terrorism. The style of the pamphlet is quite undistinguished.

4. The Faerie Queene. In spite of the variety and beauty of his shorter poems, *The Faerie Queene* is by far the most important of Spenser's works.

(a) *Dates of Composition.* The work appeared in instalments. In 1589 Spenser crossed to London and published the first three books; in 1596 the second three followed; and after his death two cantos and two odd stanzas of Book VII appeared. It was reported that more of the work perished in manuscript during the fire at Kilcolman, but this is not certain.

(b) The Plot. The construction of the plot is so obscure ("clowdily enwrapped in Allegorical devises," as Spenser himself says) that he was compelled to write a preface, in the form of a letter to his friend Sir Walter Ralegh, explaining the scheme underlying the whole. There were to be twelve books, each book to deal with the adventures of a particular knight, who was to represent some virtue. As we have the poem, the first book deals with the Knight of the Red Cross, representing Holiness; the second with Temperance; the third with Chastity; the fourth with Friendship; and so on. The chief of all the twelve is Prince Arthur, who is to appear at critical moments in the poem, and who in the end is to marry Gloriana, the Queen of ' Faerie-londe. The plot is exceedingly leisurely and elaborate; it is crammed with incident and digression; and by the fifth book it is palpably weakening. It is therefore no misfortune (as far as the plot is concerned) that only half of the - story is finished.

(c) The Allegory. With its twelve divisions, each of which bears many smaller branches, the allegory is the most complex in the language. Through the story three strands keep running, twisting and untwisting in a manner both baffling and delightful. (1) There are the usual characters,! poorly developed, [of the Arthurian and classical romance such as Arthur, Merlin, Saracens, fauns, and satyrs.

(2) There are the allegorized moral and religious virtues, with their counterparts in the yices: Una (Truth), Guy on (Temperance), Duessa (Deceit), Orgoglio (Pride).l (3)Lastly, there is the strongly Elizabethan poktical-historical-religious element, also

strongly allegorized. For example, Gloriana is Elizabeth, Duessa may be Mary, Queen of Scots.l Archimago may be the Pope, and Artegal (Justice) is said to be Lord Grey. Sometimes the allegory -winds and multiplies in a bewildering fashion. Elizabeth, who is grossly and shamelessly flattered in the poem, is sometimes Gloriana, sometimes Belphoebe, or Britomart, or Mercilla. It is very ingenious, but it retards the story.
(d) The Style. No one, however, goes to Spenser for a story; one goes to* steep the senses in the rich and voluptuous style. The style has its weaknesses: it is diffuse,..and lacks judgment; it is weak in 'bite' and in sharpness of attack and it is misty and unsubstantial. But for beauty long and richly wrought, for subtle and sustained melody, for graphic word-pictures, and for depth and magical colour of atmosphere the poem stands supreme in English. Its imitators, good and bad, are legion. Milton, Keats, and Tennyson are among the best of them, and its influence is still powerful.
(e) The Technique. To the formal part of the poem Spenser devoted the intelligence and care of the great artist. (1) First of all, he elaborated an archaic diction "he writ no language," said Ben Jonson, who did not like the diction. When the occasion demanded it he invented words or word-forms; for example, he uses *blend* for *blind, kest* for *cast,* and *vilde* for *vile.* The result is not perhaps ideal, but on the whole it suits the old-world atmosphere of the poem. (2) (He introduced the Spenserian stanza, which ever since has been" one of the most important measures in the language Longer than the usual stanza, but shorter than the sonnet, as a unit it is just long enough to give an easy pace to the slowly pacing narrative. The complicated rhymes of the stanza suit the interwoven harmonies of the style; and the long line at the end acts either as a dignified conclusion or as a longer and stronger link with the succeeding stanza. (3)The alliteration, vowel-music and cadence Jare cunningly fashioned, adroitly developed, and' sumptuously appropriate In these last respects Spenser is almost peerless.
We add two brief extracts to illustrate some features of the style. The reader should analyse the stanza and observe the graphical power and the melodic beauty.

(1) And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowae
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne.
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,

As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard; but carelesse Quiet lyes
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enimyes.

(2) At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
Covered with boughes and shrubs from heavens light,
Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivile wight,[1]
Of griesly hew and foule ill favour'd sight;
His face with smoke was tand, and eies were bleard.
His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,
His cole-blacke hands did seeme to have ben seard
In smythes fire-spitting forge, and nayies like clawes appeard.

His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust,
Was underneath enveloped with gold;
Whose glistring glosse, dark'ned with filthy dust,
Well yet appeared to have beene of old
A worke of rich entayle2 and curious mould,
Woven with antickes and wyld ymagery;
And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
And turned upside downe, to feede his eye
And covetous desire with his huge threasury.

And round about him lay on every side
Great heapes of gold that never could be spent;
Of which some were rude owre,3 not purifide
Of Mulcibers devouring element;
Some others were new driven, and distent 4
Into great Ingowes5 and to wedges square;
Some in round plates whhouten moniment;
But most were stampt, and in their metal bare
The antique shapes of kings and kesars straunge and rare.

II. John Donne (1573-1631)

1. His Life. Donne, the son of a wealthy merchant, was born in London. His parents were Roman Catholics, and he was educated in their faith before going on to Oxford and Cambridge. He entered the Inns of Court in 1592, where he mingled wide reading with the life of a dissolute man-about-town. In these years (1590-1601) he wrote his *Satires,* the *Songs and Sonets,* and the *Elegies,* but, though widely circulated in manuscript, they were not published until 1633, after his death. Donne seemed ambitious for a worldly career, but this was ruined by a runaway marriage with the niece of his patron, after which he spent several years in suitorship

[Footnote: [1] Mammon.]
[Footnote: 2 carving.]
[Footnote: [3]ore.]
[Footnote:4 hammered]
[Footnote: [5]ingots.]

of the great. In 1615 he entered the Anglican Church, after a severe personal struggle, and in 1621. became Dean of St Paul's, which position he held until his death in 1631. He was the first great Anglican preacher.

2. His Poetry. Donne was the most independent of the Elizabethan poets, and revolted against the easy, fluent style, stock imagery, and pastoral conventions of the followers of Spenser. He aimed at reality of thought and vividness of expression. His poetry is forceful, vigorous, and, in spite of faults of rhythm, often strangely harmonious.

His cynical nature and keenly critical mind led him to write satires, such as Of the Progres of the Soule (1601). They were written in the couplet form, later to be adopted by Dryden and then by Pope, and show clearly, often coarsely and crudely, Donne's dissatisfaction with the world around him.

His love poems, the Songs and Sonets, were written in the same period, and are intense and subtle analyses of all the moods of a lover, expressed in vivid and startling language, which is colloquial rather than conventional. A vein of satire runs through these too. The rhythm is dramatic and gives the illusion of excited talk. He avoids the smooth, easy patterns of most of his contemporaries, preferring to arrest attention rather than to lull the senses. His great variety of pace, his fondness for echoing sounds, his deliberate use of shortened lines and unusual stress contribute also to this effect of vivid speech, swift thought, and delicate emotional responses. He is essentially a psychological poet whose primary concern is feeling. His poems are all intensely personal and reveal a powerful and complex being. Among the best known and most typical of the poems of this group are Aire and Angels, A Nocturnall upon S. Lucies day, A Valediction: forbidding mourning, and The Extasie. The following stanzas from A Valediction: of weeping give some idea of Donne's use of striking imagery, and of the excitement of his rhythms:

Let me powre forth
My teares before thy face, whil'st I stay here,
For thy face coines them, and thy stampe they beare,
And by this Mintage they are something worth,
For thus they bee
Pregnant of thee;
Fruits-of much griefe they are, emblemes of more, When a teare falls, that thou falst which it bore, So thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers shore

On a round ball
A workeman that hath copies by, can lay
An Europe, Afrique, and an Asia,
And quickly make that, which was nothing, *All,*
So doth each teare,
Which thee doth weare,
A globe, yea world by that impression grow,
Till thy teares mixt with mine doe overflow
This world, by waters sent from thee, my heaven dissolved so.

His religious poetry was written after 1610, and the greatest, the nineteen *Holy Sonets,* and the lyrics such as *A Hymn to GOD THE FATHER,* after his wife's death in 1617. They too are intense and personal, and have a force unique in this class of literature. They reveal the struggle in his mind before taking orders in the Anglican Church, his horror of death, and the fascination which it had for him, his dread of the wrath of God, and his longing for God's love. They are the expression of a deep and troubled soul. In them are found the intellectual subtlety, the scholastic learning, and the 'wit' and 'conceits' of the love poems. We give here one of the *Holy Sonets.* It has the intensely personal note and the concern with death which are so typical of Donne's religious works.

What if this present were the worlds last night?
Marke in my heart, O Soule, where thou dost dwell,
The picture of Christ crucified, and tell
Whether that countenance can thee affright,
Teares in his eyes quench the amasing light,
Blood fills his frownes, which from his pierc'd head fell.
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
Which pray'd forgivenesse for his foes fierce spight?
No, no; but as in my idolatrie
I said to all my profane mistresses,
Beauty, of pitty, foulnesse only is
A signe of rigour: so I say to thee,
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,
This beauteous forme assures a pitious minde.

"He affects the metaphysics," said Dryden of Donne, and the term 'metaphysical' has come to be applied to Donne and the group of poets who followed him. Strictly the word means " based on abstract general reasoning," but the poetry of Donne shows more than this. It reveals a depth of philosophy, a subtlety of reasoning, a blend of thought and devotion, a mingling of the homely and the sublime, the light and the serious, which make it full of variety and surprise. It is to these many characteristics, so widely differing yet

often brought together in a startling fusion, that the general term 'wit' is applied. Probably the most distinctive feature of the metaphysicals is their imagery, which, in Donne, is almost invariably unusual and striking, often breath-taking, but sometimes far-fetched and fantastic. From his wide range of knowledge he draws many remarkable comparisons; parted lovers are like the legs of a pair of compasses, love is a spider "which transubstantiates all," his sick body is a map, his physicians cosmographers, and Death his "South-west discoverie."

3. His Prose. Donne's prose work is considerable both in bulk and achievement. *The Pseudo-Martyr* (1610) was a defence of the oath of allegiance, while *Ignatius His Conclave* (1611) was a satire upon Ignatius Loyola and the Jesuits. The best introduction to Donne's prose is, however, through his *Devotions* (1614,), which give an account of his spiritual struggles during a serious illness. They have many of the qualities of his poetry, are directly personal, reveal a keen psychological insight, and the preoccupation with death and his own sinfulness which is also to be seen in his *Holy Sonnets.* The strong power of his imagination and the mask of learning, which are features of the work, cannot hide the basic underlying simplicity of Donne's faith and his longing for rest in God. His finest prose works are his *Sermons,* which number about 160. In seventeenth century England the sermon was a most important influence, and the powerful preacher in London was a public figure capable of wielding great influence. We possess great numbers of these sermons, which show the form to have a highly developed literary technique based on a well-established oratorical tradition. Donne's sermons, of which the finest is probably *Death's Duell* (1630), contain many Of the features of his poetry. Intensely personal, their appeal is primarily emotional, and Donne seems to have used a dramatic technique which had a great hold on his audiences. They reveal the same sort of imagery, the same unusual wit, the keen analytical mind, and the preoccupation with morbid themes which exist in his poetry, and they are full of the same out-of-the-way learning.

We quote below the ending of his last sermon, *Death's Duell* (1630), "called by his Majesties household the doctors owne funerall sermon." Note the power of the dramatic appeal to the emotions, and the final peace so often sought for by Donne--rest in God.

There now hangs that sacred Body upon the Crosse, rebaptized in his owne teares and sweat, and embalmed in his owne blood alive. There are those bowells of compassion, which are so conspicuous, so manifested, as that you may see them through his wounds. There those glorious eyes grew faint in their light: so as the Sun, ashamed to survive them, departed with his light too. And then that Sonne of God, who was never from us, and yet had now come a new way unto us in assuming our nature, delivers that soule (which was never out of his Fathers hands) by a new way, a voluntary emission of it into his Fathers hands; For though to this God our Lord, belong'd these issues of death, so that considered in his owne contract, he must necessarily die, yet at no breach or battery, which they had made upon his sacred Body, issued his soule, but emisit, he gave up the Ghost, and as God breathed a soule into the first Adam, so this second Adam breathed his soule into God, into the hands of God. There wee leave you in that blessed dependancy, to hang upon him that hangs upon the Crosse, there bath in his teares, there suck at his woundes, and lie down in peace in his grave till hee vouchsafe you a resurrection, and an ascension into that Kingdome, which hee hath purchas'd for you, with the inestimable price of his incorruptible blood. Amen.

5.His Influence. Although Donne was far too much of an individual for any succeeding poet to resemble him very closely, his influence is strongly felt in both the courtly and religious poetry of the following generation, and the 'metaphysical' school embraces such names as **George Herbert (1593-1633), Richard Crashaw (1612 (?)-49), Henry Vaughan (1621 (?)-95), Robert Herrick (1591-1674), Thomas Carew (1594 (?)-1639 (?))** and, in some respects the finest of all of them, **Andrew Marvell (1621-78).** Yet all of these, while reflecting directly or indirectly the influence of Donne, differ in many important respects from their great predecessor.

OTHER POETS

1. Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503 (?)-42) was descended from an ancient Yorkshire family which adopted the Lancastrian side in the Wars of the Roses. He was educated at Cambridge, and, entering the King's service, was entrusted with many important diplomatic missions. In public life his principal patron was Thomas Cromwell, after whose death he was recalled from abroad and imprisoned (1541). Though subsequently acquitted and released, he died shortly afterward.

Wyatt's poems are short but fairly numerous. His ninety-six love poems appeared posthumously (1557) in a compendium called *Tottel's Miscellany.* The most noteworthy are thirty-one sonnets, the first in English. Ten of them were translations from Petrarch,

while all were written in the Petrarchan form, apart from the couplet ending, which Wyatt introduced. Serious and reflective in tone, the sonnets show some stiffness of construction and a metrical uncertainty indicative of the difficulty Wyatt found in the new form. Yet their conciseness represents a great advance on the prolixity and uncouthness of much earlier poetry. Wyatt was also responsible for the most important introduction of the personal note into English poetry, for, though following his models closely, he wrote of his own experiences. His epigrams, songs, and rondeaux are lighter than the sonnets, and they also reveal a care and elegance that were typical of the new romanticism. His *Satires* are composed in the Italian *terza rima,* once again showing the direction of the innovating tendencies.

2. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (1516 (?)-47), whose name is usually associated in literature with that of Wyatt, was the younger poet of the two. He was the son of Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, and when his father became Duke of Norfolk (1524) the son adopted the courtesy title of Earl of Surrey. Owing largely to the powerful position of his father, Surrey took a prominent part in the Court life of the time, and served as a soldier both in France and Scotland. He was a man of reckless temper, which involved him in many quarrels, and finally brought upon him the wrath of the ageing and embittered Henry VIII. He was arrested, tried for treason, and beheaded on Tower Hill.

About 1542 Surrey began his literary relations with Wyatt, who was his elder by fifteen years. His poems, which were the recreations of his few leisure moments, and which were not published till after his death, appeared (1557) along with Wyatt's in *Totte's Miscellany.* They are chiefly lyrical, and include a few sonnets, the first of their kind, composed in the English or Shakespearian mode--an arrangement of three quatrains followed by a couplet. There are in addition a large number of love-poems. A greater metrical accuracy and a skilful variation of the caesura make them smoother and more polished than Wyatt's poems. His most important poem was published separately: *Certain Bokes of Virgiles AEneis turned into English Meter* (1557). Though the actual translation is of no outstanding merit, the form is of great significance; it is blank verse, rather rough and frigid, and showing a fondness for the end-stopped line, but the earliest forerunner of the great achievements of Shakespeare and Milton.

In the development of English verse Surrey represents a further

stage: **a** higher poetical faculty, increased ease and refinement, **and** the introduction of two metrical forms of capital importance--**the** English form of the sonnet, and blank verse. We add a specimen of the earliest English blank verse. It is wooden and uninspired, but as a beginning it is worthy of attention.

But now the wounded quene with heavie care Throwgh out the vaines doth nourishe ay the plage, Surprised with blind flame, and to her minde Gan to resort the prowes of the man And honor of his race, whiles in her brest Imprinted stake his wordes and forme of face, Ne to her lymmes care graunteth quiet rest. The next morowe with Phoebus lampe the erthe Alightned clere, and eke the dawninge daye The shadowe darke gan from the pole remove.

3. Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset (1536-1608), was born at Buckhurst, in Sussex, and was educated both at Oxford and Cambridge. He was called to the Bar, entered Parliament, took part in many diplomatic and public missions, and was created Lord Buckhurst in 1566. His plain speaking did not recommend itself to Elizabeth, and for a time he was in disgrace. He was restored to favour, created Lord High Treasurer, and made Earl of Dorset in 1604.

In bulk Sackville's poetry does not amount to much, but in merit it is of much consequence. Two poems, *The Induction* and *The Complaynt of Henry, Duke of Buckingham,* appeared in a miscellany called the *Myrroure for Magistrates* (1563). Both are composed in the rhyme royal stanza, are melancholy and elegiac in spirit and archaic in language, but have a severe nobility of thought and a grandeur of conception and of language quite unknown since the days of Chaucer. The poems undoubtedly assisted Spenser in the composition of *The Faerie Queene.*

Sackville collaborated with Norton in the early tragedy of *Gorboduc* (see p. 88).

We add a few stanzas from *The Induction* to illustrate the sombre graphical power of the poem:

And next in order sad, Old Age wee found: His beard ail hoare, his eyes hollow and blind; With drouping chere still pcring on the ground, As on the place where nature him assigned To rest, when that the Sisters had untwyned His vitall thred, and eneed with their knyfe The fleting course of fast declyning lyfe:

There heard wee him with broke and hollow plain! Rew with him selfe his end approching fast, And all for nought his wretched mind torment With sweete remembraunce of his pleasures past, And fresh delytes of lusty youth forewast;' Recounting which, how would hee sob and shriek, And to be yong again of love beseeke!
Crookbackt he was, tooth-shaken, and blere-eyed; Went on three feete, and sometyme crept on foure; With olde lame bones, that rattled by his syde; His scalp all pilled, [2] and hee with eld forlore, His withred fist still knocking at Deaths dore; Fumbling and driveling as hee drawes his breath; For briefe, the shape and messenger of Death.

4.**George Gascoigne (1525 (?)-77)** is another of the founders of the great Elizabethan tradition. He was born in Bedfordshire, educated at Cambridge, and became a lawyer. Later in life he entered Parliament. In addition to a large number of elegant lyrics, he composed one of the first regular satires in the language, *The Steele Glas* (1576). This poem has the additional importance of being written in blank verse. Among his other numerous works we can mention his tragedy *Jocasta* (1566), a landmark in the growth of the drama (see p. 88); his *Supposes* (1566), the first prose comedy, which was the basis of Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew;* and *Certayne notes of Instruction concerning the making of verse or ryme in English* (1575), our first treatise on poetry. In ease and versatility Gascoigne is typical of the best early Elizabethan miscellaneous writers.

5.**Sir Philip Sidney (1554 - 86)** was the chief of an elegant literary coterie, and exercised an influence which was almost supreme during his short life. He was the most commanding literary figure before the prime of Spenser and Shakespeare Born in Kent of an aristocratic family, he was educated at Shrewsbury and Oxford, and then travelled widely. He took a brilliant part in the military-literary-courtly life common with the young nobles of the time, and at the early age of thirty-two was mortally wounded at Zutphen when assisting the Dutch against the Spaniards.
Like the best of the Elizabethans, Sidney was successful in more than one branch of literature, but none of his works was published until after his death. His finest achievement was his connected

[Footnote:1 'utterly wasted]

[Footnote:[2] peeled.]

sequence of 108 love sonnets, the *Astrophel and Stella* (published 1591).
these sonnets, which owe much to Petrarch and Ronsard in tone and tyle, place Sidney as the greatest Elizabethan sonneteer except shakespeare. Written to his 'mistress,' Lady Penelope Rich, though dedicated to his wife, they reveal ar true lyric emotion couched in a anguage delicately archaic. In form Sidney usually adopts the Petrarchan octave *(abbaabha),* with variations in the sestet which include the English final couplet.
His pastoral romance, the *Arcadia* (published incomplete 1590, and complete 1598), is an intricate love-story, embodying the ideals of medieval chivalry, so congenial to Sidney's own spirit. The story is diffuse and involved, and many secondary love-stories interwoven with the main one distract attention. The characters are vague and idealized. The style, in both its strength and its weaknesses, is that of a poet writing prose--melodious, picturesque, rather artificial, and ornamental) The story contains a number of fine lyrics.
The *Apologie for Poetrie* (published 1595) has taken its place among the great critical essays in English. It is an answer to Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse* (see p. 72), an abusive Puritan pamphlet, and, in clear, manly English, defends poetry as greater than history or philosophy, and as an art which instructs by pleasing. In assessing Sidney's condemnation of the attitude of contemporary England towards poetry and his attacks on the English drama, it is important to remember that he wrote before most of the great poets and all the great dramatists of the age of Elizabeth had published their work.
6. Michael Drayton (1563-1631) represents the later epoch of Elizabethan literature. He was born in Warwickshire, was attached to a noble family as tutor, came to London about 1590, and for the remainder of his long life was busy in the production of his many poems.
His first book, metrical translations from the scriptures, was called *The Harmonie of the Church* (1591); then followed a number of long historical poems which include *England's Heroicall Epistles* and *The Barons' Wars* (1603). His *Poly-Olbion* is the most important of his longer poems, and belongs to a later period of his career. It is a long, careful, and tedious description of the geographical features of England, interspersed with tales, and written in alexandrines. His shorter poems, such as his well-known poem on Agincourt, and his verse tales and pastorals, such as *The Man in the Moon* and *Nymphidia,* are skilful and attractive. Drayton is rarely

an inspired poet--the wonderful sonnet beginning "Since there's no help" is perhaps his only poem in which we feel inspiration flowing freely--but he is painstaking, versatile, and sometimes (as in *Nymphidia)* delightful.

7. Thomas Campion (1567-1620) was born in London, educated at Cambridge, studied law in Gray's Inn, but ultimately became a physician (1606). He wrote some masques that had much popu larity, but his chief claim to fame lies in his attractive lyrics, most of which have been set to music composed partly by the poet himself. His best-known collections of songs were *A Booke of Ayres* (1601), *Songs of Mourning* (1613), and *Two Bookes of Ayres* (1612). Campion had not the highest lyrical genius, but he had an ear skilful in adapt ing words to tunes, the knack of sweet phrasing, and a mastery of complicated metres. He is one of the best examples of the accom plished poet who, lacking the highest inspiration of poetry, excels in the lower technical features.

The lyric of Campion's that we add is typical not only of his own grace and melody, but also of the later Elizabethan lyrics as a whole. The ideas, in themselves somewhat forced and fantastic, are expressed with great felicity.

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies blow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow;
There cherries grow which none may buy,
Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow;
Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy,
Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
All that attempt with eye or hand
Those sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

8. Phineas Fletcher (1582-1650) and Giles Fletcher (1588 (?)-1623) are usually associated in the history of literature. They were brothers, were both educated at Cambridge, and both took holy orders. Both were poetical disciples of Spenser.

Phineas Fletcher's chief poem is *The Purple Island, or The Isle of Man* (1633), a curious work in twelve cantos describing the human body in an allegorical-descriptive fashion. There is much digression, which gives the poet some scope for real poetical passages. In its plan the poem is cumbrous and artificial, but it contains many descriptions in the Spenserian manner. The stanza is a further modification of the Spenserian, which it resembles except for its. omission of the fifth and seventh lines.

Giles's best-known poem is *Christ's Victorie and Triumph* (1610), an epical poem in four cantos. The title of the poem sufficiently suggests its subject; in style it is glowingly descriptive, imaginative, and is markedly ornate and melodious in diction. It is said partly to have inspired Milton's *Paradise Regained.* The style is strongly suggestive of Spenser's, and the stanza conveys the same impression, for it is the Spenserian stanza lacking the seventh line.

The Fletchers are imitators, but imitators of high quality. They lack the positive genius of their model Spenser, but they have intensity, colour, melody, and great metrical artistry.

9. Samuel Daniel (1562-1619) was born near Taunton in Somerset, educated at Oxford, and became tutor to the son of the Countess of Pembroke. For a time (1599) he was Poet Laureate, and was made (1603) Master of the Queen's Revels by James I.

His poems include a sonnet-series called *Delia* (1592), a romance called *The Complaynt of Rosamond* (1592), some long historical poems, such as *The Civil Wars* (1595), and a large number of masques, of which *The Queenes Wake* (1610) and *Hymen's Triumph* (1615) are the most important. His best work appears in his sonnets, which, composed in the English manner, carry on the great tradition of Sidney, Spenser, and Shakespeare. His *Defence of Ryme* (1602 (?)), a fine piece of English criticism, argues with restraint and clarity the futility of the objections made to rhyme by such works as Campion's *Observations in the Art of English Poesy* (1602). In it Daniel claims that English poets need not be governed by the practice of the classics, and that each literature is entitled to its own ways. In his longer poems he is prosy and dull, though the masques have pleasing touches of imagination.

10. The poetical miscellanies which abound during this period **are** typical of the time. By the very extravagance of their titles they reveal the enthusiasm felt for the revival of English poetry. Each volume consists of a collection of short pieces by various poets, some well known and others unknown. Some of the best poems **are**

anonymous. Among much that is almost worthless, there are happily preserved many poems, sometimes by unknown poets, of great and enduring beauty. We have already drawn attention (p. 81) to *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557), which contained, among other poems, the pieces of Wyatt and Surrey. Other volumes are *The Paradyse of Daynty Devises* (1576), *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites* (1584), *The Phoenix Nest* (1593), and *The Passionate Pilgrim* (1599). The last book contains poems by Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Ralegh. The most important of the miscellanies is *England's Helicon* (1600), which surpasses all others for fullness, variety, and excellence of contents.

PRE-SHAKESPEARIAN DRAMA

The Influence of Seneca. In the last chapter we gave a summary of the rise of the English drama from the liturgical plays to the earliest Tudor times. But English tragedy, at any rate, was not to develop from the miracle play, but from the classical models of Seneca. The Latin dramatist, of the first century A.D., writing for a sophisticated, aristocratic audience, had produced tragedies notable for the horrors which filled them, for their exaggerated character-drawing, their violently rhetorical language coupled with emotional hyperboles, and a wealth of epigram. His influence was first felt in the Latin plays of the universities, especially Cambridge, where, between 1550 and 1560, the records become very Senecan, and his appeal was so strong that, by 1581, he had become the first classical dramatist to have all his works translated into English. From the universities, by way of the Inns of Court, the Senecan influence reached the popular stage, while many of the coming dramatists, such as Marlowe, Peele, and Greene, studied at the universities when this influence was strong. *Gorboduc* (1562) was the first English play in Senecan form, and was followed by Gascoigne's *Jocasta* (1566) and Hughes's *Misfortunes of Arthur* (1588), both on the Senecan model. Most important of the Senecan plays was Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedie* (c. 1589), which was followed by Daniel's *Cleopatra (c.* 1593) and *Philotas* (1604). With Kyd began the tradition of the 'Revenge' play, many features of which are to be seen in Shakespeare's *Hamlet,* and in the work of late Elizabethan or Jacobean dramatists like Webster, Tourneur, and Marston. Other Shakespearian plays showing a strong Senecan influence are *Richard III* and *Macbeth.*

THE UNIVERSITY WITS

These young men, nearly all of whom were associated with Oxford and Cambridge, did much to found the Elizabethan school of drama. They were all more or less acquainted with each other, and most of them led irregular and stormy lives. Their plays had several features in common.

(a) There was a fondness for heroic themes, such as the lives of great figures like Mohammed and Tamburlaine.

(b) Heroic themes needed heroic treatment : great fullness and variety; splendid descriptions, long swelling speeches, the handling of violent incidents and emotions. These qualities, excellent when held in restraint, only too often led to loudness and disorder.

(c) The style also was 'heroic'. The chief aim was to achieve strong and sounding lines, magnificient epithets, and powerful declamation This again led to abuse and to mere bombast, mouthing, and in the worst cases to nonsense. In the best examples, such as in Marlowe, the result is quite impressive. In this connexion it is to be noted that the best medium for such expression was blank verse, which was sufficiently elastic to bear the strong pressure of these expansive methods.

(d) The themes were usually tragic in nature, for the dramatists were as a rule too much in earnest to give heed to what was considered to be the lower species of comedy. The general lack of real humour in the early drama is one of its most prominent features. Humour, when it is brought in at all, is coarse and immature. Almost the only representative of the writers of real comedies is Lyly, who in such plays as *Campaspe* (1584), *Endymion* (1592), and *The Woman in the Moone* gives us the first examples of romantic comedy.

1. George Peele (c. 1558-98) was born in London, educated at Christ's Hospital and at. Oxford) became a literary hack and free-lance in London. (His plays include *The Araygnement of Paris (c.* 1584), a kind of romantic comedy; *The Famous Chronicle of King Edward the First* (1593), a rambling chronicle-play; *The Old Wives' Tale* (1591 94), a clever satire on the popular drama of the day; and *The Love of King David and Fair Bethsabe* (published 1599). Peele's style can be violent to the point of absurdity; but he has his moments of real poetry: he can handle his blank verse with more ease and variety than was common at the time; he is fluent; he fair amount of pathos. (In short, he represents a
has humour and a

great advance upon the earliest drama) and is perhaps one of the most attractive among the playwrights of the time.
We give a short example to illustrate the poetical quality of his blank verse:
David. Now comes my lover tripping like the roe, And brings my longings tangled in her hair. To 'joy her love **I'll** build a kingly bower, Seated in hearing of a hundred streams, That, for their homage to her sovereign joys, Shall, as the serpents fold into their nests, In oblique turnings wind the nimble waves About the circles of her curious walks, And with their murmur summon easeful sleep To lay his golden sceptre on her brows.
The Love of King David and Fair Bethsabe
2_Robert Greene (1558-92) wrote much and recklessly,but his plays are of sufficient merit to find a place in the development of the drama. He was born at Norwich, educated at Cambridge (1575) and at Oxford (1588), and then took to a literary life in London. If all accounts, including his own, are true, his career in London must have taken place in a sink of debauchery. He is said to have died, after an orgy in a London ale-house, "of a surfeit of pickle herringe and Rennish wine."
Here we can refer only to his thirty-five prose tracts, which are probably the best of his literary work, for they reveal his intense though erratic energy, his quick, malicious wit, and his powerful imagination.(His plays number four: *Alphonsus, King of Aragon* (1587), an imitation of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine; Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay* (1589), easily his best, and containing some fine representations of Elizabethan life; *Orlando Furioso* (c. 1591), adapted from an English translation of Ariosto; and *The Scottish Historie of James the Fourth* (acted in 1592), not a 'historical' play, but founded on an imaginary incident in the life of the King. Greene is weak in creating characters, and his style is not of outstanding merit; but his humour is somewhat genial in his plays, and his methods less austere than those of the other tragedians)
3.(Thomas Nash (1567-1601) was born at Lowestoft, educated at Cambridge)and then (1586) went to London to make his living by literature.(He was **a** born journalist), but in those days the only scope for his talents lay in pamphleteering(He took an active part in the political and personal questions of the dayand his truculent methods actually landed him in gaol (1600).(Hefinished Marlowe's

Dido, but his only surviving play is *Summer's Last Will and Testament* (1592), a satirical masque. His The *Unfortunate Traveller, or the Life of Jacke Wilton* (1594), a prose tale, is important in the development of the novel (see p. 278) **(4.Thomas Lodge (c. 1558 - 1625)** was the son of a Lord Mayor of London, was educated in London and at Oxford, and studied law. He deserted his legal studies, took to a literary career, and is said to have been an actor at one time.
(_His dramatic work is small in quantity. He probably collaborated with Shakespeare in *Henry VI,* and with other dramatists, including Greene. The only surviving play entirely his own is The *Woundes of Civile War,* a kind of chronicle-play)His pamphleteering was voluminous and energetic. His prose romances constitute his greatest claim to fame. Though his prose is elaborate in the euphuistic style of Lyly, and the tales often tedious, they contain exquisite lyrics. The most famous of his romances is *Rosalynde: Euphues Golden Legacie* (1590), which Shakespeare followed very closely in the plot of *As You Like It.*
(5. Thomas Kyd (1558-94) is one of the most important of the University Wits Very little is known of his life. He was born in London, educated (probably) at Merchant Taylors' School, adopted a literary career, and became secretary to a nobleman. He became acquainted with Marlowe, and that brilliant but sinister spirit enticed him into composing "lewd libels" and "blasphemies." Marlowe's sudden death saved him from punishment for such offences; but Kyd was imprisoned and tortured. Though he was afterwards released, Kyd soon died under the weight of "bitter times and privy broken passions." (Much of this dramatist's work has been lost. Of the surviving plays *The Spanish Tragedie* (about 1585) is the most important. Its horrific plot, involving murder, frenzy, and sudden death, gave the play a great and lasting popularity.)There is a largeness of tragical conception about the play that resembles the work of Marlowe, and there are touches of style that dimly foreshadow the great tragical lines of Shakespeare. The only other surviving play known to be Kyd's is *Cornelia* (1593), a translation from the French)Senecan, Garnier, but his hand has been sought in many plays including(soliman *and Perseda* (1588), the *First Part of Jeronimo* (1592), an attempt, aftar the success of *The SpanishTragedie,* to write an introductory play to it,and Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus. (***6. Christopher Marlowe (1564-93)** was the greatest of the pre-

Shakespearian dramatists.)He was born at Canterbury and educated there and at Cambridge. He adopted literature as a profession and became attached to the Lord Admiral's players. His combination of inquiring mind and dissolute life led him to be charged with atheism and immorality, and only his sudden death in a tavern brawl enabled him to avoid arrest.

(Marlowe's plays, all tragedies, were written within five years (1587-92). He had no bent for comedy, and the comic parts found in some of his plays are always inferior and may be by other writers. As a dramatist Marlowe had serious limitations)though it is possible to trace a growing sense of the theatre through his plays Only in *Edward II* does he show any sense of plot construction, wnite his characterization is of the simplest, and lacks the warm humanity of Shakespeare's. All the plays, except *Edward II,* revolve around one figure drawn in bold outlines. This character shows no complexity or subtlety of development and is the embodiment of a single idea.) Indeed, to appreciate Marlowe properly we must put aside -Conventional ideas of the drama and view his plays as the representation of a poetic vision, the typically Renaissance quest for power--*Vamour de l,impossible*--combined with the quest for beauty. In *Tamburlaine the Great* the shepherd seeks the "sweet fruition of an earthly crown," in *The Jew of Malta* Barabbas seeks "infinite riches in a little room," while the quest of *Doctor Faustus* is for more than human knowledge. Each of the plays has behind it the driving force of this vision, which gives it an artistic and poetic unity. It is, indeed, as a poet that Marlowe excels. Though not the first to use blank verse in English drama, he was the first to exploit its possibilities and make it supreme. His verse is notable for its burning energy, its splendour of diction, its sensuous richness, its variety of pace, and its responsiveness to the demands of varying emotions. Full of bold primary colours, his poetry is crammed with imagery from the classics, from astronomy and from geography, an imagery barbaric in its wealth and splendour. Its resonance and power led Ben Jonson to coin the phrase "Marlowe's mighty line," but its might has often obscured its technical precision and its admirable lucidity and finish. At times Marlowe degenerates into bombast, and there is little attempt before *Edward II* to suit the speech to the speaker, but his blank verse is unequalled by any of his contemporaries except Shakespeare.

Tamburlaine the Great (1587), centred on one inhuman figure, is on a theme essentially undramatic, in that the plot allows no possibility

of complication. The play is episodic and lacking any cohesion] save the poetic one already referred to. Yet it contains much of Marlowe's best blank verse. Its sequel,)*The Second Part of Tamburlaine the Great* (1588), is inferior to its predecessor. It contains still less plot and far more bombast. The *Jew of Malta* (1589) has two fine, economically handled opening acts, but deteriorates later when the second villain, Ithamore, enters The later sections may, however, be by another hand (possibly Heywood's). The play is also of interest as showing Marlowe's attention turning towards the conventional Machiavellian *villaim)Edward II*(1591) shows the truest sense of the theatre of all his plays. Its plot is skilfully woven, and the material, neatly compressed from Holinshed's *Chronicles),* shows a sense of dramatic requirements new in his plays, and, indeed, in English historical drama. The play has less poetic fervour than some of the others, and its hero is not great enough to be truly tragic, but it works up to a fine climax of deep pathos. In its multiplicity of 'living' characters and lack of bombast it stands apart from the other *plays.(Doctor Faustus* (probably 1592, and not, as was long supposed, 1588-89) has a good beginning, and an ending which is Marlowe's supreme achievement,but the comic scenes in the middle are poor and may be by another hand. The play contains some interesting survivals of the miracle plays in the conversations of the Good and Evil Angels. *The Tragedy of Dido, Queen of Carthage* (c, 1593) is an inferior piece, in which Nash shared, and *The Massacre at Paris* (1593) is unfinished. | We give below a typical example of Marlowe's 'mighty line' as Tamburlaine boasts of his doings to his prisoner, and then part of the superb ending of *Doctor Faustus,* when Faustus realizes the near approach of his departure to Hell.

The god of war resigns his room to me, •
Meaning to make me general of the world:
Jove, viewing me in arms looks pale and wan,
Fearing my power should pull him from his throne:
Where'er I come the Fatal Sisters sweat,
And grisly Death, by running to and fro,
To do their ceaseless homage to my sword:
And here in Afric, where it seldom rains,
Since I arriv'd with my triumphant host,
Have swelling clouds, drawn from wide-gaping wounds,
Been oft resolv'd in bloody purple showers,
A meteor that might terrify the earth,
And make it quake at every drop it drinks:
Millions of souls sit on the banks of Styx,

Waiting the back-return of Charon's boat;
Hell and Elysium swarm with ghosts of men
That I have sent from sundry foughten fields
To spread my fame through hell and up to heaven.
Tamburlaine the Great

Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
O, I'll leap up to my God!--Who pulls me down?--
See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul, half a drop: ah, my Christ!--
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him: O, spare me, Lucifer!--
Where is it now? 'tis gone: and see, where God
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful browsl
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
Doctor Faustus

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616)

1**. His Life.** In considering the life of Shakespeare we have at our disposal a fair number of facts; but on these facts the industry of commentators has constructed an additional mass of great magnitude and complexity. It is therefore the duty of the historian with only a limited space at his disposal to keep his eye steadily upon the established facts and, without being superior or disdainful, to turn toward speculation or surmise, however ingenious or laborious, a face of tempered but obdurate scepticism.
The future dramatist, as we learn from the church records, was baptized in the parish church at Stratford-on-Avon on April 26, 1564. He may have been born on April 23, St George's Day, which happens also to be the date of his death in 1616. His father, John Shakespeare, was a burgess of the town, and seems to have followed the occupations of a butcher, a glover, and a farmer. The boy may have attended the grammar school of the town, though Ben Jonson, himself a competent scholar, affirmed that Shakespeare knew "small Latin and less Greek." From various entries in the town records it is clear that John Shakespeare, after flourishing for a time, fell on evil days, and the son may have assisted in the

paternal butcher's shop. A bond dated November 28, 1582, affords clear evidence of Shakespeare's marriage on that date to a certain "Anne Hatthwey of Stratford." As at this time Shakespeare was only eighteen, and (as appears from the inscription on her monument) the bride was eight years older, speculation has busied itself over the somewhat ill-assorted match.

In 1584 Shakespeare left his native town. Why he did so is not known. The most popular explanation, which appeared after his death, is that he was convicted of poaching on the estate of a local magnate, Sir Thomas Lucy, and that he fled to escape the consequences. Then, until 1592, when he reappears as a rising actor, Shakespeare disappears from view. During this period he is said to have wandered through the country, finally coming to London, where he performed various menial offices, including that of holding horses at the stage-door. On the face of them such tales are not improbable, but they grew up when the dramatist had become a half-mythical figure. The most recent attempt (1949) to bridge this gap in Shakespeare's life is a suggestion that he may have spent much of the time in the Low Countries on service with the armies of the Earl of Leicester.

In 1592 Robert Greene, in a carping book called A *Groatsworth of Wit,* mentions "an upstart crow ... in his own conceit the only Shakescene in a country.'" This reference, most probably a gibe at Shakespeare, shows that he is now important enough to merit abuse. In 1595 his name appears on the payroll of the Lord Chamberlain's company of actors, who performed at the Court. This company, one of the most important in the town, also played in the provinces, especially during the plague of 1603, in the Shoreditch Theatre till it was demolished in 1598, in the Globe Theatre, and finally (after 1608) in the Blackfriars. During this period, as can be inferred from his purchases of property both in London and Stratford, Shakespeare was prospering in worldly affairs. He was a competent but no! a great actor; tradition asserts that his chief parts were of the type of Adam in *As You Like It* and the Ghost in *Hamlet.* His chief function was to write dramas for his company, and the fruit of such labour was his plays.

About 1610 Shakespeare left London for Stratford, where he stayed at New Place, a house that he had bought in 1597. He may have written his last plays there; but it is likely that his connexion with his company of actors ceased when the Globe Theatre was

The passage containing this reference appears on pp. 123-124.

burned down during a performance of *Henry VIII* in 1613. His will a hurriedly executed document, is dated March 25,1616. His death occurred a month later, April 23.

2. **His Poems.** Shakespeare's two long narrative poems were among the earliest of his writings. *Venus and Adonis* (1593), composed in six-line stanzas, showed decided signs of immaturity. Its subject was in accordance with popular taste; its descriptions were heavily ornamented and conventional; but it contained individual lines and expressions of great beauty. Already the hand of Shakespeare was apparent. *The Rape of Lucrece* (1594), in rhyme royal stanzas, is of less merit. As was common in the poetry of that day, the-action was retarded with long speeches, but there were Shakespearian touches all through. In 1599 a collection of verse called *The Passionate Pilgrim* appeared with Shakespeare's name on the title-page. Of the constituent poems only one, taking its name from the title of the book, has been decidedly fixed as Shakespeare's. It consists of some sonnets of unequal merit.

In 1609 a collection of Shakespeare's sonnets was printed by Thomas Thorpe, who dedicated the volume to a certain "Mr W. H." as being "the onlie begetter" of the sonnets. Speculation has exhausted itself regarding the identity of" MrW. H." The most probable explanation is that he was William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. The sonnets themselves consist of 154 numbers, which are all composed in the English form of the sonnet, that of three quatrains clenched with a couplet. The entire collection falls into two groups of unequal size, divided, at number cxxvi, by a poem of six couplets. The first group consists largely of a series of cryptic references, often passionately expressed, to his friendship with a youth, apparently of high rank, who may be, and probably is, the mysterious "Mr W. H." The second group, also obscurely phrased, is taken up with reproaches addressed to his mistress, "a black beauty," whose hair is like "black wires." The identity of this 'Dark Lady of the Sonnets' is one of the romances of our literature. She may be, as is often asserted, Mary Fitton, who happened to be fair; but she probably did not exist at all. Among the numerous sonneteers of the time it was a common trick to apostrophize a lovely and fickle mistress, as a rule quite imaginary, and it may be that Shakespeare was following the custom of the period.

Concerning the literary quality of the sonnets there can be no dispute. In the depth, breadth, and persistency of their passion, in their lordly but never overweening splendour of style, and, above

all, in their mastery of a rich and sensuous phraseology, they are unique. Byron once remarked that the tissue of poetry cannot be all brilliance, any more than the midnight sky can be entirely stars; but several of the sonnets (for example, xxx, xxxiii, lv, lxxi, cxvi) are thick clusters of starlight; and all through the series the frequency of lovely phrasing is great indeed. We quote one sonnet that is nearly perfect; the second that we give, after a splendid opening, deteriorates toward the conclusion.

(1) Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks.
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.
Sonnet cxv

(2) When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rime,
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have expressed
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they looked but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing: For we, which now behold these present days, Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.
Sonnet cv

Shakespeare's later poetical work is worthily represented in the numerous lyrics that are scattered through the plays. It is not quite certain how much of the songs is original; it is almost certain that Shakespeare, like Burns, used popular songs as the basis of many of his lyrics. As they stand, however, the lyrics show a great range of accomplishment, most of it of the highest quality. It varies from the nonsense-verses in *Hamlet* and *King Lear* to the graceful perfection of Ariel's "Full fathom five"; from the honiely

rusticity of

"It was a lover and his lass" to the scholarly ease and wry humour of "O mistress mine"; it includes such gems as the willow-song in *Othello,* "Take, O take those lips away," in *Measure for Measure,* and the noble dirge, "Fear no more the heat o' the sun," in *Cymbe-line.* If Shakespeare had not been our greatest dramatist, he would still be numbered among our greatest lyrical poets.

3. His Plays. Concerning the plays that are usually accepted as being Shakespeare's, almost endless discussion has arisen. In the following pages we shall indicate the main lines of Shakespearian criticism.

(a) THE ORDER OF THE PLAYS. All the manuscripts of the plays have perished; Shakespeare himself printed none of the texts; and though sixteen of them appeared singly in quarto form during his lifetime, they were all unauthorized editions. It was not till 1623, seven years after his death, that the First Folio edition was printed. It contained thirty-six dramas *(Pericles* was omitted), and these are now universally accepted as Shakespeare's. In the Folio edition the plays are not arranged chronologically, nor are the dates of composition given. The dates of the separate Quartos are registered at Stationers' Hall, but these are the dates of the printing. With such scanty evidence to hand to assign the order of the plays, a task fundamental to all discussion of the dramas, much ingenious deductive work has been necessary. The evidence can be divided into three groups.

1)*Contemporary References.* With one important exception such are of little value. The exception occurs in a book by Francis Meres (1565-1647), an Elizabethan schoolmaster. In *Palladis Tamia, Wit's Treasury* (1598), he gives a list of contemporary authors, among whom is Shakespeare. Meres mentions twelve of Shakespeare's plays, along with " his *Venus and Adonis,* his *Lucrece,* and his sugred sonnets among his private friends." This valuable reference supplies us with a list of plays which were written before 1598.

2)*Internal References.* In the course of the plays there occur passages, more or less obscure, that can be traced to contemporary events. Such are the references to "the imperial votaress" (perhaps Elizabeth) in *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* to "the two-fold balls and treble sceptres" (perhaps the Union of 1603) in *Macbeth,* and to a famous eclipse of the moon in the *Sonnets.* Owing to the invariable obscurity of the passages, this class of evidence should be used cautiously, but unfortunately it has been made the basis of much wild theorizing.

(3) *The Literary Evidence.* Soberly examined, and taken strictly in conjunction with the statement of Meres and the dates of the Quartos (when these arc available), this type of evidence is by far the most reliable. We can examine the workmanship of the plays in such matters as the construction of the plot, the force and originality of the characters, and, most significant of all, the style and metrical dexterity of the writing. Broadly speaking, in the earlier plays, such as *Love's Labour's Lost,* Shakespeare's style is carefully studied and relatively ornamental, while the thought content is often too slight for the elaboration with which it is dressed out. In the middle period of his writing, as in *Julius Caseai;* he attains an almost perfect balance between thought and expression, while the later plays, such as *The Winter's Tale,* show a preponderance of ideas over words. The sentences are full of closely packed ideas elliptically compressed; there are abrupt changes of thought, and the style is rich in imagery. Generally there is a greater proportion of rhyme in the early plays (e.g., *A Midsummer Night's Dream)* and more prose in the middle plays, while alexandrines, feminine endings, and enjambment are more freely used in the later works. Shakespeare's use of pauses is also significant. Mid-line pauses become more frequent as his technique develops, while the caesura after the first and fourth foot of a line is a relatively late feature of his style.

(h) The Dates of the Plays. The following table, which to a large extent is the outcome of generations of discussion and contention, represents a moderate or average estimate of the dates of the plays, ft can be only an approximate estimate, for no exact decision can ever be possible.

1593 *Richard III*	1595 *A Midsummer Night's Dream The Two Gentlemen of Verona*
The Comedy of Errors	*King John*
1594 *Titus*	1596 *Richard II The Merchant of Venice*
1 *Andronicus The Taming of the Shrew Love's*	1597 *Henry IV*
2 *Labour's Lost Romeo and Juliet*	1598 *Henry IV Much Ado about Nothing*

100

1599
Henry V Julius Ceesar

1600
The Merry Wives of Windsor As You Like It

1601
Hamlet Twelfth Night

1602
Troilus and Cressida All's Well that Ends Well

1603
(Theatres closed)

1604
Measure for Measure Othello

1605
Macbeth King Lear

1606
Antony and Cleopatra Coriolanus

1607
Timon of Athens (unfinished)

1608
Pericles (in part)

1609
Cymbeline

1610
The Winter's Tale

1611
The Tempest

1613
Henry VIII (in part)

(c) CLASSIFICATION OF THE PLAYS. It is customary to group the plays into sets that to some extent traverse the order given above.

1)*The Early Comedies.* In these immature plays the plots are less original, the characters less finished, and the style lacks the power of the mature Shakespeare. They are full of wit and word play, usually put into the mouths of young gallants, but often the humour is puerile and the wit degenerates into mere verbal quibbling. Of this type are *The Comedy of Errors, Love's Labour's Lost,* and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*
2)*The English Histories.* These plays show a rapid maturing of Shakespeare's technique. He now begins to busy himself with the developing character, such as Richard II or Prince Hal. He shows clearly the importance attached in his day to the throne, and the contemporary desire for stable government. Figures like Falstaff illustrate his increasing depth of characterization, and the mingling

of low life with chronicle history is an important innovation. The plays in this group, to which belong *Richard II,* I *Henry IV 2 Henry IV,* and *Henry* V, contain much more blank verse than those of the earlier group. *(3) The Mature Comedies.* Here is the fine flower of Shakespeare's comic genius. The comic spirit manifests itself at many levels--the sophisticated wit of Beatrice and Benedick or the clowning of Dogberry and Verges in *Much Ado about Nothing,* the jovial good humour of Sir Toby Belch in *Twelfth Night;* the lighter clowning of Launcelot Gobbo in *The Merchant of Venice;* the urbane worldlywise humour of Touchstone in *As You Like It.* The plays are full of vitality, contain many truly comic situations, and reveal great warmth and humanity. In this group there is much prose.

4)*The Sombre Plays.* In this group are *All's Well that Ends Well, Measure for Measure, and Troilus and Cressida.* Though comedies in the sense that the chief characters do not die, their tone is sombre and tragic. They reflect a cynical, disillusioned attitude to life, and a fondness for objectionable characters and situations. In them Shakespeare displays a savage desire to expose the falsity of romance and to show the sordid reality of life.

5)*The Great Tragedies. Hamlet**, Othello, Macbeth, and King Lear*** are the climax of Shakespeare's art. In intensity of emotion, depth of psychological insight, and power of style they stand supreme.

6)*The Roman Plays*. These are based on North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives,* and, though written at fairly wide intervals, are usually considered as a group. *Julius Caesar,* contemporary with the English histories, shows the same concern with political security, and in its depth of character study is approaching the great tragedies. *Antony* and *Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus* follow the great tragic period, and, while the former, in soaring imagination and tragic power, is truly great, both of them show some relaxation of tragic intensity.

(7) The Last Plays. A mellowed maturity is the chief feature of this group, which contains *Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale,* and *The Tempest.The* creative touch of the dramatist, making living men out of figment, is abundantly in view; the style is notable and serenely adequate; and with the ease of the master the author thoroughly subdues the metre to his will. No more fitting conclusion --rich, ample, and graciously dignified would be found to round off the work of our greatest literary genius than these plays of reconciliation and forgiveness.

4. His Prose. Shakespeare's prose appears all through the plays,

sometimes in passages of considerable length. In the aggregate the amount is quite large. In the comedies the amount is considerable, but the proportion is apt to diminish in the later plays. With regard to the prose, the following points should be observed: (a) it is the common vehicle for comic scenes, though used too in serious passages (one of which is given below); *(b)* it represents the common speech of the period, and some of it, as can be seen in *Hamlet,* is pithy and bracing. Even the rather stupid clowning that often takes place cannot altogether conceal its beauty.

We quote a passage from *Hamlet.* The style is quite modern in phrase, and the beauty and grace of it are far beyond the ordinary standard of Shakespeare's literary contemporaries.

I have of late--but wherefore I know not--lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man ! How noble in reason 1 how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust?

Hamlet

5. Features of his Plays. The extent, variety, and richness of the plays are quite bewildering as one approaches them. All that can be done here is to set down in order some of the more obvious of their qualities.

a)*Their Originality.* In the narrowest sense of the term, Shakespeare took no trouble to be original. Following the custom of the time, he borrowed freely from older plays (such as *King Leir),* chronicles (such as Holinshed's)," and tales (such as *The Jew,* the part-origin of *The Merchant of Venice).* To these he is indebted chiefly for his plots; but in his more mature work the interest in the plot becomes subordinate to the development of character, the highest achievement of the dramatist's art. He can work his originals deftly: he can interweave plot within plot, as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream;* he can solidify years of history into five acts, as in *King John* and *Antony and Cleopatra;* and, as in *Macbeth,* he makes the dust of history glow with the spirit of his imagination.

b)*Characters.* (1) In sheer *prodigality of output* Shakespeare is unrivalled in literature. From king to clown, from lunatic and

demi-devil to saint and seer, from lover to misanthrope--all are revealed with the hand of the master. Surveying this multitude, one can only cry out, as Hamlet does, "What a piece of work is man!"

2)**Another feature of Shakespeare's** characterization is his *objectivity.* He seems indifferent to good and evil; he has the eye of the creator, viewing bright and dismal things alike, provided they are apt and real. In his characters vice and virtue commingle, and the union is true to the common sense of humanity. Thus the villain Iago is a man of resolution, intelligence, and fortitude; the murderer Claudius (in *Hamlet)* shows affection, wisdom, and fortitude; the peerless Cleopatra is narrow, spiteful, and avaricious; and the beast Caliban has his moments of ecstatic vision. The list could be extended almost without limit, but these examples must serve.

3)Hence follows the *vital force* that resides in the creations of Shakespeare. They live, move, and utter speech; they are rounded, entire, and capable. Very seldom, and that almost entirely in the earlier plays, he uses the wooden puppets that are the stock-in-trade of the inferior dramatist. Of such a kind are some of his 'heavy' fathers, like Egeus (in *A Midsummer Night's Dream),* and his sentimental lovers, like Orsino (in *Twelfth Night).* Yet, as a rule, in the hands of Shakespeare the heavy father can develop into such living beings as the meddlesome old bore Polonius (in *Hamlet),* and the tediously sentimental lover can become the moody and headstrong Romeo, or the virile and drolly humorous Orlando (in *As You Like It).*

c)*Metre.* As in all the other features of his work, in metre Shakespeare shows abnormal range and power. Some features of his metrical development have already been discussed (see p. 99); we go on now to amplify these points. In the earlier plays the blank verse is regular in beat and pause; there is a fondness for the stopped and rhymed couplet; and in a few cases the couplet passes into definite stanza-formation in a manner suggestive of the early pre-Shakespearian comedies.

d)

Lysander. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?

A Midsummer Night's Dream

As Shakespeare becomes more sure of his instrument the verse increases in ease and dexterity; the cadence is varied; the pause is shifted to any position in the line. And before he finishes he has utterly subdued the metre to his will. In the last line of the extract now given every foot is abnormal:

Lear. And my poor fool is hanged!
No, no, no life ! Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never !
King Lear

(d) Style. For lack of a better name we call Shakespeare's style Shakespearian. One can instantly recognize it, even in other authors, where it is rarely visible. It is a difficult, almost an impossible, matter to define it. There is aptness and quotability in it: sheaves of Shakespeare's expressions have passed into common speech. To a very high degree it possesses sweetness, strength, and flexibility; and above all it has a certain inevitable and final felicity that is the true mark of genius.
The following specimen shows the average Shakespearian style, if such a thing exists at all. It is not extremely elevated or poetical, but it is strong, precise, and individual.

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.
Hamlet

Such a style moves easily into the highest flights of poetry:

(1) That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.
Twelfth Night

(2) *Cleopatra.* Come, thou mortal wretch,
[To the asp, which she applies to her breast.
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie; poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. . . .
Charmian. O eastern star!
Cleopatra. Peace, peace !
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast, That sucks the nurse asleep?
Antony and Cleopatra

Or it can plumb the depths of terror and despair. The following are the words of a condemned wretch shivering on the brink of extinction:

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible !
Measure for Measure

The style lends itself to the serenely ecstatic reverie of the sage:

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.
The Tempest

It can express, on the other hand, the bitterest cynicism:
But, man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant, of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.
Measure for Measure

Or, in prose, Shakespeare can put into words the artless pathos of the humble hostess of the inn:

Hostess. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's

bosom. A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his

fingers' ends, I knew that there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. "How now, Sir John?" quoth I: "what, man! be of good cheer." So a' cried out "God, God, God!" three or four times.
Henry V

Shakespeare can rant, and often rants badly; but at its best his ranting glows with such imaginative splendour that it becomes a thing of fire and majesty:

His legs bestrid the ocean; his reared arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't, an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping; his delights
Were dolphin-like, they showed his back above
The element they lived in; in his livery
Walked crowns and crownets, realms and islands were
As plates dropped from his pocket.
Antony and Cleopatra

With such a style as this Shakespeare can compass the world of human emotion, and he does so.
6.**Summary.** "He was the man," said Dryden, "who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul."

POST-SHAKESPEARIAN DRAMA

In the following section it will be found that, although much of the work was composed during Shakespeare's lifetime, the most typical of the plays appeared after his death. On the whole, moreover, the work marks a decline from the Shakespearian standard, and so we are probably justified in calling this type of drama post-Shakespearian.
1. Ben Jonson (1573 (?)-1637) was born at Westminster, and educated at Westminster School. His father died before Jonson's birth, and the boy adopted the trade of his stepfather, who was a master bricklayer. Bricklaying did not satisfy him for long, and he became a soldier, serving in the Low Countries. From this he turned to acting and writing plays, engaging himself, both as actor and playwright, with the Lord Admiral's company (1597). At first he had little success, and the discouragement he encountered **then must** have done much to sour a temper that was **not** at **any time**

very genial, in his combative fashion he took part freely in the squabbles of the time, and in 1598 he killed a fellow-actor in a duel, narrowly escaping the gallows. On the accession of James ! in 1603 there arose at the Court a new fashion for picturesque pageants known as masques, and Jonson turned his energies to supplying this demand, with great success. After this period (1603-15) he commanded great good-fortune, and during this time his best work was produced. In 1617 he was created poet to the King, and the close of James's reign saw Jonson the undisputed ruler of English literature. His favourite haunt was the Mermaid Tavern, where he reigned as dictator over a younger literary generation. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and over him was placed the epitaph "O rare Ben Jonson!"

Jonson's numerous works, comedies, tragedies, masques, and lyrics, are of widely varying merit, but all of them, as well as his *Timber,* a kind of commonplace-book, which is of considerable interest for its critical comments on literature, show the unity of aim underlying his writing. Jonson was the first great English neoclassic. Like Donne, he was in revolt against the artistic principles of his contemporaries, and he sought in the classics a cure for the uncontrolled, romantic exuberance of Elizabethan literature. In all branches of his writings he is the conscious artist and reformer, working on clearly defined principles. To him the chief function of literature was to instruct.

His plays divide conveniently into comedies and tragedies, for Jonson, true to his classical models, did not combine the two. In his comedies he aimed to return to the controlled, satirical, realistic comedy of the classical dramatists, and the inductions of his plays make it clear that he hoped to reform the drama on these lines. His main concern was with the drawing of character, and his creations are important because they introduce the "comedy of humours," which portrays the individual as dominated by one marked characteristic. Many of his characters arc, in consequence, types, but the best, like Bobadill in *Every Man in his Humour,* rise above the type and live as truly great comic characters. In nearly all his comedies Jonson opened up a vein that was nearly new and was to be very freely worked by his successors--the comedy of London life and humours, reflecting the manners of the day.

His early comedies, *Every Man in his Humour* (1598), *Every Man out of his Humour* (1599), *Cynthia's Revels* (16()0), and *The Poetaster* (1601), show his ingenuity of plot, his hearty humour, his wit, and

they are full of vivacity and fun. *Every Man in his Humour* is, perhaps, his greatest work. The middle group of comedies, *Volpone, or the Fox* (1605), *Epiccene, or the Silent Woman* (1609), *The Alchemist* (1610), and *Bartholomew Fayre* (1614), represent, as a group, his best work. More mature than the early works, they are all satirical in tone (*Volpone,* is one of the most relentless exposures of vice in English), realistic and natural in dialogue, and ingenious in plot. The characters are less angular and more convincing. *Epiccene* and *Bartholomew Fayre* are written entirely in prose, while *The Alchemist* is entirely in blank verse. His later comedies, *The Devil is an Ass* (1616) and *The Staple of News* (1625), show a distinct falling-off in dramatic power.

The two historical tragedies, *Sejanus his Fall* (1603) and *Catiline his Conspiracy* (1611), are composed on classical models. They are too laboured and mechanical to be reckoned as great tragedies, though their author would fain have had them so. They show immense learning, they have power, variety, and insight, but they lack the last creative touch necessary to stamp them with reality, and to give them a living appeal.

As for his masques, they are abundant, graceful, and humorously ingenious, into them Jonson introduced the device of the anti-masque, which parodied the principal theme. The best of them are *The Masque of Beauty* (1608), *The Masque of Queens* (1609), and *Oberon, the Fairy Prince* (1611).

The lyrics, many of which appeared in *Underwoods,* reflect no deep surge of emotion, but are controlled, poised, and urbane. If some of them are stiff, and most do not rise above mediocrity, the best of them, such as the well-known "Drink to me only with thine eyes," have a delicacy of touch and a clarity of style which are as fine as anything achieved by the Elizabethan lyrists. We quote two brief but typical pieces:

(1) Have you seen but a bright lillie grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow
Before the soyle hath smutch'd it?
Have you felt the wooll of the bever?
Or the swan's downe ever?
Or have smelt of the bud of the brier?
Or the nard on the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!
The Triumph

(2)Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Learned, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee!
Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke'

In the estimation of his own age Jonson stood second to none; to a later generation he is overshadowed by the towering bulk of Shakespeare. But even the enormous prestige of Shakespeare cannot or ought not to belittle the merits of Jonson. Of Jonson we can justly say that he had all good literary gifts except one, and that the highest and most baffling of all--true genius. He had learning--perhaps too much of it; industry and constancy well beyond the ordinary; versatility; a crabbed and not unamiable humour, diversified with sweetness, grace, and nimbleness of wit; a style quite adequate to his needs; and an insight into contemporary life and manners greater than that of any writer of his day. But the summit of it all --the magical phrase that catches the breath, the immortal spirit that creates out of words and buckram "forms more real than living man"-- these were lacking; and without these he cannot join the circle of the very great.

2. Francis Beaumont (c. 1584-1616) and John Fletcher (1579-1625) combined to produce a great number of plays, said to be fifty-two in all. How much of the joint work is to be assigned to the respective hands is not accurately known.

The elder, Fletcher, was a cousin of Giles and Phineas Fletcher (see p. 86), and was born at Rye, Sussex. He may have been educated at Cambridge, and he lived the life of a London literary man. He died of the plague in 1625. His colleague Beaumont, who was probably the abler of the two, was the son of a judge. Sir Francis Beaumont, was educated at Oxford, and entered the Inner Temple (1600), but was captivated by the attractions of a literary life. He died almost within a month of Shakespeare, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Beaumont and Fletcher excelled in comedy, especially in the comedy of London life. They felt the influence of both Shakespeare and Jonson, but their plays are generally more superficial. They are mainly tragi-comedies, full of striking incident and stage effect. Their plots sustain interest and are often ingenious, lively, and

[1] This piece is sometimes ascribed to William Browne (1588-1643).

entertaining, though rather loosely knit. The characters are numerous and widely varied, but the concentration on incident often makes them shallow. Full of witty dialogue, the plays attain a high level of lucidity and simplicity in their style, but they lack the Shakespearian wealth of imagery. A study of the style enables us to distinguish fairly clearly between the regular and flexible blank verse of Beaumont and the irregular verse of Fletcher, with its fondness for the extra syllable at the end of a line which is frequently end-stopped. Typical comedies are *A King and No King* (1611), esteemed by Dryden as the best of them all, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (1607 (?)), a very agreeable farce, and *The Scornful Lady* (1613-16). Their tragedies, such as *The Maid's Tragedy* (1610 *(J)),Philaster* (1611), which is very reminiscent of *Twelfth Night,* and *The Faithful Shepherdess* (by Fletcher alone), are not too tragical, and they are diversified by attractive incidents and descriptions.

3. George Chapman (c. 1559-1634) was born at Hitchin. Beyond this fact little is known of him. He took part in the literary life of his time, for his name appears in the squabbles of his tribe. He died in London.

His first play, *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria* (1596), was followed by many more, both comical and tragical. Among them are *Bussy d'Ambois* (1604 (?)), *Charles, Duke of Byron* (1608), and *The Tragedie of Chabot* (c. 1613). These are historical plays, dealing with events nearly contemporary with his own time. Chapman's comedies include *All Fools* (1605) and *Eastward Hoe!* (1605), in the latter of which he combined with Jonson and Marston. Chapman writes agreeably and well; he has firmness, competence, and variety, and his comic and tragic powers are considerable. His translation of Homer has something of the pace and music of the original.

4. John Marston (c. 1575-1634) was born at Coventry, was edu cated there and at Oxford, became a literary figure in London, and later took orders. Latterly he resigned his living in Hampshire, and died in London.

Marston, a member of the Senecan school (see p. 88), specialized in violent and melodramatic tragedies, which do not lack a certain impressiveness, but which are easily parodied and no less easily lead to abuse. They impressed his own generation, who rated him with Jonson. For a later age they are spoiled to a great extent by exaggeration, rant, and excessive speeches. Typical of them are *Antonio and Mellida* (1599) and *Antonio's Revenge* (1602), which were ridiculed by Jonson in *The Poetaster.*

5.Thomas Dekker (c. 1572-e. 1632) was born in London, where his life was passed as a literary hack and playwright. His plays, chiefly comedies, have an attraction quite unusual for the time. They have a sweetness, an arch sentimentality, and an intimate knowledge of common men and things that have led to his being called the Dickens of the Elizabethan stage. His plots are chaotic, and his blank verse, which very frequently gives place to prose, is weak and sprawling. The best of his plays are *Old Fortunatus* (1599), *The Shoemaker's Holiday* (1599), and *Satiromastix* (1602). He collaborated with other playwrights, including Ford and Rowley, with whom he wrote *The Witch of Edmonton* (1621), and Massinger, in *The Virgin Martyr* (c. 1620).

6.Thomas Middleton (c. 1570-1627) was born in London, wrote much for the stage, and in 1620 was made City Chronologer.

He is one of the most equable and literary of the dramatists of the age; he has a decided fanciful turn; he is a close observer and critic of the life of the time, and a dramatist who on a few occasions can rise to the heights of greatness. His most powerful play, which has been much praised by Lamb and others, is *The Changeling* (1624); others are *Women beware Women* (1622), *The Witch,* which bears a strong resemblance to *Macbeth,* and *The Spanish Gipsy* (1623), a. romantic comedy suggesting *As You Like It.* Along with Dekker he wrote *The Roaring Girle, or Moll Cutpurse* (1611), which is a close dramatic parallel to the earliest novels.

7. Thomas Heywood (c. 1575-c. 1650) was born in Lincolnshire about 1575, was educated at Cambridge, and became an author and dramatist in London. He himself asserts that he had a hand ("or at least a main finger") in two hundred and twenty plays, of which twenty-three survive.

Like so many more dramatists of the time, he excelled in his pictures of London life and manners. He was a rapid and light impoviser, an expert contriver of stage situations, but otherwise content with passable results, and caring little about the higher flights of the dramatist. His best play is *A Woman Killed with Kindnesse* (1603), which contains some strongly pathetic scenes; *The English Traveller* (1633) is only slightly inferior. Other plays of his are *The Royall King and the Loyall Subject* (1602 (?)), *The Captives* (1624), and a series of clumsy historical dramas, including *King Edward theFewth* (1594-97), (John Webster, who flourished during the first twenty years of the seventeenth century, is regarded as the greatest post-Shakespearian dramatist)

Next to nothing is known regarding his life and much of his work has been lost.
(The most striking follower of the Senecan Revenge tradition, Webster turns from the mere horror of event to the deep and subtle analysis of character. His plots are not well constructed and there is still some crudeness of incident. but his horrors are usually controlled, (and are subordinate to the total artistic purpose of the play in which they occur. He deals with gloomy, supernatural themes, great crimes, turbulent emotions, and in largeness of tragic conception he resembles Marlowg) (He is a great dramatic poet, whose verse, though sometimes faulty, often reaches the highest levels and has great power. Tender and pitiful scenes add a touch of fine pathos to his greatest works.) (His career falls into three parts. After an early apprenticeship as a collaborator, especially with Dekker, he produced his two great tragedies., *The White Devil* (1609-12) and *The Duchess of Malfi* (1613-14)) *which.)* in Vittoria and the Duchess(contain two of the finest women character in the Elizabethan drama)(His later plays, which include *THE Devil's Law Case* (1623), do not approach the great tragedies in quality)
9.(Cyril Tourneur (1575 (?)-1626) seems to have been a soldier and to have served in the Low Countries.)He took part in Buckingham's disastrous expedition to Cadiz, and on his return died in Ireland.
In(the work of Tourneur, another and cruder follower of the 'Revenge' tradition, we have horrors piled on horrors. His two plays *The Revenger's Tragedy* (1600) and *The A theist's Tragedy* (1607-11) are melodramatic to the highest degree. He attempts much, but achieves little. He does not lack a a certain poetic sensibility; but he lacks grip, method, and balance. and he is weakest where Webster is strongest.

PROSE

THE ENGLISH BIBLE ; THE AUTHORIZED VERSION
In the last chapter we indicated the growth of the Bible from the earliest to Reformation times. The task of translation was completed by the issue of *King James's Bible,* or the *Authorized Version* (1611).
The need for a standard text was urged during the conference between the dissentient sects held at Hampton Court in 1604. James I, who was present at some stages of the conference, approved

of the project.(Forty-seven scholars, including the ablest professorial and episcopal talent, were appointed for the task; they were divided into six companies, each receiving a certain portion of the Biblical text for translation; each company revised the work of its fellow-translators. The task, begun in 1607, was completed in 1611. Since that date little of sufficient authority has been done to shake the Authorized Version's dominating position as the greatest of English translations.

It may be of use here to set down some of the more obvious features of this great work. ....

1.With regard to the actual work of **translation, itought** to be regarded simply as the climax of a long series of earlier translations. The new translators came to handle a large mass of work already in existence. All the debatable ground in the texts had been fought over again and again, and in a dim fashion a standard was emerging. The translators themselves acknowledge this in the preface to their work : their task, they say, is "to make a good one better, or out of many good ones one principal good one." In other words, their task was largely one of selection and amendment. The reliance upon earlier work resulted in a certain old-fashioned flavour that was felt even in Jacobean times. "It is not the English," says Hallam, "of Daniel or Ralegh or Bacon. ... It abounds, especially in the Old Testament, in obsolete phraseology." It is a tribute to the compelling power and beauty of the Authorized Version that its archaisms have long been accepted as permissible, and even inevitable. Allowing, however, for all the reliance upon earlier work, one cannot overpraise the sound judgment, the artistic taste, and the sensitive ear of every member of the band who built up such a stately monument to our tongue.

2.**Diversity of the Work.** One can best appreciate the vastness and complexity of the Bible by recollecting that it is not a single book, but an entire literature, or even two literatures, for both in time and temper the New Testament is separated from the Old. The different books of the Bible were composed at widely different times, and many hands worked at them. Their efforts resulted in a huge collection of all the main species of literature--expository, narrative, and lyrical. These will be noticed in their order below.

3.**Unity of the Work. If** the Bible were a collection of discordant elements it would not possess its peculiar literary attraction. In spite of the diversity of its sources it has a remarkable uniformity of treatment and spirit. The core and substance of the entire work

is the belief and delight in the Divine Spirit; and, added to this, especially in the Old Testament, a fiery faith in the pre-eminence of the Jewish race. With regard to the literary style, it owes most to the translations of Tyndale and Coverdale (see p. 61), for it combines the strength of the former with the beautiful rhythms of the latter. From cover to cover it is almost unvaried: firm, clear, simple, dignified, and thoroughly English. It represents the broad and stable average of the labours of generations of devout and ardent men; and it endures unshaken.

4. The Expository Portions. Considered from the purely literary point of view, the expository parts (that is, those that contain exhortation, information, or advice) are of least importance) In bulk they are considerable, and include the Book of Deuteronomy . in the Old Testament and the Pauline Epistles in the New. (they have all the distinction of the Biblical style, and they are expressed with clearness, dignity, and precision.

5.The narrative portions include the bulk of the Bible, and are of great literary interest and value.) In the Old Testament they comprise the Pentateuch and many other books, and in the New Testament they include the Gospels and the Acts, of the Apostles. The tone of the Old Testament differs somewhat from that of the New. As can be supposed, the former is often harsher in note, and is sometimes confused and contradictory (from the unsatisfactory condition of some of the texts); the New Testament narrative, which came under the influence of the Greek, is more scholarly and liberal in tone.' Both, however, have a breadth, solidity, and noble austerity of style that make the Biblical narrative stand alone. It is perhaps unnecessary to quote, but one short specimen may not be out of place:

Then they took him, and led him, and brought him into the high priest's house. And Peter followed afar off.

And when they had kindled a fire in the midst of the hall, and were set down together, Peter sat down among them.

But a certain maid beheld him as he sat by the fire, and earnestly looked upon him, and said, This man was also with him.

And he denied him, saying, Woman, I know him not.

And after a little while another saw him, and said, Thou art also of them. And Peter said, Man, I am not.

And about the space of one hour after another confidently affirmed, saying, Of a truth this fellow also was with him: for he is a Galilean.

And Peter said, Man, J know not what thou sayest. And immediately, while he yet spake, the cock crew.

And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter. And Peter

remembered the word of the Lord, how he had said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And Peter went out, and wept bitterly.
St Luke

7.The Lyrical Portions. These (which include the Psalms, the Song of Solomon, much of the Book of Job, and the frequent pas sages, such as the song of Sisera, which occur in the narrative books) are perhaps the most important as literature.) In addition to their native shrewdness and persistence, the Jews had a strongly emo tional strain, which finds wide expression in the Bible. Their poetry, like that of the Old English, was rhythmic; it went by irregularly distributed beats or accents. The English translators to a large extent preserved the Jewish rhythms, adding to them the music, the cadence, the soar and the swing of ecstatic English prose. In theme Jewish poetry is the primitive expression of simple people regarding the relations of man and God and the universe. Its similes and metaphors are based upon simple elemental things--the heavens, the running water, and the congregations of wild beasts. The emotions are mystically and rapturously expressed, and convey the impression of much earnestness. The following extract is fairly typical of its kind:

As the hart patiteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.
My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall **I come** and appear before God?
My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?
When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.
Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.
The Book of Psalms

7. **The Influence of the Bible.,** The English Bible has been a potent influence in **our** literature, Owing largely to their poetical or proverbial nature(multitudes of Biblical expressions have become woven into the very tissue of the tongue: "a broken reed," "the eleventh hour," "a thorn in the flesh," "a good Samaritan," "sweat of the brow," and so on'. More important, probably, is the **way** in which the style affects that of many **of our greatest writers. The influence** is nearly **all for the good; for a slight strain of the**

Biblical manner, when kept artistically within bounds, imparts simplicity, dignity, and elevation. Bunyan shows the style almost undiluted; but in the works of such widely diverse writers as Ruskin, Macaulay, Milton, and Tennyson the effects, though slighter, are quite apparent.

FRANCIS BACON, BARON VERULAM, VISCOUNT ST ALBANS (1561-1626)

1. His Life. Bacon was bom in London, the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. The family was connected with the Cecils and other political magnates of the time. Bacon was a delicate youth, and for a time he was educated privately; then he proceeded to Cambridge, and thence entered Gray's Inn (1576). To complete his education he spent three years in France. On his being called to the Bar his family influence helped him to acquire a fair practice, but Bacon was ambitious and longed for the highest rewards that his profession could bestow. He became a member of Parliament in 1584, but the recognition that he expected from the Queen did not come his way, hard though he fought for it He assisted in the prosecution of the Earl of Essex, a nobleman who had befriended him earlier in his career. Essex, an injudicious man, had involved himself in a charge of treason, and the ingenuity of Bacon was largely instrumental in bringing him to the block. On the accession of James I, Bacon, who was never remiss in urging his own claims to preferment, began to experience prosperity, for he was tireless in urging the royal claims before Parliament. He was made a knight in 1603, and Attorney-General in 1613. In the latter capacity he was James's chief agent in asserting and enforcing the King's theories of divine right, and he became thoroughly unpopular with the House of Commons. His reward came in 1618, when he was appointed Lord Chancellor and created Baron Verulam, and in 1621, when he became Viscount St Albans. Popular dissatisfaction was mounting against the King and his agents, and when Parliament met in 1621 it laid charges of bribery and corrupt dealings against the Lord Chancellor. Bacon quailed before the storm; made what amounted to a confession of guilt; and was subjected to the huge fine of £40,000 (which was partially remitted), imprisonment during the King's pleasure (which was restricted to four days in the Tower of London), and exile from Court and office. He spent the last five years of his life in the pursuit of literary and scientific works.

2.**His Works.** Bacon wrote both in Latin and English, and of the two he considered the Latin works to be the more important.
a)His English works include his *Essays,* which first appeared in 1597, Then they numbered ten; but the second (1612) and third 1625) editions raised the number to thirty-eight and fifty-eight respectively. They are on familiar subjects, such as Learning, Studies, Vainglory, and Great Place; and in method they represent the meditations of a trained and learned mind. His other English works were *The Advancement of Learning* (1605), containing the substance of his philosophy; *The History of Henry Vll* (1622); *Apophthegms* (1625), a kind of jest-book; and *The New Atlantis,* left unfinished at his death, a philosophical romance modelled upon More's *Utopia.*
b)His Latin works were to be fashioned into a vast scheme, which he called *lnstauratio Magna,* expounding his philosophical theories. It was laid out on the following plan, but it was scarcely half finished:

1)*De Augmentis Scientiarum* (1623), This treatise, in which the English work on the *Advancement of Learning* is embodied, gives a general summary of human knowledge, taking special notice of gaps and imperfections in science.
2)*Novum Organum* (1620). This work explains the new logic or inductive method of reasoning, upon which his philosophy is founded. Out of the nine sections into which he divides the subject the first only is handled with any fullness, the other eight being merely named.
3)*Sylva Sylvarum* (left incomplete). This part was designed to give a complete view of what we call Natural Philosophy and Natural History. The subjects he has touched on under this head are four--the History of Winds, Life and Death, Density and Rarity, Sound and Hearing.
4)*Scala Intellectus.* Of this we have only a few of the opening pages.
5)*Prodromi.* A few fragments only were written.
6)*Philosophia Secunda.* Never executed.
3.**His Style.** Of Bacon as a philosopher we can only say that he is one of the founders of modern systematic thought. His most important literary work is his *Essays,* which might be described as an appendix to his longer works, especially *The Advancement of Learning,* in that it provides a practical everyday philosophy of the life of his own world. In its three versions this work shows the development of Bacon's English style. In the first edition the style is crisp, detached, and epigrammatic, conveying the impression that each essay has arisen from some happy thought or phrase, around

which other pithy statements are agglomerated. In the later editions the ideas are expanded, the expression loses its spiky pointedness, and in the end we have an approach to a freer middle style. In choice of subject and approach, they reveal his breadth of intellect, bis worldly wisdom, his concern with public life and material advancement. They are impersonal, objective, and orderly in thought, and reflect a cool, scientific detachment, which makes them, in spite of an occasional flash of poetic fire, as in *Of Death,* rather (ormal and cold. Yet they are written in the language of ordinary men, and the imagery is that of everyday life. The essays are brief and full of condensed, weighty, antithetical Sentences, which have the qualities of proverbial expressions, and are notable for their precision and clarity of phrasing. Many have striking openings: "Revenge is a wild kind of justice, which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out" *(Of Revenge);* "God Almighty first planted a garden; and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures" *(Of Gardens);* "Men fear death, as children fear to go in the dark" *(Of Death).* All are full of allusions to, and extracts from, other writings.

For the sake of comparison we quote the same extract from the first and third editions of the *Essays.* The second extract, it will be noticed, is a studied expansion of the first.

1)Crafty men contemn them, simple men admire them, wise men use them; for they teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them and above them won by observation. Read not to contradict nor to believe, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read but cursorily, and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtle; natural philosophy deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric able to contend.

2)Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise-men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be

read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtle; natural philosophy deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric able to contend.
Of Studies

OTHER PROSE-WRITERS

1. Roger Ascham (1515-68) is representative of the earliest school of Elizabethan prose. He was born in Yorkshire, and educated privately and at St John's College, Cambridge where he became a Fellow (1535) and a teacher of Greek (1540). He took part in the literary and religious disputes of the time;..but'managed to keep his feet on the shifting grounds of politics- He was appointed tutor to Elizabeth (1548) and secretary to Queen Mary; he visited the Continent as secretary to an embassy; and ultimately was appointed a canon of York Minster. 'His two chief works were *Toxophilus* (1545). a treatise, in the form of a dialogue, on archery; and *The Scholemaster* (1570), an educa tional work containing some ideas that were then fairly fresh **and** enlightening. Ascham was a man of moderate literary talent, of great industry, and of boundless enthusiasm for learning.,. Though he is strongly influenced by classical models, he has all the **strong** Elizabethan sense of rationality,. In" *Toxophilus* he declares his in tention of "writing this English matter in the English speech **for** Englishmen." In style he is plain and strong, using only the more obvious graces of alliteration and antithesis. ;
2. John Lyly (1554 (?)-1606) marks another stage in the march of English prose. He was born in Kent, educated at Oxford, and, failing to obtain Court patronage, became a literary man in London. At first he had considerable success, and entered Parliament; but at a later stage his popularity declined, and he died poverty-stricken in London. We have already mentioned his comedies (see p. 89), which at the time brought him fame and money. But his first prose work *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit* (1579), made him one of the foremost figures of the day. He repeated the success with a second part, *Euphues and his England* (1580). The work is a kind of travel-

romance, recounting the adventures of Euphues, a young Athenian. The narrative is interspersed with numerous discussions upon many topics. It was, however, the style of its prose that gave the book its great vogue. It is the first consciously fabricated prose style in the language. It is mannered and affected almost to the point of being ridiculous. Its tricks are obvious and easily imitated, and they were freely applied by the next generation: balanced phrases, intricate alliteration, laboured comparisons drawn from classical and other sources, and ornate epithets. The effect is quaint and not displeasing, but the narrative labours under the weight of it. It certainly suited the growing literary consciousness of its day, and hence its pronounced, though temporary, success. The following extract will illustrate the euphuistic manner:

Philautus being a town-bom child, both for his own continuance and the great countenance which his father had while he lived crept into credit with Don Ferardo one of the chief governors of the city, who although he had a courtly crew of gentlewomen sojourning in his palace, yet his daughter, heir to his whole revenues, stained the beauty of them all, whose modest bashfulness caused the other to look wan for envy, whose lily cheeks dyed with a vermilion red, made the rest to blush at her beauty. For as the finest ruby staineth the colour of the rest that be in place, or as the sun dimmeth the moon, that she cannot be discerned, so this gallant girl more fair than fortunate, and yet more fortunate than faithful, eclipsed the beauty of them all, and changed their colours. Unto her had Philautus access, who won her by right of love, and should have won her by right of law, had not Euphues by strange destiny broken the bonds of marriage, and forbidden the banns of matrimony.

Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit

3. Richard Hooker (1554-1600) was born near Exter, and educated at Corpus Christi College,.Oxford, where he was elected a Fellow (1577). In 1582 he took orders, and later was appointed to a living in Kent, where he died.

His great work, at which he laboured during the greater part of his life, was *Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity.* The first four of the proposed eight books were issued in 1594; he finished one more; and though the remaining three were published under his name when he was dead, it is very doubtful if he was entirely responsible for them. In the work he supports Episcopacy against Pres,byterianism. In style he is strongly affected by classical writers; but he usually writes with homeliness and point; his sentences are carefully constructed; the rhythm moves easily; and there is both precision and

melody in his choice of vocabulary. His style is an early example of scholarly and accomplished. English prose.

4. Sir Thomas Qverbury (1581-1613) may be taken as typical of a fairly large class of Elizabethan writers. He was born in Warwick shire, educated at Oxford, and became a figure at the Court of King James. His chief friend at Court was James's favourite Robert Carr, with whom he quarrelled over a love-affair. For this Overbury fell into disfavour, and was imprisoned in the Tower, where he was poisoned under mysterious and barbarous circumstances. Overbury survives in literature as the author of a series of *Characters* (1614), though he is probably not the author of all of them. Based on the ancient Greek work of Theophrastus, the book consists of a number of concise character-sketches of well-known types, such as a Milkmaid, a Pedant, a Franklin, and "an Affectate Traveller." They are written from the point of view of the courtier and are epigrammatic and full of 'conceits' and wit. They show a close and penetrating observation and a fine sense of humour. But they are important for several reasons: they are a curious development of the pamphlet, which was so common at that time; they are another phase of the 'humours' craze, seen so strongly in the Jonsonian and other dramas; and they are an important element in the growth of the essay. In style the book is strongly euphuistic, thus illustrating another tendency of the time. They were added to and imitated by other writers, including John Earle (1601-65).

5. Robert Burton (1577-1640) was the son of a country gentleman, and was born in Leicestershire. He was educated at Oxford, where, in holy orders, he passed most of his life.

His famous work, *The Anatomy of Melancholy,* was first issued in 1621, and then constantly revised and reissued. It is an elaborate and discursive study of melancholy, its species and kinds, its causes, results, and cure. The book, though laboured and saturnine in tone, shows an underlying common sense and a true sympathy with humanity. It has exercised a strong fascination over many scholarly minds, including those of Dr Johnson and Charles Lamb. Its learning is immense and unconventional, being drawn from many rare authors; its humour curiously crabbed, subdued, and ironical; and its 'melancholy,' though pervading, is not oppressive. The diction has a colloquial naturalness and is rarely obscure; the enormous sentences, packed with quotation and allusion, are loosely knit. Both as a stylist and as a personality Burton occupies his own niche in English literature.

6.The Sermon-writers, At the beginning of the seventeenth cen tury the sermon rose to a level of literary importance not hitherto attained, and afterwards rarely equalled. We have already mentioned Donne (see p. 80), probably the most notable of his group, and we give space to two other writers. James Ussher (1581-1656) was born in Dublin, and was descended from an ancient Protestant family. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and rose to be Bishop of Meath and Archbishop of Armagh (1625). In 1640 he visited England, where, owing to the disturbed state of Ireland, he had to remain for the rest of his life. His many sermons, discourses, and tracts show learning, adroit argument, and a plain and easy style. His *Chronologia Sacra* was for a long time the standard work on Biblical chronology.

a)Joseph Hall (1574-1656) was educated at Cambridge, took orders, and became a prominent opponent of the Puritans, among whom was Milton. He was appointed Bishop of Exeter (1627) and of Norwich (1641). When the Puritans rose to power Hall's opinions brought him into disgrace. He was imprisoned, and, though liberated, forbidden to preach. He died in retirement.

Hall's earliest work was in verse, and consisted of a series of satires called *Virgidemiarum* (1597), which were condemned by the Church as being licentious. His theological and devotional works, the product of his later years, are very numerous, and include tracts, sermons, and treatises. Though he is often shallow and voluble, he writes with literary grace. He is without doubt the most literary of the theologians of the time.

7. The Translators. The zeal for learning and spirit of adventure, which were such a prominent feature of the early Elizabethan times, were strongly apparent in the frequent translations. This class of literature had several curious characteristics. The translators cared little for verbal accuracy, and sometimes were content to translate from a translation, say from a French version of a Latin text. The translators, moreover, borrowed from each other and repeated the errors of their fellows. These habits deprived their work of any great pretensions to scholarship; but they were eager adventurers into the new realms of learning, and to a great extent they repro duced the spirit, if not the letter, of their originals. The translators worked in many varied fields. Of the classics, Virgil was translated by Phaer (1558) and Stanyhurst (1562); Plutarch's *Lives* (a work that had much influence on Shakespeare and other dramatists) by North (1579); Ovid by Golding (1565 and

1567), Turberville (1567), and Chapman (1595); Homer by Chapman (1598). All Seneca was in English by 1581, and Suetonius, Pliny, and Plutarch's *Morals* were translated by Holland. Among the translations of Italian works were Machiavelli's *Arte of Wane* (1560) --his more famous and influential *The Prince* was not translated until 1640--Castiglione's *The Courtyer,* translated by Hoby (1561); the *Palace of Pleasure* by Painter (1566) a work which was used by Shakespeare, Marston, Webster, and Massinger, and accounted for much of the horror of later Elizabethan tragedy; and Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso,* translated by Harrington (1591). From France were drawn Florio's translation of the *Essays* of Montaigne (1603) and Dannett's *Commines* (1596), while Spain provided North with *The Diall of Princes* (1557).

8. The Pamphleteers. All through this period there is a flood of short tracts on religion, politics, and literature. It was the work of a host of literary hacks who earned a precarious existence in London. These men represented a new class of writer. The Reformation had closed the Church to them; the growth of the universities and of learning continually increased their numbers. In later times journalism and its kindred careers supplied them with a livelihood; but at this time they eked out their existence by writing plays and squabbling among themselves in the pages of broadsheets.

In its buoyancy and vigour, its quaint mixture of truculence and petulance, Elizabethan pamphleteering is refreshingly boyish and alive. It is usually keenly satirical, and in style it is unformed and uncouth. The most notorious of the pamphleteers were Thomas Nash (or Nashe) (1567-1601), Robert Greene (1560 (?)-92), and Thomas Lodge (1558 (?)-1625). We quote a well-known passage from a pamphlet of Greene, in which he contrives to mingle praise of his friends with sly gibes at one who is probably Shakespeare. The style is typical of the pamphlets.

And thou,[1] no less deserving than the other two,[2] in some things rarer, in nothing inferior; driven (as myself) to extreme shifts, a little have I to say to thee; and were it not an idolatrous oath, I would swear by sweet St George, thou art unworthy better hap, sith thou dependest on so mean a stay. Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned; for unto none of you (like me) sought those burs to cleave,--those puppets, I mean,-- that speak from our mouths,--those antics garnished in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholding,--is it not like that you, to whom they all have been beholding,--shall

[Footnote[1:] Peele.]

[Footnote[1]2] Nash and Marlowe]

(were ye in that case that I am now) be both at once of them forsaken? Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Johannes factotum,* is in his own conceit the only Shakescene in a country. Oh, that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses, and let those apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions! I know the best husband of you all will never prove an usurer, and the kindest of them all will never prove a kind nurse: yet, whilst you may, seek you better masters; for it is pity men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasures of such rude grooms.
A Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance

THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY FORMS

At the beginning of the Elizabethan age English literary forms were still to a large extent in the making; at the end of the period there is a rich and varied store of most of the chief literary species. All that can be done here is to give the barest outline of this development.

1. Poetry, *(a) Dramatic Poetry.* The exuberant, adventurous spirit of the age was nowhere more clearly to be seen than in its dramatic poetry. Though the heroic couplet was used, as by Shakespeare in *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* the ascendancy of blank verse was firmly established, and the development from the stiff end-stopped verse of *Gorboduc* (1562) to the variety of pace and flexibility of Shakespeare was one of extraordinary rapidity. By 1590 Peele was already showing more variety, ease, and fluency, while Marlowe, by 1592, had made blank verse supreme in the drama. Its energy, barbaric splendour, resonance, lucidity, and sensitivity to the demands of varying emotion made his the first truly great dramatic **blank** verse. Shakespeare used the medium with abnormal range **and** power, and with a flexibility that subdued the demands of the metre completely to his will. Less than fifty years after *Gorboduc,* dramatic poetry had attained the highest level of which it was capable. After Shakespeare came a steady decline. Beaumont and Fletcher had a striking lucidity and simplicity of style, but lacked the true greatness that was Shakespeare's. Marston's rant and Dekker's sprawling verse carried the deterioration still further, and of the post-Shakespearian dramatists, only Webster ever touched the greatest heights, and though his verse could have great power it was often faulty. Symptomatic of the decline of blank

verse was the growing proportion of prose to be found in the drama of the later part of the period. *(b) Lyrical Poetry.* The temper of the age was suited to the lyrical mood, and so the abundance of the lyric is very great. It begins with the first efforts of Wyatt and Surrey (published 1557); it con tinues through the dramas in all their stages; and it appears in the numerous miscellanies of the period. Then the lyrical impulse is carried on without a break into the melodies of Campion and the darker moods of Donne. The forms of the lyric are many, and on the whole its notes are musical, wild, and natural.

An interesting sub-species of the lyric is the *sonnet.* We have seen how it took two forms--the Italian or Petrarchan form, and the English or Shakespearian type. During this period both kinds flourished, the English kind to a greater degree. Wyatt began with a group of the Italian type; Surrey introduced the English form. Then the sonnet, in one or other of its two forms, was continued by Sidney in *Astrophel and Stella* (published in 1591), by Spenser in the *Amoretti* (1595), by Shakespeare, and by Daniel in *Delia* (1592). Later in the period the sonnet was less popular, though Drayton wrote at least one of great power.

c)*Descriptive and Narrative Poetry.* This is a convenient title for a large and important class of poems. In this period it begins with such works as Sackville's *Induction* to the *Myrroure for Magistrates* (1563), continuing with Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* (published 1598) and Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* (1593) and *The Rape of Lucrece* (1594). It culminates in the sumptuous allegorical poetry of Spenser; and it begins its decline with the Spenserians of the type of the Fletchers and with Drayton's *Endimion and Phoebe* ((?) 1595). The pastoral, which is a kind of descriptive poem, is seen in Spenser's *Shepheards Calendar* (1579), in Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals* (1613), and in Drayton. Almost purely descriptive poetry is represented in Drayton's *Poly-Olbion* (1612); and a more strongly narrative type is the same poet's *England's Heroicall Epistles* (1597). All these poems are distinguished by strong descriptive power, freshness of fancy, and sometimes by positive genius of style.

d)*Religious, satirical,* and *didactic poetry* cannot take a position equal in importance to the rest. During the period the satirical intent is quite strong, but it does not produce great poetry. Gas-coigne's *Steele Glas* (1576) is one of the earliest satires; and it is followed by Donne's *Satires* (1590-1600?) and Hall's *Satires* (1597). Drayton's *The Harmonie of the Church* (1591) is religious in motive;

so are several poems of Donne, and also many of those of the Jesuit Robert Southwell (1561 (?)-95).

2. Drama. The opening of the Elizabethan period saw the drama struggling into maturity. The early type of the time was scholarly in tone and aristocratic in authorship. An example of the earliest type of playwright is Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke (1554-1628), who distinguished himself both as a dramatic and lyrical poet.

Next came the work of the University Wits, Peele, Greene, Lodge, Kyd, and, greatest of all, Marlowe. In their hands drama first began to realize its latent potentialities, and the exuberance and vitality which typify Elizabethan drama first made themselves felt.

To this stage succeeded that of Shakespeare, which covered approximately the years 1595 to 1615. Of this drama all we can say here is that it is the crown and flower of the Elizabethan literary achievement, and embodies almost the entire spirit both of drama and poetry.

The decline begins with Jonson, and continues with Beaumont and Fletcher, Dekker, Heywood, and the other dramatists mentioned in this chapter. The decline is made clear in several ways: in the narrowing of the ample Shakespearian motive, which comprises all mankind, into themes of temporary, local, and fragmentary importance; in the lack of creative power in the characterization, resulting sometimes in mere types or 'humours,' or (as in Dekker and Fletcher) in superficial improvisation, or in ponderous tragical figures (as in Webster and Tourneur); and, lastly, in the degradation of the style, which will be noted below. Sometimes the decline is gilded with delicate fancy, as in Fletcher's *The Faithful Shepherdess,* or in the exquisite *The Parliament of Bees* (1641) by John Day (fl. 1606); but the grace and charm of such plays cannot conceal the falling-off in power and imagination.

With regard to the development of the different dramatic types, we have already noted that tragedy developed first; in Shakespeare all kinds received attention, tragedy most of all. In post-Shakespearian drama light comedy was a very popular species, partly because the tragic note of exalted pity had degenerated into melodrama and horrors.

A special word is perhaps necessary on the *masque,* which during this time had a brief but brilliant career. The masque is a short dramatic performance composed for some particular festive occasion, such as the marriage or majority of a great man's son; it is distinguished by ornate stage-setting, by lyrics, music, and dancing,

and by allegorical characters. It finds a place in Shakespeare's *Tempest* and other plays; it is strongly developed in the works of Jonson, Fletcher, and other poets of the time; and it attains its climax during the next age in the *Comus* (1637) of Milton.

3. Prose. In Elizabethan times the development of prose was slower and slighter than that of poetry.

a)The *Essay,* beginning in the pamphlet, character-sketch, and other miscellaneous writing, develops in the work of Bacon. Its rise will be sketched more fully in a future chapter (see p. 217)

b)The *Novel* has some meagre but significant beginnings in More's *Utopia* (1516), Sidney's *Arcadia* (published in 1590), Lyly's *Euphues* (1579), Bacon's *New Atlantis* (1626), and most of all in Nash's *The Unfortunate Traveller* (1594). The rise of the novel is also reserved for a later chapter (see p. 276)

c)*Literary Criticism.* The birth of literary criticism indicates the growing stature of the national literature and the realization of the need to establish principles of writing. Lacking good poetry from the previous century, critics turned to the classics for their guides and models. They were chiefly concerned with three topics :

(i) *The status and value of poetry.* Gosson attacked poetry as immoral in his puritanical *The Schoole of Abuse* (1579), and Sidney replied in his famous *Apologie for Poetrie* (written before 1582)--see p. 85. William Webbe, in *A Discourse of English Poetrie* (1586), attempted the first historical survey of poets and poetry, and Puttenham's *The Arte of English Poesy* (1589) is the first systematic consideration of poetry as an art.

(ii) *The importance of classical models.* Before the Elizabethan period Ascham had advocated versifying on classical models, and he was later supported by Webbe, while Puttcnham held the balance even between the native and classical traditions.

(iii) *The merits and demerits of rhyme.* Intermittent discussion on this topic culminated in the debate between Campion and Daniel. In reply to Campion's condemnation of rhyme in his *Observations in the Art of English Poesie* (1602), Daniel's famous *A Defence of Rhyme* (1602) asserted the right of every literature to its own customs and traditions. It was a momentous declaration, and it is of interest to note that it is vindicated in the best possible way--through the successful use of rhyme by almost all the Elizabethan poets.

id) Miscellaneous prose, in the pamphlets, theological works, sermons, translations, travels, and such abnormalities as Bhrton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621), is exceedingly voluminous and

important. We have here a large, loose, and varied mass of English prose, the central exercising-ground of the average prose-writer, that is to be the foundation of many important groups of the future.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY STYLE

1. Poetry. The period immediately preceding was that of the clumsy poetry of Hawes, Skelton, and their kind; succeeding it is the strength and beauty of Elizabethan poetry. Between these two extremes the different stages of development are fairly well marked.

(a) The earliest period (say from 1550-80) is that of Wyatt, Surrey, Sidney, and the University Wits. This is the formative and imitative period, during which the dependence upon classical origi nals is particularly strong. The style has the precision and the erratic character of the diligent pupil. There are few deliberate innovations, and lapses into barbarism are not unknown. In this period appear the sonnet, blank verse, and many of the beautiful lyrical metrical forms. The lyrical style is least restrained by the influence of classical models.

(b)The Spenserian and Shakespearian stage (from about 1580 to 1615) is the stage of highest development. The native English genius, having absorbed the lessons of foreign writers, adds to them the youth and ardour of its own spirit. The result is a fullness, freshness, and grandeur of style unequalled in any other period of our literature. There are the lyrics and allegories of Spenser; the poems, dramas, and lyrics of Shakespeare; and the innumerable miscellanies, poems, and plays of other writers. The style is as varied as the poems; but the universal note is the romantic one of power ' and ease.

b)In the second decade of the seventeenth century the decline is apparent. The inspired phraseology, the wealth and flexibility of vocabulary, and the general bloom of the style pass into the lightness of fancy and the tinkling unsubstantial verse of the nature of Campion's. Or the high seriousness degenerates into the gloomy manner of the Websterian tragedy. The handling of blank verse is typical of the movement. The sinewy Shakespearian blank verse becomes nerveless; in drama prose is commoner in quantity and coarser in fibre. In the lyric much of the old technical dexterity survives, but the deeper qualities of passion and sincerity are less common and robust.

2. Prose. Unlike that of poetry, the style of prose enjoys a steady development, continued from the previous age, and maintained

[Table: TABLE TO ILLUSTRATE THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY FORMS]

through the Elizabethan age. Euphuism, which appeared early in this epoch, was a kind of literary measles incidental to early growth, and it quickly passed away, leaving the general body of English prose healthier than before. There is an increase in the raw material of prose in the shape of many foreign words that are imported; there is a growing expertness in sentence- and paragraph-construction and in the more delicate graces of style, such as rhythm and melody. The prose of Hooker and Bacon (in his later stages) represents the furthest development of the time. Prose style has yet a great deal to learn, but it is learning fast.

CHAPTER VI

THE AGE OF MILTON

[Chart: TIME-CHART OF THE CHIEF AUTHORS]

THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND (1630-60)

The entire period covered by this chapter is dominated by the Civil War. The earlier years are marked by the quarrels and alarms which led up to actual hostilities in 1642; the middle of the period is occupied with the spasmodic fighting that lasted till the execution of Charles I in 1649; and the last portion covers the establishment of the Commonwealth, the rise and disappearance of Cromwell

(1653-58), the confusion following upon his death, and the final restoration of the monarchy in 1660.

LITERARY FEATURES OF THE AGE

1.**The Reaction.** During this period the decline from the high Elizabethan standard is apparent in several ways, *(a)* The output, especially of poetry, is much smaller, and the fashion is toward shorter poems, especially the lyric of a peculiar type.- *(b)* There is a marked decay in the exalted poetical fervour of the previous age. In the new poetry there is more of the intellectual play of fancy than of passion and profundity. And, especially in prose, there is a matured melancholy that one is apt to associate with advancing years, *(c)* In prose there is a marked increase in activity, which is an almost invariable accompaniment of a decline in poetry.
2.**The Pressure of Historical Events.** Viewed from a broad aspect, the Civil War was only a domestic incident in English history; but the very narrowness of the issue intensified the bitterness of the contest. It divided the people into two factions, and among other things vitally affected the literature of the time.
3.**Milton.** In an age which, by comparison with the Elizabethan, produced relatively few great writers Milton stands as the one man who may claim a place among the very greatest. His prose is among the finest controversial writing in the language, and his poetic achievement has generally been considered to be second only to that of Shakespeare.
4.**The Metaphysical Poets.** This term was first used by Dr Johnson, who applied it to Cowley and Donne. It denotes the work of a group of poets who came directly or indirectly under Donne's influence (see p. 81). Usually lyrical in nature, their work shows a surprising blend of passion and thought; their poems are full of learned imagery and striking conceits, and, at their best, reveal great psychological insight and subtlety of thought development. In this category are included Crashaw, George Herbert, Vaughan, and Marvell. Their work will be considered in detail later in the chapter.
5.**The Cavalier Poets.** Where most of the metaphysical poets were of a religious and mystical cast, the Cavaliers, best represented by Herrick, Lovelace, and Suckling, dealt with themes of love. Tbny followed Ben Jonson in their classical restraint and concise lucidly. Their work is simple and graceful in structure and finely polishdiTin style.
6.**The Expansion of Prose.** The development of prose is carried

on from the previous age. In spite of the hampering effects of the civil strife, the prose output was copious and excellent in kind. There was a notable advance in the sermon; pamphlets were abundant; and history, politics, philosophy, and miscellaneous kinds were well represented. In addition, there was a remarkable advance in prose style.
7.**The Collapse of the Drama.** Many things combined to oppress the drama at this time. Chief among these were the civil disturbances and the strong opposition of the Puritans. In temper the age was not dramatic. It is curious to note that Milton's greatest work, which in the Elizabethan age would probably have been dramatic in form, took on the shape of the epic. The actual dramatic work of the period was small and unimportant; and the unequal struggle was terminated by the closing Of the theatres in 1642.

JOHN MILTON (1608-74)

1. His Life. (Milton was born in Bread Street, Cheapside, London. His father was a money-scrivener, an occupation that combined the duties of the modern banker and lawyer. Milton was educated at St Paul's School, London, and at Cambridge.] At the university his stubborn and irascible nature declared itself, and owing to insubordination he was 'sent down' for a term.(On taking his final degree (1632) he abandoned his intention of entering the Church and retired to Horton,-a small village in Buckinghamshire, some seventeen miles from London,/ whither his father had with-drawn from business.
/Milton's next few years were those of a sequestered man of letters. Poetry, mathematics, and music were his main studies. In 1638 he left for a tour on the Continent, staying some months in Italy, where he met many scholars and literary men. He was recalled to England by the news that civil war was imminent. He settled down in London and set up a small private school, and when hostilities broke out a year or two later he took no part in the fighting, (His . pen, however, was active in support of the Parliamentary cause, to which he was passionately attached.)
In 1643 he married a woman mucn younger than himself, and almost immediately his wife left him and did not return for two yeirs. This unfortunate circumstance led Milton to write two streng pamphlets on divorce, which caused a great scandal at the time. Then in 1649, after the execution of the King, he was appointed by the Commonwealth Government Secretary for Foreign

Tongues. In this capacity he became secretary to the Council of State, and drafted Latin documents for transmission to foreign Powers. In addition, he wrote numerous pamphlets in support of the republican cause, (By this time his eyesight was failing; and when the Restoration came in 1660 to ruin his hopes, it found him blind, poor, and alone. He escaped, however, from the severe punishments that were inflicted upon many prominent Roundheads. He was slightly punished by a nominal imprisonment; retired to an obscure village in Buckinghamshire to write poetry; and died in London, where he was buried.

2. His Prose. Most of Milton's prose was written during the middle period of his life (1640-60), when he was busy with public affairs. The prose works have an unusual interest, because as a rule they have a direct bearing on either his personal business or public interests In all they amount to twenty-five pamphlets, of which twenty-one are in English and the remaining four in Latin. He began pamphleteering quite early (1641), when he engaged in a lively controversy with Bishop Hall over episcopacy. Then, while teaching, he wrote a rather poor tract, *Of Education* (1644). When his wife deserted him he composed two pamphlets on divorce (1643 and 1644), which scandalized the public by the freedom of their opinions and the slashing nature of their style. The critics of the pamphlets sought to confound Milton on a technical matter by pointing out that he had not licensed the books, as required by law. To this Milton retorted with the greatest of all his tracts, *AreopagU tica* (1644), a noble and impassioned plea for the liberty of the Press. Later works include a defence (in Latin) of the execution of Charles I and of other actions of the Commonwealth Government. During the last years of his life Milton partly completed a *History of Britain* and other scholastic works.

When we consider the style of Milton's prose we must keep in mind how it was occasioned. His pamphlets were cast off at white heat and precipitated into print while some topic was in urgent debate either in Milton's or the public mind. Hence in method they are tempestuous and disordered; voluble, violent, and lax in style. They reveal intense zeal and pugnacity, a mind at once spacious in ideals and intolerant in application, a rich fancy, and a capacious scholarship. They lack humour, proportion, and restraint; but in spite of these defects they are among the greatest controversial compositions in the language. A short extract will illustrate some of the Miltonic features:

I deny not but that it is of greatest concernment in the Church and Commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors: for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. *Areopagitica*

3. **His Poetry.** The great bulk of Milton's poetry was written during two periods separated from each other by twenty years: (a) the period of his university career and his stay at Horton, from 1629 to 1640; and *(b)* the last years of his life, from about 1660 to 1674. The years between were filled by a few sonnets.

(a) While still an undergraduate Milton began to compose poems of remarkable maturity and promise. They include the fine and stately *Ode on the Morning of-Christ's Nativity* (1629), and the poems *On Shakespeare* (1630) and *On Arriving at the Age of Twenty-three* (1631). (yiese poems show Milton's command of impressive diction and his high ideals, both literary and religious). While at Horton (probably in 1632) he composed L' *Allegro* and ll *Penseroso,* two longish poems in octosyllabic couplets dealing with the respective experiences of the gay and thoughtful man. The pieces are decorative rather than descriptive, artificial rather than natural, but they are full of scholarly fancy and adroit poetical phrasing. *Comus* (1634) belongs to this period, and is a masque containing some stiff but beautiful blank verse and some quite charming lyrical measures. *Lycidas* (1637) is an elegy on his friend Edward King, who was drowned on a voyage to Ireland. The real subject of the poem, however, is the uncertainty and torment occasioned in Milton's mind by his realization that death might forestall the achievement of the fame which was his ambitionHn its varying moods we see the interplay af doubt, fear, anger, and finally, a peaceful reliance on the belief :hat true fame rests on God and is only to be found in heaven. It is his underlying subject which gives the poem its passionate sincerity.

Lycidas, which is to be reckoned as among the highest of Milton's achievements, is something quite new in English poetry. In form it is pastoral, but this artificial medium serves only to show the power of Milton's grip, which can wring from intractable material the very essence of poetry. The elegy has the colour and music of the best Spenserian verse; but it has a climbing majesty of epithet and a dignified intensity of passion that Spenser does not posssess. Its metre is an irregular stanza-sequence and rhyme-sequence of a peculiar haunting beauty.

For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our Frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away,--where'er thy bones are hurled,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides
Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold...

(b) This period (1660-74) gives us the poetry of the matured Milton. The work of the middle years is composed of a few sonnets. These, with some others written at different times, suffciently show Milton's command of the Italian form, which he uses throughout. He gives it a sweep and sonorous impressiveness that set him alone beside Wordsworth, who in this respect is his poetical successor. The best of Milton's sonnets are *On his Blindness* and *On the Late Massacre in Piedmont.*
The great work of this time is *Paradise Lost.* It was begun as early as 1658, and issued in 1667. At first it was divided into ten books or parts, but in the second edition it was redivided into twelve. In form it follows the strict unity of the classical epic; in theme it deals with the fall of man; but by means of introduced narratives it covers the rebellion of Lucifer in heaven, the celestial warfare, and the expulsion of the rebels. In conception the poem is spacious and commanding; it is sumptuously adorned with all the detail that Milton's rich imagination, fed with classical and Biblical lore, can suggest; the characters, especially that of Lucifer, are drawn on a gigantic scale, and do not lack a certain tragic immensity; and the blank verse in which the work is composed is new and wonderful. This type of blank verse has founded a tradition in English; it has often been imitated and modified, but never

paralleled. It lacks the suppleness of the Shakespearian measure, but it is instinct with beauty and scholarly care. It is almost infinite in modulation; varied cunningly in scansion, in pause, in cadence, and in sonorous dignity of music. It has its lapses into wordiness and bombast, but the lapses are few indeed.
In the following extract the construction of the blank verse should be carefully observed. The variation of foot, pause, and melody is worthy of the closest study.

No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all
The multitude of angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannas filled
The eternal regions. Lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground,
With solemn adoration, down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold--
Immortal amarant, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
To Heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows,
And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss, through midst of Heaven,
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream.

In 1671 Milton issued his last volume of poetry, which contained *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes.* The former poem, which tells of Christ's temptation and victory, is complementary to the earlier epic, and Milton hoped that it would surpass its predecessor. In this his hopes were dashed. It is briefer and poorer than *Paradise Lost;* it lacks the exalted imagination, the adornment, and the ornate rhythms of the earlier poem. There is little action, the characters are uninteresting, and the work approaches *Paradise Lost* only in a few outstanding passages.
Samson Agonistes, which tells of Samson's death while a prisoner of the Philistines, has a curious interest, for in the Biblical hero Milton saw more than one resemblance to himself. In form the work has the strict unity of time, place, and action universal in Greek tragedy. In style it is bleak and bare, in places harsh and forbidding; but in several places Milton's stubborn soul is wrung with pity and exalted by the hope that looks beyond. The speech of Samson's father over his dead son is no inappropriate epitaph for Milton himself:

Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause; Samson hath **quit** himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finished
A life heroic, on his enemies
Fully revenged, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor
Through all Philistian bounds. To Israel
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion,
To himself and father's house eternal fame;
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was feared,
But favouring and assisting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

4.**Features of his Poetry,** *(a) The Puritan Strain.* All through his life Milton's religious fevour was unshaken. Even his enemies did not deny his sincerity It is seen even in one of his earliest sonnets:

All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.

It persists even to the end, when it runs deeper and darker and darker. In *Paradise Lost,* for example, his chief motive is to "justify the ways of God to men."
This religious tendency is apparent in (1) the choice of religious subjects, especially in the later poems; (2) the sense of responsibility and moral exaltation; (3) the fondness for preaching and lecturing, which in *Paradise Lost* is a positive weakness; (4) the narrowness of outlook, strongly Puritanical, seen in his outbursts against his opponents (as in *Lycidas),* in his belief regarding the inferiority of women, and in his scorn for the "miscellaneous rabble."
(b) the Classical Strain. Curiously interwrought with the severity of his religious nature is a strong bent for the classics,'which is pagan and sensuous. His learning was wide and matured; he wrote Latin prose and verse as freely as he wrote English. His classical bent is apparent in (1) his choice of classical and semi-classical forms--such as the epic, the Greek tragedy, and the pastoral; (2) the elaborate descriptions and enormous similes *mParadise Lost;* (3) the fondness for classical allusion, which runs riot through all his poetry; (4) the dignity of his style, and its precision and care. His very egoism takes a high classical turn. In his blindness he compares himself with

Blind Thamyris and blind Mseonides, And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old.
In his choice of diction we have the classical element abundantly apparent; and, lastly, the same element appears in the typical Miltonic grandeur and frigidity, the arrogant aloofness from men and mortals.

(c) *His Poetical Genius.* As a poet Milton is not a great innovator; his function is rather to refine and make perfect. Every form he touches acquires a finality of grace and dignity. The epic, the ode, the classical drama, the sonnet, the masque, and the elegy--his achievements in these have never been bettered and seldom ap proached. As a metrist he stands almost alone. In all his metres we observe the same ease, sureness, and success.

(d) His Position in Literature. In literature Milton occupies an important central or transitional position. He came immediately after the Elizabethan epoch, when the Elizabethan methods were crumbling into chaos. His hand and temper were firm enough to gather into one system the wavering tendencies of poetry, and to give them sureness, accuracy, and variety. The next generation, lacking the inspiration of the Elizabethans, found in him the necefr sary stimulus to order and accuracy; and from him, to a great extent, sprang the new 'classicism' that was to be the rule for more than a century.

OTHER POETS

1. The Metaphysical Poets. The works of this group of poets have several features in common: (i) the poetry is to a great extent lyrical; (ii) in subject it is chiefly religious or amatory; (iii) there is much metrical facility, even in complicated lyrical stanzas; (iv) the poetic style is sometimes almost startling in its sudden beauty of phrase and melody of diction, but there are unexpected turns of language and figures of speech (hence the name of the group).

(a) George Herbert (1593-1633) was born at Montgomery Castle, educated at Westminster School and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was appointed Fellow and reader, took holy orders, and, in 1630, became rector of Bemerton, near Salisbury. None of his poems was published during his lifetime. *The Temple* (published 1633) shows his zeal for the Church of England and concern with practical theology. He himself described the work as "a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus

my Master; in whose service I have now found perfect freedom." The poems are peculiarly honest, intimate, sincere, and modest. They are homely, quiet, and colloquial, and touched with a quaint humour. They are metaphysical in their unusual conceits (though Herbert does not cultivate the learned scholastic imagery of Donne) and in the blend of thought and feeling. Herbert was a careful artist, precise and simple in expression, fond of unusual metrical patterns (as in *Easter Wings),* and a lover of harmony. His poetry is sensitive to the most delicate changes of feeling. We give here a typical and well-known poem from *The Temple:*

THE COLLAR

I Struck the board, and cry'd, No more.
I will abroad.
What ? shall I ever sigh and pine ?
My lines and life are free; free as the rode,
Loose as the winde, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit ?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me bloud, and not restore
What I have lost with cordiall fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did drie it: there was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the yeare onely lost to me?
Have I no bayes to crown it ?
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted?
All wasted ?
Not so, my heart: but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures: leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit, and not; forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands,
Which pettie thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And by thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away; take heed:
I will abroad.
Call in they deaths head there: tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need,
Deserves his load.
But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wilde

At every word,
Me thoughts I heard one calling, *Childe:*
And I reply'd, *My Lord.*

(b) **Richard Crashaw (1613** (?)-49), the son of a Puritan clergyman, was bom in London and educated at the Charterhouse and at Cambridge. During the Civil War his professed Royalist sympathies led to the loss (in 1644) of his fellowship at Peterhouse. He then went abroad and, in 1645, entered the Roman Church. He died at Loretto.
His best work is in *Steps to the Temple* (1646) and much of it was reprinted with valuable additions in *Carmen Deo Nostra* (1652).
In many ways Crashaw is not metaphysical: his poems reveal no complexity of mind, no conflict or tension: the manner is not colloquial, and the images are pictorial rather than intellectual, lacking the homeliness of Donne and Herbert. At the same time he has the metaphysical fondness for the striking conceit, which, in him, often becomes fantastic. His poetry is notable for its fire and fervour, and the impetus which it derives from his religious excitement and exaltation. It is emotional rather than thoughtful, and his long, irregular odes are full of gaudy extravagances and sensuous decoration, often showing an undisciplined rapture, though he is capable of simple beauty.
We quote an extract to show the exalted mood to which his poetry can ascend :

Live in these conquering leaves; live all the same;
And walk through all tongues one triumphant flame;
Live here, great heart;[1] and love, and die, and kill;
And bleed, and wound, and yield, and conquer still.
Let this immortal life where'er it comes
Walk in a crowd of loves and martyrdoms.
Let mystic deaths wait on't; and wise souls be
The love-slain witnesses of this life of thee.
O sweet incendiary! show here thy art,
Upon undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of lights and fires; ...
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting soul, and sealed thee his;...
Leave nothing of myself in me.
The Flaming Heart

(c) **Henry Vaughan 1622 (?)-95)** was born in Wales, and was descended from an ancient family. After Oxford, he went to London to study law, then turned to medicine, and practised at Brecon.
'Of St Teresa

His books include *Poems* (1646), *Olor Iscanus* (published 1651) *Silex Scintillans* (1650), and *Thalia Rediviva* (1678).
Vaughan's love-poems, though they are often prettily and sometimes beautifully phrased, are inferior to his religious pieces, especially those in *Silex Scintillans*. His religious fervour is nobly imaginative, and strikes out lines and ideas of astonishing strength and beauty. His regard for nature, moreover, has a closeness and penetration that sometimes (for example, in *The Retreat)* suggest Wordsworth.
(d) Thomas Carew (1594 (?)-1639 (?)) was born in Kent, educated at Oxford, and studied law in the Middle Temple. He attained to some success as a courtier, but later died in obscurity.
His *Poems* (1640) show his undoubted lyrical ability. The pieces are influenced by Donne and Jonson, but they have a character of their own. The fancy is warmly coloured, though it is marred by licence and bad taste. We quote a lyric which can be taken as representative of the best of its kind. Its fancy is too rich and beautiful to be called fantastic, and its golden felicity of diction is rarely equalled.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose,
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day,
For, in pure love, heavon did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past,
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night,
For in your eyes they sit, and there,
Fixed, become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The phoenix builds her spicy nest,
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

(c) Abraham Cowley (1618-4S7) was born in London, the son of a wealthy citizen. He was educated at Westminster School and .-it Cambridge, where he distinguished himself as **a** classical scholar.

In the Civil War he warmly supported the King; followed the royal family into exile, where he performed valuable services; returned to England at the Restoration; and for the remainder of his life composed books in retirement.

Cowley, even more than Pope and Macaulay, is the great example of the infant prodigy. When he was ten he wrote a long epical romance, *Pyramus and Thisbe* (1628), and two years later produced an even longer poem called *Constantia and Philetus* (1630). All through his life he was active in the production of many kinds of work--poems, plays, essays, and histories. His best-known poem was *The Davideis* (published 1656), a rather dreary epic on King David, in heroic couplets. Other poems were *The Mistress* (1647), a collection of love-poems, and the *Pindarique Odes,* which are a curious hybrid between the early freedom of the Elizabethans and the classicism of the later generation. His prose works included his *Essays* and *Discourse by way of Vision concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell* (1661).

In Cowley the metaphysical strain had become feeble. He was learned and ingenious of fancy, but his work suffered from a lack of deep feeling, and in him the use of the metaphysical wit and conceit deteriorated into mere ingenuity and mannerism.

Both in prose and poetry he was a man of various methods, showing the wavering moods of the transitional poet. His heroic couplets and irregular odes foreshadow the vogue of the approaching 'correctness'; his essays, in their pleasant egoism and miscellaneous subject-matter, suggest Addison; and his prose style, plain and not inelegant, draws near to the mode of Dryden. His variety pleased many tastes; hence the popularity that was showered upon him during his day. But he excelled in no particular method; and hence the partial oblivion that has followed.

(f) Andrew Marrell (1621-78), the son of a clergyman, was educated at Cambridge. After a period abroad he became tutor to the daughter of Lord Fairfax, and during this period (1650-52) he wrote most of his best poetry. From 1657 to 1659 he assisted Milton in his duties as Secretary for Foreign Tongues, and he helped to protect him from the royal wrath after 1660. He served as Member of Parliament for Hull from 1659 until his death.

His controversial prose writings were popular in his day, but, with the exception of his vindication of Milton in *The Rehearsal Transprosed* (1672-73), a work full of humour and charm, and his *News-letters,* which reported to his constituents the doings of Parliament

during the period of his membership of the House, they are now of little interest.
His poems were circulated in manuscript during his life, but most were not published until 1681. They have been described as the finest flower of serious and secular metaphysical verse. Marvell's work has the subtlety of wit, the passionate argument and the learned imagery of the metaphysicals, combined with the clarity and control of the classical followers of Jonson and the gracefulness of the cavaliers. His rhythms are flexible, his melody delicate. He loved Nature and the freshness of gardens, and in all his work there is a high seriousness and absolute sincerity. We give below the well-known lines from *To his Coy Mistress,* which illustrate clearly the metaphysical blend of passion and fantastic conceit, handled by Marvell with his distinctive control and poise.

But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near:
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast Eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found;
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song: then worms shall try
That long preserved virginity:
And your quaint honour turn to dust;
And into ashes all my lust.
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none I think do there embrace.

2. The Cavalier poets are lyrical poets, and deal chiefly with love and war.
(a) Robert Herrick (1591-1674) was born in London, and edu
cated at Cambridge. In 1629 he was appointed to a living in
Devonshire, where he died.
His two volumes of poems are *Noble Numbers* (1647) and *Hespe--ides* (1648). Both are collections of short poems, sacred and profane. In them he reveals lyrical power of a high order: fresh, passionate, and felicitously exact, but at the same time meditative and observant. Herrick was strongly influenced by Jonson and the classics; he delighted in the good things of this world; but that did not prevent his having a keen enjoyment of Nature and a fresh outlook upon life. Among the best known of his shorter pieces are *To Anthea, To Julia,* and *Cherry Ripe.*
(b) **Richard Lovelace (1618-58)** was born at Woolwich, was edu
cated at the Charterhouse and at Oxford. When the Civil War

broke out he was imprisoned by the Roundheads; and, being liberated on parole, could do little actively to assist Charles. At a later stage he saw some soldiering in France, returned to England, and died in obscure circumstances.

His volume *Lucasta* (1649) contains the best of his shorter pieces, which had appeared at different times previously. His best-known lyrics, such as *To Althea, from Prison* and *To Lucas ta, going to the Wars,* are simple and sincere, and free from the cynicism of his day, but most of his poems are careless in workmanship, full of affected wit and gallantry, and often rendered obscure by extravagant and grotesque conceits.

(c) **Sir John Suckling (1609-42)** was born in Middlesex, and at the age of eighteen fell heir to a large fortune. He was educated at Oxford, travelled on the Continent, served as a volunteer under Gustavus Adolphus, and became a favourite of Charles I. He was implicated in Royalist plots, and escaped abroad (1641), where he died under conditions that are somewhat mysterious.

To some extent (for he seems to have lacked physical courage) Suckling was the cavalier of the romances and the Restoration plays --gay, generous, and witty. His poems largely reflect these characteristics. As a poet he has great ability, but he is usually the elegant amateur, disdaining serious and sustained labour. Some of his poems, such- as the *Ballad upon a Wedding* (given below) and *Why so Pale and Wan, Fond Lover?* show the tricksy elegance that is his chief attraction.

Her finger was so small, the ring,
Would not stay on, which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck:
And to say truth (for out it must)
It looked like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light:
But O, she dances such a way !
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
(Who sees them is undone).
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catherine pear
The side that's next the sun.

A Ballad upon a Wedding

DRAMA

1. Philip Massinger (1583-1640) was born at Salisbury, educated at Oxford, and became a literary man in London, writing plays for the King's Men, a company of actors. If we may judge from his begging letters that survive, he found in dramatic work little financial encouragement. He died and was buried in London.

Massinger began his career as a collaborator with older, better-known dramatists, and especially with Fletcher, whose influence over him was strong. Among his best-known plays are his comedies, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* (published 1633) and *The City Madam* (published 1632), and his tragedies, *the Duke ofMilaine* (published 1623), and *The Unnatural Combat* (published 1639). His finest qualities are the fluency and vitality of his blank verse, the clarity and strength of his plot construction, and his fine theatre sense. His characters (with one or two notable exceptions, like Sir Giles Overreach in A *New Way to Pay Old Debts,* and Luke Frugal in *The City Madam) ait* usually types rather than individuals, and in situation, theatrical device, and characterization, he has a fondness for repetition which is a serious weakness. The shallow, boldly drawn characters often place too great a strain upon our credulity--his villains are villainous, and his women shameless, to an incredible degree. Predominantly serious in temper, Massinger often deals with the political issues of his day. He seems to lack real humour, and the comic garb can sit rather uneasily upon him.

2. John Ford (1586-1639?) was born in Devonshire, perhaps educated at Oxford, and studied, though he seems never to have practised, law. He became an active producer of plays, chiefly tragedies, both on his own account and in collaboration with other playrwrights.

In his nature Ford had a morbid twist which gave him a strange liking for the horrible and the unnatural. His plays are unequal in quality; but the most powerful of them are prevented from being revolting by their real tragic force and their high literary aims. In *The Broken Heart* (published 1633) he harrows the reader's feelings almost beyond endurance, while' *Tis Pity She's a Whore* of the same year is a grim story of unhallowed passion; his *Perkin Warbeck(*1634), a historical tragedy, is reckoned to be among the best historical drama outside of Shakespeare; and in *The Witch of Edmonton* (soon after 1621) he collaborated with Dekker, Rowley, and others to produce a powerful domestic drama. Others of the sixteen plays

attributed to him are *The Lover's Melancholy* (1628), *Love's Sacrifice* (1633), and *The Fancies, Chast and Noble* (1638).

PROSE

SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605-82) may be taken as representative Of the best prose-writers of the period.

1.His Life. Browne was born in London, educated at Winchester and Oxford, and studied medicine. For a time he practised in Oxfordshire; then he travelled abroad, receiving his degree of M.D. at Leyden. Returning to England (c. 1634), he soon removed to Norwich (1637), where for the remainder of his life he successfully practised as a doctor.

2.His Works. Almost alone among his contemporaries, Browne seems to have been unaffected by the commotions of the time. His prose works, produced during some of the hottest years of civil contention, are tranquilly oblivious of unrest. His books are only five in number, are individually small in size, and are of great and almost uniform merit. *Religio Medici* (written *c.* 1635 and published 1642), his confession of faith, is a curious mixture of religious faith and scientific scepticism; *Pseudodoxia Epidemica,* or *Vulgar Errors* (1646), sharing the same mental inconsistency, resembles the work of Burton in its out-of-the-way learning; *Hydriotaphia: Urne Buriall* (1658), commonly considered to be his masterpiece, contains reflections on human mortality induced by the discovery of some ancient funeral urns; *The Garden of Cyrus* (1658) is a treatise on the quincunx. A last work, *Christian Morals,* was published after his death.

3.His Style. Browne's claim to fame is as a literary stylist rather than as a philosopher. He shows the ornate style of the time in its richest bloom. His diction is strongly Latinized, sometimes to the limit of obscurity; and he has the scholastic habit of introducing Latin tags and references. In this he resembles Burton; but in other respects he is far beyond the author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy.* His sentences are carefully wrought and artistically combined into paragraphs; and, most important from the purely literary point of view, the diction has a richness of effect unknown among other English prose-writers. The rhythm is harmonious, and finishes with carefully attuned cadences. The prose is sometimes obscure, rarely vivacious, and hardly ever diverting; but the solemnity and beauty of it have given it an enduring fascination. A brief extract will illustrate some of its qualities:

Pious spirits who passed their days in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world, than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of preordination, and night of their fore-beings And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and mgression into the divine shadow, they have already had an handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them.

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names and predicament of chimeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live, indeed, is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope, but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St Innocent's churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt. Ready to be anything, in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the *moles* of Adrian us.

Hydriotaphia

OTHER PROSE-WRITERS

1. Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon (1609-74), was born in Wiltshire, educated at Oxford, and studied law. A man of excellent address, he was a successful lawyer, and became a member of the House of Commons. At first he was attached to the Parliamentary side, but he separated from the party on account of their attitude to the Church. He changed over to the Royalists, and thenceforward became one of the foremost advocates of the King's cause. After the downfall of the Royalists he accompanied the young Charles into exile; and at the Restoration he was appointed Lord Chancellor and raised to the peerage as Earl of Clarendon. He was too severe for the frivolous Restoration times, was exiled (1667), and died in France. His body was buried in Westminster Abbey.

His great work, *The History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England,* was begun as early as 1646 and finished during the years of his last exile. It was not published till 1704. To some extent the work is based on his own knowledge of the struggle; it lacks proportion and complete accuracy; but the narrative is strong and attractive, and it contains masterly character-sketches of some of the chief figures in the struggle. It is composed in long, lumbering sentences, loaded with parentheses and digressions, but the style is readable. It is the most important English work of a historical nature up to the date of its issue.

2. Thomas Hobbes (1588-1679) was born at Malmesbury, and was the son of a clergyman. He finished his education at Oxford,

and became tutor to the future Earl of Devonshire. He supported the Royalist cause, was exiled by the Roundheads, and at the Restoration was awarded a pension. The remainder of his long life was devoted to literature.

Hobbes took an active part in the intellectual broils of the period, and much of his work is violently contentious. His chief book was *Leviathan* (1651), which expounded his political theories. The ardour of his opinions embroiled him with both of the chief political parties, but the abuse that it occasioned gave the book an immense interest. The style in which it is written is hard, clear, and accurate --almost the ideal medium for sustained exposition and argument.

3. Jeremy Taylor (1613-67) is the most prominent literary divine of the period. The son of a barber, he was born and educated at Cambridge, though latterly he removed to Oxford. Taking holy orders, he distinguished himself as an ardent expounder of the Royalist cause, and for a time he was imprisoned by the Parlia mentary party. At the Restoration he was rewarded by being appointed to the Irish bishoprics of Down and Dromore. He died in Ireland.

A learned, voluble, and impressive preacher, Taylor carried the same qualities into his prose works, which consisted of tracts, sermons, and theological books. His most popular works, in addition to. his collections of sermons, were *The Liberty of Prophesying,* (1647), *Holy Living* (1650), and *Holy Dying* (1651). In his writings he is fond of quotations and allusions and of florid, rhetorical figures, such as simile, exclamation, and apostrophe; and his language, built into long, stately, but comprehensible sentences, is abundant, melodious, and pleasing.

4. Thomas Fuller (1608-61) was born in Northamptonshire, his father being a clergyman. He was educated at Cambridge, and took holy orders. He received various appointments, and by his witty sermons attracted the notice of Charles I. During the Civil War he was a chaplain to the Royalist forces; but when his side was defeated he made his peace with the Parliamentary party and was permitted to carry on his literary labours. He died the year after the Restoration.

Fuller had an original and penetrating mind, a wit apt for caustic comment, and an industry that remained unimpaired till the end of his life. His literary works are therefore of great interest and value. His serious historical books include *The History of the Holy War* (1639), dealing with the Crusades, and *The Church History of Britain*

(1655). Among his pamphlets are *Good Thoughts in Bad Times* (1645), and *An Alarum to the Counties of England and Wales* (1660). The work that has given him his reputation is his *The Worthies of England,* published by his son in 1662. It shows his peculiar jocosity at its best.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY FORMS

1. Poetry, *(a) The Lyric.* The period is rich in lyrical poetry of a peculiar kind. The theme is chiefly love or religion. With the exception of some of those of Marvell, most of the love-poems are dedicated to ladies of the usual literary convention, such as Althea, Celia, and Phyllis, who both in name and nature resemble the stock characters of the artificial pastoral poetry. The language addressed to such creations cannot be that of deep and genuine passion; it is rather that of polite compliment, verbal quibble, or courtly jest. This type of lyric is a charming literary exercise, but hardly the inspired searching of the lover's heart. We have already noticed the poems of Herrick, Lovelace, Suckling, and Carew as being representative of this class. To these names may be added those of George **Wither (1588-1667),** who writes freshly and sweetly, and the numerous miscellaneous song-writers, mostly anonymous, who in inspired moments could produce such charming lyrics as "Phillida flouts me."

The religious lyric, on the other hand, as we can see in the case of Crashaw and Vaughan, is frequently passionately inspired; and we have commented upon the incongruity that frequently disfigures the style. In the case of Milton his lyrics are superbly phrased, but they too lack spontaneity. His sonnets, among the noblest of their class, have much more depth of feeling.

(6) *The Epic.* The true epic treats of a sublime subject in the grand manner. In some respects *Beowulf is* an epic, but strictly speaking the English epic does not appear till this age. Cowley's *Davideis* (1656) and Davenant's *Gondibert* (1650) aspire to be great epics; but though they subscribe to the rules governing the outward form of the species they lack the inner spirit and they are failures. Milton's *Paradise Lost* (begun in 1658) has the heat and inspiration, but the Puritan bias in his nature led him to the rather unsuitable subject of the fall of man. It is unsuitable because it is weak in heroic action. Much more appropriate would have been the story of King Arthur, which for a long time he thought of using. Otherwise Milton's treatment of the subject is strictly orthodox. Nominally at least he

adheres to the epical unity of action; he draws his characters **with the** wide sweep; and the style is a triumph of English epical style. His *Paradise Regained* (1671) is worked out on the same lines, but it is shorter and weaker than the earlier epic.

c)*The Ode.* In Spenser's *Epithalamion* and *Prothalamion* we have seen the irregular ode attain to a high degree of perfection. In this age we observe the appearance of the Pindaric ode, which was to be so popular in the succeeding generations. Though it appears to be irregular, the Pindaric ode is really bound by stringent rules; its language is ornately artificial; and its diction mannered and unreal. Therefore it is suited to the needs of a transitional period that desires artificiality with a show of freedom. Cowley's *Pindarique Odes* (1656) are the first of their class in English.

d)*Descriptive and Narrative Poetry.* In this wide class we may include Milton's L'*Allegro* and ll *Penseroso,* Herrick's pastoral poems, and Crashaw's religous-descriptive pieces. To these may be added the *Cooper's Hill* (1642) of **Sir John Denham (1615-69),** a descriptive poem much praised in its day, and the romantic poem *Pharonnida* (1659) by **William Chamberlayne (1619-89). In** all these poems we may observe the growing tendency to avoid contact with actual wild nature, and to seek rather the conventional and bookish landscapes familiar in the more artificial classical authors. Already the new classicism is declaring itself.

2.**Drama.** Earlier in this chapter we have noticed the decline and temporary collapse of the drama (1642). The plays of Massinger sustain the expiring spirit of the great Elizabethans; those of Ford follow the tragical school of Webster and Tourneur. Other playwrights are **James Shirley (1596-1666),** who wrote some pleasing comedies of London life, such as *The Lady of Pleasure* (1635), and the feebler writers **Suckling** and **Davenant.**

3.**Prose.** While the period is almost devoid of narrative prose of the lighter sort, it is quite rich in prose of other kinds.

(a) The Sermon. This period has been called 'the Golden Age of the English pulpit.' No doubt the violent religious strife of the time has much to do with the great flow of sermon writing, which is marked with eloquence, learning, and strong argument. In addition to Jeremy Taylor and Fuller, already mentioned, we may notice **Robert South (1634-1716),** who writes rather more briefly and simply than the rest, **Isaac Barrow (1630-77),** learned and copious, and **Richard Baxter (1615-91),** a Nonconformist, whose *The Saints' Everlasting Rest* (1649) has survived all his preachings.

b)*Philosophical Works.* On the moral side there are the works of Sir Thomas Browne; on the political those of Hobbes; and on the •religious side the books of John Hales (1584-1656). Works of this type show a growing knowledge and advancing scholarship, joined sometimes to quaint conceits and artless credulity.
c)*Historical Works.* In this class Clarendon's and Fuller's works stand pre-eminent. The development of the history will be noticed in a future chapter (see p. 280).
d)*Miscellaneous Prose.* In this large and varied group may be included the pamphlets of Milton, Hobbes, Fuller, and many more; the attractive books of Izaac Walton (1593-1683), whose *The Compleat Angler* (1653) is the classic of its kind; the interesting *Resolves,* short miscellaneous essays, of Owen Felltham (1602 (?)-68); and the *Familiar Letters* (1645), an early type'of essay-journalism, of James Howell (1594 (?)-1666).
e)
THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY STYLE

1. Poetry. In surveying the poetical style of the age one is aware of conflicting tendencies, a state of affairs quite in keeping with the transitional nature of the time.
(a) The *lyrical style* shows a decline from the natural splendours of the Elizabethan age; but it shows an increase in care, in polish, and in actual metrical dexterity. Moreover, in the best examples of the time we find a melodious resonance and beauty that are quite peculiar to the period. The lyric of Carew quoted on p. 142 illustrates this felicity both of sound and expression. The startling 'metaphysical' quality of the works of many of the poets has been commented upon. It is revealed at its worst in the works of John Cleveland (1613-58), whose more violent efforts came to be known as ' *Clevelandisms.'* The following is a mild example of his manner:

The flowers, called out of their beds,
Start and raise up their drowsy heads;
And he that for their colour seeks,
May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
Where roses mix; no civil war
Between her York and Lancaster.
The marigold, whose courtier's face
Echoes the sun, and doth unlace
Her at his rise, at his full stop
Packs and shuts up her gaudy shop,
Mistakes her cue, and doth display:
Thus Phillis antedates the day.
Upon Phillis walking in a-Morning before Sun-risirv

b)In *blank verse* conflicting movements are also apparent. **In Milton** the style reaches a magnificent climax. But in the drama, especially in the drama of minor playwrights of the ability of Suckling and Davenant, it becomes a huddle of verse and prose, so bad that one hesitates to say where the verse ends and the prose begins. It is the last stage of poetical decrepitude.

c)The *herioic couplet* begins to appear, ushering in its long reign. We have it appearing as early as Spenser's *Shepheards Calendar* (1579) and Sandy's *Ovid's Metamorphoses* (1626) or (often with an eleventh unstressed syllable) as far back as Chaucer; but the true stopped couplet, as used by Dryden and developed by Pope, is usually set down to the credit of Cowley's *Davideis* (1656), or Denham's *Cooper's Hill* (1642), or the shorter poems of **Edmund Waller (1606-87),** who wrote stopped couplets as early as 1623. The heroic couplet will receive further notice in the next chapter.

2. Prose. In prose also we see the opposing tendencies. The principal movement is toward ornate prose, in Browne, Jeremy Taylor, Clarendon, and in the Scottish writer **William Drummond of Hawthornden (1585-1649),** whose *A Cypresse Grove* (1623) is in the fashionable funereal vein. In the middle style we have the precision of Hobbes in *Leviathan.* At the other extreme from the ornate, the miscellaneous writers adopt great simplicity. Of this class, which includes Howell and Felltham, the best example is Izaac Walton, whose artless prose is shown in the following specimen :

Piscator. O sir, doubt not but that angling is an art. Is it not an art to deceive a trout with an artificial fly? a trout that is more sharp-sighted than any hawk you have named, and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled merlin is bold! and yet 1 doubt not to catch a brace or two to-morrow for a friend's breakfast-. Doubt not, therefore, sir, but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning; the question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it? for .angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so-- I mean with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice; but he that hopes to be a good angler must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself; but having once got and practised it, then doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant that it will prove to be like virtue, a reward to itself.

The Compleat Angler

[Table: TABLE TO ILLUSTRATE THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY FORMS]

CHAPTER VII

TIME-CHART OF THE CHIEF AUTHORS

The thick line shows the period of active literary work.

THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND (1660-1700)

Three historical events deeply influenced the literary movements of the time: the Restoration of the year 1660; the Roman Catholic controversy that raged during the latter half of Charles II's reign; **and** the Revolution of the year 1688.

1. The Restoration (1660). The Restoration of Charles II brought about a revolution in our literature. With the collapse of the Puritan Government there sprang up activities that had been so long suppressed that they flew to violent excesses. The Commonwealth had insisted on gravity and decorum in all things; the **Restoration** encouraged a levity that often became immoral and

indecent. Along with much that is sane and powerful, this latter tendency is prominent in the writing of the time, especially in **the** comedies.

2.The Religious Question. The strength of the religious-political passions of the time is reflected in the current literature. The religion of the King was suspect; that of his brother James was avowedly Papist; and James was the heir-apparent to the crown. There was a prevalent suspicion of the Catholics, which, though it might have been groundless, was of such depth and intensity that it colours all the writings of the time. The lies of Titus Oates added to the popular frenzy, so that when the Earl of Shaftesbury sought to exclude James from the throne and supplant him by the Duke of Monmouth it needed all the efforts of Charles (himself secretly a Roman Catholic) to save his brother. The famous poem of Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel,* is an outstanding example of a kind of poem that abounded during those troubled years.

3.The Revolution (1688). James succeeded to the throne in 1685; but so soon did he reveal his Roman Catholic prejudices that he was rejected in three years and was replaced by Protestant sovereigns. Henceforth religious passions diminish in intensity; and the literature of the succeeding years tends to emphasize the political rather than the religious side of public affairs.

THE NEW CLASSICISM

By the year 1660 Elizabethan romanticism had all but spent itself. Of the great figures of the earlier era only one survived, John Milton, and he had still to write *Paradise Lost;* but in everything Milton was of the past. At the Restoration he retired and worked in obscurity, and his great poem reveals no signs of the time in which his later years were cast.

At the Restoration the break with the past was almost absolute. It involved our literature in the deepest degree; subject and style took on a new spirit and outlook, a different attitude and aim. Hence the post-Restoration period is often set up as the converse and antithesis of the previous Elizabethan age. It is called *classical,* as opposed to the Elizabethan *romanticism.* Though the contrast between the two epochs need not be over-emphasized, yet the differences are very great. Let us see in what respects the new spirit is shown.

1. Imitation of the Ancients. Lacking the genius of the Elizabethans, the authors of the time turned to the great classical

writers, in particular to the Latin writers, for guidance and inspiration. This habit, quite noticeable during the time of Dryden, deepened and hardened during the succeeding era of Pope--so much so that the latter laid down as a final test of excellence;

Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy Nature is to copy them.

2.Imitation of the French. Charles II had spent most of his years of exile in France, and when he returned to England he brought with him a new admiration for French literature. In particular the effects of this penetrated very deeply into the drama, especially into comedy, the most copious literary product of the Restoration. Of French comedy the great Moliere was the outstanding exponent, and his influence was very great. In the more formal tragedy French and classical models were combined to produce a new type called *the theroic play.* The type is well represented by Dryden's *Tyrannic Love.*

3.The 'Correct' School. The Elizabethans too had drawn upon the ancients, but they used their gains freely and joyously, bending the work of the classical authors to their own wills. The imitative work of the new school was of a frigid and limited quality. The school of Dryden was loath to alter; the age of Pope abandoned freedom altogether. Pope puts it thus :

Those Rules of old discovered, not devised,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodised.

Thus they evolved a number of 'rules', which can usefully be summarized in the injunction "Be correct". 'Correctness' means avoidance of enthusiasm; moderate opinions moderately expressed, strict care and accuracy in poetical technique; and humble imitation of the style of the Latin classics.

Dryden did not attain altogether to this ideal. Pope and his immediate successors called him "copious", thus hinting at a lack of care and an unrestrained vigour that were survivals of an earlier virility. Yet Dryden has the new tendency very clearly marked. To him Dr Johnson first applied the epithet "Augustan", saying that Dryden did to English literature what Augustus did to Rome, which he "found of brick and left of marble". Dryden is the first great exponent of the new ideas that were to dominate our literature till the end of the eighteenth century.

JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700)

1. His Life. Dryden was born near Oundle in Northampton shire, and may have begun his education at Oundle Grammar School. He later entered Westminster School and went on to Cambridge. In 1657 or 1658 he moved to London, where he remained for the rest of his life as a man of letters. His life was a long one. It was, in addition, an exceedingly fruitful one. For forty years he continued to produce an abundance of literary works of every kind--poems, plays, and prose works. The quality of it was almost unfailingly good, and at the end of his life his poetry was as fresh and vivacious as it had been in the prime of his manhood.

Of Dryden it can be said without qualification that he is representative of his age. Indeed, it has been urged as a fault against his character that he adapted himself with too facile a conscience to the changing fortunes of the times. His earliest work of any importance is pre-Restoration (1659), and consists of a laudation of the recently dead Oliver Cromwell. At the Restoration he changed his views, attaching himself to the fortunes of Charles II and to the Church of England. This loyalty brought its rewards in honours and pensions, so that for many years Dryden was easily the most considerable literary figure in the land. Yet his career was not without its thorns, for smaller men were busy with their slanders. On the accession of James II in 1685 Dryden changed his faith and political persuasion, becoming a Roman Catholic. To his new beliefs he adhered steadfastly, even when in 1688 the Revolution brought certain disaster to such public men as adhered to Catholicism. Thus Dryden lost his posts of Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal. The Laureateship was conferred on Shadwell, his most rancorous foe; and Dryden retired with dignity to sustain his last years with his literary labours. To this last period of his career we owe some of his finest translations and narrative poems. When he died in 1700 he was accorded a splendid funeral in Westminster Abbey, though it was many years before his grave was marked by a tombstone.

2. His Poetry. Dryden began his life's work with poetry; he concluded it with poetry; and the years between are starred with the brightness of his greater poems. As early as February 1664 Pepys records in his diary that he met "Mr Dryden, the poet"; and he remained " Mr Dryden, the poet" till the day of his death. It is therefore as a poet that Dryden is chiefly to be judged.

His first published poem of any consequence was a series of **heroic** stanzas on the death of the Protector Oliver Cromwell (1659). It consists of thirty-seven quatrains of no particular merit. They move stiffly, and are quite uninspired by any political or personal enthusiasm, but they are a striking manifestation of Dryden's directness, and show a certain angular force and some metrical dexterity. Two stanzas will show the art of the earliest Dryden :

His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone.
For he was great, ere Fortune made him so;
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

No borrowed bays his temples did adorn,
But to our crown he did fresh jewels bring;
Nor was his virtue poisoned, soon as born,
With the too early thoughts of being king.

In 1660 he made a great step forward in poetical craftsmanship by publishing Astrcea *Redux,* in celebration of Charles It's return. The poem represents a complete reversal of the poet's political opinions; but it is nevertheless a noteworthy literary advance. In its handling of the subject it shows a firmer grip and stronger common sense; in its style a new command of sonorous and dignified phrasing; and (as important a feature as any of the others) it is written in the heroic couplet.

Methinks 1 sec those crowds on Dover's strand.
Who in their haste to welcome you to land
Choked up the beach with their still growing store,
And made a wilder torrent on the shore.

Here we see Dryden, though not yet at his best, coming to his own. The couplet marches with a steady but animated ring and swing. Its phrasing is apt and vivid; and it possesses a strength and music that are new. It marks the beginning of that adherence to the use of the couplet which was to be Dryden's lifelong habit, and which was to mark a new epoch in our literature.
Two other poems of this year, one on the coronation and one addressed to the Chancellor, Clarendon, resemble *Astrcea Redux* in their main features, and are little inferior.
Dryden's early poetical work concludes with *Annus Mirabilis* (published 1667), which gives a spirited account of the Great Fire and the war with the Dutch in the previous year. The poem is in quatrains, and shows a great increase in case and flexibility within

the verse form. The two parts of the narrative are skilfully blended, and the description of the fire, in particular, is full of vigour and striking imagery. The poem abounds in fine images, though it sometimes reveals a lingering weakness for the fantastic conceit. It has a strong, dignified tone combined with the force and impetus which are characteristically Dryden's.

For more then fifteen years succeeding this Dryden devoted himself almost entirely to the writing of plays. Then, about 1680, events both political and personal drove him back to the poetical medium, with results both splendid and astonishing. Political passions over the Exclusion Bills were at their height, and Dryden appeared as the chief literary champion of the monarchy in the famous satirical allegory *Absalom and Achitophel* (1691). Absalom is the Duke of Monmouth, the unfortunate aspirant to the succession; and Achitophel is his daring but injudicious counsellor Shaftesbury. These two are surrounded by a cluster of lesser politicians, upon each of whom Dryden bestows a Biblical name of deadly aptness and transparency. The excellency of the work lies mainly in the numerous portraits, which show Dryden's keen insight. The satire is of amazing force and range, rarely stooping to scurrility, but punishing its victims with devastating scorn and aloofness; and it takes shape in the best quality of Dryden's couplet. Long practice in dramatic couplet-writing had now given Dryden a new metrical facility, tightening and strengthening the measure, and giving it crispness and energy without allowing it to become violent and obscure. We give a specimen of this measure, which in many ways represents the summit of Dryden's poetical achievement :

Of these the false Achitophe! was first;

A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfixed in principles and piace;
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace :
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay.
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And this partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,

Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeathered two-legged thing--a son.

Of such satire as this Dryden himself says not unfairly, "It is not bloody, but it is ridiculous enough. I avoided the mention of great crimes, and applied myself to the representing of blind sides and little extravagances." The hitting is hard, but not foul. Next year he produced another political poem, *The Medal,* which called forth an answer from an old friend of Dryden's, Shadwell. Dryden retorted in *MacFlecknoe,* a stinging, destructive, personal lampoon degraded with much coarseness and personal spite. A similar poem is the second part of *Absalom and Achitophel* (1682), to which poem Dryden contributed a violent attack on Shadwell, giving him the name of Og. The main part of the work was composed by Nahum Tate, a satellite of Dryden's.

A new poetical development was manifest in *Religio Laid* (1682) and *The Hind and the Panther* (1687). The first poem is a thesis in support of the English Church; the second, written after the accession of James, is an allegorical defence of the Roman Catholic faith. Alterations like this in Dryden's opinions gave free play to the gibes of his enemies. In spite of their difference in opinion, these poems have much in common : a clear light of argument, a methodical arrangement of ideas, and a mastery of the couplet that often lifts the drabness of the expository theme into passages of noble feeling and splendour. The allegorical treatment of *The Hind and the Panther* allows of a livelier handling; but the poem is very long, consisting of more than one part, and much of it is dogmatic assertion and tedious argument.

After the Revolution, when he was driven from his public appointments, Dryden occupied himself chiefly with translations. He once more used the couplet medium, turning Virgil, Ovid, and Boccaccio into English, and adapting Chaucer to the taste of his time. The translation is so free that much of it is Dryden's own, and all of it teems with his own individuality. We give a passage to illustrate both the latest phase of his couplet and his power as a narrative poet:

Scarce the third glass of measured hours was run,
When like a fiery meteor sunk the sun,
The promise of a storm; the shifting gales
Forsake by fits and fill the flagging sails;

Hoarse murmurs of the main from far were heard,
And night came on, not by degrees prepared,
But all at once; at once the winds arise,
The thunders roll, the forky lightning flies.
In vain the master issues out commands,
In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands;
The tempest unforeseen prevents their care,
And from the first they labour in despair.
The giddy ship betwixt the winds and tides.
Forced back and forwards, in a circle rides,
Stunned with the different blows; then shoots amain.
Till counterbuffed she stops, and sleeps again.
Cymon and Iphigenia

Though it is small in bulk, Dryden's lyrical poetry is of much importance. The longest and the best-known pieces of this class are his *Song for St Cecilia's Day* (1687) and *Alexander's Feast,* written for the same anniversary in 1697. Both show Dryden as a master of melodious verse and of a varied and powerful style. The numerous lyrics that appear in his plays are charming. One stanza will illustrate this sweetly facile phase of the poet's art:

On a bank, beside a willow,
Heaven her covering, earth her pillow
Sad Amynta sighed alone;
From the cheerless dawn of morning
Till the dews of night returning,
Singing thus she made her moan:
" Hope is banished,
Joys are vanished,
Damon, my beloved, is gonel"

His numerous prologues and epilogues, written in couplets, show abundant wit and vivacity, yet they habitually appeal to the worst instincts of his audiences, being very often coarse and unmannerly.

3. His Drama. In his dramatic work, as elsewhere, Dryden is a faithful reflex of his time. His methods and objects vary as the public appreciation of them waxes and wanes, with the result that he gives us a historical summary of the popular fancy.

His first play was a comedy, *The Wild Gallant* (1663), which had but a very modest success. It has the complicated plot of the popular Spanish comedies and the 'humours' of Jonson's. After this unsuccessful attempt at public favour Dryden turned to tragedy, which henceforth nearly monopolizes his dramatic work.

His tragedies fall into two main groups:

(a) The Heroic Play. This is a new type of the tragedy that became prominent after the Restoration, and of which Dryden is

one of the earliest and most skilful exponents. The chief features of the new growth are the choice of a great heroic figure for the central personage; a succession of stage incidents of an exalted character, which often, as Dryden himself realized, became ridiculous through their extravagance; a loud, declamatory style; and the rhymed couplet. Dryden's *The Rival Ladies* (1663) is a hybrid between the comic and heroic species of play; *The Indian Emperor* (1665). *Tyrannick Love* (1669), *The Conquest of Granada* (in two parts, 1669 and 1670), and *Aureng-zebe* (1675) show the heroic kind at its best and worst. Though Dryden is heavily weighted with the ponderous mechanism of the heroic play, his gigantic literary strength is often sufficient to give it an attraction and a kind of heavy-footed animation.

b)*His Blank-verse Tragedies.* The heroic play was so easily parodied and made ridiculous that the wits of the Restoration were not slow to make a butt of it. Their onslaughts were not without their effect on Dryden, for already in *Aureng-zebe* a weakening of the heroic mannerisms is apparent. In the prologue to this play Dryden fairly admits it, saying that he

Grows weary of his long-loved mistress, Rime.
Passion's too fierce to be in fetters bound,
And Nature flies him like enchanted ground.

His next play, *All for Love, or The World well Lost* (1678), is in blank verse, and is considered to be his dramatic masterpiece. For subject he chose that of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra.* It was a daring thing to attempt what Shakespeare had already done; but Dryden, while following the earlier play somewhat closely, never actually copies it. He produces a play of a distinctly different nature, and of a high merit. The characters are well drawn and animated, and the style, though lacking the demonic force of Shakespeare's at his best, is noble and restrained. We give Dryden's handling of the death of Cleopatra, a passage which should be compared with that of Shakespeare given on p. 104.

(Antony is lying dead on the stage; Charmion and Iras, the Queen's two handmaidens, are in attendance on her.)
Charmion.
To what end
These ensigns of your pomp and royalty?
Cleopatra. Dull that thou art! Why, 'tis to meet my love;
As when I saw him first, on Cydnos' bank,
All sparkling, like a goddess. . ..

Haste, haste, both,
And dress the bride of Antony.
Charmion.
'Tis done.
Cleopatra. Now seat me by my lord; I claim this place . .
Reach me the casket.
Iras.
Underneath the fruit
The aspic lies.
Cleopatra.
Welcome, thou kind deceiver!
(Putting aside the leaves.
Thou best of thieves, who with an easy key
Dost open life, and, unperceived by us,
Even steal us from ourselves . .
Haste, bare my arm, and rouse the serpent's fury.
Holds out her arm and draws it back.

Coward flesh,
Wouldst thou conspire with Caesar to betray me,
As'thou wert none of mine? I'll force, thee to it,
And not be sent by him,
But bring, myself, my soul to Antony.
[Turns aside, and then shows her arm bloody.
Take hence; the work is done. . .
Charmion.
The next is ours.
Iras. Now, Charmion, to be worthy
of our great queen and mistress
[They apply the aspics.
Cleopatra. Already, death, I feel thee in my veins :
I go with such a will to find my lord.
That we shall quickly meet.
A heavy numbness creeps through every limb,
And now 'tis at my head : my eyelids fall,
And my dear love is vanquished in a mist.
Where shall I find him, where? O turn me to him,
And lay me on his breast! Caesar, thy worst;
Now part us, if thou canst.
[Dies. [Iras sinks down at her feet, and dies; Charmion stands behind her chair, as dressing her head.

After the Revolution he wrote *Don Sebastian* (1690), *Cleomenes* (1692), and *Love Triumphant* (1694). The last was a tragi-comedy and a failure. The other two, however,

were quite up to the average of his plays. In addition, at various stages of his career he collaborated with Lee in two other tragedies, and attempted, with lamentable results, to improve upon Shakespeare's *The Tempest* and *Troilus and Cressida.*

4. **His Prose.** Dryden's versatility is apparent when we observe that in prose, as well as in poetry and drama, he attains to primacy in his generation. In the case of prose he has one rival, John Bunyan. No single item of Dryden's prose work is of very great

length; but in his *Essay of Dramatick Poesie* (1668), in his numerous dedicatory epistles and prefaces, and in the scanty stock of his surviving letters we have a prose *corpus* of some magnitude. The general subject of his prose is literary criticism, and that of a sane and vigorous quality. The style is free, but not too free; there are slips of grammar, but they are not many. The *Essay of Dramatick Poesie* (1669) is his longest single prose work and a major piece of English literary criticism. It is in the form of a discussion between four characters, one of whom is Dryden himself, and treats, with an openness of mind and a lack of dogmatizing which are new in criticism, most of the major topics which interested contemporary dramatists. Among them were the question of rhyme or blank verse in drama; the comparison between French and English drama; and the possibility of making a judicious compromise between the strict observance of the classical unities and the greater freedom of the English dramatic tradition. Moreover, the essay is the first attempt to evaluate the work of the Elizabethan dramatists and especially of Shakespeare. The following passage illustrates, not only the directness am! lucidity of his prose style, but his balanced critical judgement :

To begin, then with Shakespeare. He was the man who, of all modern and
I shaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the
images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously,
luckily when he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too.
SE who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater
commendation. He was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of
HOAKS to lead nature; he looked inwards and found her there. I cannot say he
severywhere alike; were he so, 1 should do him injury to compare him with
the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit
degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always
great when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever
hit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the
Quantum lenla Solent inter viburna cupressi.
VIRG.. Eel, i, 26

RESTORATION COMEDY

In comedy alone Dryden showed a certain incapacity; his mind seemed to be too rugged and unresilient to catch the sharper moods of the current wit. Fortunately this weakness of his was atoned for by the activities of a brilliant group of dramatists who made Restoration comedy a thing apart in English literature.

The new comedy was of slower growth than the heroic play (see p. 170), and, for some years after 1660, comedy was restricted to revivals of pre-Commonwealth plays, but the decadent, cynical spirit of the later age was alien to the romantic comedy of the Elizabethans. Even so, Restoration comedy drew its main inspiration from the native tradition which had flourished before the closing of the theatres in 1642. In particular it was indebted to Beaumont and Fletcher and to Ben Jonson. Like the heroic play, however, comedy was strongly influenced by Continental writers, and especially by Moliere and the Spaniard, Calderon. It reflected closely the dissolute court life of the period, and, between that and the court life of France, there was a community of spirit which led naturally to an interest in French comedy. Moliere provided English dramatists with ideas for plots and with an example of fine comic characterization; Spanish drama served to strengthen that love of intrigue and incident already firmly established in English comedy. But here it is important to stress that foreign influences, while important, were not the predominant factors in the evolution of Restoration comedy. They blended with a tradition already strongly established, and assisted the natural process of change demanded by the changing temper of the age, but they were transformed into something essentially English and contemporary. Thus the comedy of Moliere was changed into a harder, more loosely knit form which lacked the warmth and depth of insight of the original.

The new drama is full of vitality, and moves with great pace, but the exuberance which led the Elizabethans to the poetic romance is supplanted by a polish and intellectual control which replaces emotion by wit, and poetry by a clear, concise prose which adds much point and gives a fine precision to the dialogue. Of this new style, the passage of Congreve given below is a good specimen. The pervading tone is one of cynicism, and the plays show a close, and often satirical, observation of life and manners which recalls the work of Ben Jonson. Plots and subplots are intricate and numerous, and centre mainly upon amorous intrigues, which reflect an open contempt for the ordinary standards of morality, that, in Wycherley and others, often takes the form of gross sensuality. In the hands of the best and most restrained of the dramatists, Etheredge and Congreve, the immorality still remains, but it is purged of much of its grossness and offensiveness by the fact that it is essentially intellectual, witty, and free from the cruder realism which mars Wycherley's work. The lack of passion and emotion

in these plays gives them a polished, crystal hardness which saves them from the worst forms of licentiousness. The immorality of Restoration drama was the object of fierce Puritanical attacks, the most notorious of which was the *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage* (1698) of **Jeremy** Collier **(1650-1726),** Though this work is notable only for its wrathful tone and its stupidity as dramatic criticism, it provoked many replies from the offending dramatists, but beyond this its objections seem to have had no effect.

The characters in Restoration comedies are largely types, whose dispositions are sufficiently indicated b. a study of their names. We have Sir Fopling Flutter; Scrub (a servant); Colonel Bully; Sir John Brute; Squire Sullen; Gibbet (a highwayman); Lady Bountiful. They have thus many of the qualities of the Jonsonian character, with its predominant 'humour' (see p. 107). But by the last part of the period there has evolved something distinct from the comedy of humours--the comedy of manners. A 'manner' is difficult to define. It does not imply the portrayal of life so much as a genteel, sophisticated brilliant quality, what one critic has called "a grace or habit of refined culture." ,

William Congreve (1670-1729). Congreve was born at Bardsey, near Leeds, of a good family, and was educated in Irelan finally at Trinity College, Dublin. In 1691 he came to London to enter the Middle Temple, but abandoned law for literature. He wrote all his plays before he was thirty, when he deserted the drama to spend the rest of his life as a very popular society gentleman, largely supported by generous government pensions.

'His first comedy was *The Old Bachelor* (1693), and this was followed *by the Double Dealer* (1693), *Love for Love* (1695), and *The Way of the World* (1700). His one tragedy, *The Mourning Bride* (1697), was in the vein of the later Elizabethan tragedians Congreve is undoubtedly the greatest of the Restoration comedy-writers. In his work the comedy of manners reaches perfection. His plays are a faithful reflection of the upper-class life of his day but their undoubted immorality is saved from being objectionable by artificial wit, a hard-finish, and a total lack of realism. In the artificial society which he depicts moral judgments would be out of place. The tone is one of cynical vivacity, the characters are well drawn, and Congreve's prose is lucid, concise, .and pointed and shows an excellent ear for rhythm and cadence. In all things he is the polished artist, whose distinctive quality is brilliance.

All Congreve's plays, except *The Way of the World,* had an inime-diate success, and it is ironical that this one should be singled out by posterity as his masterpiece. Free from the occasional sentimental touches which mac *The Double Dealer,* it is the best example of the comedy of manners Skilful in characterization, and completely free from the coarseness and realism which spoil the work of so many of his contemporaries From it comes the following passage, in which two gentlemen are backbiting an acquaintance. It is a typical specimen of Congreve's prose.

Fainall. He comes to town in order to equip himself for travel.
Mirabell. For travel! Why the man that I mean is above forty.
Fainall. No matter for that; 'tis for the honour of England, that all Europe should know we have blockheads of all ages.
Mirabell. I wonder there is not an act of parliament to save the credit of the nation, and prohibit the exportation of fools.
Fainall. By no means, 'tis better as 'tis; 'tis better to trade with a little loss, than to be quite eaten up with being overstocked.
Mirabell. Pray, are the fellies of this knight-errant, and those of the squire his brother, anything related?
Fainall. Not at all; Witwoud grows by the knight, like a medlar grafted on a crab. One will melt in your mouth, and t'other set your teeth on edge; one is al! pulp, and the other all core.
Mirabell. So one will be rotten before he be ripe, and the other will be rotten without ever being ripe at all.

OTHER COMEDY-WRITERS

1. William Wycherley (1640-1715). The productive period of Wycherley's life was brief but fruitful. He produced four plays in five years: *Love in a Wood* (1671), *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* (1672), *The Country-Wife* (1674), and *The Plain Dealer* (1676)) He was a man of good family, and he was at Court, where he seems to have been no better than the average courtier of his time.
(His contemporaries call his plays "manly." By this; they probably refer to a boisterous indecency that riots through his comedies, in which nearly every person is a fool, and every clever man a rogue and a rake. He is much coarser in the grain than Congreve, and cannot keep his work at such a high level. Yet he shows much wit in handling dialogue, and has a sharp, though distortea, visiou for human weaknesses.)
2. George Etheredge (1635 (?)-91). Not much is known regarding the life of Etheredge; but he appears to have been a courtier, and to have served abroad in the diplomatic service. His three plays are *The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub* (1664), *She Woud if she*

Cou'd (1668), and *The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter* (1676). They are important in that they established the comedy of manners, which was later to be perfected by Congreve. They paint a true picture of the graceful, heartless, and licentious upper classes of the period. The prose dialogue is natural and brilliant, and its light, airy grace conceals some deficiency of plot and construction.

3. Sir John vanbrugh (1664-1726). Vanbrugh's career, though much of it is obscure, seems to have been a varied one, for at different times he was a soldier, a herald, and an architect. His best three comedies are *The Relapse* (1696), *The Provok'd Wife* (1697), and *The Confederacy* (1705).

Vanbrugh's plays lack the art and elegance of Congreve's, but they are full of energy and genial humour. He is fond of farce and good at caricature, and his plots, if daring, are soundly constructed.

4. George Farquhar (1678-1707). He had an adventurous career, was in turn a clergyman, an actor, and a soldier, and died when he was twenty-nine years old. The pathos of his early death has giver. him a fame of its own. He wrote seven plays, the best of which are the last two, viz., *The Recruiting Officer* (1706) and *The Beaux' Stratagem* (1707).

Farquhar comes late among the Restoration dramatists, and by his time the cynical immorality of the age seems to have worn thin. His temper is certainly more genial, and his wit, though it has lapses, is more decorous. In *The Recruiting Officer* and the plays which followed Farquhar added something new to Restoration comedy, in taking his material from a wider life than the polite upper class depicted by Congreve, and his characters are more like ordinary people. His dialogue lacks the polish and sustained wit of Congreve, and is nearer the level of normal conversation. In his rapidly developing humanity, and his growing respect for moral standards, Farquhar looks forward to the drama of Steele and the succeeding age.

5. Thomas Shadwell (1642 (?)-92). Little is known of Shadwell's life, and he has been remembered chiefly on account of Dryden's portrait of him in *MacFlecknoe.* He deserves mention here, how ever, in his own right. He held the popular stage for over twenty years and wrote many plays, the best of which were *The Sullen Lovers* (1668), *The Squire of Alsatia* (1688), and *Bury Fair* (1689). Shadwell stood outside the development of the comedy of manners, and imitated closely Jonson's comedy of humours. His plays are generally coarse, but on occasion he shows real wit: his style lacks

literary grace, but his plots are usually well constructed and show a fertile invention. He reflects, more accurately than anyone else, the everyday life of his time, and he has a keen satirical sense. He frequently deserts the level of the artificial, intellectual world of Congreve and, like Wycherley, stoops to a coarseness of passion that is repulsive. His later plays show a growing fondness for farce, and look forward to the sentimental drama.

RESTORATION TRAGEDY

In this period tragic drama is represented by the heroic play, which has already been mentioned (see p. 162). During the first twenty years after the Restoration the rhymed heroic play reigned supreme. This form was introduced by Sir William Davenant and popularized by Dryden, who stated that "an heroick play ought to be an imitation (in little) of an heroic poem; and consequently that love and valour ought to be the subject of it." An impossibly idealistic love, in conflict with a strenuously proclaimed honour, led to exaggerated emotions and to stock characters, who were psychologically unconvincing and declaimed passages of bombastic rhetoric on all possible occasions. The form owed much to the contemporary interest in the French stage, in the work of Corneille and Racine, and in the French prose romances, from which many of its plots were taken. Even more important was the influence of the romantic drama of Beaumont and Fletcher, while the tradition of violent deeds, last seen in the work of Webster, Marston, and Ford, was here perpetuated in scenes of blood and crime. Stage settings were lavish in the extreme. From about 1680 onward we see the almost complete replacement of rhyme by blank verse, but the heroic motive remains, though this later period sees an increasingly frequent introduction of the pathetic note, whiich is seen at its strongest in Otway. It is also the period of numerous adaptations from the Elizabethan dramatists, and especially from Shakespeare. Perhaps the most notorious of them is the version of *King Lear* in which Nahum Tate provides the play with a happy ending. Though the Restoration period was less rich in tragedy than in comedy, there are a few tragedians who deserve a brief mention.

1. Thomas Otway (1651-85). As was so often the case with the dramatists of the time, Otway had a varied and troubled career, closed with a miserable death. His first play, *Alcibiades,* was produced in 1675; then followed *Don Carlos* (1676), *The Orphan* (1680), and his masterpiece, *Venice Preserv'd (1682).*

Otway began his career in the typical heroic strain of the age, and *Don Carlos* is a fair specimen of the type, though, in sentiment and language, it is less exaggerated than is usual. His reputation rests, however, on two plays. In *The Orphan,* which, allowing for its period, is lacking in heroics, Otway struck the note of deep pathos which is his distinguishing feature, while the play has a calmness of tone and absence of rant unusual in its day. *Venice Preserv'd* is his finest work. Here the tragedy is on a grander scale than in *The Orphan,* and the characters are skilfully handled-- especially those of Jaffier and Pierre. The play has a rugged and sombre force, and reveals a considerable skill in working out a dramatic situation. One authority on the drama believes it to have been revived more often than any play outside Shakespeare--an undeniable proof of its dramatic possibilities.

2. Nathaniel Lee (1653 (?)-92). Lee's life is the usual tale of mishaps, miseries, and drunkenness, with a taint of madness as an additional calamity. He wrote many tragedies, some of which are *Nero* (1674), *Sophonisba* (1676), *The Rival Queens* (1677), and *Mithridates* (1678). He also collaborated with Dryden in the production of two plays.

During his own time Lee's name became a byword to distinguish a kind of wild, raving style, which in part at least seems to have been a product of his madness. But he can write well when the spirit is in him; he has a command of pathos, and all through his work he has touches of real poetic quality.

3.Elkanah Settle (1648-1724), Settle was in some ways the butt of his literary friends, and Dryden has given him prominence by attacking him in his satires. In his day he obtained some popularity with a heroic play, *The Empress of Morocco* (1673). It is a poor specimen of its kind, but his other dramas are worse.

4.John Crowne (c. **1640-1703** (?)). Crowne is another of the dramatists who attacked Dryden and who were in turn assailed by the bigger man. A voluminous playwright, Crowne's best-known works are the tragedies of *Caligula* (1698), a heroic play, and *Thyestes* (1681), in blank verse, and a comedy, *Sir Courtly Nice* (1685). Crowne is quite a good specimen of the average Restoration dramatist. The plays show some talent and a fair amount of skill in versification.

5.Nicholas Rowe **(1674-1718).** During his lifetime Rowe was a person of .some importance, and was made Poet Laureate in 1715. His best-known plays are *Tamerlane* (1702), *The Fair Penitent*

(1703), and the popular *Jane Shore* (1714). Johnson says of him, "His reputation comes from the reasonableness of some of his scenes, the elegance of his diction, and the suavity of his verse."

POETRY

Samuel Bualer (1612-80). Besides Dryden and the tragedy-writers the only considerable poet of the period is Samuel Butler, and his fame rests on one work, *Hudibras.*
Born in Worcestershire, the son of a farmer, Butler was educated at the cathedra! school at Worcester. He held a number of clerical appointments in important households, and was, for a time, clerk to Sir Samuel (Luke one of Cromwell's officers for Bedfordshire, in whose service 'Probably obtained that experience of the Puritans which form the baesof *Hudibras.* Although he was at one time the steward of Ludlow Castle, he spent the last years of his life in obscure penury in London. In 1663 he published *Hudibras,* which was at once a success. Two other parts followed in 1664 and 1678 respectively. *Hudibras* was topical, for it was a biting satire on the Puritans, ' who were the reverse of popular when the King returned. In general outline it is modelled upon the adventures of Don Quixote and ' Sancho Panza, who find their respective parallels in Sir Hudibras and his squire Ralpho. Sir Hudibras is a Puritan knight who undergoes many absurd adventures with Ralpho, his Independent squire; but the poem lacks the real pathos and genuine insight of its great Spanish original. It is wholly satirical. The poem is composed artfully. The adventures are well chosen in order to throw the greatest amount ef ridicule on the maladroit hero; the humour, though keen and caustic, is never absolutely brutal in expression; there is a freakish spattering of tropes and a mock-solemn parade of scholastic learning; and (a feature that added immeasurably to its success) it is cast in an odd jigging octosyllabic couplet. This metre of *Hudibras* is remarkable. It is varied and yet uniform, and it carries the tale with an easy relish. Though it is sometimes almost doggerel, it has always a kind of distinction, and each couplet is clenched with an ingenious rhyme that is the most amusing feature of all.

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;

On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute;
He'd undertake to prove by force
 Of argument a man's no horse;
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl--
A calf, an alderman--a goose, a justice--
And rooks, committee-men and trustees.
 He'd run in debt by disputation,
 And pay with ratiocination:
 All this by syllogism, true
 In mood and figure, he would do.
 For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth but out there flew a trope;
 And when he happened to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
 H' had hard words, ready to show why
And tell what rules he did it by:
Else, when with greatest art,he spoke,
You'd think he talked like other folk;
 For all a rhetorician's rules
 Teach nothing but to name his tools.

PROSE-WRITERS

1. John Bunyan (1628-88). In the domain of Restoration prose Bunyan alone contests the supremacy of Dryden. And Bunyan stands in a class by himself
The main facts of his life are well known. He himself has given them an imperishable shape in his *Grace Abounding* (1666), a kind of religious autobiography. Though the statements of this book need not be taken too literally, he seems to have misspent his youth. He draws a horrible picture of his own depravity but as religious converts are well known to delight in depicting their original wickedness in the darkest colours, this need not be taken too seriously. Bunyan, the son of a brazier, was born in Bedfordshire. He was educated at the village school, and at the age of sixteen was drafted into the Parliamentary army and saw service in the Civil War. In 1653 he joined a local Nonconformist sect in Bedford and shortly after began to preach there, mis literary career began in 1656 with two pamphlets on the gospels, and in 1660 he was arrested as an unlicensed preacher. The next twelve years he spent in Bedford gaol, and on his release, in 1672, he obtained a licence and became pastor of a church in Bedford. This office he held until his death, although, in 1675, he spent six months in gaol when his licence was cancelled. In this second period of imprisonment he wrote the first part of *The*

Pilgrim's Progress (published 1678), and then came *The Life and Death of Mr Badman* (1680) and *The Holy War* (1682)

Except for *Grace Abounding,* all Bunyan's major works are allegorical. In each case the allegory is worked out with ease, force, and clearness. Readers of all ages enjoy the narrative, while they follow the double meaning without an effort. The allegorical personages--for example, Mr Worldly Wiseman, Mrs Diffidence, Giant Despair, Madame Wanton, My Lord Hategood, Mr Standfast --are fresh and apt, and are full of an intense interest and a raw dramatic energy. Their individual adventures combine and react with a variety that keeps the story from monotony, and yet the simple idea of a forward journey is never lost. The plot, working upon the fortunes of the different characters, gives us the nearest approach to the pure novel that had so far been effected- The numerous natural descriptions are simply done, but they are full of a great unspoilt ability. Lastly, Bunyan's style is unique; in prose. Though it is undoubtedly based upon the great Biblical models, it is quite individual. It is homely, but not vulgar; strong, but not coarse; equable, but not monotonous; it is sometimes humorous but it is never ribald; rarely pathetic, but never sentimental. It has remained the pattern of a plain style, and is one of the masterpieces of the English language.

The following extract gives us an idea of Bunyan's narrative and descriptive power, and is a fair specimen of his masculine: prose:

I saw then in my dream, so far as this valley reached, there was on the right hand a very deep ditch; that ditch is it into which the blind have led the blind in all ages, and have both there miserably perished. Again, behold, on the left hand, there was a very dangerous quag, into which, if even a good man falls, he can find no bottom for his foot to stand on. Into that quag King David once did fall, and had no doubt therein been smothered, had not HE that is able plucked him out.

The pathway was here also exceeding narrow, and therefore good *Christian* was the more put to it; for when he sought, *in.* the dark, to shun the ditch on the one hand, he was ready to tip over into the mire on the other; also when he sought to escape the mire, without, great carefulness he would be ready to fail into the ditch. Thus he went on, and I heard him here sigh bitterly; for, besides the dangers mentioned above, the pathway was here so dark, and ofttimes, when he lift up his foot to set forward, he knew not where or upon what he should set it next.

Poor man! where art thou now? thy day is night.
Good man, be not cast down, thou yet art right,
Thy way to heaven lies by the gates of hell;
Cheer UD. hold out, with thee it shall go well

About the midst of this valley. I perceived the mouth of hell to be, and it stood also hard by the way-side. Now, thought *Christian,* what shall I do? And ever and anon the flame and smoke would come out in such abundance, with sparks and hideous noises, (things that cared not for *Christian's* sword, as did *Apollyon* before,) that he was forced to put up his sword, and betake himself to another weapon called *all-prayer.* So he cried, in my hearing, ***O** Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul!* Thus he went on a **great** while, yet still the flames would be reaching towards him. Also he heard doleful voices, and rushings to and fro, so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like mire in the streets.
The Pilgrim's Progress

2.**Lord Halifax (1633-95).** Halifax was an outstanding figure in **the** House of Lords during the exciting times of the Exclusion Bills, of which he was the chief opponent. He ranks high as an orator; as an author his fame rests on a small volume called *Miscellanies.* The book contains a number of political tracts, such as *The Character of a Trimmer,* and a piece of a more general character called *Advice to a Daughter.* In his writings Halifax adopts the manner and attitude of the typical man of the world: a moderation of statement, a cool and agreeably acid humour, and a style devoid of flourishes. In him we find a decided approach to the essay-manner of Addison.

3.**Sir William Temple (1628-99).** Temple also was a politician of some importance, filled diplomatic posts abroad, and was a moderate success in affairs at home. He is an example of the moneyed, leisured semi-amateur in literature. He wrote little and elegantly, as a gentleman should, and patronized authors of lesser fortune and greater genius. His chief works were his *Letters* (published by Swift in l'700 and 1703), his *Memoirs* (1691), and his *Miscellanea,* a series of essays on a variety of subjects,, literary and general (published in three parts in 1680, 1690, and 1701). His style resembles that of Halifax in its mundane, cultured reticence; but at times he has higher flights, in which he shows some skill in. **the** handling of melodious and rhythmic prose.

4.**John Tillotson (1630-94).** In Tiliotson we have one of the popular preachers of the time, and his *Sermons* is mentioned by Addison as being a standard work of its class. He is a literary descendant of **the** great school of Jeremy Taylor and Thomas Fuller, **but** his style lacks their richness and melody, though it gains in clearness and crispness.

5.**The Diarists. By a** coincidence it happened that **the two** most

famous diary-writers in English were working at the same time, and during this period. Not dissimilar in several respects, their works show both the drawbacks and the advantages of the diary manner. The books are private documents, and so have: no formal pretensions to literary excellence in style, which is not an undiluted misfortune. Yet the style is often ragged and incoherent, and much reading at it produces a feeling of flatness and monotony. But, on the other hand, being private joltings, they are intimate, and so are interesting, full of information concerning public and personal affairs, and containing illuminating comments on people and incidents.

(a) Samuel Pepys (1633-1703) is the more lovable of the two, and is probably known more intimately to the world than any other writer. He was born in London, and educated at St Paul's and later at Cambridge Through the influence of his kinsman, Sir Edward Montagu (later Earl of Sandwich), he became Clerk of the Acts of the Navy in 1660. From then on he prospered steadily, and eventually he became Secretary to the Admiralty and a Member of Parliament) The panic following the Popish Plot (1679) led to an unjustified charge of popery and a period in the Tower, followed by some years of unemployment. From 1684 to 1688 he was again Secretary to the Admiralty, and in these years he carried through an extensive reform of the administration of the Navy. With the arrival of the now government he lost his post, and he spent the remainder of his life in retirement.

Pepys' *Diary* open on Jan. 1, 1660 and continues until May 31, 1669, when his failing eyesight led him to abandon writing at night Written in cypher, which was not decoded until 1819, it was intended for no eyes but his own and is the most frank and intimate revelation of a human life which is known to us. It shows a.n amazing lack of reticence, and abounds in minute details of great personal and historical interest. It reveals Pepys as a man of the world, keenly interested in his material advancement; as a great lover of music and the theatre; above all it snows him as intensely human, with many endearing human qualities and many equally human failings--vanity, ill temper, a fondness for fine clothes, good food, and attractive women--a man constantly vowing to amend his way of life, and as constantly failing to ao so. It does less than justice to Samuel Pepys, the industrious, clear-sighted enemy of corruption in the civil service, the administrator who rescued the Navy from graft and decrepitude, the honest official and the real patriot Of

this other Pepys something is seen in his *Memoires relating to the state of the Royal Navy* (1690). The *Diary* has no pretensions to literary style--its greatness and charm lie in the unaffected naturalness of the writing and its narrative skill. As a historical document it provides a fascinating view of the life of Restoration London and the impact upon it of the Great Plague and Great Fire

May 1st, 1669--Up betimes. Called up by my tailor, and there first put on a summer suit this year; but it was not my fine one of flowered tabby vest and coloured camelot tunic, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the bands, that 1 was afraid to be seen in it; but put on the stuff suit I made the last year, which is now repaired; and so did go to the office in it, and sat all the morning, the day looking as if it would be foul. At noon home to dinner, and there find my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceeding pretty; and, indeed, was fine all over; and mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards there gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reins, that people did mightily look upon us; and, the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours all the day.

c)**John Evelyn (1620-1706)** is the other diarist, and is much more respectable and much less amusing than Pepys. His diary is a more finished production in the matter of style, and may have been produced with an eye on the public. The style is simple and lucid, but has little of the freshness that distinguishes Pepys'. The diary, however, is full of accurate information, and in some of the more moving incidents, such as that of the Great Fire, it warms into something like real eloquence.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY FORMS

Viewed as a whole, this period is seen to be one of transition. The Elizabethan fervour had spent itself, and the new classicism was still in the making. Yet the time is important in the development of literary forms and style.

1. Poetry, (a) *The Lyric.* The form of the lyric shows little change. In bulk it is inconsiderable, for the lyrical spirit is largely in abeyance. Outside Dryden, who is the best of the lyrical poets, we have the slight work of the courtiers, the Earl of Dorset (16S8-1706), the Earl of Rochester (1648-80), and Sir Charles Sedley **(1639 (?)-1701).** These were fashionable men, taking their poetry

with fashionable irresponsibility. Their poems, which nearly **all** deal with the love-theme in an artificial manner, have a decided charm and skill, being modelled on the Caroline poems that were the mode before the Civil War. Of real originality there is hardly a trace.

c)*The Ode.* Once more Dryden towers pre-eminent in this class of poem. His two odes on the anniversary of St Cecilia's Day and his other ode on the death of Mrs Anne Killigrew are among the best of any period. Written in the irregular Pindaric metre, they are full of the high passion that gives the artificial medium some real fire and energy. We give the opening lines of the elegiac poem:

Thou youngest Virgin-Daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new plucked from Paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some neighbouring star,
Thou roll'st above us in thy wandering race,
Or in procession fixed and regular
Moved with the heaven's majestic pace,
Or called to more superior bliss,
Thou tread'st with seraphim the vast abyss.

(c) The Satire. Several circumstances combined to make this age abound in satirical writing. It was a period of bitter political and personal contention, of easy morals and subdued enthusiasms, of sharp wit and acute discrimination. For these reasons satire acquired a new importance and a sharper edge.

The older satire, such as is represented in the poems of Donne and of Andrew Marvell (1621-78), was of a more general kind, and seemed to have been written with deliberate clumsiness and obscurity. These habits were repugnant to the ideals of the new age, whose satire is more personal and more vindictive. Its effect is immensely more incisive, and it obtains a new freshness and point by the use of the heroic couplet, in which it is almost wholly written. Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel* is an excellent example of the political satire, while his *MacFlecknoe* shows the personal type. Literary satire is also well represented in *The Rehearsal* (1670), which parodied the literary vices of the time, especially those of the heroic play. This work, which was reproduced year after year, with topical hits in every new edition, was the work of several hands, though the Duke of Buckingham receives the chief credit. **Butler's**

Hudibras is a satire on the Puritans. The miscellaneous satire of John Oldham (1653-83) had much of the earlier clumsiness.

(d) Narrative Poetry. Dryden's translations and adaptations of Chaucer, Virgil, Ovid, and Boccaccio are the chief examples of this form. Among others, he gives us Chaucer's *Wife of Bath's Tale, The Knight's Tale, and* several tales from Boccaccio. There is no fresh development to record. Butler's *Hudibras* is narrative of a kind, though the chief interest is satirical.

2. Drama. The development of the drama is considerable. We summarize briefly what has already been indicated.

(a) In *tragedy* the most novel in the matter of form is the *heroic play,* whose peculiarities have already been pointed out on pp. 162--163. There is little further development. The tragical faculty is weakening all through the period, even in comparison with the po3t-Shakespearian plays. The best plays of this type are Dryden's *All for Love* and Otway's *Venice Preserved.* The characters are becoming more stagy, and the situations are made as horrible as the ingenuity of the dramatist can devise.

(b) In *comedy* the advance is noteworthy. The comedy of 'humours' is dying out, though considerable traces of it are still visible, and is replaced by the comedy of manners. Comedy has acquired a new 'snap' and glitter, and the almost universal medium is prose. Congreve's *The Way of the World* (1700), Wycherley's *The Country-Wife* (1673), and Farquhar's *The Beaux' Stratagem* (17,07) are good examples.

3. Prose. With the exception of the work of Dryden and Bunyan, the prose work of the time is of little moment. Dryden's prose is almost entirely devoted to literary criticism; Bunyan's contribution shows a remarkable development of the prose allegory. The remainder of the prose-writers deal with political and miscellaneous subjects, with, in addition, some theological and historical writing.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY STYLE

The main tendency of the age, in all departments of literature, is toward a clear, plain, and forcible style.

1. Poetry. The new movement was seen most clearly in the development of the *heroic couplet,* which was soon to spread throughout poetry and through much of the drama. As we have seen (p, 153) in the previous age the couplet had become so loose that it resembled a cross between prose and verse. An exponent of such a measure is Chamberlayne (1619-89):

Poor love must dwell
Within no climate but what's parallel
Unto our honoured births; the envied fate
Of princes oft these burdens find from state,
When lowly swains, knowing no parent's voice
A negative, make a free and happy choice.

This is a curious liquid measure. The pause is irregularly distributed, and the rhythm is light and easy.
Cowley and Denham obtain much credit for the introduction of the new measure, but the chief innovator is Edmund Waller (1606-87). Dryden, in his dedication to *The Rival Ladies,* says, "Rime has all the advantages of prose besides its own. But the excellence arid dignity of it were never fully known till Mr Waller taught it." An extract from Waller will suffice:

While in this park I sing, the listening deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear;
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the same,
To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers,
With loud complaints, they answer me. in showers.
At Penshurst

The note here is quite different from that of the previous extract. The tread of the metre is steady and almost uniform, and the pauses cluster about the middle and the end of the lines. It must be noted, too, that a large proportion of Waller's poetry took this form. Dryden adopted the heroic couplet, but he improved upon, the wooden respectability of his predecessors' verse. While he retained all the couplet's steadiness and force, he gave it an additional vigour, a sinewy elegance, and a noble rhythm and beauty. It is worth while giving another example of his couplet:

A milk-white hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns and in the forest ranged;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds
And Scythian shafts; and many winged wounds
Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doomed to death, though fated not to die.
The Hind and the Panther

In its own fashion this passage is as melodious and powerful as some of the noblest lines of Milton. In other forms of poetry the style contains little to be commented

upon. The *blank verse* continues the disintegration that (with the exception of the verse of Milton) began with the death of Shakespeare. We give a good example of this Restoration blank verse:

Through a close lane as I pursued my journey,
And meditated on the last night's vision,
I spied a wrinkled hag with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;
Her eyes with scalding rheum were galled and red,
Cold palsy shook her head; her hands seemed withered;
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapped
The tattered remnant of an old stript hanging.
OTWAY, *The Orphan*

In this passage we can observe the absence of the high poetic fire of the Elizabethans and the lack of the thunderous depth of Milton. Observe the regularity of the beat, the uniformity of the pauses, and the frequency of the hypermetrical ending. There is, nevertheless, a certain sombre, dogged attraction about the style of the passage. The average blank verse of the time is much less regular, and much less attractive.
The *lyric* still shows a reflection of the Caroline manner, as can be seen in the following example:

Love still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose;
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalmed in clearest days,
And in rough weather tossed;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.
SEDLEY, *Love like the Sea*

This lyric has an undoubted sweetness of expression, though it is artificial in thought.
2. Prose. Though the prose writing of the period is not great in bulk, it shows a profound change in style. Previous writers, such as Browne, Clarendon, and Hobbes, had done remarkable and beautiful work in prose, but their style had not yet found itself. It was wayward and erratic, often cumbrous and often obscure, and weighted with a Latinized construction and vocabulary. In Dryden's time prose begins definitely to find its feet. It acquires a general utility and a permanence; it is smoothed and straightened, simplified and harmonized. This is the age of average prose, and prepares "the

way for the work of Swift and Addison, who stand on the threshold of the modern prose style. Less than forty years intervene between Dryden and Sir Thomas Browne; yet Dryden and his school seem to be nearer the twentieth century than they are to Browne. Not that Dryden's style is flawless. It is sometimes involved and obscure; there are little slips of grammar and many slips of expression; but on the average it is of high quality, and the impression that the reader receives is one of great freshness and abounding vitality. Further examples of this good average style will be found in the work of Temple and Halifax.

In the case of Bunyan the style becomes plainer still. But it is powerful and effective, and bears the narrative nobly. Pepys and Evelyn have no pretensions to style as such, but their work is admirably expressed, and Evelyn, particularly, has passages of more elevated diction.

In some authors of the period we find this desire for unornamented style degenerating into coarseness and ugliness. Such a one is **Jeremy Collier (1650-1726),** whose *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage* (1698) caused a great commotion in its day. It attacked the vices of the stage with great vigour, but the style of this famous book is so colloquial that it becomes in places ungrammatical. Thomas Sprat (1635-1713) was another disciple of the same school. He wrote on the newly formed Royal Society, which demanded from its members "a close, naked, natural way of speaking." This expresses the new development quite well. A greater man than Sprat, but a fellow-member of the Royal Society, was **John Locke (1632-1704),** who in his famous *An Essay concerning Human Understanding* (1690) put the principle into practice. Locke's style is bare to baldness, but it is clear. We give an example:

Some men are remarked for pleasantness in raillery; others, for apologues, and apposite, diverting stories. This is apt to be taken for the effect of pure nature, and that the rather, because it is not got by rules, and those who excel in either of them, never purposely set themselves to the study of it as an art to be learnt. But yet it is true, that at first some lucky hit, which took with somebody, and gained him commendation, encouraged him to try again, inclined his thoughts and endeavours that way, till at last he insensibly got a facility in it without perceiving how; and that is attributed wholly to nature, which was much more the effect of use and practice. I do not deny that natural disposition may often give the first rise to it; but that never carries a man far without use and exercise, and it is practice alone that brings the powers of the mind as well as

those of the body to their perfection. Many a good poetic vein is buried under a trade, and never produces anything for want of improvement. We see the ways of discourse and reasoning are very different, even concerning the same matter, at court and in the university. And he that will go but from Westminster Hall to the Exchange, will find a different genius and turn in their ways of talking; and one cannot think that all whose lot fell in the city were born with different parts from those who were bred at the university or inns of court.

TABLE TO ILLUSTRATE THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY FORMS

In one prominent case we have a survival of the more elaborate style of the past, and that is in the history of Gilbert Burnet (1643-1715), Bishop of Salisbury, whose *The History of my own Time* was published after his death. The style of the book is modelled on that of Clarendon. Burnet's style is not of the same class as that of his predecessor: it has lapses into colloquialism; its sentences are snipped into small pieces by means of frequent colons and semicolons; and he has not Clarendon's command of vocabulary.

CHAPTER VIII

THE AGE OF POPE

TIME-CHART OF THE CHIEF AUTHORS
The thick line shows the period of active literary work.

THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND (1700-50)
In the beginning of the eighteenth century the old quarrels take on new features.
1. The Rise of the Political Parties. In the reign of Charles II the terms 'Whig' and 'Tory' first became current: by the year 1700 they were in everybody's mouth. About that time domestic politicians became sharply cleft into.two groups that were destined to become established as the basis of our political system. Domestie affairs, while they never approached the stage of bloodshed, took on a new acrimony that was to affect literature deeply. Actual points of political faith upon which the parties were divided are not of great

importance to us here; but, generally speaking, we may say that the Whig party stood for the pre-eminence of personal freedom as opposed to the Tory view of royal divine right. Hence the Whigs supported the Hanoverian succession, whereas the Tories were Jacobites. The Tories, whose numbers were recruited chiefly from the landed classes, objected to the foreign war upon the score that they had to pay taxes to prolong it; and the Whigs, representing the trading classes generally, were alleged to be anxious to continue the war, as it brought them increased prosperity. In the matter of religion the Whigs were Low Churchmen and the Tories High Churchmen.

2.The Foreign War. This War of the Spanish Succession was brilliantly successful under the leadership of Marlborough, who, besides being a great general, was a prominent Tory politician. The Tories, as the war seemed to be indefinitely prolonged, supplanted (1710) the Whigs, with whom they had been co-operating in the earlier stages of the war, and in 1713 they concluded the war by the unfortunate Treaty of Utrecht. Contemporary literature is much concerned both with the war and the peace.

3.The Succession. When Anne ascended the throne the succession seemed to be safe enough, for she had a numerous family. Nevertheless, her children all died before her, and in 1701 it became necessary to pass the Act of Settlement, a Whig measure by which the succession was settled upon the House of Hanover. On the death of Anne, in the year 1714, the succession took effect, in spite of the efforts of the Tories, who were anxious to restore the Stuarts. The events of this year 1714 deeply influenced the lives of Addison, Steele, Swift, and many other writers of lesser degree.

4.The Spirit of the Age. After the succession of the House of Hanover the first half of the eighteenth century was a period of stabilization and steadily growing wealth and prosperity. The evils of the approaching Industrial Revolution had not yet been realized, and the country, still free from any suggestion of acrimonious class consciousness, underwent a period of comfortable aristocratic rule, in which local government rested on the squires, typified by Sir Roger de Coverley. It was an age of tolerance, moderation, and common sense, which, in cultured circles at least, sought to refine manners and introduce into life the rule of sweet reasonableness. The balance of political power, in spite of the fifty years' superiority of the Whig oligarchy, was so even as to preclude fanatical party

.policies, while the Established Church pursued a placid middle way

and all religion was free from strife over dogma and the fanaticism which it called 'enthusiasm' until Wesley and Whitefield began the Evangelical Revival. This middle way of control and reason, and the distrust of 'enthusiasm,' are faithfully reflected in the literature of the period.

THE PREDOMINANCE OF PROSE

The age of Pope intensified the movement that, as we have seen, began after the Restoration. The drift away from the poetry of passion was more pronounced than ever, the ideals of 'wit' and 'common sense' were more zealously pursued, and the lyrical note was almost unheard. In its place we find in poetry the overmastering desire for neatness and perspicuity, for edge and point in style, and for correctness in technique. These aims received expression in the devotion to the heroic couplet, the aptest medium for the purpose. In this type of poetry the supreme master is Pope; apart from him the age produced no great poet. On the other hand, the other great names of the period--Swift, Addison, Steele, Defoe-- are those of prose-writers primarily, and prose-writers of a very high quality.

Some other outstanding conditions of the age remain to be considered. Most of them, it will be noticed, help to give prose its dominating position.

1.Political Writing. We have already noticed the rise of the two political parties, accompanied by an increased acerbity of political passion. This development gave a fresh importance to men of literary ability, for both parties competed for the assistance of their pens, bribed the authors with places and pensions (or promises of them), and admitted them more or less deeply into their counsels. In previous ages authors had had to depend on their patrons, often capricious beings, or upon the length of their subscription lists; they now acquired an independence and an importance that turned die heads of some of them. Hardly a writer of the time is free from the political bias. After being a Whig, Swift became a virulent Tory; Addison was a tepid Whig; Steele was Whig and Tory in turn. It was indeed the Golden Age of political pamphleteering, and the writers made the most of it.

2.The Clubs and Coffee-houses. Politicians are necessarily gregarious, .and the increased activity in politics led to a great addition to the number of political clubs and coffee-houses, which became *the foci* of fashionable and public life. In the first number

of *The Tatler* Steele announces as a matter of course that the activities of his new journal will be based upon the clubs. "All accounts of Gallantry, Pleasure, and Entertainment shall be under the article of White's Chocolate-House; Poetry under that of Wll's Coffee-House; Learning under the title of Grecian; Foreign and Domestic News you will have from Saint James' Coffee-House." These coffee-houses became the 'clearing-houses' for literary business, and from them branched purely literary associations stash as the famous Scriblerus and Kit-Cat clubs, those haunts of the fashionable writers which figure so prominently in the writing of the period.

3.Periodical Writing. The development of the periodical will be noticed elsewhere (see pp. 216-217). It is sufficient here to point out that the struggle for political mastery led both factions to issue a swarm of *Examiners, Guardians, Freeholders,* and similar publications. These journals were run by a band of vigorous and facile prose-writers, who in their differing degrees of excellence represent almost a new type in our literature.

4.The New Publishing Houses. The interest in politics, and probably the decline in the drama, caused a great increase in the size of the reading public. In its turn this aroused the activities of a number of men who became the forerunners of the modern publishing houses. Such were Edmund Curll (1675-1747), Jacob Tonson (1656 (?)-1736), and John Dunton (1659-1733). These men employed numbers of needy writers, who produced the translations, adaptations, and other popular works of the time. It is unwise to judge a publisher by what authors say of him, but the universal condemnation levelled against Curll and his kind compels the belief that they were a breed of scoundrels who preyed upon authors and public, and (what is more remarkable) upon one another. The miserable race of hack-writers--venomously attacked by Pope in *The Dunciad*--who existed on the scanty bounty of such men lived largely in a thoroughfare near Moorfields called Grub Street, the name of which has become synonymous with literary drudgery.

5.The New Morality. The immorality of the Restoration, which had been almost entirely a Court phenomenon and was largely the reaction against extreme Puritanism, soon spent itself. The natural process of time was hastened by opinion in high quarters. William III was a severe moralist, and Anne, his successor, was of the same character. Thus we soon see a new tone in the writing of the time

and n new attitude to life and morals. Addison, in an early number of *The Spectator,* puts the new fashion in his own admirable way: "I shall endeavour to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality." Another development of the same spirit is seen in the revised opinion of women, who are treated with new respect and dignity. Much coarseness is still to be felt, especially in satirical writing, in which Swift, for instance, can be quite vile; but the general upward tendency is undoubtedly there.

PROSE-WRITERS

I. Jonathan Swift (1667-1745)

1.. His Life. Swift was born in Dublin, and, though both his parents were English, his connexion with Ireland was to be maintained more or less closely till the day he died.)His father dying before Jonathan's birth, the boy was thrown upon the charity of an uncle, who paid for his education in Ireland. He seems to have been very wretched both at his school at Kilkenny and at Trinity College, Dublin, where his experiences went to confirm in him that savage melancholia that was to endure all his life. Much of this distemper was due to purely physical causes, for he suffered from an affection of the ear that ultimately touched his brain and caused insanity. In 1686, at the age of nineteen, he left Trinity College (it is said in disgrace), and in 1689 entered the household of his famous kinsman Sir William Temple, under whose encouragement he took holy orders, and on the death of Temple in 1699 obtained other secretarial and ecclesiastical appointments. His real chance came in 1710, when the Tories overthrew the Marlborough faction and came into office. To them Swift devoted the gigantic powers of his pen, became a political star of some magnitude, and, after the manner of the time, hoped for substantial rewards. He might have become **a** bishop, but it is said that Queen Anne objected to *A Tale of a Tub* and had doubts about his orthodoxy and in the wreck of the Tory party in 1715 all he could save was the Deanery of St Patrick's, in Dublin, which he had received in 1713. An embittered man, he spent the last thirty years of his life in gloom, and largely in retirement. His last years were passed in silence and, at the very end, lunacy.

2. His Poetry. Swift would have been among the first to smile at any claim being advanced for him on the score of his being a greats poet, though he always longed to excel in poetry, yet in bulk his

verse is considerable. His poems were to a large extent recreations: odd verses (sometimes humorously doggerel) to his friends; squibs and lampoons on his political and private enemies, including the famous one on Partridge, the quack astrologer; and one longish one, *Cadenus and Vanessa* (1712-13), which deals with his affection for Esther Vanhomrigh. In his poems he is as a rule lighter of touch and more placable in humour than he is in his prose. His favourite metre is the octosyllabic couplet, which he handles with a dexterity that reminds the reader of Butler in *Hud bras.* He has lapses of taste, when he becomes coarse and vindictive; and sometimes the verse, through mere indifference, is badly strung and colloquially expressed.
The following is from some bitter verses he wrote (1731) on his own death just before the final night of madness descended. Note the fierce misery inadequately screened with savage scorn.

Yet thus, methinks, I hear 'em speak:
"See, how the Dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where last he dined;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion'd wit?
But he takes up with younger folks
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith, he must make his stories shorter
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found."

3. His Prose Almost in one bound Swift attained to a mastery of English prose; and then maintained an astonishing level of excellence. His first' noteworthy book was *The Battle of theJBooks,* published in 1704 The theme of this work is a well-worn one, being the dispute between ancient and modern authors. At the time Swift wrote it his patron, Sir William Temple, was engaged in the controversy on behalf of the ancients, and Swift's tract was in support of his kinsman's views. Swift gives the theme a half allegorical, mock-heroic setting, in which the books in a library at length literally

contend with one another. The handling is vigorous and illumina ting, and refreshed with many happy remarks and allusionsTF The famous passage where a bee, accidentally blundering into a spider's web, argues down the bitter remarks of the spider, is one of Swift's happiest efforts. *

_A_Tale *of a Tub,* also published in 1704/though it was written as early as 1696,is regarded by many as Swift's best work. It certainly reveals his power at its highest. It is a religious allegory, perhaps suggested by the work of Bunyan, on three men: Peter, who stands for the Roman Catholic Church; Jack, who represents the Dissenters; and Martin, the personification of the Anglican and Lutheran Churchejl Each of the three has a coat left to him by his father, and they have many experiences, beginning with the changes that they make on the coats that have been left to them. The book was intended as an attack on the 'enthusiasm' of Roman Catholics and Dissenters alike, and culminates in a fierce attack upon Jack. But, though Martin escapes comparatively lightly, Swift's contempt is poured on so many of the fundamental principles of religion that the bookjed many to suspect his own Christianity. Indeed, the scope ofyhe work widens until it becomes a merciless dissection of human nature in general, and of intellectual pride and religious hypocrisy in particulanj Within the narrative are digressions on such subjects as critics and the value of madness to the community, whigh reveal the deep irony of Swift's satire at its best. A *Tale of a Tub* is full of wit, and brilliant in its imaginative power and the incisiveness of its thought. The style is terse, and has a sustained vigourjDace, and colourfulness which Swift did not equal in his later worksy) Many years after the writing of the book he was heard to mutter, while looking at a copy, "Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book!"

The following extract shows the suggestiveness of his allegory, the corrosive power of his satire, and his redoubtable style**:**

Whenever it happened that any rogue of Newgate was condemned to be hanged, Peter would offer him a pardon for a certain sum of money; which when the poor caitiff had made all shifts to scrape up, and send, his lordship would return a piece **of paper in this form:**

"To all mayors, sheriffs, jailors, constables, bailiffs, hangmen, etc. Whereas we are informed that A. B. remains in the hands of you, or any of you, under the sentence of death. We will and command you, upon sight hereof to let tha said prisoner depart to his **own** habitation whether he stands **condemned for** murder, etc., **etc., for** which **this shall be your sufficient warrant; and if you fail**

hereof, God damn you and yours to all eternity; and so we bid you heartily farewell. Your most humble man's man, Emperor Peter." The wretches, trusting to this, lost their lives and money too. It will be no difficult part to persuade the reader that so many worthy discoveries met with great success in the world; though 1 may justly assure him that I have related much the smallest number, my design having been only to single out such as will be'of most benefit for public imitation, or which best served to give some idea of the reach and wit of the inventor. And therefore it need not be wondered at if, by this time. Lord Peter was become exceeding rich. But, alas! he had kept his brain so long and so violently upon the rack, that at last it shook itself, and began to turn round for a little ease. In short, what with pride, projects, and knavery, poor Peter was grown distracted, and conceived the strangest imaginations in the world. In the height of his fits (as it is usual with those who run mad out of pride) he would call himself God Almighty, and sometimes monarch of the universe. I have seen him (says my author) take three old high-crowned hats and clap them on his head three-storey high, with a huge bunch of keys at his girdle, and an angling-rod in his hand. In which guise, whoever went to take him by the hand in the way of salutation, Peter, with much grace, like a well-educated spaniel, would present them all with his foot, and if they refused his civility, then would he raise it as high as their chops, and give them a damned kick on the mouth, which has ever since been called a salute.

A Tale of a Tub From a literary point of view, the next important period of his life was from 1710, when he deserted the Whigs for the.Tories, to 1714, when the latter party fell from power. (For them he wrote political tracts of great power, which made him a leading political figure of the day. Several of them were written for *The Examiner,* a Tory journal of which he was given charge, and the best known are *The Conduct of the Allies* (1711), *Some Remarks on the Barrier Treaty* (1712), and *The Public Spirit of the Whigs* (1714). To this period also belongs the *Journal to Stella,* which is a kind of informal private log-book written by him and sent regularly to Esther Johnson) It has all Swift's shrewdness and vivacity, without much of the usual scorn and coarseness. It is not as intimate and revealing as the diary of Pepys, yet it gives us many glimpses of the inner man: vain and arrogant, ambitious and crafty, but none the less a generous and considerate friend and a loyal ally.

During the third period--that of his final stay in Ireland--the shadow deepens. The earlier years produce one of the most compelling efforts of his pen. He supported the Irish in their revolt against 'Wood's halfpence,' writing in their cause his *The Drapier's Letters* (1724). This gained for him an almost embarrassing popularity. -

Then followed some miscellaneous political work, aimed at the improvement of the lot of the oppressed and poverty-stricken Irish, and then his longest and most famous book, *Gulliver's Travels* (written between 1720 and 1225, and published 1726). The main idea of this book is an old one being at least as old as the time of Lucian, a Greek writer of the second century it deals with imaginary voyages, in Gulliver's case among the pigmies (Lilliputians), the giants (Brobdingnagians), the moonstruck philosophers (Laputans), and the race of horses (Houyhnhnms), with their human serfs the Yahoos.

Gulliver's Travels resembles its fellow-allegory *The Pilgrim's Progress* in its popularity and human interest; but in temper the two books are worlds apart. Bunyan views human failings with a discerning eye, but he accepts them with a benign quiescence, and with a tempered faith in man's ultimate redemption. Swift, on the other hand, said to Pope, "I heartily hate and detest that animal called man," and this book is an elaboration of that attitude, (He magnifies man into a giant, and then he diminishes him into a mannikin, and he finds him wicked and insolent and mean; he regards man in his wisdom, and he finds him a fool; in despair, in the last book of the *Travels,* he turns from man altogether.) and in the brute creation he discovers a charity and sagacity before which humanity grovels as a creature beastly beyond measure. (the last stages of the book are morbid and often revolting, but always we are aware of the clarity of the author's mind.)

The two earlier stages of the *Travels* have a charm and vivacity that delight old and young. The satire lurks in the allegory, but it is so delicately tinselled over that it does not repel. The crowded incidents are plausible and lively, and they are often spiced with a quaint and alluring humour; his comments upon mankind are shrewd and arresting, as well as satirical, and are yet not brutal nor obscene. The style is Swift's best: not mannered or laboured; clean, powerful, and tireless; easy without being slovenly, and as clear as summer noonday.

The queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea-voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health. I answered, that I understood both very well; for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often upon a pinch I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their

country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man-of-war among us, and such a boat as I could manage would nevei live in any of their rivers. Her majesty said, if I would contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and, by my instructions, in ten days finished a pleasure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished, the queen was so delighted, that she ran with it in her lap to the king, who ordered it to be put in a cistern full of water with me in it by way of trial; where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for want of room. But the queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred foot long, fifty broad, and eight deep, which being well pitched, to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor along the wall in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom to let out the water, when it began to grow stale; and two servants could easily fili it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my diversion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themselves agreeably entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and when they were weary, some of the pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard, as 1 pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

Swift is the greatest English satirist. Unlike Pope he restricts himself to general rather than personal attacks, and his work has a cosmic, elemental force.)which is irresistible and, at times, almost frightening. His dissection of humanity shows a powerful mind relentlessly and fearlessly probing into(follies and hypocrisy, but he is never merely destructive?] Always underlying his work is the desire for the greater use of common sense and reason in the ordering of human affairs Often the satire is cruel and violent, and sometimes it is coarse and repulsive--perhaps the result of his own physical disabilities, and his keen disappointment at his failure to gain the preferment which he felt himself to have merited. But the terrible savagery of *A Voyage to the Houyhnhnms,* and *A Modest Proposal for preventing the children of poor people from being a burden to their parents* (by selling them as food for the rich) should not blind us to the great range of his work. Between these two and the playfulness of *Predictions for the ensuing year,* 1708, *by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.,* or the almost boyish humour of his *Discourse to prove the Antiquity of the English Tongue,* there is a range of satirical force which indicates a fertility of imagination and an ingenuity of fancy unparalleled among his rivals in this field.

II. Joseph Addison (1672-1719)

1.His Life. Educated at the Charterhouse, Addison went to Oxford, where he became a Fellow of Magdalen College. He early made his mark as a serious and accomplished scholar,) and seems to have attracted the notice of the Whig leaders, who marked him out as a future literary prop of their faction. He obtained a travelling scholarship of three hundred pounds a year, and saw much of Europe under favourable conditions. Then the misfortunes of the Whigs in 1703 reduced him to poverty. In 1704, it is said at the instigation of she leaders of the Whigs, he wrote the poem *The Campaign,* praising the war policy of the Whigs in general and the worthiness of Marlborough in particular. This poem brought him' fame and fortune. He obtained many official appointments and pensions, married a dowager countess (1716), and became a Secretary of State (1717). Two years later he died, at the early age of forty-seven.

2.His Poetry. In his Latin verses Addison attained early distinction. These verses were highly praised at a time when praise for proficiency in such a medium was of some significance. Then his *The Campaign m* .1704 gave him a reputation as one of the major posts of the age. The poem is poor enough. It is written in the heroic couplet, and with some truth it has been called a "rhymed gazette." The story is little more than a pompous catalogue of places and persons; the style is but mediocre, and warms only when it is feebly stirred by the ignorant enthusiasm that a sedentary civilian feels for the glory of war. The hero is Marlborough, who is drawn on a scale of epic grandeur. The most famous passage of the work is that comparing the general to the angel that rides the storm. The poem literally made Addison's fortune; for after reading it the Whig Lord Treasurer Godolphin gave him the valuable appointment of Commissioner of Appeals.

Twas then great Maribro's mighty soul was prov'd,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd.
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,

Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past, Calm and serene he drives the furious blast; And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform, Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

His only other poetical works worthy of notice are his hymns, which are melodious, scholarly, and full of a cheerful piety. The one that begins "The spacious firmament on high" is among the best.

3.His Drama. Addison was lucky in his greatest dramatic effort, just as he was lucky in his longest poem. In 1713 he produced the tragedy of *Cato,* part of which had been in manuscript as early as 1703. It is of little merit, and shows that Addison, whatever his other qualities may be, is no dramatist. It is written in laborious blank verse, in which wooden characters declaim long, dull speeches. But it caught the ear of the political parties, both of which in the course of the play saw pithy references to the inflamed passions of the time. The play had the remarkable run of twenty nights, and was revived with much success. Addison also attempted an opera, *Rosamond* (1707), which was a failure; and the prose comedy of *The Drummer* (1715) is said, with some reason, to be his also. If it is, it adds nothing to his reputation.

4.His Prose. (several political pamphlets are ascribed to Addison, but as a pamphleteer he is not impressive. He lacked the directness of Swift, whose pen was a terror to his opponents. It is in fact almost entirely as an essayist that Addison is justly famed)

(These essays began almost casually. On April 12, 1709, Steele published the first number of *The Tatler,* a periodical that was to appear thrice weekly. Addison, who was a school and college friend of Steele, saw and liked the new publication, and offered his services as a contributor. His offer was accepted, and his first contribution, a semi-political one, appeared in No. 18. Henceforward Addison wrote regularly for the paper, contributing about 42 numbers, which may be compared with Steele's share of about 188. *The Tatler* finished in January 1711; then in March of the same year Steele began *The Spectator,* which was issued daily. The paper had some variations of fortune, price, and time of issue, But eventually, it ran until December 1712, obtained an unprecedented popularity(it was said that in its palmiest days it sold ten thousand copies of each issue)(and exercised a great influence upon the reading public of the period. In *The Spectator* Addison rapidly became the dominating spirit, wrote 274 essays out of a complete

total of 555)and wholly shaped its, policy when Steele tired of the project. Steele wrote 236 essays, (In March 1713 Addison assisted Steele with *The Guardian,* which' Steele began. It was only a moderate success, and terminated after 175 numbers, Addison contributing 51)

In all, we thus have from Addison's pen nearly four hundred essays, which are of nearly uniform length, of almost unvarying excellence of style, and of a wide diversity of subject. They are a faithful reflection of the life of the time viewed with an aloof and dispassionate observation. He set out to be a mild censor of the morals of the age, and most of his compositions deal with topical subjects--fashions, head-dresses, practical jokes, polite conversation.] His aim was to point out "those vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the law, and too fantastical for the cognizance of the pulpit.... All agreed that I should be at liberty to carry the war into what quarters I pleased; provided I continued to combat with criminals in a body, and to assault the vice without hurting the person." Deeper themes were handled in a popular fashion-- immorality, jealousy, prayer, death, and drunkenness. Politics were touched, but .gingerly.In all things he advocated moderation and tolerance and was the enemy of 'enthusiasm) Sometimes he adopted the allegory as a means of throwing his ideas vividly before his readers; and so we have the popular *The Vision of Mirza* and the political allegory of *Public Credit.* (Literary criticism, of a mild and cautious kind, found a prominent place in the essays.) as well ' as many half-personal, half-jocular editorial communications to the readers. And, lastly, there was the famous series dealing with the Spectator Club.

(It is certain that Steele first hit on the idea of Sir Roger de Coverley, an imaginary eccentric old country knight who frequented the Spectator Club in London. Around the knight were grouped a number of contrasted characters, also members of the mythical club. Such were Will Honeycomb, a middle-aged beau; Sir Andrew Freeport, a city merchant; Captain Sentry, a soldier; and Mr Spectator, a shy, reticent person, who bears a resemblance to Addison himself. Addison seized upon the idea of the club; gave it life, interest, and adventure; cast over it the charm of his pleasant humour; and finished up by making the knight die with affecting deliberation and decorumy.) Sandwiched between essays on other topics, this series appeared at intervals in the pages of *The Spectator,* and added immensely to the popularity of the journal. In literature

it has an added value. If Addison had pinned the Coverley papers together with a stronger plot; if, instead of only referring to the widow who had stolen the knight's affections, he had introduced a definite love-theme; if he had introduced some important female characters, we should have had the first regular novel in our tongue. As it is, this essay-series brings us within measurable distance of the genuine eighteenth-century novel.
We give an extract to illustrate both his humour and his style.
His humour is of a rare order. It is delicately ironical, gentlemanly, tolerant, and urbane. To Swift, with his virile mind, such a temper seemed effeminate and priggish. "I will not meddle with *The Spectator"* he wrote to Stella; "let him fair *sex it* to the world's end." (His style has often been deservedly praised) It is the pattern of the middle style, never slipshod, or obscure, or unmelodious. He has an infallible instinct for the proper word, and an infallible ear for a subdued and graceful rhythm. In this fashion(his prose moves with a demure and (pleasing grace, in harmony with his subject, with his object, and with himself.)

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr William Wimble had caught that very morning; and that he presented it with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

"Sir Roger,
"I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black river. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely.
"I am, Sir, your humble servant,
"Will Wimble"

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follow:--Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous

for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man. He makes a May-fly to a miracle; and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured, officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends, that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the country. Will is a particular favourite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting-dog that he has made himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers and sisters; and raises a great deal of mirth among them, by inquiring as often as he meets them, how they wear? These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours make Will the darling of the country.
The Spectator

III. Sir Richard Steele (1672-1729)

1.His Life. (Steele had a varied and rather an unfortunate career, due largely to his own ardent disposition. Like Addison, he was educated at the Charterhouse, and then proceeded to Oxford, leaving without taking a degree) His next exploit was to enter the army as a cadet; then he took to politics, became a Member of Parliament, and wrote for the Whigs. Steele, however, was too impetuous to be a successful politician, and he was expelled from the House of Commons. He became a Tory; quarrelled with Addison on private and public grounds; issued a number of periodicals; and died ten years after his fellow-essayist.,
2.His Drama. Steele wrote some prose comedies, the best of which are *The Funeral* (1701), *The Lying Lover* (1703), *The Tender Husband* (1705), and *The Conscious Lovers* (1722). They follow in general scheme the Restoration comedies, but are without the grossness and impudence of their models. Indeed, Steele's one importance as a dramatist rests on his foundation of the sentimental comedy, avowedly moral and pious in aim and tone. In places his plays are lively, and reflect much of Steele's amiability of temper.
3.His Essays. (It is as a miscellaneous essayist that Steele finds his place in literature. He was a man fertile in ideas, but he lacked the application that is always so necessary to carry those ideas to fruition Thus he often sowed in order that other men might reap. He started *The Tatler* in 1709, *The Spectator* in 1711, and several other short-lived periodicals, such as *The Guardian* (1713), *The Englishman* (1713), *The Reader* (1714), and *The Plebeian* (1719). After **the** rupture with Addison the loss of the latter's steadying

influence was acutely felt, and nothing that Steele attempted **had** any stability. working alliance with Addison was so close and so constant that the comparison between them is almost inevitable. Of the two writers, some critics assert that Steele is theworthier. In versatility and in onginalily_he is at least Addison's equal. His humour is broader and less restrained than Addison's with a naive, pathetic touch about it that is reminiscent of Goldsmith. (His pathos is more attractive and more humane. But Steele's very virtues are only his weaknesses sublimed; they are emotional, not intellectual; of the heart, and not of the head. He is incapable of irony; he lacks penefration and power; and much of his moralizingTs cheap and obvious. He lacks Addison's care and suave ironic insight.) he is reckless in style and inconsequent in method. And so,-in the final estimate, as the greater artist he fails.

The aim of Steele's essays was frankly didactic; he desired to bring about a reformation of contemporary society manners, and is notable for his consistent advocacy of womanly virtue and the ideal of the gentleman of courtesy, chivalry, and good taste. (His essays on children are charming, and he is full of human sympathy.)

The passage given illustrates Steele's easy style, the uncon.) strained sentences, the fresh and almost colloquial vocabulary, and the sentimentality to which he is prone.

[Mr Bickerstaff, the 'Mr Spectator' of "The Tatter," visits an old friend.]

As soon as we were alone, he took me by the hand. "Well, my good friend," says he, "I am heartily glad to see thee; I was afraid you would never have seen all the company that dined with you to-day again. Do not you think the good woman of the house a little altered since you followed her from the playhouse, to find out who she was, for me?" I perceived a tear fall down his cheek as he spoke, which moved me not a little. But, to turn the discourse, I said, "She is not indeed quite that creature she was, when she returned me the letter I carried from you; and told me she hoped, as I was a gentleman, I would be employed no more to trouble her, who had never offended me; but would be so much the gentleman's friend as to dissuade him from a pursuit which he could never succeed in. You may remember I thought her in earnest; and you were forced to employ your cousin Will, who made his sister get acquainted with her, for you. You cannot expect her to be for ever fifteen." "Fifteen!" replied my good friend: "Ah! you little understand, you that have lived a bachelor, how great, how exquisite a pleasure there is in being really beloved! It is impossible that the most beauteous face in nature **should** raise in me such

pleasing ideas as when I look upon that excellent woman. That fading in her countenance is chiefly caused by her watching with me in my fever. This was followed by a fit of sickness, which had like to have carried her off last winter. I tell you sincerely, I have so many obligations to her that I cannot, with any sort of moderation, think of her present state of health. But as to what you say of fifteen, she gives me every day pleasures beyond what I ever knew in the possession of her beauty, when 1 was in the vigour of youth. Every moment of her life brings me fresh instances of her complacency to my inclinations, and her prudence in regard to my fortune. Her face is to me much mort beautiful than when I first saw it; there is no decay in any feature which I cannot trace from the very instant it was occasioned by some anxious concern for my welfare and interests."
The Tatler

IV. Daniel Defoe (1659 (?)-1731)

1. His Life. Much of Defoe's life is still undetermined. He was born in London, became a soldier, and then took to journalism. He is one of the earliest, and in some ways the greatest, of the Grub Street hacks. He worked for both the Whigs and the Tories, by whom he was frequently employed in obscure and questionable work. He died in London.

2. His Prose. This is of amazing bulk and variety, and for convenience can be divided into two groups.

((a) Political Writings. Like most of the other writers of his time Defoe turned out a mass of political tracts and pamphlets. Many of them appeared in his own journal, *The Review,* which) issued in 1704(is in several ways the forerunner of *The Tatler* and *The Spectator.* His *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters* (1702) brought upon him official wrath, and caused him to be fined, imprisoned, and pilloried. He wrote one or two of his political tracts in rough verses which are more remarkable for their vigour than for their elegance. The best known of this class is *The True-born Englishman* (1701). In all his propaganda Defoe is vigorous and acute, and he has a fair command of irony and invective)

(b)(His Fiction. His works in fiction were all produced in the latter part of his life, at almost incredible speed. First came *Robinson Crusoe* (1719); then *Duncan Campbell, Memoirs of a Cavalier,* and *Captain Singleton,* all three books in 1720; in 1722 appeared *Moll Flanders, A Journal of the Plague Year,* and *Colonel Jacque;* then *Roxana* (1724) and *A New Voyage round the World(1725).*

This great body of fiction has grave defects, largely due to the immense speed with which it was produced. The general plan of

the novel in each case is loose and unequal; as, for example, in *Robinson Crusoe,* where the incomparable effect of the story of the island is marred by long and sometimes tedious narratives of other lands.) Then the style is unpolished but has a vigorous, homely raciriess and a Colloquial vocabulary) which make it ideal for his purpose. (At its best,/as in the finest parts of *Robinson Crusoe,* his writing has a realism that is rarely approached by the most ardent of modern realists) This is achieved by Defoe's grasp of details and his unerring sense of their supreme literary value, a swift and resolute narrative method, and a plain and matter-of-fact style that inevitably lays incredulity asleep. *(To* the development of the novel Defoe's contribution is priceless)
In the passage now given note Defoe's completely unadorned style, the loosely constructed sentences, and the attention to the minutest detail:

I went to work upon this boat the most like a fool that ever man did who had any of his senses awake. I pleased myself with the design, without determining whether I was able to undertake it; not but that the difficulty of launching my boat came often into my head; but I put a stop to my own inquiries into it, by this foolish answer: Let us first make it: I warrant I will find some way or other to get it along when it is done.
This was a most preposterous method; but the eagerness of my fancy prevailed, and to work I went. I felled a cedar-tree, and I question much, whether Solomon ever had such a one for the building of the Temple at Jerusalem; it was five feet ten inches diameter at the lower part next the stump, and four feet eleven inches diameter at the end of twenty-two feet, where it lessened, and then parted into branches. It was not without infinite labour that I felled this tree; I was twenty days hacking and hewing at the bottom, and fourteen more getting the branches and limbs and the vast spreading head of it cut off; after this it cost me a month to shape it and dub it to a proportion, and to something like the bottom of a boat, that it might swim upright as it ought to do. It cost me near three months more to clear the inside, and work it out so as to make an exact boat of it: this I did indeed without fire, by mere mallet and chisel, and by the dint of hard labour, till I had brought it to be a very handsome periagua, and big enough to have carried six-and-twenty men, and consequently big enough to have carried me and all my cargo.
Robinson Crusoe

OTHER PROSE-WRITERS

1. John Arbuthnot (1667-1735). Arbuthnot was born in Kincardineshire, Scotland, studied medicine at Oxford, and spent the latter part of his life in London, where he became acquainted with

Pope and Swift. His writings are chiefly political, and include the *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus* (1709), which, though published (1741) in the works of Pope, is thought to be his; *The History of John Bull* (1712 or 1713), ridiculing the war-policy of the Whigs; and *The Art of Political Lying* (1712).

Arbuthnot writes with wit and vivacity, and with many pointed allusions. At his best he somewhat resembles Swift, though he lacks the great devouring flame of the latter's personality.

2. Lord Bolingbroke (1678-1751). Henry St John, Viscount Bolingbroke, was one of the chief political figures of the period. At the age of twenty-six he was Secretary for War in the Tory Government; was thereafter implicated in Jacobite plots; was com pelled to flee to France; was permitted to return to England in 1725; had once more to return to France in 1735; then, after seven years' exile, was finally restored to his native land.

Bolingbroke prided himself on being both a patron of letters and a man of letters. He influenced Pope, not always to the latter's advantage. In 1753 appeared his *Letter to Sir William Wyndham* (written in 1717); then in 1736 he produced *A Letter on the Spirit of Patriotism* and in 1738 *The Idea of a Patriot King.* These reflect the Tory sentiments of their author, are written with lucidity and a vigour that is often near to coarseness, and have all the tricks and vices of the rhetorician.

3. George Berkeley (1685-1753). Born in Ireland, Berkeley was educated at Dublin, where he distinguished himself in mathematics. Having taken holy orders, he went to London (1713), and became acquainted with Swift and other wits. He was a man of noble and charitable mind, and interested himself in many worthy schemes.

He was appointed a dean, and then was made Bishop of Cloyne in 1734. He was a man of great and enterprising mind, and wrote with much charm on a diversity of scientific, philosophical, and metaphysical subjects.

Among his books are *The Principles of Human Knowledge,* **a** notable effort in the study of the human mind that appeared in 1710, *Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous* (1713), and *Alciphron, or The Minute Philosopher* (1732). He is among the first, both in time and in quality, of the English philosophers who have dressed their ideas in language of literary distinction. He writes with delightful ease, disdaining ornament or affectation, and his command of gentle irony is capable and sure.

4. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (1689-1762). This lady, famous

in her day for her masculine force of character, was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston. In 1712 she married Edward Wortley Montagu, and moved in the highest literary and social circles. In 1716 her husband was appointed ambassador at Constantinople, and while she was in the East she corresponded regularly with many friends, both literary and personal. She is the precursor of the great letter-writers of the later portion of the century. Her *Letters* are written shrewdly and sensibly, often with a frankness that is a little staggering. She had a vivid interest in her world, and she can communicate her interest to her reader.

5. **Earl** of **Shaftesbury (1671-1713).** Anthony Ashley Cooper, third Earl of Shaftesbury, is another example of the aristocratic *dilettante* man of letters. He had little taste for the politics of the time, and aspired to be famous as a great writer. He travelled much, and died at Naples in 1713.

His books are written with great care and exactitude, and are pleasant and lucid without being particularly striking. His *Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times* (1711), though it contains nothing very original or profound, suited the taste of the time and was widely popular.

POETRY

Alexander Pope (1688-1744)

1. His Life. (Tope was born in Londom the only son of a considerable city tradesman. (From his birth two conditions were to influence very deeply the career of the future poet: first, he was puny and delicate, and, secondly, he was baptized into the Roman Catholic faith?) His bodily infirmity, which amounted almost to deformity, caused him to be privately educated; and to the end of his life his knowledge had that extensive range, joined to the liability to make the grossest blunders, which is so often the mark of an eager and precocious intelligence imperfectly trained. Pope's religious faith, though he was never excessively devout as a Roman Catholic, closed to him all the careers, professional and political, in which a man of his keen intelligence might have been expected to succeed. He was thus forced into the pursuit of letters as his only road to fame. From his earliest youth we find him passionately desirous of making his name as an author.

His youth was passed at Binfield, his father's small estate near Windsor Forest. Before he was twenty years old he got into touch

with Wycherley, now old and abesotted. Through him pope became acquainted with Addison, Swift, and Steele, whose friendship he eagerly cultivated. His early verses, admirably attuned to the ear of the age, brought him recognition and applause;his translation of Homer brought him wealth; and from that point he never looked back. He became the dominating poetical personality of the day. In 1719 he removed to his house at Twickenham, whose pinchbeck beauties became the wonder, envy, and derisior. of literary and social London. It remained his home till ‘’that long disease, his,’’ was finished in 1744

2.His Character. In this book it fortunately seldom that we are called upon to analyse the character of an English writer in any detail, but in the case of pope it is necessary. With no man more than Pope are such personal considerations relevant and cogent, The complexity of his character is reflected in the contradictory estimates of his biographers. One sees him as ‘’a good and exceedingly lovable man,’’and others as the personification of be a mass of contradictions, and his own deliberate misrepresentation and concealment of facts about his life, and parentage, and his editing of his cealment of facts about his life, and parentage, and his editing of his published letters have done nothing to help in the elucidation of his physical weakness, and the mental agony occasioned by the taunts and sneers of his enemies. To this may be attributed much of his sensitiveness to insult, and his virulence in making and replying to attacks. His life was a series of skirmishes with rivals for poetic fame, many of whom, though beneath his contempt, he treated with a coarseness and violence which, though typical of their age, are none the less objectionable. He combined a sensitiveness to criticism, and a pride in his own artistic gifts, with an eye which saw clearly the weaknesses them, His animosity was intensely personal and vindictive and gave to his satirical portraits a vigour and incisiveness which have made them immortal. On the other hand , pope suffered much at the hands of his enemies, who spared neither his works, his family, nor his personal deformities. He had, too a fine feeling for beauty, an exquisite artistic taste, and a high sense of the poet’s vocation, which underlay many of his attacks on the denizens of Grub street. The Dunciad (see later) was the product of an offended artistic conscience as well as of personal malice. To his friends he was loyal and generous, as

we may see from his treatment of Swift, Richard Savage, and Martha Blount, while his claim to have been a good son to his ageing parents seems to have been justified. By religion and physical deformity a social outcast, he saw literature as his one way to fame. For it, and for poetry in particular, he 'lived; everything he wrote was stamped with the joy of creation and his desire for perfection and permanency; and it is as.an artist that he will finally be judged.

3. His Poetry. (Pope's earliest important work was his *Pastorals.* These poems, almost certainly written before he was eighteen, were published in 1709. The characters and scenery, based as they are on classical models, lack vigour and realityjput the work is important as an experiment in verse techxha$_1$ue:"T^{s}ope has already chosen bis medium, the heroic couplet, which is here handled with great metrical skill, variation of speed and tone, and delicacy of touch. .. The rich descriptions are, perhaps, overloaded with epithet, and tire diction is often artificial. We give a specimen of his earliest numbers:

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song:
The nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring;
Each am' rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are ah bestowed again.
For you the swains rhe fairest flow'rs design,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compris'd in one.
Summer:The second pastoral

In 1711 appeared ***An*** *Essay on Criticism,* also written in heroic couplets. The poem

(Windsor Forest (1713) is another pastoral in the familiar-metre, ' Artificial still, it nevertheless shows a broader treatment and a still stronger grip of the stopped couplet. (In_1712 was published the first version of *The Rape of the Lock,* one of the most brilliant poems in the language. In it Pope tried to laugh back into good humour two families who had been estranged when Lord Petrie cut off a lock of hair from the head of Miss Arabella Fermor. It is in the mock-heroic strain, and its effectiveness was greatly increased when, in 1714, Pope added the machinery of the sylphs to the original version. The poem combines with its humorous, epic treatment of the trivial theme a delicate fancy and a good deal of satire on the weaknesses of the fair sex and on society manners in general)For the most part, this satire is gentle and good-humoured, though occasionally the last half-line of a couplet gives us a foretaste of the more incisive tones of the later Pope.
"The Rape of the Lock has a flawless, airy grace and a sustained lighness of touch which are unparalleled in our literature.) Ao. infinite variety of verba! music is included in its fine descriptions, usually of the sylphs, which, for sheer pictorial beauty, are the finest things Pope achieved. A close study of the workmanship of the *poem* reveals an almost incredible subtlety *of* control over the texture of his verse. The first of the passages quoted below is typical in its mock-heroic tone and gentle satire on the vanity of the fair sex, while the second is a fair example of the delicate beauty of description:

And now, unveiPd, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover d, the cosmetic powers.
A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eye she rears;
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches. Bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,

Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace.
And calls forth all the wonders of her face:
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
 These set the head, and those divide the hair,
 Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown;
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
 Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light.
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
 Dipp'd in the richest tincture of the skies,
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;
 While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.

By this time Pope was well known, and he set about his ambitious scheme of translating the *Iliad,* which was completed in 1720. As a translation it is faulty, for Pope had no sound knowledge of Greek and was often led into errors by his reference to earlier translations. On the other hand, it is a brilliant poem, fast moving, and full of eloquent speeches, though it is far removed from the direct vigour of the original. The true epic strain was not really congenial to Pope. The *Iliad* was followed, in 1725 and 1726, by the *Odyssey,* translated with the aid of two classical scholars, Fenton and Broome. Both works were so successful as to make Pope a wealthy man, but brought upon him jealousy and criticism, and led to many quarrels, notably with Addison. The following passage will give some idea of the general tone of the work:

The troops exulting sat in order round,
And beaming fires illumined all the ground.
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
 O'er heaven's pure azure spreads her sacred light,
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head:
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,

Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

Still more criticism was evoked by his edition of Shakespeare, published in 1725. This was a task for which he lacked the necessary Elizabethan scholarship, but he prefaced the work with a fine appreciation. His many mistakes and cavalier treatment of the text were quickly seized upon by his critics, particularly by the Shakespearian scholar, Theobald, in *Shakespeare Restored (1726).*

Theobald's criticism gained him the throne of dullness in *The Dunciad,* which appeared anonymously in 1728, and again in 1742, with the addition of a fourth book and the dethronement of Theobald in favour of Colley Cibber. In this poem, modelled on Dryden's *MacFlecknoe,* Pope turns to rend the host of minor writers whose attacks had been making his life a misery. But the poem is not merely a settlement of old scores; Pope is concerned for the integrity of the art for which he lived. It shows his satirical powers at their best and their worst. It is charged with a stinging wit, and has great vigour and variety of pace, but is spiteful, venomous, and often coarse, and is too monotonous in its method of attack. Too often Pope condemns the good with the bad. Yet here as elsewhere, he has many fine passages, among the best of which is the conclusion, which we here quote:

In vain, in vain--the all-composing hour
Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the Power.
She comes! She comes! The sable throne behold
Of Night primeval and of Chaos old!
Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires....
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heaped o'er her head!...
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! They gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires....
Lo! thy dread empire, CHAOS! is restored;
Light dies before thy uncreating word;
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall
And universal darkness buries all.

(Between 1731 and 1735 Pope published a series of philosophical poems, including *To Lord Bathurst, Of the Use of Riches, Of the Knowledge and Characters of Men, Of the Characters of Women,* and, most famous of all, *An Essay on Man,* in which he discussed man's place in the universe. These *Moral Essays* were written under the

influence of Lord Bolingbroke, and their confused reasoning shows Pope's lack of philosophical training and background. They do, however, contain passages full of force and beauty, and the verse has Pope's usual care and lucidity.
The years 1733 to 1737 mark Pope's last important period of production. In them appeared his *Imitations of Horace,* in which, using the Latin satirist as his model, Pope launched his attacks in a series of poetical epistles on the greed and corruption of his day, and especially of the Whig party then in power. His famous *Prologue to the Satires,* better known by its other title, *Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot* (1735), contains some of his most brilliant and finished work. The style shows the ultimate development of Pope's couplet in its ease, naturalness, and versatility.) The poem contains the famous portraits of Lord Hervey and Addison, of which the latter is given below. They are masterpieces of satirical portraiture.

Peace to all such ! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
 Blest with each talent and each art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
 Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:--
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

4. Summary. It is now useful to draw together the various features of the work of this important poet.
(a)(Both in subject and in style his poems are *limited.* They take people of his own social class, and they deal with their common experiences and their common interests and aspirations. Pope **rarely** dips below the surface, and when he does so he is not at his **best.** With regard to his style, we-have-seen that it is almost wholly

restricted to the heroic couplet, used in a narrative and didatic subject. He is almost devoid of the lyrical faculty.)and the higher artistic emotions--"passion and apathy, and glory and shame"-- are beyond his artistic grasp.
(b)Wihin these limits his work is *powerful* and *effective.* The wit is keen; the satire burns like acid; and his zeal is unshakable. In serious topics, as in the *Essay on Man,* he can give imperishable shape to popular opinions.
(c) Above all, he was a great *artisi.)* A study of his technique shows a meticulous sense of the exact word in the exact place. One word, or the variation of the caesura, is enough to crystallize a mood or an idea. His diction develops from the rather artificial pastoral or mock-heroic language of the years before 1717 to the natural, everyday, distinctive speech of his later satires. This naturalness, together with a great flexibility and a condensed precision, is seen at its best in the *Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot.* Pope's is the true art which conceals art. Well might he say:

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
An Essay on Criticism

d)His *metre.* Pope's use of the heroic couplet marks a great change from that of Dryden. The couplet is tighter and more compressed, and there are few of the alexandrines or triplets which help to give Dryden's poetry its typical sweep. Instead we have 'correctness' and finish. But there is little monotony in Pope-- the range of his couplet can be seen by a comparison of *The Rape of the Lock* with the *Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot.* The latter is typical of his later work. Its epigrammatic pungency, often the result of a skilful use of antithetical balance, shows us Pope's couplet in all
its strength, clearness, and point. For this kind of poetry it has never been equalled.

OTHER POETS

1. Matthew Prior (1664-1721). Born in Dorsetshire, Prior
studied at Cambridge, and was early engaged in writing on behalf
of the Tories, from whom he received several valuable appointments. In 1701 he
entered the House of Commons; and in 1715,
becoming involved in Jacobite intrigues, he was imprisoned. He
was liberated in 1717, and died in 1721.
His first long work is *The Hind and the Panther Transvers'd to*

the Story of the Country and the City Mouse (1687), written in collaboration with Charles Montagu, and ridiculing *The Hind and the Panther.* Other longer works are *Alma: or the Progress of the Mind* (1718) and *Solomon on the Vanity of the World* (1718). The first imitates Butler in *Hudibras,* and with fair success; the second, written in the heroic couplet, aims at being a serious poem, but its seriousness is often marred with levity, and it shows no wisdom or insight.

Prior's chief distinction lies in his miscellaneous verse, which is varied, bulky, and of a high quality. In some respects it resembles the verses of Swift, for much of it is composed in the octosyllabic couplet, and it has a fair amount of Swift's force and dexterity. Prior lacks Swift's deadly power and passion, but he surpasses the Dean in versatility, in an easy wit and impudence, and in sentimentality. In this pleasant ease of verse and sentiment he is rarely approached. Some of the best of his shorter pieces are *The Chameleon, The Thief and the Cordelier,* and a number of poems, *To Chloe.*

2. John Gay (1685-1732). Gay was born in humble circumstances, and was apprenticed to a silk-mercer; but, being ambitious, he entered the service of the Duchess of Queensberry (1712). His poems having brought him some fame, he sought a public appoint ment. He was only moderately successful in this search, and his lazy and indifferent habits spoiled the chances that came in his way. He died in London, an amiable and shiftless idler.

His chief works are *The Rural Sports* (1713), written in the heroic couplet, and resembling Pope's *Pastorals, The Shepherd's Week* (1714), and *The What d 'Ye Call It* (1715), a pastoral farce. *Trivia, or The Art of Walking the Streets of London* (1716) is a witty parody of the heroic style, and it contains bright descriptions of London streets. He is, however, best remembered for his *Fables* (1727), which are in colloquial, easy octosyllabics, though only a few of them are really of permanent interest, and *The Beggar's Opera* (1728). This last play had a great success, which has lasted to the present day. It became the rage, and ran for sixty-two performances. It deserved its success, for it contains some pretty songs and much genuine though boisterous humour. It is also of importance as the beginning of the tradition of comic opera which culminates in the work of Gilbert and Sullivan. Gay had the real lyrical gift, which was all the more valuable considering the age he lived in. His ballad *Black-eyed Susan* is still popular.

3. Edward Ydung (1683-1765). Young **had a** long life, and

produced a large amount of literary work of variable quality. He was born in Hampshire, went to Oxford, and late in life (about 1730) entered the Church. He lived much in retirement, though in his later years he received a public appointment.
His major works are *The Last Day* (1714) and *The Force of Religion* (1714), which are moralizings written in the heroic couplet; *The Love of Fame* (1725-28), which shows an advance in the use of the couplet; and a poem in blank verse, *The Complaint, or Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality* (1742). This last poem, which was inspired by the death of his wife, had a great and long-enduring popularity, which has now vanished. Like Young's other poems, it shows some power of expression and a sombre satisfaction at his own misery. In the history of literature it is of some consequence, for the blank verse is of considerable strength, and as a reaction against the dominance of the couplet its value is undeniable.

4. Sir Samuel Garth (1661-1719). Garth was an older man than most of the other poets mentioned in this chapter. He was a popu lar physician assisted Pope in the young man's first efforts, and was knighted when George I ascended the throne.
The Dispensary, published in 1699, is the one work which gives him his place. It deals with a long-defunct squabble between physicians and apothecaries, and its importance is due to its being written in a kind of heroic couplet that is a link in style between Dryden and Pope.

5. Lady Winchilsea (1661-1720). Born in Hampshire, the daughter of Sir William Kingsmill, Anne, Countess of Winchilsea, passed most of her life in London, where she became acquainted with Pope and other literary notables. Some of her poems, which were of importance in their day, are *The Spleen* (1701), a Pindaric ode; *The Prodigy* (1706); and *Miscellany Poems* (1713), containing *A Nocturnal Reverie.*
Wordsworth says, "Now it is remarkable that, excepting the *Nocturnal Reverie* of Lady Winchilsea, and a passage or two in the *Windsor Forest* of Pope, the poetry intervening between the publication of the *Paradise Lost* and *The Seasons* does not contain a single new image of external nature." This statement is perhaps an exaggeration, but there is no doubt that Lady Winchilsea had the gift of producing smooth and melodious verse, and she had a discerning eye for the beauties of nature. They were, however, the beauties of a garden, rather than those of the wilds.

6. Ambrose Philips (1675-1749). Philips was a Shropshire man, was educated at Cambridge, and became a considerable figure in the literary world. He was a friend of Pope until his *Pastorals* appeared with Pope's in Tonson's *Miscellany* (1709). Stung by the praise lavished on Philips, the latter published a skilfully satirical 'eulogy' of his poems which mercilessly exposed their shortcomings. The quarrel which followed led Pope to immortalize Philips in *The Dunciad* and others of his works. Philips obtained several posts under the Government, and passed a happy and prosperous life. He wrote three tragedies, the best of which is *The Distressed Mother* (1712). He produced a fair amount of prose for the periodicals, and his miscellaneous verse, of a light and agreeable kind, was popular in its day. His poetry was called 'namby-pamby,' from his Christian name; and the word has survived in its general application.

7.Thomas Parnell (1679-1718). Parnell was born in Ireland, entered the Church, became an archdeacon, and prospered in his post. His poems consist of miscellaneous work, and were extremely popular in their day. The best of his work is contained in *The Hermit* (1710), which is written in heroic couplets, and in places reminds the reader of *The Deserted Village.* He shows skill as a versifier, and he has a genuine regard for nature.

8.Allan Ramsay (1686-1758). Born in Lanarkshire, Ramsay came to Edinburgh at the age of fourteen, and became a wig-maker. He soon took to writing verses, which admitted him into the society of the Edinburgh wits. He started a bookseller's shop in the city, and became a kind of local unofficial Poet Laureate. His ballads became very popular, and he brought upon himself the notice of the leaders of the literary world in London.

Ramsay published much miscellaneous writing, of which a large amount was issued to satisfy a passing demand. The quality can be poor enough; but some of it is more meritorious. A piece like *Lochaber No More* is quite noteworthy, and others reveal his freakish and pleasing sense of humour His *The Gentle Shepherd* (1725), a pastoral drama, has many of the vices of its species; but on the other hand it contains pleasing natural descriptions, some delightful though sentimental characters, and a few charming lyrics. As a literary ancestor of Burns Ramsay is important. He influenced the poetry of the Ayrshire man, who freely acknowledged the aid he obtained. Equally important was his publication of many of the works of the old Scots "makaris" in *The Evergreen* (1724). This collection led to a renewed appreciation of early vernacular poetry,

and was largely responsible for a rebirth of interest in popular song. Ramsay also shows how the natural genius of Scotland, while bowing to the supremacy of the school of Pope, nevertheless diverged on lines natural to itself.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY FORMS

The period under review marks a hardening' of the process discernible in the last chapter. The secession from romanticism is complete; the ideals of classicism reign supreme. Yet even at the lowest ebb of the romantic spirit, a return to nature is feebly beginning. In the next chapter we shall notice this new movement, for in the next period we shall see it becoming full and strong.

1. Poetry. In no department of literature is the triumph of classicism seen more fully than in poetry.

a)The *lyric* almost disappears. What remains is of a light'and artificial nature. The best lyrics are found in some of Prior's shorter pieces, in Gay's *The Beggar's Opera,* and in Ramsay's *The Gentle Shepherd.*

b)The *ode* still feebly survives in the Pindaric form. Pope wrote a few with poor success, one of them being *On St Cecilia's Day,* in imitation of Dryden's ode. Lady Winchilsea was another mediocre exponent of the same form.

c)The *satiric* type is common, and of high quality. The best example is Pope's *Dunciad, a* personal satire. Of political satire in poetry we have nothing to compare with Dryden's. Satire tends to be lighter, brighter, and more cynical. It is spreading to other forms of verse besides the heroic couplet, and we can observe it in the octosyllabic couplet in the poems of Swift, Prior, and Gay. A slight development is the epistolary form of the satire, of which Pope became fond in his latter years. Such is his *Epistles of Horace Imitated.*

d)*Narrative Poetry.* This is of considerable bulk, and contains some of the best productions of the period. Pope's translation of Homer is a good example, and of the poorer sort are Blackmore's abundant epics. We have also to notice a slight revival of the ballad, which was imitated by Gay and Prior. Their imitations are bloodless things, but they are worth noticing because they show that the interest is there.

e)*The Pastoral.* The artificial type of the pastoral was highly popular, for several reasons. It gave an air of rusticity to the most formal of compositions; it was thought to be elegant; it was easily

written; and it had the approval of the ancients, who made free use of the type. Pope and Philips have been mentioned as examples of the pastoral poets.

2.Drama. Here there is almost a blank. The brilliant and exotic flower of Restoration comedy has withered, and nothing of any merit takes its place. In tragedy Addison's *Cato* is almost the only passable example. In comedy Steele's plays are a survival of the Restoration type, but they have a sentimental, didactic piety quite alien from their models. The only advance in the drama is shown in *The Beggar's Opera,* whose robust vitality, sprightly music, and charming songs make it stand alone in its generation.

3.Prose. In prose we have to chronicle a distinct advance. For the first time we have periodical literature occupying a prominent place in the writing of the time. At this point, therefore, it is convenient to summarize the rise of periodical literature.

(a) The Rise of the Periodical Press. The first periodical published in Europe was the *Gazetta* (1536), in Venice. This was a manuscript newspaper which was read publicly in order to give the Venetians information regarding their war with the Turks. In England news-sheets were published during the reign of Elizabeth, but they were irregular in their appearance, being issued only when some notable event, such as a great flood or fire, made their sale secure. The first regular English journal was a weekly publication begun in 1622 by Thomas Archer and Nicholas Bourne, who were authorized to print information on foreign wars. Such publications, concerned exclusively with foreign news, became known as *corantos,* and they continued to appear until they were banned in 1632. But, in 1638, they reappeared when Nathaniel Butter and Nicholas Bourne obtained a monopoly for the printing of foreign news. It is noticeable that during this period, when the Press' was coming into being, governments seemed to fear the power of the printed word, and prosecutions of journalists and publishers, as well as suppressions of all periodicals, were not infrequent. The political passions which led to the Civil War produced a spate of journalistic writing, during which the *corantos* were submerged beneath the newsbooks and *Diurnalls* which, for the first time, in 1641, began to print home news. These newsbooks had most of the features of the modern newspaper, including editorial comments. The Civil War proper gave rise to numerous ephemeral *Posts, Spies,* and *Scouts,* and to the *Mercuries* published by both sides. On the Royalist side appeared the *Mercurius Aulicus* (1643-45), the *Mercurius Academicus* (1645-

46), and the *Mercurius Pragmaticus* (1647-50), while the, .Roundheads replied with such journals as the *Mercurius Britannicus* (1643-46) and *Mercurius Politicus* (1650-52). In 1655 Cromwell suppressed the licensed press with the exception of the official organ, *The Publick Intelligencer,* which appeared weekly until 1660. The suppression continued, with a short break at the beginning of 1659, until the end of that year, at which time only three people were allowed to publish journals. Among them was the greatest of all seventeenth-century journalists, Henry Muddiman, who published *The Parliamentary Intelligencer* (1659), the *Mercurius Publicus* (1660-63), and his greatest journal, *The London Gazette* (1665). The office of Gazetteer became an official appointment, and Steele held it for a time.

In 1682 the freedom of the Press was restored, and large numbers of *Mercuries* and other periodicals appeared and flourished in their different fashions. Advertisements began'to be a feature of the papers. In *The Jockey's Intelligencer* (1683) the charge is "a shilling for a horse or coach, for notification, and sixpence for renewing." In 1702 *The Daily Courant,* the first daily newspaper, was published, and it survived until 1735. Then in the early years of the eighteenth century the fierce contests between the Whigs and the Tories brought a rapid expansion of the Press. The most famous of the issues were Defoe's *Review* (1704), a Whig organ whose writings brought its editor into disrepute, and its opponent *The Examiner,* the Tory paper to which men like Swift and Prior contributed regularly. These newspapers are almost entirely political, but they contain satirical work of much merit.

Then in 1709 Steele published *The Taller.* At first it was Steele's intention to make it partly a *news-paper;* but under the pressure of his own genius and of that of Addison its literary features were accentuated till the daily essay became the feature of leading interest. *The Spectator,* begun in March 1711, carried the tendency still farther. The literary journal has come to stay. Steele's *The Plebeian* (1719) is an early example of the political periodical.

(b) The Rise of the Essay. Johnson defines an essay as "a loose sally of the mind; an irregular indigested piece; not a regular or orderly composition." This definition is not quite complete, for it does not cover such an elaborate work as Locke's *An Essay concerning Human Understanding.* But for the miscellaneous prose essay, which it is our immediate business to consider here, the definition will do. An essay, therefore, must in other words be short,

unmethodical, personal, and written in a style that is literary, easy, and elegant.

The English essay has its roots in the Elizabethan period, in the miscellaneous work of Lodge, Lyly, and Greene, and other literary free-lances (see p. 123). Sir Philip Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie,* published in 1595, is a pamphlet that attains a rudimentary essay-form. But the first real essayist in English is Francis Bacon (1561-1626), who published a short series of essays in 1597, enlarged in two later editions (1612 and 1625). His work follows that of the French writer Montaigne, whose essays appeared about 1580 and in English in 1603. In Bacon we have the miscellany of theme and the brevity, but we lack the intimacy of treatment and of style. Bacon's essays are rather the musings of the philosopher -than the personal opinions of the literary executant.

The defects of Bacon were remedied by Abraham Cowley (1618-67), who writes on such subjects as-Of *Myself, The Garden,* and other familiar themes. His style is somewhat heavy, but he has a pleasant discursive manner, different from the dry and distant attitude of Bacon. He provides the link between Addison and Bacon. Another advance is marked by a group of character-writers who flourished in the first half of the seventeenth century. They gave short character-sketches, often very acute and humorous, of various types of people. The best known of such writers are Joseph Hall (1574-1656), John Earle (1601-65), and Sir Thomas Overbury (1581-1613). Overbury wrote short accounts of such types as the *Tinker,* the *Milkmaid,* and the *Franklin.* His sketches are short, are pithily expressed, and reveal considerable knowledge and insight.

During the Restoration period we have Dryden's *Essay of Dramatick Poesie* (1668), Locke's *An Essay concerning Human Understanding* (1690), and Temple's *Essay of Poetry* (1685). The two first works are too long to be called essays proper, and fall rather under the name of treatises. Temple's essay, one of many that he published, is rather long and formal, but it is nearer the type we are here considering.

With the development of the periodical press the short essay takes a great stride forward. It becomes varied, and acquires character, suppleness, and strength. The work of Addison and Steele has already been noticed at some length. In *The Tatler* (1709) and *The Spectator* (1711) they laid down the lines along which the essay was to be developed by their great successors. Other essayists of **the** time were Swift and Pope, who contributed to the periodicals, and

Defoe, whose miscellaneous work is of wide range and of considerable importance.
c)*Prose Narrative.* Much of the narrative is still disguised as allegory, as in Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* and Addison's *The Vision of Mirza.* In his method Swift shows some advance, for he subordinates the allegory and adds to the interest in the satire and the narrative. The prominence given to fiction is still more noticeable in the novels of Defoe, such as *Robinson Crusoe.* We are now in touch with the novel proper, which will be treated in the next chapter.
d)*Miscellaneous Prose.* There is a large body of religious, political, and philosophical work. Much of it is satirical. In political prose Swift is the outstanding figure, with such books as *The Drapier's Letters;* and in religious writing his *Tale of a Tub* has a sinister importance. Other examples are Bolingbroke's *A Letter on the Spirit of Patriotism* (political), Berkeley's *Alciphron* (philosophical), and Steele's *The Christian Hero* (religious).

THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY STYLE

1. Poetry. In poetry we have to chronicle the domination of the *heroic couplet.* This metre produced a close, clear, and pointed style, as we have noticed in the work of Pope. Blank verse is still found in Young's *Night Thoughts.* Another example of blank verse is found in the mock epic of John Philips (1676-1709) called *The Splendid Shilling* (1701). The use of blank verse at this time is important, for it marks both a resistance to the use of the couplet and a promise of the revival of the freer forms of verse. The following is a fair example of the blank verse of the period. In style it is quite uninspired, its philosophy is dull, but it is metrically accurate and has a certain dignity and force.

Amidst my list of blessings infinite
Stands this the foremost, "That my heart has bled."
Tis Heaven's last effort of goodwill to man;
When pain can't bless, Heaven quits us in despair.
Who fails to grieve, when just occasion calls,
Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blest
Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart:
Reason absolves the grief, which reason ends.
May Heaven ne'er trust my friend with happiness,
Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
By previous pain; and made it safe to smile I
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*

The *lyric* still survives as a pale reflection of the Caroline species. A short specimen will suffice to show the facile versification and the lack of real passion that marks the treatment of the almost universal love-theme:

Blessed as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast;
For while I gazed, in transport tossed,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.
AMBROSE PHILIPS, *A Fragment of Sappho*

The only other kind of metre of any consequence is the *octosyllabic couplet,* which is largely employed in occasional and satirical compositions. Its style is neat, sharp, and dexterous, as can be observed in Swift's and Prior's verses.

2. Prose. In prose the outstanding feature is the emergence of the middle style. Of this the chief exponent is Addison, of whom Johnson says, "His prose is the model of the middle style;... pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration; always equable, and always easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences." We now find established a prose suitable for miscellaneous purposes--for newspaper and political work, for the essay, for history and biography. The step' is of immense importance, for we can say that with-Addison the modern era of prose is begun.

Along with this went the temporary disappearance of ornate prose. Prose of this style, though it had its beauties, was yet liable to be full of flaws, and was unacceptable to the taste of the age of Pope. It was therefore avoided. When ornate prose re-emerged later in the work of Johnson and Gibbon it was purged of its technical weaknesses, a development largely due to the period of maturing that it had undergone in the time we are now considering.

While the school of Addison represents the middle style, the plainer style is represented in the work of Swift and Defoe. Swift reveals the style at its best--sure, clean, and strong. Defoe's writing is even plainer, and often descends to carelessness and inaccuracy. This is due almost entirely to the haste with which he wrote. We give an example of this colloquial style:

"Well," says I, "honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go

now with the poor. But how do you live then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all?" "Why, sir," says he, "I am a waterman, and there's my boat," says he, "and the boat serves me for a house; I work in it in the day, and I sleep in it in the night, and what I get I lay down upon that stone," says he, showing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house; "and then," says he, "I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it."
DEFOE, *A Journal of the Plague Year*

[Table: TABLE TO ILLUSTRATE THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY FORMS]

CHAPTER IX

THE AGE OF TRANSITION

[Chart: TIME-CHART OF THE CHIEF AUTHORS]

THE TRANSITION IN POETRY

The following table is meant to convey a rough idea of the drift of poetry towards Romanticism. In the table the lateral position of

the title of a work gives an approximate estimate of its approach to the Romantic ideal. Such an estimate, especially in the case of the transitional poems, cannot be determined absolutely, and need not be taken as final. The table, nevertheless, reveals not only the steady drift, but also the manner in which the different stages of development overlap.

THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND (1740-1800)

The period covered by the present chapter is that of the middle and later stages of the eighteenth century. During this time several relevant historical movements call for notice.
1.Decline of the Party Feud. The contest between the Whigs and the Tories still continues, but it is hardly of the previous bitterness. The chief reason for this change is found in the weakness of the Tory party, which by rash management and precipitate action made itself so unpopular that for nearly thirty years--those in the middle of the century--the Whigs had hardly any opposition. With the accession of George III in 1760 the Tories swiftly climbed into power, and, with the shadow of the French Revolution already looming up, party feeling soon acquired additional ferocity.
2.Commercial and Imperial Expansion. Under the pacific

management of the great Whig minister Walpole, and owing to the successful wars of his successors, the eighteenth century saw an immense growth in the wealth and importance of the British Empire. On literature this material welfare had its effect by endowing and stimulating research and original work. The possession of India and America in itself was an inspiration, and when the new territories brought new burdens, like that of the American revolt, the clash of ideals led to fresh literary effort, as can easily be seen in the work of Burke.

3.The French Revolution. Long before it burst, the storm of the Revolution was, in the words of Burke, blackening the horizon. During the century new ideas were germinating; new forces were gathering strength; and the Revolution, when it did come in 1789, was only the climax to a long and deeply diffused unrest. Revolutionary ideas stirred literature to the very depths; the present chapter, and the next as well, are a chronicle of their effects upon the literature Of England.

THE AGE OF TRANSITION

Like all other periods of transition, the one under review is disturbed and confused. It is a matter of great difficulty to trace the different tendencies, but with care the task may be accomplished with some accuracy.

1. The Double Tendency. Two movements can be clearly observed in the writing of the time, namely:

a)The allegiance to the old order of classicism. In this movement the chief and almost the only figure is that of Samuel Johnson. He is a host in himself, however.

b)The search after the new order of Romanticism. In their different degrees, as can be seen from the second table at the beginning of this chapter, many writers were engaged in the search. It began as early as 1730, with the publication of Thomson's *Seasons;* and though it lapsed for a time, it was to continue with gathering force during the latter years of the century.

2. The New Romanticism. The general features of the Romantic movement were:

a)A return to nature--to the real nature of earth and air, and not to the bookish nature of the artificial pastoral.

b)A fresh interest in man's position in the world of nature. This led to great activity in religious and political speculation, as will be seen on the next page.

c)An enlightened sympathy for the poor and oppressed. In English literature during this time one has but to think of the work of Cowper, Burns, and Crabbe, and even of the classically minded Gray, to perceive the revolution that is taking place in the minds of men.
d)A revolt against the conventional literary technique, such as **that** of the heroic couplet. On the other hand, we have a desire for strength, simplicity, and sincerity in the expression of the new literary ideals.
e)Fresh treatment of Romantic themes in such poems as *The Lay of the Last Minstrel, The Ancient Mariner, La Belle Dame sans Merci.* Writers turned to supernatural stories, legends, and the more colourful periods of history, especially the Middle Ages.
In the present chapter we shall perceive all the above features dimly taking shape. In the next chapter they will be the dominating features of the era.
3. The New Learning. The middle and later stages of the eighteenth century show a minor Renaissance that touched nearly all Europe. The increase in wealth and comfort coincided with a general uplifting of the standard of the human intellect. In France particularly it was well marked, and it took for its sign and seal the labours of the Encyclopedists and the social amenities of the older *salons.* Many of the leading English writers, including Gibbon, Hume, and Sterne, visited Paris, which was the hub of European culture.
In England the new learning took several channels. In literature we have the revival of the Romantic movement, leading to *(a)* research into archaic literary forms, such as the ballad, and *(b)* new editions of the older authors, such as Shakespeare and Chaucer. The publication of Bishop Percy's *Reliaues* (1765), which contained some of the oldest and most beautiful specimens of ballad-literature, is a landmark in the history of the Romantic movement. Both Pope and Johnson were moved to edit Shakespeare, the former's ingenious guesses at meanings and cavalier treatment of his text contrasting strongly with the latter's shrewd, common-sense notes and attempt to restore the original readings. Other editions, by Theobald and Warburton, were examples of scholarly and enlightened research.
4.The New Philosophy. The spirit of the new thinking, which received its consummate expression in the works of Voltaire, was marked by keen scepticism and the zest for eager inquiry. Scotland very early took to it, the leading Scottish philosopher being Hume.

It would seem, perhaps, that this destructive spirit of disbelief would injure the Romantic ideal, which delights in illusion. But finally the new spirit actually assisted the Romantic ideal by demolishing and clearing away heaps of the ancient mental lumber, and so leaving the ground clear for new and fresher creations.

5.The Growth of Historical Research. History appears late in our literature, for it presupposes a long apprenticeship of research and meditation. The eighteenth century witnessed the swift rise of historical literature to a place of great importance. Like so many other things we have mentioned, it was fostered in France, and it touched Scotland first. The historical school had a glorious leader in Gibbon, who was nearly as much at home in the French language as he was in English.

6.The New Realism. At first, as might be expected, the spirit of inquiry led to the suppression of romance; but it drew within the circle of literary endeavour all the ranks of mankind. Thus we have the astonishing development of the novel, which at first concerned itself with domestic incidents. Fielding and his kind dealt very faithfully with human life, and often were immersed in masses of sordid detail. In the widest sense of the word, however, the novelists were Romanticists, for in sympathy and freshness of treatment they were followers of the new ideal.

7.The Decline of Political Writing. With the partial decay of the party spirit the activity in pamphleteering was over; poets and satirists were no longer the favourites of Prime Ministers. Walpole, the greatest of contemporary ministers, openly despised the literary breed, for he did not need them. Hence writers had to depend on their public, which was not entirely an evil. This caused the rise of the man of letters, such as Johnson and Goldsmith, who wrote to satisfy a public demand. Later in the century, when the political temperature once again approached boiling-point, pamphlets began again to acquire an importance, which rose to a climax in the works of Junius and Burke.

THE REACTIONARY SCHOOL

SAMUEL JOHNSON. (1709-84)

1. His Life, Johnson has a faithful chronicler in Boswell, whose *Life of Samuel Johnson* makes us intimate with its subject to a degree rare in literature. But even the prying zeal of Boswell could not extort many facts regarding the great man's early life. Johnson was

born at Lichfield, the son of a bookseller, whose pronounced Tory views he inherited and steadfastly maintained. From his birth he was afflicted with a malignant skin-disease (for which he was unsuccessfully 'touched' by Queen Anne) which all through his life affected his sight and hearing, and caused many of the physical peculiarities that astonished and amused the friends of his later years. After being privately educated, he proceeded to Oxford, where he experienced the miseries and indignities that are the lot of a poor scholar cursed with a powerful and aspiring mind. Leaving the university, he tried school-teaching, with no success; married a woman twenty years older than himself; and then in 1737 went to London and threw himself into the squalors and allurements of Grub Street.

In his *Essay on BoswelVs Life of Johnson* Macaulay has given an arresting description of the miseries endured by the denizens cf Grub Street; and in this case even the natural exaggeration of Macaulay is not quite misplaced. We know next to nothing regarding the life of Johnson during this early period. It is certain that it was wretched enough to cause the sturdy old fellow, in after years, to glance at this period of his life with a shudder of loathing, and to quench the curiosity of Boswell with ultra-Johnsonian vehemence. Very slowly he won his way out of the gutter, fighting every step with bitter tenacity; for, as he puts it in his poem *of London,*

Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.

From the obscure position of a publisher's hack he became a poet of some note by the publication of *London* (1738), which was noticed by Pope; his *Dictionary* (1747-55) advanced his fame; then somewhat incomprehensibly he appears in the limelight as one of the literary dictators of London, surrounded by a circle of brilliant men. In 1762 he received a pension from the State, and the last twenty years of his life were passed in the manner most acceptable to him: dawdling, visiting, conversing, yet *living* with a gigantic vitality that made his fellows wonder.

It is in these latter years that we find him imperishably figured in the pages of Boswell. All his tricks of humour--his bearishness, his gruff good-will, his silent and secret benevolences; his physical aberrations--his guzzlings, his grunts, his grimaces, his puffings and wallowings; his puerile superstitions; his deep and beautiful piety; his Tory prejudices, so often enormously vocal; his masterful and unsleeping common sense; the devouring immensity of his

conversational powers: we find all these set out in *The Life of Samuel Johnson.*
1.**His Poetry.** He wrote little poetry, and none of it, though it has much merit, can be called first-class. His first poem, *London* (1738), written in the heroic couplet, is of great and sombre power. It depicts the vanities and the sins of city life viewed from the depressing standpoint of an embittered and penurious poet. His only other longish poem is *The Vanity of Human Wishes* (1749). The poem, in imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal, transfers to the activities of mankind in general the gloomy convictions raised ten years earlier by the spectacle of London. The metre is the same as in *London,* and there is the same bleak pessimism, but the weight and power of the emotion, the tremendous conviction and the stern immobility of the author, give the work a great value. There are many individual lines of solemn grandeur. The following passage shows all he has to offer to the young aspirant to literary fame:

When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown.
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
Yet, should thy soul indulge the generous heat
Till captive Science yields her last retreat;
Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray
And pour on misty Doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters, to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron,and the jail.
See nations, slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life and Galileo's end.

3.His Drama. When he first came to London in 1737 he brought the manuscript, in part, of *Irene,* a solemn, ponderous, undramatic, blank verse tragedy. In 1749, through the heroic exertions of his old pupil David Garrick, who was then manager of Drury Lane Theatre, it was given a hearing, and had a run of nine nights. Even Johnson's best friends had to admit that it was no success, and it then utterly disappeared, taking with it Johnson's sole claim to dramatic merit.

4.His Prose. (Johnson's claims to be called a first-rate writer must rest on his prose. His earliest work appeared in Cave's *The Gentleman's Magazine,* between the years 1738 and 1744. For this periodical he wrote (1741-44) imaginary Parliamentary debates, based on the mere skeletons of facts which he could obtain without attending the House, and elaborated by his own invention) and embellished with his own vigorous style. In 1744 appeared *The Life of Savage,* his penurious poet friend, who had recently died in gaol. It was later incorporated in *The Lives of the Poets* and throws much light on Johnson's early hardships and struggles. Greater schemes were now contemplated, but his first move towards his edition of Shakespeare came to nothing owing to the impending appearance of Warburton's edition.

Then,(1747, he began work on his *Dictionary of the English Language*. This was his greatest contribution to scholarship. It has its weaknesses: it was a poor guide to pronunciation; the etymology was sometimes inaccurate; some quotations lacked dates and references; some definitions were incorrect, some prejudiced, some verbose. But it was vastly superior to any previous dictionary; for the first time, authorities for the actual use of words were quoted; it showed Johnson's remarkable talent .for definition based on common sense, though marred occasionally by humour; and it was introduced by a very fine Preface setting forth his lofty aims)-to "preserve the purity and ascertain the meaning of our English idiom," and prevent the language from being overrun with 'cant' and_ Gallicized words,

(While working on this_project he also wrote periodical essays for *The Rambler* (1750-52). The papers, which appeared twice a week, are full of deep thought and observation, and are founded upon his own experience of life, but they lack the elegance .of *The Spectator,* and they were too obviously didactic to be popular though, when issued in volume form, they ran through several editions during his lifetime. [Even so, *The Rambler* re-established the periodical essay

at a time when it was in danger of being superseded by the newspaper.) In these essays the mannerisms which came to be known as the distinguishing features of 'Johnsonese' (see p. 231) are more vious than in his later work, but there is frequent evidence of his enchant force and vigour.

He wrote *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia* (1759), in order to pay for his mother's funeral. It was meant to be a philosophical novel, but it is really a number of *Rambler* essays, strung together through the personality of an inquiring young prince called Rasselas. It is hardly a novel at all; the tale carries little interest, the characters are rudimentary, and there are many long, dull discussions. \ In the book, however, there are many shrewd comments and much of Johnson's sombre clarity of vision.

During this period (1758-60) he was contributing a series of papers, under the title of *The Idler,* to the *Universal Chronicle, or Weekly Gazette.* They were lighter in touch and shorter than those *of The Rambler.*

(Then came Johnson's second truly great work--his fine edition of *Shakespeare,* published in 1765. Based on a wide reading in Elizabethan literature, the edition offered nothing new in the way of method, but aimed at the restoration of the original, text wherever possible)and the clearing away of the jungle of fanciful conjecture which had led to its corruption He succeeded in producing a purer text than any then in existence and the trenchant common sease which underlies his notes has given many of them a permanent place in modern editions.(There can have been few saner attempts to elucidate the obscurities of the texti and (the Preface is remarkable for its forthright honesty in recognizing Shakespeare's faults and in defending him against the charge of having ignored the classical
unities) and for its analysis of the causes of corruption in the text.

(Johnson's preface to his *Shakespeare* is a landmark, not only in Shakespearian scholarship, but in English criticism as a whole. It established firmly his belief that "there is always an appear open from criticism to nature."

His later years were almost unproductive of literary work. Yet he kept himself deeply interested in the events of the day. For instance, he started a violent quarrel with Macpherson, whose *Ossian* had startled the literary world. We give a letter that Johnson wrote to the Scotsman, which shows that he often wrote as he spoke-- crisply, clearly, and scathingly:

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MR JAMES MACPHERSON,

I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian.
What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture: I think it an imposture still. For this opinion I have given my reasons to the public, which I here dare you to refute. Your rage I defy. Your abilities, since your Homer, are not so formidable; and what I hear of your morals inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but to what you shall prove. You may print this if you will.
SAM. JOHNSON
(His *A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland* (1775), a travel book, shows the faculty of narrative, and contains passages of great skill. His last work of any consequence was *The Lives of the Poets* (1777-81), planned as a series of introductions to the works of fifty-two poets. In Johnson's hands the introductions, half biographical, half critical, grew beyond their proposed size, and they are now regarded as criticism of great and permanent values.) The poets dealt with are those of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the period which Johnson found most congenial. He is best when truly in sympathy with his subject, as in the lives of Dryden and Pope, and, though personal antipathies distort his judgments of Milton and Gray, there can be no doubt of his intention to try to be just. Indeed, the forthright honesty of his opinions, based on strong common sense, and phrased with a pithy, concise vigour, is the distinguishing feature of the work. Though he shows limitations as a critic, such as his uncertain ear for the delicacies of melody and rhythm, Johnson here stands revealed as a level-headed adherent of the classical standards, resting his judgment on a strong sense of reality, and anxious to destroy affectation and extravagance in literature, that it might once again recapture the power of speaking direct to the heart on themes of universal interest.
5. His Style.(Johnson's prose style has been the object of much ridicule! epitomized in the popular conception of johnosnese as pompous,[artincial verboso prose. While this veiw undoubtedly contains some truth, it reflects but one aspect of his writing.In his early work, and notably in *the Rambler* and in *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia,* the prose is heavy, rhetorical in structure) full of affectation, and (hughly Latinized) and, at all periods of his life, when Johnson wrote on a trivial subject, he was in danger of becoming

pompous and over-elaborate. These early mannerisms steadily disappear as we follow the course of his writings, until, in *The Lives of the Poets,* his prose has the ease, lucidity, force, and vigorous directness of his conversation.) Given a subject worthy of his mettle, Johnson writes in sentences packed full with meaning, and their dogmatic tone is but a challenge to the reader to give them the thought which they demand and deserve.

When we come to estimate the man and his work we shall probably arrive at the conclusion that the towering eminence which he held among really able men was due as much to the personality of the man as to the greatness of the writer, but to attempt to deny the latter would be pointless.

We give below two specimens of his prose. The first is typical of his early period and has earned for itself the title of 'Johnsonese'; the second is the mature Johnson.

In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed; and though no book was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and the world is little solicitous to know whence proceeded the faults of that which it condemns, yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it, that the English Dictionary was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage, of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amid inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow. It may repress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe, that if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed. If the lexicons of ancient tongues, now immutably fixed, and comprised in a few volumes, be yet, after the toil of successive ages, inadequate and delusive; if the aggregated knowledge and co-operating diligence of the Italian academicians did not secure them from the censure of Beni; if the embodied critics of France, when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its economy, and give their second edition another form, I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection.
Preface to "Dictionary"

It is not to be inferred that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images,

and to accumulate all that study might produce or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden therefore are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.
The Lives of the Poets

THE TRANSITIONAL POETS

I. JAMES THOMSON (1700-48)

Thomson can hardly be called a great poet, yet in the history of literature he is unusual enough to be regarded (chronologically) as a freak. As such he is important, and it is necessary to give him some prominence.

1.His Life. Born near Kelso, close to some of the loveliest valleys on the Scottish side of the Border, Thomson early came to London (1725) to seek a patron and fame. His *Winter* (1726), though its novelty embarrassed the critics, brought him recognition and afterward praise;, he obtained the patronage of the great, and assiduously cultivated it; travelled as a tutor to a noble family; obtained Government places and emoluments; and passed a happy and prosperous life at his cottage near Richmond.

2.His Poetry. His *Winter* was afterward quadrupled in size by including the other three seasons, and became *The Seasons* (1730). It is a blank-verse poem, and consists of a long series of descriptive passages dealing with natural scenes, mainly those with which he was familiar during his youth on the Scottish Border. There is a great deal of padding, and the style is often marked by clumsy expressions; yet on the whole the treatment is exhilarating, full of concentrated observation and joy in the face of nature. Above all, it is real nature, obtained from the living sky and air, and not from books; and, coming when it did, the poem exerted a strong counter-influence against the artificial school of poetry.

Thomson also wrote *Liberty* (1735-36), a gigantic poem in blank verse, intolerably dull. It had no success. As Johnson says, "The praises of Liberty were condemned to harbour spiders, and to gather dust."

In the last year of his life he published *The Castle of Indolence,* which is even more remarkable than *The Seasons.* The poem is written in Spenserian stanzas, and in the true Spenserian fashion it gives a description of a lotus-land into which world-weary souls are invited to withdraw. The work is imitative, and so cannot claim to

be of the highest class, but it is an imitation of the rarest merit. For languid suggestiveness, in dulcet and harmonious versification, and for subtly woven vowel-music it need not shirk comparison with the best of Spenser himself. Yet the likeness is confined to similarity of tone and technique; Thomson's sentiments are too commonplace to merit comparison with the more profound thought and philosophy which underlie Spenser's work. We give three verses of this remarkable poem. Coming at such a period, and expressing as they do the essence of romantic idealism, the verses are well worth quoting:

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale.
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep:
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood.
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to **flow.**

A pleasing land of drowsyhed it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky:
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh;
But whate'er smacked of noyance, or unrest,
Was far far off expelled from this delicious nest.
The Castle of Indolence

Thomson also wrote some dramas, including **one** bad **tragedy,** *Sophonisba* (1729); and in collaboration with Mallet he produced the masque *Alfred* (1740), which happens to contain **the** song *Ride, Britannia.* The song is usually said to be Thomson's.

II. Oliver Goldsmith (1728-74) As another typical example of the transition **poet we take Goldsmith**

whose work was produced a full generation after that of Thomson.

1. His Life. Much of Goldsmith's early life is obscure, and our knowledge of it rests upon his own unsupported and hardly reliable evidence. He was probably bom at Pallas, a small village in County Longford, in Ireland, and he was the son of the poor but admirable curate of the village. His father, the village, and various local features are duly registered, and unduly idealized, in the poem *The Deserted Village.* In 1744 Goldsmith proceeded to Trinity College, Dublin; graduated, after some misadventures; and then tried various careers in turn--law, medicine, and playing the flute--at various
places, including Dublin, Edinburgh, Leyden, Venice, and Padua. At the last-mentioned place he graduated, according to his own account, as a doctor, and claimed title as such. In truth, a settled career was beyond Goldsmith's capacity. He had all the amiable vices .of the stage Irishman: he was shiftless and improvident, but generous and humane; unstable and pitifully puerile in mind, but with bright, piercing flashes of humour and insight. During his years of wandering he roved over Europe, playing the flute for a living; then in 1756 he returned to England, poor, unknown, but undaunted.

Then followed desperate attempts at making a living. In succession he was apothecary's assistant, printer's reader, usher in a school, and finally (the last refuge of the literary down-at-heels) publisher's hack and a denizen of Grub Street. In time, however, by their sheer merit, his writings drew upon him the regard of famous persons, including Dr Johnson and Charles James Fox, the eminent politician. Once recognition came, it came with a rush; money and praise poured in; but his feckless habits kept him poor, and he drifted about in mean London lodgings till his death in 1774. It was said that he brought his doom upon himself by over-use of a patent medicine. He left debts for two thousand pounds. During his latter years he was a member of Johnson's famous club, where his artless ways--his bickerings, witticisms, and infantile vanity-- were the cause of the mingled amusement, admiration, and contempt of his fellow-members.

2. His Poetry. Though his poetical production is not large, it is
notable. His first poem, *The Traveller* (1764), deals with his wanderings through Europe. The poem, about four hundred lines in
length, is written in the heroic couplet, and is a series of descriptions
and criticisms of the places and peoples of which he had experience

It contains descriptive passages of considerable beauty phrased in simple language, and the couplet is melodious and polished. The poem has his characteristic charm and grace, and reveals a clear perception of the sufferings of the poor, where "laws grind the poor, and rich men make the laws." His only other poem of any length is *The Deserted Village* (1770). In this poem, as he deals with the memories of his youth, the pathetic note is more freely expressed. His natural descriptions have charm and genuine feeling; but his remedies for the agricultural depression of Ireland are innocently empty of the slightest practical value.

The peculiar humour and pathos of Goldsmith are hard to analyse. Both emotions arise from simple situations, and are natural and free from any deep guile, yet they have a certain agreeable tartness of flavour, and show that Goldsmith was no fool in his observation of mankind. Often the humour is so dashed with pathos that the combined effect is attractive to a very high degree. The passage given below illustrates his artless emotion naturally expressed:

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs--and God has given my share--
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return--and die at home at last.
The Deserted Village

Goldsmith's miscellaneous poems are important, for they include some of his characteristic humorous and pathetic writing. The ballad called *The Hermit* is done in the sentimental fashion, the witty *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog* is suggestive of Swift without Swift's savage barb, and the fine lines beginning "When lovely woman stoops to folly" are among the best he ever wrote.

3. His Drama. Goldsmith wrote two prose comedies, both of which rank high among their class. The first, called *The Good-natur'd Man* (1768), is not so good as the second, *She Stoops to Conquer* (1773). Each, but especially the latter, is endowed with an ingenious and lively plot, a cast of excellent characters, and a

vivacious and delightful style. Based on the Restoration comedy, they lack the Restoration grossness. The second play had an immense popularity, and even yet it is sometimes staged.

4. His Prose. The prose is of astonishing range and volume. Among his works of fiction we find *The Citizen of the World* (1759), a series of imaginary letters from a Chinaman, whose comments on English society are both simple and shrewd. This series was contributed to *The Public Ledger,* a popular magazine. He wrote many 'other essays in the manner of Addison, almost as well done as those. of Addison. His other important work of fiction is his novel *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766), which is in the first rank of the eighteenth-century novels. The plot of the novel is simple, though sometimes inconsistent, the characters are human and attractive, and the book has all the Goldsmith qualities of humour and pathos.

We give an example of his style. The passage is taken from one of his essays, in which he sketches the character of a man who, while he pretends to be hard-hearted, is in reality of a generous disposition. The humour is typical; it is artless, but it is acute and pervading, and shows us quite plainly that the writer was by no means the zany that Boswell (who disliked Goldsmith) desired us to imagine in his *Life of Johnson.*

He was proceeding in this strain, earnestly to dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty, when an old man, who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession, to support a dying wife, and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me; but it was quite otherwise with the man in black; I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance, and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children, but he seemed ashamed to discover his weakness to me. White he thus hesitated between compassion and pride, I pretended to look another way, and he seized this opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver, bidding him at the same time, in order that I should hear, go work for his bread, and not tease passengers with such -impertinent falsehoods for the future.

The Citizen of the World

In addition, Goldsmith produced a great mass of hack-work, most of which is worthless as historical and scientific fact, but all of which is enlightened with the grace of his style and personality. Some of these works are *An Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe* (1759), his first published book; *The History of*

England (1771); and *An History of Earth and Animated Nature,* a kind of text-book on natural history, which was published posthumously.

5. Summary. Goldsmith's work is so varied and important that it is necessary to summarize briefly. The following are its main features:

(a) Variety. In his projected Latin epitaph on Goldsmith Johnson gives prominence to the statement that Goldsmith touched on nearly every type of writing and adorned them all:

Qui nullum fere scribendi genus
Non tetigit, Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.

b)Its *high quality.is* also apparent. In grace, charm, and amiable good-humour he is in the first flight of our writers.

c)As a *transitional poet* he is worthy of careful observation. In the mechanics of poetry--such as metre, rhyme, and rhetorical devices--he follows the older tradition; but in his broad humanity of outlook, in his sympathetic treatment of natural scenes, and in the simplicity of his humour and pathos he is of the coming age.

OTHER TRANSITIONAL POETS

1. Thomas Gray (1716-71).] Gray was born in London, the son of a money-scrivener, a kind of lawyer) who was in affluent circumstances. Gray, however, owed his education largely to the self-denial of his mother; he was educated at Eton and Cambridge, at the former of which places he met Horace Walpole. With Walpole he toured Italy and France; then, returning to the university, he took his degree, finally settling down to a life that was little more than an elegant futility. He was offered the Laureateship, but refused it (1757); he obtained a professorship at Cambridge, but he never lectured. He wrote a little, travelled a little; but he was a man of shrinking and fastidious tastes, unapt for the rough shocks of the world, and, fortunately for himself, able to withdraw beyond them. [_His first poem was the *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College* (1747), which contained gloomy moralizings on the approaching fate of those "little victims," the schoolboys. Then, after years of revision and excision, appeared the famous *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard* (1751). This poem was smooth and graceful; it contained familiar sentiments turned into admirable, quotable phrases; and so, while it was agreeably familiar, it was fresh enough

to be attractive. Its popularity has been maintained to the present day. His *Pindaric Odes* (1757) were unsuccessful, being criticized for their obscurity. *The Bard* and *The Progress of Poesy,* the two Pindaric odes in the book, certainly require some elucidation, especially to readers not familiar with history and literature. At the first glance Gray's odes are seen to have all the odic splendour of diction; in fact, the adornment is so thickly applied that it can almost stand alone], like a robe stiff with gems and gold lace. (Gtet the poems have energy and dignity) Johnson, who had a distaste for both the character and the work of Gray, cavils at the work, saying that it has a strutting dignity. "He is tall by walking on tiptoe. His art and his struggle are too visible."

The prose work of Gray is notable. (It consists partly of letters written during his travels, describing the scenes he visits. In them he shows vigour of style, and a sharp eye and a generous admiration for the real beauties of nature) His descriptions, such as those of the Lake District, are quite admirable, and well in advance of the general taste of his age.

In spite of its slender bulk, Gray's achievement both in prose and verse is of great importance. He explored the origins of romance in the early Norse and Celtic legends; his sympathies with the poor and oppressed were genuine and emphatically expressed; and his treatment of nature was a great improvement upon that of his predecessors. Johnson's final estimate of Gray is not unfair, and we can leave the poet with it: "His mind had a large grasp; his curiosity was unlimited, and his judgment cultivated; he was a man likely to love much where he loved at all, but he was fastidious and hard to please."

2. William Collins (1721-59). (Collins was horn at Chichester, and was educated at Winchester and Oxford)where he graduated in 1743. He next tried to follow a literary career in London, but with scant success, being arrested for debt. He was released by the generosity of his publishers, and a fortunate legacy relieved him from the worst of his financial terrors. Recovering after several violent fits of insanity, he lapsed into a mild species of melancholia, finally dying in his native city at the early age of thirty-eight.

(The work of Collins is very small in bulk, and even of this scanty stock a fair proportion shows only mediocre ability. His *Persian Eclogues* (1742) are in the conventional style of Pope, and though they profess to deal with Persian scenes and characters the Oriental"

setting shows no special information or inspiration. The book **that** gives him his place in literature is his *Odes* (1746), a small octavo volume of fifty-two pages. The work is a collection of odes to **Pity,** Fear, Simplicity, and kindred abstract subjects? Some of the odes are overweighted with the cumbrous, creaking machinery of the Pindaric; but the best of them, especially (the *Ode to Evening* (done in unrhymed verse), are instinct with a sweet tenderness, a subdued and shadowy pathos, and a magical enchantment of phrase. In the same book two short elegies, one beginning "How sleep the brave" and the other on James Thomson ("In yonder grave a Druid lies"), are captivating)with their misty lights and murmuring echoes of melancholy.' In the finest work of Collins, with his eager and wistful searching, with what Johnson morosely called his "flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature," we are ushered over the threshold of romance.

3. William Cowper((1731-1800). Cowper was born at .Great Berkhampstead, in Hertfordshire, where his father was rector.) He was to have been a barrister, and was actually called to the Bar (1754), but a great and morbid timidity of disposition, which increased till it became religious and suicidal mania, hampered him cruelly through life. Family influence obtained for him the offer of a good post on the clerical staff of the House of Lords, but his extreme shyness made him quite unfit for this semi-public appointment. The consequent disappointment disordered his wits, and he attempted suicide, but was fortunately prevented. The latter part of his life was spent chiefly at Olney, in Buckinghamshire, where his good friends the Unwins treated him with great kindness and good sense. His feeling of gratitude for their care, expressed or implicit in many of his poems and letters, is one of the most touching features in the literature of the time. This comparatively happy state of affairs did not last till the end, for the years immediately preceding his death were much clouded with extreme mental and bodily affliction.

(cowper's poems were produced late in life, but in bulk the work is large. It is curiously mixed and attractive in its nature. His first published work was a number of hymns contributed to the *Olney Hymns* (1779). They are notable for their direct sincerity, and several of them are still among the best known of English hymns. Among them are: *Oh! for a closer walk with God; Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;* and *God moves in a mysterious way.* His *Poems* (1782) contains little that is noteworthy.)The bulk of it is taken up with **a**

collection of satirical set pieces in heroic couplets, quite in the usual manner, on such subjects as *The Progress of Error, Truth, Hope,* and *Charity. (At the* very end of the volume a few miscellaneous short pieces are more encouraging as novelties. One of them is the well-known poem containing the reflections of Alexander Selkirk ("I am monarch of all 1 survey"). His next work is *The Task* (1785), a long poem in blank verse, dealing with simple and familiar themes and containing many fine descriptions of country scenes) in places the style is marked by the prevailing artificial tricks, and as a whole the poem is seldom inspired with any deep or passionate feeling; but his observation is acute and humane, it includes the homeliest detail within its kindly scope, and he gives us real nature, like Thomson in *The Seasons. (*At the end of this volume the ballad of *John Gilpin* finds a place. It is an excellent example of Cowper's prim but sprightly humgurj) an extraordinary gift for a man of his morbid temperament. other short poems were added to later editions of his first volume. These include the *Epitaph on a Hare,* curiously and touchingly pathetic; lines *On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture,* which reveal only too painfully the suppressed coavulsionsn of grief a*nd* longing that were stirred within him by memories of the past; and (*The Castaway written* in a lucid interval just before the end, and sounding like the wail of a damned spirit The poem(gives a tragic finality to his life. It describes the doom of a poor wretch swept overboard in a storm,)and concludes:

No poet wept him; but the page
Of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
Is wet with Anson's tear;
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date:
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
No light propitious shone,
When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
We perished, each alone:
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelm'd in deeper gulfs than he.

(Cowper's letters, private epistles addressed to various personal friends, are among the most delightful of their kind. They show the man at his best--almost jovial in a delicate fashion, keenly observant, and with a genuine gift for narrative) The style is so clear that the disposition of the writer shines through it with unruffled benignity.
(Cowper's work is of considerable significance in the movement from the classical to the romantic tradition. The simple sincerity with which he expressed his love of the details of homely life, his accurate and realistic description of natural landscapes, and the warm, yet gentle, humanity which led him to support and love the underdog, all foreshadow Wordsworth)though he lacks the latter's burning faith and depth of vision.(His lyric gift), all too rarely seen among the great quantities of his didactic and satirical verse, (was another quality which linked him with the age that was to come,) rather than with that which was passing away.

4. George Crabbe (1754-1832). Crabbe comes very late among the poets now under review, but in method he is largely of the eighteenth century. He was born in Suffolk, at Aldeburgh, where his father had been a schoolmaster and a collector of customs. He was apprenticed to a surgeon, but later left his native town to seek fame as an author in London (1780). He had little success at first, but gradually attracted attention. He fixed on a settled career by taking holy orders, and obtained the patronage of several influential men/Ultimately he obtained the valuable living of Trowbridge (1814), where he died as late as 1832, only a few months before Sir Walter Scott.

His chief poetical works are *The Library* (1781), *The Village* (1783), which made his name as a poet, *The Borough* (1810), and *Tales* (1812). The poems in their succession show little development, resembling each other closely both in subject and style. They are collections of tales, told in heroic couplets with much sympathy and a good deal of pathetic power, dealing with the lives of simple countryfolk such as Crabbe encountered in his own parish. There is a large amount of strong natural description, though it is subsidiary to the human interest in the stories themselves. The motivating power behind Crabbe's poetry was his desire to state the plain, unvarnished truth about the life of the peasant, and to destroy the idealized, artificial picture of it presented by the eighteenth century pastoral. He has often been criticized for being too gloomy and pessimistic; he is pessimistic in the sense that he is stubbornly alive

to the miseries of the poor, and he is at a loss how to relieve them. Though, in technique, he was a life-long follower of the school of Pope, his work was warmly recognized by Wordsworth and other thinkers who had the welfare of the poor at heart. Crabbe, however, cannot be classed as a great poet; he lacks the supreme poetic gift of transforming even squalor and affliction into things of splendour and appeal; but he is sympathetic, sincere, and an acute observer of human nature.

5. Mark Akenside (1721-70). Akenside was born at Newcastle, studied medicine at Edinburgh, and graduated at Leyden in 1744. He started practice at Northampton, but did not succeed. Later he had more success in London. He was a well-known character, and is said to have been caricatured by Smollett in *Peregrine Pickle.*

His best political poem is his *An Epistle to Curio* (1744), which contains some brilliant invective against Pulteney. His best-known book is *The Pleasures of the Imagination* (1744), a long and rambling blank-verse poem. The style is somewhat Miltonic in its energy and its turn of phrase, but it is deficient in the Miltonic genius. The poem has some loud but rather fine descriptive passages, especially those dealing with his native Tyne, for the beauties of which he shows a laudable enthusiasm.

6. Christopher Smart (1722-71). Smart was born in Kent, and was educated at Cambridge, where he graduated. He was a man of unbalanced mind, which, leading him into many extravagances, brought him finally to a madhouse and a miserable death in a debtor's prison.

The poem connected with his name is *A Song to David* (1763), which is said to have been partly written on the walls of the madhouse in which he was confined. The poem, consisting of nearly a hundred six-line stanzas, is a wild, rhapsodical effusion, full of extravagance and incoherence, but in places containing bursts of tremendous poetic power. The following stanzas, the last in the poem, give an idea of these poetical bomb-shells:

Glorious the sun in raid career;
Glorious th' assembled fires appear;
Glorious the comet's train:
Glorious the trumpet and alarm;
Glorious the Almighty's stretch'd-out arm;
Glorious th' enraptured main:

Glorious the northern lights astream;
Glorious the song, when God's the theme:
Glorious the thunder's roar:

Glorious hosanna from the den;
Glorious the catholic amen;
Glorious the martyr's gore:

Glorious--more glorious--is the crown
Of Him that brought salvation down,
By meekness call'd thy Son;
Thou that stupendous truth believed,
And now the matchless deed's achieved;--
Determined, dared, and done.

7. William Shenstone (1714-63). Born at the Leasowes, in Worcestershire, Shenstone was educated at Oxford. After leaving the university he retired to his estate, which he beautified in the fashion of the time. He was a man of an agreeable nature, but was shy and retiring, and spent nearly all his life in the country.

His published works consist chiefly of odes, elegies, and what he called *Levities, or Pieces of Humour* (often dreary enough), and *The Schoolmistress* (1742). His poems are largely pastoral, but they are by no means the artificial pastoral of Pope. He studies nature himself, and does not derive his notions from books. In this matter he. resembles Cowper. *The Schoolmistress,* which by a notable advance is written in the Spenserian stanza, deals in rather a sentimental fashion with the teacher in his first school; it is sympathetic in treatment, and in style is an interesting example of the transition.

8. Charles Churchill (1731-64). Churchill was educated at West minster School and at Cambridge, took orders (1756), and obtained a curacy. When he was about twenty-seven years old he suddenly started on a wild course of conduct, abandoned his curacy, took to politics and hack journalism, and to drinking and debauchery. He died at Boulogne at the age of thirty-three.

Churchill lives in literature as a satirist of trenchant force and sustained vigour. Though his work lacks constructional skill, his use of both the octosyllabic and decasyllabic couplet has a greater freedom and strength than were common in his day. He has something of the energy and verve of Dryden, his acknowledged master. His wit is amusing, and his satirical portraits are firmly, if not memorably, drawn. The work which established his reputation was *The Rosciad* (1761), a slashing attack on the leading figures of the contemporary stage, and it was followed by a series of political satires, of which the best is *The Prophecy of Famine* (1763), where he attacked the Scots, a race for whom he had an intense dislike.

8.Robert Blair (1699-1746). Blair was born at Edinburgh, and became a clergyman in East Lothian. The poem that brought him bis transitory reputation was *The Grave* (1743). It is a long blank-verse poem of meditation on man's mortality. It does not make cheerful reading, and the sentiments are quite ordinary. It has, however, a certain strength and dignity, and the versification shows skill and some degree of freshness. The poem is reminiscent of Young's *Night Thoughts.*

THE NEW SCHOOL

1. ROBERT BURNS (1759-96)

In this section we shall deal with those poets who wrote in the middle and later years of the eighteenth century, and who abandoned the classical tradition. In their generation they came too early to be definitely included in the school of Wordsworth and Coleridge, but in their work they are often as romantically inclined as any of their great successors. We begin with Burns, one of the latest, and probably the greatest, of Wordsworth's poetical forebears. With the appearance of Burns we can say that the day of Romanticism is come. There had been false dawns and deceptive premonitions, but with him we have, in the words of Swinburne,

A song too loud for the lark,
A light too strong for a star.

1. His Life. (He was born in a small clay-built cottage, the work of his father's hands, in the district of Kyle, in Ayrshire.) His father, a small fanner, was a man of an unbending disposition, and the boy had to toil with the rest of the family to wring subsistence from the soil. (He had not much formal education, and all his life he tried spasmodically to improve if;)but it was mainly the force of his own natural ability that permitted him to absorb the moderate amount of learning he did acquire. As he grew older he showed himself to be the possessor of a powerful and lively mind, which was often afflicted with spasms of acute mental depression. The audacity of his temper soon brought him into extravagances of conduct which were visited by the censure and punishment of the rigid Scottish Church. For Burns's own sake it is unfortunate that his memory has been pursued with an infatuation of hero-worship that seeks to extenuate and even to deny facts that are grave and indisputable. One can only say that his chief weaknesses--drink and dissipation

--were largely the faults of his time. He was no worse than many other men of his age; but his poetic gifts proclaimed and perhaps exaggerated his vices, of which he repented when he was sober and unwisely boasted when he was otherwise.

His life was hard and bitter; his different attempts at farming and at other occupations met with no success, and he determined to seek his fortune in the West Indies (1786). In the nick of time he learned that the small volume of verse that he had recently issued at Kilmarnock was attracting much attention, and he was persuaded to remain in Scotland and discover what fame had in store for him. The reputation of his poems rose with prodigious rapidity, and within a year there was a demand for an Edinburgh edition. He was in Edinburgh in 1787, where he became a nine days' wonder to the lion-hunting society of the capital city. He then qualified for a small post in the Excise, and, taking a farm near Dumfries, married and essayed to lead a regular life. He found this impossible, for fame brought added temptation. His farming was a failure, and the income from his Excise post and his poems was insufficient to keep him decently. At the age of thirty-seven he died at Dumfries, of premature old age.

2. His Poetry.(His sole poetical work of any magnitude is his volume of *Poems (1*786), which he edited five times during his life time, with numerous additions and corrections on each occasion. At different times he contributed to *The Scots Musical Museum* and to Thomson's *Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs.* After the poet's death his literary editor, Dr Currie, published (1800) a large number of additional pieces, along with a considerable amount of correspondence.

We have thus one tale, *Tarn* o' *Shanter,* which was included in the third edition of the poems, that of 1793; one longish descriptive piece, *The Cotter's Saturday Night;* more than two hundred songs, ranging in quality from very good to middling; and a great number of short epistles, epigrams, elegies, and other types of miscellaneous versed)

3. Features of his Poetry. The poetry is of such a miscellaneous character, and its composition was often so haphazard in the matter of time, that it is almost impossible to give a detailed chronology of it. We shall therefore take it in the mass, and attempt the difficult task of giving an analysis of its various features.

((a) The best work of Burns was almost entirely *lyrical* in motive. He is one of the rare examples, like Shelley, of the born singer)who

can give to human emotion a precious and imperishable utterance. He was essentially the inspired egoist: what interested him was vivid and quickening; what lay outside his knowledge and experience was without life or flavour. He thought of reviving the Scottish drama, but, even if he had entered on the project, it is doubtful if he would have succeeded, for he lacked the faculty of putting himself completely in another man's place. His narrative gift, as it is revealed in *Tam o' Shanter,* becomes fused with the heat of some lyrical emotion (in this case that of drunken jollity), and then it shines with a clear flame. But with the departure of the lyrical emotion the narrative impulse ends as well.

(b)(While keeping within the limits of the lyric he traverses an *immense range* of emotion and experience. The feelings he describes are those of the Scottish peasant.) but the genius of the poet makes them germane to every member of the human race; he discovers the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. Here we have the "passion and apathy, and glory and shame" that are the inspiration of the lyrical poet, and we have them in rich abundance.

(c)(His *humour and pathos* are as copious and varied as his subject-matter. His wit can be) rollicking to coarseness, as it is(in *The Jolly Beggars)and* there are no poems richer in bacchanalian flavour than *Willte brewed a Peck o' Maut* and *Tarn o' Shanter.* He can run to the other extreme of emotion, and be graceful and sentimental, as in *Afton Water* and *O My Luve's like a Red, Red Rose.)* We have beautiful homely songs in *John Anderson, my Jo* and *Of a the Airts;* and(he can be bitter and scornful in such poems as *Address to the Unco Guid* and *The Holy Fair.)* His pathos ranges from the piercing cry of *Ae Fond Kiss,* through the pensive pessimism of *Ye Banks and Braes,* to the tempered melancholy of *My Heart's in the Highlands.* The facility of this precious lyrical gift became a positive weakness, for he wrote too freely, and much of his song-writing is of mediocre quality. We give brief extracts to illustrate these features of his poetry. The first shows him in his mood of vinous elation; in the second he is acutely depressed and almost maudlin; the third for pure loveliness is almost unexcelled.

(1) O, Willie brewed a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam' to see;
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night
Ye wad na find in Christendie.

Chorus

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be.

It is the moon--I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

(3)Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
To Mary in Heaven

(3) O, my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
O, my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonny lass.
So deep in luve am I; And I
will luve thee still, my dear,

Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee well, my only luve!
And fare thee well a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

d)**The poet's** *political and religious views* have been given prominence by his admirers, but they scarcely deserve it. His politics, as expressed in such poems as *A Man's a Man for a' That,* are merely the natural utterances of a strong and sensitive mind deeply alive to the degradation of his native people. His religious views, in so far as they are coloured by his unhappy personal experiences with the Scottish Church, are of value solely as the inspiration of capital satirical verse, but in *The Cotter's Saturday Night* Burns pays a spontaneous and beautiful tribute to the piety of the Scottish peasant. The following extract from *Holy Willie's Prayer* sufficiently reveals his personal bias:

Lord, bless Thy Chosen in this place,
For here Thou hast a chosen race:
But God confound their stubborn face,
And blast their name,
Wha bring Thy rulers to disgrace,
And open shame.

Lord, mind Gaw'n Hamilton's deserts,
He drinks, and swears, and plays at cartes,
Yet has sae, mony takin'arts,
Wi great and sma',
Frae God's ain priests the people's hearts
He steals awa'.

But, Lord, remember me and mine,
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for grace and gear may shine,
Excelled by nane,
And a' the glory shall be Thine,
Amen, amen !

e)His *style* is noteworthy for the curious double tendency that is typical of the transition. When he writes in the 'correct' manner he has all the petty vices of the early school. The opening lines of his *Address to Edinburgh* are:

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sov'ran pow'rsl

Here we see a paltry classicism and a metrical scrupulousness Heading to the mutilation of words like 'pow'rs') that were far below Burns's notice. The latter vice will be seen even in such poems as *To Mary in Heaven,* quoted above. But when he shakes himself free from such trifling arts his style is full and strong, and as redolent of the soil as his own mountain daisy.

(f) As the *national poet* of Scotland his position is unique. He is first, and the rest nowhere. His rod, like Aaron's, has swallowed up the rods of the other Scottish poets; so that in the popular fancy he is the author of any striking Scottish song, such as *Annie Laurie* or *Auld Robin Gray.* His dominating position is due to three factors:

1)The subject matter and tone of his work are the natural consummation of the Scottish vernacular tradition descending from the period of Dunbar and through Fergusson, to the latter of whom Burns was considerably indebted. In this traditional poetry are found the zest, pace, hilarity, and realism which are characteristic of his work.

2)He has a matchless gift of catching traditional airs and wedding them to words of simple and searching beauty. It is almost impossible to think of *Auld Lang Syne* or *Scots wha hae* or *Green grow the Rashes, 0!* without their respective melodies being inevitably associated with them. And these tunes were born in the blood of the Scottish peasant.

3)He rejoices in descriptions of Scottish scenery and customs. *The Cotter's Saturday Night* is packed with such features, and all through his work are glimpses of typical Scottish scenes. The opening stanzas of *A Winter Night* are often quoted to show his descriptive power:

When biting Boreas, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;
When Phoebus gies a short-liv'd glow'r,
Far south the lift,
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
Or whirling drift:

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreeths up-choked.
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or thro" the mining outlet bocked,[1]
Down headlong hurl.

(4) Lastly, he came just at the time when the Scottish tongue, as a

[Footnote: 1 vomited.]

separate literary medium, was fast vanishing. The Edinburgh society that prided itself on being the equal of the literary society of London was soon to pass away with the greatest of Edinburgh writers. Burns captured the dialect of his fellows, and gave it permanence.

2. WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827)

No greater contrast could be found than that between Burns and Blake. Burns was realistic, humorous, close to the earth, and lacking entirely the visionary romanticism of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, or Keats. Though his democratic belief in the equality of man, his warm sympathy with humble folk, his use of "the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation," and the sincerity of his lyric impulse are all qualities of the new school of poetry, they derive from the traditional vernacular poetry of Scotland. Blake, on the other hand, was the embodiment of the romantic 'vision.' To him imagination and the sensations of the heart were the sole guides to truth; and the only possible means of restoring the unity of spirit which the predominance of reason had destroyed. He distrusted nothing more than scientific thought and cold, logical argument. He made continual war against the codes of convention, which, he declared, these processes had set up, and passionately preached the freedom, which for him was best exemplified in the innocence and spontaneous happiness of childhood. He was a romantic, not only in his passion for liberty, but in his love for children, his love of nature, and his interest in the medieval and gothic.

1.His Life. Blake was born in London, the son of a hosier. He received no formal education, though in his early years he seems to have made the acquaintance of the works of Shakespeare and Milton, and, perhaps most significant of all, to have been very familiar with the Bible. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to an engraver, and this trade he followed, mainly in London, throughout his life. He was, indeed, better known as an illustrator than as a writer during his own lifetime. All but two of his works were engraved by his own hand, and were not printed in the normal way, so that he was never widely known to the reading public of his day. When young, Blake seems to have seen visions which he declared'to be the real things in life, while the things normally held jo-be real he declared to be illusory.

2.His Poetry. Blake's first publication was *Poetical Sketches* (1783), a series of imitative poems, in which he experimented with

various verse forms in the manner of Shakespeare, Milton, and Spenser. He is obviously most at home in the lighter lyric measures, which have the direct spontaneity typical of his best lyrical work, and there is little of the later symbolism to be seen. These were followed by *Songs of Innocence* (1789), short lyrics embodying Blake's view of the original state of human society, symbolized in the joy and happiness of children. The poems are free from the imitation of the earlier volume, and their style betrays a sureness of touch which is all Blake's own. They betray a passionate sincerity and deep sympathy with the child. The joy of this world is well exemplified in the following:

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by,
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it,

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene,
When Mary and Susan and Emily
With their sweet round mouths sing "Ha, Ha, He!

When the painted birds laugh in the shade
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread.
Come live and be merry and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of "Ha, Ha, He!"
Laughing Song

The Book of Thel (1790), which embodies much the same spirit of love as his earlier works, was followed by the first series of revolutionary prophetic books, *The French Revolution* (1791), *The Visions of the Daughters of Albion* (1793), *America* (1793), and *Europe* (1794). In *The French Revolution* and *America* the contemporary political conflicts are seen as one step towards, not only political freedom, but freedom from the restrictions of convention and established morality, while *The Visions of the Daughters of Albion* is a vigorous defence of the satisfaction of physical appetite, and an exposure of the wrongs to which woman is subject.

The year 1794 saw the appearance of *Songs of Experience,* in which the mood of spontaneous love and happiness revealed in *Songs of Innocence* is replaced by a less joyful note. In these lyrics, which have an intensity not to be found in the earlier ones, we see Blake presenting the two conflicting aspects of a nature which is so beautiful yet so cruel. This two-sided picture of natural things is well shown in what is, perhaps, his finest lyric, *The Tyger.*

Tyger, Tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger, Tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Songs of Experience was Blake's last considerable work as a lyric poet. A number of occasional lyrics from the Rossetti and Pickering manuscripts were posthumously published, but they do not attain to the level of the two major collections. In 1794-95 appeared the visionary works, *The First Book of Urizen* (1794), *The Book of Ahania* (1795), *The Book of Los* (1795), and *The Song of Los* (1795), in which he described the struggle of Urizen, the spirit of reaction, of restrictive convention, of cold intellect, against the spirit of the impassioned imagination, under the names, first of Orc, and then of Los.
Blake spent the years 1800-3 at Felpham in Sussex with his friend William Hayley. This period he felt to be the most important in his spiritual development, and it turned his philosophy into definitely Christian channels. The conflict between imagination and reason he now felt to have been resolved by the coming of Christ, and this new Christian ethic is seen in *Milton* and *Jerusalem,* both begun in 1804. The symbolism of these works is involved and

obscure, yet many of Blake's typical ideas are clearly expressed. In their passionate declaration of the fundamental importance of the imagination, they are obviously of a piece with Blake's earlier work, and they contain excellent descriptive passages.
3. Features of his Poetry. Owing to the obscurity of Blake's later work, he has been known chiefly as a lyric poet. In this vein he is far removed from the classical restraint of the previous age. In simple yet beautifully apt language, his lyrics reveal a variety and spontaneity of feeling which place them on a par with the best in our literature. Blake has to the highest degree the faculty of unreserved self-revelation, and his style has the quality of 'tightness' which is the mark of all truly great poetry. The prophetic books, in spite of their complex symbolism, have a vehement energy and a passionate sincerity which are unmistakable. They are full of vigorous, descriptive passages, of which the following is a representative specimen:
Solemn heave the Atlantic waves between the gloomy nations, Swelling, belching from its deeps red clouds and raging fires. Albion is sick, America faints! enrag'd the Zenith grew. *As* human blood shooting its veins all round the orbed heaven, Red rose the clouds from the Atlantic in vast wheels of blood, And in the red clouds rose a Wonder o'er the Atlantic sea, Intense! naked! a Human fire, fierce glowing as the wedge Of iron heated in the furnace; his terrible limbs were fire, With myriads of cloudy terrors, banners dark, and towers Surrounded: heat but not light when thro' the murky atmosphere.
America

OTHER POETS OF THE NEW SCHOOL

1. James Macpherson (1736-96). This writer was born at Kingussie, in the county of Inverness, and was educated for the Church. He never became a regular ninister, for at the age of twenty he was producing bad poetry, and soon after he definitely adopted a literary career. He travelled in the Highlands of Scotland and abroad, settled in London (1766), and meddled in the politics of the time. Then he entered Parliament, realized a handsome fortune, and died in his native county.
After producing some worthless verse in the conventional fashion, in 1760 he issued something very different. It was called *Fragments of Ancient Poetry collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and translated from the Gaelic or Erse language.* The work received a large share of attention, and a subscription was raised to allow him to travel in the Highlands to glean further specimens of native poetry.

The fruits of this were seen in *Fingal* (1762) and *Temora* (1763) Macpherson declared that the books were his translations of the poems of an ancient Celtic bard called Ossian. Immediately a violent dispute broke out, many people (including Johnson) alleging that the books were the original compositions of Macpherson himself. The truth is that he gave substance to a large mass of misty Gaelic tradition, and cast the stories into his peculiar prose style. The controversy hardly matters to us here. What matters is that the tales deal largely with the romantic adventures of a mythical hero called Fingal. They include striking descriptions of wild nature, and they are cast in a rhythmic and melodious prose that is meant to reproduce the original Gaelic poetical measure. As an essay in the Romantic method these works are of very high value. (See p. 287.)

2. Thomas Chatterton (1752-70). Chatterton was born at Bristol, and was apprenticed to an attorney. At the age of eighteen he went to London to seek his fortune as a poet. Almost at once he lapsed into penury, and, being too proud to beg, poisoned himself with arsenic. He was eighteen years old.

The brevity and pathos of Chatterton's career have invested it with a fame peculiar in our literature. He is held up as the martyr of genius, sacrificed by the callousness of the public. His fate, however, was largely due to his own vanity and recklessness, and his genius has perhaps been overrated. In 1768, while still at Bristol, he issued a collection of poems which seemed archaic in style and spelling. These, he said, he had found in an ancient chest lodged in a church in Bristol; and he further stated that most of them had been written by a monk of the fifteenth century, by name Thomas Rowley. The collection received the name of *The Rowley Poems,* and includes several ballads, one of which is *The Battle of Hastings,* and some descriptive and lyrical pieces, such as the *Song to AElla.* A slight knowledge of Middle English reveals that they are forgeries thinly disguised with antique spelling and phraseology; but, especially after their author's death, they gained much currency, and had some influence on their time. There is much rubbish in the poems, but in detached passages there is real beauty, along with a marvellous precocity of thought.

3. Robert Fergusson (1750-74). Fergusson was born in Edin burgh, and received his education at the university of St Andrews, but soon fell into loose and disreputable habits. He contributed much to the local press, and acquired some reputation as a poet of

the vernacular. His irregular habits led to the madhouse, in which he died at the early age of twenty-four.

Fergusson is chiefly notable as the forerunner of Burns, who was generous in his praise of the earlier poet. His best poems are short descriptive pieces dealing with Scottish life, such as *The King's Birthday in Edinburgh, To the Tron-Kirk Bell,* and *The Farmer's Ingle.* This last poem perhaps suggested Burns's *The Cotter's Saturday Night.* Fergusson gives clear and accurate descriptions, and his use of the vernacular Scots tongue is vigorous and natural, thus providing Burns with a model for his best style. (See p. 284.)

THE NOVELISTS

I. Samuel Richardson (1689-1761)

1.His Life. (Richardson was born in Derbyshire)the son of a joiner, by whom he was apprenticed to a London printer. Richardson was an industrious youth, and in the course of time rose high in the pursuit of his occupation. He became a master-printer, produced the journals of the House of Commons, and became printer to the King. (He was a man of retiring and almost effeminate habits, but was generous and well liked.)

2.His Novels. (Richardson's first attempts at writing fiction began at the age of thirteen, when he was the confidant of three illiterate young women, for whom he wrote love-letters. This practice afterward stood him in good stead. He was over fifty years old before he printed a novel of his own, called *Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded* (1740). The book, which takes the form of a series of letters', deals with the fortunes of Pamela, a poor and virtuous maid, who resists, then finally marries and afterwards reforms her wicked master. The work was instantly successful, exhausting four editions during the first six months of its issue. The characters,' especially the chief female character, slowly but accurately fabricated during the gradual evolution of the simple plot, were new to the readers of the time,)and(mark a great step forward in the history of the English novel.Richardson's next novel, which was alsp constructed in the form of letters, was *Clarissa Harlowg)* (1747-48). This treats of the perfidy of men, as illustrated in the tragedy of the heroine, who is persecuted by the villainous Lovelace. (Considered by many Richardson's masterpiece, *Clarissa Harlowe* shows his characterization at its best. Not only Clarissa herself, but many of the minor characters are well drawn, with Richardson's usual atten-

tion to minute psychological analysis. The story has a strong, if obvious, emotional appeal)and is remarkable for the way, in which it achieves a sense of the inevitability of its tragic close. (His third and last novel, also in letter-form, was *Sir Charles Grandison* (1753-54), dealing chiefly with persons still higher in the social world. Richardson contemplated calling the book *A Good Man,* for he intended the hero to be the perfection of the manly virtues. But Sir Charles is too good, and succeeds only in being tedious and unreal.)The character of the social *milieu* in which the action is cast also weighs heavily upon Richardson, with the result that this book, which he intended to be his masterpiece, is the hollowest of the three.

3. Features of his Novels. (Richardson's works are largely the reflection of the man himself, and, in spite of their faults and limitations, are of immense importance in the development of the novel.

a)Their most striking feature is Richardson's *moral purpose. A* professed teacher, he is the embodiment of the religious earnestress of the rising Puritan middle class. The virtue he advocates is typically utilitarian rather than fanatical, and its reward is material prosperity. Thus Pamela marries her wicked master and prospers in the world as a direct reward for her virtue.

b)The books are extremely *long,* partly because the adoption of the epistolary method) necessitated numerous repetitions or slightly differing versions of the same incident. (The plots have little complexity and are slow in development, and the novels tend to be shapeless, though his last work, *Sir Charles Grandison,* shows signs of more complexity and skill in this direction

(c)Equally responsible for the length of Richardson's novels is his use of *minute detail,* both of character and incident. He is an adept in the intimate analysis of motive and emotion which gradually evolves a character that is entire and convincing and he fills in his sketch with a multitude of tiny strokes. F*or* such detailed analysis a lengthy book is essential,)so that length is a vita! part of Richardson's technique.

(d)Richardson's greatest ability lies in *characterization.* His psychological insight into human motives and feelings, and particularly his understanding of the feminine heart, has seldom been surpassed since his day. Clarissa is his finest portrait, but each successive novel shows a greater range and variety of character Part of Richardson's importance in the history of the novel lies in his introduction of characters of the lower-middle classes, whom he portrays with great accuracy.

(e)(The appeal of Richardson's novels is a frankly sentimental one to *the heart,* and on occasions as in the protracted account of the approaching death of Clarissa(he is guilty of dwelling too long on the mental sufferings of his characters.)
(f) His *style* lacks distinction. Adequate for his purpose, it is at times over-deliberate, or even elaborately precious, as in much of *Sir Charles Grandison,* and he never rises to the subtlety of differing styles for different writers in his series of letters.

II. Henry Fielding (1707-54)

1.His Life. A younger son of an ancient farnih(Fielding was born in Somersetshire, was educated at Eton) and studied law at Leyden. Lack of funds stopped his legal studies for a time; he took to writing plays for a living, but the plays were of little merit; then, having married, he resumed his studies and was called to the Bar. After some time in practice he was appointed (1748) Bow Street magistrate, a post which brought him a small income ("of the dirtiest money on earth," as he said) and much hard work. His magisterial duties, however, had their compensations, for they gave him a close view of many types of human criminality which was of much use to him in his novels. Fielding himself was no Puritan, and his own excesses helped to undermine his constitution. In the hope that it would improve his health, he took a voyage to Portugal (1754); but he died some months afterjanding, and was buried at Lisbon.
2.His Novels. (In 1742 appeared *Joseph Andrews,)*which begins in laughter at the namby-pamby Pamela of Richardson. An the story Joseph Andrews, the hero, is a footman, and the brother of Pamela. Along with a poor and simple curate called Abraham Adams he survives numerous ridiculous adventures. In a short time Fielding forgets about the burlesque, becomes interested in his own story, and we then see a novel of a new and powerful kind. From the very beginning we get the Fielding touch: the complete rejection of the letter-method;)the bustle and sweep of the tale; the broad and vivacious humour; the genial and half-contemptuous insight into human nature; and the forcible and pithy prose style.
(His next works were *A Journey from this World to the Next* (1743) and *Jonathan Wild the Great* (1743). *Jonathan Wild* is the biography of the famous thief and 'thief-taker' who was hanged at Newgate. The story is one long ironical comment upon human action. In it Fielding deliberately turns morality inside out, calling good 'by the name of evil, and evil by the name of good J In the

hands of a lesser writer such a method would at length become teasing and troublesome; but Fielding, through the intensity of his ironic insight, gives us new and piercing glimpses of the ruffian's mentality. We give an extract to illustrate Fielding's ironic power, which in several respects resembles that of Swift:

In Wild everything was truly great, almost without alloy, as his imperfections (for surely some small ones he had) were only such as served to denominate him a human creature, of which kind none ever arrived at consummate excellence. But surely his whole behaviour to his friend Heartfree is a convincing proof that the true iron or steel greatness of his heart was not debased by any softer metal. Indeed, while greatness consists in power, pride, insolence, and doing mischief to mankind--to speak out--while a great man and a great rogue are synonymous terms, so long shall Wild stand unrivalled on the pinnacle of GREATNESS. Nor must we omit here, as the finishing of his character, what indeed ought to be remembered on his tomb or his statue, the conformity above mentioned of his death to his life; and that Jonathan Wild the Great, after all his mighty exploits, was, what so few GREAT men can accomplish-- hanged by the neck till he was dead.
Jonathan Wild the Great

(His greatest novel, *Tom Jones* (1749), completes and perfects his achievement. In the book we have all his previous virtues (and some of his weaknesses), with the addition of greater symmetry of plot,) clearer and steadier vision into human life and) human frailty, and a broader and more thickly peopled stage. (His last novel, *Amelia* (1751), had as the original of the heroine Fielding's first wife, and the character of the erring husband Booth is based upon that of Fielding himself. This novel, though possessing power and interest, lacks the spontaneity of its great predecessor. The last work he produced was his *Voyage to Lisbon,* a diary written during his last journey.) It possesses a painful interest, for it reveals a strong and patient mind, heavy with bodily affliction, yet still lively in its perception of human affairs. --

3. Features of his Novels, (a) Like Richardson, Fielding had a genius for sounding the emotions of the human heart, but his methods are different. Richardson pores over human weaknesses) with puckered brow and with many a sigh; Fielding looks, laughs, and passes on. He does not seek to analyse or over-refine;)and so bis characters possess a breadth, humanity, and attraction denied to Richardson's. Even a sneaking rogue like Blifil in *Tom Jones* has a Shakespearian roundness of contour that keeps him from being quite revolting.

(b)(Realism is the keynote of all his work. He had a fierce hatred of all that savoured of hypocrisy) which is seen at its most pungent in *Jonathan Wild the Great. (His* lively, ironical pen has something of the power of Swift, but his mood is tempered by the warmth of his human sympathy. His prime interest is in the depicting of the everyday life of the ordinary man, and he is particularly striking in his descriptions of low life) Unlike Richardson, he has no heroes, and few out-and-out villains--his characters are men, with all men's weaknesses, and the range of his portrait gallery has not often **been** exceeded. His work has a masculinity of tone quite different **from** the relative bloodlessness of Richardson's.

(c)(Fielding is breezy, bustling, and energetic in his *narrative.* **He** shows us life on the highway, in the cottage, and among the streets of London.) Coleridge truly said that to take up Fielding after Richardson is like emerging from the sick-room on to the open lawn..

(d)(Fielding's *humour* is .boisterous)and broad to the point of coarseness--a kind of over-fed jollity. But it is frank and open.) with none of the stealthy suggestiveness of Richardson. In dealing with this aspect of Fielding's work (an aspect frequently repulsive to the more squeamish taste of the moderns) we must make allowance for the fashion of his time, which united a frankness of incident with a curious decorum of speech. He had also in him a freakish-ness of wit, the excess of his grosser mood, which led to fantastic interludes and digressions in his novels. For instance, in describing the numerous scuffles among his characters, he frequently adopts an elaborate mock-heroic style not quite in accordance with later taste. Fielding's comic characters, such as Partridge, the humble companion of Tom Jones, are numerous, diversified, and exceedingly likeable and lively.

(e)(A word must be given to his *style.* He breaks away from the mannered, artificial Style of the earlier npvelists)and gives us the good 'hodden grey' (of his own period.(His style has a slight touch of archaism in the use of words like ' hath,' but otherwise it is fresh and clear. His use of dialogue and conversation is of a similar nature.)

We-aad an extract to illustrate Fielding's easy style, his almost haphazard cast of sentence, and his use of natural dialogue:

As soon as the play, which was *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,* began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost; upon which he asked Jones: "What man

that was in the strange dress; something," said he, "like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armour, is it?" Jones answered: "That is the ghost." To which Partridge replied, with a smile: "Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain that I should know one if 1 saw him better than that comes to. No, no, sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that neither." In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighbourhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue till the scene between the ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage. "O la! sir," said he, "I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for 1 know it is but a play; and if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if i was frightened, I am not the only person." "Why, who," cries Jones; " dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself?" "Nay, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay; go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool, then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such foolhardiness!--Whatever happens, it is good enough for you.-- Follow you? I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the devil--for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases.--Oh! here he is again! No farther! No, you've gone far enough already; further than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions!" Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried: "Hush, hush! dear sir; don't you hear him?" And during the whole speech of the ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions, which succeeded each other in Hamlet, succeeding likewise in him.
Tom Jones

OTHER NOVELISTS

1. Tobias Smollett (1721-71). Smollett was a Scotsman, being born in Dumbartonshire. Though he came of a good family, from an early age he had to work for a living. He was apprenticed to a surgeon, and, becoming a surgeon's mate on board a man-of-war, saw some fighting and much of the world. He thus stored up abundant raw material for the novels that were to'follow. When he published *The Adventures of Roderick Random* (1748) the book was so successful that he settled in London; and the remainder of his life is mainly the chronicle of his works.
Roderick Random is an example of the 'picaresque' novel: the_ hero is a roving dog, of little honesty and considerable roguery; he traverses many lands, undergoing many tricks of fortune, both good and bad. The story lacks symmetry, but it is nearly always lively,

though frequently coarse, and the minor characters, such as **the** seaman Tom Bowling, are of considerable interest. His other novels are *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle* (1751), *The Adventures of Ferdinand, Count Fathom* (1753), *The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves* (1762), and *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker* (1771).

The later books follow the plan of the firs'- with some fidelity. Most of the characters are disreputable; the plots are as a **rule** formless narratives of travel and adventure; and a coarse and brutal humour is present all through. Smollett, however, brings variety into his novels by the endless shifting of the scenes, which cover many portions of the globe, by his wide knowledge and acute perception of local manners and customs, and by his use of a plain and vigorous narrative style. His characters, especially his female characters, are crudely managed, but his naval men--comprising Commodore Trunnion, Lieutenant Hatchway, and Boatswain Pipes --form quite a considerable gallery of figures. Smollett is the first of our novelists to introduce the naval type.

2. Laurence Sterne (1713-68). Sterne was born at Clonmel, was educated at Cambridge? took orders, and obtained a living in Yorkshire (1738). His habits were decidedly unclerical, even though we judge them by the easy standard of the time. He temporarily left his living for London to publish the first two parts of *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent* (1760), which was completed in 1767. Then he toured abroad, returned to England to write his second novel, and died in London while visiting the city on business connected with the production of his book.

(His two novels are *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent* (1760-67), which won him immediate recognition, and *A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy* (1768). Unique in English literature, they are the accurate reflection of the singular personality of their author. They are made up of Sterne's peculiar blend of pathos and humour, and, though the pathos is sometimes overdone to the point of becoming offensively sentimental, the humour **is** subtle and intellectual) and constantly surprises by the unusual forms in which it is found)(Indeed, for many, Sterne is merely the eccentric who appealed to his-own age by such unusual devices as a completely black page in the middle of his story. But his characters **are** his chief claim to greatness. Basically, they are 'humorous,' in the Jonsonian sense of the word,)but they are built up with a **subtle** analysis of feeling that makes them lifelike and completely **human. Perhaps** the most famous of them **are** "my **uncle Toby" and his**

Corporal Trim, but all Sterne's characters are minutely delineated, with a striking appreciation of the value of gesture and expression' as guides to personality. (There is little story in these works, but they are written in a delicate, digressive style admirably suited to their subject matter.)

The following is-an exciting incident that occurred just after the birth of Tristram Shandy. Susannah, the serving-maid, rouses Mr Shandy with the news that the child is in a fit. Observe the staccato dialogue and the ingenious variation of the paragraph. The humour is typical of Sterne.

"Bless me, sir," said Susannah, "the child's in a fit"--"And where's Mr Yorick?"--"Never where he should be," said Susannah, "but his curate's in the dressing-room, with the child upon his arm, waiting for the name--and my mistress bid me run as fast as I could to know, as Captain Shandy is the godfather, whether it should not be called after him."

"Were one sure," said my father to himself, scratching his eyebrow, "that the child was expiring, one might as well compliment my brother Toby as not--and it would be a pity in such a case, to throw away so great a name as Trismegistus upon him--But he may recover."

"No, no"--said my father to Susannah, "I'll get up"--"There is no time," cried Susannah, "the child's as black as my shoe." "Trismegistus," said my father--"But stay--thou art a leaky vessel, Susannah," added my father; "can'st thou carry Trismegistus in thy head the length of the gallery without scattering?"-- "Can I?" cried Susannah, shutting the door in a huff--" If she can, I'll be shot," said my father, bouncing out of bed in the dark, and groping for his breeches.

Susannah ran with all speed along the gallery.

My father made all possible speed to find his breeches.

3. Horace Walpole (1717-97). Walpole was the son of Sir Robert Walpole, the famous Whig minister. He touched upon several kinds of literature, his letters being among the best of their kind. His one novel, *The Castle of Otranto* (1764), is of importance, for it was the first of the productions of a large school (sometimes called the 'terror school') of novelists who dealt with the grisly and; supernatural as their subject. Walpole's novel, which he published almost furtively, saying that it was a translation of a sixteenth-century Italian work, described a ghostly castle, in which we have walking skeletons, pictures that move out of their frames, and other blood-curdling incidents. The ghostly machinery is often cumbrous, but the work is creditably done, and as a return to the romantic elements of mystery and fear the book is noteworthy.

4. Other Terror Novelists. *(a)* William Beckford (1759-1844).
The one novel now associated with Beckford's name is *Vathek* (1786). Beckford, who was a man of immense wealth and crazy habits, drew largely upon *The Arabian Nights* for material for the book. The central figure of the novel is a colossal creature, something like a vampire in disposition, who preys upon mankind and finally meets his doom with suitable impressiveness. Beckford had a wild, almost staggering, magnificence of imagination, and his story has been described as the best oriental tale in English.
b)Mrs Ann Radcliffe (1764-1823). This lady was the most popular of the terror novelists, and published quite a large number of books that followed a fairly regular plan. Among such were her *A Sicilian Romance* (1790), *The Romance of the Forest* (1791), and the most popular of them all, *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794). Her stories took on almost a uniform plot, involving mysterious manuscripts, haunted castles, clanking chains, and cloaked and saturnine strangers. At the end of all the horrors Mrs Radcliffe rather spoils the effect by giving away the secrets of them, and revealing the fact that the terrors were only illusions after all. Nowadays the novels appear tame, but they showed the way to a large number of other writers, for they were fresh to the public of their time.
c)Matthew Gregory Lewis (1775-1818). Lewis is perhaps the crudest of the terror school, and only one book of his, *The Monk* (1795), is worth recording. Lewis, who is lavish with his horrors, does not try to explain them. His imagination is grimmer and fiercer than that of arty of the other writers of the same class, and his book is probably the 'creepiest' of its kind.

5.Henry Mackenzie (1745-1831). This novelist is the most considerable of the sentimental school, who took Sterne for then-master. His best-known work is *The Man of Feeling* (1771), in which maudlin sentiment has free play. To his contemporaries Mackenzie was known as 'the Man of Feeling.'
6.Frances Burney (1752-1840), whose married name was Madame D'Arblay, is an important figure in the history of the novel. The first of the women novelists, she departed from the preaching morality of Richardson and the extravagances of the horror school to create the novel of domestic life. Her four novels are *Evelina* (1778), *Cecilia* (1782), *Camilla* (1796), and *The Wanderer* (1814), but her fame rests on the first two. These are written with a fine simplicity of style, and show her to possess a considerable narrative faculty and a great zest for life. Johnson, whose friend-

ship she enjoyed, called her a "character-monger," a tribute to her large gallery of striking portraits, the best of which are convincing and amusing caricatures of the Dickensian type. Her observation of life was keen and close, and her descriptions of society are in a delightfully satirical vein, in many ways like that of Jane Austen. *Evelina* is additionally interesting in that it reverts to the epistolary method of Richardson. Her last two novels lack the lightness of touch of the two best; the influence of Dr Johnson upon her style was not a happy one.
Fanny Burney's letters and *Diary* are cleverly satirical and informative pictures of the society life of her day, and the latter in particular exhibits clearly the keen observation of manners, and the eye for a character, which are to be seen in her best novels.

THE HISTORIANS EDWARD GIBBON (1737-94)

1. His Life. (Gibbon, who was born at Putney, was a sickly child) and, according to his own grateful acknowledgment, he owed his life to the exertions of his aunt, Catherine Porten. He had little regular schooling, but from his early years he was an eager reader of history. At the age of fifteen he entered Magdalen College, Oxford, an institution of which he always spoke afterwards with aversion and contempt. "To the University of Oxford," he writes, "I acknowledge no obligation, and she will as readily renounce me for a son, as I am willing to disclaim her for a mother." His private historical studies led him to become a Roman Catholic when he was sixteen years old, to the great horror of his father, and resulted in his expulsion from the university. His father packed him off to Lausanne, in Switzerland, in the hope that the Protestant atmosphere of the place would wean him from his new faith.
From his stay in Lausanne began Gibbon's long and affectionate acquaintance with French language and learning, two sources from which he was to draw the chief inspiration for his masterpiece. He returned to England in 1758, and had a brief and mixed experience in the Militia; afterward he toured the Continent, visiting the famous *salons* of Paris and seeing Rome. Returning to England after some years, he entered Parliament (1774), hoping for political preferment. In this he was only moderately successful, for he was a lukewarm and rather cynical politician. He returned to Lausanne,

where he completed his great work in June 1787. He finally came back to England, and died in lodgings in London.

2. His Works. (His first projected book, *A History of Switzerland* (1770), was never finished. Then appeared the first volume of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (1776). At nearly regular intervals of two years each of the other five volumes was produced, the last appearing in 1788. His *Autobiography,* which contains valuable material concerning his life, is his only other work of any importance] and it is written with all his usual elegance and suave, ironic humour.

(To most judges *The Decline and Fall* ranks as one of the greatest of historical works, and is a worthy example of what a history ought to be. In time it covers more than a thousand years, and in scope it includes all the nations of Europe. It sketches the events leading up to the dissolution of the Roman Empire, and traces the rise of the states and nations that previously formed the component parts of the Roman world, concluding with the fall of Constantinople in the fifteenth century. For this great task Gibbon's knowledge is adequate; recent specialized research has rarely been able to pick noles in his narrative. Moreover, he had also that infallible sense of proportion which is the mark of the born historian: he knows what and when to omit, to condense, or give in full. In consequence his gigantic narrative has a certain balance and the beauty) that result from a single and indivisible *mind,* directing it,and suggests in plan and workmanship a vast cathedral Exception has been taken to Gibbon's humour, and with some reason. His sceptical bias, the product of his studies in French, pervades the entire work. This mental attitude need be no disadvantage to the historian, for it leads him to scrutinize his evidence very severely. But in the case of Gibbon it is troublesome at times, especially when he deals with the rise of the Christian faith. In the chapters devoted to the early Christians he sets the facts down solemnly, but all the time he is subtly and sneeringly ironical, a characteristic that aroused the great indignation of Johnson. At many other points when recording disagreeable incidents Gibbon reveals a sniggering nastiness of humour unworthy of so great a writer. (His prose style, deliberately cultivated as being most suited to his subject, is peculiar to himself. It is lordly and commanding, with a full, free, and majestic rhythm) Admirably appropriate to its gigantic subject, the style has nevertheless some weaknesses.

Though it never flags, and rarely stumbles, the very perfection of it tends to monotony, for it lacks ease and variety. The extract shows the elaborate construction of the sentences and the rolling character of the rhythm:

Three days Mahomet and his companion were concealed in the cave of Thor, at the distance of a league from Mecca; and in the close of each evening, they received from the son and daughter of Abtibeker a secret supply of intelligence and food. The diligence of the Koreish explored every haunt in the neighbourhood of the city; they arrived at the entrance of the cavern; but the providential deceit of a spider's web and a pigeon's nest is supposed to convince them that the place was solitary and inviolate. "We are only two," said the trembling Abubeker. "There is a third," replied the prophet; " it is God himself." No sooner was the pursuit abated, than the two fugitives issued from the rock, and mounted their camels; on the road to Medina they were overtaken by the emissaries of the Koreish; they redeemed themselves with prayers and promises from their hands. In this eventful moment the lance of an Arab might have changed the history of the world. The flight of the prophet from Mecca to Medina has fixed the memorable era of the Hegira, which, at the end of twelve centuries, still discriminates the lunar years of the Mahometan nations.

OTHER HISTORIANS

1. David Hume (1711-76). Born and educated at Edinburgh, Hume first distinguished himself as a philosopher, publishing *A Treatise of Human Nature* (1739-40) and *Essays, Moral and Political* (1741 and 1742). Later he turned to historical work, writing *The History of England,* in six volumes, which appeared between the years 1754 and 1761. At first the work was coldly received, for it traversed the popular Whig notions, but in time the book raised Hume to the position of the leading historian of the day. He died in the same year that witnessed the issue of the first volume of *The Decline and Fall.* As a historian Hume makes no pretence at profound research, so that his work has little permanent value as history. He possesses a clear and logical mind and a swift and brilliant narrative style. In the history of literature his work is of importance as being the first of the popular and literary histories of the country.

2. William Robertson (1721-93). Robertson also was a Scot, being born in the county of Midlothian. After leaving the univer sity he entered the Scottish Church. He had an active and successful career as a historian, producing among other works *The History of Scotland during the Reigns of Queen Mary and of James VI until*

his Accession to the Crown of England (759), *The History of Charles V* (1769), and *The History of America* (1771).

The range of Robertson's subject-matter shows that he could have been no deep student of any particular epoch of history. He aimed at a plain and businesslike narrative of events, taking the average man's view of the facts he chronicled, and he is never conspicuously personal in his opinions.

3. James Boswell (1740-95) was born in Edinburgh of a good Scottish family. He studied law, but his chief delight was the pursuit of great men, whose acquaintance he greedily cultivated.

He lives in literature by his supreme effort, *The Life of Samuel Johnson* (1791), which ranks as one of the best biographies in existence. Boswell sought and obtained Johnson's friendships endured any humiliation for the sake of improving it; and for twenty-one years, by means of an astonishing amount of patience, pertinacity, and sheer thick-skinned imperviousness to slight and insult, obtained an intimate personal knowledge of Johnson's life and habits. Boswell has suffered at the hands of Macaulay, who has pictured him as being a knavish buffoon. No doubt he had glaring faults; but on the other hand he had great native shrewdness, a vigorous memory, a methodical and tireless industry which made him note down and preserve many details of priceless value, and a natural genius for seizing upon points of supreme literary importance. All these gifts combine to make his book a masterpiece.

The following extract illustrates Boswell's acute perception, his eye for detail, and his limpid and vivacious style:

That the most minute singularities which belonged to him, and made very observable parts of his appearance and manner, may not be omitted, it is requisite to mention, that while talking or even musing as he sat in his chair, he commonly held his head to one side towards his right shoulder, and shook it in a tremulous manner, moving his body backwards and forwards, and rubbing his left knee in the same direction, with the palm of his hand. In the intervals of articulating he made various sounds with his mouth, sometimes as if ruminating, or what is called chewing the cud, sometimes giving a half-whistle, sometimes making his tongue play backwards from the roof of his mouth, as if clucking like a hen, and sometimes protruding it against his upper gums in front, as if pronouncing quickly under his breath, *too, too, too:* all this accompanied sometimes with a thoughtful look, but more frequently with a smile. Generally when he had concluded a period, in the course of a dispute, by which time he was a good deal exhausted by violence and vociferation, he used to blow out his breath like a whale. This I suppose was a relief to his lungs; and seemed in him

to be a contemptuous mode of expression, as if he had made the arguments of his opponent fly like chaff before the wind.
The Life of Samuel Johnson

PROSE

EDMUND BURKE (1729-97)

Burke shares with Gibbon the place of the greatest prose stylist of the period now under review. He is, moreover, recognized as one of the masters of English prose.
1.His Life. Born in Dublin, Burke was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and then removed to London to study law in the Middle Temple. He soon showed that his real bent lay toward politics and literature, and it was not long before he published some books that attracted a good deal of attention and admitted him into the famous Johnson Club. In politics he attached himself to the Whig party, obtained some small appointments, and became member for Wendover (1765). In 1774 the citizens of Bristol invited him to represent them as their Member of Parliament. Though his support of Catholic emancipation and of free trade with Ireland cost him his seat six years later, a statue which stands in Bristol records to this day the city's pride in the connexion. Both as an orator and as a pamphleteer he was a powerful advocate for his party, and very soon his splendid gifts won for him a leading place in the House of Commons. His style of oratory, often laboured, rhetorical, and theatrical, exposed him to much censure and ridicule, and his speeches were frequently prolonged to. the point of dullness. But at its best his eloquence was powerful in attack and magnificent in appeal, rising to the very summit of the orator's art. When the Whigs attained to office in 1782 Burke was appointed Paymaster of the Forces. He was leader in the prosecution of Warren Hastings, making a speech of immense length and power (1788). On the outbreak of the French Revolution in 1789 he left his party and attacked the revolutionaries with all his great energy. In 1794, broken in health, he retired from Parliament, but continued to publish pamphlets till his death in 1797.
2.His Works. The considerable sum of Burke's achievement can for the sake of convenience be divided into two groups: his purely philosophical writings, and his political pamphlets and speeches.
(a) His philosophical writings, which comprise the smaller division of his product, were composed in the earlier portion of his career. *A Vindication of Natural Society* (1756) is a parody of the

style and ideas of Bolingbroke, and, though it possesses much ingenuity, it has not much importance as an original work. *A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful* (1756) is his most considerable attempt at philosophy. As philosophy the book is only middling, for its theory and many of its examples are questionable, but it has the sumptuous dressing of Burke's language and style.

(b) His political works are by far his most substantial claim to fame. In variety, breadth of view, and illuminating power of vision they are unsurpassed in the language. They fall, broadly, into two groups, the speeches and the pamphlets. It is in the former that Burke's artistry and power are at their best. The greatest of them, his speeches *On American Taxation* (1774) and on *Conciliation with the Colonies* (1775), are passionate in their pleading and conviction, rich in rhetorical effect, and brilliant in their marshalling of material and in the statesmanlike insight which underlies their arguments. Burke was always at his best when deeply moved, and the rights of the American colonists gave him a subject worthy of his mettle. His speeches during the trial of Warren Hastings (1788-94), though they lack the discerning judgment of his American speeches, are also of a high level. He certainly does less than justice to the motives of Hastings, but the speeches show all his usual power and elan. Of his best-known pamphlets, the first to be produced was *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents* (1770), a resounding attack on the Tory Government then in power, which, though it falls below his other pamphlets as political thinking, shows all his peculiar qualities of style and method. Then, between 1790 and 1797, appeared a number of pamphlets, of which *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (1790), *A Letter to a Noble Lord* (1795), and *Letters on a Regicide Peace* (1797) are the most noteworthy. All three show some falling away from the level reached in his great speeches, perhaps because, as pamphlets, they lacked the stimulus of an immediate audience. *Reflections on the Revolution in France,* a fierce challenge to the atheistical, revolutionary ideas of the Jacobins, is a fine exposition of his own principles, and, though it lacks something of the architectural skill of his American speeches, it has many fine passages of moving eloquence. *A Letter to a Noble Lord,* in which Burke defends his right to receive a state pension, is a masterpiece of irony, but *Letters on a Regicide Peace* is marred by an almost hysterical anger, which impairs much of the judgment and breadth of vision for which he is so renowned.

3. Features of his Work. Though the occasion of Burke's political writings has vanished, the books can still be read with profit and pleasure. Burke was the practical politician, applying to the problems of his day the light of a clear and forcible intelligence; yet, above this, he had an almost supreme faculty for discerning the eternal principles lying behind the shifting and troubled scenes of his time. He could distil from the muddy liquid of contemporary party strife the clear wine of wisdom, and so deduce ideas of unshakable, permanence. Thus pages of his disquisition, scores of his dicta, can still be applied almost without qualification to the problems of any civilized state and time.

We have, in addition, the permanent attraction of Burke's style. Dignified rather than graceful, it is the most powerful prose of his day, and is marked by all the devices of the orator--much repetition, careful arrangement and balance of parts, copious use of rhetorical figures (such as metaphor, simile, epigram, and exclamation), variation of the sentence structure, homely illustrations, and a swift, vigorous rhythm. It is full of colour and splendour, and is fired by an impassioned imagination. The skilful ordering of his ideas indicates a mind of extraordinary powers, and he makes effective use of his wide knowledge. Significant reference and quotation, besides much unacknowledged verbal reminiscence, are a marked feature of his prose. Burke lacks the gentler, persuasive tones of pathos and genuine humour, but his sarcasm and irony can be formidable At its best his prose is vigorous and sinewy, at its worst it becomes heavy, extravagant, and, on occasion, almost hysterical.

In the extract now given, note that the actual vocabulary does not abound in long Latinized words as in the case of Johnsonese. The ornate effect is produced rather by the elevation of the sentiment and the sweeping cadence of the style.

On the scheme of this barbarous philosophy, which is the offspring of cold hearts and muddy understandings, and which is as void of solid wisdom as it is destitute of all taste and elegance, laws are to be supported only by their own terrors, and by the concern which each individual may find in them from his own private speculations, or can spare to them from his own private interests. In the groves of *their* Academy, at the end of every vista, you see nothing but the gallows! Nothing is left which engages the affections on the part of the commonwealth. On the principles of this mechanic philosophy, our institutions can never be embodied, if I may use the expression, in persons, so as to create in us love, veneration, admiration, or attachment. But that sort of reason which banishes the affections is incapable of 'filling their place.

These public affections, combined with manners, are required sometimes as supplements, sometimes as correctives, always as aids, to law. The precept given by a wise man, as well as a great critic, for the construction of poems is equally true as to states: "Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunto." There ought to be a system of manners in every nation which a well-formed mind would be disposed to relish. To make us love our country, our country ought to be lovely.
Reflections on the Revolution in France

OTHER PROSE-WRITERS

1. Adam Smith (1723-90). This author was born at Kirkcaldy, in Fifeshire, and completed his education at Glasgow and Oxford. In 1751 he was appointed professor at Glasgow University. He issued his famous book *The Wealth of Nations* in 1776.
In the history of economics the work is epoch-making, for it lays the foundations of modern economic theory. In the history of literature it is noteworthy because it is another example of that spirit of research and inquiry that was abroad at this time, playing havoc with literary convention as well as with many other ideas. The book is also a worthy example of the use of a plain businesslike style in the development of theories of far-reaching importance.
2. William Paley (1743-1805) may be taken as the typical theological writer of the age. He was a brilliant Cambridge scholar, and obtained high offices in the Church, finally becoming an archdeacon. His chief books are *Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy* (1785), *Horoe Paulina:* (1790). and *A View of the Evidences of Christianity* (1794). His style is lively and attractive, and he possessed much vigour of character and intellect.
3. The Earl of Chesterfield (1694-1773) was of the famous Stanhope family. In his day he was an illustrious wit and man of fashion, and held high political offices. He is an example of the aristocratic amateur in literature, and he wrote elegant articles for the fashionable journals, such as The *World.*
His *Letters to his Son,* which were published in 1774, shortly after his death, caused a great flutter. They appeared diabolically cynical and immoral, and as such they were denounced by Johnson. No doubt they affect the tired cynicism of the man of the world, but that does not prevent them from being keen.and clever, and underneath their bored indifference to morality they reveal a shrewd judgment of men and manners. (Seep. 281.)
4. William Godwin (1756-1836) is a prominent example of the revolutionary man of letters of the time. He was the son of a

dissenting minister, and intended to follow the same profession, but very soon drifted away from it. He then devoted himself to the pursuit of letters, in which he developed his extreme views on religion, politics, sociology, and other important themes. His *Political Justice* (1793) was deeply tinged with revolutionary ideas, and had a great effect on many young and ardent spirits of the age, including Shelley. His novel *Caleb Williams* (1794) was a dressing of the same theories in the garb of fiction. Godwin is worth notice because he reveals the spread of the revolutionary doctrines that were so strongly opposed by Burke.

5. Gilbert White (1720-93) deserves mention as the first naturalist who cast his observations into genuine literary form. He was born at Selborne, Hampshire, studied at Oxford, and took holy orders. He settled at his native place, and published *The Natural History of Selborne* (1789). The book is a series of genuine letters written to correspondents who are interested in the natural history of the place. White reveals much closeness and sympathy of observation, and he can command a sweet and readable style. He shows the 'return to nature' in a practical and praiseworthy form.

DRAMA

In an age which is unaccountably poor in drama, only two playwrights achieve excellence. The comedies of Goldsmith have already been mentioned (see p. 236); the more brilliant, if less human, work of Sheridan must now be considered.

(Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816)

1.His Life. Sheridan was born in Dublin, the son of an actor-manager, Thomas Sheridan, and was educated at Harrow. He was intended to read law, but eloped with a famous young beauty, and the necessity of providing for a wife made him turn to literature as a means of making money. At the age of twenty-three he wrote his first play, *The Rivals,* and by the time he was twenty-nine he had written his last, *The Critic.* After this he entered Parliament as M.P. for Stafford, and lived a busy social and political life. His plays were so successful that he was able to buy a third of Garrick's share in Drury Lane in 1776, and he became manager of this famous theatre company, a post he held until 1809.

2.His Works. His prose comedy, *The Rivals* (1774), had an enormous success. It was followed in 1775 by a farce called *St Patrick's Day: or, The Scheming Lieutenant,* and an operatic play,

The Duenna, for which his father-in-law, Thomas Linley, composed and arranged the music. *The Duenna* had a phenomenal success. *A Trip to Scarborough* appeared in 1776, and his best play, *The School for Scandal,* in 1777. This contains his best character, Lady Teazle, and in it his dialogue is at its most brilliant. His last play was *The Critic: or, a Tragedy Rehearsed* (1779). It is a very telling attack on the popular sentimental drama, and has been called the best burlesque of its age.

3.Features of his Plays. Sheridan's prose comedies all resemble the best of the Restoration comedies without the immorality of the Restoration plays. Again we see the polite world of fashion, but Sheridan makes its vices appear foolish by exaggerating them in humorous portraiture. The plots are ingenious and effective, though they depend largely on a stagy complexity of intrigue. The characters, among whom are the immortal figures of Mrs Malaprop, Bob Acres, and Sir Fretful Plagiary, are stage types, but they are struck off with daring skill, and we find them quite irresistible. The dialogue is brilliant in its picturesque, epigrammatic repartee--indeed, the wit sometimes obscures the characters, nearly all of whom speak with the same brilliance. The plays are remarkable for their vivacity and charm. We give below a typical specimen of Sheridan's dialogue.)

[Lady Sneerwell, Mrs Candour, Lady Teazle, Crabtree, and Sir Benjamin Backbite are discussing their friends.] Lady Teazle. What's the matter, Mrs Candour? *Mrs Can.* They will not allow our friend Miss Vermilion to be handsome. *Lady Sneer.* Oh, surely she is a pretty woman. *Crab.* I am very glad you think so, ma'am. *Mrs Can.* She has a charming fresh colour. *Lady Teazle.* Yes, when it is fresh put on. ' *Mrs Can.* Oh, fie! I'll swear her colour is natural: I have seen it come and go! *Lady Teazle.* I dare swear you have, ma'am: it goes off at night, and comes again in the morning. *Sir Ben.* True, ma'am, it not only comes and goes; but, what's more, egad, her maid can fetch and carry it! *Mrs Can.* Ha! ha! ha! how I hate to hear you talk so! But surely, now, her sister is, or was, very handsome. *Crab.* Who? Mrs Evergreen? O Lord! She's six-and-fifty if she's an hour! *Mrs Can.* Now positively you wrong her; fifty-two or fifty-three is the utmost--and I don't think she looks more. *Sir Ben.* Ah! there's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

***L**ady Sneer.* Well, well, if Mrs Evergreen does take some pains to repair the ravages of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity; and surely that's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre caulks her wrinkles.
***S**ir Ben.* Nay, now, Lady Sneerwell, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 'tis not that she paints so ill--but, when she has finished her face, she joins it on so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur may see at once that the head is modern, though the trunk's antique!
***C**rab.* Ha! ha! ha! Well said, nephew!
Mrs Can. Ha! ha! ha! Well, you make me laugh; but I vow I hate you for it. What do you think of Miss Simper?
***S**ir Ben.* Why, she has very pretty teeth.
***L**ady Teazle.* Yes; and on that account, when she is neither speak
ing nor laughing (which very seldom happens), she never abso
lutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always on ajar, as it were--
thus. *[Shows her teeth]*
The School for Scandal

THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY FORMS

This, being an age of transition, is an age of unrest, of advance and retreat, of half-lights and dubious victories. But if we bring together the different types of literature, and mark how they have developed during the period, we can see that the trend of the age is quite clear.
1. Poetry. In 1740 we have Pope still alive and powerful, and Johnson an aspiring junior; in 1800, with Burns and Blake, Romanticism has unquestionably arrived. This great change came gradually, but its stages can be observed with some precision.
a)The first symptom of the coming change was the *decline of the heroic couplet,* the dominance of which passed away with its greatest exponent, Pope. Toward the middle of the century a large number of other poetical forms can be observed creeping back into favour.
b)The change was first seen in the free use of the *Pindaric ode* in the works of Gray and Collins, which appeared in the middle years of the century. The Pindaric ode is a useful medium for the transitional stage, for it has the double advantage of being 'classical' and of being free from the more formal rules of couplet and stanza. Gray's *The Bard* (1757) and Collins's ode *The Passions* (1747) are among the best of the type.
c)Another omen was the revival of the *ballad,* which was due to renewed interest in the older kinds of literature. The revived species, as seen in Goldsmith's *The Hermit* and' Cowper's *John Gilpin,* has

not the grimness and crude narrative force of the genuine ballad, but it is lively and often humorous. Another ballad-writer was **Thomas Percy (1729-1811),** who, in addition to collecting the *Reliques* (1765), composed ballads of his own, such as *The Friar of Orders Grey.* Chatterton's *Bristowe Tragedie* has much of the fire and sombreness of the old ballads.

(d) The *descriptive and narrative poems* begin with the old- fashioned *London* (1738) of Johnson; the development is seen in Goldsmith's *The Traveller* (1764) and *The Deserted Village* (1770), in which the heroic couplet is quickened and transformed by a real sympathy for nature and the poor; the advance is carried still further, by the blank-verse poems of Cowper *(The Task),* the" heroic couplets of Crabbe *(The Village)* and the Spenserian stanzas of minor poets like Shenstone *(The Schoolmistress).*

(e) Finally there is the rise of the *lyric.* The Pindarics of Collins and Gray are lyrics in starch and buckram; the works of Chatterton, Smart, Macpherson, Cowper, and, lastly, of Burns and Blake show in order the lyrical spirit struggling with its bonds, shaking itself free, and finally soaring in triumph. Romanticism has arrived.

2. Drama. In this period nothing is more remarkable than the poverty of its dramatic literature. Of this no real explanation can be given. The age was simply not a dramatic one; for the plays that the age produced, with the exceptions of a few notable examples of comedy, are hardly worth noticing. Tragedy comes off worst of all. The sole tragedy hitherto mentioned in this chapter is Johnson's *Irene (*1749), which only the reputation of its author has preserved from complete oblivion. A tragedy which had a great vogue was *Douglas* (1756), by John Home (1722-- **1808).** It is now almost forgotten. Joanna Baillie (1762-1851) produced some historical blank-verse tragedies, such as *Count Basil* (1798) and *De Monfort* (1798). Her plays make fairly interesting reading, and some of their admirers, including Scott, said that she was Shakespeare revived.

3. Prose. The prose product of the period is bulky, varied, and of great importance. The importance of it is clear enough when we recollect that it includes, among many other things, possibly the best novel in the language *(Tom Jones),* the best history *(The Decline and Fall),* and the best biography *(The Life of Samuel Johnson).*

(a) The Rise of the Novel. There are two main classes of fictional prose narratives, namely, the tale or romance and the novel. The distinction between the two need not be drawn too fine, for there

is a large amount of prose narrative that can fall into either group; but, broadly speaking, we may say that the tale or romance depends for its chief interest on incident and adventure, whereas the novel depends more on the display of character and motive. In addition the story (or *plot,* or *fable)* of the novel tends to be more complicated than that of the tale, and it often leads to what were called by the older writers "revolutions and discoveries"--that is, unexpected developments in the narrative, finishing with an explanation that is called the *denouement.* The tale, moreover, can be separated from the romance: the plot of the tale is commonly matter-of-fact, while that of the romance is often wonderful and fantastic.

There is little doubt that the modern novel has its roots in the medieval romances, such as *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* and those dealing with the legends'of King Arthur. Another source of the novel was the collections of ballads telling of the adventures of popular heroes of the type of Robin Hood. These romances were written in verse; they were supplied with stock characters, like the wandering knight, the distressed damsel, and the wicked wizard; they had stock incidents, connected with enchanted castles, fiery dragons, and perilous ambushes; and their story rambled on almost interminably. They were necessary to satisfy the human craving for fiction, and they were often fiction of a picturesque and lively kind.

The_age of Elizabeth saw the rise of the prose romance. We have examples in the *Euphues* (1579) of Lyly and the *Arcadia* of Sidney. As fiction these tales are weighed down with their fantastic prose styles, and with their common desire to expound a moral lesson. Their characters are rudimentary, and there is little attempt at an integrated plot. Yet they represent an advance, for they are fiction.

They are interesting from another viewpoint. They show us that curious diffidence that was to be a drag on the production of the novel even as late as the time of Scott. Authors were shy of being novelists for two main reasons: first, there was thought to be something almost immoral in the writing of fiction, as it was but the glorification of a pack of lies; and, secondly, the liking for fiction was considered to be the craving of diseased or immature intellects, and so the production of it was unworthy of reasonable men. Thus if a man felt impelled to write fiction he had to conceal the narrative with some moral or allegorical dressing.

A new type of embryo novel began to appear at the end of the sixteenth century, and, becoming very popular during the seventeenth, retained its popularity till the days of Fielding and Smollett.

This class is known as the *picaresque* novel, a name derived from the Spanish word *picaro,* which means a wandering rogue. As the name implies, it is of Spanish origin. For hero it takes a rascal who leads a wandering life, and has many adventures, most of them of a scandalous kind. The hero is the sole link between the different incidents, and there is much digression and the interposing of other short narratives. In Spain the picaresque type originated in parodies of the old romances, and of such parodies the greatest is the *Don Quixote* (1605 and 1615) of Cervantes. In France the type became common, the most famous example of it being the *Gil Blas* (1715-35) of Le Sage.
In England the picaresque novel had an early start in *The Unfortunate Traveller, or the Life of Jacke Wilton* (1594), by Nash (1567-- 1601), whose work often suggests that of Defoe. Nash's work is crude, but it has vigour and some wit. A later effort in the same kind is *The English Rogue* (1665), by Richard Head (1637 (?)-86 (?)). The book is gross and scandalous to an extreme degree, but it has energy, and, as it takes the hero to many places on the globe, the reader obtains interesting glimpses of life in foreign parts.
Another type that came into favour was the heroic romance. This was based on the similar French romances of Mademoiselle de Scudery (1607-1701) and others. This class of fiction was the elegant variety of the grosser picaresque novel, and it was much duller. The hero of a heroic romance was usually of high degree, and he underwent a long series of romantic adventures, many of them supernatural. There was much love-making, involving long speeches containing "noble sentiments, elegantly expressed." The length of these romances was enormous; the *Le Grand Cyrus* of Mademoiselle de Scudery ran to ten large volumes. Popular English specimens were Ford's *Parismus, the Renowned Prince of Bohemia* (1598) and
(1654), by Roger Boyle. It is worth noting that the artificial heroic romance collapsed about the end of the seventeenth century, whereas the picaresque class, which in spite of its grave faults was a human and interesting type of fiction, survived and influenced the novel in later centuries.
By the end of the seventeenth century the novel is dimly taking shape. **Aphra** Behn **(1640-89)** wrote stories that had some claims to plot, character-drawing, and dialogue. Her *Orinooko, or The Royal Slave* (1698) shows some power in describing the persecution of a noble negro, a kind of Othello, at the hands of brutal white men. **The** work of Bunyan (1628-88) was forced to be allegorical, for the

Puritans, of whom he was one, abhorred the idea of writing fiction, which they regarded as gilded lies. Yet *The Pilgrim's Progress* (1678) abounds in qualities that go to make a first-rate novel: a strong and smoothly working plot, troops of human and diverse characters, impressive descriptive passages, and simple dialogue dramatically sound. His other works, notably *The Life and Death of Mr Badman* (1680), are also very close to the novel proper.

In the eighteenth century we see another development in the Coverley papers (1711) of Steele and Addison. There is little plot in this essay-series, and only a rudimentary love-theme; but the allegorical fabric is gone, there is much entertaining character-sketching, and the spice of delicate humour. We should note also that we have here the beginnings of the society and domestic novel, for the papers deal with ordinary people and incidents.

The genuine novel is very near indeed in the works of Defoe (1659 (?)--1731). His novels are of the picaresque type in the case of *Captain Singleton* (1720), *Moll Flanders* (1722), and *Colonel Jacque* (1722). They have many of the faults of their kind: the characters are weakly drawn, the plots are shaky and sprawling, and much of the incident is indecorous; yet they have a virile and sustaining interest that is most apparent in the best parts of *Robinson Crusoe* (1719).

Then, toward the middle of the century, came the swift and abundant blossoming of the novel, raising the type to the rank of one of the major species of literature. The time was ripe for it. The drama, which had helped to satisfy the natural human desire for a story, was moribund, and something had to take its place. Here we can only summarize very shortly the work of the novelists already discussed in this chapter. Richardson's *Pamela* (1740) had the requisites of plot, characters, and dialogue, and these of high merit; but the diffidence of the early fiction-writer possessed him, and he had to conceal the novel-method under the clumsy disguise of a series of letters. Fielding's robust common sense had no such scruples, and his *Tom Jones* (1749) shows us the novel in its maturity. Later novelists could only modify ana improve in detail; with Fielding the principles of the novel were established.

The modifications of Fielding's immediate successors can be briefly noticed. Smollett reverted to the picaresque manner, but he added the professional sailor to fiction, and gave it types of Scottish character that Scott was to improve upon; Sterne made the novel sentimental and fantastic, and founded a sentimental school; the Radcliffe novels, popular toward the end of the century, made

fiction terrific; while in *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766) Goldsmith showed us what the novel can do in respect of a simple yet effective plot, human and lovable personages, dialogue of a dramatic kind, and a tender and graceful humour. Johnson's *Rasselas* (1759), which reverted to the methods of *Euphues,* was pure reaction, but it possesses an interest as a reversion to a long-dead type.

(b) *The Rise of the Historical Work.* The development of history came late, but almost necessarily so. The two main requirements of the serious historian are knowledge of his subject and maturity of judgment. Before the year 1750 no great historical work had appeared in any modern language. Ralegh's *History of the World* (1614) is not a real history; it is only the fruit of the mental exertions of an imprisoned man who seeks relaxation. Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England,* which was not published till 1704, is largely the record of his own personal experiences and opinions. He makes little attempt at an impartial and considered judgment or at placing the rebellion in its proper perspective.

The general advance in knowledge and the research into national affairs which were the features of eighteenth-century culture quickly brought the study of history into prominence. France led the way, and the Scots, traditionally allied to the French, were the first in Britain to feel the influence. Hence we have Hume's *History of England* (1754-62) and the works of Robertson. These books excelled in ease and sense, but the knowledge displayed in them was not yet sufficient to make them epoch-making. Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (1776-88) in knowledge, in method, and in literary style is as near perfection as human frailty can attain. Thus within twenty or thirty years the art of writing history in English advanced from a state of tutelage to complete development.

(c) *Letter-writing.* The habit of writing letters became very popular during the eighteenth century, and flourished till well into the nineteenth, when the institution of the penny post made letter-writing a convenience and not an art. It was this popularity of the letter that helped Richardson's *Pamela* into public favour.

A favourite form of the letter was a long communication, sometimes written from abroad, discussing some topic of general interest. Such a letter was semi-public in nature, and was meant to be handed round a circle of acquaintances. Frequently a series of letters was bound into book-form. Collections of this kind were the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (1689-1762), written to Pope and others from Constantinople, and of Thomas Gray, from the Lake

District and the Continent. Sometimes the letters contain comments on political and social matters, as in the famous compositions of Lord Chesterfield to his son, which we have already noticed. We givean extract from one of Chesterfield's letters, for it is valuable as an example of witty and polished prose. A letter of the type of Chesterfield's is really an essay which is given a slightly epistolary form.

LONDON, *May* 27, 1753 . . . You are now but nineteen, an age at which most of your countrymen are illiberally getting drunk in Port at the University. You have greatly got the start of them in learning; and, if you can equally get the start of them in the knowledge and manners of the world, you may be very sure of outrunning them in Court and Parliament, as you set out so much earlier than they. They geneially begin but to see the world at one-and-twenty; you will by that age have seen all Europe. They set out upon their travels unlicked cubs; and in their travels they only lick one another, for they seldom go into any other company. They know nothing but the English world, and the worst part of that too, and generally very little of any but the English language; and they come home, at three or four-and-twenty, refined and polished (as is said in one of Congreve's plays) like Dutch skippers from a whale-fishing. The care which has been taken of you, and (to do you justice) the care you have taken of yourself, has left you, at the age of nineteen only, nothing to acquire but the knowledge of the world, manners, address, and those exterior accomplishments. But they are great and necessary acquisitions, to those who have sense enough to know their true value; and your getting them before you are one-and twenty, and before you enter upon the active and shining scene of life, will give you such an advantage over all your contemporaries, that they cannot overtake you: they must be distanced. You may probably be placed about a young prince, who will probably be a young king. There all the various arts of pleasing, the engaging address, the versatility of manners, the *brillant,* the Graces, will outweigh and yet outrun all solid knowledge and unpolished merit. Oil yourself therefore, and be both supple and shining, for that race, if you would be first, or early, at the goal.

' A type of letter which is frankly a work written for publication is well represented by the famous *Letters of Junius,* which caused a great stir in their day. They are what are called 'open letters'-- that is, they are for general perusal, while they gain additional point by being addressed to some well-known personage. The public, as it were, has the satisfaction of looking over the shoulder of the man to whom they are addressed. 'Junius' is now supposed to have been Sir Philip Francis (1740-1818), though the identity of the writer was long concealed. They began to appear in *The Public Advertiser* in 1769, and by their immensely destructive power they shook the

Government to its base. In force and fury they resemble Swift's *The Drapier's Letters,* but they tend to become petty and spiteful. The more intimate and private letters of this period, of which there is a large and interesting collection, are of a deeper significance to us now, for they contain a human interest by revealing the nature of the people who wrote them. In *The Life of Samuel Johnson* Boswell published many of Johnson's letters, the most famous of which contains the snub to Chesterfield. Horace Walpole, as we have already noted (p. 263), left a voluminous correspondence which for wit, vivacity, and urbane and shallow common sense is quite remarkable. The private letters of Cowper are attractive for their easy and unaffected grace and their gentle and pervasive humour. We add an extract from a letter by Cowper. The style of it should be compared with that of Chesterfield.

(To William Hayley)

WESTON, *February* 24, 1793

. . . Oh! you rogue! what would you give to have such a dream about Milton, as I had about a week since? I dreamed that being in a house in the city, and with much company, looking towards
the lower end of the room from the upper end of it, I descried a figure which I immediately knew to be Milton's. He was very gravely, but very neatly attired in the fashion of his day, and had a
countenance which filled me with those feelings that an affectionate child has for a beloved father, such, for instance, as Tom has for you. My first thought was wonder, where he could have been concealed so many years; my second, a transport of joy to find him still alive; my third, another transport to find myself in his com
pany; and my fourth, a resolution to accost him. I did so, and he received me with a complacence, in which I saw equal sweetness and dignity. I spoke of his *Paradise Lost,* as every man must, who is worthy to speak of it at all, and told him a long story of the manner in which it affected me, when I first discovered it, being at that time
a schoolboy. He answered me by a smile and a gentle inclination of his head. He then grasped my hand affectionately, and with a smile that charmed me, said, "Well, you for your part will do well also"; at last recollecting his great age (for I understood him to be two hundred years old), I feared that I might fatigue him by much
talking; 1 took my leave, and he took his, with an air of the most perfect good breeding. His person, his features, his manner, were ail so perfectly characteristic, that I am persuaded an apparition of him could not represent him more completely. This may be said to have been one of the dreams of Pindus,[1] may it not? . . . With
Mary's kind love, I must now conclude myself, my dear brother, ever yours,

LIPPUS"

[Footnote: [1] Mount Pindus, sacred to the Muses. Hence, a poet's dream.]
[Footnote [2] That is, 'the blind one.' A reference to Milton's blindness.]

d)*The Periodical Essay.* Compared with the abundance of the earlier portion of the century, the amount produced later seems of little importance. The number of periodicals, however, was as great as ever. Johnson wrote *The Rambler* and *The Idler,* and contributed also to *The Adventurer* and others; Goldsmith assisted *The Bee* during its brief career. *The Connoisseur,* to which Cowper contributed for a space, *The Mirror,* and *The Lounger,* published in Edinburgh by Mackenzie, 'the Man of Feeling,' *The Observer* and *The Looker-On* all imitated *The Spectator* with moderate success, but show no important development in manner or matter.
e)*Miscellaneous Prose.* The amount of miscellaneous prose is very great indeed, and a fair proportion of it is of high merit. We have already given space to the political and philosophical writings of Burke, whose work is of the highest class, as represented in *A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful* and *Reflections on the Revolution in France.* Political writing of a different aim is seen in Godwin's *Political Justice;* and the religious writings of Paley, the critical writings of Percy, and the natural history of Gilbert White are all to be included in this class.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY STYLE

1. Poetry. In poetical style the transitional features are well marked. The earlier authors reveal many artificial mannerisms--for example, extreme regularity of metre and the frequent employment of the more formal figures of speech, such as personification and apostrophe. The Pindaric odes of Gray and Collins are examples of the transitional style:

Ye distant spires! ye antique towers!
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.
GRAY, *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*

In this verse there are the conventional personifications of Science and the Thames, and such stock phrases as "the wat'ry glade."

The whole poem, however, is infused with a new spirit of mingled energy and meditation. ' As the century draws to a close we have many of the newer styles appearing: the more regular blank verse of Cowper; the lighter heroic couplet of Goldsmith; the archaic medley of Chatterton; and the intense simplicity of the lyrics of Burns and Blake. As a further example of the new manner we quote a few stanzas from a poem by Fergusson, who, dying in the year 1774 (ten years before the death of Johnson), wrote as naturally as Burns himself:

As simmer rains bring simmer flowers,
And leaves to cleed the birken bowers;
Sae beauty gets by caller showers
Sae rich a bloom,
As for estate, or heavy dowers
Aft stands in room.

What makes auld Reekie's dames so fair?
It canna be the halesome air;
But caller burn, beyond compare,
The best o' ony,
That gars them a' sic graces skair[1]
An' blink sae bonny.

On Mayday, in a fairy ring,
We've seen them roun' Saint Anthon's spring,
Frae grass the caller dew-draps wring,
To weet their e'en,
An' water, clear as crystal spring,
To synd[2] them clean.
Caller Water

3.Prose. As in poetry, we have in prose many men and many manners. The simplest prose of the period is found chiefly in the works of the novelists, of whom Fielding and Smollett are good examples. Smollett's prose, as in the following example, is almost colloquial in its native directness.

After we had been all entered upon the ship's books, I in quired of one of my shipmates where the surgeon was, that I might have my wounds dressed, and had actually got as far as the middle deck (for our ship carried eighty guns) in my way to the cockpit, when I was met by the same midshipman, who had used me so barbarously in the tender: he, seeing me free from my chains, asked, with an insolent air, who had released me? To this ques tion, I foolishly answered with a countenance that too plainly declared the state of my thoughts; "Whoever did it, I am persuaded
[Footnote 1 share.]
[Footnote 2 rinse.]

did not consult you in the affair." I had no sooner uttered these words, than he cried, "Damn you, you scurvy son of a bitch, I'll teach you to talk so to your officer." So saying, he bestowed on me several severe stripes, with a supple jack he had in his hand: and going to the commanding officer, made such a report of me, that I was immediately put in irons by the master-at-arms, and a sentinel placed over me.
The Adventures of Roderick Random

The excellent middle style of Addison, the prose-of-all-work, survives, and will continue to survive, for it is indispensable to all manner of miscellaneous work. Goldsmith's prose is one of the best examples of the middle style, and so is the later work of Johnson, as well as the writings of the authors of miscellaneous prose already mentioned in this chapter. The following passage from Goldsmith shows his graceful turn of sentence and his command of vocabulary. The style is clearness itself.

The next that presented for a place, was a most whimsical figure indeed. He was hung round with papers of his own composing, not unlike those who sing ballads in the streets, and came dancing up to the door with all the confidence of instant admittance. The volubility of his motion and address prevented my being able to read more of his cargo than the word *inspector,* which was written in great letters at the top of some of the papers. He opened the coach-door himself without any ceremony, and was just slipping in, when the coachman, with as little ceremony, pulled him back. Our figure seemed perfectly angry at this repulse, and demanded gentleman's satisfaction. "Lord, sir!" replied the coachman, "instead of proper luggage, by your bulk you seem loaded for a West India voyage. You are big enough, with all your papers, to crack twenty stage-coaches. Excuse me, indeed, sir, for you must not enter."
The Bee

The more ornate class of prose is represented by the *Rambler* essays of Johnson and the writings of Gibbon and Burke. Of the three Johnson's style is the most cumbrous, being overloaded with long words and complicated sentences, though it has a massive strength of its own. Gibbon bears his mantle with ease and dignity, and Burke has so much natural vitality that his style hardly weighs upon him at all; he does stumble, but rarely, whereas it is sometimes urged as a fault of the prose of Gibbon that it is so uniformly good that the perfection of it becomes deadening.
A fresh and highly interesting style is the poetic prose of Mac-pherson's *Ossian.* Macpherson's style is not ornate, for it is drawn from the simplest elements; it possesses a solemnity of expression,

[Table: TABLE TO ILLUSTRATE THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY FORMS]

and so decided a rhythm and cadence, that the effect is almost lyrical. In the passage now given the reader should note that the sentences are nearly of uniform length, and that they could easily be written as separate lines of irregular verse:

Her voice came over the sea. Arindal my son descended from the hill; rough in the spoils of the chase. His arrows rattled by his side; his bow was in his hand; five dark grey dogs attend his steps. He saw fierce Erath on the shore; he seized and bound him to an oak. Thick wind the thongs of the hide around his limbs; he loads the wind with his groans. Arindal ascends the deep in his boat, to bring Daura to land. Armar came in his wrath, and let fly the grey-feathered shaft. It sung: it sunk in thy heart, O Arindal my son; for Erath the traitor thou diedst. The oar is stopped at once; he panted on the rock and expired. What is thy grief, O Daura.; when round thy feet is poured thy brother's blood! The boat is broken in twain. Armar plunges into the sea, to rescue his Daura, or die. Sudden a blast from the hill came over the waves. He sank, and he rose no more.

CHAPTER X

THE RETURN TO NATURE

[Chart: TIME-CHART OF THE CHIEF AUTHORS]

THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND (1790-1830)

To an overwhelming extent the history of the time is the record of the effects of the French Revolution.

1. The European War. The close of the eighteenth century saw England and France engaged in open warfare (1793). Many causes contributed to set the war in motion, and many more kept it

intractably in operation. Hostilities dragged on till 1815, in the end bringing about the extinction of the French Republic, the birth of which was greeted so joyfully by the English Liberals, the rise and destruction of the power of Napoleon, and the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty. These events had their effects in every comer of Europe, and in none more strongly than in England.

2.The Reaction. It has been well said: "At the beginning of every revolution men hope, for they think of all that mankind may gain in a new world; in its next phase they fear, for they think of what mankind may lose." This was the case with the French Revolution. The elder writers of the period, with Wordsworth and Coleridge as conspicuous examples, hailed the new era with joy. Then, as the Revolution proceeded to unexpected developments, there came in turn disappointment, disillusion, dejection, and despair, and, notably in the case of Wordsworth, the rejection of youthful ideals and the soured adoption of the older reactionary faith. The younger writers, such as Leigh Hunt, Shelley, and Keats, still adhered to the Revolutionary doctiines, but the warmth of the early days had already passed away.

3.Social Conditions. The conclusion of the long war brought inevitable misery; low wages, unemployment, and heavy taxation gave rise to fiery resentment and fierce demands on the part of the people. Men like Shelley and Ebenezer Elliott called aloud for social justice; in gentler mood Mrs Hemans and Tom Hood bewailed the social misery. We have the massacre of Peterloo and the wild rioting over the Reform Bill and the Corn Laws.

The Reform Bill (1832) was a grudging concession to the general discontent. To conservative minds, like those of Scott and the maturer Wordsworth, the Bill seemed to pronounce the dissolution of every social tie. But the Bill brought only disappointment to its friends. In the next chapter we shall see how the demand for social amelioration deepened and broadened, and coloured the literature of the time.

The interest in social conditions became intensified toward the end of the nineteenth century, until it has grown to be one of the chief features of modern literature.

THE RETURN TO NATURE

In the last chapter we noted the beginnings and development of the new feeling for nature. This chapter sees the full effects of **the** movement, and the subsequent reaction that followed.

1.Abundant Output. Even the lavishness of the Elizabethans cannot excel that of this age. The development of new ideas brings fresh inspiration for poetry, and the poetical sky is bright with luminaries of the first magnitude. In prose we may note especially the fruitful yield of the novel, the rejuvenation of the essay, and the unprecedented activity of critical and miscellaneous writers. This is the most fertile period of our literature.
2.Great Range of Subject. The new and buoyant race of writers, especially the poets, lays the knowledge and experience of all ages under a heavy toll. The classical writers are explored anew, and are drawn upon by the genius of Keats and Shelley; the Middle Ages inspire the novels of Scott and the poems of Coleridge, Southey, and many more; modern times are analysed and dissected in the work of the novelists, the satires of Byron, and the productions of the miscellaneous writers. This is indeed the return to nature, for all nature is scrutinized and summed up afresh.
3.Treatment of Nature. If for the moment we take the restricted meaning of the word, and understand by 'nature' the common phenomena of earth, air, and sea, we find the poetical attitude to nature altering profoundly. In the work of Cowper, Crabbe, and Gray the treatment is principally the simple chronicle and sympathetic observation of natural features. In the new race of poets the observation becomes more matured and intimate. Notably in the case of Wordsworth, the feeling for nature rises to a passionate veneration that is love and religion too. To Wordsworth nature is not only a procession of seasons and seasonal fruition: it is the eye of all things, natural and supernatural, into which the observant soul can peer and behold the spirit that inhabits all things. Nature is thus amplified and glorified; it is to be sought, not only in the flowers and the fields, but also in the light of setting suns, And the round ocean and the living air, And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

4. Political and Periodical Writing. The age did not produce a pamphleteer of the first class like Swift or Burke, but the turbulence of the period was clearly marked in the immense productivity of its political writers. The number of periodicals was greatly augmented, and we notice the first of the great daily journals that are still a strong element in literature and politics. *The Morning Chronicle* (1769) was started by William Woodfall, *The Morning Post* (1772) by a

syndicate of London tradesmen, and *The Times* (1785), under the name of *The Daily Universal Register,* by John Walter. Of a more irresponsible type were the Radical *Political Register* (1802) of Cobbett and *The Examiner* (1808) of Leigh Hunt. A race of powerful literary magazines sprang to life: *The Edinburgh Review* (1802), *The Quarterly Review* (1809), *Blackwood's Magazine* (1817), *The London Magazine* (1820), and *The Westminster Review* (1824). Such excellent publications reacted strongly upon authorship, and were responsible for much of the best work of Hazlitt, Lamb, Southey, and a host of other miscellaneous writers.

5.The Influence of Germany. The increasing bitterness of the long war with France almost extinguished the literary influence of the French language, which, as was indicated in the last chapter, had been affecting English literature deeply. In the place of French, the study of German literature and learning came rapidly into favour. The first poetical work of Scott is based on the German, and the effects of the new influence can be further observed in the works of Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, and many more. In the course of time German increased its hold upon English, until by the. middle of the nineteenth century it was perhaps the dominating foreign tongue.

6.American Literature. Already the infant nation across the Atlantic was showing promise of a literary future. As might be expected, the first efforts were largely imitations of the more mature English products; but in Fenimore Cooper the novel had a good beginning, and Washington Irving is the first of the line of notable American men of letters.

POETS

I. William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

1. His Life. rWordsworth was born at Cockermouth, a town which is actually outside the Lake District) but well within hail of it. His father, who was a lawyer, died when William was thirteen years old. The elder Wordsworth left very little money, and that was mainly in the form of a claim on Lord Lonsdale, who refused outright to pay his debt, so that William had to depend on the generosity of two uncles, who paid for his schooling at Hawkshead, near Lake Windermere. (Subsequently Wordsworth went to Cambridge, entering St John's College in 1787.) His work at the university was quite undistinguished, and having graduated in 1791 he

left with no fixed career in view. After spending a few months in London he crossed over to France (1791), and stayed at Orleans and Blois for nearly a year. An enthusiasm for the Revolution was aroused in him; he himself has chronicled the mood in one of his happiest passages:

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, But to be young was very heaven!

He returned to Paris in 1792, just after the September massacres, and the sights and stories that greeted him there shook his faith in the dominant political doctrine. Even yet, however, he thought of becoming a Girondin, or moderate Republican, but his allowance from home was stopped, and he returned to England. With his sister Dorothy (henceforward his lifelong companion) he settled in a little cottage in Dorset; then, having met Coleridge, they moved to Alfoxden, a house in Somersetshire, in order to live near him. It was there that the two poets took the series of walks the fruit of which was to be the *Lyrical Ballads*. After a visit to Germany in 1798-99 the Wordsworths settled in the Lake District, which was to be their home for the future. In turn they occupied Dove Cottage, at Town End, Grasmere (1799), Allan Bank (1808), Grasmere Parsonage (1811), and lastly the well-known residence of Rydal Mount, which was Wordsworth's home from 1813 till his death. Shortly before he had moved to Rydal Mount he received the sinecure of Distributor of Stamps for Westmorland, and was put out of reach of poverty.

The remainder of his life was a model of domesticity. He was carefully tended by his wife and sister, who, with a zeal that was noteworthy, though it was injudicious, treasured every scrap of his poetry that they could lay their hands on. His great passion was for travelling. He explored most of the accessible parts of the Continent, and visited Scotland several times. On the last occasion (1831) he and his daughter renewed their acquaintance with Scott at Abbotsford, and saw the great novelist when he was fast crumbling into mental ruin. Wordsworth's poetry, which at first had been received with derision or indifference, was now winning its way, and recognition was general. In 1839 Oxford conferred upon him the degree of D.C.L.; in 1842 the Crown awarded him a pension of £300 a year; and on the death of Southey in 1843 he became **Poet Laureate.**

Long before this time he had discarded his early ideals and

become the upholder of conservatism. Perhaps he is not "the lost leader" whose recantation Browning bewails with rather theatrical woe; but he lived to deplore the Reform Bill and to oppose the causes to which his early genius had been dedicated. Throughout. his life, however, he never wavered in his faith in himself and his immortality as a poet. He lived to see his own belief in his powers triumphantly justified. It is seldom indeed that such gigantic egoism is so amply and so justly repaid.
2. His Poetry. He records that his earliest verses were written at school, and that they were "a tame imitation of Pope's versification." This is an interesting admission of the still surviving domination of the earlier poet.(At the university he composed some poetry, which appeared as *An Evening Walk*..(1793)*zsxAJ}^scriptiye^Sketches* (1793). In style these poems havellettle originality.)but they already show the Wordsworthian eye for nature.(The first fruits of his genius were seen in_ the *Lyrical Ballads* (1798), a joint production by Coleridge'and himself,)which was published at Bristol. Regarding the inception of this remarkable book both Wordsworth and Coleridge have left accounts, which vary to some extent, though not materially. Coleridge's may be taken as the more plausible. He says in his *Biographia Literaria:*

it was agreed that my endeavours should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic, yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment which constitutes poetic faith. Mr Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself as his object, to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention to the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us.

This volume is epoch-making, for it is the prelude to the Romantic movement proper wordsworth had the larger share in the book. Some of his poems in it, such as *The Thorn* and *The Idiot Boy,* are condemned as being trivial and childish in style; a few, such as *Simon Lee* and *Expostulation and Reply,* are more adequate in their expression; and the concluding piece, *Tintern Abbey,* is one of the triumphs of his genius. *)*
during the years 1798-99 Wordsworth cornposed some of his
finest poems, which appeared in 1800, together with his contributions
-to the *Lyrical_Ballads.* Among the most noteworthy of the new
works in this collection were. *Michael,The old cumberland,Cumberland Beggar,*

She dwelt among the untrodden ways. Strange first of passion have I of them, such as *Michael* and *The Old Cumberland Beggar,* are uneven in quality, the new poems show Wordsworth less preoccupied with his theories of poetic diction, and the lyrics are striking in their moving restraint and delicacy of touch.

The Prelude, which was completed in 1805 but not published until 1850, after Wordsworth's death, is the record of his development as a poet. He describes his experiences with a fullness, closeness, and laborious anxiety that are unique in our literature. The poem, which runs to fourteen books, is often dull and prosy, but at times, particularly when he is describing the formative influence of nature, and his emotions when confronted by seemingly unreal natural objects, the blank verse is impassioned, and inspired by his exaltation, wonder, and awe. Such are the famous passages on skating and boating.

(The Prelude was intended to form part of a vast philosophical work called *The Recluse* which was never completed. Another section of this same Work was *The Excursions* much of which was composed in the years now under review, though it was not published until 1814. *(*It lacks the greatness of the finest parts of *The Prelude,* and its nine long books are the on the whole, rather monotonous and uninspired? and often prosaic. Even so, it does contain some good pictures and tales of coutry life.

(Next to be published, in 1807, were two volumes of poems which represent the fine flower of his genius.). It is impossible here to list even the very great poems in these volumes, but in every poetic form that he used, with the possible exception of the narrative, Wordsworth is here seen at the height of his powers, (To mention but a few of the successes of this volume, we have, in the lyric vein, *The Solitary Reaper, The Green Linnet, I wandered lonely as a cloud;* in the philosophical, *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality, Resolution and Independence, Ode to Duty;* and the *Sonnets dedicated to National Independence and Liberty* are of a quality which has led many critics to hail them as the finest sonnets in the language)

(After the publication of *The Excursion* Wordsworth's poetical power was clearly on the wane, but his productivity was unimpaired. His later volumes include *The White Doe of Rylstone* (1815), *The Waggoner* (1819), *Peter Bell* (1819), *Yarrow Revisited* (1835), and *The Borderers* (1842), a drama.) The progress of the works marks the decline in an increasing degree. There are flashes of the old

spirit, such as we see in his lines upon the death of "the Ettrick Shepherd"; but the fire and stately intonation become rarer, and mere garrulity becomes more and more apparent.

3. His Theory of Poetry. (in the preface to the second edition of the *LyricaljBallads (1800)* Wordsworth set out his theory of poetry. It reveals a lofty conception of the dignity of that art which is "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge,") and which is the product of "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings," taking its, origin from "emotion recollected in tranquillity." The qualifications of the poet are on a level with the dignity of his art. To Wordsworth, he is a man "possessed of more than usual organic sensibility," and one who has also "thought long and deeply." How far this view differs from that of poetry as a graceful social accomplishment is quite obvious: it partly explains Wordsworth's sense of his own importance. Apart from these general views on the poet and his art, Wordsworthian dogma can be divided into two portions concerning (a) the subject and *(b)* the style of poetry.

(a) (Regarding subject, Wordsworth declares his preference for "incidents and situations from common life,") to obtain such situations, " humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because in that condition the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity." Over these incidents Wordsworth proposes to throw "a certain colouring of the imagination whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect."

(6)(Word5worth's views on poetical style are the most revolutionary of all the ideas in this preface) Discarding the " gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers,"(he insists that his poems contain little poetic diction, and are written in "a selection of the real language of men) in a state of vivid sensation." His views on poetic diction he summed up with these words: " there neither is nor can be any *essential* difference between the language of prose and metrical composition."

The extent to which Wordsworth's own practice as a poet justified his theories is a question which has long occupied the attention of critics. In the realm of subject matter he remained staunch to his declared opinions, for the majority of his poems deal with humble and rustic life. That he was aware of the dangers inherent in his theory he makes clear in these words: "in some instances, feelings, even of the ludicrous, may have been given to my readers by expressions

which appeared to me tender and pathetic." It is in this way that he sometimes fails. Generally, though, when Wordsworth writes under a strong emotional stimulus, his style is free from banality and prosaisms. It is touchingly simple in some of his *Lucy* poems, gay and joyous in other lyrics, and vigorous, with something of a Miltonic sweep and resonance, in his greatest sonnets and blank verse. In truth though in his best blank verse it is fired by the passion of his imaginative insight to a grandeur above ordinary speech, it does not stray very far from the *selection* of the real language of men which he advocated. At other times, however, when the emotional stimulus is small or entirely lacking, he writes with his theories in the forefront of his mind, and the result is the prosaic banality of some sections of *Simon Lee.*

4. Features of his Poetry, *(a) Its Inequality and its Limitations.* All the critics of Wordsworth are at pains to point out the mass of inferior work that came from his pen. Matthew Arnold, one of the acufest of the poet's admirers, closes the record of Wordsworth s best work with the year 1808 even before the completion of *The Excursion.* This poem is long, meditative, and often prosaic, and these tendencies become more marked as the years pass. Before the year 1808 he had produced poems as intensely and artistically beautiful as any in the language. It was hard, however, for Wordsworth to appreciate his limitations, which were many and serious.. He had little sense of humour, a scanty dramatic power, and only a meagre narrative gift.) but he strove to exploit all these qualities in . his work. His one drama, *The Borderers,* was only a partial success, and his narrative poems, like *Ruth* and *The White Doe of Rylstone, are* not among the best of his work.

(b) Its Egoism. In a person of lesser calibre such a degree of self-esteem as Wordsworth's would have been ridiculous; in his case, with the undoubted genius that was in the man, it was something almost heroic. Domestic circumstances--the adoration of his wife and sister and the cloistral seclusion of the life he led--confirmed him in the habit of taking himself too seriously. The best of his shorter poems deal with his own experiences; and his longest works, *The Prelude* and *The Excursion,* describe his spiritual development in the most minute detail.

(c) In spite of this self-obsession he is curiously deficient in the purely *lyrical* gift. He cannot bare his bosom, as Burns does; he cannot leap into the ether like Shelley. Yet he excels, especially in the **face** of nature, **in** the expression of a reflective and analytic

mood which is both personal and general. The following lyric illustrates this mood to perfection:

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

Sometimes he does touch on intimate emotions, but then he tends to be restrained, hinting at rather than proclaiming the passions that he feels. The series of *Lucy* poems are typical of their kind:

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

Such a lyrical gift, reflective rather than passionate, finds a congenial mode of expression in the sonnet, the most complicated and expository of the lyrical forms. In his sonnets his lyrical mood burns clear and strong, and as a result they rank among the best in English poetry. Wordsworth's use of the Petrarchan form was so striking that he re-established its supremacy over the Shakespearian sonnet, which had eclipsed it in popularity during the last great age of sonneteering--the Elizabethan. The influence of Milton is clearly felt, and the sonnets have strength, flexibility, and, in many cases, a controlled intensity of feeling. Some of them are patriotic, others express his passion for liberty, and yet others, such as the famous **one** composed on Westminster Bridge, deal with nature All show clearly the beneficial influence on Wordsworth of the restrictions of **the** sonnet form, whose fourteen lines curbed his tendency toward **prolixity.**

(d) His Treatment of Nature. His dealings with nature are his chief glory as a poet.
(1) His treatment is accurate and first-hand. As he explained, he wrote with his eye "steadily fixed on the object." Even the slightest of his poems have evidence of close observation:

The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one.

The most polished of his poems have the same stamp, as can be seen in *Resolution and Independence.* "The image of the hare," he says with reference to this poem, quoted below. "I then observed on the ridge of the Fell."

There was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that'Iove the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops;--on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

2)This personal dealing with nature in all her moods produces a joy, a plenteousness of delight, that to most readers is Wordsworth's most appealing charm. Before the beauty of nature he is never paltry; he is nearly always adequate; and that is perhaps the highest achievement that he ever desired. The extracts just quoted are outstanding examples of this aspect of his poetry.
3)In his treatment of nature, however, he is not content merely to rejoice: he tries to see more deeply and to find the secret springs of this joy and thanksgiving. He says:
To me the meanest flower that blows can give Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
He strives to capture and embody in words such deep-seated emotions, but, almost of necessity, from the very nature of the case,

with little success. He gropes in the shadows, and comes away with empty hands. He cannot solve the riddle of

those obstinate questionings .
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings.

Yet, with a remarkable fusion of sustained thought and of poetic imagination, he does convey the idea of "the Being that is in the clouds and air," the soul that penetrates all things, the spirit, the mystical essence, the divine knowledge that, as far as he was concerned, lies behind all nature. Lastly, in one of the most exalted poetical efforts in any language, he puts into words the idea of the continuity of life that runs through all existence:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.
Ode: Intimations of Immortality

(4)' This deeper insight underlying Wordsworth's treatment of nature" distinguishes him from many lesser poets. Though he is no inconsiderable landscape painter, as the opening lines of *Tintern Abbey* will show, he is seldom content to draw beautiful scenes for their own sake. He looks on nature to hear "the still, sad music of humanity," and his portrayal of man seen against a background of nature gives rise to some of his best-known poems, such as *The Solitary Reaper, Resolution and Independence,* and *Michael.* "These figures have something of the strength, dignity, and austerity of their settings., Even more striking are the poems such as *Tintern Abbey, Ode on the Intimations of Immortality,* and some parts of *The Prelude,* which trace the development of his own relations with nature, from his boyish days with their "glad animal movements," through his youth, when natural beauty

had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. . . .

to his maturity, of which he wrote,

For I have learned
 To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused.
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things.

f)In *style* Wordsworth presents a remarkable contrast, for he ranges from the sublime (as in the extract last quoted) to the ridiculous:

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall,
An old Man dwells, a little man,--
 'Tis said he once was tall.
Full five-and-thirty years he lived
A running huntsman merry;
And still the centre of his cheek
 Is red as a ripe cherry.
Simon Lee

This verse illustrates the lower ranges of his style, when he is hagridden with his theories of poetic diction. The first two lines are mediocre; the second pair are absurd; and the rest of the verse is middling. This is simplicity overdone; yet it is always to be remembered that at his best Wordsworth can unite simplicity with sublimity, as he does in the lyrics we have already quoted. He has a kind of middle style; at its best it has grace and dignity, a heart-searching simplicity, and a certain magical enlightenment of phrase that is all his own. Not Shakespeare himself can better Wordsworth when the latter is in a mood that produces a poem like the following:

" She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn,
 Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
 And hers the silence and the calm,
 Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."
Three Years she grew in Sun and Shower

II. Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834)

1. His Life. (Coleridge was born in Devonshire, and was the youngest of the thirteen children of the vicar of Ottery St Mary. As a child he was unusually precocious: "I never thought as a child," he says, "never had the language of a child." When he was nine years old his father died; he then obtained a place in Christ's Hospital, where he astonished his schoolmates, one of whom was Charles Lamb, with his queer tastes in reading and speculation. He went to Cambridge (1791), where he was fired with the revolutionary doctrines. He abandoned the university and enlisted in the Light Dragoons, but a few months as a soldier ended his military career. In 1794 he returned to Cambridge, and later in the year became acquainted at Oxford with Southey, with whom he planned the founding of an ideal republic in America. With Southey he lived for a space at Bristol, and there he met Southey's wife's sister, whom he eventually married. At Bristol Coleridge lectured, wrote poetry, and issued a newspaper called *The Watchman* (1796), all with the idea of converting humanity; yet in spite of it all humanity remained unperturbed in its original sin. At this time (1797) he met Wordsworth, and, as has already been noticed, planned their joint production of the *Lyrical Ballads,* which was published at Bristol.
After a brief spell as a Unitarian minister, Coleridge, who was now dependent on a small annuity from two rich friends, studied German philosophy on the Continent; returned to England (1799), and for a time lived in the Lake District. There followed a serious attempt at political journalism, which failed because of his constitutional incapacity to provide regular contributions. In 1800 he was at Keswick, and, durjng what was to be his final period of great

poetical inspiration, produced the second part of *Christabe!* and his ode *Dejection.* By now he was in almost continual ill-health, and by 1803 he had become enslaved to the opium which was to have such disastrous effect upon him. Ill-health and an unhappy domestic life sent him abroad to Malta and Italy (1804-06), and on his return he began a period of restless wandering round the country, never staying very long anywhere. It was during these restless years that his lectures were given, starting with a very poor series at the Royal Institution in 1808. The year 1811 saw his finest series of lectures, those on Shakespeare and other poets, which were followed by a further series in 1812 and 1813. During this period he struggled with little success to break himself of the opium habit which was sapping his abilities, and then, in 1816, he entered the house of a Mr Gillman, in Highgate. This provided for him a kind of refined and sympathetic inebriates' home. Here he gradually shook himself free from opium-taking, and he spent the last years of his life in an atmosphere of subdued content, visited by his friends, and conversing interminably in that manner of wandering but luminous intelligence that marked his later years. From the house in High-gate he issued a few books that, with all their faults, are among the best of their class.

2. His Poetry. The real blossoming of Coleridge's poetical genius was brief indeed, but the fruit of it was rich and wonderful. With the exception of a very few pieces, the best of his poems were composed within two years, 1797-98.

His first book was *Poems on Various Subjects* (1796), issued at Bristol. The miscellaneous poems that the volume contains have only a very moderate merit. Then, in collaboration with Wordsworth, he produced the *Lyrical Ballads* (1798). This remarkable volume contains nineteen poems by Wordsworth and four by Coleridge; and of these four by far the most noteworthy is *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.)*

Wordsworth has set on record the origin of *The Ancient Mariner.* He and Coleridge discussed the poem during their walks on the Quantock Hills. The main idea of the voyage, founded on a dream of his own, was Coleridge's; Wordsworth suggested details, and they thought of working on it together. Very soon, however, Coleridge's imagination was fired with the story, and his friend very sensibly left him to write it all. Hence we have that marvellous series of dissolving pictures, so curiously distinct and yet so strangely fused into one: the voyage through the polar ice; the death of the albatross

the amazing scenes during the calm and the storm; and the return home; In style, in swift steaithiness of narrative speed, and in its weird and compelling strength of imagination the poem is without a parallel.

In 1797 Coleridge also wrote the first part of *Christabel,* but, though a second part was added in 1800, the poem remained unfinished, and lay unpublished till 1816. *Christabel* is the tale of a kind of witch, who, by taking the sh?pe of a lovely lady, wins the confidence of the heroine Christabel The tale is barely begun when it collapses Already Coleridge's fatal indecision is declaring itself. Incomplete as it is, and with its second part somewhat inferior to its first, the poem is yet clear evidence of Coleridge's superlative power as a poet. The supernatural atmosphere is here less obviously created than in *The Ancient Mariner;* Coleridge relies on the most delicate and subtle suggestion, hidden in minute but highly significant details in the story.There are passages of wonderful beauty and of charming natural description, though they scarcely reach the heights of *The Ancient Mariner.* The metre, now known as the *Christabel* metre, is a loose but exceedingly melodious form of the octosyllabic couplet full of skilful rhythmic variations. It became exceedingly popular, and its influence is still unimpaired. We give extract to show the metre, and also to give a slight idea of the poet's descriptive power:

There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Kuhla Khan, written in 1798, was, like *Christabel,* unfinished, and it also remained unpublished until 1816. It is the echo of a dream-- the shadow of a shadow. Coleridge avers that he dreamt the lines, awoke in a fever of inspiration, threw the words on paper, but before the fit was over was distracted from the composition, so that the glory of the dream never returned and *Kubla Khan* remained unfinished. The poem, beginning with a description of the stately pleasure-dome built by Kubla Khan in Xanadu, soon becomes a-, dreamlike series of dissolving views) each expressed in the most perfect imagery and most magical of verbal music) but it collapses in mid-career.

(In the same year Coleridge composed several other poems,

including the fine *Frost at Midnight* and *France: An Ode.)* In 1802 he wrote the great ode *Dejection,* in which he already bewails the suspension of his "shaping spirit of Imagination." Save for a few fragments, such as the beautiful epitaph *The Knight's Tomb,* the remainder of his poems are of poorer quality and slight in bulk. His play *Remorse* was, on the recommendation of Byron, accepted by the management of the Drury Lane Theatre and produced in 1813. It succeeded on the stage, but as literature it is of little importance.

3. Features of his Poetry. Within its peculiar limits his poetical work, slight though it is, is of the highest.

(a)(The most conspicuous feature of the poems is their intense *imaginative power,* superbly controlled, in his finest poem by his unerring artistic sense. *(It* exploits the weird, the supernatural, and the obscure. Yet, such is the power of true imagination, it can produce what Coleridge calls "that willing suspension of disbelief," and for the moment he can compel us to believe it all,) He sees nature with a penetrating and revealing glance, drawing from it inspiration for the stuff of his poetry.(He is particularly fine in his descriptions of the sky and the sea and the wider and more remote aspects of things.

(b)No poet has ever excelled Coleridge in *witchery of language.* His is the song the sirens sang. *The Ancient Mariner* has more than one passage like the following:

And now 'twas like all instruments,
 Now like a lonely flute;
 And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased: yet still the sails made on
 A pleasant noise till noon,
 A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of tune,
 That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

The epitaph we have mentioned is another fine example:

Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn? Where may the grave of that good man be? By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn, Under the twigs of a young birch tree. The oak that in summer was sweet to hear. And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,

And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
Is gone,--and the birch in its stead is grown.--
The knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust:--
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

The reader of such passages can discover something of the secret of their charm by observing the dexterous handling of the metre, the vowel-music, and other technical features, but in the last analysis their, beauty defies explanation: it is there that genius lies.
d)*(*Along with his explosive fervour Coleridge preserves a fine *simplicity of diction.* He appeals directly to the reader's imagination by writing with great clearness. In this respect he often closely resembles Wordsworth. ,His meditative poem *Frost at Midnight* strongly shows this resemblance:

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

4. His Prose. The same blight that afflicted Coleridge's poetry lies upon his prose. It is scrappy, chaotic, and tentative. In bulk it is large and sprawling; in manner it is diffuse and involved; but in its happier moments it possesses a breadth, a depth, and a searching wisdom that are as rare as they are admirable.
Most of his prose was of journalistic origin. In theme it is chiefly philosophical or literary. In 1796 he started *The Watchman,* a periodical, ambitious in scope, which ran to ten numbers only. To this journal Coleridge contributed some typical essays, which, among much that is both obscure and formless, show considerable weight and acuteness of thought. He followed with much more miscellaneous prose, some of it being written for *The Morning Post,* to which he was for a time a contributor. In 1808 he began a series of lectures on poetry and allied subjects, but already the curse of opium was upon him, and the lectures were failures. While he resided in the Lake District he started *The Friend* (1809), which was published at Penrith, but like *The Watchman* it had a brief career.

Then in 1817, when he had shaken himself free from opium, he published *Biographia Literaria* and *Sibylline Leaves.*

Biographia Literaria is his most valuable prose work. It pretends to record his literary upbringing, but as a consecutive narrative it is quite worthless. After sixteen chapters of philosophizing, almost entirely irrelevant, he discusses the poetical theory of his friend Wordsworth, and then in the last seven chapters of the book he gives a remarkable demonstration of his critical powers. He analyses the Wordsworthian theory in masterly fashion, and, separating the good from the bad, upon the sounder elements bases a critical dogma of great and permanent value. These last chapters of the book, which are the most enduring exposition of the Romantic theory as it exists in English, place Coleridge in the first flight of critics.

Second only in importance to *Biographia Literaria* in establishing Coleridge as the greatest of English critics are his lectures on Shakespeare and other poets, delivered at intervals between 1808 and 1819. It is unfortunate that they were never prepared for publication by Coleridge himself, and that we have to rely on the imperfect records, prepared from notes and reports by his daughter in 1836, and by Payne Collier in 1856. As a result, the lectures, as we have them, lack the finish of works properly prepared for publication. None the less they show Coleridge as a giant in the ranks of English critics. His examination of Shakespeare's plays and of poems by other writers gives us something more than an acute, logical dissection according to certain predetermined canons; it is subtly suggestive, stimulating the reader to keener perceptions, **and** formulating for him his own vague, half-crystallized reactions. Every work of art he sees as an organic, developing whole, subject only to the laws of its own existence. A true romantic, Coleridge revolts against the Augustan conception of poetry as an art to instruct. For him the aim of poetry is to provide pleasure--pleasure "through the medium of beauty."

In addition, he wrote (1825) *Aids to Reflection.* But he seemed to be incapable of writing a work of any size. After his death his *Table Talk* was published (1835), giving fleeting glimpses of a brilliant and erratic mind.

We give a short extract from his prose. This shows not only his sincere and temperate admiration for the poems of Wordsworth,' **but** also the nature of his prose style. As a style it is not wholly commendable. It is too involved, and clogged with qualifications

and digressions; but, though he develops his ideas in a curious indirect fashion, he makes rapid progress. At its best Coleridge's prose has much of the evocative suggestiveness of his finest poetry, and is an admirable stimulus to keener perception in the reader, while his choice of language is discriminating, particularly in the fine distinctions he makes while describing the processes of artistic creation.

Had Mr Wordsworth's poems been the silly, the childish things, which they were for a long time described as being; had they been really distinguished from the compositions of other poets merely by meanness of language and inanity of thought; had they indeed contained nothing more than what is found in the parodies and pretended imitations of them; they must have sunk at once, a dead weight, into the slough of oblivion, and have dragged the preface along with them. But year after year increased the number of Mr Wordsworth's admirers. They were found, too, not in the lower classes of the reading public, but chiefly among young men of strong sensibility and meditative minds; and their admiration (inflamed perhaps in some degree by opposition) was distinguished by its intensity, I might almost say, by its *religious* fervour. These facts, and the intellectual energy of the author, which was more or less consciously felt, where it was outwardly and even boisterously denied, meeting with sentiments of aversion to his opinions, and of alarm at their consequences, produced an eddy of criticism, which would of itself have borne up the poems by the violence with which it whirled them round and round. With many parts of this preface, in the sense attributed to them, and which the words undoubtedly seem to authorise, I never concurred; but on the contrary objected to them as erroneous in principle, and as contradictory *(in* appearance at least) both to other parts of the same preface, and to the author's own practice in the greater part of the poems themselves. Mr Wordsworth in his recent collection has, I find, degraded this prefatory disquisition to the end of his second volume, to be read or not at the reader's choice. But he has not, as far as I can discover, announced any change in his poetic creed.
Biographia Literaria

III. Lord Byron (1788-1824)

1. His Life. (George Gordon Byron, sixth Lord Byron, was as proud of his ancestry as he was of his poetry, and his ancestors were as extraordinary as was his poetry. They stretched back to the Norman Conquest, and included among them a notorious admiral, Byron's grandfather. The poet's father was a rake and a scoundrel. ' He married a Scottish heiress, Miss Gordon of Gight, whose money he was not long in squandering. Though the poet was born in London) his early years were passed in Aberdeen, his mother's

native place. At the age of ten he succeeded his grand-uncle in the title and in the possession of the ruinous Abbey of Newstead, and Scotland was left behind for ever. (Be was educated at Harrow and Cambridge) where he showed himself to be heir to the ancestral nature, dark and passionate, but relieved by humour and affection. All his life through Byron cultivated the sombre and theatrical side of his disposition, which latterly became a byword; but there can be little doubt that his 'Byronic' temperament was not entirely affected. His mother, a foolish, unbalanced woman, warped the boy's temper still more by her frequent follies and frenzies The recollection of the tortures he underwent in the fruitless effort to cure him of a malformity of his foot remained with him till his death.

Leaving the university (1808), he remained for a while at New-stead, where with a few congenial youths he plunged into orgies of puerile dissipation. In the fashion of the time, he gloried in the reputation he was acquiring for being a dare-devil, but he lived to pay for it. Wearying of loose delights, he travelled for a couple of years upon the Continent (1809-11). He had previously taken his seat in the House of Lords, but made no mark in political affairs.

Then with a sudden bound he leaped into the limelight. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (1812), his poem on his travels, became all the rage. He found himself the darling of society, in which his youth; his title, his physical beauty, his wit, and his picturesque and romantic melancholy made him a marvel and a delight. He married an heiress (1815), but after a year his wife left him. Regarding his conduct dark rumours grew apace; his popularity waned, and in the face of a storm of abuse he left England for good (1816). For the last eight years of his life he wandered about the Continent, visiting Switzerland, where he met Shelley, and, later, Italy. Finally the cause of Greek independence caught his fancy. He devoted his money, which was inconsiderable, and the weight of his name, which was gigantic, to the Greeks, who proved to be very ungrateful allies. He died of fever at Missolonghi and his body was given a grand funeral in the England that had cast him out.

2. His Poetry. (Byron's first volume was a juvenile effort, *Hours of Idleness* (1807)which was little more than the elegant trifling of a lord who condescends to be a minor poet. This frail production was roughly handled by *The Edinburgh Review,* and Byron, who never lacked spirit, retorted with some effect, (He composed a satire in the style of Pope, calling it *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* The poem is immature, being often crudely expressed, and

(1809)}

it throws abuse recklessly upon good writers and bad; but in the handling of the couplet it already shows some of the Byronic force and pungency. The poem is also of interest in that it lets us see how much he is influenced by the preceding age.

Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
The golden-crested haughty Marmion,
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;
A mighty mixture of the great and base.
And think'st thou, Scott! by vain conceit perchance.
On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
Though Murray with his Miller may combine
To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line?

(Then followed the two years of trave which had their fruit in) the first two cantos of (*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (1812)) (The hero of the poem is a romantic youth, and is very clearly Byron Himself. He is very grand and terrible, and sinister with the stain of a dark and awful past)He visits some of the popular beauty-spots of the Continent, which he describes in Spenserian stanzas of moderate skill and attractiveness. The poem is diffuse, but sometimes it can be terse and energetic; the style is half-heartedly old-fashioned, in deference to the stanza. Byron is to do much better things, but already he shows a real appreciation of nature, and considerable dexterity in the handling of his metre.

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,
And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless
bay. Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon,
New shores descried make every bosom gay;
And Cintra's mountain greets them on their way
And Tagus dashing onward to the deep,
His fabled golden tribute bent to pay;
And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap.
And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few rustics reap.

Childe Harold brought its author a dower of fame, which in the next few years he was to squander to the uttermost. In the intervals of society functions he produced poetic tales in astonishing profusion: *The Giaour* and *The Bride of Abydos* in 1813, *The Corsair* and *Lara* in 1814, *The Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina* in 1815 (published 1816). These tales deal with the romantic scenes of the East; they almost uniformly reproduce the young Byronic hero of *Childe Harold;* and to a great extent they are mannered and stagy.

Written in the couplet form, the verse is founded on that of the metrical tales of Scott, whom Byron was not long in supplanting in popular favour, although the masculine action of Scott's poems is lacking from his work. Instead there are vehement passions, which give his stories an impetuosity and speed quite different from the easy lucidity of Scott's narrative poems. A vividness of description, based on Byron's own experience of Mediterranean countries, fills them with patches of striking colour, but, though *The Giaour, The Bride of Abydos,* and *Parisina* are written in a more natural style than *The Corsair* and *Lara,* all reveal the lack of melody, the unevenness, and, in varying degrees, the artificiality which are typical of Byron's work at this period. (In 1816 Byron was hounded out of England, and his wanderings are chronicled in the third (1816) and fourth (1818) cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage)* In metre and general scheme the poem is unaltered, but in spirit and style the new parts are very different from the first two cantos. The descriptions are firmer and terser, and are often graced with a fine simplicity; the old-fashioned mannerisms are entirely discarded; and the tone all through is deeper and more sincere. There is apparent an undercurrent of bitter pessimism that is only natural under the circumstances, though he dwells too lengthily upon his misfortunes. The following stanza is a fair specimen of this later and simpler style:

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died;
The mountain village where his latter days
Went down the vale of years, and 'tis their pride--
An honest pride--and let it be their praise,
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain
And venerably simple, such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain
Than if a pyramid formed his monumental fane.

(During these years on the Continent he was not idle. Some of his longer poems are *The Prisoner of Chillon* (1816) and *Mazeppa* (1819) the last of his metrical tales. He also composed a large number of lyrics, most of them only mediocre in quality; and he added several great satirical poems, the most notable of which are *Beppo* (1818, published 1819), *The Vision of Judgment* (1822), directed mainly against Southey, and, the longest of all, *Don*
(The Vision of Judgment is one of the finest of English political atires.) Underlying the attack on Southey there is a bitter indignation,

hidden beneath a mask of humorous burlesque and a sparkling, vivacious wit. The poem, which is written in *ottava rima,* shows a mastery of satirical portraiture only rivalled by that of Dryden and Pope.
In range, in vigour, and in effectiveness *Don Juan* ranks as one of the greatest of satirical poems. It was issued in portions during the years 1819-24, just as Byron composed it. It is a kind of picaresque novel cast into verse. The hero, as in the picaresque novel, has many wanderings and adventures.)the narration of which might go on interminably. At the time of its publication it was denounced by a shocked world as vile and immoral, and to a great extent it deserves the censure. In it Byron expresses the wrath that consumes him, and all the human race comes under the lash. The strength and flexibility of the satire are beyond question, and are freely revealed in bitter mockery, in caustic comment, and in burning rage. However, the mood of anger is but one of the many widely differing moods in this work, which is the fullest revelation of Byron's complex personality. The stanzas, written in *ottava rima,* are as keen and supple as a tempered steel blade. The style is a kind of sublimated, half-colloquial prose, showing a disdainful abrogation of the finer poetical trappings; but in places it rises into passages of rare and lovely tenderness. When affliction came upon him, in the words of Lear he had vowed a vow:

No, I'll not weep;
I have full cause of weeping, but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws
Or ere I'll weep.

But sometimes the poet prevails over the satirist, and the mocking laughter is stifled with the sound of bitter weeping.
The first extract given below shows Byron in his bitter and cynical mood; the tone of the second and third is far removed from such asperity:

(1) Ovid's a rake, as half his verses show him,
Anacreon's morals are a still worse sample,
Catullus scarcely has a decent poem,
I don't think Sappho's Ode a good example,
Although Longinus tells us there is no hymn
Where the sublime soars forth on wings more ample;
But Virgil's songs are pure, except that horrid one
Beginning with "Formosum Pastor Corydon."

Lucretius' irreligion is too strong
For early stomachs to prove wholesome food;
I can't help thinking Juvenal was wrong,
Although no doubt his real intent was good,
For speaking out so plainly in his song.
So much indeed as to be downright rude;
And then what proper person can be partial
To all those nauseous epigrams of Martial?

(2) Round her she made an atmosphere of life;
The very air seemed lighter from her eyes,
They were so soft and beautiful, and rife
With all we can imagine of the skies,
As pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife--
Too pure even for the purest human ties;
Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel.

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were tinged--
It is the country's custom--but in vain;
For those large black eyes were so blackly fringed,
The glossy rebels mocked the jetty stain,
And in their native beauty stood avenged:
Her nails were touched with henna; but again
The power of art was turned to nothing, for
They could not look more rosy than before.

(3) Thus lived--thus died she; never more on her
Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth: her days and pleasures were
Brief, but delightful--such as had not stayed
Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well
By the sea-shore, whereon she loved to dwell.

That isle is now all desolate and bare,
Its dwellings down, its tenants passed away;
None but her own and father's grave is there,
And nothing outward tells of human clay;
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair;
No stone is there to show, no tongue to say
What was; no dirge except the hollow sea's
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

3. His Drama. Byron's dramas are all blank-verse tragedies **that** were composed during the later stages of his career, when he was in Italy. The chief are *Manfred* (1817), *Marino Fatiero* (1821), *The Two Foscari* and *Cain* (1821), and *The Deformed Transformed* (1824.) In nearly **all** we have a hero of the Byronic type. **In *Cain,***

for example, we have the outcast who defies the censure of the world; In *The Deformed Transformed* there are thinly screened references to Byron's own deformity. In this fashion he showed that he had little of the real dramatic faculty, for he could portray no character with any zeal unless it resembled himself. The blank verse has power and dignity, but it lacks the higher poetic inspiration.

4.Features of his Poetry. *(a)* For a man of his egotistical temper Byron's *lyrical gift* is disappointingly meagre. He wrote many tuneful and readable lyrics, such as *She walks in Beauty* and *To Thyrza.* His favourite theme draws on variations of the following mood:

Do thou, amid the fair white walls,
If Cadiz yet be free,
At times, from out her latticed halls,
Look o'er the dark blue sea;

Then think upon Calypso's isles,
Endeared by days gone by;
To others give a thousand smiles,
To me a single sigh.
Stanzas composed during a Thunder-storm

In such lyrics he is merely sentimental, and the reader cannot avoid thinking that he is posturing before the world. When he attempts more elevated themes, as he does in *The Isles of Greece (Don Juan,* Canto III), he is little better than a poetical tub-thumper. Of the genuine passionate lyric there is little trace in his poems.
b)His *satirical power* is gigantic. In the expression of his scorn, a kind of sublime and reckless arrogance, he has the touch of the master. Yet in spite of his genius he has several defects. In the first place, his motive is to a very large extent personal, and so his scorn becomes one-sided. It is, however, a sign of the essential bigness of his mind that he hardly ever becomes mean and spiteful. Secondly, he lacks the deep vision of the supreme satirist, like Cervantes, who behind the shadows of the crimes and follies of men can see the pity of it all. In the third place, he is often deliberately outrageous. When he found how easily and deeply he could shock a certain class of people he went out of his way to shock them, and succeeded only too weill.
c)His *style* is quite distinct from that of any other romantic poet. Always an admirer of Pope, though he lacked his finish and artistry, he never completely freed himself from the poetic diction, personification, -

and conventional epithets of the previous age. His faults as an artist are glaring: he had no ear for melody, his workmanship was careless, he had frequent lapses of taste, his dramatic blank verse was often rhetorical and declamatory in tone, and, especially when writing of himself, he was often guilty of repetition and overemphasis. On the other hand, there is in much of his work a vehemence and passion which give it an impetuous vigour. In his best satires the tone approaches the conversational in its naturalness, and he displays an epigrammatic wit and great vivacity. Sometimes he writes with simplicity and a tender beauty, as in the Juan-Haidee idyll in *Don Juan.*

d)A word is necessary regarding the fluctuations of his *reputation.* In his earlier manhood he was reckoned among the great poets;_ he lived to hear himself denounced, and his poetry belittled. After his death Victorian morality held up hands in horror over his iniquity, and his real merits were steadily decried. Since those days his reputation has been climbing back to take a stable position high above the second-rate poets. In some European countries he still ranks second to none among English poets. He broke down the laboured insularity of the English, and he gave to non-English readers a clear and forcible example of what the English language can accomplish.

IV. PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822)

1. His Life. Shelley was born in Sussex, the heir to a baronetcy and a great fortune. (He was educated at Eton and Oxford but from a very early age showed great eccentricity of character: He frequented graveyards, studied alchemy, and read books of dreadful import. While he was at the university he wrote several extraordinary pamphlets, one of which, *the Necessity of Atheism,* caused him to be expelled from Oxford. He had already developed extreme notions on religion, politics, and morality generally, a violence that was entirely theoretical, for by nature he was among the most unselfish and amiable of mankind. His opinions, as well as an early and unhappy marriage which he contracted, brought about a painful quarrel with his relatives. This was finally composed by the poet's father, Sir Timothy Shelley, who settled an annuity upon his son. The poet immediately took to the life .that suited him best, ardently devoting himself to his writing, and wandering where the spirit led him. In 1816 his first wife committed suicide; and Shelley, having married the daughter of William

Godwin, settled in Italy (1818), the land he loved the best. The intoxication of Rome's blue sky and the delicious unrestraint of his Italian existence set his genius blossoming into the rarest beauty. In the full flower of it he was drowned, when he was only thirty years old, in a sudden squall that overtook his yacht in the Gulf of Spezzia. His body--a fit consummation--was burned on the beach where it was found, and his ashes were laid beside those of Keats in the Roman cemetery that he had nobly hymned. It is impossible to estimate the loss to literature that was caused by his early extinction. The crudeness of his earlier opinions was passing away, and his vision was gaining immeasurably in clearness and intensity.

3.His Poetry,' His earliest effort of any note is *Queen Mab* (1813). The poem is clearly immature; it is lengthy, and contains much of Shelley's cruder atheism. It is written in the irregular unrhymed metre that was made popular by Southey. The beginning is worth quoting, for already it reveals a touch of the airy music that was to distinguish his letter work:

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When throned on ocean's wave
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful

Alastor, or The Spirit of Solitude (1816) followed. It is a kind of spiritual autobiography, in which the chief character a shadowy projection of Shelley's own moods, travels through a wilderness in quest of the ideal beauty. The poem is long, rather obscure,and formless, and is remembered chiefly for its lyrical passages and striking, typically Shelleyan imagery. It is written in blank verse that shows Shelley's growing skill as a poet(After this came) *Laon and Cythna* (1817), afterward (1818) called(*The Revolt of Islam}* It has the fault of its immediate predecessor--lack of grip and coherence; but it is richer in descriptive passages, and has many outbursts of apturous energy.

Then Shelley left for Italy. The firstfruits of his new life were apparent in *Prometheus Unbound* (1818-19, published 1820). This wonderful production is a combination of the lyric and the drama. The story is that of Prometheus, who defied the gods and suffered for his presumption. There is a small proportion of narrative in

blank verse, but the chief feature of the poem is the series of lyrics that both sustain and embellish the action. As a whole the poem has a sweep, a soar, and an unearthly vitality that sometimes stagger the imagination. It is peopled with spirits and demigods, and its scenes are cast in the inaccessible spaces of sky, mountain, and sea.
In *The Cenci* (1819) Shelley started to write formal drama) In this play he seems deliberately to have set upon himself the restraints that he defied in *Prometheus Unbound.* The plot is not of the sky and the sea; it is a grim and sordid family affair; in style it is neither fervent nor ornate, but bleak and austere. Yet behind this reticence of manner there is a deep and smouldering intensity of passion and enormous adequacy of tragic purpose. 'Many of the poet's admirers look upon it as his masterpiece; but it falls short of the highest tragic level in the lack of subtlety in its character drawing and the inadequacy of its dramatic action. Even so, it stands as one of the best tragedies since Webster. The last words of the play, when the heroine goes to her doom, are almost heart-breaking in their simplicity:

Beatrice. Give yourself no unnecessary pain.
My dear Lord Cardinal. Here, mother, tie
My girdle for me, and bind up this hair
In any simple knot; ay, that does well.
And yours I see is coming down. How often
Have we done this for one another I Now
We shall not do it any more. My lord
We are quite ready. Well, 'tis very well.

The poems of this period are extraordinary in their number and quality. Among the longer ones are *Julian and Maddalo* (1818) and *The Masque of Anarchy* (1819) published 1832). The latter, inspired by the news of the massacre of Peterloo, expresses Shelley's revolutionary political views, and is very severe on Lord Castlereagh. The second stanza of the poem is startling enough:

I met Murder on the way,
He had a mask like Castlereagh;
Very smooth he looked, yet grim;
Seven bloodhounds followed him.

In *The Witch of Atlas* (1820, published 1824) and *Epipsychidion* (1821) Shelley rises further and further into the ether of poetical imagination, until he becomes almost impossible of comprehension. The former, the lightest and most delicate of all Shelley's fantasies,

is rich in music and imagery, while *Epipsychidion,* with the same wealth of imagery, contains some of his most fervent writing. *Adonais* (1821) is a lament for the death of Keats modelled on the classical elegy. Though there is a jarring note in the attack on the critics, whom Shelley held to be responsible for the poet's early death, the Spenserian stanza is here used with a splendid resonance and a force which increases as the poem progresses. It glows with some of the most splendid of Shelley's conceptions.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night.
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again.
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure; and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey, in vain--
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes--'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais--Thou, young Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone!
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains! and, thou Air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

With the longer poems went a brilliant cascade of shorter lyrical pieces, (To name them is to mention some of the sweetest English lyrics. The constantly quoted *To a Skylark* and *The Cloud* are among them; so are some exquisite songs, such as *The Indian Serenade, Music, when soft voices die, On a Faded Violet, To Night,* and the longer occasional pieces--for example, *Lines written among the Euganean Hills,* and the *Letter to Maria Gisborne.* Of his many beautiful odes, the most remarkable is *Ode to the West Wind.* The stanzas have the elemental rush of the wind itself, and the conclusion, where Shelley sees a parallel to himself, is the most remarkable of all:

Make me thy lyre, ev'n as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like wither'd leaves, to quicken a new birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

3.His Prose. Shelley began his literary career with two boyish romances, *Zastrozzi* and *St Irvyne.* These books were written when he was still at school, and are almost laughably bad in style and story. The only other prose work that is worth mention is his short essay *The Defence of Poetry* (1821, published 1840). The work is soundly written, and is a strong exposition of the Romantic point of view. His published letters show him to have been a man of considerable common sense, and not merely the crazy theorist of popular imagination. His prose style is somewhat heavy, but always clear and readable.
4.Features of his Poetry. (a)(His *lyrical power* is equal to the highest to be found in any language. It is now recognized to be one of the supreme gifts in literature) like the dramatic genius of Shakespeare. This gift is shown at its best when it expresses the highest emotional ecstasy, as in the lyrics of *Prometheus Unbound.* It is a sign of his great genius that, in spite of the passion that pervades his lyrics, he is seldom shrill and tuneless. He can also express a mood of blessed cheerfulness, a sane and delectable joy. To the Spirit of Delight he says:

I love Love, though he has wings
And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee.
Thou art love and life! O come,
Make once more my heart thy home.

He can also express the keenest note of depression and despair, as in the lyric *O World! O Life! O Time!*
(b) (Shelley's *choice of subject* makes it convenient to divide his work into two broad groups, the one consisting of his visionary, prophetic works such as *Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude, The Revolt of Islam, Prometheus Unbound,* and similar poems, and the other of his shorter lyrics.) In almost all of the visionary poems we see

the Shelleyan hero, a rebel against tyranny and a leader in the struggle which is to bring about the ultimate happiness of humanity. Like the Byronic hero, these figures are, to a large extent, projections of the character of their creator. Often the symbolism of the poems . is not sufficiently clear or sustained, and the result is some confusion in the mind of the reader. In the subjects of his shorter poems he differs from such a poet as Burns, who is almost the only other poet who challenges him as master of the lyric. Shelley lacks the homely appeal of Burns; he loves to roam through space and infinity. In his own words he.

.
feeds on the aerial kisses
Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses.

He rejoices in nature, but nature of a spiritual kind, which he peoples with phantoms and airy beings:

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,
And the starry night;
Autumn evening,'and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost:
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Everything almost
Which is nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

Frequently he is concerned with the thought of death or his own sense of despair or loneliness:

O world ! O life! Otime!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more--Oh, never more!

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more--Oh, never more!

(c)(His *descriptive power* at once strikes the imagination. The effect is instantaneous. His fancy played among wild and elemental

things.'but it gave them form and substance, as well as a radiant loveliness. His favourite device for this purpose is personification, of which the following is an excellent example:

For Winter came; the wind was his whip;
One choppy finger was on his lip;
He had torn the cataracts from the hills,
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles.
The Sensitive Plant

We add another extract to show his almost unearthly skill in visualizing the wilder aspects of nature. Note the extreme simpli. city and ease of the style:

We paused amid the pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
With stems like serpents interlaced.
The Pine Forest of the Cascine near Pisa

d)His *style* is perfectly attuned to his purpose. Like all the finest lyrical styles, it is simple, flexible, and passionate. It has a direct clarity, an easy, yet striking, lucidity, and a purity of language •) which are peculiarly Shelley's own. Sometimes, as in *The Cenci,* it rises to a commanding simplicity. The extracts already given sufficiently show this.
e)Shelley's *limitations* are almost as plain as his great abilities. His continual rhapsodizings tend to become tedious and baffling; in his narrative he is diffuse and argumentative; he lacks humour; and his political poetry is often violent and unreasonable.
(f) His Reputation. During his lifetime Shelley's opinions obscured his powers as a. poet. Even to Scott, who with all his Tory prejudices was liberal enough in his views on literature, he was simply "that atheist Shelley." After his death his reputation rose rapidly, and by the middle of the nineteenth century his position was assured. By the curious alternation that seems to affect popular taste, his fame since that time has paled a little; but no fluctuations in taste can ever remove him from his place among the great.

V. John Keats (1795-1821)

1. His Life. (Keats was born in London the son of the well-to-do keeper of a livery stable. He was educated at a private school at Enfield, and at the age of fifteen was apprenticed to a surgeon. In 1814 he transferred his residence to London, and followed part of

the regular course of instruction prescribed for medical students. Already, however, his poetical bent was becoming apparent. Surgery lost its slight attraction, and the career of a poet became a bright possibility when he made the acquaintance of Leigh Hunt (1816), the famous Radical journalist and poet, whose collisions with the Government had caused much commotion and his own imprisonment. Keats was soon intimate with the Radical brotherhood that surrounded Leigh Hunt, and thus he became known to Shelley and others. In 1817 he published his first volume of verse, but it attracted little notice, in spite of the championship of Hunt. By this time the family tendency to consumption became painfully manifest in him, and he spent his time in searching for places, including the Isle of Wight and the suburbs of London, where his affliction might be remedied. While he was staying in London he became acquainted with Fanny Brawne, and afterward was engaged to her for a time. His malady, however, became worse, and the mental and physical distress caused by his complaint, added to despair regarding the success of his love-affair, produced a "frantic state of mind painfully reflected in his letters to the young lady. These letters were foolishly printed (1878), long after the poet's death.

His second volume of verse, published in 1818, was brutally assailed by *The Quarterly Review* and by *Blackwood's Magazine.* These Tory journals probably struck at him because of his friendship with the Radical Leigh Hunt. Keats bore the attack with apparent serenity, and always protested that he minded it little; but there can be little doubt that it affected his health to some degree. In 1820 he was compelled to seek warmer skies, and died in Rome early in the next year, at the age of twenty-five.

3.His Poetry. (when he was about seventeen years old Keats became acquainted' with the works of Spenser, and this proved to be the turning-point in his life. The mannerisms of the Elizabethan immediately captivated him, and he resolved to imitate him. His earliest attempt at verse is his *Imitation of Spenser* (1813), written when he was eighteen. This and some other short pieces were published together in his *Poems* (1817), his first volume of verse. This book contains little of any outstanding merit, except for some of its sonnets, which include the superb *On first looking into Chapman's Homer.* The poems, which include *Sleep and Poetry* and I *stood tip-toe upon a little hill,* show the influence of Spenser and, more immediately, of Leigh Humt) to whom the volume was dedicated.

Of a different quality was his next volume, called *Endymion* (1818)y Probably based partly on Drayton's *The Man in the Moon* and Fletcher's *The Faithful Shepherdess,* (this remarkable poem of *Endymion* professes to tell the story of the lovely youth who was kissed by the moon-goddess on the summit of Mount Latmos. Keats develops this simple myth into an intricate and flowery and rather obscure allegory of over four thousand lines. The work is clearly immature, and flawed with many weaknesses)both of taste and of construction, but many of the passages are most beautiful, and the poem shows the tender budding of the Keatsian style)--a rich and suggestive beauty obtained by a richly ornamented diction. The first line is often quoted, and it contains the theory that Keats followed during the whole of his poetical career:

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

The crudeness of the work laid it temptingly open to attack, and, as we have noticed, the hostile reviews found it an easy prey.
Keats's health was already failing, but the amount of poetry he wrote is marvellous both in magnitude and in quality. His third and last volume, published in 1820 just before he left England, contains a collection of poems of the first rank, which were written approximately in the order that follows.'
Isabella, or The Pot of Basil (1818), is a version of a tale from Boccaccio, and_deals with the murder of a lady's lover by her two wicked brothers.) The poem, which is written in *ottava rima,* marks a decided advance in Keats's work. The slips of taste are fewer; the style deeper in tone; the tale is told with an economy and precision new in Keats; and the conclusion, though it is sentimentally treated, is not wanting in pathos.
In *Hyperion* (begun 1818, abandoned 1819) Keats took up the epic theme of the primeval struggle between the older race of gods, such as Saturn and Hyperion, and the younger divinities, such as Apollo. Both in style and structure the poem is modelled on *Paradise Lost)* The blank verse has not only many of the typically Miltonic tricks of style, but also much of the sonorous weight and dignity of its model. At the same time, it replaces the vigour and passion of Milton with a repose and charm of its own. As the poem progresses the Miltonic is gradually supplanted by a tone more truly Keats's own, and in the third book it ends abruptly, because, as Keats himself said, it was too Miltonic. It is doubtful whether it could ever have been completed as it lacks the gripping action which

must be the basis of the epic poem. Yet, as far as it goes, *Hyperion* is a successful work, which has been claimed by some critics as Keats's greatest achievement. Book 11 provides us with the fullest exposition he was ever to give of his theory that "first in beauty shall be first in might," and the poem shows clearly his growing control over structure and style. It is full of striking passages, of which the following, the opening lines, is a good example:

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deaden'd more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the Naiad "mid her reeds
Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

The Eve of St Agnes (1819), regarded by others as his finest narrative poem, is a tale of the elopement of two lovers. The story is slight but moves quickly; the background of family feud is kept well in mind) and the love scenes are more controlled than those in *Isabella, or the Pot of Basil.* In the chivalric tone, the stanza form, and the occasional archaisms the influence of Spenser is seen; but the style is Keats's own, and (the poem is full of beauties of descrip tion, imagery, and colour. It is sensuous and highly decorative) without being cloying. Typical of its exquisite beauty is the following stanza:

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven:--Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

(In the same year was written *The Eve of Saint Mark,* which remains unfinished.) It has the fine pictorial work of *The Eve of St Agnes,*

but the material is handled with more restraint. In style it is effortless, and free from Keats's fault of over-luxuriance. (The story of *Lamia* (1819) is taken from Burton's *The Anatomy of Melancholy* (see p. 121) and tells of a beautiful enchantress. The narrative is well handled, runs smoothly, and shows a truer sense of proportion than *Endymion,)Shough,* here again, the story is rendered somewhat obscure by the introduction of a rather confused allegory. In style it is modelled on the fables of Dryden, and the heroic couplet is skilfully used. The poem is full of typically Keatsian pictorial richness, which, on occasion, becomes rather excessive. The following description of the snake-enchantress is one of the more gorgeous parts of the story:

She was a gordian shape of dazzling hue,
 Vermilion-spotted, golden, green, and blue;
 Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard,
Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson barr'd;
 And full of silver moons, that, as she breathed,
 Dissolv'd, or brighter shone, or interwreathed
Their lustres with the gloomier tapestries--
So rainbow-sided, touch'd with miseries,
 She seem'd, at once, some penanced lady elf,
Some demon's mistress, or the demon's self.
Upon her crest she wore a wannish fire
 Sprinkled with stars, like Ariadne's tiar:
Her head was serpent, but ah, bitter-sweet!
She had a woman's mouth with all its pearls complete:
 And for her eyes: what could such eyes do there
But weep, and weep, that they were born so fair?
 As Proserpine still weeps for her Sicilian air.
 He throat was serpent, but the words she spake
 Came, as through bubbling honey, for Love's sake.

 At the end of 1819 Keats made an attempt to refashion his unfinished epic in *The Fall of Hyperion, a Dream.* Casting off the Miltonic style of the first version, Keats here creates a blank verse of his own) flexible, powerful, and sonorous, a blank verse which accords well with a severer and more thoughtful tone than is to be found in any other of his poems. It carries still further Keats's philosophy of beauty, which he now feels to be attainable only by those who have experienced pain. Over the merits of this revision, as compared with the original draft, controversy has raged. A comparison of parallel versions of the same passage will show that, in many cases, the splendour and magic of the first have gone. On the other hand, it may be argued that not only is the poem more

truly Keats's own, but that it shows a deeper insight into human problems. (Together with the longer poems are many shorter pieces of supreme beauty. The great odes--*To a Nightingale, On a Grecian Urn, To Psyche, On Melancholy, To Autumn*--were nearly all written in 1819; and in their approach to flawless perfection the best of them are unequalled in Keats. Between the impassioned longing for escape of the first and the calm of fruition of the last there is a very great difference, but all, with the exception of *To Autumn,* show a concern with the poet's desire for true beauty, and they thus have a close link with *Endymion, Hyperion, Lamia* and *The Fall of Hyperion.* The odes are experiments in verse form based On the sonnet. All, except *To Autumn,* which has an eleven-line stanza, are in stanzas of ten lines, made up of the Shakespearian quatrain and the Petrarchan sestet. We quote the first stanza of the well-known *Ode to Autumn,* probably the most perfect poem Keats ever wrote:

Season of mists' and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

(As a sonneteer Keats ranks with the greatest English poets. Of his sixty-one sonnets some ten, including *On first looking into Chapman's Homer, When I have fears that I may cease to be,* and *Bright Star, would I were stedfast as thou art,* are worthy to be ranked with those of Shakespeare.) After a strict adherence to the Petrarchan form in the 1817 volume, Keats turned to the Shakespearian form, which undoubtedly suited him better. The sonnet quoted below will show how effortless is his best work in this medium:

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high-piled books, in charactery,
Hold like rich garners.the full ripen'd grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,

And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love;--then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

Among the other shorter poems *La Belle Dame sans Merci,* a kind of lyrical ballad, is considered to be one of the choicest in the language.
In 1819 Keats collaborated in a drama, *Otho the Great,* and began another, *King Stephen,* which he did not complete. Neither effort is of much consequence. *The Cap and Bells,* a longish fairytale which also is unfinished, is much below the level of his usual work.
4.Features of his Poetry. *(a) (*His *choice of subject* differs from that of most of the other major romantic poets. His love of nature is intense and is constantly to be seen in the imagery of his poems,) but it involves none of the mystical worship of the "mighty being which we have seen in Wordsworth. He has none of the satirical bent of Byron, and little of the prophetic vein of Shelley; rather is he the poet of legend and myth, of romance and chivalric tale. He had no knowledge of Greek and little of Greece, but none of his contemporaries was so moved by the spirit of Greece, and none so skilfully captured the charm of its seaboard as did Keats in this passage:

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.
On a Grecian Urn

From the first, however, there was intermingled with his love of romantic story a concern for deeper spiritual issues, and in his last long work, *The Fall of Hyperion, a Dream,* we find his most mature exposition of his belief in the sovereign power of beauty. Previously it had found expression in *Endymion, Hyperion, Lamia,* and

the ode *On a Grecian Urn.* In his sonnets and odes he had moments of lyrical self-revelation, and, though his lyric work is less in quantity than his narrative, its quality is such as to suggest that here, too, had he lived, Keats might have rivalled the greatest.
(b) (His style is even more distinctively his own, and it has had a great effect on later English poets, most notably on Tennyson and the Pre-Raphaelitesy The most striking feature of his work is the speed with which he learned his craft, and evolved from the imitator of Leigh Hunt, Spenser, Shakespeare, or Milton to the artist with a style'of his own. His early verse was rich in melodic beauty and decorative effect full of colour and the images of the senses (particularly of touch). In his own metaphor, every rift was loaded with ore. But often the result was an over-luxuriance and a lack of restraint which betray his, as yet, uncertain taste and the weakness of his artistic economy. Two years from the publication of *Endymion* sufficed for him to evolve the blank verse of *The Fall of Hyperion,* and to reach perfection in narrative and lyric forms in *The Eve of St Agnes* and the best of his odes. In the new Keats all the qualities of the old are controlled by a restraint and poise, a delicacy of touch and a purer taste, and the result is one of the most striking of all English poetic styles.
4. His Prose. Unlike Wordsworth, Keats made no attempt at a systematic formulation of his views on his art. His *Letters,* however, give a clearer insight into his mind and artistic development than any formal treatise could have done. Written with a spontaneous freshness and an easy intimacy, they are the most interesting letters of their day. They reveal his profound insight into his own spiritual growth, and show how passionate was his love for poetry. We give one or two typically significant passages:
I find I cannot exist without poetry--without eternal poetry-- half the day will not do--the whole of it--I began with a little but habit has made me a Leviathan. I had become all in a trouble from not having written anything of late--the sonnet overleaf did me good. I slept the better last night for it.
I am certain of nothing but the holiness of the heart's affections, and the truth of imagination. What the imagination seizes as beauty must be truth.
. . . with a great poet the sense of beauty overcomes every other consideration, or rather obliterates all consideration.
... if poetry comes not as naturally as the leaves to a tree it had better not come at all.

Do you not see how necessary a world of pains and troubles is to school an intelleliigence and make it a soul?

OTHER POETS

1. Robert Southey (1774-1843). Southey was born at Bristol, educated at Westminster School and at Oxford, and settled down to lead the laborious life of a man of letters. He produced a great mass of work, much of which is of considerable merit, and he ranked as one of the leading writers of his age. Most of his work was written at Greta Hall, near Keswick, where he lived most of his life. He was made Poet Laureate in 1813. His reputation, especially as a poet, has not bean,maintained.

His poems, which are of great bulk, include *Joan of Arc* (1798), *Thalaba the Destroyer* (1801), *The Curse of Kehama* (1810), and *Roderick, the Last of the Goths* (1814). Typically romantic in theme, most of them were too ambitious for a poet of Southey's limitations. In style they are straightforward and unaffected, but they lack the transfiguring fire of true genius and are now almost forgotten. Some shorter pieces, such as *The Holly-tree, The Battle Of Blenheim,* and *The Inchcape Rock,* are Still in favour, and deservedly so.

His numerous prose works include *The History of Brazil* (1810-19) and *The History of the Peninsular War* (1823-32). The slightest of them all, *The Life of Nelson* (1813), is the only one now freely read. It shows Southey's easy 'middle' style at its best.

2. Thomas Moore (1779-1852). Moore was born in Dublin, took his degree at Trinity College, and studied law in London at the Inner Temple. He was imbued with revolutionary notions, and at tempted to apply them to Ireland, but with no success. He obtained a valuable appointment in the Bermudas, the duties of which were discharged by a deputy, who in this case proved faithless and caused Moore financial loss. Moore was a friend of Byron and a prominent literary figure of the time. Most of his life was passed as a successful man of letters.

His poems were highly successful during his lifetime, but after his death there was a reaction against them. His *Irish Melodies* are set to the traditional musical airs of Ireland. They are graceful, and adapt themselves admirably to the tunes. Moore, however, lacked the depth and far-ranging strength of Burns, and so he failed to do for Ireland what the Ayrshire poet did for Scotland: he did not raise **the** national sentiment of Ireland into one of the precious things of

literature. His *Lalla Rookh* (1817) is an Oriental romance, written in the Scott-Byron manner then so popular. The poem had an immense success, which has now almost totally faded. It contains an abundance of florid description, but as poetry it is hardly second-rate. Moore's political satires, such as *The Twopenny Postbag* (1813), *The Fudge Family in Paris* (1818), and *Fables for the Holy Alliance* (1823), are keen and lively, and show his Irish wit at its very best.

His prose works include his *Life of Byron* (1830), which has taken its place as the standard biography of that poet. It is an able and scholarly piece of work, and is written with much knowledge and sympathy, though it lacks the clear-cut vigour of the masterpieces of Boswell and Lockhart (see pp. 268 and 358).

3. Thomas Campbell (1777-1844). Campbell was born in Glas gow, of a poor but ancient family. After studying at Glasgow University he became tutor to a private family; but his *Pleasures of Hope* (1799) brought him fame, and he adopted the career of a poet. He visited the Continent, and saw much of the turmoil that there reigned. Returning, he settled in London, where he was editor of *The New Monthly Magazine* from 1820 to 1830.

His longer poems are quite numerous, and begin with the *Pleasures of Hope,* which consists of a series of descriptions of nature in heroic couplets, written in a style that suggests Goldsmith. Other longer poems include *Gertrude of Wyoming* (1809), a longish tale of Pennsylvania, written in Spenserian stanzas, and *The Pilgrim of Glencoe* (1842). Campbell, however, is chiefly remembered for his stirring songs, some of which were written during his early Continental tour and were published in newspapers. His most successful are *Ye Mariners of England* and *The Battle of the Baltic,* which are spirited without containing the bluster and boasting that so often disfigure the patriotic song.

4. Samuel Rogers (1763-1855). Rogers was born at Stoke Newington, the son of a rich banker. He soon became a partner in his father's firm, and for the rest of his life his financial success was assured. His chief interest lay in art and poetry, which he cultivated in an earnest fashion. He was a generous patron of the man of letters, and was acquainted with most of the literary people of the time. His breakfasts were famous.

His *The Pleasures of Memory* (1792) is a reversion to the typical eighteenth-century manner, and as such is interesting. He could compose polished verses, but he has little of the poet. Other works

are *Columbus* (1812), *Jacqueline* (1814), a tale in the Byronic manner, and *Italy* (1822), of which a second part appeared in 1828.

Rogers was a careful and fastidious writer, but his excellence does not go much further. His name is a prominent one in the literary annals of the time, but his wealth rather than his merit accounts for this.

5. Leigh Hunt (1784-1859), unlike Rogers, was not a wealthy amateur who could trifle for years with mediocre production; he was of the arena, taking and giving hard knocks in both political and literary scuffles. He was born in Middlesex, educated at Christ's Hospital, and while still in his teens became a journalist, and remained a journalist all his life. His Radical journal *The Examiner* (1808) was strongly critical of the Government, and Hunt's aptitude for abuse landed him in prison for two years. His captivity, as he gleefully records, made a hero of him; and most of the literary men who prided themselves upon their Liberalism-- among them being Wordsworth, Byron, Moore, Keats, and Shelley --sought his friendship. Hunt had a powerful influence on Keats, and published some of the latter's shorter poems in *The Examiner.* He tried various other journalistic ventures, but none of them had the success of *The Examiner,* though *The Indicator* (1819) contained some of his finest essays; his attempted collaboration in journalism with Byron was a lamentable failure. He died, like Wordsworth and others, a respectable pensioner of the Government he had once so strongly condemned.

Hunt does not rank highly as a poet, though, in his own day, his work was very popular. Too often his poems are trivial, and most, if not all, are marred by lapses of taste or slipshod workmanship. His best long poem, *The Story of Rimini* (1816), is an Italian tale modelled on Dante's lines on Paolo and Francesca, and is quite well told in easy, facile couplets. It is somewhat spoilt by its maudlin sentimentality and the looseness of some of its verse, but it is of peculiar interest because its style was the model for Keats's *Endymion.* Hunt is seen at his best in his shorter pieces, such as his sonnet on *The Nile* and *Abou Ben Adhem,* where he retains all his usual ease and has less opportunity for his too frequent lapses. His chief importance as a poet is, however, historical. In his love of a good story free from didacticism, and in his unrestrained revelling in beauty and the riches of the imagination, he is a definite contributory force in the march away from the eighteenth century and toward the age of romance.

His prose includes an enormous amount of journalistic matter, which was occasionally collected and issued in book form. Such was his *Men, Women, and Books* (1847). His *Autobiography* (1850) . contains much interesting biographical and literary gossip. He is an agreeable essayist, fluent and easygoing; his critical opinions are solid and sensible, though often half-informed. He wrote *x* novel, *Sir Ralph Esher* (1832), and a very readable book on London called *The Town* (1848). Hunt is not a genius, but he is a useful and amiable second-rate writer.

6. James Hogg (1770-1835). Hogg became known to the world as "the Ettrick Shepherd," for he was born of a shepherd's family in the valley of the Ettrick, in Selkirkshire. He was a man of much natural ability, and from his infancy was an eager listener to the songs and ballads of his district. He was introduced to Walter Scott (1802) while the latter was collecting the Border minstrelsy, and by Scott he was supported both as a literary man and as a farmer. Many of his admirers assisted him in the acquisition of a sheep-farm, but Hogg proved to be a poor farmer. He was known to most of the members of the Scottish literary circle, but his shift less and unmanageable disposition alienated most of his friends. He died in his native district. Hogg had little education and very little sense of discrimination, so that much of his poetry is very poor indeed. Sometimes, however, his native talent prevails, and he writes such poems as *Bonny Kilmeny* and *When the Kye comes Hame,* The latter is a lyric resembling those of Burns in its humour and simple appeal. The former was one of a series of songs and lays, modelled on the lays of Sir Walter Scott, which made up *The Queen's Wake* (1813), the work which established Hogg's poetic reputation. In it he achieves what is commonly held to be the true Celtic note: the eerie description of elves and the gloaming, and murmuring and musical echoes , of things half seen and half understood. He has also to his credit a number of vigorous Jacobite war songs, of which the best known is *Lock the door, Lariston.* Some of his books are *The Forest Minstrel* (1810), a volume of songs, of which the majority were by him and the rest by his friends, and *The Brownie of Bodsbeck* (1818), a prose tale.

7. Ebenezer Elliott (1781-1849). Elliott was born at Masborough, in Yorkshire, and worked as; an iron-founder. The struggles of the poor, oppressed by the Corn Laws, were early borne in upon him, and his poetical gift was used in a fierce challenge to

the existing system. Like Crabbe, he devoted himself to the cause of the poor; and it is a tribute to his merit as a poet that, in spite of his bristling assertiveness, he produced some work of real value. He became known as the 'Corn Law Rhymer,' and he lived to see the abolition of the laws that he had always attacked.

His best book is *Corn Law Rhymes* (1828), which includes the powerful and sombre *Battle-song.* This poem is a kind of anthem for the poor, and breathes a spirit of fierce unrest.

8. Felicia Hemans (1793-1835). Mrs Hemans's maiden name was Browne, and she was born at Liverpool. Later she removed to Wales, where a large part of her life was spent. Before she was fourteen she began to write poetry, and persisted in the habit all her life. She married somewhat unhappily, but she lived to be a highly popular poetess, and produced a large amount of work. She died in Dublin.

Nobody can call Mrs Hemans a great poetess, but her verses are facile and fairly melodious, and she can give simple themes a simple setting. One can respect the genuine quality of her emotions, and the zeal with which she expressed them. Some of her better lyrics --for example, *The Homes of England, The Graves of a Household,* and *The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England*--are in their limited fashion well done.

9. Thomas Hood (1799-1845). Hood was a native of London, the son of a partner in a book-selling firm. He took to a literary career, and contributed to many periodicals, including *The London Magazine.* For a time he edited *The New Monthly Magazine,* but he was much troubled by illness, and died prematurely.

Hood's earliest works were narrative poems in the vein of Spenser arid Keats, and *Hero and Leander, The Two Swans,* and *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies* (1827) have something of the sensuous richness of their models. It was, however, with a collection of humorous verse, published under the title of *Whims and Oddities* (1826 and 1827), that he first gained notoriety, and he did not afterwards return to the earlier experiments. To modern taste the humour is rather cheap, for it consists largely of verbal quibblings, such as the free use of the pun. It seemed to be acceptable to the public of the time, for the book had much success.' Other volumes in the same vein were *The Comic Annual* (1830), *Up the Rhine* (1840), and *Whimsicalities* (1844). Hood, in spite of his cleverness, could not keep free of vulgarity, and his wit often jars, in direct contrast to his comic poems were those tragic works of a tearful intensity, such as *The*

Death-bed and *The Bridge of Sighs* (1846), and his horror poems, which dealt with subjects akin to those of the Radcliffian horror novel. The best known of this latter type are *The Haunted House* and *The Dream of Eugene Aram* (1829). In both kinds Hood's work suffers from a lack of restraint and a certain crudity of taste. He was also responsible for a number of pieces of social verse such as *The Song of the Shirt,* first published in *Punch* in 1843, in an attempt to help the sweated sempstress of his day, and for a few really good, serious lyrics, including the well-known *Ruth,* which rise above the less than mediocre level of so much of his work.

10. John Clare (1793-1864) was a true peasant poet, and in his day he had a great popularity. After his death his works fell into neglect, but a twentieth-century reissue of his poems, some of them new to the public, has recalled attention to the considerable value of much that he wrote. He was born near Peterborough, his father being a cripple and a pauper. At the age of thirteen he saved suffi cient money to buy a copy of *The Seasons,* which fired his poetic ability. His first publication, *Poems Descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery* (1820), was much praised, but later collections, *The Village Minstrel* (1821), *The Shepherd's Calendar* (1827), and *The Rural Muse* (1835), had not the same success. The patronage of rich admirers put him above poverty, but a tendency to insanity developed, and, like Christopher Smart, he died in a madhouse. Clare's poems are seen at their best when they deal with simple rustic themes, and then they are quite charming. He rejoices in the ways of animals and insects. He is not a great poet, but there are many poets with flaunting credentials who have less claims to consideration than he.

11. James Smith (1775-1839) and Horace Smith (1779-1849), two brothers, collaborated in the production of a work that was one of the 'hits' of the period. This book was *Rejected Addresses* (1812). When the Drury Lane Theatre was burned down and rebuilt the management offered a prize for the best poem to be recited on the opening night. The Smiths hit on the idea of making parodies of the notable poets of the time and pretending that they were the rejected entries of the writers mentioned. The result is the classical collection of parodies in English. Scott, Wordsworth, and other well-known authors are imitated, usually with much cleverness. The Wordsworth poem is recited by Nancy Lake, a girl of eight, who is drawn upon the stage in a perambulator:

My brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on New Year's Day;
So in Kate Wilson's shop
Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)
Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

12. William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878) is the first American poet of more than passing fame. He was born in Massachusetts, became a lawyer, and took to literature. At an early age he wrote poetry, his first volume being *The Embargo* (1808). His most famous works are *Thanatopsis* (1817), a poetical meditation on death, and *The Ages* (1821). An English edition of his volume of 1832 was published by Washington Irving in the same year. Bryant models much of his poetry on that of Wordsworth, but he lacks the faculty of fervent self-revelation which distinguishes the latter's nature poetry. He is really in the classical tradition of the eighteenth century, restrained and always serious in outlook. His style is marked by its purity, dignity, precision, and evenness of flow. Bryant's verse has its own meditative beauty, and some of his shorter pieces--for example, *To a Waterfowl*--are of real distinction. His descriptive passages dealing with North America were highly appreciated by his English readers.

NOVELISTS

I. Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832)

1. His Life. Scott was born in Edinburgh, of an ancient stock of Border freebooters. At the age of eighteen months he was crippled for life by a childish ailment; and though he grew up to be a man of great physical robustness he never lost his lameness. [He was edu-cated at the High School of Edinburgh and at the university;) and there he developed that powerful memory which, though it rejected things of no interest to it, held in tenacious grasp a great store of miscellaneous knowledge. His father was a lawyer, and Scott himself was called to the Scottish Bar (1792). As a pleader he had little success, for he was much more interested in the lore and antiquities of the country. He was glad, therefore, to accept a small legal appointment as Sheriff of Selkirkshire (1799). Just before this, after an unsuccessful love-affair with a Perthshire lady, he had married the daughter of a French exile. In 1806 he obtained the valuable post of Clerk of Session, but for six years he received no salary, as the post was still held by an invalid nominally in charge.

In 1812, on receipt of his first salary as Clerk of Session, he removed from his pleasant home of Ashiestiel to Abbotsford, a small estate near Melrose. For the place he paid £4000, which he characteristically obtained half by borrowing and half on security of the poem *Rokeby,* still unwritten. During the next dozen years he played the laird at Abbotsford, keeping open house, sinking vast sums of money in enlarging his territory, and adorning the house in a manner that was frequently in the reverse of good taste. In 1826 came the crash. In 1802 he had assisted a Border printer, James Ballantyne, to establish a business at Edinburgh. In 1805 Scott became secretly a partner. As a printing firm the concern was a fair success; but in an evil moment, in 1809, Scott, with another brother, John Ballantyne, started a publishing business. The new firm was poorly managed from the beginning; in 1814 it was only the publication of *Waverley* that kept it on its legs, but the enormous success of the later Waverley Novels gave it abounding prosperity--for the time. Then John Ballantyne, a reckless fellow, plunged heavily into further commitments, which entailed great loss; Scott in his easy fashion also drew heavily upon the firm's funds; and in 1826 the whole erection tumbled into ruin. With great courage and sterling honesty Scott refused to take the course that the other principals accepted naturally, and compound with his creditors. Instead he attempted what turned out to be the impossible task of paying the debt and surviving it. His liabilities amounted to 117,000, and before he died he had cleared off £70,000. After his death the remainder was made good, chiefly from the proceeds of Lockhart's *Life,* and his creditors were paid in full.

The gigantic efforts he made brought about his death. He had a slight paralytic seizure in 1830. It passed, but it left him with a clouded brain. He refused to desist from novel-writing, or even to slacken the pace. Other illness followed, his early lameness becoming more marked. After an ineffectual journey to Italy, he returned to Abbotsford, and died within sound of the river he loved so well.

2. His Poetry. Scott's earliest poetical efforts were translations from the German. *Lenore* (1796), the most considerable of them, is crude enough, but it has much of his later vigour and clatter. In 1802 appeared the first two volumes of *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,* to be followed by a third volume in the next year. In some respects the work is a compilation of old material; but Scott patched up the ancient pieces when it was necessary, and added some original

poems of his own, which were done in the ancient manner. **The** best of his own contributions, such as *The Eve of St John,* have a strong infusion of the ancient force and fire, as well as a grimly supernatural element.

In *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805) there is much more originality. The work is a poem of considerable length written in the *Christabel* metre, and professing to be the lay of an aged bard who seeks shelter in the castle of Newark. As a tale the poem is confused and difficult; as poetry it is mediocre; but the abounding vitality of the style, the fresh and intimate local knowledge, and the healthy love of nature made it a revelation to a public anxious to welcome the new Romantic methods. The poem was a great and instant success, and was quickly followed up with *Marmion* (1808).

In popular estimation *Marmion* is held to be Scott's masterpiece. The story deals with Flodden Field, and is intricate in detail, as Scott labours to obtain a *denouement.* For several cantos the tale is cumbered with the masses of antiquarian and topical matter with which Scott's mind was fully charged. Once the narrative is within touch of Flodden it quickens considerably. The passage dealing with the close of the battle is one of the triumphs of martial verse:

But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hail'd.
In headlong charge their horse assail'd;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their King
. But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight
As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded King. ..

Next came *The Lady of the Lake* (1810), which was a still greater success. It has all Scott's usual picturesqueness, and makes particularly effective use of the wild scenery of the Trossachs. It is

crammed with incident and free from the rather wearying digressions of the earlier lays. Without rising to the heights of great poetry, it has considerable vigour and spirit, and contains some of his best lyrics. In *Rokeby* (1813) the scene shifts to the North of England. As a whole this poem is inferior to its predecessors, but some of the lyrics have a seriousness and depth of tone that are quite uncommon in the spur-and-feather pageantry of Scott's verse. *The Bridal of Triermain* (1813) and *The Lord of the Isles* (1814) mark a decline in quality.

In addition to these longer poems Scott composed many lyrics, some of which are found in the lays, others in his novels, and some of which were contributed to magazines and similar publications. Though his lyrical note is on occasion uncertain, these poems are generally of a more sustained quality than his narrative work, and, to modern tastes, Scott is here seen at his best. One eminent critic has even gone so far as to describe him as the chief lyrical poet between Burns or Blake and Shelley. Though he is no love poet, he successfully handles a wide variety of subjects, from the hearty gaiety of *Waken, lords and ladies gay* or *Bonny Dundee* to the martial ardour of *Pibroch of Donuil Dhu* or the moving, elegiac sadness of *Proud Maisie.* It is in this last type that he touches on something deeper and finer which provides us with his best lyrics.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
 The font re-appearing
From the rain-drops shall borrow;
 But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes ears that are hoary
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The Autumn winds rushing,
Waft the leaves that are searest,
 But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!

Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!
Coronach

As a narrative poet Scott's reputation has depreciated, though, as we have seen, his lyrical qualities have more recently been acclaimed. Of his narratives it may be said that his faults, like his merits, are all on the surface: he lacks the finer poetical virtues, such as reflection, melody, and delicate sympathy; he (in poetry) is deficient in humour; he records crude physical action simply portrayed. Even the vigour that is often ascribed to him exists fitfully, for he loads his narrative with over-abundant detail, often of a technical kind. When he does move freely he has the stamp, the rattle, and the swing of martial music. One must nevertheless do credit to the service he did to poetry by giving new zest to the Romantic methods that had already been adopted in poetry.

3 His Prose.(About 1814 Scott largely gave up writing poetry, and save for short pieces, mainly in the novels, wrote no more in verse.) As he confessed in the last year of his life, Byron had 'bet' him by producing verse tales that were fast swallowing up the popularity of his own. (In 1814 Scott returned to a fragment of a Jacobite prose romance that he had started and left unfinished in 1805. He left the opening chapters as they stood, and on to them tacked a rapid and brilliant narrative dealing with the Forty-five. This made the novel *Waver le,* which was issued anonymously in 1814. Owing chiefly to its ponderous and lifeless beginning, the book hung fire for a space; but the remarkable remainder was almost bound to make it a success. After *Waverley* Scott went on from strength to strength: *Guy_Mannerinx* (1815), *The Antiquary* (1816), *The Black Dwarf (l8\6),old Mortality* (1816), *Rob Roy* (1818). *The Heart of Midlothian* (1818), *The Bride, of Lammermoor* (1819). and *A Legend of Montrose* (1819). All these novels deal with scenes in Scotland, but not all with historical Scotland. They are not of equal merit, and the weakest is *The Black Dwarf.* Scott now turned his gaze abroad, producing *Ivanhoe.* (1820), the scene of which is Plantagenet England; then turned again to Scotland and suffered failure with *The_Monastery* (1820), though he triumphantly rehabilitated himself with *The Abbot* (1820), 'a sequel to the last. Henceforth he ranged abroad or stayed at home as he fancied in *Kenilworth* (1821), *The Pirate* (1822), *The Fortunes of Nigel* (1822),

PeveriL of the Peak (1823), *Quentin Durward* (1823), *St Ronan's well (1824),Redgauntlet (1824),the Betrothed (1825),and The Talisman (1825).* By this time such enormous productivity was telling even on his gigantic powers. In the latter books the narrative is often heavier, the humour more cumbrous, and the descriptions more laboured.

Then came the financial deluge, and Scott began a losing battle against misfortune and disease. But even yet the odds were not too great for him; for in succession appeared *Woodstock* (1826), *The Fair Maid of perth* (1828), *Anne of Geierstein (1829) ount Robert of Paris(1832),*and *Castle Dangerous (1832).* The last works were dictated from the depths" of mental and bodily anguish) and the furrows of mind and brow are all over them. .Yet frequently the old spirit revives and the ancient glory is renewed)

It should never be forgotten that along with these literary labours Scott was filling the office of Clerk of Session, was laboriously performing the duties of a Border laird, and was compiling a mass of miscellaneous prose. Among this last are his editions of Dryden (1808) and Swift (1814), heavy tasks in themselves; the *Lives of the Novelists* (1821-24); the *Life of Napoleon* (1827), a gigantic work that cost him more labour than ten novels; and the admirable *Tales of a Grandfather* (1828-30). His miscellaneous articles, pamphlets, journals, and letters are a legion in themselves.

4. features of his Novels. *(a) Rapidity of Production.* Scott's great success as a novelist led to some positive evils, the greatest of which was a too great haste in the composition of his stories. His haphazard financial methods, which often led to his drawing upon future profits, also tended to over-production. Haste is visible in the construction of his plots, which are frequently hurriedly improvised, developed carelessly, and finished anyhow. As for his style, it is spacious and ornate, but he has little ear for rhythm and melody; and his sentences are apt to be shapeless, The same haste is seen in the handling of his characters, which sometimes finish weakly after they have begun strongly. An outstanding case of this is Mike Lambourne in *Kenilworth.)*

It is doubtful if Scott would have done any better if he had taken greater pains. He himself admitted, and to a certain extent gloried in, his slapdash methods. So he must stand the inevitable criticisms that arise when his methods are examined.

(b) His *contribution to the novel* is very great indeed. (To the historical novel he brought a knowledge that was not pedantically

exact, but manageable, wide, and bountiful. To the sum of this knowledge he added a life-giving force, a vitalizing energy, an insight, and a genial dexterity that made the historical novel an entirely new species. Earlier historical novels, such as Clara Reeve's *Old English Baron* (1777) and Miss Porter's *The Scottish Chiefs* (1810), had been lifeless productions; but in the hands of Scott the historical novel became of the first importance, so much so that for a generation after his time it was done almost to death. It should also be noted that he did much to develop the domestic novel, which had several representatives in the Waverley series, such as *Guy Mannering* and *The Antiquary.* To this type of fiction he added freshness, as well as his broad and sane handling of character and incident)

(c)His *Shakespearian Qualities.* Scott has often been called the prose Shakespeare, and in several respects the comparison is fairly just. He resembles Shakespeare in the free manner in which he ranges high and low, right and left, in his search for material. On the other hand, in his character-drawing he lacks much of the Elizabethan's deep penetration. His villains are often melodramatic and his heroes and heroines wooden and dull. His best figures are either Lowland Scots of the middle and lower classes or eccentrics, whose idiosyncrasies are skilfully kept within bounds. He has much of Shakespeare's genial, tolerant humour, in which he strongly resembles also his great predecessor Fielding. It is probably in this large urbanity that the resemblance to Shakespeare is observed most strongly.)

(d)(Hits Style) The following extract will give some idea of Scott's style at its best. It lacks suppleness, but it is powerful, solid, and sure. In his use of the Scottish vernacular he is exceedingly natural and vivacious?) His characters who employ the Scottish dialect, such as Cuddie Headrigg or Jeanie Deans, owe much of their freshness and attraction to Scott's happy use of their native speech:

Fergus, as the presiding judge was putting on the fatal cap of judgment, placed his own bonnet upon his head, regarded him with a steadfast and stern look, and replied in a firm voice: " I cannot let this numerous audience suppose that to such an appeal I have no answer to make. But what I have to say you would not bear to hear, for my defence would be your condemnation. Proceed, then, in the name of God, to do what is permitted to you. Yesterday and the day before you have condemned loyal and honourable blood to be poured forth like water. Spare not mine. Were that

of all my ancestors in my veins, I would have perilled it in this quarrel." He resumed his seat, and refused again to rise.
Evan Maccombich looked at him with great earnestness, and, rising up, seemed anxious to speak; but the confusion of the court and the perplexity arising from thinking in a language, different from that in which he was to express himself, kept him silent. There was a murmur of compassion among the spectators, from the idea that the poor fellow intended to plead the influence of his superior as an excuse for his crime. The judge commanded silence, and encouraged Evan to proceed.
"I was only ganging to say, my lord," said Evan, in what he meant to be an insinuating manner, "that if your excellent Honour and the honourable court would let Vich Ian Vohr go free just this once, and let him gae back to France, and no to trouble King George's government again, that ony six o' the very best of his clan will be willing to be justified in his stead; and if you'll just let me gae down to Glennaquoich.I'll fetch them up to ye mysell, to head or hang, and you may begin wi me the very first man."
Waverley

III JANE AUSTEN (1775-1817)

1.Her Life. Jane Austen, the daughter of a Hampshire clergyman, was born at Steventon. She was educated at home; her father was a man of good taste in the choice of reading material, and Jane's education was conducted on sound lines. Her life was unexciting, being little more than a series of pilgrimages to different places of residence, including the fashionable resort of Bath (1801). On the death of the rector his wife and two daughters removed to the neighbourhood of Southampton, where the majority of Jane Austen's novels were written. Her first published works were issued anonymously, and she died in middle age, before her merits had received anything like adequate! recognition.
2.Her Novels. The chronology of-Jane Austen's novels is not easy to follow, for, her works were not published in their order of composition.
Her first novel vtes *Pride and Prejudice* (1796-97), published 1813). In it, as in all heir works, we have middle-class people pursuing the common round. The heroine is a girl of spirit, but she has no extraordinary qualities; her prejudice and the pride of rank and wealth are gently but pleasingly titillated, as if they are being subjected to an electric current of carefully selected intensity. The style is smooth **and** unobtrusive, but covers a delicate pricking of irony that is agreeable and masterly in its quiet way. Nothing quite like it had appeared before **in** the **novel. In** unobtrusive and dexterous art the book **is** considered to be her masterpiece.

Sense and Sensibility (1797-98, published 1811) was her second novel, and it followed the same general lines as its predecessor. It was followed by *Northanger Abbey* (1798, published posthumously 1818). The book begins as a burlesque of the Radcliffian horror novel, which was then all the rage. The heroine; after a visit to Bath, is invited to an abbey, where she imagines romantic possibilities, but is in the end ludicrously undeceived. The incidents of the novel are commonplace and the characters flatly average. Yet the treatment is deft and touched with the finest needle-point of satiric observation.

Between 1798 and 1811ihere was a pause in her writing, but then followed in quick succession her other three great novels, *Mansfield Park* (1811-13, published 1814), *Emma* (1815, published 1816), and *Persuasion* (1815-16, published 1818). The novels of this latter group are of the same type as the earlier ones; if there is any development it is seen in the still more inflexible avoidance of anything that is unusual or startling. Jane Austen's novels are all much the same, yet subtly and artistically different.

3. Features of her Novels, *(a) Her Plots.* Her skilfully constructed plots are severely unromantic. Her first work, beginning as a burlesque of the horrible in fiction, finishes by being an excellent example of her ideal novel. As her art develops, even the slight casualties of common life--such an incident, for example, as the elopement that appears in *Pride and Prejudice*--become rarer; with the result that the later novels, such as *Emma,* are the pictures of everyday existence. Life in her novels is governed by an easy decorum, and moments of fierce passion, or even deep emotion, never occur. Only the highest art can make such plots attractive, and Jane Austen's does so.

(b) Her *characters* are developed with minuteness and accuracy. They are ordinary people, but are convincingly alive. She is fond of introducing clergymen, all of whom strike the reader as being exactly like clergymen, though each has his own individual characteristics. She has many characters of the first class, like the servile Mr Collins in *Pride and Prejudice,* the garrulous Miss Bates in *Emma,* and the selfish and vulgar John Thorpe in *Northanger Abbey.* Her characters are not types, but individuals. Her method of portrayal is based upon acute observation and a quiet but incisive irony. Her male characters have a certain softness of they and temper, but her female characters are almost unexceptionable in: perfection of finish.

(c) Her *place in the history of fiction* is remarkable. Her qualities are of a kind that are slow to be recognized, for there is nothing loud or garish to catch the casual glance. The taste for this kind of fiction has to be acquired, but once it is acquired it remains strong. Jane Austen has won her way to a foremost place, and she will surely keep it.
We add a short extract to illustrate her clear and careful style, her skill in handling conversation, and the quiet irony of her method.
(Catherine Morland, the heroine of the novel, is introduced to the society of Bath, where she cuts rather a lonely figure till she meets a young man called Tilney--"not quite handsome, but very near it." The following is part of their conversation at a dance.)
After chatting some time on such matters as naturally arose from the objects around them, he suddenly addressed her with--"I have hitherto been very remiss, madam, in the proper attentions of a partner here; I have not yet asked you how long you have been in Bath; whether you were ever here before; whether you have , been at the Upper Rooms, the theatre, and the concert; and how you like the place altogether. I have been very negligent--but are you now at leisure to satisfy me in these particulars? If you are I will begin directly."
"You need not give yourself that trouble, sir."
"No trouble, I assure you, madam." Then forming his features into a set smile, and affectedly softening his voice, he added, with a simpering air, "Have you been long in Bath, madam?"
"About a week, sir," replied Catherine, trying not to laugh.
"Really!" with affected astonishment.
"Why should you be surprised, sir?"
"Why, indeed?" said he, in his natural tone; "but some emotion must appear to be raised by your reply, and surprise is more easily assumed, and not less reasonable, than any other.--Now let us go on. Were you never here before, madam?"
"Never, sir."
"Indeed! Have you yet honoured the Upper Rooms?"
"Yes, sir, I was there last Monday."
"Have you been to the theatre?"
"Yes, sir, I was at the play on Tuesday."
"To the concert?"
"Yes, sir, on Wednesday."
"And are you altogether pleased with Bath?"
"Yes--1 like it very well."
"Now I must give one smirk, and then we may be rational again."
Northanger Abbey

OTHER NOVELISTS

1.Maria Edgeworth (1767-1849) was born in Oxfordshire, but, after her earliest years, spent most of an uneventful life in Ireland. Her books are numerous but are to-day little read, though they enjoyed great popularity in her own day. They fall into three classes, short stories for children, such as *Simple Susan,* which were collected in *The Parent's Assistant* (1795-1800) and *Early Lessons* (1801-15); Irish tales, which include her best works, *Castle Rackrent* (1800), *The Absentee* (1809), and *Ormond* (1817); and full-length novels, such as *Belinda* (180)), *Leonora* (1806), *Patronage* (1814), and *Harrington* (1817). With the solitary exception of her finest book, *Castle Rackrent,* in which she kept her moral purpose in the background, all her writings are marred by her overmastering didactic urge. This results in an over-simplification of life and of character in order to show clearly the inevitable triumph of virtue. Yet her children's stories show a fine understanding of, and sympathy with, the outlook of children, and her Irish tales are notable for a level-headed, accurate, and vivid portrayal of many levels of Irish life, and the creation of such fine characters as King Corny, in *Ormond,* or Thady, in *Castle Rackrent.* Her field is the limited domestic circle also explored by Jane Austen, and, like the latter she writes in simple, unaffected style. Sir Walter Scott declared that her tales of Irish life inspired his attempt to do something similar for Scotland.

2.John Galt (1779-1839) was born in Ayrshire, and there he passed the early years of his life, afterward removing to Greenock. After spending some years as a clerk, he moved to London to read for the Bar, but he abandoned his studies to take up a business appointment abroad. After much travelling he settled in Scotland, and produced a large amount of literary work. He engaged unsuccessfully in business transactions, then took once more to writing novels and to journalism.. He died at Greenock, where his career had commenced.

The best of his novels are *The Ayrshire Legatees; or, the Pringle Family* (1821), in the form of a letter-series, containing much amusing Scottish narrative; *The Annals of the Parish* (1821), his masterpiece, which is the record of a fictitious country minister, doing in prose very much what Crabbe had done in verse;*The Provost* (1822); and *The Entail; or, the Lairds of Grippy* (1823). Gait had a vigorous style and abundant imagination, with a great

deal, of humour and sympathetic observation. He is too haphazard and uneven to be a great novelist, though he has value as a painter of Scottish manners, and his portraits are masterly in their terseness and power of self-revelation.

3. William Harrison Ainsworth (1805-82), the son of a solicitor, was born at Manchester, where he was educated at the grammar school. After some attempt to study law he took to literature as a career. He tried publishing without success, and then, in 1840, be came editor of *Bentley's Miscellany.* In 1853 he acquired *The New Monthly Magazine.* He died at Reigate.

An early imitator of Scott, Ainsworth wrote a great number of novels, which cover many periods of English history. The first was *Sir John Chiverton* (1826), written in collaboration with John Aston, but his great success was scored with *Rookwood* (1834). A few of **the** many others were *Jack Sheppard* (1839), an immense success, *The Tower of London* (1840), *Old St Paul's* (1841), *Windsor Castle* (1843), *The Star Chamber* (1854), *The Constable of the Tower* (1861), and *Preston Fight, or the Insurrection of* 1715 (1875). Ainsworth possesses little of Scott's genius, for his handling of historical material is crude and cavalier in the extreme. His brutal realism and crude sensationalism give his work a melodramatic effect similar to that of the Radcliffian horror novel. His characterization is poor and his style unpolished, but when he is in the right vein he can give the reader a vigorous narrative, seen, perhaps, at its best in his account of Turpin's ride to York in *Rookwood.*

4. George P. R. James (1801-60) was another follower of the method of Scott, and he was responsible for a hundred and eighty- nine volumes, chiefly novels. He was born in London; traveled abroad; settled down to novel-writing; on the strength of some serious historical work was appointed Historiographer Royal;
entered the Consular Service; and died at Venice. *Richelieu. A Tale of France* (1829), which bears a strong resemblance to *Quentin Durward,* was his earliest, and is by many considered to be his best, novel. Others include *Darnley, or the Field of the Cloth of Gold* (1830), *De I'Orme* (1830), *The Gipsey* (1835), and *Lord Montagu's Page* (1858). As was almost inevitable with such mass-production, he makes his novels on a stock pattern. He is fond of florid pageantry, and can be rather ingeniously mysterious in his plots. He has little power in dealing with his characters, and no imaginative grasp of history. In style he is pompous and monotonous, and his dialogue is stilted and formal.

5. Charles Lever (1806-72). Lever was born in Dublin, was educated at Trinity College and Gottingen, and became a physician. The success of his novels caused him to desert his profession, and in the course of time (1842) he became editor of *The Dublin Univer sity Magazine,* which had published his first stories. In his latter years he lived abroad, was appointed consul in Spezia (1857), and after some other changes died when consul at Trieste.*The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer* (1839), his first novel, made a great hit. It is a novel of the picaresque type, dealing with the adventures of the hare-brained but lovable hero. *Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon* (1841), is of the same species, and others are *Jack Hinton* and *Tom Burke of 'Ours,'* which appeared together (1843-44) as *Our Mess.* All these novels are either set in Ireland or deal with Irish characters. There is little plot, what there is consisting of the scrapes of the heroes; the humour is rough-and-tumble, though agreeably lively; and the heroes, who are all much the same, are amiable fellows, with a propensity for falling into trouble and falling out of it. A later class of Lever's novels was more of the historical cast, and includes *The O'Donoghue* (1845) and *The Knight of Gwynne* (1847). Others dealt with the Continent,, and include *The Dodd Family Abroad* (1852-54) and The *Fortunes of Glencore* (1857). These latter are more stable and serious, but, though they are more careful in structure and finished in style, Lever lacked the necessary depth of insight to deal adequately with serious social topics, and we miss the racy, spirited tone of his earlier and more typical picaresque novels.

6. Frederick Marryat (1792-1848) followed the Smollett tradition of writing sea-stories. He was born in London, entered the Navy at an early age (1806), and saw some fighting during the Napoleonic Wars. He saw further service in different parts of the world, rose to be a captain, and spent much of his later life writing the novels that have given him his place in literature.

His earliest novel was *The Naval Officer; or Scenes and Adventures in the Life of Frank Mildmay* (1829), a loose and disconnected narrative, which was followed by *The King's Own* (1830), a much more able piece of work. From this point he continued to produce fiction at a great rate. The best of his stories are *Jacob Faithful* (1834), *Peter Simple* (1834), *Japhet in Search of a Father* (1836), *Mr Midshipman Easy* (1836), and *Masterman Ready* (1841-42). All his best books deal with the sea, and have much of its breezi-ness. Marryat has a considerable gift for plain narrative, and his

humour, though it is often coarse, is entertaining. His characters are of the stock types, but they are lively and suit his purpose, which is to produce a good yarn.

7. Michael Scott (1789-1835) was another novelist whose favourite theme was the sea. Scott was not a sailor like Marryat, but a merchant, first in Jamaica and then in his native city of Glasgow. His two tales, *Tom Cringle's Log* and *The Cruise of the Midge,* were published in *Blackwood's Magazine* (1829-33). As picaresque novels they are good, and notable for their narrative powers and the fine descriptions in which Scott captures the beauty and magic of the sea. But they cannot rank among the best, for most of the characters are grotesque, and the stories are full of violent sensation and horseplay.

8. Thomas Love Peacock (1785-1866), the son of a London merchant, was born at Weymouth. He was privately educated, and unsuccessfully tried a number of clerical and business posts before joining the feist India Company in 1819. A very efficient servant of this company, he was chief examiner between 1836 and 1856. In 1812 he had met Shelley, with whom he maintained a close friendship until the latter's death.

His fame rests upon his novels rather than upon his verse, though the songs which he scattered through his novels are extremely good. His early verses, such as *Palmyra, and Other Poems* (1806), *The Genius of the Thames* (1810), and *The Philosophy of Melancholy* (1812) lack the finish of his later lyrics, but *Rhododaphne; or the Thessalian Spell* (1818) shows some felicity and smoothness.

He wrote seven novels, *Headlong Hall* (1816), *Melincourt* (1817), *Nightmare Abbey* (1818), *Maid Marian* (1822), *The Misfortunes of Elphin* (1829), *Crotchet Castle* (1831), and *Gryll Grange* (1860). None of them has a plot really worthy of the name, though all contain well-recounted incidents. In varying degrees, they are the vehicle for his ironical and satirical attacks on the cranks and fads of his day. His favourite butt was the contemporary cult of romanticism and all who practised it, Wordsworth, as Mr Paper-stamp of Mainchance Villa, Coleridge, as Mr Flosky, Shelley, as Mr Scythrop, Byron, as Mr Cypress, and many others were all caricatured with telling skill. No contemporary idea, from paper money to modern science, escaped his pen. The novels consist mainly of discussions phrased in a concise, polished, scholarly style, full of wit and pointed satire, in which characters embodying contemporary ideas dissect themselves with devastating effect. The

books contain fine spirited lyrics, of which the best known is ***The*** *War Song of Dinas Vawr.*

Peacock's *The Four Ages of Poetry,* in which his own age is classed as the age of brass, "the second childhood of poetry," is in the familiar mocking, ironical style of the novels. Its only importance lies in the fact that it drew from Shelley his famous *The Defence of Poetry.*

9. Washington Irving (1783-1859) was the first American novelist to establish a European reputation. He was called to the Bar, but his real bent was literary. His life was that of a busy man of letters, varied with much travelling in Europe and America. His works were admired by Scott, who did much to popularize them on this side of the Atlantic.

His *History of New York* (1809) was the comic history of an imaginary Dutchman called Knickerbocker. The humour now appears strained and overdone, but the book is written with ease and grace. His *The Sketch-book* (1820) brought his name before the English public. The volume is a collection of short tales and sketches, the two favourites, those of Rip van Winkle and of Sleepy Hollow, being the best of his productions. It was followed by *Bracebridge Hall* (1822), a series of sketches of the life of the English squirearchy, done in the Addisonian manner. His later travels helped him in the writing of *Tales of a Traveller* (1824), *Legends of the Alhambra* (1832), and other works. As a story-teller Irving lacks animation and fire, but his humour in the later books is facile, though thin, and his descriptions are sometimes impressive. His style reminds the reader of that of Goldsmith, whose *Life* (1849) he wrote. He produced other historical works, such as *History of the Life and Voyages of Columbus* (1828), *The Conquest of Granada* (1829), and his *Life of Washington* (1859), more noteworthy for the ease of their narrative than for their deep learning or insight.

10.James Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851) was born in New Jersey, and educated at'Yale College. He passed his boyhood on an ancestral estate near Lake Otsego, and so gained much material for his Indian works. He was in the Navy for six years, and then retired to write books. He travelled and wrote much. He was a man of acrimonious temper, and his extravagant estimation of his abilities drew him into many quarrels. His first novel, *Precaution* (1820), was a conventional study of society and was of little merit. Then *The Spy* (1821) began a series of vigorous adventure stories, some of which, like *The pilot* (1824)

and *The Red Rover* (1828), deal with the sea. Cooper's technical knowledge and appreciation of the beauty of the sea are here used to advantage, though his characters are stiff. The best of his works, however, are the Leatherstocking novels, which deal with frontier life in Indian territory. They include *The Pioneers* (1823), *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826), *The Pathfinder* (1840), and *The Deerslayer* (1841). Their view of the Indian is romanticized, but they opened up a new field for American fiction, and have plenty of incident and suspense. Cooper set himself up as a rival of Scott, but he has little of Scott's ability. He lacks humour, his characters are, with rare exceptions such as Leatherstocking, lifeless and unconvincing, and his style is wordy and heavy. But at times he can make his story move rapidly, and he is skilful in his suggestion of the charm and dangers of the primeval forest.

Cooper attempted many other forms of literature, including highly controversial novels about Europe, bitter satire, a history of the American Navy, and propagandist attacks on cruelty and oppression. But he wrote too much and too carelessly. He affected to despise popular criticism, but, except for his Indian tales, his work has little permanent value.

WRITERS OF MISCELLANEOUS PROSE

I. Charles Lamb (1775-1834)

1. His Life. Lamb was born in London)his father being a kind of factotum to a Bencher of the Inner Temple. The boy, who was a timid and retiring youth, (was educated at Christ's Hospital, where he was a fellow-pupil of Coleridge) whose early eccentricities he has touched upon with his usual felicity. He obtained a clerkship first in the South Sea House, then (1792) in the India House, where the remainder of his working life was spent. There was a strain of madness in the family which did not leave him untouched, for in 1795-96 he was under restraint for a time. In the case of his sister, Mary Lamb, the curse was a deadly one. In September 1796 she murdered her mother in a sudden frenzy, and thereafter she had intermittent attacks of insanity. Lamb devoted his life to the welfare of his afflicted sister, who frequently appears in his essays under the name of Cousin Bridget. After more than thirty years' service Lamb retired (1825) on a pension, and the last ten years of his life were passed in blessed release from his desk. He was a charming man, a delightful talker, and one of the least assuming of writers. His

reputation, based upon his qualities of humour, pathos, and cheery good-will, is unsurpassed in our literature.

2. His Essays. (Lamb started his literary career as a poet, producing short pieces of moderate ability, including the well-known *The Old Familiar Faces* and *To Hester.)* He attempted a tragedy, *John Woodvil* (1802), in the style of his favourite Elizabethan play-wrights, but it had no success on the stage, His *Tales from Shakespeare* (1807), written in collaboration with his sister, are skilfully done, and are agreeable to read.) His critical work, the most substantial selection of which is to be found in his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, who lived about the Time of Shakespeare* (l808), is remarkable for its delicate insight and good literary taste. (His work on the Elizabethan dramatists? rescued them from the unmerited oblivion in which they had long rested, and led to a fresh appreciation of their fine qualities.] (All these writings, however, are of little importance compared with his essays)

(The first of his essays appeared in *The London Magazine* in 1820, when Lamb was forty-five years old. It was signed "Elia," a name taken almost at random) as that of a foreigner, a clerk in the old South Sea House. (The original series was published as *The Essays of Elia* (1823), and a second under the title of *The Last Essays of Elia* (1833).)

(The essays are unequalled in English. In subject they are of the usual miscellaneous kind, ranging from chimney-sweeps to old china. They are, however, touched with personal opinions and recollections] so oddly obtruded that interest in the subject is nearly swamped by the reader's delight in the author. [No essayist is more egotistical than Lamb; but no egotist can be so artless and yet so artful, so tearful and yet so mirthful, so pedantic and yet so humane) It is this delicate clashing of humours, like the chiming of sweet bells, that affords the chief delight to Lamb's readers.

It is almost impossible to do justice to his style, [ft is old-fashioned, bearing echoes and odours from older writers like Sir Thomas Browne and Fuller; it is full of long and curious words; and it is dashed with frequent exclamations and parentheses. The humour that runs through it all is not strong, but airy, almost elfish, in note; it vibrates faintly, but in application never lacks precision. His pathos is of much the same character; and sometimes, as in *Dream-Children,* it deepens into a quivering sigh of regret. He is so sensitive and so strong, so cheerful and yet so unalterably doomed to sorrow.)

. The extract given below deals with the playhouse, which was one of his greatest passions. The reader can easily observe some of the above-mentioned features of his style.

In those days were pit orders. Beshrew the uncomfortable manager who abolished them!--with one of these we went. I remember the waiting at the door--not that which is left--but between that and an inner door in shelter--O when shall I be such an expectant again!--with the cry of nonpareils, an indispensable play-house accompaniment in those days. As near as I can recollect, the fashionable pronunciation of the theatrical fruiteresses then was, "Chase some oranges, chase some numparels, chase a bill of the play ";--chase *pro* chuse. But when we got in, and I beheld the green curtain that veiled a heaven to my imagination, which was soon to be disclosed--the breathless anticipations I endured! I had seen something like it in the plate prefixed to *Troilus and Cressida,* in Rowe's Shakespeare--the tent scene with Diomede-- and a sight of that plate can always bring back in a measure the feeling of that evening.--The boxes at that time, full of well-dressed women of quality, projected over the pit; and the pilasters reaching down were adorned with a glistering substance (I know not what) under glass (as it seemed), resembling--a homely fancy--but I judged it to be sugar-candy--yet, to my raised imagination, divested of its homelier qualities, it appeared a glorified candy!-- The orchestra lights at length arose, those "fair Auroras!" Once the bell sounded. It was to ring out yet once again--and, incapable of the anticipation, I reposed my shut eyes in a sort of resignation upon the maternal lap. It rang the second time. The curtain drew up--1 was not past six years old--and the play was *Artaxerxes*\

My First Play

Every aspect of Lamb's character and thought is to be found still more clearly revealed in the natural, intimate *Letters,* which cover the last thirty-eight years of his life. Among his many correspondents were Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and Hazlitt.

II. Thomas de Quincey (1785-1859)

1. His Life. (De Quincey was born at Manchester, where his father was a rich merchant. The elder De Quincey left considerable property, but De Quincey himself was improvident and unreliable in his financial affairs. He was educated at Manchester Grammar School and then at Oxford. There he studied for a long time (1803-08), distinguishing himself by his ability in Greek. While he was an undergraduate (1804) he first became acquainted with opium, soaking his tobacco in the drug and then smoking it in order to alleviate the pains of neuralgia. His money was always easily spent, and his

early struggles were a painful effort to make both ends meet. He earned a precarious livelihood by journalism, and spent the years 1809-30, for the most part, in the Lake District, becoming intimate with the local literary celebrities. During this time his devotion to the drug was excessive, but he produced a large amount of work. Then, becoming loosely attached to the staff of *Blackwood's Magazine,* he removed to Edinburgh. In this neighbourhood he remained till the end of his long life, and was buried in the Scottish capital.

2. His Works. De Quincey is one of the authors whose work is to be rigorously sifted. (He wrote a large amount of prose; most of it is hack-work, a fair proportion is of good quality, and a small amount is of the highest merit) He wrote no book of any great length, in this respect resembling another opium-eater, Coleridge. (The book that made his name was his *Confessions of an English Opium Eater* (1821), which appeared in *The London Magazine.* The work, which is chaotic in its general plan, is a series of visions that melt away in the manner of dreams. Much is tawdry and unreal, but the book contains passages of great power and beauty. The remainder of his work is a mass of miscellaneous production, the best of which is *The English Mail-coach* (1849), *Suspiria de Profundis* (1845), and *On Murder considered as One of the Fine Arts* (1827; second part, 1839).]

A great part of his work is dreary and diffuse, and vitiated by a humour that is extremely flat and ineffective. [He displays a wide range of knowledge, though it is often flawed with inaccuracy. In style he is apt to stumble into vulgarity)and tawdriness; but(When inspiration descends upon him he gives to the English tongue a wonderful strength and sweetness) In these rare moments he plunges into an elaborate style and imagery, but never loses grip, sweeping along with sureness and ease. In rhythm and melody he is almost supreme; he can "blow through bronze" and "breathe through silver," and be impressive in both.

The passage we now give is among his most impressive efforts. It has the unity and passion of the lyric, and its effect is both thrilling and profound. Observe the studied rhythm, often ejaculatory, the deep and solemn beauty, and the simplicity of diction. This is poetic prose at its best:

As a final specimen, I cite one of a different character, from 1820.

The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams--a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a

music like the opening of the coronation anthem, and which, like *that,* gave the feeling of a vast march--of infinite cavalcades filing off--and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day--a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where--somehow, I knew not how--by some beings, I knew not whom--a battle, a strife, an agony was conducting--was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. 1 had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. "Deeper than ever plummet sounded," I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms: hurryings to and fro: trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad: darkness, and lights: tempest, and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed,--and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then--everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated --everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated--everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud--"I will sleep no mon!"

Confessions of an English Opium Eater (edition of 1821)

III! William Hazlitt (1778-1830)

The period now under review is very rich in critical and miscellaneous work. Of the writers of literary criticism Hazlitt may be taken as representative.

1. His Life, the son of a Unitarian minister(Hazlitt was born at Maidstone, and, after a brief stay in America, spent most of his youth in Shropshire. His early studies for the Unitarian ministry were soon abandoned) Shortly after he met Coleridge (1798), whose zeal for the ideals of the French Revolution he shared. His next ambition was to become a painter, but this, too, he soon abandoned in favour of a literary career. The year 1812 saw him in London, where he was in turn lecturer, parliamentary reporter, and theatre critic. From 1814 until his death he contributed to *The Edinburgh Review,* while others of his articles appeared in *The Examiner,*

The Times, and *The London Magazine.* All through his life his unusual political views and headstrong temperament involved him in frequent quarrels.

2. His Works. (Hazlitt's earliest writings consisted of miscellaneous philosophical and political works, which are of interest for the light they throw upon his mind,) but are now little read. (His reputation rests on the lectures and essays on literary and general subjects all published between 1817 and 1825. Of the former we have his lectures on *Characters of Shakespeare' s Plays* (1817), *The English Poets* (1818), *The English Comic Writers* (1819), and *The Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth* (1820). His best essays were collected in *The Round Table* (1817), *Table Talk; or, Original Essays on Men and Manners* (1821-22), and *The Spirit of the Age; or, Contemporary Portraits* (1825). Between 1828 and 1830 he published an unsuccessful biography of Napoleon) (Modern opinion has endorsed the contemporary recognition of Hazlitt's eminence as a critic. His writing is remarkable for its fearless expression of an honest and individual opinion); and, while (he lacks the learned critical apparatus of more modern critics, he is unsurpassed in his ability to communicate his own enjoyment, and in his gift for evoking unnoticed beauties. His judgments are based on his emotional reactions) rather than on objectively applied principles. [Consequently, they are sometimes marred by personal bias, as in some of the portraits in *The Spirit of the Age.* But, for the most part, they show his enthusiasm guided by a strong common sense)The catholicity of his taste embraces almost every major English author from Chaucer to his own day, most of them treated with a discrimination and sympathetic insight which are not blunted by his obvious enthusiasm.

In style Hazlitt contrasts strongly with the elaborate orchestration of the complex sentence and the magic-of the delicate word tracery which we have seen in De Quincey.) His brief, abrupt sentences have the vigour and directness which his views demand. His lectures have a manly simplicity, and something of the looseness of organization which is typical of good conversation.)(Essays and lectures alike show a fondness for the apt and skilfully blended quotation, and for the balanced sentence, often embodying a contrast. Always his diction is pure and his expression concise.) The following extract is of interest as showing his courageous exposition of an opinion, diametrically opposed to that generally accepted, on the relative merits of Addison and Steele:

It will be said, that all this is to be found, in the same or a greater degree, in the *Spectator*. For myself, I do not think so; or, at least, there is in the last work a much greater proportion of commonplace matter. I have, on this account, always preferred the *Tatler* to the *Spectator*. Whether it is owing to my having been earlier or better acquainted with the one than the other, my pleasure in reading these two admirable works is not at all in proportion to their comparative reputation. The *Tatler* contains only half the number of volumes, and, I will venture to say, nearly an equal quantity of sterling wit and sense. "The first sprightly runnings" are there--it has more of the original spirit, more of the freshness and stamp of nature. The indications of character and strokes of humour are more true and frequent; the reflections that suggest themselves arise more from the occasion, and are less spun out into regular dissertations. They are more like the remarks which occur in sensible conversation, and less like a lecture. Something is left to the understanding of the reader. Steele seems to have gone into his closet chiefly to set down what he observed out of doors. Addison seems to have spent most of his time in his study, and to have spun out and wire-drawn the hints, which he borrowed from Steele, or took from nature, to the utmost. I am far from wishing to depreciate Addison's talents, but I am anxious to do justice to Steele, who was, I think, upon the whole, a less artificial and more original writer. The humorous descriptions of Steele resemble loose sketches, or fragments of a comedy; those of Addison are rather comments, or ingenious paraphrases, on the genuine text.
Lectures on the English Comic Writers

OTHER WRITERS OF MISCELLANEOUS PROSE

1. Walter Savage Landor (1775-1864). Landor had a long life' for he was bora five years after Wordsworth, and lived to see the full yield of the Victorian era. Of an anti-it family, he was born in Warwickshire, and was educated at Rugby and Oxford. Later he was fired with republican ideas and supported the revolutionaries in Spain. In temper he was impulsive to the point of mania; and his life is marked by a succession of violent quarrels with his friends and enemies. The middle years of his life were passed in Italy. He returned to England in 1835 and lived in Bath from 1838 to 1858. In this last year his pugnacity involved him in an action for libel, in which, as defendant, he cut a lamentable figure. Poor and dishonoured, he forsook England, and settled again in Floreace, where he died.
Though Landor is remembered chiefly as a prose writer, by far the' greater part of his life was devoted to poetry. His *Poems* (1795) was a collection of miscellaneous works modelled on the classics, in which the influence of the Miltonic style is clearly to be seen. It

was followed by his epic poem, *Gebir* (1798), *Hellenics* (1846, augmented 1847 and 1859), *Last Fruits off an Old Tree* (1853), and *Heroic Idylls* (1863). In these collections Landor tries many kinds of verse, all of which are used with the greatest metrical accuracy. His longer poems, such as *Gebir,* are not without a certain stately dignity of tone and passages of descriptive beauty, but too often they are frigid and unappealing, by reason of their lack of animation and the excessive compression of their imagery. Landor is seen at his best in his shorter works. The *Hellenics,* brief narratives based on Greek mythology, are for the most part in blank verse. Many of them have a pleasing conciseness of style and lightness of touch, though some are marred by the weaknesses of *Gebir.* His lyrics have often a classical restraint and delicacy.

His dramas, of which the best is *Count Julian* (1812), are all lacking in true dramatic qualities, though Landor shows some power as a creator of individual scenes.

His literary fame rests, however, on his *Imaginary Conversations,* published at intervals between 1824 and 1846. These dialogues between actual persons of the past, or of Landor's own day deal with a wide variety of topics--from literary criticism to politics, and the method of exposition varies almost as much as the subjects discussed. The quality of their thought is not particularly high, but some of the characters, especially the women, are very effectively portrayed. *Imaginary Conversations* is, however, of greatest interest as a specimen of the new poetic prose, which we have also seen in De Quincey. It is full of rich imagery and ornate diction, while in rhythmical effect it differs little from Landor's verse. In it are passages which show the epigrammatic brilliance of his shorter poems.

2. Francis Jeffrey (1773-1850), one of the founders of *The Edinburgh Review,* was born at Edinburgh, educated at the high school and university of his native city, and was called to the Scottish Bar. Though for many years an industrious writer for his journal, he maintained a considerable legal practice, and distinguished himself in politics as an ardent Whig. When his party came into office he was rewarded by being appointed Lord Advocate, and played a considerable part in the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832. This meant the abandonment of his position on the *Review,* though he always kept a paternal eye on its progress. He was finally appointed to the Bench, with the title of Lord Jeffrey.

The Edinburgh Review was at first a joint production of a group

of young and zealous Whigs, including Sydney Smith and Henry Brougham. Within a year of its foundation Jeffrey was responsible editor, and he drew around him a band of distinguished contributors, including at one time Sir Walter Scott. The journal led the way among the larger reviews, and was noted for its briskness. It was not above prejudice, as was shown in its opposition to the Lake School, but it did much to raise the standard of criticism, and it succeeded in bringing much talent to light, including the early efforts of Macaulay.

3. Sydney Smith (1771-1845) was for a time a colleague of Jeffrey. He was born in Essex, was educated at Winchester and Oxford, and became a clergyman. He settled for a time at Edinburgh as a tutor, and assisted in the launching of *The Edinburgh Review* (1802). He took a large share in the political squabbles of the time, and wrote much on behalf of the Whig party. His works consist of many miscellaneous pieces, most of them of a politica character. The most noteworthy of them is a collection called *Letters on the Subject of the Catholics, to my Brother Abraham, who Lives in the Country, by Peter Plymley* (1807-08), which deals with Catholic Emancipation. A more general selection from his writings was published in 1855, and his *Wit and Wisdom* in 1860. Nowadays it is somewhat difficult to account for his great influence, for he has left so little of real merit; but to his own contemporaries he was a very important person. He was admired and feared as a wit, and some of his best witticisms have been preserved. He was always a gentlemanly opponent, always easy but deadly in the shafts he levelled against his political foes. He wrote the prose of an educated man, and is clear and forcible.

4. John Wilson (1784-1854), who appears in literature as Christo pher North, was born at Paisley, the son of a wealthy manufacturer. He was educated at Glasgow and Oxford, wrote poetry, and for a time settled in the Lake District. He lost most of his money, tried practice as a barrister, and then joined the staff of *Blackwood's Magazine.* He was appointed in 1820 Professor of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh University.His early poems, *The Isle of Palms* (1812) and *The City of the Plague* (1816), are passable verse of the romantic type. His novels-- for example, *The Trials of Margaret Lyridsay* (1823)--are sentimental pictures of Scottish life. Wilson's longest work, and the one that perpetuates his name, is his *Noctes Ambrosianae* (beginning in 1822), which had a long and popular run-in *Blackwood's* until 1835.

This is an immensely long series of dialogues on many kinds of subjects. The characters are the members of a small club who meet regularly, consume great quantities of meat and drink, and frequently indulge in immoderate clowning. The talk is endless, and is often tedious in the extreme. At times Wilson rises into striking descriptive passages, more florid and less impressive than De Quincey's, but beautiful in a sentimental fashion. His taste, however, cannot be trusted, and his humour is too often crude and boisterous. Here, as in his other writing for *Blackwood's Magazine,* we have the product of a boisterous, high-spirited critic, to whose temperament, restraint, whether in praise, blame, or humour, was alien.

5. John G. Lockhart (1794-1854) was born at Cambusnethan, educated at Glasgow and Oxford, and became a member of the Scottish Bar. He soon (1817) became a regular contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine,* sharing in its strong Tory views and its still stronger expression of them. He rather gloried in these literary and political fisticuffs, which in one case led to actual bloodshed, though he did not participate in it. In 1820 he married Scott's favourite daughter Sophia, and lived to be the biographer of his famous father-in-law. He was editor of *The Quarterly Review* from 1825 till 1853. Lockhart wrote four novels, the best of which are *Valerius* (1821) and *Adam Blair* (1822). They are painstaking endeavours, but they lack the fire of genius, and are now almost forgotten. His poetry is quite lively and attractive, especially his *Ancient Spanish Ballads* (1823). *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk* (1819) is a collection of brilliant sketches of Edinburgh and Glasgow society. Lockhart's fame, however, rests on *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott* (1837-38), which was first published in seven volumes. This book ranks as one of the great biographies in the language. Though it is full of intimate and loving detail, it possesses a fine sense of perspective and coherence; and while it is influenced by a natural partiality for its subject, the story is judiciously told. In this book Lockhart casts aside his aggressiveness of manner. His descriptions, as, for example, that of the death of Scott, have a masterly touch.

6. William Cobbett (1762-1835) was born at Farnham, Surrey, and was the son of a farm-labourer. He enlisted in the Army, rose to be sergeant-major, emigrated to America, where he took to journalism, and returned to England, to become actively engaged inpolitics. In 1831 he was elected to Parliament, but was not a success

as a public man. He was a man of violent opinions, boxed the political compass, and died an extreme Radical.

He was an assiduous journalist, beginning with *The Porcupine* (1800-01). His other journal was *Cobbett's Weekly Political Register,* which he began in 1802 and carried on almost unaided until 1835. His literary reputation rests, however, on one of his few full-length books, his *Rural Rides* (1830), which gives an account of the English counties through which he wandered. A true son of the soil, Cobbett writes with insight and understanding of the agricultural conditions of his day. His close and honest observation of life and manners finds expression in a plain, homely style, which has none of the graces of fine writing, but all the vigour and simple directness of a Defoe. Instinctively right in his choice of language, he speaks straight to the heart of the reader, and, though his work is realistic rather than imaginative, the beauty of the English scene is impressed on many a page of the *Rural Rides.* He is shamelessly partisan in his opinions, but his writings betray an expansive *and* cordial generosity of spirit.

7. The historians belonging to this period are both numerous and important, but we can mention only a few.

a)**.Henry Hart Milman (1791-1868)** was educated at Eton and Oxford, and afterward wrote some plays, including the tragedy *Fazio* (1815). His chief historical works are *The History of the Jews* (1829) and *The History of Latin Christianity* (1854-55). Milman is a solid and reliable historian, with a readable style.

b)George **Grote (1794-1871)** was a London banker, and entered politics. His *A History of Greece* (1846-56) is based on German research, and is well informed and scholarly. The work, however, is sometimes considered to be too long and tedious in its detail.

c)**Henry Hallam (1777-1859)** was a member of the Middle Temple, but he practised very little. He wrote on both literary and historical subjects, and contributed to *The Edinburgh Review.* His historical works include *The Constitutional History of England from the Accession of Henry Vll to the Death of George II* (1827) and his *Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth. Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries* (1837-39). Hallam acquired a great and deserved reputation for solid scholarship. Like Gibbon, he tried to attune his style to his subject, and wrote in a grave and impressive manner, but, lacking the genius of Gibbon, he succeeded only in making his style lifeless and frigid.

The amount of actual development during this period was not so great as the immense output. Authors were content with the standard literary forms, and it was upon these as models that the development took place.

1. Poetry, (a) This was indeed the golden age of the *lyric,* which reflected the Romantic spirit of the time in liberal and varied measure. It comprised the exalted passion of Shelley, the meditative simplicity of Wordsworth, the sumptuous descriptions of Keats, and the golden notes of Coleridge. It is to be noted that in form the lyric employed the ancient externals of the stereotyped metres and rhymes. There was some attempt at rhymeless poems in the work of Southey and the early poems of Shelley, but this practice was never general.

(b) With *descriptive and narrative poems* the age was richly endowed. One has only to recall Byron's early work, Keats's tales,
Coleridge's supernatural stories, and Scott's martial and historical romances to perceive how rich was the harvest. Once more the poets work upon older methods. The Spenserian stanza is the favourite model, but the ballad is nearly as popular. These older types suffered some change, as was almost inevitable with such inspired minds at work upon them. The Spenserian manner was loosened and strengthened; it was given richer and more varied beauties in *The Eve of St Agnes,* and a sharper and more personal note in the *Childe Harold* of Byron. In the case of Wordsworth we observe the frequent use of blank verse for meditative purposes, as in *The Prelude.*

(c) Satirical poems were numerous; and their tone was fierce, for the success of the French Revolution led to the expression of new hopes and desires. Outstanding examples were Byron's *Don Juan* and *The Vision of Judgment* and Shelley's *Masque of Anarchy.*

2. Drama. Drama was written as freely as ever, but rather as a form of literary exercise than as a serious attempt at creating a new dramatic standard. Tragedy almost monopolized the activities of the major poets. Of all the tragedies Shelley's *The Cenci* came first in power and simplicity. Byron's tragedies had little merit as dramas; and Wordsworth's *The Borderers* and Coleridge's *Remorse* added little to the fame of their authors.

The comic spirit in drama was in abeyance. Shelley's *CEdipus Tyrannus, or Swellfoot the Tyrant,* is almost the only instance of it

worth mention, and this was a poor specimen of that writer's creative power.

3. Prose, *(a) The Novel.* Of the different kinds of prose composition, the novel showed in this period the most marked development. This was largely due to the work of Scott and Jane Austen, who respectively established the historical and domestic types of novel.

With regard to the work of Scott, we can here only briefly summarize what has already been said. He raised the historical novel to the rank of one of the major kinds of literature; he brought to it knowledge, and through the divine gift of knowledge made it true to life; he fired historical characters with living energy; he set on foot the device of the unhistorical hero--that is, he made the chief character purely fictitious, and caused the historical persons to rotate about it; he established a style that suited many periods of history; and pervading all these advances was a great and genial personality that transformed what might have been mere lumber into an artistic product of truth and beauty.

Miss Austen's achievement was of a different kind. She revealed the beauty and interest that underlie ordinary affairs; she displayed the infinite variety of common life, and so she opened an inexhaustible vein that her successors were assiduously to develop.

b)*Literary Criticism.* No previous period had seen literary criticism of such bulk or such generally high standard as that produced in the age under review. In addition to the work of the professional critics, such as Hazlitt (see p. 354) and the reviewers, many of the poets and imaginative prose-writers have left us critical works of great and enduring value. Mention may be made of Wordsworth's preface to the *Lyrical Ballads;* Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* and lectures on Shakespeare and the other poets; Shelley's *The Defence of Poetry,* in reply to the provocative *The Four Ages of Poetry* of Peacock; and Lamb's *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, who lived about the Time of Shakespeare.*

c)*Periodical Literature.* At the beginning of this chapter we noted the chief members of a great new community of literary journals. These periodicals were of a new type. Previous literary journals, like *The Gentleman's Magazine* (1731), had been feeble productions, the work of elegant amateurs or underpaid hackwriters. Such papers had little weight. The new journals were supreme in the literary world; they attracted the best talent; they inspired fear and respect; and in spite of many defects their literary product was worthy of their reputation.

(d) The Essay. Finding a fresh outlet in the new type of periodi cal, the essay acquired additional importance. The purely literary essay, exemplified in the works of Southey, Hazlitt. and Lockhart, increased in length and solidity. It now became a review--that is, a commentary on a book or books under immediate inspection,
but in addition expounding the wider theories and opinions of the reviewer. This new species of essay was to be developed still further in the works of Carlyle and Macaulay. The miscellaneous essay, represented in the works of Lamb, acquired an increased dignity. It was growing beyond the limits set by Addison and Johnson. It was more intimate and aspiring, and contained many more mannerisms of the author. This kind also was to develop in the hands of the succeeding generation. (e) Other prose works must receive scanty notice. The art of letter-writing still flourished, as can be seen in the works of Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Lamb. Lamb in particular has a charm that reminds the reader of that of Cowper. Byron's letters, though ego
tistical enough, are breezy and humorous. Biographical work is adequately represented in *The Life of Byron,* by Moore, and *The Life of Scott,* by Lockhart. These books in their general outlines follow the model of Boswell, though they do not possess the artless self-revelation of their great predecessor. There is an advance shown by their division into chapters and other convenient stages, a useful arrangement that Boswell did not adopt. The amount of historical research was very great, and the historians ranged abroad and tilled many fields; but in their general methods there was little advance on the work of their predecessors.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY STYLE

1.Poetry. This period being instinct with the spirit of revolt, it may be taken for granted that in poetic style there is a great range of effort and experiment. The general tendency is toward simplicity of diction and away from the mannerisms of the eighteenth century. In the case of the major poets, the one who comes nearest in style to the eighteenth century is Byron; next to him, in spite of his theories of simplicity, comes Wordsworth, who often has a curious inflation of style that is kept within bounds only by his intense imaginative power. The best work of Coleridge and Shelley is marked by the greatest simplicity; but, on the other hand, Keats is too fond of golden diction to resist the temptation to be ornate.

2.Prose. In this period we behold the dissolution of the more

formal prose style of the previous century. With this process the journalists and miscellaneous prose-writers have much to do. In the place of the older type we see a general tendency toward a useful middle style, as in the books of Southey and Hazlitt. Outside this mass of middle prose we have a range from the greatest simplicity to the highest efforts of poetic prose. At one end of the scale we have the perfectly plain style of Cobbett. The passage we give (from the *Rural Rides)* could not be simpler, but it is energetic and expressive:

When I returned to England in 1800, after an absence from the country parts of it for sixteen years, the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods, seemed so small! It made me laugh to hear little gutters, that I could jump over, called rivers. The Thames was but a 'creek!' But when in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! Every thing was become so pitifully small! I had to cross in my postchaise the long and dreary heath of Bagshot. Then at the end of it, to mount a hill called Hungry Hill: and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood; for I had learned before the death of my father and mother.

From Cobbett we range through a large number of writers, like Lockhart and Miss Austen, who write in the usual middle style to the more laboured manner of Scott, who in his descriptive passages adopts a kind of Johnsonese. When he writes in the Scots dialect he writes simply and clearly, but in his heavier moods we have a style like that which follows. Note the long and complicated sentences, and the laboured diction.

The brow of the hill, on which the Royal Life-Guards were now drawn up, sloped downwards (on the side opposite to that which they had ascended) with a gentle declivity for more than a quarter of a mile, and presented ground, which, though unequal in some places, was not altogether unfavourable for the manoeuvres of cavalry, until near the bottom, when the slope terminated in a marshy level, traversed through its whole length by what seemed either a natural gully or a deep artificial drain, the sides of which were broken by springs, trenches filled with water, out of which peats and turf had been dug, and here and there by some straggling thickets of alders, which loved the moistness so well that they continued to live as bushes, although too much dwarfed by the sour soil and the stagnant bog-water to ascend into trees. Beyond this ditch or gully the ground arose into a second heathy swell, or rather hill, near to the foot of which, and as if with the object of defending -

[Table: TABLE TO ILLUSTRATE THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY FORMS]

the broken ground and ditch that covered their front, the body of insurgents appeared to be drawn up with the purpose of abiding battle.

Old Mortality

From Scott the evolution of style can be traced through the mannered, half-humorous ornateness of Lamb to the florid poetic prose of Wilson and the dithyrambic periods of De Quincey. As a final specimen we give an extract from the *Nodes Ambrosiance.* The style is fervidly exclamatory, but it lacks the depth of De Quincey's at its best.

Shepherd. Oh that I had been a sailor! To hae circumnavigated the warld! To hae pitched our tents, or built our bowers, on the shores o' bays sae glittering wi' league-lang wreaths o' shells, that the billows blushed crimson as they murmured! To hae seen our flags burning meteor-like, high up amang the primeval woods, while birds, bright as ony buntin, sat trimmin their plumage amang the cordage, sae tame in that island where ship had haply never touched afore, nor ever might touch again, lying in a latitude by itsel' and far out o' the breath o' the tredd wunds! Or to hae landed with a' the crew, marines and a'--excep a guard on shipboard to keep aff the crowd o' canoes--on some warlike isle, tossing wi' the plumes on chieftains' heads, and soun'--soun'--soundin wi' gongs! What's a man-o'-war's barge, Mr Tickler, beautiful sicht tho' it be, to the hundred-oared canoe o' some savage Island king!

CHAPTER XI

THE VICTORIAN AGE

[Chart: TIME-CHART OF THE CHIEF AUTHORS]

(THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND (1830-90)
1. An **Era** of Peace. The few colonial wars that broke out during **the** Victorian epoch did not seriously disturb the national life. There was one Continental war that directly affected Britain--**the** Crimean War--and one that affected her indirectly though strongly --**the** Franco-German struggle; yet neither of these caused any profound changes. In America the great civil struggle left scars that **were soon to be** obliterated by the wise statesmanship of **her rulers.**

The whole age may be not unfairly described as one of peaceful activity. In the earlier stages the lessening surges of the French Revolution were still felt; but by the middle of the century they had almost completely died down, and other hopes and ideals, largely pacific, were gradually taking their place.

2. Material Developments. It was an age alive with new activities. There was a revolution in commercial enterprise, due to the great increase of available markets, and, as a result of this, an immense advance in the use of mechanical devices. (The new commercial energy was reflected in the Great Exhibition of 1851, which was greeted as the inauguration of a new era of prosperity. On the other side of this picture of commercial expansion we see the appalling social conditions of the new industrial cities, the squalid slums, and the exploitation of cheap labour (often of children), the painful fight by the enlightened few to introduce social legislation and the slow extension of the franchise.) The evils of the Industrial Revolution were vividly painted by such writers as Dickens and MrsGaskell, and they called forth the missionary efforts of men like Kingsley.

3. Intellectual Developments. There can be little doubt that in many cases material wealth produced a hardness of temper and an impatience of projects and ideas that brought no return in hard cash; yet it is to,the credit of this age that intellectual activities were so numerous. (There was quite a revolution in scientific thought following upon the works of Darwin and his school, and an immense outburst of social and political theorizing which was represented in this country by the writings of men like Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill) In addition, popular education became a practical thing. This in its turn produced a new hunger for intellectual food, and resulted in a great increase in the productions of the Press and of other more durable species of literature.

LITERARY FEATURES OF THE AGE

The sixty years (1830-90) commonly included under the name of **the** Victorian age present many dissimilar features; yet in several respects we can safely generalize.

1. Its Morality. Nearly all observers of the Victorian age are struck by its extreme deference to the conventions. To a later age these seem ludicrous. It was thought indecorous for a man to smoke in public and (much later in the century) for a lady to ride a bicycle. (To a great extent the new morality was a **natural revolt**

against the grossness of the earlier Regency, and the influence of the Victorian Court was all in its favour. In literature it is amply reflected.., Tennyson is the most conspicuous example in poetry, creating the priggishly complacent Sir Galahad and King Arthur, Dickens, perhaps the most representative of the Victorian novelists, took for his model the old picaresque novel; but it is almost laughable to observe his anxiety to be 'moral.' This type of writing is quite blameless, but it produced the kind of public that denounced the innocuous *Jane Eyre* as wicked because it dealt with the harmless affection of a girl for a married man.

2.The Revolt. (Many writers protested against the deadening effects of the conventions. Carlyle and Matthew Arnold, in their different accents, were loud in their denunciations; Thackeray never tired of satirizing the snobbishness of the age; and Browning's cobbly mannerisms were an indirect challenge to the velvety diction and the smooth self-satisfaction of the Tennysonian school. As the age proceeded the reaction strengthened. In poetry the Pre-Raphaelites, led by Swinburne and William Morris, proclaimed no morality but that of the artist's regard for his art. By the vigour of his methods Swinburne horrified the timorous, and made himself rather ridiculous in the eyes of sensible people. It remained for Thomas Hardy (whom we reserve for the next chapter) to pull aside the Victorian veils and shutters and with the large tolerance of the master to regard men's actions with open gaze.

3.Intellectual Developments. The literary product was inevitably affected by the new ideas in science, religion, and politics. *On the Origin of Species* (1859) of Darwin shook to its foundations scientific thought. We can perceive the influence of such a work in Tennyson's *In Memoriam,* in Matthew Arnold's meditative poetry, and in the works of Carlyle. In religious and ethical thought the 'Oxford Movement,' as it was called, was the most noteworthy advance. This movement had its source among the young and eager thinkers of the old university, and was headed by the great Newman, who ultimately (1845) joined the Church of Rome. As a religious portent it marked the widespread discontent with the existing beliefs of the Church of England; as a literary influence it affected many writers of note, including Newman himself, Froude, Maurice, Kingsley, and Gladstone.

4.The New Education. The Education Acts, making a certain measure of education compulsory, rapidly produced an enormous reading public. The cheapening of printing and paper increased the

demand for books, so that the production was multiplied. The most popular form of literature was the novel, and the novelists responded with a will. Much of their work was of a high standard, so much 'So that it has been asserted by competent critics that the middle years of the nineteenth century were the richest in the whole history of the novel.

5.International Influences. During the nineteenth century the interaction among American and European writers was remarkably fresh and strong. In Britain the influence of the great German writers was continuous, and it was championed by Carlyle and Matthew Arnold. Subject nations, in particular the Italians, were a sympathetic theme for prose and verse. The Brownings, Swinburne, Morris, and Meredith were deeply absorbed in the long struggle of the followers of Garibaldi and Cavour; and when Italian freedom was gained the rejoicings were genuine.

6.The Achievement of the Age. With all its immense production, the age produced no supreme writer. It revealed no Shakespeare, no Shelley, nor (in the international sense) a Byron or a Scott. The general literary level was, however, very high; and it was an age, moreover, of spacious intellectual horizons, noble endeavour, and bright aspirations.)

POETS

I. Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-92)

1. His Life. Alfred Tennyson, the son of a clergyman, was born at his father's living at Somersby in Lincolnshire. After some schooling at Louth, which was not agreeable to him, he proceeded to Cambridge (1828). At the university he was a wholly conventional person", and the only mark he made was to win the Chancellor's Medal,for a poem on Timbuctoo. He left Cambridge without taking a degree; but before doing "so he published a small volume of mediocre verse During the next twenty years he passed a tranquil existence, living chiefly with his parents, and writing much poetry Pleasant jaunts--to the Lake District, to Stratford-on-Avon. and other places--varied his peaceful life, and' all the while his fame as a poet was making headway. In 1844 he lost most of his small means in an unlucky speculation, but in the nick of time (1845) he received a Government pension. He was appointed Poet Laureate (1850) in succession to Wordsworth, married, and removed (1853) to Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, which was his home for the

next twenty years. In his later years recognition and applause came increasingly upon him, and he was regarded as the greatest poet of his day. In 1884 he was created a baron, sat in the House of Lords, and for a time took himself rather seriously as a politician, falling out with Gladstone over the Irish question. He died at Aldworth, near Haslemere, in Surrey, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

2. His Poetry. When he was seventeen years old Tennyson collaborated with his elder brother Charles in *Poems by Two Brothers* (1827): The volume is a slight one, but in the light of his later work we can already discern a little of the Tennysonian metrical aptitude and descriptive power. His prize poem of *Timbuctoo* (1829) is not much better than the usual prize poem. His *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical* (1830), published while he was an undergraduate, are yet immature, but in pieces like *Isabel* and *Madeline* the pictorial effect and the sumptuous imagery of his maturer style are already conspicuous.

His volume *of Poems* (1833), which is often referred to as *Poems*-(1832), because, in spite of its official title, it appeared in December of the earlier year, is of a different quality, and marks a decided advance. It contains such notable poems as *The Lady of Shalott, (Enone, The Lotos-Eaters,* and *The Palace of Art,* in which we see the Tennysonian technique approaching perfection. Then in 1842 he produced two volumes "of poetry that set him once and for all among the greater poets of his day. The first volume consists mainly of revised forms of some of the numbers published previously, the second is entirely new. It opens with *Morte d''Arthur,* and contains *Ulysses, Lgcksley Hall,* and several other poems that stand at the summit of his achievement.

The later stages of his career are marked chiefly by much longer poems. *The Princess* (1847) is a serio-comic attempt to handle the theme that was then known as 'the new woman.' For the sake of his story Tennyson imagines a ladies' academy with a mutinously intellectual princess at the head of it. For a space a tragedy seems imminent, but in the end all is well, for the Princess is married to the blameless hero. The poem is in blank verse, but interspersed are several singularly beautiful lyrics. The humour is heavy, but many of the descriptions are as rich and wonderful as any Tennyson ever attempted.

In Memoriam (1850) caused a great stir when it first appeared. It is a very long series of meditations upon the death of Arthur Henry Hallam, Tennyson's college friend, who died at Vienna in 1833. Tennyson brooded over the subject for years; and upon this elegiac

theme he imposed numerous meditations on life and death, showing how these subjects were affected by the new theories of the day. For the first, and probably the only, time, Tennyson's feelings were stirred and troubled. The result was the most deeply emotional, and probably the greatest, poetry he ever produced. The poem is adorned with many beautiful sketches of English scenery; -and the metre--now called the *In Memoriam* metre--which is quite rare, is deftly managed.

Maud and Other Poems (1855) was received with amazement by the public. The chief poem is called a 'monodrama'; it consists of a series of lyrics which reflect the love and hatred, the hope and despair, of a lover who slays his mistress's brother, and then flies broken to France. The whole tone of the work is forced and fevered, auu of war and bloodshed. It does not add to Tennyson's fame.

In 1859, 1869, and 1889 Tennyson issued a series of *Idylls of the King,* which had considered and attempted a great theme that Milton abandoned--that of King Arthur and the Round Table. Many doting admirers saw in the *Idylls* an allegory of the soul of man; but in effect Tennyson drew largely upon the simple tales of Malory, stripping them of their "bold bawdry" to please his public, and covering them with a thick coating of his delicate and detailed ornamentation. It is doubtful if this unnatural compound of Malory-Tennyson is quite a happy one, but we do obtain much blank verse of noble and sustained power.

The only other poem of any length is *Enoch Arden* (1864), which became the most popular of all, and found its way in translation into foreign languages. The plot is cheap enough, dealing with a seaman, supposedly drowned, who returns and, finding his wife happily married to another man, regretfully retires without making himself known. The tale, as ever, is rich with Tennysonian adornment. In particular there is a description of the tropical island where Enoch is wrecked that is among the highest flights of the poet:

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coiled around the stately stems, and ran 1
Even to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he taw; but what he fain had seen

He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef.

His last poems contain a harsher note, as if old age had brought disillusion and a peevish discontent with the pleasant artifices that had graced his prime. Even" the fater instalments of the *Idylls of the King* contain jarring notes, and are often fretful and unhappy in tone. Among the shorter poems, *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After* (1886) and *The Death of CEnone* (1892) are sad echoes of the sumptuous imaginings of the years preceding 1842.

3.His Plays. Tennyson's dramas occupied his later years. He wrote three historical plays--*Quegn Mary* (1875), *Harold (1876).* and *Becket* (1884). The last, owing chiefly to the exertions of Sir Henry Irving, the actor-manager, was quite a stage success. None, however, rank high as real dramatic efforts, though they show much care and skill. *The Falcon* (1879) is a comedy based on a story from Boccaccio; *The Cup* (1881) is based on a story from Plutarch, and scored a success, also through the skill of Irving. *The Foresters* (1892), dealing with the familiar Robin Hood theme, was produced in America.

4.His Poetical Characteristics, *(a) His Choice of Subject.* Tennyson's earliest instincts, as seen in the volumes 'of1830, 1833, and 1842, led him to the lyric and legendary narrative as his principal themes, and these he handled with a skill and artistry which he rarely surpassed. Already, however, in the 1842 volume, there are signs of the ethical interest which was to be the mainspring of his later work. As a thinker, Tennyson lacked depth and originality. He was content to mirror the feelings and aspirations of his time, and his didactic work lacks the burning fire which alone can transform the didactic into truly great art. The requirements of his office as Poet Laureate led to the production of a number of occasional poems which have caused him to be. described, contemptuously, as the newspaper of his age. Of them, all that need be said here is that it is surprising that they are as good as they are. For the rest, with notable exceptions such as *Ulysses* and *In Memoriam,* Tennyson's poems are best when he reverts to the lyric or narrative themes which were his original inspiration.

(b) His Craftsmanship. No one can deny the great care and skill shown in Tennyson work. His method of producing poetry was slowly to evolve the lines in his mind, commit them to paper, and to

revise them till they were as near perfection as he could make them. Consequently we have a high level of poetical artistry. No one excels Tennyson in the deft application of sound to sense and in the subtle and pervading employment of alliteration and vowel-music. such passages as this abound in his work:

Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.
The Princess

This is perhaps not the highest poetry, but shows only a kind of manual, or rather aural, dexterity; yet as Tennyson employs it it is effective to a degree.
His excellent craftsmanship is also apparent in his handling of English metres, in which he is a tireless experimenter. In blank verse he is not so varied and powerful as Shakespeare, nor so majestical as Milton, but in the skill of his workmanship and in his wealth of diction he falls but little short of these great masters.
(c)His pictorial *Quality.* In this respect Tennyson follows the example of keats. Nearly all Tennyson's poems, even the simplest, abound in ornate description of najural and other sceaes. His method is to seize upon appropriate details, dress them in expressive and musical phrases, and thus throw a glistening image before the reader's eye:

The silk star-broider'd coverlid
Unto her limbs itself doth moul
Languidly ever; and, amid
Her full black ringlets downward rolled, ,
Glows forth each softly-shadowed arm
With bracelets of the diamond bright: Her constant beauty doth inform
Stillness with love, and day with light.
The Day-Dream

Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd
'The knolls once more where, couched at ease,
The white kine glimmered, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field:

And sucked from out the distant gloom
A breeze began to tremble o'er
The large leaves of the sycamore,
And fluctuate all the still perfume.
In Memoriam

Such passages as these reveal Tennyson at his best; but once again the doubt arises as to whether they represent the highest poetry. They show care of observation and a studious loveliness of epithet; but they lack the intense insight, the ringing and romantic note, of the best efforts of Keats.

d)Tennyson's *lyrical quality* is somewhat uneven. The slightest of his pieces, like *The Splendour Falls,* are musical and attractive; but on the whole his nature was too self-conscious and perhaps his life too regular and prosperous, to provide a background for the true lyrical intensity of emotion. Once or twice, as in the wonder ful *Break, break, break* and *Crossing the Bar,* he touches real greatness:

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Seal
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still I

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Seal But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

This lyric has a brevity, unity, and simple earnestness of emotion that make it truly great.

e)The extracts already given have sufficiently revealed the qualities of his *style.* It can be quite simple, as in *The Brook* and *Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue;* but his typical style shows a slow and somewhat sententious progress, heavy with imagery and all the other devices of the poetical artist. In particular he is an adept at coining phrases--"jewels five words long," as he himself aptly expressed it; and he is almost invariably happy in his choice of epithet. _

f)His *reputation* has already declined from the idolatry in which he was held when he was alive. He himself foresaw "the clamour

and the cry" that was bound to arise after his death. To his con temporaries he was a demigod; but younger men strongly assailed his patent literary mannerisms, his complacent acceptance of the evils of his time, his flattery of the great, and his somewhat arrogant assumption of the airs of immortality. Consequently for twenty years after his death his reputation suffered considerably. Once more reaction has set in, and his detractors have modified their attitude. He is not a supreme poet; and whether he will maintain the primacy among the singers of his own generation, as he un doubtedly did during his lifetime, remains to be seen; but, after all deductions are made, his high place in the Temple of Fame is assured.

II. Robert Browning (1812-89)

1. His Life. Browning was born at Camberwell, his father being connected with the Bank of England. The future poet was educated semi-privately, and from an early age he was free to follow his inclination toward studying unusual subjects. As a child he was precocious, and began to write poetry at the age of twelve. Of his predecessors Shelley in particular influenced his mind, which was unformed and turbulent at this time with the growing power within. After a brief course at University College Browning for a short period travelled in Russia (1833); then he lived in London, where he became acquainted with some of the leaders of the literary and theatrical worlds. In 1834 he paid his first visit to Italy, a country which was for him a fitful kind of home. In 1845 he visited Elizabeth Barrett, the poetess, whose works had strongly attracted him. A mutual liking ensured, and then, after a private marriage, a sort of elopement followed, to escape the anger of the wife's stern
parent. The remainder of Browning's life was occupied with journeys between England and France and Italy, and with much poetical activity. His wife died at Florence in 1861, leaving one son. Browning thereupon left the city for good and returned to England, though in 1878 he went back once more to Italy. His works, after suffering much neglect, were now being appreciated, and in 1882
Oxford conferred upon him the degree of D.C.L. He died in Italy, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

2. His Poems and Plays. His first work of any importance is
Pauline(1833), an introspective poem, which shows very strongly
the influence of Shelley, whom, at this period, Browning held in
great reverence. *Paracelsus* (1835), the story of the hero's unquenchable

thirst for that breadth of knowledge which is beyond the grasp of one man, brings to the fore Browning's predominant ideas--that a life without love must be a failure, and that God is working all things to an end beyond human divining. The style of the poem is diffuse, but the blank verse contains many passages of great beauty and is interspersed with one or two charming lyrics:

Thus the Mayne glideth
Where my love abideth.
Sleep's no softer: it proceeds
On through lawns, on through meads
On and on, whate'er befall,
Meandering and musical,
Though the niggard pasturage
Bears not on its shaven ledge
Aught but weeds and waving grasses
To view the river as it passes,
Save here and there a scanty patch
Of primroses too faint to catch
A weary bee.

His next work was the play *Strafford* (1837), which was produced by the actor Macready, and which achieves real pathos toward the close. *Sordello* (1840), an attempt to decide the relationship between art and life, is Browning's most obscure work. The story of the hero, a Mantuan troubadour, is cumbered with a mass of detailed historical allusion, and the style, in spite of occasional passages of descriptive beauty, is too compressed.
-. It is convenient next to deal with the entire group of eight volumes, which, published separately from 1841 onward, were collected in one volume as *Bells and Pomegranates* in 1846. In addition to two collections of lyrical and narrative poems, this series included six plays, *Pippa Passes* (1841), *King Victor and King Charles* (1842), *The Return of the Druses* (1843), *A Blot on the 'Scutcheon* (1843), *Colombe's Birthday* (1844), *Luria; and a Soul's Tragedy* (1846). None of these is without its moments of drama, and they all show considerable spirit in their style. *Pippa Passes,* which was not intended for the stage, has an idyllic charm, and it contains fine songs. But Browning (lacks the fundamental qualities of the dramatist?) His amazingly subtle analysis of character and motive is not adequate for true drama because he cannot reveal character in action. His method is to take a character at a moment of crisis and, by allowing him to talk, to reveal not only his present thoughts **and** feelings **but** his past history.
Dramatic Lyrics **(1842) and**

Dramatic Romances and Lyrics (1845) show this faculty being directed into the channel in which it was to achieve perfection--that of the dramatic monologue. In the latter volume appeared *The Italian in England, The Bishop orders his Tomb at Saint Praxed's,* and *Pictor Ignotus* among many others.[1] *Dramatic Lyrics* consists mainly of lyrics, such as *Cavalier Tunes,* and, most striking of all, those-love lyrics which, though impersonal, were really the fruit of his happy marriage with Elizabeth Barrett. Of the love lyrics of this period *Meeting at Night* is typical:

The grey sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
 And the startled little waves that leap
 In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
 As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
 Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
 A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
 And blue spurt of a lighted match,
 And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears,
 Than the two hearts beating each to each!

Now at the height of his powers, Browning produced some of his best work in *Men and Women* (1855), which, with the exception of the dedicatory *One Word More,* addressed to his wife, consists entirely of dramatic monologues. Here are to be found the famous *Fra Lippo Lippi, An Epistle containing the strange Medical Experience of Karshish, the Arab Physician, Andrea del Sarto, Cleon.* Most of them are written in blank verse. The year 1864 saw the publication of his last really great volume, *Dramatis Personа,* again a collection of dramatic monologues. To illustrate their quality mention need be made of only such works as *Caliban upon Setebos, A Death in the Desert, Rabbi Ben Ezra,* and *Abt Vogler.* In style the poems have much of the rugged, elliptical quality which was on occasion the poet's downfall, but here it is used with a skill and a power which show him at the very pinnacle of his achievement.
The Ring and the Book (1868-69) is the story of the murder of a young wife, Pompilia, by her worthless husband, in the year 1698,

[1] Note: In the case of this, and the next two volumes, the poems mentioned originally appeared in the collections indicated. In some cases they were transferred to other volumes when Browning redistributed his poems in 1868.

and the same story is told by nine different people, and continues for twelve books. The result is a monument of masterly discursiveness.

The remaining years of Browning's long life saw the production of numerous further volumes of verse, few of which add greatly to his fame. To-day they are read by none but his most confirmed admirers. *Balaustion's Adventure* (1871), *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau, Saviour of Society* (1871), *Fifine at the Fair* (1872), *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country* (1873), *The Inn Album* (1875), *La Saisiaz, The Two Poets of Croisic* (1878), *Jocoseria* (1883), *Ferishtah's Fancies* (1884), and *Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in their Day* (1887), all suffer from the writer's obsession with thought content, and the psychologizing of his characters at the expense of the poetry. In too many of them the style betrays a wilful exaggeration of the eccentricities which he had once turned to such great account,~but always the reader is liable to stumble across passages which, in striking lanscape oi lovely lyric, show that the true poetic gift is not completely absent.

His long life's work has a powerful close in *Asolando.* (1889), which, along with much of the tired disillusion of the old man, has, in places, the firmness and enthusiasm of his prime. The last verses he ever wrote describe himself in the character he most loved to adopt:

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break, Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph.
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's worktime
Greet the unseen with a cheer! Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry, "Speed,--fight on, fare ever There as here!"

3. Features of his Work, *(a) His Choice of Subject.* Browning's themes divide themselves broadly into three groups(philosophical or religious, love, and lighter themes) as in *The Pied Piper of Hamelin.* His philosophical poems, on which his reputation rested in his own day, all bear on his central beliefs that life must ever be a striving **for** something beyond our reach, and that it is "God's task to make the heavenly period perfect the earthen." The obvious optimism of

What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me.

has been resented by more modern critics as a facile shirking of life's complexities. His love poems are, perhaps, his greatest achievement. They have a calm authenticity of tone.
Always, his first concern was with the human soul. He was particularly interested in abnormal people, and was able to project himself into their minds and to lay bare their feelings and motives. Yet his characters are not often completely objective.because so many of them are mouthpieces for his own philosophy.
He shows a fondness, too, for out-of-the-way historical settings and for foreign scenes, which, at his best, as in *The Bishop ordders his Tomb at Saint Praxed's* and *Karshish,* are recreated with a vivid accuracy. Along with this interest in the unusual goes an obvious relish for the grotesque and macabre, which is seen at its most striking in *Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came:*

Which, while I forded--good saints, how I feared
To set my foot upon a dead man's cheek,
Each step, or feel the spear I thrust to seek
For hollows, tangled in his hair or beard I
--It may have been a water-rat I speared,
But, ugh! it sounded like a baby's shriek.

c)*His Style.* Browning's style has been the subject of endless discussion, for it presents a fascinating problem. Attempts to elucidate his more obscure passages have sometimes led to a neglect of his very real poetic qualities. At his worst, his poems are a series of bewildering mental acrobatics, expressed in a wilfully harsh rhythm and vocabulary. At his best he can achieve a noble dignity, and a verbal music as good as anything produced by that master of melody, Tennyson. Above all, his verse reflects the abundant vitality of his character. He is master of a surprising variety of metrical forms and excels in the manipulation of rhythmic effects. In his greatest work even the notorious rugged angularity of his phrasing and vocabulary is turned to account, and produces a beauty peculiarly its own. The following extracts will suffice to show, in the first instance, his rhythmic and melodic skill, in the second, the fine effect which can be achieved by the rugged style which only too often could deteriorate into mere eccentricity.

And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down to hell, Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things,
Then up again swim into sight, having based me my palace well, Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs.

And another would mount and march, like the excellent minion he was. Ay, another and yet another, one crowd but with many a crest, Raising my rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass,
Eager to do and die, yield each his place to the rest: For higher still and higher (as a runner tips with fire, When a great illumination surprises a festal night-- Outlining round and round Rome's dome from space to spire) Up, the pinnacled glory reached, and the pride of my soul was in sight.
Abt Vogler

Let us begin and carry up this corpse,
Singing together. Leave we the common crofts, the vulgar thorpes,
Each in its tether Sleeping safe on the bosom of the plain,
Cared-for till cock-crow: Look out if yonder be not day again
Rimming the rock-row! That's the appropriate country; there, man's thought,
Rarer, intenser, Self-gathered for an outbreak, as it ought,
Chafes in the censer!
A Grammarian's Funeral

d)*His Descriptive Power.* In this respect Browning differs widely from Tennyson, who slowly creates a lovely image by careful massing of detail. Browning cares less for beauty of description for its own sake. In most of his work it is found only in flashes, where he paints the background of his story in a few dashing strokes, or crystallizes his meaning in an image whose beauty staggers us. He is fond of striking primary colours which startle by their very vividness, and as a painter of movement he has few equals. The passages which follow show two very different examples of his descriptive skill:

Yon otter, sleek-wet, black, lithe as a leech;
Yon auk, one fire-eye in a ball of foam,
That floats and feeds; a certain badger brown
He hath watched hunt with that slant white-wedge eye
By moonlight; and the pie with the long tongue
That pricks deep into oakwarts for a 'worm,
And says a plain word when she finds her prize.
Caliban upon Setebos

Cleon the poet, (from the sprinkled isles,
Lily on lily, that o'erlace the sea,
And laugh their pride when the light wave lisps 'Greece')--
To Protos in his Tyranny: much health!

'"hey give thy letter to me, even now:
I read and seem as if I heard thee speak.
The master of thy galley still unlades
Gift after gift; they block my court at last
And pile themselves along its portico
Royal with sunset, like a thought of thee:
And one white she-slave from the group dispersed
Of black and white slaves, (like the chequer-work
Pavement, at once my nation's work and gift,
Now covered with this settle-down of doves)
One lyric woman, in her crocus vest
Woven of sea-wools, with her two white hands
Commends to me the strainer and the cup
Thy lip hath bettered ere it blesses mine.
Cleon

e)*His Reputation.* Recognition was slow in coming, but, like Wordsworth, he lived to see his name-established high among his fellows. He wrote too freely, and often too carelessly and perversely, and much of his work will pass into oblivion. His fame now rests on those four volumes, published between 1842 and 1864, which contain his love lyrics and dramatic monologues. No more is needed to place him among the truly great.

OTHER POETS

1. Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806-61), whose maiden name was Elizabeth Barrett, was the daughter of a West India planter, and was born at Durham. She began to write poems at the age of eight; her first published work worth mentioning was *An Essay on Mind; with Other Poems* (1826), which is of slight importance. When she was about thirty years old delicate health prostrated her, and for the rest of her life she was almost an invalid. In 1846, when she was forty, she and Robert Browning were married, and stole off to Italy, where they made Florence their headquarters. She was a woman of acute sensibilities, and was fervid in the support of many good causes, one of which was the attainment of Italian independence. On the death of Wordsworth in 1850 it was suggested that the Laureateship should be conferred upon her, but the project fell through. After a very happy married life she died at Florence.
Only the chief of her numerous poetical works can be mentioned here. After her first work noted above there was a pause of nine years; then appeared *Prometheus Bound*' (1833). Other works are *The Seraphim and Other Poems* (1838), *Sonnets from the Portuguese*

(1847), *Casa Guidi Windows* (1851), *Aurora Leigh* (1857), an immense poem in blank verse, and *Last Poems* (1862). She wrote many of her shorter pieces for magazines, the most important contributions being *The Cry of the Children* (1841) for *Blackwood"s* and *A Musical Instrument* (1860) for the *Comhill.* As a narrative poet Mrs Browning is a comparative failure, for in method she is discursive and confused, but she has command of a sweet, clear, and often passionate style. She has many slips of taste, and .her desire for elevation sometimes leads her into what Rossetti called "falsetto masculinity," a kind of hysterical bravado. Metrical faults and bad rhymes mar much of her verse, but in the intimate and ardent *Sonnets from the Portuguese,* on which her fame now rests, the form necessarily restricts her discursiveness, and her love for Robert Browning shines clear.

2. **Matthew Arnold (1822-88)** was a writer of many activities, but it is chiefly as a poet and critic that he now holds his place in literature. He was the son of the famous headmaster of Rugby, and was educated at Winchester, Rugby, and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he gained the Newdigate Prize for poetry. Subsequently he became a Fellow of Oriel College (1845). In 1851 he was appointed an inspector of schools, and proved to be a capable official. His life was busily uneventful, and in 1883 he resigned, receiving a pension from the Government. Less than five years afterwards he died suddenly of heart disease.

His poetical works are not very bulky. *The Strayed Reveller, and Other Poems* (1849) appeared under the *nam de plume* of 'A,' as did *Empedocles on Etna, and Other Poems* (1852). Then followed *Poems* (1853), with its famous critical preface, and *New Poems* (1867). None of these volumes is of large size, though much of the content is of a high quality. For subject Arnold is fond of classical themes, to which he gives a meditative and even melancholy cast common in modern compositions. In some of the poems--as, for example, in the nobly pessimistic *The Scholar-Gipsy*--he excels in the description of typical English scenery. In style he has much of the classical stateliness and more formal type of beauty, but he can be graceful and charming, with sometimes the note of real passion. His meditative poetry, like *Dover Beach* and *A Summer Night,* resembles that of Gray in its subdued melancholy resignation, but all his work is careful, scholarly, and workmanlike.

His prose works are large in bulk and wide in range. Of them all his critical essays are probably of the highest value. *Essays in*

Criticism (1865 and 1889) contains the best of his critical work, which is marked by wide reading and careful thought. His judgment, usually admirably sane and measured, is sometimes distorted a little by his views on life and politics. Nevertheless he ranks as one of the great English literary critics. As in his poetry, he shows himself to be the apostle of sanity and culture. He advocates a broad, cosmopolitan view of European literature as a basis for comparative judgments, and attacks 'provincialism' and lack of real knowledge. His style is perfectly lucid, easy and rhythmical, and not without a certain elegance and distinction. Arnold also 'wrote freely upon theological and political themes, but these were largely topics of the day, and his works on such subjects have no great permanent value. His best books of this class are *Culture and Anarchy* (1869) and *Literature and Dogma* (1873).

3. Edward Fitzgerald (1809-83). Born near Woodbridge, in Suffolk, Edward Fitzgerald was educated at the Grammar School, Bury St Edmunds, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1830. After this time he spent most of his life in Suffolk and was something of a recluse. However, be had many friends among the literary figures of his day, including Tennyson, Thackeray, and Carlyle.

Like Thomas Gray, he lives in general literature by one poem. This, after long neglect, came to be regarded as one of the great things in English literature. In 1859 he issued the *Rubqiydt* of the early Persian poet Omar Khayyam. His version Is a very free translation, cast into curious four-lined stanzas, which have an extraordinary cadence, rugged yet melodious, strong yet sweet. The feeling expressed in the verses, with much energy and picturesque effect, is stoical resignation. Fitzgerald also wrote a prose dialogue of much beauty called *Euphranor: a Dialogue on Youth* (1851); and his surviving letters testify to his quiet and caustic humour.

4. Arthur Hugh Clougb (1819-61) was born at Liverpool, and educated at Rugby, where Dr Arnold made a deep impression upon his mind. He proceeded to Oxford, where, like his friend Matthew Arnold, he later became a Fellow of Oriel College. He travelled much, and then became Warden of University Hall, London. This post he soon resigned, and some public appointments followed. He died at Florence, after a long pilgrimage to restore his failing health. His death was bewailed by Arnold in his beautiful elegy *Thyrsis.*

Clough's first long poem was *The Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich* (1848), which is written in rough classical hexameters and contains

some fine descriptions of the Scottish Highlands. He wrote little else of much value. His *Amours de Voyage* (1849) is also in hexameters; *Dipsychus* (1850) is a meditative poem. His poetry is charged with much of the deep-seated unrest and despondency that mark the work of Arnold. His lyrical gift is not great, but once at least, in the powerful *Say not the Struggle Naught Availeth,* he soared into greatness.

5. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-82) was born at Port land, Maine, and came of Yorkshire stock. He began to publish poetry when he was thirteen years old. After studying at Bowdoin College he travelled abroad to equip himself for the work of professor of modern languages at his college, a post which he accepted in 1829. In 1836 he was appointed to a similar position at Harvard, and more travelling followed. He resigned this professorship in 1854 in order to devote himself entirely to poetry, of which he had already produced a large amount.

In this place we have space to mention only the most important of his works. Such are *Outre-Mer. A Pilgrimage beyond the Sea* (1834-35), based upon his earliest travels; *Voices of the Night* (1839), a collection that includes some of his best shorter poems; *Evangeline* (1847), a tragical story of the early colonial days, written in smooth and melodious hexameters; *The Song of Hiawatha* (1855), a collection of Indian folk-tales, written in unrhymed octosyllabic verse; *The Courtship of Miles Standish* (1858); and *Tales of a Wayside Inn* (1863).

Longfellow was always a careful and assiduous poet, ranging over a great variety of subjects, but in his anxiety to excel in all branches of poetry he wrote too much, and thereby the general level of his poetry was lowered. His narrative power is quite considerable, and his descriptions, especially those of his native country, have grace and fidelity. He lacks, however, the fine fury and the high energy of style that distinguish the great poet. His lyrics are numerous, melodious, and often marked by true feeling, but they have not the demonic qualities that are necessary to place them in the front rank.

6. Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-82) was born in London, the son of an Italian refugee who was professor of Italian at King's College, where Rossetti received his early education. He began to compose poetry by the time he was six, and later studied drawing at the Royal Academy School (1846). Shortly after this (1848) he met Holman Hunt, Ford Madox Brown, and the painter Millais, with whom he formed the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. Ruskin, Swinburne, -

and William Morris were among his later friends, and Ruskin was of considerable financial assistance to him. Toward the close of his life he became a chloral addict, and, though he eventually broke himself of the habit, its effect upon his health was such that in 1872 his sanity was in question. He died near Margate.

The eldest of the Pre-Raphaelite school of artists and poets, Rossetti was himself both painter and poet. In art, as in poetry, he broke away from convention when he saw fit. His poetical works are small in bulk, consisting of two slight volumes, *Poems* (1870) and *Ballads and Sonnets* (1881).

Of the high quality of these poems there can be little question. With a little more breadth of view, and with perhaps more of the humane element in him, he might have found a place among the very highest. For he had real genius, and in *The Blessed Damozel* his gifts are fully displayed: a gift for description of almost uncanny splendour, a brooding and passionate introspection, often of a religious nature, and a verbal beauty as studied and melodious as that of Tennyson--less certain and decisive perhaps, but surpassing that of the older poet in unearthly suggestiveness. In his ballads, like *Rose Mary* and *Troy Town,* the same powers are apparent, though in a lesser degree; these have in addition a power of narrative that is only a very little short of the greatest.

7. Christina Georgina Rossetti (1830-94) was a younger sister of the poet last named, and survived him by some years. Her life was uneventful, like her brother's, and was passed chiefly in London.

Her bent was almost entirely lyrical, and was shown in *Goblin Market and other poems* (1864), *The Prince's Progress and other poems* (1866), *A Pageant and other poems* (1881), and *Verses* (1893). Another volume, called *New Poems* (1896), was published after her death, and contains much excellent early work. Her poetry, perhaps less impressive than that of her brother in its descriptive passages, has a purer lyrical note of deep and sustained passion, with a some-what larger command of humour, The mainspring of her inspiration was religion. On religious themes she writes with a transparent simplicity of tone and language and a great variety of metrical and melodic effects.

8. William Morris (1834-96) produced a great amount of poetry, and was one of the most conspicuous figures in mid-Victorian literature. He was born near London, the son of a wealthy merchant, and was educated at Marlborough and Oxford. His wealth, freeing him from the drudgery of a profession, permitted him to take a lively

and practical interest in the questions of his day. Upon art, education, politics, and social problems his great energy and powerful mind led him to take very decided views, sometimes of an original nature. Here we are concerned only with his achievement in literature.

The bulk of Morris's poetry was written during the first forty-five years of his life. *The Defence of Guenevere and Other Poems* (1858) shows his love of beauty of colour, sound, and scenery, and his passion for the medieval. In construction the poems of this volume are often faulty, and in style they have an abrupt roughness which is not seen in his later work. *The Life and Death of Jason* (1867), a heroic poem on a familiar theme, is told in smooth, easy couplets, and has the melancholy tone so common in Morris. *The Earthly Paradise* (1868-70) is a collection of tales, some classical, some medieval. In language and the predominance of the couplet they show the influence of Chaucer, though the languid harmony of Morris contrasts strongly with the racy vitality of his model. The best poetry in this work is to be found in the interspersed lyrics. His finest long narrative poem, *The Story of Sigurd the Volsung and the Fall of the Niblungs* (1877), is based on the Norse sagas, and has great vigour of language and rhythm, combined with fine descriptive passages. *Poems by the Way* (1891) contains some good miscellaneous pieces.

The literary production of the second part of Morris's life consisted mainly of prose romances, lectures, and articles. The best of his lectures are to be found in *Hopes and Fears for Art* (1882) and *Signs of Change* (1888), and his socialist political hopes for the regeneration of English life find their fullest expression in *A Dream of John Ball* (1888) and *News from Nowhere* (1891). These same aspirations are always felt in the prose romances to which he devoted the last years of his life. Among them are *A Tale of the House of the Wolfings* (1889), *The Roots of the Mountains* (1890), *The Story of the Glittering Plain* (1891), and *The Sundering Flood* (1898).

Morris's work reflects several strong influences: the interest in the medieval which drew him into the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood; his reverence for Chaucer; his love of Icelandic saga, which combined with Chaucer to give his style an archaic flavour; and his socialist idealism. Like Rossetti, he had the artist's passion for beauty, which finds its best expression in his fine English landscapes and the rich, tapestried descriptions of his narrative poems. In style

he was smoothly melodious, often to the point of monotony, and the dominant mood of his work is a dreamy melancholy.

9. Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837-1909) had a long life, and his poetical work was in proportion to it. Born in London, of aristocratic lineage, he was educated at Eton and Oxford. He left Oxford (1860) without taking a degree, and for the rest of his life wrote voluminously, if not always judiciously. He was a man of quick attachments and violent antagonisms, and these features of his character did much to vitiate some of his prose criticisms, of which he wrote a large number. A life of dissipation impaired his health, and in his later years, from 1879 onward, he lived in the care of his friend Theodore Watts-Dunton at Putney Hill, where he died.

Atalanta in Calydon (1865), an attempt at an English version of an ancient Greek tragedy, was his first considerable effort in poetic form, and it attracted notice at once. At a bound the young poet had attained to a style of his own: tuneful and impetuous movement, a cunning metrical craftsmanship, and a mastery of melodious diction. The excess of these virtues was also its bane, leading to diffuseness, breathlessness, and incoherence. *Poems and Ballads* (1866), a second extraordinary book, was, owing to its choice of unconventional subjects, criticized as being wicked. In it the Swinburnian features already mentioned are revealed in a stronger fashion. Only a few of his later poetical works can be mentioned here: *Songs before Sunrise* (1871), a collection of poems chiefly in praise of Italian liberty, some of them of great beauty; *Erechtheus* (1876), a further and less successful effort at Greek tragedy; and *Tristram and Other Poems* (1882), a narrative of much passion and force, composed in the heroic couplet. Some of his shorter poems were reproduced in two further series of *Poems and Ballads* in 1878 and 1889, but they are inferior to those of his prime.

Swinburne wrote a large number of plays, of which the most noteworthy are *The Queen Mother and Rosamond* (1860), with which he began his career as an author; three plays on the subject of Mary Queen of Scots, called *Chastelard* (1865), *Bothwell* (1874), and *Mary Stuart* (1881); *Locrine* (1887); and *The Sisters* (1892). The gifts of Swinburne are lyrical rather than dramatic, and his tragedies, like those of most of his contemporaries, are only of literary importance. His blank verse is strongly phrased, and in drama his diffuseness--that desire for mere sound and speed which was his greatest weakness--has little scope

Throughout his life Swinburne produced & steady stream of critical works, which range over a wide field of literature. In not a few his evaluation of a writer was distorted by violent personal prejudice or approval, as in the cases of Landor and Hazlitt. But for the most part he shows a keen discrimination and a sureness of taste, which combine with his gift for impassioned, almost lyrical, elucidation of the beauties of great works to give the best of his utterances a permanent value. He is probably most successful in his studies of the Elizabethan or Jacobean dramatists or the English lyric poets. Among his most famous books are *William Blake* (1868), *A Study of Shakespeare* (1880), and *A Study of Ben Jonson* (1889).

10. Arthur Edgar O'Shaughnessy (1844-81) was born in London, of Irish descent. In 1861 he joined the staff of the British Museum Library, where a promising, career was cut short by his early death. He wrote little, and his books came close upon each other: *An Epic of Women, and Other Poems* (1870), *Lays of France* (1872), *Music and Moonlight* (1874), and *Songs of a Worker* (1881), the last appearing after his death. His longer poems have a certain haziness and incoherence, but the shorter pieces have a musical and attractive style and a certain half-mystical wistfulness. His ode beginning "We are the music-makers" is often quoted, and other poems quite as good are *A Neglected Heart* and *Exile.*

, 11. Walt Whitman (1819-92) is perhaps the most individual literary figure that America has yet produced. He was born on Long Island, New York, but when quite young removed to Brooklyn, where in turn he was printer, school-teacher, journalist, and publisher. He was a middle-aged man when the publication of his poems drew the attention of the public to him. In 1862 he served as a voluntary worker in a soldiers' hospital, and shortly afterward a, public appointment followed, but it was soon relinquished. He died at Camden, New Jersey.

His first important work was *Leaves of Grass* (1855), and a startling work it was. In its first edition it was a collection of twelve poems, treating of large and elemental subjects, and expressed with a megaphonic energy and unblenching audacity that quite shocked the sensitive minds of the time. The poems, of which the chief aim was to preach the glory of the common man, were written in *vers libre* of much force and confidence. Stripped bare of all the conventional ornaments of poetry, they make use of the idioms and rhythms of everyday speech. His other work, *Drum Taps* (1866), was inspired by his hospital experience. In spite of his lapses of

taste and strenuous egotism, Whitman was a great and original poet, whose technique was to exert considerable influence upon the poetry of the coming age.

NOVELISTS

I. Charles Dickens (1812-70)

1. His Life. (Dickens was born near Portsea, where his father was a clerk in the Navy Pay Office, Charles, the second of eight children, was a delicate child, and much of his boyhood was spent at home, where he read the novels of Smollett, Fielding, and Le Sage.) The works of these writers were to influence his own novels very deeply. At an early age also he became very fond of the theatre, a fondness that remained with him all his life, and affected his novels to a great extent. In 1823 the Dickens family removed to London, where the father, an improvident man of the Micawber type, soon drew them into money difficulties. The schooling of Charles, which had all along been desultory enough, was temporarily suspended. The boy for a time worked in a blacking factory while his father was an inmate of the debtors' prison of the Marshalsea. After a year or so financial matters improved; the education of Charles was resumed; then in 1827 he entered the office of an attorney, and in time became an expert shorthand-writer. This proficiency led (1832) to an appointment as reporter on the evening paper the *True Sun,* and later (1834) on *The Morning Chronicle.* In this capacity he did much travelling by stage-coach, during which a keen eye and a retentive memory stored material to exploit a greatness yet undreamed of. Previously, in 1833, some articles which he called *Sketches by Boz* had appeared in *The Monthly Magazine.* They were brightly written, and attracted some notice. In 1836 they were collected and published in two volumes. In 1836 Messrs Chapman and Hall, a firm of publishers, had agreed to produce in periodical form a series of sketches by Seymour, a popular black-and-white artist. The subjects were of a sporting and convivial kind, and to give them more general interest some story was needed to accompany them. Dickens was requested to supply the 'book,' and thus originated *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club* (1836-37). Before the issue of the second number of the prints Seymour committed suicide, and Hablot K. Browne, who adopted the name of' Phiz,' carried on the work. His illustrations are still commonly adopted for Dickens's books.

The Pickwick Papers was a great success; Dickens's fame was secure, and the rest of his life was that of a busy and successful novelist. He lived to enjoy a reputation that was unexampled, surpassing even that of Scott; for the appeal of Dickens was wider and more searching than that of the Scottish novelist. He varied his work with much travelling--among other places to America (1842), to Italy (1844), to Switzerland (1846), and again to America (1867). His popularity was exploited in journalism, for he edited *The Daily News* (1846), and founded *Household Words* (1849) and *All the Year Round* (1859). In 1858 Dickens commenced his famous series of public readings. These were actings rather than readings, for he chose some of the most violent or affecting scenes from his novels and presented them with full-blown histrionic effect. The readings brought him much money, but they wore him down physically. They were also given in America, with the greatest success. He died in. his favourite house, Gad's Hill Place, near Rochester, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

2. His *Novels.*[1] *Sketches by Boz* (1836) a series dealing with London life in the manner of Leigh Hunt is Interesting, but trifling when compared with *The Pickwick Papers* (1836), its successor. The plot of the latter book is rudimentary. In order to provide an occasion for Seymour's sketches Dickens hit upon the idea of a sporting club, to be called the Pickwick Club. As the book proceeds this idea is soon dropped, and the story becomes a kind of large and genial picaresque novel. The incidents are loosely connected and the chronology will no't bear close inspection, but in abundance of detail of a high quality, in vivacity of humour, in acute and accurate observation, the book is of the first rank. It is doubtful if Dickens ever improved upon it. Then, before *Pickwick .was* finished, *Oliver Twist* (1837) appeared piecemeal in *Bentley's Miscellany;* and *Nicholas Nickleby* (1838) was begun before the second novel had ceased to appear) The demand for Dickens's novels was now enormous, and he was assiduous in catering for his public. For his next novels he constructed a somewhat elaborate framework, calling the work *Master Humphreys Clock;* but he sensibly abandoned the notion, and the books appeared separately as *The Old' Ctirfbtfty Shop* (1840), which was an immense success, and *Barnaby Rudge* (1.841), a historical novel. In 1842 he sailed to America, where his

Note: With the exception of those for *Sketches by Boz, A Christmas Carol,* and *American Notes,* all the dates in this section are those on which serial publication of the works began.

experiences bore fruit in *American Notes* (1842) and *Martin Chuzzle- wit* (1843). These works were not complimentary to the Americans,and they brought him much unpopularity in the United States.*A Christmas Carol* (1843) and *Dombey and Son* (1846) appearednext,)the latter being written partly at Lausanne. Then in 1849 he started *David Copperfield,* which contains many of his personalexperiences and is often considered to be his masterpiece) thoughfor many critics *The Pickwick Papers* retains its primacy.(From this point onward a certain decline is, manifest. Most of his stories drag; his mannerisms become more apparent, and his splendid buoyancy is less visible. *(Bleak House* (1852) and *Hard Times* (1854) were written for his *Household Words; Little Dorrit* (1855) appeared in monthly parts; *A Tale of Two Cities*(*185*9) and *Great Expectations* (1860) were for *All the Year Round; After pro-*ducing *Our Mutual Friend* (1864) he paid his second visit to America, and was received very cordially. He returned to England, but did not live to finish *The Mystery of Edwin Drood,* which was appearing in monthly parts when he died.

3. Features of his Novels, *(a) Their Popularity.* At the age of twenty-six Dickens was a popular author. This was a happy state of affairs for him, and to his books it served as an ardent stimulus. But there were attendant disadvantages. The demand for his novels was so enormous that it often led to hasty and ill-considered work: to crudity of plot, to unreality of characters, and to looseness of style. It led also to the pernicious habit of issuing the stories in parts. This in turn resulted in much padding and in lopsidedness of construction. The marvellous thing is that with so strong a-temptation to slop-work he created books that were so rich and enduring.

(b) His Interest in Social Reform. Though Dickens's works embody no systematic social or political-theory, from the first he took himself very seriously as a social reformer. His novels aroused public interest in many of the evils of his day, among them boarding schools, in *Nicholas Nickleby,* the workhouses, in *Oliver Twist,* the new manufacturing system, in *Hard Times,* and the Court of Chancery, in *Bleak House* Deference to the fastidiousness of his public excluded the crudest realism from his pictures of poverty, and he seems to have built his hopes for improvement on the spread of the spirit of benevolence rather than upon political upheaval or formal legislation.In more ways than one his work suffered from his preoccupation with social problems.) To it can largely be attributed the poetic justice of the conclusions of many of his novels,

the exaggeration of such characters as the Gradgrinds, and **the** sentimental pictures of the poorer classes.

c)*His Imagination.* (No English novelist excels Dickens in the multiplicity of his characters and situations. *Pickwick Papers,* the first of the novels, teems with characters, some of them finely por-trayed.)and in mere numbers the supply is maintained to the very end of his life. (He_creates for us a whole world of people. In this world he is most at home with persons of the lower and middle ranks of life) espespecially those who frequent the neighbourhood of London.

d)*His Humour and Pathos.* It is very likely that the reputation of Dickens will be maintained chiefly as a humorist. (His humour is broad, humane, and creative. It gives us such real immortals as Mr Pickwick, Mrs Gamp, Mr Micawber, and Sam Weller--typical inhabitants of the Dickensian sphere, and worthy of a place in any literary brotherhood. Dickens's humour is not very subtile, but it goes deep, and in expression it is free and vivacious.) His satire is apt to develop into mere burlesque, as it does whetrlie deals with Mr Stiggins and Bumble. As for his pathos, in its day it had an appeal that appears amazing to a later generation, whom it strikes as cheap and maudlin. His devices are often third-rate, as when they depend upon suChthemes as the deaths of little children, which he describes in detail. His genius had little tragic force. He could describe the horrible, as in the death of Bill Sykes; he could be painfully melodramatic, as in characters like Rosa Dartle and Madame Defarge; but he seems to have been unable to command the simplicity of real tragic greatness.

e)His *mannerisms* are many, and they do not make for good in his novels, (It has often been pointed out that his characters are created not in the round,' but 'in the flat.') Each represents one mood, one turn of phrase. Uriah Heep is '"umble," Barkis is "willin'." In this fashion his characters become associated with catch-phrases, like the personages in inferior drama. Dickens's partiality for the drama is also seen in the staginess of his scenes and plots.

(f) In time (his *style)beeame* mannered also. At its best it is neither polished nor scholarly, but it is clear, rapid, and workmanlike, the style of the working journalist. In the early books it is sometimes trivial with puns, Cockneyisms, and tiresome circumlocutions.)This heavy-handedness of phrase remained with him all his life, In his more aspiring flights, in particular in his deeply pathetic passages, he adopted a lyrical style, a kind of verse-in-prose, that is blank verse

slightly disguised. We add a passage of this last type. It can be scanned in places like pure blank verse:

For she was dead. There, upon her little bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now.
She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who' had lived and suffered death.
Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favour. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." Those were her words.
The Old Curiosity Shop

We give also a specimen of the typical Dickensian style. The reader should observe in it the qualities of ease, perspicuity, and humour:

The particular picture on which Sam Weller's eyes were fixed, as he said this, was a highly coloured representation of a couple of human hearts skewered together with an arrow, cooking before a cheerful fire, while a male and female cannibal in modern attire: the gentleman being clad in a blue coat and white trousers, and the
lady in a deep red pelisse with a parasol of the same: were approaching the meal with hungry eyes, up a serpentine gravel path leading thereunto. A decidedly indelicate young gentleman, in a pair of wings and nothing else, was depicted as superintending the cooking; a representation of the spire of the church in Langham Place,
London, appeared in the distance; and the whole formed a "valen tine," of which, as a written inscription in the window testified, there was a large assortment within, which the shopkeeper pledged himself to dispose of, to his countrymen generally, at the reduced rate of one and sixpence each. ,
The Pickwick,papers

II. William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-63L

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1. His Life. Thackeray was born at Calcutta, and was descended from an ancient Yorkshire family. His father having died in 1816, the boy was sent to England for his education, and on the voyage home he had a glimpse of Napoleon, then a prisoner on St Helena. His school was the Charterhouse, and his college was Trinity College, Cambridge, which he entered in 1829.) Both at school and college he struck his contemporaries as an idle and rather cynical youth, whose main diversions were sketching and lampooning his friends and enemies. The loss of his fortune drove him to seek some means of earning a living. For a time he had some intention of

becoming an artist and studied art in Paris, but soon he turned to journalism. (He contributed both prose and light verse to several periodicals, including *Punch* and *Fraser's* Magazine.)Winning his way slowly and with much difficulty, for his were gifts that do not gain ready recognition It was not till nearly the middle of the century that *Vanity Fair* (1847-48) brought him some credit, though at first the book was grudgingly received. Thenceforward he wrote steadily and with increasing favour until his death which occurred with great suddenness. Before his death he had enjoined his executors not to publish any biography, so that of all the major Victorian writers we have of him the scantiest biographical materials.

2. His Novels.(For a considerable number of years Thackeray was groping for means of expression, and wavered between verse, prose, and sketching. His earliest literary work consisted of light and popular contributions to periodicals,) The most considerable of these are *The Yellowplush Correspondence* (1837-38), contributed to *Fraser's Magazine* and dealing with the philosophy and experiences of Jeames, an imaginary footman, and *The Book of Snobs* (1849), which originally appeared in *Punch* as *The Snobs of England.* Snobs, who continued to be Thackeray's pet abhorrence, are defined by him as those "who meanly admire mean tilings," and in this early book their widespread activities are closely pursued and harried. *The History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond* (1841), and The *Fitzboodle Papers* (1842-43) appeared first in *Fraser's Magazine.*They are deeply marked with his biting humour and merciless observation of human weaknesses, but they found little acceptance.(*The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon* (1844) is a distinct book ~~advance~~. It is a species of picaresque novel, telling of the adventures of a gambling rascal, an amiable scapegrace who prowls over Europe. In range the book is wider, and the grasp of incident and character is more sure. In *Vanity. Fair* (1847-48) the genius of Thackeray reaches high-water mark**.** In theme it is concerned chiefly with the fortunes of Becky Sharp, an adventuress. In dexterity of treatment, in an imaginative power that both reveals and transforms, and in a clear and mournful vision of the vanities of mankind the novel is among the greatest in the language. *The History of Pendennis* (1848-50) continues the method of *Vanity Fair.* Partly autobiographical, it portrays life as it appears to the author. Thackeray refuses to bow to convention and precedent, except when these conform to his ideals of 'literature. In this book Thackeray openly avows his debt to Fielding, the master whom he equals and

in places excels. *The History of Henry Esmond* (1852) is a historical novel of great length and complexity, showing the previous excellences of Thackeray in almost undiminished force,)as well as im mense care and forethought, a minute and (accurate knowledge of the times of Queen Anne, and an extraordinary faculty for reproducing both the style and the atmosphere of the period. By some judges this book is considered to be his best. His novel *The New-comes* (1853-55) is supposed to be edited by Pendennis. In tone it is more genial than its predecessors, but it ends tragically with the death of the aged Colonel Newcome. With *The Virginians* (1857-59) the list of the great novels is closed. This book, a sequel to *Henry Esmond,* is a record of the experiences of two lads called Warrington, the grandsons of Henry Esmond himself.) In the story, a pale shadow of her former self, appears Beatrix Esmond, the fickle heroine of the earlier book.

(In 1860 Thackeray was appointed first editor of *The Cornhill Magazine,* and for this he wrote *Lovel the Widower* (1860), *The Adventures of Philip* (1861-62), and a series of essays, charming and witty trifles, *The Roundabout Papers* (1860-63). Both in size and in merit these last novels are inferior to their predecessors. At his death he left an unfinished novel, *Denis Duval.* J

Like Dickens, Thackeray had much success as a lecturer on both sides of the Atlantic, though in his methods he did not follow his fellow-novelist. Two courses of lectures were published as *The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century* (1853) and *The Four Georges* (1860), All his life he delighted in writing burlesques, the best of which are *Rebecca and RoWena* (1850), a comic continuation of *Ivanhoe, The Legend of the Rhine* (1845), a burlesque tale of medieval chivalry, and *The Rose and the Ring* (1855), an excellent example of his love of parody.

3.His Poetry. On the surface Thackeray's verse appears to be frivolous stuff, but behind the frivolity there is always sense, often a barb of reproof, and sometimes a note of sorrow. *The Ballads of Policeman X* is an early work contributed in numbers to *Punch.* Others, such as *The White Squall* and *The Ballad of Bouillabaisse,* have more claim to rank as poetry, for they show much metrical dexterity and in places a touch of real pathos.

4.Features of his Works, *(a) Their Reputation.* While Dickens was in the full tide of his success Thackeray was struggling through neglect and contempt to recognition. (Thackeray's genius blossomed slowly, just as Fielding's did) for that reason the fruit is more mellow

and matured, (Once he had gained the favour of the public he held it, and among outstanding English -novelists there is none whose claim is so little subject to challenge,)

(b) *His Method.* " Since the author of *Tom Jones* was buried," says Thackeray in his preface to *Pendennis,* "no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a MAN. We must drape him and give him a certain conventional simper." Thackeray's novels are a protest against this convention. Reacting against the popular novel of his day, and particularly against its romanticizing of rogues, he returns to the Fielding method: to view his characters steadily and fearlessly, and to set on record their failings as well as their merits and capacities. In his hands the results are not flattering to human nature, for most of his clever people are rogues and most of his virtuous folk are fools. But whether they are rogues, or fools, or merely blundering incompetents, his creations are rounded, entire, and quite alive and convincing.

*(c) His Humour and Pathos. (*Much has been made of the sneering cynicism of Thackeray's humour, and a good deal of the criticism is true. It was his desire to reveal the truth, and satire is one of his most potent methods of revelation.)His sarcasm, a deadly species, is husbanded for deserving objects, such as Lord Steyne and (to a lesser degree) Barnes Newcome. In the case of people who are only stupid, like Rawdon Crawley, mercy tempers justice; and when Thackeray chooses to do so he can handle a character with loving tenderness, as can be seen in the case of Lady Castlewopd and of Colonel Newcome. (In pathos he is seldom sentimental, being usually quiet and effective. But at the thought of the vain, the arrogant, and the mean people of the world Thackeray barbs his
pen, with destructive results.) *(d)* His *style* is very near to the ideal for a novelist. ,'It is effortless, (and is therefore unobtrusive, detracting in no wise from the interest, in the story. It is also flexible to an extraordinary degree. We have seen how in *Esmond* he recaptured the Addisonian style; this is only one aspect of his mimetic faculty, which in his burlesque finds ample scope. We add a typical specimen of his style:

As they came up to the house at Walcote, the windows from within were lighted up with friendly welcome; the supper-table was spread in the oak-parlour; it seemed as if forgiveness and love were awaiting the returning prodigal. Two or three familiar faces of •domestics were on the look-out at the porch--the old housekeeper was there, and young Lockwood from Castlewood in my lord's livery of tawny and blue. His dear mistress pressed his arm as

they passed into the hall. Her eyes beamed out on him with affection indescribable. "Welcome," was all she said: as she looked up, putting back her fair curls and black hood. A sweet rosy smile blushed on her face: Harry thought he had never seen her look so charming. Her face was lighted with a joy that was brighter than beauty--she took a hand of her son who was in the hall waiting his mother--she did not quit Esmond's arm. *Henry Esmond*

III The Brontes

1.Their Lives. Charlotte (1816-55), Emily (1818-48), and Anne (1820-49) were the daughters of an Irish clergyman, Patrick Bronte, who held a living in Yorkshire. Financial difficulties compelled Charlotte to become a school-teacher (1835-38) and then a governess. Along with Emily she visited Brussels in 1842, and then returned home, where family cares kept her closely tied. Later her books had much success, and she was released from many of her financial worries. She was married in 1854, but died in the next year. Her two younger sisters had predeceased her.

2.Their Works, *(a)* Charlotte Bronte. Charlotte's first novel, *The Professor,* failed to find a publisher and only appeared in 1857 after her death. Following the experiences of her own life in an uninspired manner, the story lacks interest, and the characters are not created with the passionate insight which distinguishes her later portraits. *Jane Eyre* (1847) is her greatest novel. The love story of the plain,

"But very vital, heroine is unfolded with a frank truthfulness and a depth of understanding that are new in English fiction. The plot is weak, full of improbability, and often melodramatic, but the main protagonists are deeply conceived, and the novel rises to moments of sheer terror. In her next novel, *Shirley* (1849), Charlotte Bronte reverts to a more normal and less impassioned portrayal of life. Again the theme is the love story of a young girl, here delicately told, though the plot construction is weak. *Villette* (1853) is written in a reminiscent vein, and the character of Lucy Snowe is based on the author herself.

The truth and intensity of Charlotte's work are unquestioned; she cart see and judge with the eye of a genius. But these merits have their disadvantages. In the plots of her novels she is largely restricted to her own experiences; her high seriousness is unrelieved by any humour; and her passion is at times over-charged to the point of frenzy.)But to the novel she brought an energy and passion that gave to commonplace people the wonder and beauty of the romantic world.)

(b) **Emily Bronte.** Though she wrote less than Charlotte, Emily Bronte is in some ways the greatest of the three sisters. Her one novel, *Wuthering Heights* (1847), is unique in English literature. It breathes the very spirit of the wild, desolate moors. Its chief characters are conceived in gigantic proportions, and their passions have an elemental force which carries them into the realms of poetry In a series of climaxes the sustained intensity of the novel is carried to almost unbelievable peaks of passion, described with a stark, unflinching realism.

A few of her poems reach the very highest levels, though the majority lack distinction. They reveal the great courage and strength of her passionate nature, and, at her best, she uses simple verse forms with great intensity and a certain grandeur. Her finest poems are probably "No Coward Soul is Mine" and "Cold in the earth, and the deep snow piled above thee."

(c) Anne Bronte is by far the least important figure of the three.

Her two novels, *Agnes Grey* (1847) and *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* (1848), are much inferior to those of her sisters, for she lacks nearly all their power and intensity.

3. Their Importance in the History of the Novel. With the Brontes the forces which had transformed English poetry at the beginning of the century were first felt in the novel. They were the pioneers in fiction of that aspect of the romantic movement which concerned itself with the baring of the human soul. In place of the detached observation of a society or group of people, such as we find in Jane Austen and the earlier novelists, the Brontes painted the sufferings of an individual personality, and presented a new conception of the heroine as a woman of vital strength and passionate feelings. Their works are as much the products of the imagination and emotions as of the intellect, and in their more powerful passages they border on poetry. In their concern with the human soul they were to be followed by George Eliot and Meredith.

The following extract is taken from *Wuthering Heights.* In the heroine's declaration of the intensity of her passion for Heathcliff we see the heart of a woman laid bare with a startling frankness and depth of understanding. The lyrical tone, bordering on poetry, is new in the English novel.

My great miseries in this world have been Heathcliff's miseries, and I'watched and felt each.from the beginning: my great thought in living is himself. If all else perished, and *he* remained, I should still continue to be; and if all else remained, and he were annihilated,

the universe would turn to a mighty stranger: I should not seem a part of it. My love for Linton is like the foliage in the woods: time will change it, I'm well aware, as winter changes the trees. My love for Heathcliff resembles the' eternal rocks beneath: a source of little visible delight, but necessary. Nelly, I *am* Heath-cliff I He's always, always in my mind: not as a pleasure, any more than I am always a pleasure to myself, but as my own being.

IV. George Eliot (1819-80)

1, Her Life. Mary Ann Evans, who wrote under the pen-name of George Eliot, was the daughter of a Warwickshire land-agent. She was born near Nuneaton, and after being educated at Nuneaton and Coventry lived much at home. Her mind was well above the ordinary in its bent for religious and philosophical speculation. In 1846 she translated Strauss's *Life of Jesus,* and on the death of her father in 1849 she took entirely to literary work. She was appointed assistant editor of *The Westminster Review* (1851), and became a member of a literary circle. In later life she travelled extensively, and married (1880) J. W. Cross. She died at Chelsea in the same year.

2. Her Works. George Eliot only discovered her bent for fiction when well into the middle years of her life. Her first works consisted of three short stories, published in *Blackwood's Magazine* during 1857, and reissued under the title *of Scenes of Clerical Life* in the following year. Like her later novels they deal with the tragedy of ordinary lives, unfolded with an intense sympathy and deep insight into the truth of character. *Adam Bede* (1859) was a full-length novel, which announced the arrival of a new writer of the highest calibre. It gives an excellent picture of English country life among he humbler classes. The story of Hetty and the murder of her child is movingly told, and the book is notable for its fine characters, outstanding among whom are Mrs Poyser, Hetty, and Adam Bede himself. Her next work, considered by many her best, was *The Mill on the Flos* (1860). The partly autobiographical story of Maggie and Torn Tulliver is a moving tragedy set in an authentic rural background, and the character of Maggie is probably her most pro found study of the inner recesses of human personality. As yet her novel is not overloaded by the ethical interests which direct the course of her later works. In style it is simple, often almost poetical. *Silas Marner: the Weaver of Raveloe* (1861) is a shorter novel, which again gives excellent pictures of village life; it is less earnest in tone, and has scenes of a rich humour, which are skilfully blended with

the tragedy. Like *The Mill on the Floss,* it is somewhat marred,by its melodramatic ending. With the publication of *Romola* (1863) begins a new phase of George Eliot's writing. The ethical interests which had underlain all her previous works now become more and more the dominating factor in her novels. The story of *Romola* is set in medieval Florence, but, in spite of the thorough research which lay behind it, the historical setting never really lives. Indeed, the note of spontaneity is lacking in this novel, which is most memorable for its study of degeneracy in the character of Tito Melema. *Felix, Holt the Radical* (1866), probably the least important of her novels, is set in the period of the Reform Bill. Next came *Middle-march, a Study of Provincial Life* (1871-72), in which George Eliot built up, from the lives of a great number of deeply studied characters, the complex picture of the life of a small town. Her characters suffer through their own blindness and folly, and the theme is treated with a powerful and inexorable realism. Her last novel, *Daniel Deronda* (1876), is still more strongly coloured by her preoccupation with moral problems: it is more of a dissertation than a novel. It is grimly earnest in tone and almost completely lacking in the lighter touches of her earlier work, though it has some fine scenes. In 1879 she published a collection of miscellaneous essays under the title of *Impressions of Theophrastus Such.*

3. Features of her Novels. *(a) Her Choice of Subject.* George Eliot carries still further that preoccupation with the individual personality which we have seen to be the prime concern of the Brontes. For her the development of the human soul, or the study of its relationship to the greater things beyond itself, is the all-important theme. There is relatively little striking incident in her novels, but her plots are skilfully managed. Behind all her writing there lies a sense of the tragedy of life, in which sin or folly brings its own retribution. Her preoccupation with this theme gives to her later work some of the features of the moral treatise.

(6) *Her characters* are usually drawn from the lower classes of society, and her studies of the English countryman show great understanding and insight. An adept at the development of character, she excels in the deep and minute analysis of the motives and reactions of ordinary folk. She brings to bear upon her study of the soul the knowledge of the student of psychology, and *her* characterization makes no concessions to sentiment. Her sinners, and she is paiticularly interested in self-deceivers and stupid **people** are portrayed with an unswerving truthfulness.

(c) The tone of her novels is one of moral earnestness, and at times in her later work of an austere grimness. But almost always it is lightened by her *humour.* In the earlier novels this is rich and genial, though even there it has some of the irony which appears more frequently and more caustically in the later books. *(d)* George Eliot's *style* is lucid, and, to begin with, simple, but later, in reflective passages, it is often overweighted with abstractions. Her dialogue is excellent for the revelation of character, and her command of the idioms of ordinary speech enables her to achieve a fine naturalness. Only rarely does she rise to the impassioned poetical heights of the Brontes, but her earlier novels, particularly *The Mill on the Floss,* are full of fine descriptions of the English countryside, and her faculty for natural description she never lost entirely.

4. Her Place in the History of the English Novel. She is of great importance in the history of fiction. Her serious concern with the problems of the human personality and its relationship with forces outside itself, her interest in detailed psychological analysis of the realms of the inner consciousness, did much to determine the future course of the English novel. The twentieth century has seen the rapid development of these interests, and it is significant that the reputation of George Eliot, which suffered a temporary eclipse after her death, has recovered during the last ten or twenty years to a surprising degree.

V. George Meredith (1828-1909)

Of the later Victorian novelists Meredith takes rank as the most noteworthy.

1.His Life. The known details of Meredith's earlier life are still rather scanty, and he himself gives us little enlightenment. He was born at Portsmouth, and for two years (1843--44) he was educated in Germany. At first (1845) he studied law, but, rebelling against his legal studies, took to literature as a profession, contributing to magazines and newspapers. Like so many of the eager spirits of his day, he was deeply interested in the struggles of Italy and Germany to be free. For some considerable time he was reader to a Loudon publishing house; then, as his own books slowly won their way, he was enabled to give more time to their composition. For a time in 1867 he was temporary editor of *The Fortnightly Review.* He died at his home at Box Hill, Surrey.

2.His Poetry. Throughout his long life Meredith produced much

poetry which, in style and subject-matter, can be regarded as the complement to his novels. Among his volumes were: *Poems* (1851), *Modern Love, and Poems of the English Roadside, with Poems and Ballads* (1862), *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth* (1883), *Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life* (1887), *A Reading of Earth* (1888), *Poems* (1892), and *A Reading of Life, with Other Poems* (1901).

In all his poetry thought is more important to Meredith than form. Accepting the contemporary theories of evolution and natural selection, he sees life as a long struggle to raise man from the near animal to a more spiritual being, a struggle in which much is to be gained by a "healthy exercise of the senses. "(His, thoughts on this subject, his philosophy of love, and his mystical worship of nature are the main subjects of his verse.)The obscurity of his work is increased by an over-compressed style, which endeavours to be striking by its conciseness and the vividness of its imagery. Bold metrical experiments, and an unconcern with mere verbal melody add still further to the unusual effect, which has limited admiration of his work to a relatively small circle of readers.

3. His Novels. Meredith's first novel of importance is *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* (1859). Almost at one stride he attains to his full strength,for this novel is typical of much of his later work. In plot it is rather weak, and almost incredible toward the end. It deals with a young aristocrat educated on a system laboriously virtuous;but youthful nature breaks the bonds, and complications follow. (Most of the characters are of the higher ranks of society, and they are subtly analysed and elaborately featured. They move languidly across the story, speaking in a language as extraordinary, in its chiselled epigrammatic precision, as that of the creatures of Congreve or Oscar Wilde. The general style of the language is mannered in the extreme; it is a kind of elaborate literary confectionery--it almost seems a pity on the part of the hasty novel-reader to swallow it in rude mouthfuls. Nevertheless, behind this appearance of artificiality there range a mind both subtle and sure, and an elfish, satiric spirit. Such a novel could hardly hope for a ready recognition; but its ultimate fame was assured.

The next novel was *Evan Harrington* (1861), which contains some details of Meredith's own family life; then followed *Emilia in England* (1864), the name of which was afterward altered to *Sandra Belloni,* in which the scene is laid partly in Italy. In *Rhoda Fleming* (1865) Meredith tried to deal with plebeian folk, but with indifferent success. The heroines of his later novels--Mereditl

always careful to make his female characters at least as important as his male ones--are aristocratic in rank and inclinations. *Vittoria* (1867) is a sequel to *Sandra Belloni,* and contains much spirited handling of the Italian insurrectionary movement. Then came *The " Adventures of Harry Richmond* (1871), in which the scene is laid in England, and *Beauchamp's Career* (1876), in which Meredith's style is seen in its most exaggerated form. In *The Egoist* (1879), his next novel, Meredith may be said to reach the climax of his art. The style is fully matured, with much less surface glitter and more depth and solidity; the treatment of the characters is close, accurate, and amazingly detailed; and the Egoist himself, Sir Willoughby Patterne --Meredith hunted the egoist as remorselessly as Thackeray pursued the snob--is a triumph of comic artistry. The later novels are of less merit. *The Tragic Comedians* (1880) is chaotic in plot and over-developed in style; and the same faults may be urged against *Diana of the Crossways* (1885), though it contains many beautiful passages; *One of our Conquerors* (1891) is nearly impossible in plot and style, and *The Amazing Marriage* (1895) is not much better.

We add a short typical specimen of Meredith's style. Observe the studied precision of phrase and epithet, the elaboration of detail, and the imaginative power.

She had the mouth that smiles in repose. The lips met full on the centre of the bow and thinned along to a lifting dimple; the eyelids also lifted slightly at the outer corners and seemed, like the lip into the limpid cheek, quickening up the temples, as with a run of light, or the ascension indicated off a shoot of colour. Her features were playfellows of one another, none of them pretending to rigid correctness, nor the nose to the ordinary dignity of governess among merry girls, despite which the nose was of a fair design, not acutely interrogative or inviting to gambols. Aspens imaged in water, waiting for the breeze, would offer a susceptible lover some suggestion of her face; a pure smooth-white face, tenderly flushed in the cheeks, where the gentle dints were faintly inter melting even during quietness. Her eyes were brown, set well between mild lids, often shadowed, not unwakeful. Her hair of lighter brown, swelling above her temples on the sweep to the knot, imposed the triangle of the fabulous wild woodland visage from brow to mouth and chin, evidently in agreement with her taste; and the triangle suited her; but her face was not significant of a tameless wildness or of weakness; her equable shut mouth threw its long curve to guard the small round chin from that effect; her eyes wavered only in humour, they were steady when thoughtfuiness was awakened; and at such seasons the build of her winter-beech wood hair lost the touch of nymph-like and whimsical, and strangely, by mere outline, added to her appearance of studious

concentration. Observe the hawk on stretched wings over the prey he spies, for an idea of this change in the look of a young lady whom Vernon Whitford could liken to the Mountain Echo, and Mrs Mountstuart Jenkinson pronounced to be "a dainty rogue in porcelain."
The Egoist

OTHER NOVELISTS

1. Benjamin Disraeli (1804-81) was born in London of a Jewish family. He studied law at Lincoln's Inn but early showed his interest in literature. After the success of his first novel he spent three years making the Grand Tour of Europe, returning to England in 1831. In 1837, at the fifth attempt, he succeeded in gaining a seat in Parliament--as member for Maidstone. Ten years later he was leader of the Tories in the Commons, and he became Prime Minister in 1868 and again in 1870. He was raised to the peerage in 1876 and died in 1881 after a short illness.
He began his literary career as a novelist. *Vivian Grey* (1826-27) soon set the fashionable world talking of its author. It dealt with fashionable society, it was brilliant and witty, and it had an easy arrogance that amused, incensed, and attracted at the same time, The general effect of cutting sarcasm was varied, but not improved, by passages of florid description and sentimental moralizing. His next effort was *The Voyage of Captain Popanilla* (1828), a modern *Gulliver's Travels.* The wit is very incisive, and the satire, though it lacks the solid weight of Swift's, is sure and keen. Disraeli wrote a good number of other novels, the most notable of which were *Contarini Fleming. A Psychological Autobiography* (1832), *Henrietta Temple* (1837), *Coningsby: or the New Generation* (1844), *Sybil: or The Two Nations* (1845), and *Tancred: or the New Crusade* (1847). These last books, written when experience of public affairs had added depth to his vision and edge to his satire, are polished and powerful novels dealing with the politics of his day. At times they are too brilliant, for the continual crackle of epigram dazzles and wearies, and his tawdry taste leads him to overload his ornamental passages. Disraeli also carried further the idea of *Captain Popanilla* by writing *Ixion in Heaven* and *The Infernal Marriage* (both published in *The New Monthly* 1829-30, and in book form in 1853), and *The Wondrous Tale of Alroy and the Rise of Iskander* (1833). These are half allegorical, half supernatural, but wholly satirical romances. In style the prose is infiated, but the later novels sometimes have flashes of real passion and insight.
2. Edward Bulwer-Lytton (1803-73) was the son of General

Bulwer. On the death of his mother he succeeded to her estate and took the name of Lytton, later becoming Lord Lytton. He was at first educated privately, and then at Cambridge, where he won a prize for English verse. He had a long and successful career both as a literary man and as a politician. He entered Parliament, was created in turn a baronet and a peer, and for a time held Cabinet rank.

His earliest efforts in literature were rather feeble imitations of the Byronic manner. His first novel was *Falkland* (1827), and then came *Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman* (1828). These are pictures of current society, and are immature in their affectation of wit and cynicism. They contain some clever things, but they lack the real merit of the early novels of pisraeli. *Paul Clifford* (1830) changed the scene to the haunts of vice and crime, but was not at all convincing. Lytton now took to writing historical novels, the best of which were *The Last Days of Pompeii* (1834), *Rienzi, the Last of the Roman Tribunes* (1835), and *Harold, the Last of the Saxons* (1848). They are rather garish, but clever and attractive, and they had great popularity. He did not neglect the domestic novel, writing *The Caxtons. A Family Picture* (1849) and *My Novel* (1853); and the terror and supernatural species were ably represented by *A Strange Story* (1862) and *The Coming Race* (1871). Lytton is never first-rate, but he is astonishingly versatile. His plays, such as *Richelieu, or the Conspiracy* (1839) and *Money* (1840), had great success.

3. Charles Reade (1814-84) was born in Oxfordshire, being the youngest son of a squire. He was educated at Iffley and Oxford, and then, entering Lincoln's Inn, was called to the Bar. He was only slightly interested in the legal profession; but very fond of the theatre and travelling. After 1852 he settled down to the career of the successful man of letters. He died at Shepherd's Bush.

He began authorship with the writing of plays. As a playwright he had a fair amount of success, his most fortunate production being *Masks and Faces* (1852), written in collaboration with Tom Taylor. *Peg Woffngton* (1853) was his first novel, and was followed by *Christie Johnstone* (1853), which deals with Scottish fisherfolk. *It is Never too Late to Mend* (1856) treats of prisons and of life in the colonies. *The Cloister and the Hearth* (1861), one of his best novels, is a story of the later Middle Ages, and shows the author's immense care and knowledge; *Hard Cash* (1863) is an attack upon

private lunatic asylums; and *Griffith Gaunt, Or Jealousy* (1866), *Foul Play* (1868), and some other inferior books are in the nature of propaganda against abuses of the time. When at his best Reade tells a fine tale, for he can move with speed and describe incident with considerable power. He has the dramatist's sense of situation, and his gift is for striking scenes rather than the careful integration of plot. Often he is melodramatic, and his characters lack subtlety and depth. His style is, for the most part, virile and concentrated, and his dialogue shows the influence of his theatrical experience. On occasion he tends to overload his story with historical detail, of which he accumulated great masses, or mar his style by overemphasis.

4. Anthony Trollope (1815-82) is another Victorian novelist who just missed greatness. The son of a barrister, he was born in London, educated at Harrow and Winchester, and obtained an appointment in the Post Office. After an unpromising start he rapidly improved, and rose high in the service.

A prolific novelist, Trollope began his career with Irish tales such as *The Kellys and the O'Kellys* (1848), which had little success, and then produced the Barsetshire novels on which his fame rests. This series, in which many of the same characters appear in several novels, deals with life in the imaginary county of Barsetshire and particularly in its ecclesiastical centre, Barchester. It began with *The Warden* (1855); then came *Barchester Towers* (1857), *Doctor Thome* (1858), *Framley Parsonage* (1861), *The Small House at Allington* (1864), and finally *The Last Chronicle of Barset* (1866-67). Later Trollope turned to the political novel in the manner of Disraeli, but without the latter's political insight. Among his works in this kind were *Phineas Finn* (1869) and *Phineas Redux* (1874). One of his most interesting books is *An Autobiography* (1883). Trollope is the novelist of the middle and upper-middle classes. With urbane familiarity and shrewd observation he presents an accurate, detailed picture of their quiet, uneventful lives in a matter-of-fact way which gives his works the appearance of chronicles of real life. His main concern is with character rather than plot, but his characters, though clearly visualized and described in great detail, lack depth, and Trollope never handles the profounder passions. The framework of his novel is a series of parallel stories moving with the leisureliness of everyday life. His style, efficiently direct, simple, and lucid, is seen to particular advantage in his dialogue. A vein of easy satire runs through many of his novels, and he makes

skilful use of pathos. Within his limited scope he is a careful craftsman whose works retain their popularity.

5. Wilkie Collins (1824-89)(is considered to be the most success ful of the followers of Dickens.-At one time, about 1860, his vogue was nearly as great as that of Dickens himself. Collins was born in London, and was a son of a famous painter. After a few years spent in business he took to the study of the law, but very soon abandoned that for literature. He was a versatile man, dabbling much in journal
ism and play-writing.Collins specialized in the mystery novel, to which he sometimes added a spice of the supernatural. In many of his books the story, which is often ingeniously complicated, is unfolded by letters or the narratives of persons actually engaged in the events. To a certain extent this method is cumbrous, but it allowed Collins to draw his characters with much wealth of detail. His characters are often described in the Dickensian manner of emphasizing some humour or, peculiarity. He wrote more than twenty-five novels, the most popular being *The Dead Secret* (1857), *The Woman in White* (1860) --the most successful of them all--*No Name* (1862), and *The Moonstone* (1868). *The Moonstone* is one of the earliest and the best of the great multitude of detective stories that now crowd the popular press. Collins was in addition one of the first authors to devote himself to the short magazine story; *After Dark* is a collection of some of his best pieces, linked together by a slight thread of connecting narrative.)

6. Charles KingsIey (l819-75) was a Devonshire man, being born at Holne and brought up at Clovelly. He completed his education at Cambridge (1842), where he was very successful as a student, and took orders. During his early manhood he was a strenuous Christian Socialist, and for the first few wars of his curacy he devoted himself to the cause of the poor. All his life was spent, first as curate and
then as rector, at Eversley.In Hampshire. In the course of time his books brought him honours, including the professorship of history at Cambridge and a chaplaincy to the Queen. His first novels, *Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet* (1850), and *Yeast, a Problem* (first published in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1848), deal in a robust fashion with the social questions of his day. They are crude in their methods, but they were effective both as fiction and social propaganda. *Hypatia, or New Foes with an Old Face* (1853), has for its theme the struggle between early Christianity and intellectual paganism; in workmanship it is less immature, but the cruelly

tragic conclusion made it less popular than the others. *Westward Ho!* (1855), a tale of the good old days of Queen Elizabeth, marks the climax of his career as a novelist. At first the book strikes the reader as being wordy and diffuse, and all through it is marred with much tedious abuse of Roman Catholics; but once the tale roams abroad into exciting scenes it moves with a buoyant zest, and reflects with romantic exuberance the spirit of the early sea-rovers. *Two Years Ago* (1857) and *Hereward the Wake, 'Last of the English'* (1866) did not recapture the note of their great predecessor.

Kingsley excels as the manly and straightforward story-teller. His characters, though they are clearly stamped and visualized, lack delicacy of finish, yet they suit his purpose excellently. In treatment he revels in a kind of florid description which is not always successful.

As a poet Kingsley achieved some remarkable results, especially in his short poems. Of these a few, including the familiar *Sands of Dee, The Three Fishers,* and *Airly Beacon,* are of the truly lyrical cast: short, profoundly passionate, and perfectly phrased. In his longer works, such as his poetical drama, *The Saint's Tragedy* (1848), his hand is not nearly so sure. Kingsley could write also a rhythmic semi-poetical prose, as is seen in his book of stories from the Greek myths called *The Heroes* (1856) and to a less degree in his delightful fantasy *The Water Babies* (1863).

7.Walter Besant (1836-1901) is a good example of the class of light novelist that flourished in the later Victorian epoch. He was born at Portsmouth, educated at London and Cambridge, held a professorship in Mauritius, and then, returning to England (1867), settled down to the life of a novelist. Along with **James Rice (1844-**82) he wrote many novels, including *Ready-Money Mortiboy* (1872) and *The Golden Butterfly* (1876). These books do not aspire to be great literature, but they are healthy and amusing productions.

8.George Borrow (1803-81) had a curious career which did not lose its interest from his method of telling its story. He was born in Norfolk, and was the son of a soldier. From his earliest manhood he led a wandering life, and consorted with queer people, of whose languages and customs he was a quick observer. At one stage of his career he was a colporteur for the Bible Society, visiting Spain and Morocco (1835-39). Then he married a lady with a considerable income, and died a landed proprietor in comfortable circumstances.

His principal books were *The Bible in Spain* (1843), telling of his adventures as an agent of the Bible Society; *Lavengro* (1851) and

The Romany Rye (1857), dealing with his life among the gipsies; and *Wild Wales* (1862). His books are remarkable in that they seriously pretend to tell the actual facts of the author's life, but how much is fact and how much is fiction will never be accurately known, so great is his power of imagination. Taken as mere fiction, the books exert a strong and strange fascination on many readers. They have a naive simplicity resembling that of Goldsmith, a **wry** humour, and a quick and natural shrewdness. As a blend of fact and fiction, of hard detail and misty imagination, of sly humour **and** stockish solemnity, the books stand apart in our literature.

9. Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-64) is among the most famous of American novelists. He was born at Salem, near Boston, and **was** among the earliest students at Bowdoin College, in Brunswick, Maine. From an early age he devoted himself to literature, reading much in private. He wrote for magazines and did literary hack work, for which he received little reward. After serving in the Boston Customs House, he took to farming, with no success. Subsequently the favourable reception of his later novels set him firmly in the career he had always preferred. In 1853 he received the appointment of consul at Liverpool, returning to America in 1860.

Hawthorne's earliest work was in the form of short stories, which appeared in book-form with the title of *Twice Told Tales* (1837); then came a second series of *Twice Told Tales* (1842), *Mosses from an Old Manse* (1846), *The Scarlet Letter* (1850), which brought him fame, and *The House of the Seven Gables* (1851). The novels are not very cheerful reading, being overshadowed with crime, shame, and sorrow, but they show power and sympathy, an intense (though slightly diseased) imagination, and a style marked by great care and clearness. **If** several respects he resembles George Eliot, though he lacks her humour, and in others he resembles Thomas Hardy, though his fiction lacks the elevation of the English writer.

10. Richard D. Blackmore (1825-1900) was born in Berkshire, and educated at Tiverton and Oxford. He was called to the Bar, **but** forsook the law for the occupation of a farmer, which suited him much better. He died at Teddington.

He began authorship by writing verse of little value; then turned to writing novels, which are much worthier as literature. The best of these are *Lorna Doone* (1869), an excellent historical romance of Exmoor, *The Maid of Sker* (1872), and *Cripps the Carrier* (1876). Blackmore had little skill in contriving plots, and many of his characters, especially his wicked characters, carry little conviction.

Yet he has a rare capacity for tale-telling and a real enthusiasm for nature. His style, though often eloquent, is too overloaded and effusive, yet *Lorna Doom* stands high among the novels based on logattiistory. G1. Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-94) was born at Edinburgh, and was called to the Scottish Bar. He had little taste for the legal profession) and a constitutional tendency to consumption made an outdoor life necessary. {He travelled much in an erratic manner, and wrote for periodicals.) Then, when his malady became acute, he migrated to Samoa (1888), where the mildness of the climate only delayed a death which came all too prematurely. He lies buried in Samoa. (His first published works were of the essay nature, and included *An Inland Voyage* (1878), *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes* (1879), and *Virginibus Puerisque* (188l) (His next step was into romance, in which he began with *The New Arabian Nights* (1882), and then had real success with *Treasure Island* (1883), a stirring'yarn of pirates and perilous seas. Then came *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* (1886), a fine example of the terror-mystery novel, and several historical novels: *Kidnapped* (1886), *The Black Arrow* (1888), *The Master of Ballantrae* (1889), and *Catriona* (1893), which was a sequel to *Kidnapped.* With the exception of *The Black Arrow,* the historical novels deal with Scotland in the eighteenth century. At his death he left a powerful fragment, *Weir of Hprmiston.)*

(In the essay Stevenson shows himself to be the master of an easy, graceful style, the result of much care and a close attention to artistic finish), though, on occasion, (he is in danger of becoming over-solemn. It is, however, as a romancer that he now lives. A follower of the Scott tradition, he has a power of rapid narrative) which gains because it avoids the verbiage and digressions to which Scott himself was so prone. (Such books as *Treasure Island* reflect the adventurous spirit which, in spite of his illness, he never lost, and in most of them the story moves well. Generally plot seems to have been of more importance to Stevenson than character, though, even so, some of his stories, such as *Kidnapped,* are rather episodic,) while others, notably *The Master of Ballantrae,* fall away in a manner which suggests some lack of staying power. *(Catriona* is a not very successful attempt to emulate .Meredith's detailed character analysis? and it may he said that,(with the exception of*)* his unfinished masterpiece, W*eir of Hermiston,)* which approaches more

closely to the novel (as distinct from the romance) than any other of his works.(few of Stevenson's books have deeply studied characters. In many ways he is at his best in his short stories, where there is not' the same need for a long-sustained effort. Here his artistry, working in a limited scope, produced such masterpieces as The *Bottle Imp.* His wide knowledge of, and deep regard for, his native land find their expression in the racy, Lowland Scots vernacular) which was his natural idiom, and which he uses to such effect in *Kidnapped* and *The Master of Ballantrae.*

Stevenson's true merits have long been obscured by the glamourizing and sentimentalizing of his illness and life in Samoa.. As we move further away from his .own, time and(see him in a truer perspective (we ale able'to recognize-in him the conscious and expert craftsman, (deeply anxious to study and formulate the technicalities of his craft,) The importance to him of this study can be well estimated from his numerous letters on the subject to his friend and fellow-writer Henry James. Stevenson's poetry is charming and dexterous. His best volumes are *A Child's Garden of Verses* (1885), *Underwoods* (1887) and *Ballads* (1890).

12. Francis Bret Harte (1839-1902) was born at Albany, New York, and was in succession a schoolmaster, a miner, a compositor, and a journalist. In 1868 he became editor of the newly founded *The Overland Monthly,* and later in life did much touring and lec turing. He was appointed consul at Glasgow (1880), then went to London, where he died. His first noteworthy work consisted of short stories, which he contributed to magazines, including his own. These tales reflect much of his own earlier life, especially that spent in the Wild West. They are told with much humour and with no lack of sentiment. The best of them are *The Luck of Roaring Camp, The Outcasts of Poker Flat, Miggles,* and *Tennessee's Partner.* He. had a broad simplicity of manner that gave his works a wide appeal, and he may be said to have founded the popular novel of the backwoods. His verse has much vivacity and humour. The most popular piece is called *Plain Language from Truthful James,* but its better-known title is *The Heathen Chinee.*

13. Mark Twain was the pen-name of Samuel L. Clemens **(1835-1910),** who, like his fellow-humorist Bret Harte, had an early career not devoid of-picturesque incident. Born in Florida, Missouri, he was in turn a pilot on **the** Mississippi, a silver-miner in Nevada, a

journalist, and an editor. A pleasure-trip to Europe provided him with material for *The Innocents Abroad* (1869), which established his reputation as an American humorist of the first rank. He wrote much after this, and with much applause, but his run of prosperity was interrupted by the bankruptcy of a firm with which he was connected. This was the cause of his undertaking a lecturing tour round the world. In 1907, after the conclusion of his tour, he visited England, where he was warmly received, Oxford conferring upon him the degree of D.Litt.

Twain's work falls into three main classes, travel books, novels of the Mississippi, and romances. In the first group we have, in addition to *The innocents Abroad, Roughing It* (1872), an account of his own experiences in the West, *A Tramp Abroad* (1880), which tells of further travels in Europe, and *Following the Equator* (1897), in which he writes of the world-wide lecture tour made toward the end of his life. In the best of them, *The Innocents Abroad,* we see a typical American turning on the Old World the sceptical eye of the New. And the result is a series of philistine, but vivid and amusing, pictures of Europe.

His best work is to be found in the novels of the Mississippi. *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* (1876) and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (1885) break away from the cultured gentility of New England literature to give vivid, realistic, and racy pictures of life in the southern states. Of the two, *Huckleberry Finn* is generally adjudged the greater, in that it plumbs deeper levels of human experience than the more romantic *Tom Sawyer*. *Life on the Mississippi* (1883), though a travel book, belongs to this group, for its first half also deals with the great waterway, as Twain remembered it from his youth.

The romances, which include *The Prince and the Pauper* (1881), *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (1889), and *Joan of Arc* (1896), are of a poorer quality. In these Twain lacked the stimulus of personal experience.

Like Whitman, Twain is important in American literature in that he broke away from the strong influence of European models, and helped to lay the foundations of a distinctively American tradition. A humorist, aiming to please the masses, his strokes are bold and broad, and the humour ranges from farce to bitter satire. Always he writes with his eye on the object, and his best works are firmly grounded in reality. His plots are rather episodic, but the episodes are well handled; his characters are drawn with a warm humanity,

and his style has **the** spontaneous ease which gives his writings **an** enduring charm.

14. **Mrs Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell (1810-65),** was the daughter 'of William Stevenson, who was, at one time, a Unitarian minister. She was born in London, but, her mother dying a month after her birth, she was adopted by an aunt who lived at Knutsford, near Manchester. In 1832 she married William Gaskell, a distinguished Unitarian minister working in Manchester. Her death took place in Hampshire.

It is convenient to consider Mrs Gaskell's writings in two groups rather than in the chronological order of their appearance. Her first novel was a sociological study based on her experience of the conditions of the labouring classes in the new cities of the industrial North. *Mary Barton, A Tale of Manchester Life* (1848) gives **a** realistic view of the hardships caused by the Industrial Revolution as seen from the workers' point of view. It is weak in plot, but nevertheless has some fine scenes, and it is carried forward by the strength of its passionate sympathy with the downtrodden. *North and South* (1855) is on a similar theme and its plot is better managed. Like its predecessor it has some fine dramatic incidents. *Sylvia's Lovers* (1863) is a moralistic love story in a domestic setting, with which scenes of wilder beauty and human violence are well blended, but the novel is spoilt by its unsatisfactory and rather melodramatic ending. Her last, and unfinished, novel, *Wives and Daughters* (1866), is by many considered her best. It is an ironical study of snobbishness, which is remarkable for its fine female characters such as Mrs Gibson, Molly Gibson, and Cynthia Kirkpatrick.

Mrs Gaskell is, however, at her best in a different sphere--**that** of simple domesticity and everyday folk. *Cranford* (1853), her **most** celebrated work, is less a novel than a series of papers in the manner of *The Spectator.* Light, gently humorous in tone, the papers deal with life as the author had known it in Knutsford, and the characters, among them the celebrated Miss Matty, are unforgettable. **In** a similar vein are her shorter stories, *My Lady Ludlow* (1858) and *Cousin Phillis* (1863-64). Her other work consisted largely of short stories and the well-known biography of her friend, Charlotte Bronte, which appeared in 1857.

The writings of Mrs Gaskell combine something of the **delicate** humour of Jane Austen with a moralistic intention not unlike **that** of George Eliot, but she is far less in stature than either. Her workmanship is too often uncertain, and her plots are generally weak **and**

not infrequently melodramatic. Often the pathos, which she can handle with great effect, deteriorates into sentimentality, while her aims as a moralist lead her into preaching. Her style is simple, lucid, and unaffected, and at her best she has a delicate grace and charm.

WRTERRS OF MISCELLANEOUS PROSE

I Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881)

1.His Life. Carlyle, who was born at Ecclefechan, in Dumfriesshire, was the son of a stonemason. He was educated at Annan and at Edinburgh University, and, giving up his intention of entering the Church, became for a time a school-teacher in Kirkcaldy. After a few years' teaching, during which he saved a little money, he abandoned the profession and removed to Edinburgh, where he did literary hack-work for a living. At this time (1818) he was poor in means and wretched in health, and his spiritual and bodily torments are revealed in *Sartor Resartus.* In 1826 he married Jane Welsh, an able woman who possessed a little property of her own; and after a brief spell of married life in Edinburgh they removed to Craigen-puttock, a small estate in the wilds of Dumfriesshire owned by Mrs Carlyle. Here they lived unhappily enough, but here Carlyle wrote some of his best-known books. In 1834 they removed to London, and settled permanently in Chelsea. Carlyle's poverty was still acute, and as a means of alleviating it he took to lecturing. He was moderately successful in the effort. Then his books, at first received with complete indifference or positive amazement and disgust, began to find favour, and for the last twenty years of his life he was prominent among the intellectual leaders of the time. His wife died in 1866, and in his latter years he was much afflicted with illness and by his deep concern for the state of public affairs. He died at Chelsea, and was buried among his own people at Ecclefechan.

2.His Works. Carlyle's earliest work consisted of translations, essays, and biographies. Of these the best are his translation of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* (1824), his *The Life of Schiller* (1825), and his essays on Burns and Scott. Then *Sartor Resartus. The Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdrockh* (1833-34) appeared piecemeal in *Fraser's Magazine.* It is an extraordinary book, pretending to contain the opinions of a German professor; but under a thin veil of fiction Carlyle discloses his own spiritual

struggles' during his early troubled years. The style is violent and exclamatory, and the meaning is frequently obscured in a torrent of words, but it has an energy and a rapturous ecstasy of revolt that quite take the breath away. Carlyle then turned to historical writing, which he handled in his own unconventional fashion. His major historical works are *The French Revolution* (1837), a series of vivid word-pictures rather than sober history, but full of audacity and colour; *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches* (1845), a huge effort relieved from tedium only by Carlyle's volcanic methods; the *Life of John Sterling* (1851), a slight work, but more genial and humane than his writing usually is; and *The History of Frederich II of Prussia, called Frederik the Great* (1858-65), enormous in scale and heavy with detail. His works dealing with contemporary events are numerous, and include *Chartism* (1840), *Past and Present* (1843), and *Latter-day Pamphlets* (1850). The series of lectures he delivered in 1837 was published as *On Heroes, Hero-Worship and the Heroic in History (\84l).*

3. Features of his Works, *(a) His Teaching.* It is now a little difficult to understand why Carlyle was valued so highly as a sage in moral and political affairs. Throughout his works there is much froth and thunder, but little of anything that (to a later age) is solid and capable of analysis. Carlyle, however, was a man of sterling honesty, of sagacious and powerful mind, which he applied without hesitation to the troubles of his time. His influence, therefore, was rather personal, like that of Dr Johnson, and cannot be accurately gauged from his written works. His opinions were widely discussed and widely accepted, and his books had the force of *ex cathedra* pronouncements. In them he sometimes contradicted himself, but he did great service in his denunciation of shams, and tyrannies, and in his tempestuous advocacy of hard work and clear thinking. *(b) His Historical Method.* Carlyle's method was essentially bio graphical--he sought out the 'hero,' the superman who could benevolently dominate his fellows, and compel them to do better. Such were his Cromwell and his Frederick. His other aim was to make history alive. He denounced the 'Dryasdust' who killed the living force in history. To achieve his purpose he sought out and recorded infinite detail of life and opinion, and by means of his own masculine imagination and pithy style he brought the subject vividly before his reader's eye.(c) His *style* is entirely his own. At the first glance a typical passage seems rude and uncouth: with many capital letters in the

German fashion, with broken phrases and ejaculations, he proceeds amid a torrent of whirling words. Yet he is flexible to a wonderful degree; he can command a beauty of expression that wrings the very heart: a sweet and piercing melody, with a suggestion, always present, yet always remote, of infinite regret and longing. In such **divine** moments his **style** has the lyrical **note that requires only the** lyrical metre **to** become great poetry.
The following are three specimens of his style. The first, based on German models, is in his cruder early manner; the second is **more** matured and restrained, and we note in this the quizzical **humour; the** third shows Carlyle in his most lyrical mood.

(1) *"Es leuchtet mir ein,* I see a glimpse of it!" cries he elsewhere: "there is in man a HIGHER than Love of Happiness: he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness! Was it not to preach-forth this same HIGHER that sages and martyrs, thePoet and the Priest, in all times, have spoken and suffered; bearing testimony, through life and through death, of the Godlike that is in Man, and how in the Godlike only has he Strength and Freedom? Which God-inspired Doctrine art thou also honoured to be taught;O Heavens! and broken with manifold merciful Afflictions, even till thou become contrite, and learn it! O, thank thy Destiny for these; thankfully bear what yet remain: thou hadst need of them; the Self in thee needed to be annihilated. By benignant fever-paroxysms is Life rooting out the deep-seated chronic Disease, and triumphs over Death. On the roaring billows of Time, thou art not engulfed, but borne aloft into the azure of Eternity. Love not Pleasure; love God. This is the EVERLASTING YEA, wherein all contradiction is solved: wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him."
Sartor Resartus

(2) The good man,[1] he was now getting old, towards sixty per haps; and gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of
weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking, he rather Shuffled than decisively stept; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in cork-screw fashion, and kept trying both.
A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man. His

[1] Coleridge.

voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and sing-song; he spoke as if preaching,--you would have said, preaching earnestly and also hopelessly the weightiest things. I still recollect his "object" and "subject," terms of continual recurrence in the Kantean province, and how he sang and snuffled them into "om-m-mject," "sum-m-mject " with a Kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along. No talk, in ' century or in any other, could be more surprising.
The Life of John Sterling

(3) In this manner, however, has the day bent downwards. Wearied mortals are creeping home from their field-labour; the village artisan eats with relish his supper of herbs, or has strolled forth to the village street for a sweet mouthful of air and human news. Still summer-eventide everywhere! The great sun hangs flaming on the utmost North-west; for it is his longest day this year. The hill-tops rejoicing will ere long be at their ruddiest, and blush Good-night. The thrush, in green dells, on long-shadowed leafy spray, pours gushing his glad serenade, to the babble of brooks grown audibler; silence is stealing over the Earth.
The Frenchs Revolution

II. Thomas Babington Macaulay (1830-59)

1.His Life. Macaulay was born in Leicestershire, his father being Zachary Macaulay, the earnest upholder of negro emancipation. Macaulay was educated privately, and then at Cambridge. From his infancy he was remarkable for his precocity and his prodigious memory. At Cambridge he twice won the Chancellor's Medal for English verse, and in 1824 he was made a Fellow of Trinity College. The collapse of his father's business led him to study law, and he was called to the Bar in 1826. At first he contributed to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine,* but later he began writing his famous essays for *The Edinburgh Review.* Having entered Parliament as a Whig (1830), a very promising political career seemed to be opening before him when he accepted a lucrative legal post in India. He was in India for four years; then, returning to England, he re-entered political life, and became in turn Secretary of State for War and Paymaster-General of the Forces. In 1857 he was raised to the peerage, and died when he was still busy with his *History.*
2.His poetry was nearly all written early in his career, and most of it is included in his *Lays of Ancient Rome* (1842). In style the poems resemble the narrative poems of Scott, and in subject they are based upon the legends of early Rome, the best-known dealing with the story of Horatius. His verse is virile stuff, moving with

vigour and assurance, and is full of action and colour. Like his prose, however, it is hard and brassy, and quite lacking in the softer qualities of melody and sweetness and in the rich suggestiveness of the early ballad. It is not great poetry, but it will always be popular with those who like plenty of action and little contemplation.

3. His Prose Works. Before he left for India Macaulay had written twenty-two essays for *The Edinburgh Review;* he added three during his stay in India, and finished eleven others after he returned to England. With the five biographies that he contributed to *The Encyclopaedia Britannica,* these include all his shorter prose works. The essays are of two kinds--those dealing with literary subjects, such as those on Milton, Byron, and Bunyan, and the historical studies, including the famous compositions on Warren Hastings and Lord Clive. His method of essay-writing was as follows: he brought under review a set of volumes that had already been "published on the subject, then, after a survey, long or short as the case might be, of these volumes, gave his own views at great length. His opinions were often one-sided, and his great parade of knowledge was often flawed with actual error or distorted by his craving for antithesis and epigram; but the essays are clearly and ably written, and they disclose an eye for picturesque effect that in places is almost barbaric.

His *History of England,* the first two volumes of which were published in 1849, was unfinished at his death. After two preliminary volumes, it began with the Whig revolution of 1688, and Macaulay intended to carry the story down to his own time. But he managed to compass within the four completed volumes only the events of ai few years. His historical treatment is marked by the following features: *(a)* There are numerous and picturesque details, which retard his narrative while they add to the general interest, *(b)* The desire for brilliant effect resulted in a hard, self-confident manner, and in a lack of broader outlines and deeper views. These defects have deprived his *History* of much of its permanent value, (c) To this he added such a partiality for the Whig point of view that his statements, though they are always interesting and illuminating, are generally distrusted as statements of fact. To sum up, he said, "I shall not be satisfied unless I produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies." He had full reason to be satisfied; his book had an instant and enormous success, which, however, has been followed by distrust and neglect.

The extract given below gives some idea of his style. It is entirely direct and clear, and free from any shade of doubt and hesitancy. Observe the use of the short detached sentence, and the copious and expressive vocabulary:

Then was committed that great crime, memorable for its singular atrocity, memorable for the tremendous retribution by which it was followed. The English captives were left to the mercy of the guards, and the guards determined to secure them for the night in the prison of the garrison, a chamber known by the fearful name of the Black Hole. Even for a single European malefactor, that dungeon would, in such a climate, have been too close and harrow. The space was only twenty feet square. The air-holes were small and obstructed. It was the summer solstice, the season when the fierce heat of Bengal can scarcely be rendered tolerable to natives of England by lofty halls and by the constant waving of fans. The number of the prisoners was one hundred and forty-six. When they were ordered to enter the cell, they imagined that the soldiers were joking; and, being in high spirits on account of the promise of the Nabob to spare their lives, they laughed and jested at the absurdity of the notion. They soon discovered their mistake. They expostulated; they entreated; butting vain. The guards threatened to cut down all who hesitated. The captives were driven into the cell at the point of the sword, and the door was instantly shut and locked upon them.
Essay on Clive

III JOHN RUSKIN (1819-i900)

1. His Life. Ruskin was born in London, of Scottish parentage, and was educated privately before he went to Oxford. During his boyhood he often travelled with his father, whose business activities involved journeys both in England and abroad. After leaving the university Ruskin, who did not need to earn a living, settled down to a literary career. He was not long in developing advanced notions on art, politics, economics, and other subjects. In art he was in particular devoted to the cause of the landscape-painter Turner, and in social and economic theories he was an advocate of an advanced form of socialism. To the present generation his ideas appear innocuous, or even inevitable, but by the public of his own day they were received with shocked dismay. At first the only notice he received was in the jeers of his adversaries; but gradually his fame spread as he freely expounded his opinions in lectures and pamphlets, as well as in his longer books. In 1869 he was appointed Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford. Illness, however, which was aggravated by hard work and mental worries, led him to resign (1879) after a few years; and though shortly afterward (1883) he

resumed the post, it had at last to be abandoned. He retired to Brantwood, on Coniston Water, in the Lake District, where he lived till his death, his later years being clouded by disease and despair.

2.His Works. Ruskin's works are of immense volume and complexity. For a start he plunged into what turned out to be the longest of his books, *Modern Painters,* the first volume of which was issued in 1843 and the fifth and last in 1860. This work, beginning as a thesis in defence of the painting of Turner, develops Ruskin's opinions on many other subjects. The first volume was not long in attracting notice, chiefly owing to its sumptuous style, which was of a kind unknown in English for centuries. *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* (1849) is a shorter and more popular work, which once again expounds his views on artistic matters. *The Stones of Venice* (1851 -53), in three volumes, is considered to be his masterpiece both in thought and style. It is less diffuse than *Modern Painters;* there is a little more plan in the immense array of discursive matter; and the luxuriance of the style is somewhat curtailed. His other writings are of a miscellaneous kind, and comprise *The Two Paths* (1859), a course of lectures; *Unto this Last* (1860), a series of articles on political economy which began to appear in *The Cornhill Magazine,* but were stopped owing to their hostile reception; *Munera Pulveris* (1862-63), also an unfinished series of articles on political economy, published in *Fraser's Magazine,* and also withdrawn owing to their advanced views; *Sesame and Lilies* (1865), a course of two lectures, to which a third was added when the work was revised in 1871, and which is now the most popular of his shorter works; *The Crown of Wild Olive* (1866), a series of addresses; and *Prceterita,* which was begun in 1885, and which is a kind of autobiography.

3.His Style. Ruskin himself often deplored the fact that people read him more for his style than for his creed. Many of his views, which he argued with power and sincerity, are now self-evident, so rapid sometimes is the progress of human ideas; but his prose style, an art as delicate and beautiful as any of those he spent his life in supporting, will long remain a delectable study. For its like we must return to the prose of Milton and Clarendon, and refine and sweeten the manner of these early masters to reproduce the effect that Ruskin achieves. In its less ornate passages Ruskin's diction is marked by a sweet and unforced simplicity; but his pages abound in purple passages, which are marked by sentences of immense

length, carefully punctuated, by a gorgeous march of image and epithet, and by a sumptuous rhythm that sometimes grows into actual blank verse capable of scansion. In his later books Ruskin to a certain extent eschewed his grandiose manner, and wrote the language of the Bible, modernized and made supple; but to the very end he was always able to rise to the lyrical mood and fill a page with a strong and sonorous sentence. The paragraph given below, it will be noticed, is one sentence. Observe the minute care given to the punctuation, the aptness of epithet, and the rhythm, which in several places is so regular that the matter can be scanned like poetry.

Then let us pass farther towards the north, until we see the orient colours change gradually into a vast belt of rainy green, where the pastures of Switzerland, and poplar valleys of France, and dark forests of the Danube and Carpathians stretch from the mouths of the Loire to those of the Volga, seen through clefts in gray swirls of rain-cloud and flaky veils of the mist of the brooks, spreading low along the pasture lands: and then, farther north still, to see the earth heave into mighty masses of leaden rock and heathy moor, bordering with a broad waste of gloomy purple that belt of field and wood, and splintering into irregular and grisly islands amidst the northern seas, beaten by storm, and chilled by ice-drift, and tormented by furious pulses of contending tide, until the roots of the last forests fall from among the hill ravines, and the hunger of the north wind bites their peaks into barrenness; and, at last, the wall of ice, durable like iron, sets, deathlike, its white teeth against us out of the polar twilight.

The Stones of Venice

OTHER WRITERS OF MISCELLANEOUS PROSE

(l. Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-82) was among the most important of the men of letters that America produced during this epoch. He was a notable disciple of Carlyle) He was born at Boston, of a distinguished clerical family, and educated at Harvard College. (The death of his father had left the family in straitened circumstances, and Emerson took to school-teaching. From this he turned to the Church, and became a Unitarian minister. Religious doubts, however, drove him from the ministry, and feeble health sent him on a long sea-voyage (1832.) Returning to America, he became a (travelling lecturer, expounding his views on religion and philosophy. (These opinions were further developed in several volumes of essays, whose clearness and attractiveness brought him much applause. Henceforth his life was uneventfully prosperous.

(In 1847 he visited Europe, spending a week with Carlyle, and delivering lectures in England and Scotland. He died in his quiet home at Concord.)
Emerson's works comprise eleven volumes of lectures and essays, which cover a wide choice of subjects, but deal chiefly with the conduct of life. In religion, like Carlyle, he was of no particular sect; but, again like Carlyle, he had high ideals, enthusiasm, and an honest desire for truth and justice. His style is remarkably uniform; it is sweet and limpid, and enlightened with apt illustrations. He is fond of using a series of short sentences in the manner of Macaulay.) It is the ideal expository style, with the addition of sufficient literary grace to give it permanent value. 2. John Addington Symonds (1840-93) was among the foremost of the literary critics who flourished after the middle of the century. He was the son of a Bristol physician, and was educated at Harrow and Oxford. A tendency to consumption checked whatever desire he had to study the law, and much of his life was spent abroad.
A large proportion of his work was contributed to periodicals, and was collected and issued in volume form. (The best collections are his two series of *Studies of the Greek Poets* (1873-76). His longest work is *The Renaissance in Italy* (1875-86), in which he contests Ruskin's views on art. In style he is often ornate and even florid, and in treatment he can be diffuse to tediousness; but as a critic he is shrewd and well informed.) 3. Walter Horatio Pater (1839-94) was, both as a stylist and as a literary critic, superior to Symonds. Born in London, he was educated at Canterbury and Oxford, becoming finally a Fellow of Brasenose. He devoted himself to art and literature, producing some remarkable volumes on these subjects.
His first essays appeared in book-form as *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* (1873), and were concerned chiefly with art; *Marius the Epicurean* (1885) is a remarkable philosophical novel, and is the best example of his distinguished style; *Imaginary Portraits* (1887) deals with artists; and *Appreciations* (1889) is on literary themes, and is prefaced by an important essay on style.
Pater was the spokesman of the school of aesthetic criticism. His attention was always focused on form rather than on subject matter, and he saw criticism as the critic's attempt to put himself into sympathetic relationship with the artist in such a way as to derive the, maximum of personal pleasure from the work of art.

As clan be seen **from his appreciation of Wordsworth,** his unending quest for beauty and aesthetic **pleasure** could, on occasion, distort his judgment.
Pater's individual style is among the most notable of the latter part of the century. It is the creation of immense application and forethought; every word is conned, every sentence proved, and every rhythm appraised, until we have the perfection of finished workmanship. It is never cheap, but firm and equable, with the strength and massiveness of bronze. Its very perfections are a burden, especially in his novel; it tends to become frigid and lifeless, and the subtle dallyings with refinements of meaning thin ft down to mere euphuism. In the novel the action is chilled, and the characters frozen until they resemble rather a group of statuary than a collection of human beings.
4. James Anthony Froude (1818-94) was born near Totnes, where his father was archdeacon After three years at Westminster School he proceeded to Oxford, where he was not long in feeling the effects of the High Church movement led by Newman. From this he afterward broke away, and(was elected to a fellowship at Exeter College, which he soon abandoned. He toiled ardently at literary work, contributing freely to *The Westminster Review* and other magazines. In 1860 he became editor of *Fraser's Magazine) (*Froude was a man of strong opinions, to which he gave free expression both by voice and pen, and his career was often marked with controversy. His handling of the life of Carlyle provoked much angry comment. In the course of time his true merits came to be valued adequately, and after being appointed to several Government commissions he was elected (1892) Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxfords) (Froude's miscellaneous work was published in four volumes called *Short Studies on Great Subjects* (1867-83). His *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth* (1856-70) was issued in twelve volumes.) In period it covers the time of the Reformation, and in method follows the lead of Carlyle in its great detail and picturesque description. In its general attitude it is an indirect, and therefore an unfair, attack upon the High Church views of Newman. Marred, as it undoubtedly is, by partisan bias, the work, nevertheless, is composed with much vigour, and is in the main accurate, though lax in detail.(Other books are *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century* (1872-74), *Caesar* (1879), *Oceana, or England and her Colonies* (1886), and an Irish novel,

The Two Chiefs of Dunboy (1889). His biography of Carlyle was issued during the period 1882-84.
His style is free from the rhetorical flamboyance of Macaulay, and has a persuasive ease and charm.)
(5. Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-94) was one of the most versatile of American writers. He was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and entered Harvard, where he made himself known as a writer of poems of the lighter kind. Abandoning the study of the law, he graduated in medicine, finishing his course with two years' study in Paris. He returned (1835) to practise medicine in Boston, and afterward (1847) was appointed professor of anatomy at Harvard Medical School. His work there was varied with some public lecturing on literary subjects.
As a poet Holmes wrote a great deal, and sometimes not very judiciously. Much the best of his poetry is of a humorous cast, like *The Deacon's Masterpiece: or The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay.* In the sentimental vein his methods are more heavy and lass agreeable. As a poet, however, Holmes was always competent, and an adept at turning out graceful occasional verse.
His best literary efforts were three companion volumes, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* (1857-58), contributed as a series of articles to *The Atlantic Monthly, The Professor at the Breakfast Table* (1860), and *The Poet at the Breakfast Table* (1872). The three, of which the first is by far the best, are a series of descriptive sketches, interspersed with verse, and each is held together by some kind of a plot. They are excellent examples of easy, witty conversation in the gracious, urbane manner of the eighteenth-century essayists, Addison and Steele, whom Holmes took as his models. There is much excellent humour, and some rather tedious moralizing and sentiment. Holmes also wrote several novels, the best of which is *Elsie Venner* (1861). In spite of the author's great tendency to diffuseness, the story is freshly told, and it became very popular.
6. The Historians. The nineteenth century produced many historical writers, of whom only a very few can find a place here.
(a) Alexander William Kinglake (1809-91) was born near Taunton, and educated at Eton and Cambridge. He was called to the Bar, and practised with some success, but in 1856 he retired to devote himself to literature. He saw much of the world, and watched the progress of the war in the Crimea. In 1857 he became Member of Parliament for Bridgwater.
His *The Invasion of the Crimea* (1863-87) is enormously bulky

and full of detail. In attitude it is too favourable to the British commander, Lord Raglan, and in style it is tawdry; at its best, however, it is a picturesque narrative. His other work of note is *Eothen* (1844), an engaging and witty account of Eastern travel.

(b) John Richard Green (1837-83) was born and educated at Oxford, and became a curate in the East End of London. He was delicate in health, and was compelled to retire from his charge in 1869. His last years were spent in writing his historical works. Of these works the best is *A Short History of the English People* (1874), which at once took rank as one of the few popular textbooks which are also literature. It is devoted to the history of the *people* and not to wars and high politics. It is told with a terse simplicity that is quite admirable. *The Making of England* (1881) and *The Conquest of England* (1883) are the only two other full-length works he lived to finish.

c)Edward Augustus Freeman (1823-92) was celebrated as the chief opponent of Froude. He was educated privately, and then at Oxford, where, much later, he became an honorary Fellow of Trinity College and Regius Professor of Modern History (1884). He wrote many historical works, the most valuable of which are *The History of the Norman Conquest of England* (1867-79) and *The Reign of William Rufus and the Accession of Henry the First* (1882). Freeman specialized in certain periods of English history, which he treated laboriously and at great length. This, as well as his arid style, makes his history unattractive to read, but he did much solid and enthusiastic work for the benefit of his students and successors.

d)William Hickling Prescott (1796-1859) came earlier than the other historians we have mentioned in this section, and his methods were of an older type. He read very widely, but was content with a plain narrative, which his popular style made very attractive. He was intended for the law, but a serious eye-trouble, which afflicted him for most of his life, made such a profession impossible. His best works are *The History of Ferdinand and Isabella* (1836), *The History of the Conquest of Mexico* (1843), and *The History of the Conquest of Peru* (1847).

7. The Scientists. The nineteenth century beheld the exposition of scientific themes raised to the level of a literary art.

(a) Charles Robert Darwin (1809-82) is one of the greatest names in modern science. He was born at Shrewsbury, where he received his early education, passing later to Edinburgh and Cambridge. In

1831 he became naturalist in *The Beagle,* a man-of-war that went round the world on a scientific mission. This lucky chance determined his career as a scientist. The remainder of his life was laboriously uneventful, being devoted almost wholly to biological and allied studies.

His chief works are *The Voyage of the Beagle* (1839), a mine of accurate and interesting facts; *On the Origin of Species* (1859), which is to modern science what *The Wealth of Nations* is to modern economics--the foundation of belief; and *The Descent of Man* (1871). We cannot discuss his theories of evolution, but as general literature his books possess a living interest owing to their rich array of garnered evidence and their masterly gifts of exposition and argument.

(b) Thomas Henry Huxley **(1825-95)** was one of the ablest and most energetic of Darwin's supporters. He was born at Ealing, educated at London University, and became a surgeon in the Navy. His first post was on Nelson's *Victory.* Like Darwin, he travelled abroad on a warship, H.M.S. *Rattlesnake,* and during these four years (1846-50) he saw and learned much. Retiring from the Navy, he took enthusiastically to scientific research, and became President of the Royal Society and a prominent public figure in the heated discussions concerning the theories that were then so new and disturbing.

Huxley produced no work in the same class as *The Origin of Species.* His work consisted of lectures and addresses, which were issued in volume form as *Man's Place in Nature* (1863), *Lay Sermons, Addresses and Reviews* (1870), and *American Addresses* (1877).

THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY FORMS

The Victorian epoch was exceedingly productive of literary work of a high quality, but, except in the novel, the amount of actual innovation is by no means great. Writers were as a rule content to work upon former models, and the improvements they did achieve were often dubious and unimportant.

1. Poetry, *(a)* The *lyrical* output is very large and varied, as a glance through the works of the poets already mentioned will show. In form there is little of fresh interest. Tennyson was content to follow the methods of Keats, though Browning's complicated forms and Swinburne's long musical lines were more freely used by them than by any previous writers.

(b) In *descriptive and narrative poetry* there is a greater advance to

chronicle. In subject--for example, in the poems of Browning and Morris--there is great variety, embracing many climes and periods; in method there is much diversity, ranging from the cultured elegance of Tennyson's English landscapes to the bold impressionism of the poems of Whitman. The Pre-Raphaelite school, also, united several features which had not been seen before in combination. These were a fondness for medieval themes treated in an unconventional manner, a richly coloured pictorial effect, and a studied and melodious simplicity. The works of Rossetti, Morris, and Swinburne provide many examples of this development of poetry. On the whole we can say that the Victorians were strongest on the descriptive side of poetry, which agreed with the more meditative habits of the period, as contrasted with the warmer and more lyrical emotions of the previous age.

There were many attempts at purely narrative poetry, with interesting results. Tennyson thought of reviving the epic, but in him the epical impulse was not sufficiently strong, and his great narrative poem was produced as smaller fragments which he called idylls. Browning's *Ring and the Book* is curious, for it can be called a psychological epic--a narrative in which emotion removes action from the chief place. In this class of poetry *The Earthly Paradise* of William Morris is a return to the old romantic tale as we find it in the works of Chaucer.

2. Drama. Several of the major poets of the period wrote tragedy on the lines of the accepted models. Few of these attained to real distinction; they were rather the conscientious efforts of men who were striving to succeed in the impossible task of really reviving the poetical drama. Of them all, Swinburne's tragedies, especially those concerned with Mary Queen of Scots, possess the greatest warmth and energy; and Browning's earlier plays, before he overdeveloped his style, have sincerity and sometimes real dramatic power. As for comedy, it was almost wholly neglected as a purely literary form.

A development to be noticed is the popularity of the *dramatic monologue.* In *Ulysses, Tithonus,* and other pieces Tennyson achieved some of his most successful results; and Browning's host of monologues, wide in range and striking in detail, are perhaps his greatest contribution to literature. The method common to this kind of monologue was to take some character and make him reveal his inmost self in his own words.

(3. Prose, *(a)* By the middle of the nineteenth century the *novel,*

as a species of literature, had thrust itself into the first rank. We shall therefore consider it first.

In the novels of Thackeray and Dickens the various qualities of the domestic novel are gathered together and carried a stage forward. Dickens was a social reformer, and yet did much to idealize the England of his day, and to depict the life of the lower and middle classes with imagination and humour. As a satirist and an observer of manners Thackeray easily excels his contemporaries. With the Bronte sisters the romantic impulse was fully felt in the novel, to which they gave new intensity of passion, greater depth of intuitive sympathy, and a profound interest in the struggles of the individual soul. In this they were followed by George Eliot, who showed a closeness of application to the mental, processes of her characters that was carried further in the work of Meredith, and has led to the 'psychological' novels of the present day.

In *Esmond* the historical novel made an advance. Here Thackeray was not content to master the history of the period he described; he sought to reproduce also the language and atmosphere. This is an extremely difficult thing to achieve, and is possible only in novels dealing with a limited period of time, but Thackeray scored a remarkable success.

b)The development of the *short story,* as a separate species of literature, will be touched upon in the next chapter.

c)In the case of the *essay* we have to note the expansion of the literary type into the treatise-in-little. This method was made popular by Macaulay, and continued by Carlyle, Symonds, Pater, and many others. Of the miscellaneous essayists, both Dickens, in some parts of *The Uncommercial Traveller,* and Thackeray, in *The Roundabout Papers,* successfully practised the shorter Addisonian type; and this again was enlarged and made more pretentious by Ruskin, Pater, and Stevenson.

d)The *lecture* becomes a prominent literary species for a time. Carlyle, Thackeray, Dickens, and many others both in England and America published lectures in .ook-form. Earlier critics like Hazlitt and Coleridge had done so; but, almost for the first time, Ruskin gave a distinct style and manner to the lecture.

e)The *historians* are strongly represented. Carlyle and Macaulay, in spite of their great industry and real care for history, have now fallen behind in the race as historians, and survive chiefly as stylists. The new method that arose was typified in the solid and valuable work of William **Stubbs (1825-1901), Edward A. Freeman (1823-92),**

and Samuel R. Gardiner (1829-1902). These historians avoided die charms of literary style, concentrated upon some aspect of history, and, basing their results upon patient research into original authorities, produced valuable additions to human knowledge.
f)We have already noticed that in this period the *scientific treatise* attained to literary rank. We may mention as early examples of this type Sir Thomas Browne's curious treatise on *Urne Buriall,* Burton's *The Anatomy of Melancholy,* and the graceful essays of Berkeley.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERARY STYLE

With such an amount of writing as characterizes this age it is quite certain that both in prose and poetry a wide range of style will be observable.
1.Poetry. In the case of poetry the more ornate style was represented in Tennyson, who developed artistic schemes of vowel-music, alliteration, and other devices in a manner quite unprecedented. The Pre-Raphaelites carried the method still further. In diction they were simpler than Tennyson, but their vocabulary was more archaic and their mass of detail more highly coloured. The style of Browning was to a certain extent a protest against this aureate diction. He substituted for it simplicity and a heady speed, especially in his earlier lyrics; his more mature obscurity was merely an effect of his eager imagination and reckless impetuosity. Matthew Arnold, in addition, was too classical in style to care for overdeveloped picturesqueness, and wrote with a studied simplicity. On the whole, however, we can say that the average poetical style of this period, as a natural reaction against the simpler methods of the period immediately preceding, was ornate rather than simple.
2.Prose. With regard to prose, the greater proportion by far is written in the middle style, the established medium in journalism, in all manner of miscellaneous work, and in the majority of the novels. Outside this mass of middle prose, the style of Ruskin stands highest in the scale of ornateness; of a like kind are the scholarly elegance of Pater and the mannered dictions of Meredith and Stevenson. The style of Carlyle and that of Macaulay are both peculiar brands of the middle style, Macaulay's being hard, clear, and racy, and Carlyle s gruff and tempestuous, with an occasional passage of soothing beauty.
Of the simpler writers there is a large number, among whom many novelists find a place. We have space here to refer only to

[Table: table to illustrate the development of library forms]

the easy-going journalistic manner of Dickens and to the subacid flavour of the prose of Thackeray.
We add a specimen of Stevenson's prose style. This style, which in its' mannered precision is typical of many modern prose styles, is noteworthy on account of its careful selection of epithet, its clear-cut expressiveness, and its delicate rhythm.
But Hermiston was not all of one piece. He was, besides, a mighty toper; he could sit at wine until the day dawned, and pass directly from the table to the Bench with a steady hand and a clear head. Beyond the third bottle, he showed the plebeian in a larger print; the low, gross accent, the low, foul mirth, grew broader and commoner; he became less formidable, and infinitely more disgusting. Now, the boy had inherited from Jean Rutherford a shivering delicacy, unequally mated with potential violence. In the playing-fields, and amongst his own companions, he repaid a coarse expression with a blow; at his father's table (when the time came for him to join these revels) he turned pale and sickened in silence. Of all the guests whom he there encountered, he had toleration for only one: David Keith Carnegie, Lord Glenalmond. Lord Glenalmond was tall and emaciated, with long features and long delicate hands. He *was often* compared with the statue of Forbes of Culloden in the Parliament House; and his blue eye, at more than sixty, preserved some of the fire of youth. His exquisite disparity with any of his fellow-guests, his appearance, as of an artist and an aristocrat stranded in rude company, rivetted the boy's attention; and as curiosity and interest are the things in the world that are the most immediately and certainly rewarded, Lord Glenalmond was attracted by the boy
Weir of Hermiston

CHAPTER XII

THE BIRTH OF MODERN LITERATURE

[Chart: TIME-CHART OF THE CHIEF AUTHORS]

THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND (1890-1918)

This period sees the end of the long reign of Queen Victoria (1901) and of the stability which the country had so long enjoyed. The shock administered by the Boer War (1899-1902) to the violent imperialism of the later years of the reign helped to divert attention from the cruder conceptions of imperial expansion to social problems at home. There ensued a period of sweeping social reform and

unprecedented progress. The reawakening of a social conscience found its expression in the development of local government and the rapid extension of its influence upon the health, education, and happiness of the citizen. More than ever before political issues were fought on the basis of class loyalties, and this period sees the emergence and rapid growth of the Labour Party. Political passions ran high, and the years before the War saw serious labour troubles, many of them connected with the growth of Trades Unionism. Home Rule for Ireland, Free Trade or Protection, Votes for Women, the decline of agriculture and the growing urbanization of the country were major problems of the day. After the Boer War the aloofness which Britain had so long and prosperously maintained from European conflicts was abandoned in face of growing German strength, and national rivalries finally came to a head in the appalling struggle of 1914-18.

LITERARY FEATURES OF THE AGE

1.The Spread of Education. The full effect of the Education Act of 1870, strengthened by the Act of 1902, began to make itself felt in the pre-War years. The ladder of educational opportunity, from elementary school to university, was now available to the poorest boy who had the ability to take advantage of it, and literacy became the normal rather than the unusual thing. On literature the effect was profound. Not only was there a larger market than ever before for the 'classics' and for all types of fiction, but there arose an entirely new demand for works in 'educational' fields--science, history, and travel. As a profession and as a business, literature offered better financial prospects.
2.Enormous Output of Books. Authors and publishers were not slow to supply the public with what it wanted, and books poured from the presses with astonishing rapidity. Among them were numerous 'pot-boilers' by inferior writers intent only on financial gain. Even some great artists failed to resist the temptation of over-rapid and over-frequent production, and of too many of them it may be said that they wrote too much. The sacrifice of art to business was not new--it had affected adversely some of the work of Dickens--but in our period the commercialization of literature was carried to unprecedented limits, and the problem has continued to grow.
3.The Literature of Social Purpose. The spread of literacy was accompanied by the awakening of the national conscience to the

evils resulting from the Industrial Revolution. More than ever before would-be reformers pinned their faith on the printed word and on the serious theatre as media for social propaganda, and the problem or discussion play and the novel of social purpose may be described as two of the typical literary products of the period.

4.The Dominance of the Novel. In view of the developments outlined above, it is not surprising that for the first time in its history the novel now became the dominant literary form in English. To a semi-educated modem taste prose fiction was (and still is) more palatable than poetry, which is a more sophisticated taste, while, by its nature, it is more accessible to the masses than drama. In addition, the novel is admirably suited as a vehicle for the sociological studies which attracted most of the great artists of the period.

5.The Rebirth of Drama. After a hundred years of insignificance drama again appears as an important literary form, and the thirty years under review see men of genius, who are also practical, experienced men of the theatre, creating a live and significant drama out of the problems of their age. Like the novelists, most of the important dramatists were chiefly concerned with the contemporary social scene, and though, toward the end of the period, there are signs of a revival of poetic drama, prose is the normal medium.

6.Experiments in Literary Form. Long before 1918 it had become obvious that in poetry, in the novel, and in drama the old traditional forms were outworn. Experimenters in all three fields were evolving new forms to sustain the new demands being made upon them. Progress is most rapid in the drama, but the novel too. in the hands of great masters, undergoes revolutionary changes, the importance of which is sometimes underestimated because they are overshadowed by more startling experiments of the inter-War period. In poetry experiments are less sensational, and the bulk of the poetry published is in the traditional manner. For the first time for many years poetry is the least significant of the important literary forms.

THE NOVELISTS

I. Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)

1. His Life. Hardy was born at Upper Bockhampton, in the county of Dorset. He was descended from Nelson's Captain Hardy, and was the son of a builder. He was educated at a local school and later in Dorchester, and his youth was spent in the countryside

around that town, where shortly afterward he began to study with an architect. In 1862 he moved to London as a pupil of the architect Sir Arthur Blomfield. His first published WORK was the rather sensational *Desperate Remedies,* which appeared anonymously in 1871. In the following year the success of *Undezjhe. Greenwood Tree* established him as a writer, and soon afterward he abandoned architecture for literature as a profession. Most of his writing life was spent in his native ' Wessex,' where his heart lies buried, though his ashes have a place among the great in Westminster Abbey. In 1910 he was awarded the Order of Merit.

2. His Novels. The involved construction of *Desperate Remedies* (1871) gave place to the charming idyll *Under the Greenwood Tree* (1872), one of the lightest and most appealing of his novels. It was set in the rural area he was soon to make famous as Wessex. The success of this book, though great, was eclipsed by that of the ironical A pair of blue eyes, which appeared in *Tinslefs Magazine* in 1873; and the following year (18 74) saw the first of the great novels which have made him famous, *Far_Jrom the Madding Croyvd,* a tragi-comedy set in Wessex. The rural background to the story is an Integral part of the novel, which reveals the emotional depths which underlie rustic life. *The Hand of Ethelberta* (1876), an unsuccessful excursion into comedy, was followed by the deeply moving *The Return of the Native* (1878), a study of man's helplessness before the malignancy of an all-powerful Fate. The victims, Clym Yeo-bright and Eustacia Vye, are typical of Hardy's best characters, and the book is memorable for its fine descriptions of Egdon Heath, which plays an important part in the action. Then, in quick succession, came *The Trumpet Major* (1880), *A Laodicean* (1881), and *Two on a Tower* (1882) before Hardy produced his next masterpiece, *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (1886), another study of the inexorable destiny which hounds man to his downfall. The chief character, Michael Henchard, is clearly conceived and powerfully drawn, the rustic setting of Casterbridge is skilfully portrayed, and the book contains some memorable scenes, including the opening one of the wife-auction at the fair. The rural setting is even more strikingly used in *The fVoodlanders* (1887), the tragic story of Giles Winter-bourne and Marty South, two of Hardy's most noble figures. Then, separated by *The Well-Beloved* (1892, reissued 1897), came Hardy's last and greatest novels, *Tess of the D' Urbervilles* (1891) and *Jude the Obscure* (1895), both of which, by their frank handling of sex and religion, aroused the hostility of conventional readers. They

seem modest enough by the standards of to-day, but *Tess of the D' Urbervilles* was rejected by two publishers and originally appeared in a somewhat expurgated version, and the outcry which followed the appearance *oUude the Obscure* led Hardy in disgust to abandon novel-writing, though at the height of his powers. In these two books we have the most moving of Hardy's indictments of the human situation; both contain unforgettable scenes; the studies of Tess and Sue are two of his finest portrayals of women, and the character of Jude surpasses in depth of insight anything Hardy had previously achieved.

In addition to his full-length novels Hardy published the following series of short stories--*Wessex Tales* (1888), *A Group of Noble Dames* (1891), *Life's Little Ironies* (1894), and *A Changed Man, The Waiting Supper and other Tales* (1913). He is not so much at home in the short story, and these collections live for the occasional powerful tale rather than as a whole.

3. His Poetry. Hardy began as a poet, and, though for a long time he was unable to find a publisher for his verse, he continued to write poetry. After the public outcry against his two greatest novels, he wrote only verse. *Wessex Poems* (written between 1865 and1870) appeared in 1898, and there followed, in a steady stream, *Poems of the Past and Present* (1901), *The Dvnasts* (Part I, 1903; II, 1906; III, 1908), Time's *Laughing-stocks* (1909), *Satires of Circum stance* (1914), *Moments of Vision and Miscellaneous Verses* (1917), *Late Lyrics and Earlier* (1922), *Human Shows, Far Fantasies, Songs and Trifles* (1925), *Winter Words* (1928), *Collected Poems* (1932). If we except *The Dynasts,* his epic drama of the Napoleonic wars, cast in a gigantic mould, the bulk of Hardy's verse consists of short lyrics, pithily condensed in expression, often intentionally angulai in rhythm, but always showing great technical care and a love of experimentation. As some of the titles suggest, they, like the novels, reveal concern with man's unequal struggle against an overwhelming fate, and, if they seldom echo the bitter accusations of his novels, many of them are deeply felt. *The Dynasts* is a great achievement with its 130 scenes and enormous gallery of portraits. In places it seems unduly long, but it has fine dramatic scenes and many warmly human moments. It is the final expression of Hardy's philosophy (see below). His other drama was *The Famous tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall* (1923).

4,Features of his Novels, (a) *His Subjects.* Hardy's subject is the same in most of his novels. In all his greatest works he depicts

human beings facing up to the onslaughts of a malign power. Accepting, as he did, the theory, of evolution, Hardy saw little hope for man as an individual, and though his greatest figures have a marked individuality, Hardy's aim was to present Man or Woman rather than a particular man or a particular woman. He was a serious novelist attempting to present through fiction a view of life, and one entirely different from that of his great contemporaries Tennyson and Browning. Most frequently his mood was one of disillusioned pessimism, excellently summed up at the end of *The Mayor of Casterbridge* by Elizabeth Jane, "whose youth had seemed to teach that happiness was but the occasionaPepisode in a general drama of pain." And yet Hardy was never quite certain of his philosophy: he hovered between the view of man as a mere plaything of an impersonal and malign Fate and man as a being possessing free will, in whom character is fate, until, in *The Dynasts,* he evolved the conception of the Immanent Will.
b)*His Treatment of his Themes.* Hardy's preoccupation with his 'philosophy of life' is seen, in the way in which he intrudes himself into his novels to point an accusing finger at destiny or to take the side of his protagonists, and in the over-frequent use of coincidence, fhrough which_he_seek to prove his case.(Too_often his plots hinge upon a sequence of accidents which have the most dire consequences, and, therefore, while he seldom fail to inspire in his readers his own deep pity for the sufferings of his characters, he frequently. fails to attain the highest tragic levels. Allied with this use of coincidence are a fondness for the grotesque or unusual and a weakness for the melodramatic. Yet he handles striking situations with great firmness of touch and a telling realism, and all his best novels contain individual scenes which are unforgettable.
c)*His characters(are* mostly ordinary men and women living close to the soil.) The individuality of some is sacrificed to Hardy's view of life, but while he is, by more modern standards, not really deep in his psychological analysis, characters like Jude and Sue, Tess, Henchard, and Eustacia Vye show considerable subtlety of interpretation. Such figures as Gabriel Oak *(Far from the Madding Crowd)* and Diggory Venn *(The Return of the Native)* are finely realized, country types blending with the countryside to which they belong, while the minor rustics, who are briefly sketched but readily visualized, are a frequent source of pithy humour, and act as a chorus commenting on the actions of the chief protagonists.
d)*His Knowledge of the Countryside.* In this Hardy stands

supreme. His boyhood was spent mainly in the country, and he had an acute and sensitive observation of. natural phenomena. As a unifying influence in his novels, the Wessex scene which he immortalized is second only to his philosophy. But nature provides more than a mere background: often it is a protagonist in the story, an unfeeling, impersonal force exerting its influence upon the lives of the characters. Probably the finest examples of Hardy's use of nature are in *The Woodlanders* and in *The Return of the Native.*

II.Henry James (1843-1916)

1.His Life. Henry James came of a wealthy and cultured American family, was born in New York, and was educated in America and Europe before going to Harvard to read law (1862). He was a friend of the New England group of writers--among them James Russell Lowell, H. W. Longfellow, and William Dean Howells. It was as a contributor to Howells' *Atlantic Monthly* and other American magazines that James began his career as a writer. By the late 1860's the fascination of the older European civilization was making itself felt, and after spending much time in Europe he settled there in 1875, adopting London as his new home. There he lived until 1897, when he moved to Rye, where he spent the rest of his life. In 1915 he became a naturalized British subject.
2.His Works. James was a prolific writer. Novels, short stories, travel sketches, literary criticism, autobiography flowed from his pen with a regularity that is surprising in one who was, above all things, a consummate artist. His chief novels fall broadly into three groups. Beginning with *Roderick Hudson* (1875) we have four novels, all of them simpler and more straightforward in technique than his mature work, and these deal with the contrast between the young American civilization and the older European culture. The. other three of this group are *The American* (1876-77), *The Europeans* (1878), and *The Portrait of a Lady* (1881). This last is much the best of his early novels, and in its subtle character analysis and careful craftsmanship it looks forward to the James of the later periods. Then come three novels mainly devoted to the study of the English character, *The Tragic Muse* (1890), *The Spoils of Poynton* (1897), and *The Awkward Age* (1899), of which *The Spoils of Poynton,* a relatively short novel, shows most clearly the development of his methods. The highwater mark of his career was reached in the three novels, *The Wings of the Dove* (1902), *The Ambassadors* (1903), and *The Golden Bowl* (1904), in which, turning again to the theme of

the contrast between European and American cultures, he achieves a subtlety of character-study, a delicacy of perception, and an elaboration of artistic presentation which rank them high among modern novels. They do, however, make very heavy demands upon the concentration, alertness, and sensibility of the reader and have, therefore, never been generally popular. James also wrote some excellent studies of American life in *Washington Square* (1881), and *The Bostonians* (1886); a beautifully told and deeply moving study of a child's mind in *What Maisie Knew* (1897); and two works which he left unfinished at his death, *The Sense of the Past* and *The Ivory Tower,* both of which were published posthumously in 1917.

Of the short story James was an acknowledged master. To his credit he has almost a hundred tales, which began with his earliest contributions to American magazines and continued well into the middle of his writing life. Of them all *The Turn of the Screw* (1898) is probably the best known, but his interest in the occult is seen to be strong in *The Altar of the Dead, The Beast in the Jungle, The Birthplace, and other Tales* (1909). Other stories appeared in *The Madonna of the Future and other Tales* (1879), *The Aspern Papers and other Stories* (1888), *Terminations* (1895), and *The Two Magics* (1898).

His autobiographical writings were *A Small Boy and Others* (1913), *Notes of a Son and Brother* (1914), and the posthumous fragment, *Terminations* (1917)--not to be confused with the short story of that name. His letters, published in 1920, his *Notes on Novelists* (1914), and the essay, *The Art of Fiction* (1884), are of the utmost importance to the student of James, and further light is thrown upon his work by *The Notebooks of Henry James* (1947).

3. Features of his Novels, (*a) His Theory of the Novel.* An understanding of this is of vital importance, not only to the student of James's work, but to the reader of Virginia Woolf and Katherine Mansfield, as well as Conrad and the early George Moore, to name some of the more important of his followers. A study of James is essential to the study of the modern novel because he was one of the first to view it as an artistic form. To him the novel was primarily an art form to be judged solely by artistic canons, concerned, not with moral purpose, but with the objective and impartial presentation of the reality of life. In this picture there was no place for the extravagance of romance or the distortions of sentimentality. He was little concerned with external events and almost entirely with the detailed and elaborate study of the subtlest shades of human

reactions to the situation which he conceived. For such a study the traditional biographical technique of presentation was inadequate; for James's high conception of artistic pattern and finish it was altogether too loose; and his work shows the steady evolution of a technique to replace the outworn convention. For the novelist he saw unlimited possibilities of artistic achievement:

"The advantage, the luxury, as well as the torment and responsibility of the novelist, is that there is no limit to what he may attempt as an executant—no limit to, his possible experiments, efforts, discoveries, successes."

(b) His Technique. James's preoccupation with technique, so clearly evident in the prefaces to the rewritten versions of his earlier novels, which he prepared for the definitive edition of 1907, became all-absorbing as he developed. By comparison with *The Golden Bowl,* the technique of *Roderick Hudson* seems almost elementary, though in this first novel he had already evolved the idea of presenting his story through the consciousness of a single character, discarding the ubiquity and omniscience of the traditional novelist.

This character, often standing outside the main drama of the novel, acts as commentator and guide to the reader in many of James's books. In his earliest books, and in some of the works of his middle years, there was enough incident to create interest in the action as such; by the time he reached his three great novels the action had become almost entirely an internal one, and *The Golden Bowl* is more bare of incident than any of his works. As he matured his study of the subtleties of motive and the delicacies of emotional reaction grew more and more minute, and his attention to detail became more exacting. In a novel conceived on a large scale this could only lead to great length, in spite of the exclusion of all irrelevance. Add to this length a devious method of exposition, which consists of hints, allusions, and fastidious qualifications, and it is easy to see why Jame's, superb artist that he is, has never achieved popularity with the reading public, by many of whom he has been dismissed as long-winded or affected.

(c) His Subjects. The key to James's choice of subject is to be found in his own life. An American fascinated by the charm of an older civilization, he finds a great many of his themes in the impact of one type of society upon the product of another, in the study of the processes of adjustment and their effect upon the development of the individual character. An intellectual and a member of an intellectual family, James throughout his novels portrays the lives of

people such as himself. He is concerned with man as a social being, not with the deeper relations of man and his God. Because his chosen field is a sophisticated, intellectual society there is little of the elemental passions in his novels, except in so far as they are shown under the control of the mind. In spite of his deprecation of the moral-purpose novel, it is possible to deduce from the works which began with *The Spoils of Poynton* a definite ethical position, though implied rather than stated by the novelist. Identifying the good with the beautiful, he sees taste, artistic sensibility, and individual integrity as the prime virtues, ugliness and meanness of spirit as the great evils. Of the presence of evil in this life he seems to have been acutely aware.

d)*His Characters.* James is primarily interested in a, character developing as part of a social group. He has no interest in the poor or in the unintelligent. His figures are usually intellectuals like himself, sensitive, refined, sophisticated, controlling impulse by reason, and endowed with a faculty for acute self-analysis. They view their own motives and reactions with a remarkable detachment and an equal degree of subtlety.

e)*His Style.* It goes without saying that one of James's artistic standards and preoccupation with technique is a superb stylist. The revelation of such delicate shades of feeling as he handles in his later novels must call for a mastery of language. His earlier style, like his earlier technique, seems loose by comparison with his later work. At his most mature he is tireless in his quest for the exact word, the perfect image, and the delicately suggestive rhythm. His dialogue is excellent, and almost the whole of *The Awkward, Age* is cast in dialogue form, while his descriptive powers, even as early as *The Portrait of a Lady,* are of the highest order.

III. JOSEPH CONRAD (1857-19240)

1. His Life. Conrad, whose name was jozef Teodor Konrad Nalecz Konreniowski. (was the son of an exited Polish patriot and was born at Berdiczew. in the Ukraine, where he spent the first thirteen years of his life. He was educated at Cracow, and was intended for the university, but, as he was determined to go to sea, he went to Marseilles in 1874 and there joined the French Mercantile Marina. Four years later he landed at Lowestoft and joined the British merchant service. By 1885 he had his master mariner's, certificate, and, before Ill-health caused him to leave the sea in 1894,, he had spent twenty years roaming the world in sail and steam ships.

gaining experience which was to prove invaluable. The year after his retirement saw the publication of his first novel *Imaysr's Folly* (1895), and from that time he lived in the South of England and devoted himself to .his writing.

2. His Novels. (Conrad's first two works were based on his experiences of Malaya. *Alrnayer'Folly and An Outcast of the Islands* (T896)) if not among his best(grve a foretaste of his later work'in their use of a vivid tropical backgrouncpand in their study of a white man whose moral stamina was sapped by the insidious influence of the tropics, linen came one of his best novels, *The Nigger of the "Narcissus" (1897),* a moving story of life on board ship, remarkable for its powerful atmosphere, its sea description, and its character study)--Donkin is one of the best of his many vividly drawn villains. (After the five stories collected as *Tales of Unrest (1898).* appeared *Lord Jim:* a Tale(1900), the greatest of his early works. It is.one of the best of Conrad's studies of men whose strength fails them in a moment.of-crisis, and is again a story of the sea.) ln it(Conrad introduces for the first time his technique of oblique narrative, the story being told through the ironical Marlow, who reappears so frequently in later novels. *Youth--A Narrative; . and two_other Stories (1902)* and *Typhoon, and other Stories* (1903") contain seven tales which include some of Conrad's most powerful work. "Heart of Darkness" in the former collection is remarkable for an overwhelming sense of evil and corraptiorDand for its excellent tropical backgrounds; "The End_of the tether" in the same volume has very vivid descriptions of Far-Eastern sea-scapes. *Typhoon* is unsurpassed as a book about the sea even by this supreme master of sea description. The stories in both collections were based on his own experiences. *(Nostromo--A Tale of the Seaboard (1904)* shifts the scene to the coastline of Crntral America. Its story of revolution is grippingly told, and the book is Full of vivid descriptions and has many well-drawn portraits. Some critics believe it to be his finest work and certainly nothing after *Nostromo* seems as
good. *The mirror of the sea memoirs and impressions (1906)*
series of essays based on his experiences in the oceans of the world, and, as always in Conrad, it contains excellent picture. It was followed by the popular detective story *The Secret Agent--A Simple_ Tale (1907.*)which, though it contains some one or two drawn figures apa suggests quite powerfully the atmosphere of the Underworld, is not one of his best. The same may be said of the stories *in A Set of Six* (1908) and his tale of Russian revolutionaries, *Under*

Western Eyes (1911), of which the best features are the character of Razumov and, as so often, the atmosphere, in this case of fear. Twixt Land Sea Tales (1912) contains three more short stories, and then came *Chance A Tale in Two Parts* (1914), Conrad's most ambitious venture in the oblique method Marlow appears again as narrator, but the story is also told from several other points of view, and this technique, combined with an involved time sequence, makes the novel structurally one of his most confusing.) After *Victory-An Island Tale (1915)and* a further collection of four short stories, *Within the Tides-Tales* (1915), which add little to his stature (Conrad wrote *The Shadaw_Line Confession (1917),* short novel in which the suggestion of the supernatural is masterly. Of his other novels The Rescue-*A Romance the the Shallows* (1920) is long drawn out, but has moments of high excitement, and is an excellent study of primitive men; *The of_Gold--A Story between Two Notes* (1919) and *The Rover* (1923) are both set in a background of European history--not very successfully; while *Suspense--A ...Napoleonic Novel* (1925). also a historical novel, was unfinished at his death , Mention should also be made of the autobiographical *A Personal_Record (1912)* and *Notes on Life and Letters* (1921), important for Conrad's views on his own art,)7\and of two novels, *The Inheritors--An Extravagant Story (1901)* and *Romance-A Novel(1903),* In which_he_collaborated with Ford Madox-Hueffer (later Ford Maddox Ford). Posthumously collected were Tales of hearsy (1925),four stories, *and Last Essays* (1926).

3.Features of his Novels. *(a)(His Subjects.* Conrad, the greatest modern romantic, sought his subjects wherever he could expect to find adventure in an unusual or exotic setting. His own experience of the sea-find, in particular, of Malayan waters, was of immense value to him as a writer, and most of his best work is in one or both of these settings) While he is an excellent story-teller who gives deep thought to his technique of presentation's prime interest is in character, in the tracing of the life ofa man in such a way as to illuminate the inmost recesses of his soul This preoccupation with character grew as time went on.

(b) His Characters, (Instead of a straightforward analysis of character, Conrad preserves an objective detechment and presents his people in series of brief illuminating flash series of brief. illuminating- flashes which by the end of his novel, cohered into His insight into motive and impulse is deep, and never keener than

when he is dealing with savages or whites demoralized by their environment. His characters, both men and women, are drawn from a wide range(They are rarely commonplace, and some of his best are dyed-in-the wool villains like Kurtz in *The Heart of Darkness* and Donkin in *The Nigger of the " Narcissus.")*
(c) His View of Life. Like Hardy, Conrad had profound sense of the tragedy of life, but it did not lead him to a spirit of rsentment resentment or accusation in man's struggle against hostile forces, in his display of loyalty. courage,
saw the finest thing in human life He was a profound thinker, but would have nothing thing to do with sociological or problem novels. His aim was to present life as the senses perceived it, and his novels are free from didacticism. Yet, from the frequency with which he portrays men of faith, and courage determined to abide by their duty to their fellows, it is easy to see that for Conrad these were the prime virtues.
(d)his Technique. A student of such masters of the novel as Henry-lames and the French writers Flaubert and Maupassant, Conrad was a conscious artist deeply concerned with the nature and method of his art, as his letters and prefaces show.) *The Shadow Line* reveals him to be a master of the traditional direct narrative method, but much of his best work is in the oblique method first used in *Lord Jim.* Presenting his material in an easy, conversational manner through the medium of a spectator such as Marlow, he gradually builds up a picture through a series of brief sense impressions, which only reveal their full significance when they finally come together into a complete whole. Such a method makes greater demands upon the reader than the simple direct narrative, but is ideal for the kind of psychological investigation in which Conrad was interested, as well as for the creation of a subtle all-pervading atmosphere which gives the story its own unity. His evocation of atmosphere is tremendously powerful.
*(e) His Style. (*Conrad's prose style is one.of the most individual and readily recogrizable in English) not, as might be expected in a Pole, for its eccentricities, but for its fill use of the musical potentialities of the language. (His careful attention to grouping and rhythm and to-- such technical devices as alliteration enables him at his best, to achieve a prose that is akin to poetry)When he writes below his best he can become ovrer-ornamgntal self-conscious.and artoficially stylized. His own views on style he makes abundantly clear in this passage from the preface to *The Nigger of the "Narcissus":*

All art... appeals primarily to the senses, and the artistic aim when expressing itself in written words must also make its appeal through the senses, if its high desire is to reach the secret spring of responsive emotions. It must strenuously aspire to the plasticity of sculpture, to the colour of painting, and to the magic suggestiveness of music --which is the art of arts. And it is only through complete un swerving devotion to the perfect blending of form and substance; it is only through an unremitting, never-discharged care for the shape and ring of sentences that an approach can be made to plasticity, to colour; and the light of magic suggestiveness may be brought to play for an evanescent instant over the commonplace surface of words; of the old, old words, worn thin; defaced by age of carelessusage.

IV. Herbert George Wells (1866-1946)

1.His Life. H. G. Wells was born and educated at Bromley in Kent.'VHis father was an unsuccessful shop-keeper and professional cricketer, and already at thirteen Wells was earning a living as an apprentice, first to a chemist, then to a draper. Subsequently he became a teacher, and in 1884 entered the Normal School of Science, South Kensington, where he spent three years and gained much of the scientific knowledge which he was to turn to such good use. On leaving the College he again took up teaching, but in 1893 ill-health compelled him to leave the profession and turn to literature for a livelihood. (He began as a journalist and contributed to such periodicals as *The Fortnightly Review, Pall Mail Gazette,* and *Saturday Review.* The year 1895 saw the publication of *The Time Machine,* first of the scientific romances which established him as a popular writer by 1900. In 1903 he joined the Fabian Society, only to leave it some six years later)Though his interest in socialist political ideals remained strong for the rest of his life and he was later a keen supporter of the Labour Party. He put up as Labour candidate for London University, but he was not successful.

2. His Works. (The most prolific of major modern writers, Weils poured out scientific romances, novels, pamphlets, popular educa tional works, with incredible speed and regularity. In his writing life of some fifty years, he produced just under a hundred works. The first ten years after *The_Time_Machine* (1895) were primarily concerned with the scientific romances on which much of his popu larity still rests. Among them we may mention *The Stolen Bacillus and Other Stories* (1895), *The. Wonderful Visit* (1895), *Thirls land of Dr Moreait (1896), The Jjiyisibje Man (*1897), *The War of the Worlds*(1898), *When the Sle'epcr Wakes* (1899)--revised as *The Sleeper*

Awakes (1911), *The First Men in the Moon* (1901), *The Food of the Gods* (1904). In these stories, full of romantic incident and. ready invention, Wells exploited the contemporary interest in science, packing them with a wealth of accurate scientific detail which gave them a strong appearance of actuality. Their appeal was immediate and enormous)
(kipps (1905 marks the next turning-point in his career and was to be followed by the sociological novels in which his true greatness is seen. They include *Tono-Bungay* (1909), *Ann Veronica* (1909), *The History of Mr Polly* (1910), *The New Machiavelli* (1911), *Mr Britling sees it through* (1916), and, after a lapse often years, *The World of William Clissold* (1926). The forerunner of this phase had been the early *Love and Mr Lewisham* (1900). These novels, like his romances, are full of interesting incidents and dramatic scenes, and the good-humoured naturalness of their style makes them easy and attractive reading. They present a vivid picture of the contemporary social scene among the lower middle classes.)which Wells had studied at first hand with close and detailed observation. In them his interest in problems of social adjustment and distinctions between classes is always apparent, but, kept within bounds, it does not overburden the story.
(Marriage (1912) and *The Passionate Friends* (1913) begin a series of novels in which Wells's interest in social problems outweighs considerations of story and character. The novels which immediately follow these two, *The World Set Free* (1914), *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman* (1914), *The Research Magnificent* (1915), *Joan and Peter, The Story of an Education* (1918), *The Undying Fire* (1919), *The Secret Places of the Heart* (1922), are all much inferior to the works of his great period)
(The 1914-18 war stimulated much thought on the problems of world organization and reconstruction, and Wells now chose more regularly the prose treatise as his chief literary form.)As early as 1901 *Anticipations of the Reaction of Mechanical and Scientific Progress upon Human Life and Thought* had introduced Wells to the public as a popular writer of social treatises, and it had been followed by *Mankind in the Making* (1903), *Socialism and the Family* (1906), *New Worlds for Old* (1908). Then with the War came *An Englishman Looks at the World* (1914), *The War that will End War* (1914), *The Elements of Reconstruction* (1916), *Russia in the Shadows* (1920), *The Salvaging of Civilization* (1921), and *Washington and the Hope of Peace* (1922). Throughout the thirties Wells steadily

produced pamphlets, among them *The Work, Wealth and Happin'ess of Mankind* (1931), *After Democracy* (1932), *The Anatomy of Frustration* (1936)--and then the 1939-45 War brought a final burst of activity in this field which had absorbed so much of his attention. Among the many treatises of this period mention should be made of *The Fate of Homo Sapiens* (1939), *The New World Order* (1940), *The Rights of Man* (1940), *The Common Sense of War and Peace* (1940), *Science and the World-Mind* (1942).

This period of almost thirty years was not, however, devoted entirely to pamphleteering, and, in addition to his popular educational works, *The Outline of History* (1920) and *A Short History of the World* (1922), novels continued to flow from his pen. (Many of the novels written during the thirties approached the manner of his maturity, and include *The Autocracy of Mr Parham* (1930), *The Bulping'ton of Blup* (1933)) *Brynhild* (1937), *Apropos of Dolores* (1938), and *The Holy Terror* (1939).

Many of the works of H. G. Wells must go unmentioned, but we must not omit his *Experiment in Autobiography.* (1934).

3. Features of his Novels, *(a) His Ideas.* (Wells was concerned above all things with contemporary social problems, and he ranks with Shaw as a leader of advanced political thought of his day. As a socialist he. was concerned first with the reconstruction of modern society)on a more equitable basis(and this he felt to be attainable only through the spread of education. This belief led him to produce not only his many treatises but also the popular educational works on science. Educational opportunities and political equality for women were among the causes he supported.)and, though his plans for a world order involved a large degree of socialization and the subordination of the individual will to the communal good,he, was a strong advocate of the importance of developing the capacity of each individual to its utmost limits?) In pursuit of this ideal of self-development he opposed many of the conventional restrictions of his day. He was very interested in sex relationships and marriage, and his advocacy of free love placed him among advanced thinkers, (The, problem of the adjustment of the individual to his social environment was his chief interest,) and if he was the opponent of class privilege, for the proletariat *en masse* he had little respect, and he had the strongest suspicions of the methods of contemporary democracy. (His sympathy lay with the individual, for whom he had the warmest affection?) These views, which gave him such immense influence in his day, are most fully

expounded in his eminently **readable prose treatises; they also** underlie, not only the poorer, over-didactic novels of the 1912-20 period, but also those mature works in which he shows himself **a** novelist of very considerable standing.*(b) His Technique as a Novelist.*(Like Conrad and Hardy, he **was a** novelist presenting a serious view of life. Unlike his great con temporaries, he often used the novel for didactic purposes) and **his** stature as a novelist is correspondingly less than theirs His view of the function of the novel is admirably summed up in the following extract from his article, *The Contemporary Novel* (1911):It is to be the social mediator, the vehicle of understanding, the instrument of self-examination, the parade of morals and **the** exchange of manners, the factory of customs, the criticism of laws and institutions and of social dogmas and ideas. It is to be the home confessional, the initiator of knowledge, the seed of fruitful self-questioning. . . . The novelist is going to be the most potent of artists, because he is going to present conduct, devise beautiful conduct, discuss conduct, analyse conduct, suggest conduct, illuminate it through and through. . . . We are going to deal with political questions and religious questions, and social questions. ... Before we have done we will have all life within the scope of the novel.

At his best Wells succeeds in reconciling these aims with the demands of art, and the great novels have a spontaneous vitality and unfailing good humour, a warmth of human understanding and a naturalness of style which entitle them to a high place in twentieth-century fiction. They present real life with great accuracy and breadth, and Wells shows himself a master of technique. But his technique is that of an older generation, of the traditional English novel. By the modern theories of the .'-art' of the novel he was untouched, and his narrative method is always direct and uncomplicated. The air of reality which appears even in his scientific romances is most striking in the mature novels.

(c) *His Characters. (In* his major novels Wells presents a large gallery of portraits, of which the best are studies of simple, lovable souls like Mr Polly or Kipps, ordinary men of no particular importance who are pitiful in their attempts to order their lives. For the most part his finest characters are drawn from the lower middle class)which he studied with sympathy and humour.*(d)His humour* is one of the most appealing features of his best novels, and of none more than *Kipps* and *The History of Mr Polly.)* Quietly and unobtrusively it plays round its subjects, sometimes

providing whole scenes or incidents of fun, sometimes resting on a single word, inserted with apparent casualness. Many of his best characters are, indeed, humorous figures.)

OTHER NOVELISTS

1. Samuel Butler (1835-1902) was the grandson of the Dr Samuel Butler, who was, in turn, Headmaster of Shrewsbury School and Bishop of Lichfield. Some idea of his childhood and his relations with his father, who was also in the church, can be gained from *The Way of All Flesh,* in which the figure of Theobald Pontifex is modelled on Canon Butler. He was educated at Shrewsbury and St John's College, Cambridge, where he won distinction in the Classical Tripos, and, after refusing to take orders, he unsuccessfully tried teaching. In 1859 he emigrated to New Zealand, and, after five years of successful sheep-farming, the first year of which he described in *A First Year in Canterbury Settlement* (1863), he returned to England to lead a life of leisured ease. Painting was his first hobby, and he was sufficiently successful for his work to be hung in the Royal Academy. But at the same time he pursued his interests in science, music, and literature.

Butler's versatility and breadth of interest are reflected in his pamphlets and prose treatises. Those inspired by the Darwinian theory of evolution (a doctrine which, with certain reservations, he whole-heartedly embraced) include *Life and Habit* (1877); *Evolution Old and New* (1879); *Unconscious Memory* (1880); *Luck or Cunning as the means of Organic Modification?* (1887). His classical interests are reflected in *The Trapanese Origin of the Odyssey* (1893), his prose translations, in 1898 and 1900, of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey,* and the amazing The *Authoress of the Odyssey* (1897). Among his other miscellaneous publications were the charming travel book *Alps and Sanctuaries of Piedmont and the Canton Ticino* (1881); *Shakespeare's Sonnets Reconsidered* (1899); *The Life and Letters of Dr Samuel Butler* (1896); *Ex Voto* (1888); and *Essays on Life, Art and Science* (1904). *The Notebooks of Samuel Butler* were posthumously published in 1912.

His reputation rests, however, not on these (though his studies in evolution throw a valuable light on passages in his fiction), but on his three novels, *Erewhon* (published anonymously 1872), its sequel, *Erewhon Revisited,* which appeared, With a revision of the earlier book, as *Erewhon and Erewhon Revisited* (1901), and *The Way of All Flesh* (1903). The first, a collection of a number of

articles previously written, one as long ago as 1863, is the best of the many Utopias which appeared toward the end of the century. Church institutions, parental authority, the worship of machinery, and the treatment of crime were aspects of contemporary society which it satirized with a shrewd and penetrating irony. Its cloak of romantic narrative, its characterization, and the authenticity of its New Zealand setting gave it considerable popularity. Its sequel, *Erewhon Revisited,* is a more unified work, which is based largely on Butler's disbelief in the doctrine of the Ascension, here represented by Sunchildism, and the hypocrisy it entails. Again the sustained irony is most effective, and the work is full of mordant wit. *The Way of All Flesh,* published posthumously, is an important modern novel. Into its story of the house of Pontifex went much autobiographical reminiscence and most of Butler's chief ideas on life. It is a vindication of free will against Darwinian determinism, and an unflinching attack on the shams and hypocrisy of Victorian family life. It is remarkable for its frankness, its subtle study of the unconscious which gives depth to its psychological analysis, and the typical Butlerian wit and irony which are found throughout.

An acute and original thinker upon social problems, Butler ranks as the greatest prose satirist since Swift. Shams and hypocrisies of all kinds, whether religious, social, or political, he exposed with a fearless honesty and a humour which often turns into the most biting satire. As an indication of his influence on others it is sufficient to list among his disciples Shaw, D. H. Lawrence, Somerset Maugham, and Wells. He considered himself to be primarily a thinker, but the artistic qualities of *The Way of All Flesh* are sufficient to assure him of fame when the views he expounded have all been abandoned or disproved, or absorbed as everyday commonplaces.

2. George Moore (1852-1933) was born in Ireland of a family of country gentry. He was educated at OsCott and, after a brief experience of the Army, went to Paris at the age of eighteen to study painting. There he came under those artistic influences which were to have such a lasting effect upon his literary work--the painters Degas, Renoir, Gauguin, Cezanne, and Van Gogh, the contemporary novelists Zola, Flaubert, and Goncourt, and the recently dead Balzac. After some years as an artistic dilettante in Paris he was forced by financial difficulties to return to England, where for some years he earned a precarious living as an art critic. In 1901, his reputation as a novelist now established he returned to Ireland,

where, with his friends Yeats and(GeorgeRussell), he assisted in the renaissance of Irish literature, and especially in the birth of the Irish National Theatre. Ten years later he returned finally to England.

Moore began his career as a detached, impartial realist on the French model, seeking his subjects in the lower and more sordid sides of life, which he studied with remarkable photographic detail. *A Modern Lover* (1883), *A Mummer's Wife* (1885), *A Drama in Muslin* (1886), and *Spring Days* (1888) were followed by the greater and deeply moving study of the misfortunes of a poor servant girl, *Esther Waters* (1894), a realistic yet sympathetic ,picture of life among the lowest classes. His next two novels, *Evelyn Innes* (1898) and its sequel *Sister Teresa* (1901), are really two parts of one work, a long and elaborate character-study on a religious theme, which, though it has the same detailed background as his earlier novels, marks the beginning of the movement away from naturalism toward a more mystical type of writing. Under the stimulus of the Irish literary revival this departure was carried still further, and *The Untitled Field* (1903), a collection of thirteen short stories of Irish life, and *The Lake* (1905), a novel also set in Ireland, both show Moore making considerable use of Irish folk-lore rather in the manner advocated by Yeats. After his return to England he produced two of his most finished novels in *The Brook Kerith, A Syrian Story* (1916), a boldly conceived and exquisitely told story of the origins of the Christian faith, and *Heloise and Abelard* (1921), his own version of the famous medieval story. Of his other novels only *Aphrodite in Aulis* (1930) merits mention here.

Moore was first and foremost an artist. From the French masters he adopted the conception of the novel as an accurate, impartial, and detached study of life as it really is, a study to be judged only by the artistic skill of its presentation, while from Pater he first gained insight into the artistic potentialities of English prose. An acute and critical mind, a keen observation of life, an urbane detachment, with its attendant incapacity to experience the deeper levels of emotion, a sharp and often malicious wit, and a delicate ear for the rhythms of language equipped him admirably for the exploitation of his chosen form. As a realist he excels Gissing by virtue of his complete detachment, his total lack of sentimentality, and his respect for formal qualities. Throughout his career his style develops steadily, until in *The Brook Kerith* and *Heloise and Abelard* it achieves a formal perfection, an exquisite simplicity

and lucidity whicu are the supreme achievement of the conscious artist.

His interest in human nature and his psychological insight into the inner processes of the mind (not least into his own) lead him to devote much space in his novels to the analysis of mental states, and his studies of women are particularly good. It is this combination of insight with an easy natural style, often almost colloquial, which gives enduring appeal to those autobiographical works on which many critics feel that his fame will ultimately rest. These are *Confessions of a Young Man* (1888), dealing with his early life; *Memoirs of My Dead Life* (1906); his picture of the Irish literary world in *Hail and Farewell!--Ave* (1911), *Salve* (1912), *Vale* (1914); and the later *Avowals* (1919), and *Conversations in Ebury Street* (1924).

3. George Robert Gissing (1857-1903). The son of a Wakefield chemist, entered Owens College, Manchester, as an exhibitioner and distinguished himself as a prize-man in classics and English literature. A career of exceptional promise was wrecked when he was imprisoned for stealing from other students, and from that time for many years his life was one of extreme hardship and unrelieved misery. He made two disastrous marriages, and subsisted in the London slums on the meagre earnings of a literary hack. In 1888-89 he visited Italy and Greece, and a second trip to the same area Was undertaken in 1897-98. Toward the end of his career growing recognition brought financial relief, but popularity came only after his death.

As chronicles of the life of the slums, Gissing's earlier novels are unequalled in English. His backgrounds are filled in with unflinching realism, with an eye for concrete detail, and often with great power. But he is no social reformer; for the squalid and savage people he describes he sees no hope, and he has little sympathy with them, yet he is unable to achieve the detachment of the photographic realist. Gissing's novels reveal an inability to get away successfully from his own experiences. They burn with a fierce resentment, which springs from his sense of the injustice of a worlds where outward circumstance can be such a decisive factor in human life. His own personality is deeply impressed on most of his novels and the autobiographical element in them is strong. His most frequent theme is the tragic plight of a sensitive soul doomed by fate to a sordid existence, and many of these studies are marred by Gissing's self-pity. His best work is deeply moving, yet as an artist

his shortcomings are many. His sense of proportion is often faulty, his plots awkwardly constructed or spun out to an unreasonable length, his themes and characters are frequently repeated with but slight variations, his dialogue is poor, and his work is almost completely lacking in the poise which comes from a sense of humour. His claims as a novelist rest on the value of his work as a social document and, more important, on the depth of his insight into the minds of his characters. His studies of almost morbid states of mind and his method of psychological analysis show the influence of the Russian Dostoevski, and to a considerable degree anticipate the line of development of the English novel since his own day.

The novels which seem likely to live are *Demos, a Story of English Socialism* (1886), *Thyrza* (1887), *The Nether World* (1889), *New Grub Street* (1891), and the unexpectedly mellow *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* (1903), while the best of his other work is found in *Charles Dickens, a Critical Study* (1898) and the travel book based on his Mediterranean tours, *By the Ionian Sea* (1901).

Among his lesser novels we may mention *The Unclassed* (1884), *The Emancipated* (1890), *Born in Exile* (1892), *The Odd Women* (1893), *In the Year of Jubilee* (1894), *Eve's Ransom* (1895), *The Whirlpool* (1897), *The House of Cobwebs and Other Stories* (1906), and his unfinished romance *Veranilda* (1904).

4. Enoch Arnold Bennett (1867-1931) (was born at Hanley)in the Potteries and was the son of a local solicitor. (He was educated at Newcastle under-Lyme, studied law, and worked for some time as a clerk in his father's office before going to a similar job in London in 1893. [He began to contribute articles to periodicals and became sub-editor, then editor, of the magazine *Woman.* This post he left in 1900 in order to devote all his energies to writing, and three years later he settled in France.) where he married a Frenchwoman in 1907. Returning to this country in 1911, he eventually settled in Essex, and during the 1914-18 War he was for a time Director of British Propaganda in France. (He was the author of some eighty volumes of novels, short stories, essays, articles, and plays. In many ways he is the victim of his own literary facility, and his reputation as a novelist rests on some half-dozen of his many works. He is to the Black Country what Hardy is to Wessex, and his masterpiece *The Old Wives' Tale* (1908), *Clayhanger* (1910), *Hilda Lessways* (1911), and *These Twain* (1916) are all set in this district. These four novels, and the later *Riceyman*

Steps (1923), which is set in the sordid areas of Clerkenwell, are his best. *The Old Wives' Tale* is a long, realistic novel, which traces the steady evolution of the Potteries from the age of Victoria toward modern times. As a detailed social document it is of the greatest interest; as a novel it is full of human warmth and sympathy, is enlivened by Bennett's humour, which is sometimes kindly, often caustic or ironical. *The Old Wives' Tale* ranks with the greatest novels of modern English literature. Of the three novels published as *The Clayhanger Family (1925) clayhanger is the* best. Its biting exposure of the religious .bigotry"oftne five towns has certain resemblances to the work of Samuel Butler. All three, *Clayhanger, Hilda Lessways,* and *These Twain,* are notable for the vividness of their setting and the depth of insight with which the chief figures are studied. *Riceyman Steps* is a typically realistic revelation of lower-class London life as it revolves round the central figure of a miserly shopkeeper.) but it contains also a portrait of a charwoman, Elsie, whose self-sacrifice and devotion bring beauty to an otherwise sordid tale. *(Riceyman Steps* is the only one of his later works that approaches his best achievements.)
(Arnold Bennett is interested, not in propaganda or philosophy,
but in giving a realistic account of the lives of ordinary people.
He has an eye for detail, an unfailing interest in human life, intuitive
understanding of character.) and a freedom from any ideological
aims or bias which place him high as a realist. Warm as is his sympathy his
sympathy for the poor, and strong dislike for the narrow-
ness of English provincial life) Bennett can present life without any of the distortion which is the besetting danger of the reformer. For the grim industrialism of the Potteries he has a real affection, and, though he is aware of its shortcomings, he has a rare faculty for describing its beauties. It is(this same-faculty for evoking the beauty and romance of the ordinary lives of ordinary folk which is one of the most attractive features of his best novels.) (His dialogue is usually excellent.)but he appears to be insensitive to the finer graces of the English language, and his prose compares unfavourably with that, of Galsworthy.
(Unfortunately, in his quest for success, Bennett determined to give the reading public exactly what it wanted. He made a great deal of money, but wrote a great many novels unworthy of his talents. Among his lesser novels mention may be made of *A Man from the North* (1898), *Anna of the Five Towns* (1902), *The Grand Babylon Hotel* (1902), *A Great Man* (1904), *Sacred and Profane Love*

(1905), *Buried Alive* (1908), *The Card(1911),The Pretty Lady* (1918), *Mr prohack* (1922), and *Lord Raingo* (1926)J

(To list the almost innumerable minor works of Bennett is impos-siblenere. They comprise short stories and essays such as *Tales of the Five Towns* (1905), *The Grim Smile of the Five Towns* (1907), *The Matador of the Five Towns* (1912), *Books and Persons* (1917) *Things that have interested me* (1921-26); plays such as *Milestones* (1912), *The Honeymoon* (1912), *The Great Adventure* (1913), (*The Love Match* (1922); and such books as *The Truth about an Author* (1903) and *The Author's Craft* (1914V

5. Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936) flvas born in Bomba) but soon moved to Lahore, when his father, a professor of archaeological sculpture, was appointed curator of the Government Museum there. At the age of six/tie was sent to England to school, and two years later he entered United Services College,) Devon, the life of which he was to immortalize in *Stalky & Co. (1899).(On* his return to India he was a reporter for the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette* and the Allahabad *Pioneer* (1882-87)before beginning a two years' voyage to England which took him through China, Japan, and the United States, and led to the articles which were collected as *From Sea to Sea* (1900). Subsequently he travelled widely in many parts of the world, lived for four years in the U.S.A. (1892-96), and finally settled at Rottingdean, on the Sussex coast. His literary fame brought him many honours, including the Nobel Prize for Literature (1907) and the Rectorship of St Andrews University (1922-25).

(Kipling was a prolific very versatile writer, and had from the outset all the qualities necessary for popularity. His journalistic experience served him in good stead throughout his career, and his prose works, which include stories of Indian life, of children, and of animals, are told with great vitality.) He has an inventive faculty, a romantic taste for the adventurous and the supernatural, and an apparently careless, very colloquial style, which ensured for his work a popular reception. His insistent proclamation of the superiority of the white races, of Britain's undoubted mission to extend through her imperial policy the benefits of civilization to the rest of the world, his belief in progress and the value of the machine, found an echo in the hearts of many of his readers. Into the period of the decadent writers he swept like a gale of invigorating salt air, glorifying the values_of action, manliness, loyalty, and self-sacrifice, and, if his work betrayed occasional lapses of taste or excursions into the melodramatic or sentimental, they were not faults of such a kind

as to affect the popularity he had enjoyed from the moment of his first English publications. But (there was more in Kipling than a mere popular writer. His achievement in revitalizing literature in the 1890's is not to be underestimated. His painting of Anglo-Indian and of native life is extremely good: his portraits of soldiers, natives, and of children are also vividly drawn, though the characterization is not deep: his background is clearly visualized and realistically presented, and he has a great ability to create an atmosphere of mystery. The apparent carelessness of style is an effect deliberately and skilfully cultivated, and his stories are expertly constructed) His best-known prose works include *Plain Tales from the Hills* (1888); *Soldiers Three* (1888); *The Phantom Rickshaw* (1888); *Wee Willie Winkle* (1888); *Life's Handicap* (1891); *Many Inventions* (1893); *The Jungle Book* (1894); *The Second Jungle Book* (1895); *Capiains Courageous*(1897); *The Day's Work* (1898); *Kim* (1901); *Just-so Stories for Little Children* (1902); *Puck of Pook'sHill* (1906); *' Rewards and Fairies* (1910); *Debits and Credits* (1926); and *Limits and Renewals* (1932).

[As a poet Kipling claims credit for reintroducing realism and a racy vigour into the verse of the nineties. At his best he achieves genuine poetry; at his worst he can be mechanically and stridently crude. He lacks delicacy of touch!) He is a ceaseless experimenter in verse forms and rhythms, and his main themes are those of his prose works. His verse is to be found in *Departmental Ditties* (1886); *Barrack-room Ballads* (1892); *The Seven Seas* (1896); *The Five Nations* (1903); *Inclusive Verse, 1885-1918* (1919) and *Poems, 1886-1929* (1930)

GENERAL SURVEY OF THE NOVEL (1890-1918)

1. The Dominance of the Novel. One of the most striking features of the history of the novel is the speed with which it has developed. Not before the eighteenth century did it appear as a serious rival to poetry and drama; throughout the nineteenth its status grew rapidly in the hands of the Brontes, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and Meredith. In the period now under review the novel for the first time gains an undoubted ascendancy over all other literary forms, an ascendancy it has maintained until very recent years. Its growing importance has been accompanied by serious study of the art of the novelist, and, from a technical point of view, the progress of the last sixty years is unequalled in all its previous history.

2.The Conception of the Novel as an Art Form. The problem of the aim and scope of the novelist is now seriously posed in England for the first time. Hardy, Wells, Conrad, James, Galsworthy, and Moore devoted themselves to this question. All would have endorsed the statement of Wells: "Before we have done we will have all life within the scope of the novel," From the definition of ends to means was a short step, and James and Conrad evolved techniques which revolutionized the novel. They abandoned the direct loose biographical method in favour of an indirect or oblique narrative, with great concern for pattern and composition, and characterization built on the study of the inner consciousness. It is in this manner that much modern fiction has been written.

3.The Novel of Ideas and Social Purpose. To Hardy the aim of the novel was to interpret life through a picture of human existence so presented as to express the author's philosophy. He overweights his case, whereas Conrad interprets life without sacrifice of art. Allied to this view of the novel is that of Butler, Wells, and Galsworthy, who saw it as a means of social propaganda, a medium for disseminating their ideas on religion, shifting social values, and family life. Others holding this view included Mark Rutherford (1831-1913), whose real name was William Hale White, and whose chief novels were *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford* (1881), *Mark Rutherford's Deliverance* (1885), and *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane* (1887); J. D. Beresford (1873-1947), who wrote *The Early History of Jacob Stahl* (1911), *A Candidate for Truth* (1912), *The House in Demetrius Road* (1914), and. *The Invisible Event* (1915); Gilbert Cannan (1884-1955), author of *Peter Homunculus* (1909), *Round the Corner* (1913), *Little Brother* (1912), *Old Mole* (1914), *Mendel* (1916), *The Stucco House* (1918), and *Pugs and Peacocks* (1921); Olive Schreiner (1855-1920), who wrote *The Story of an African Farm* (1883); and Grant Allen (1848-99), author of *The Woman Who Did* (1895).

4.Realism. Another view was that of Moore, who aimed to present life with detached, photographic accuracy, regardless of moral or ideological considerations, judging his work by aesthetic canons alone. This was also Gissing's aim, though his concern with the artistic considerations was in reality slight. In this tradition were the works of Rhoda Broughton (1840-1920)--*Not Wisely, but Too Well* (1867), *Red as a Rose is She* (1870), *Belinda* (1883), and *Dr Cupid(1886);* of Oliver Onions (1873-1961), who wrote *Little Devil Doubt)* (1909), *Good Boy Seldom* (1911), *In Accordance with the*

Evidence (1912), *The Debit Account* (1913), and *The Story of Louie* (1913); of Israel Zangwill (1864-1926), who wrote *The Children of the Ghetto* (1892), *Ghetto Tragedies* (1893), *"They that Walk in Darkness"* (1899), and *Dreamers of the Ghetto* (1898); of Arthur Morrison (1863-1945), *Tales of Mean Streets* (1894) and *A Child of the Jago* (1896); and of John Davidson (1857-1909), *Perfervid, the Career of Ninian Jamieson* (1890), *Baptist Lake* (1894), and *The Wonderful Mission of Earl Lavender* (1895). Many short-story writers were influenced by the realist conception of fiction, which also makes itself felt in the works of the novelists of social purpose.

5.**French and Russian Influences.** From Flaubert (1821-80), the brothers de Goncourt (Jules 1830-70, Edmond 1822-96), Zola (i840-1902), Maupassant (1850-93), and Balzac (1799-1850), English writers learned the minutely accurate portrayal of everyday life, and the new conception of the novel as an art form, in which structure, pattern, style, and finish were of fundamental importance. In Dostoevsky (1821-81), Turgenev (1818-83), and Tolstoy (1828-1910), they found a new interest in the darker, hidden sides of human nature, and a different form and structure.

6.The Growing Popularity of the Short Story. Foreign influences were equally strong in the short story, which became widely practised. Hardy, Bennett, Conrad, Gissing, Kipling, Wells, and Moore all used this medium with success, and Henry James is perhaps the greatest short-story writer in English. Other writers in this field include Mark Rutherford (1831-1913), Hubert Crackanthorpe (1865-97), Frederick Wedmore (1844-1921), William Pett Ridge (1860 (?)-1930), A. St John Adcock (1864-1930), Barry Pain (1864-1928), W. W. Jacobs (1863-1943), Oliver Onions (1873-1961), James Stephens (1882-1950), R. B. Cunninghame Graham (1852-1936), and Marmaduke Pickthall (1875-1936).

A writer who greatly influenced future generations was 'Saki' (Hector Hugh Munro) (1870-1916), whose brief narratives in epigrammatic style aimed to humiliate the elderly upper-middle classes of the Edwardian era, cruelly enjoying to the point of sadism the revelation of their pretentious authoritarianism. Saki's witticism and sense of humour have something in common with present-day black comedy. His best work is found in *Reginald* (1904), *The Chronicles of Clovis* (1911), and *Beasts and Super-Beasts* (1914).

The short story was found to be particularly suited to tales of detection and the supernatural. Once Conan Doyle (see below) had established the character of his private detective, vast numbers of

writers hastened to produce bizarre mysteries and even more bizarre sleuths. As for the supernatural, no-one bettered the work of Montague Rhodes James (1862-1936), Provost of Eton and Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University, whose very small output was contained in two volumes of *Ghost Stories of an Antiquary* (1904, 1911). More prolific and almost as successful was Algernon Blackwood (1869-1951), whose interest in the occult and the uncanny influenced his career from *John Silence* (1908) to *Tales of the Uncanny and Supernatural* (1949).

7. The Survival of Romance. In the novel, as in drama, romance survived in this age of realism. Resurrected by Stevenson (see p. 410), it inspired Kipling and was carried to unprecedented heights by Conrad. Enormous numbers of romances were penned by other writers to satisfy the demand for the exciting, the unusual, the exotic, and the remote. Some of these writers achieved a popularity and financial success denied to their greater contemporaries. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (1859-1930), author of the world-famous Sherlock Holmes stories and of *Micah Clarke* (1889), *The White Company* (1891), *The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard* (1896), and *Rodney Stone* (1896); Sir H. Rider Haggard (1856-1925), who wrote *King Solomon's Mines* (1886), *She* (1887), *Allan Quatermain* (1887), and *Ayesha, or The Return of She* (1905); Stanley J. Weyman (1855-1925), author of *A Gentleman of France* (1893), *Under the Red Robe* (1894), and *Ovington's Bank* (1922); H. Seton Merriman (1862-1903), whose real name was Hugh Stowell Scot, author of *The Slave of the Lamp* (1892), *With Edged Tools* (1894), and *In Kedar's Tents* (1897); and Anthony Hope (Hawkins) (1863-1933), author of *The Prisoner of Zenda* (1894) and *Rupert of Hentzau* (1898); all became household names. Less well known, though possibly superior to all of these, was Maurice Hewlett (1861-1923), author of *The Forest Lovers* (1898), *New Canterbury Tales* (1901), *The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay* (1900), and *The Queen's Quair* (1904). The best-known works of Kenneth Grahame (1859-1932) were *The Golden Age* (1895), *Dream Days* (1898), and the famous *The Wind in the Willows* (1908). *Moonfleet* (1898) was a West Country adventure story with ghostly undertones, but the author, J. Meade Falkner (1858-1932), used the supernatural as the basis of his only other novels, *The Lost Stradivarius* (1895) and *The Nebuly Coat* (1903).

8. The Growth of Regional Fiction. The success of Hardy as a novelist of Wessex stimulated fiction set in particular regions, such as the novels of the "Five Towns," which are Bennett's best work.

Westmorland was the setting of the novels of Constance Holme, who gained little recognition until long after the publication of *Crump Folk going Home* (1913), *The Lonely Plough* (1914), *The*
Splendid Fairing (1920), and *The Trumpet in the Dust* (1921). Eden Phillpotts (1862-1960) is the novelist of Devonshire in *Children of the Mist* (1898), *The Human Boy* (1899), and *The Secret Woman* (1905). It was in the fiction of Scotland and Ireland that regionalism flourished most strongly. The Kailyard School in Scotland, including Barrie, produced novels of the Scottish countryside, in which accuracy of background was sacrificed for popular success. Among these novelists were Ian Maclaren (1850-1907), whose real name was John Watson, and who wrote *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* (1894), *A Doctor of the Old School* (1896), and *Kate Carnegie* (1896); S. R. Crockett (1860-1914), author *of Mad Sir Uchtredofthe Hills* (1894), *The Black Douglas* (1899), *The Stickit Minister and Some Common Men* (1893), and *The Lilac Sunbonnet* (1894); and Gabriel Setoun (1861-1930), whose real name was Thomas Nicoll Hepburn, author of *Robert Urquhart* (1896) and *The Skipper of Barncraig* (1901). A realist who wrote in a Scottish setting was G. D. Brown (1869-1902) with his fine novel *The House with the Green Shutters* (1901). In Ireland the growth of regionalism in the novel was but one aspect of that revival of Irish literature which found its greatest manifestation in the poetry of Yeats and the drama of Synge. Besides Moore we should mention Standish O'Grady (1846-1928)--*Red Hugh's Captivity* (1889), *The Flight of the Eagle* (1897), and *The Bog of Stars* (1893); Emily Lawless (1845-1913), author of *Hurrish* (1886) and *With Essex in Ireland* (1890); and the partnership between Edith (Enone Somerville and Violet Martin (Martin Ross) which produced *Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.* (1899).

DRAMATISTS

I. George Bernard Shaw (1856-1950)

1. His Life. (George Bernard Shaw was born in Dublin) of Irish Protestant stock(and there received a somewhat scanty education at a number of local schools) including the Wesleyan Connexional School. Most of his cultural background he owed to his mother, a talented woman with whom, in 1876, he came to London. Here he became an active member of the Fabian Society soon after it was founded in 1884, and (he not only wrote pamphlets on politics and economics but did much platform speaking as his part in the campaign to disseminate the ideals of Fabian socialism.)From

1885 to 1908 he won fame as a journalist--with the *Pall Mall Gazette* (1885); *The World,* as an art critic; *The Star* (1888),as a music critic; *The World* again(1890-94), this time as a music critic; and, most important of all, as dramatic critic for the *Saturday Review* (1895-98). It was for this paper that he wrote the well-known articles attacking the sentimentality and insincerity of the theatre of the nineties. In the meantime, after an abortive attempt to become a novelist (he wrote four unsuccessful novels: *Immaturity, The Irrational Knot, Love among the Artists,* and *Cashel Byron's Profession),* Shaw commenced dramatist with *Widowers' Houses* (1892). But none, of his ten plays of the nineties met with success on the stage. Indeed, recognition was delayed for over ten years-,--and then it came first from abroad--on the Continent and in America. Then in 1904-6 the Court Theatre, under the famous Vedrennc-Barker management, presented his plays consistently, and his reputation was assured. By the end of the First World War Shaw had become a cult In 1925 he was awarded the Nobel prize for Literature, and four years later Sir Barry Jackson founded the Shaw Festival at Malvern, for which Shaw wrote new plays until 1949, when his last full-length play, *Buoyant Billions.* was performed there. At the time of his death in 1950, such was the strength of the 'Shaw legend,' there were few who did not know him as a personality, though many may not have known his work. 2:(His Plays. Shaw's plays are here considered in the order of their composition. (His first works were received with hostility, and the need to create his own audience led him to publish" some of them before they were produced. Where, in the following account, two dates are given for a play, they indicate the date of composition and the date of first production. A single date indicates that the play was produced almost as soon as completed. Of his later pieces, few, except those which he withheld from the stage, had difficulty in finding a producer, though his work was first seen in places as far apart as Newcastle, New York, Croydon, and Warsaw,
(plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant (1898) contained seven works, three "unpleasant," four "pleasant." The "unpleasant" were *Widowers' Houses* (1892), *Mrs Warren's Profession* (1894: banned by the censor, privately produced 1902: publicly produced 1925), and *The Philanderer* (1893:1905). The first two are unflinching and deep examinations of slum landlordism and organized prostitution respectively. They are well constructed and contain flashes of Shavian wit, but their serious realism proved unpalatable for the

times and merely brought their author notoriety. The same earnestness mars the more narrowly topical *The Philanderer,* a satire on the pseudo-Ibsenites and their attitude to woman.! Having failed to put over his ideas directly and seriously, Shaw adopted a humorous, witty approach in the first of the "pleasant" plays--*Arms and the Man* (1894)--an excellent and amusing stage piece which pokes fun at the romantic conception of the soldier, and which has since achieved great popularity. It was the first of the truly Shavian plays. *Candida* (1895), which presents a parson, his wife, and a poet involved in 'the eternal triangle,' has more human warmth than many of his works, and the main interest is focused on the characters) rather than on any thesis. This interest in character is seen in the study of Napoleon in the amusing but slight *The Man of Destiny* (1895: 1897), and in the witty and spirited *You Never Can Tell* (1897: 1899)) In both, Shaw's views are less stridently proclaimed, though in the former his attempts to show the 'ordinariness' of Napoleon lead him to produce a rather unsatisfactory character.

The Devil's Disciple (1897), *Coesar and Cleopatra* (1898: 1899), and *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* (1899: 1900) were collected in *Three Plays for Puritans* (1901). The firrt satirizes the melodramn by using-.al! its ingredients -with a typically Shavian difference. It also shows the humanity of a supposed villain and pokes fun at the rigid narrowness of the people who scorned him. It is full of fun, excellently constructed, and has been very popular. *Coesar and Cleopatra)* though on a more lavish scale, does for its two main characters what *The Man of Destiny* did for Napoleon, studies great historical personages as ordinary human beings.(the character of Caesar is interesting as an embodiment of Shaw's idea of a leader of men--energetic, courageous, and controlling his passions by his reason. *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* treats of the stupidity of revenge as a guiding force in life.; The theme is well handled, and the moral is veiled by thoroughly amusing comedy.

(Man and Superman (1903: 1905), one of Shaw's most important plays, deals half seriously, half comically, with woman's pursuit of her mate.[1] The play is Shaw's first statement of his idea of the Life Force working through human beings toward perfection, and this, he feels here, can be reached only by the selective breeding which will eventually produce the superman. The play is unconventional in its construction, especially in the third act, entitled "Don Juan in Hell," but it is a fine drama and contains three notable characters in Ann Whitefield, John Tanner, and 'Enery Straker.

John Bull's Other Island (1904) is a good-humoured satire on English and Irish prejudices as seen chiefly in the characters of Tom Broadbent and Larry Doyle, about whom the play revolves. It was originally written for the Irish National Theatre, but was not well received there.

(Religion and social problems are again the main topics in *Major Barbara* (1905) which deals with the paradoxical situation where the attempts of the Salvation Army to remedy social evils can only be continued through the charity of those whose money-getting has caused those evils. The same critical alertness and depth of insight are brought to bear on the medical profession in his amusing satire *The Doctor's Dilemma* (1906),and on the marriage conventions in *Getting Married* (1908).

The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet (1909) is a melodramatic piece about religious conversion against a background of horse-stealing and lynch-law in the West. Banned as blasphemous by the censor, it was first produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. Next came one of his least satisfactory works, *Misalliance* (1910), which contains little beyond a rather inconclusive discussion of the parent-child relationship, and then the slight but witty *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets* (1910).

(In *Fanny's First Play* (1911) and *Androcles and the Lion* (1912) Shaw once again took religion as his main theme. In the former, which gave Shaw his first long run in London, the religious theme is combined with an attack on the critics and a further study of the relations between parents and children. The latter is an examination of the nature of early Christian religious experience, conducted with genuine honesty and considerable insight,) in a vein partly serious, partly comic. Indeed, the comedy is so amusing that the underlying seriousness is all too easily missed.

Social conventions and social weaknesses were treated again in *Pygmalion* (1912: 1913), a witty and highly entertaining study of class distinction, and in *Heartbreak House* (1913: 1921), which, though set in the War period, really treats of upper-class disillusionment during the pre-War years.) This over-lengthy conversation piece is modelled on the drama of Chekhov, and its loose construction reflects Shaw's absorption in his theme at the expense of his form, but as social criticism it goes deep, and it contains a number of well-drawn characters, chief among them Captain Shotover.

(Back to Methuselah (1921) and st *Joan* (1923: 1924) are further studies of religion. The first is a cycle of five plays concerned with

the conception of the evolutionary force which will bring, man to perfection./ Selective breeding now gives way to the idea of an indefinitely fong life which will allow man to outgrow his limiting passions and achieve a state of pure contemplation and eventual happiness. The cycle is an immense effort of the imagination, but as a practical theatrical proposition has little to recommend it. | *St Joan* is probably Shaw's finest play. In it the independence of the true Protestant is seen in opposition to the forces of organized society. Joan herself is a finely drawn character, and, in spite of its length and the great quantity of discussion it contains, the play is most effective on the stage. I (None of the plays written after *St Joan* is comparable in quality wufrhis best work. Here it must suffice to mention them. They were *The Apple Cart* (1929); *Too True to be Good* (1932); *On the Rocks* (1933); *The Six of Calais* (1934); *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles* (1934); *The Millionairess* (1936); *Geneva* (1938); *In Good King Charles's Golden Days* (1939); *Buoyant Billions* (1949)

3. Features of his Plays, *(a) His ldeas.*\ Shaw believed that the ideas of his plays were their most important feature. He saw the stage as a platform for his views and reluctantly adopted the role of 'entertainer' only when his three "unpleasant" plays failed. When his fame was assured he again gave more prominence to his themes, and, though his theatrical art was never .forgotten, it was very often subordinated to his concern with a thesis.) Yet Shaw will be remembered not as a prophet, but as a dramatist, an artist in the theatre. Already many of the ideas with which he inspired or horrified his generation are accepted as commonplace. Shaw's fundamental aim in his drama was the bettering of the lot of humanity. Scoffing at the romantic view of life, be examined man and his social institutions with intellectual courage and shrewd, irreverent insight. Slum landlords, prostitution, marriage conventions, social prejudices, the romanticized soldier, the glamorous historical figure, the medical profession, the critics, religion--these are but some of the people and things which cajne under the microscope of his rationalism. His earliest work was emphatically socialist, and social-ism, later in a more moderate form, remained his hope for humanity. *Man and Superman* and then *Back to Methuselah* proclaimed the creed of Creative Evolution which would eventually bring about perfection, in the first play through selective breeding, in the second through an incredible longevity. Religion was the main theme of his later plays. It was Shaw's delight always to turn the social scene

inside out, to show the other side of the accepted picture, a process which he undertook with a roguish humour, a delight in shocking the conventions, and a provocative mixture of serious argument and more or less fantastic fooling. Not infrequently his sense of fun ran away with him and his serious meaning was pvershadpwed,. ,
b)*His Prefaces* are very striking, In them he expounds views more or less closely connected with those which underlie the plays which follow. They were first used in his earliest works, when his only method of reaching a public was through the printed copy, but he continued to use them throughout his career. (It seems probable that the prefaces, rather than the plays themselves, will ultimately be accepted as the definitive statement of his ideas. Emphatic and authoritarian in tone, yet touched with an attractive geniality, they are closely argued and in a most incisive style. Often they reveal truly deep thought; sometimes they are spoilt by an obvious desire to be clever which carries the author further than he would otherwise have gone. In some of them there is also the tendency of the, zealous reformer to write down to his reader, and this can be irritating, though it must be recognized that this seems more obvious now that the ideas he expounds are generally accepted than it may have done at the time of their penning.
c)*His Wid* From the days of *Widowers' Houses* Shaw's wit sparkles through his plays: with *Arms and the Man* it began to have great prominence. Wit is the very essence of Shavian comedy, in which the dramatist, standing outside the world he creates, sees it with an impish detachment. His sense of fun is undying, and there is in his drama an endless stream of exuberant vitality and gaiety of spirit. Sometimes his sense of humour is uncontrolled and the result is disturbing, but generally it can be said that there is a serious purpose underlying his fun.) In a dramatist so intellectual, so persistently witty, so detached from his subjects, it is not surprising to find that there is relatively little emotion. Shaw rarely touches the depths of true tragedy, even in *St Joan,* and in his work as a whole the emotional passages are brief. Indeed, Shaw seems to distrust the emotions, as we can gather from his attitude toward love and his ideal of the pure intelligence, which is the ultimate perfection envisaged in *Back to Methuselah.*
(d)His Characters. (After Shakespeare no English dramatist equals Shaw in the variety and vividness of his characters.)though he lacks almost entirely that interest in the individual *per se* which is one of Shakespeare's qualities. The characters of Shaw are largely seen as

the products, good or bad, of social forces, or as the representatives of ideas. Some are mere mouthpieces for his theories, while others are really project-cms of his own personality.) None the less he has contributed many memorable characters *to* the national heritage; among them Alfred Dooiittle (*Pygmalion),* 'Enery Straker *{Man and Superman),* Larry Doyle *{John Bull's Other Island),* Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonnington *{The Doctor's Dilemma).* Many of his characters are built with Dickensian skill around one idiosyncrasy, and Shaw is an apt caricaturist. He is particularly successful in the creation of women characters, and it is interesting to note that he has ncwreal heroes and no villains.

(e) (*His dialogue* was from the beginning of the highest order. Throughout his life Shaw was a brilliant talker, and he used this gift to great advantage in his plays. He excels in brief, witty exchanges and, above all, in the handling of extremely long speeches •' when his characters put forward their carefully reasoned arguments." He had the art of making the long discourse as interesting and dramatic as action, and this was something new to the stage. His brilliance in this has never been surpassed.

(f) *His Dramatic Technique.* In spite of the emphasis which he placed on his ideas, Shaw rarely neglected the art of the theatre, and his best plays are excellent on the boards. His sense of the stage was clearly illustrated in the skill with which he supervised rehearsals of his own plays. He made full use of the tricks of the trade and was a master of the art of surprise. His plays often contain an almost bewildering variety of mood, which demands great flexibility of response from his audience. To begin with he followed the convertional dramatic patterns of his age, and it was only when his reputation was established that he began such experiments as the epilogue to *Man and Superman* and the gigantic cycle of *Back to Methuselah.* One of his most interesting innovations is the use of the long stage direction, written with all the care and artistry of his dialogues and prefaces.

4. His Prose Works. In addition to his plays and novels Shaw published a number of political and critical prose works, among them *The Quintessence of Ibsenism* (1891),

Dramatic Opinions and Essays (1937), The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism

II. J MILLINGTON SYNGE (1871-1909) 1. His Life.

Synge was born at Rathfarnham, County Dublin

(1928), a*nd Everybody's Political What's What* (1944).

and took a degree at Trinity College, Dublin. Some years of wandering on the Continent chieny in Paris, came to an end when he met W. B. Yeats in 1899. Yeats persuaded him to abandon his Bohemian life and return to Ireland and the Isles of Aran. Here Synge was inspired by the beauty of his surroundings, the humour, tragedy, and poetry of the life of the simple fisher-folk, and the loveliness of the native dialect. His first play, *The Shadow of the Glen* was produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, in 1903, and soon afterwards he joined Lady Gregory and W. B. Yeats as a director of the theatre, for which he wrote his six plays. He died of cancer at the age of thirty-eight before his last play, *Deirdre of the Sorrows,* was finished. His non-dramatic works include *The Aran Islands* (1907), the vigorous and colloquial *Poems and Translations* (1909), and *In Wicklow, West Kerry and Connemara,* published in 1911.

2. His Plays. Synge was the greatest dramatist in the rebirth of the irish Theatre. His plays are few in number but they are of a stature place him among the greatest playwrights in the language. *The Shadow of the Glen* (1903) is acomedy based on an old folk tale, which gives a good if somewhat romantic picture of Irish peasant life. At its first performance the character of Nora was taken to be an unfavourable reflection on Irish womanhood, and the play was badly received. It was followed by *Riders to the Sea* (1904), a powerful, deeply moving tragedy in one act, which deals with the toll taken by the sea in the lives of the fisher-folk of the West Coast of Ireland. The play has a grand, stark simplicity, and a controlled intensity of feeling, which is most impressive. *The Well of the Saints* (1905) is a rather fantastic comedy based on a legend, part French, part Irish in origin. Then, though it was not staged until three years later, came *The Tinker's Wedding* (1907), a folk-play in two acts, usually considered the least good of his works. Production of the play was originally held up by doubts about the reception which would be given to its satire on the Romanclergyand the marriage sacrament. It was with *The Playboy of the Western World* (1907)that Synge reached the pinnacle of his achievement. Again the play is based on an old legend, but it is altogether broader in scope than his other work, and the subtle study of the development of the central character, Christy Mahon, is the theme around which Synge builds a riotously funny comedy, full of spontaneous vitality, which gives an excellent, if satirical, picture of the Irish character. It was this satirical vein which led to the play's hostile reception in Ireland, though in England its greatness was at once

recognized. Synge's last play, *Deirdre of the Sorrows* (1910), was still in its unrevised form at his death. It takes up an old Irish legend in which the themes of love and death are tragically yet gloriously interwoven. (.The play is simple in theme and in structure, but the sustained beauty of its prose, ~~the~~ depth of The experi-ences which it handles, and the unity of its tragic effect give to its simplicity a tremendous majesty.

3. Features of his Plays. *(a) His Choice of Subject.* The decisive event in Synge's life was his going, at the suggestion of Yeats, to the Isle of Aran. His experiences there, and later in Ireland, gave him the theme and style of his drama. He saw and felt deeply the life ,of the-peasants wringing hard living from sea.and_soil; its tragedy, its comedy, its poetry and dignity are all captured in his work. Synge reacted strongly against the almost photographic reporting of the plays of the realistic movement, which, he felt, missed the essential poetry and joy of life, that "rich joy found only in what is superb and wild in reality." Ibsen and his influence he felt to be pernicious, and, like Yeats, he sought inspiration in the legends and myths of earlier days. But where Yeats sought in the myth the elements of a philosophy, Synge used it merely as the core around which were built his studies of Irish life and character. His keen insight into human nature. and his skill in the delineation of character are best seen in Nora *{The Shadow of the Glen),* Christy Mahon *(The Playboy of the Western World),* and Deirdre. Often his view of the Irish character is an ironical one, and we have seen the result of this in the reception of his plays.

In Aran, too, Synge appreciated, probably for the first time, the fundamental importance in the life of man of the forces of nature. The presence of nature is felt in every one of his plays. Sometimes as a fearsome relentless enemy *(Riders to the Sea),* sometimes as a kind comforter *(The Well of the Saints),* but always as a chief actor in the drama or as a source of imagery, nature is present. Synge views nature with something of the mysticism, and much of the same careful sensitive observation, that we find in Wordsworth, but he shows no tendency to build up a philosophy of nature. He is not didactic or moralistict his approach to nature has in it something" pagan.

(b) His Treatment of his Themes. Synge's genius is seen in both comedy and tragedy, though the latter is, perhaps, his more natural element. Tragedy is always close at hand in his comedies, but his tragedies are unrelieved by any comedy. *Riders to the Sea* and

Deirdre of the Sorrows are completely tragic in tone. What relief there is in *Deirdre* comes only from the poetry. His attempt to capture for the theatre what he feels to be the reality of life is Synge's chief preoccupation. For the most part he shows little concern with the tricks of the theatre, the complexities of plot development, the startling denouement, and all the stock-in-trade of the stage. Simplicity is the keynote of his plays -simplicity of
city of construction; in some the end is obvious before the play has well begun. Yet Synge's plays are immensely powerful on the stage, a quality which they draw from the intensity of the emotional experiences which underlie them, and the enchantment of Synge's inimitable style.

(c) *His Style.* Synge's style is unique. His plays are written in prose, but they have the rhythms and cadences of poetry, a poetry springing from the natural idiom of the peasant. This speech, rich in natural music and full of vivid imagery, is increased in power by its compression, and by the simplicity which is only achieved by much revision. Synge's style has the vitality of the great genius.

The following speeches, taken from the end of *Riders to the Sea,* where the mother mourns the loss of the sixth and last of her seafaring sons, are typical of the simple, moving style.

MAURYA *[puts the empty cup mouth downwards on the table, and lays her hands together on Bart ley's feet].* They're all together this time, and the end is come. May the Almighty God have mercy on Bartley's soul, and on Michael's soul, and on the souis of Sheamus and Patch, and Stephen and Shawn *[bending her head];* and may He have mercy on my soul, Nora, and on the soul of every one is left living in the world.

She pauses, and the keen rises a little more loudly from the women, then sinks away.

MAURYA *[continuing].* MlctiaeJ has a clean burial in the far north, by the grace of the Almighty God. Bartley will have a fine coffin out of the white boards, and a deep grave surely. What more can we want than that? No man at all can be living for ever, and we must be satisfied.

She kneels down again, and the curtain falls slowly.

At other times Synge achieves richness of description and a warm beauty. This is particularly seen in *Deirdre of the Sorrows* and the last part of *The Well of the Saints.* These speeches by Mary arid Martin Doul, when they have again lost their sight, after having had it miraculously restored, show Syhge in this vein:

MARY DOUL. There's the sound of one of them twittering yellow birds do be coming in the spring-time from beyond the sea, and

there'll be a fine warmth now in the sun, and a sweetness in the air the way it'll be a grand thing to be sitting here quiet and easy smelling the things growing up, and budding from the earth.

MARTIN DOUL. I'm smelling the furze a while back sprouting on the hill, and if you'd hold your tongue you'd hear the lambs of Grianan, though it's near drowned their crying is with the full river making noises in the glen.

OTHER DRAMATISTS

1. Henry Arthur Jones (1851-1929), the son of a farmer, was born at Grandborough, in Buckinghamshire, and received a rather brief grammar-school education before becoming a shop assistant. For some years he was a commercial traveller, until the success of *The Silver King* (1882) enabled him to take up the drama as a career. Under the influence of T. W. Robertson (see p. 479), Jones did much to prepare the ground for the new drama of ideas and social purpose. His work widened considerably the field from which the dramatist could select his theme. Though he could on occasion write comedies, he was essentially serious in outlook and felt that the drama should present, not romance or spectacle, but real life. His views are stated in the Preface to *Saints and Sinners* (1884). The search for a deeper drama led to his verse experiment, *The Tempter* (1893), and in the field of comedy his witty *The Liars* (1897) was a forerunner of the new comedy of manners to be perfected by Wilde. Jones was a skilled workman with a real sense of the theatre and the ability to create effective scenes, but, in every branch of drama he attempted, his limitations prevented him from bringing to fruition his advanced ideas. In his serious plays he lacked breadth of outlook and depth of thought, while his effectiveness was greatly diminished by his weakness for melodrama and sentimentality, by a certain artificiality in his characters, and frequently by his over-earnestness. Lack of the true fire spoiled his attempts at poetic drama, and in comedy he was often heavy-handed. Jones?s true value is as an innovator who pointed the way for others greater than himself.

Of his sixty or so plays mention may also be made *of Judah* (1890), *Michael and his Lost Angel* (1896), and *Mrs Dane's Defence* (1900).

2. Sir Arthur Wing Pinero (1855-1934) was born in London. He was the son of a solicitor and was intended to follow that profes sion. At the age of nineteen he became an actor, and his stage experiences in many parts of the country included some years at the Lyceum with Sir Henry Irving. In 1882, five years after his first

play, £200 *a Year* (1877), he abandoned acting for a career as a playwright.
Like Henry Arthur Jones, Pinero is an early practitioner of the realistic, drama, but he lacks Jones's extreme earnestness, and his lighter touch, combined with his deference to the tastes of his audience, made him more popular. He began his career with lively light comedies in which he achieved considerable success. Then followed a series of social satires, of which a typical example is *The Weaker Sex* (1888), and plays like *Sweet Lavender* (1888) in the sentimental manner of the day. But Pinero's quality was only fully revealed in his four social problem plays, of which the two best-known are *The Second Mrs Tanqueray* (1893) and *The Notorious Mrs Ebbsmith* (1895). These plays are more serious in tone and better in character-study than most of Pinero's, but, though tragic in theme, they seldom touch the deeper springs of tragic emotion. Pinero's theatrical technique is good; his plots, if sometimes improbable, are generally well handled; his dialogue is lively, and there is no lack of interest. But his work lacks depth. His picture of life is limited to the upper classes, while his character-drawing is rarely deep and not always consistent. Sentimentality mars some of his plays, and his anxiety to give his audience what it wanted results sometimes in theatricality.
Apart from those already mentioned, the following plays may be listed: *The Magistrate* (1885), *Dandy Dick* (1887), *Trelawney of the " Wells"* (1898), *The Princess and the Butterfly; or the Fantastics* (1897), *The Gay Lord Quex* (1899), Iris((1901), and *Mid-Channel* (1909)

3.John Galsworthy (1867-1933), the of wealthy lawyer, was horn in Surrey and was educated at Harrow and Oxford. He travelled abroad for a year before being called to the Bar in 1890, He was, however, far from happy in his profession, though he had a great interest in the law and had all the lawyer's impartiality and fairness. Always, though living in cultured ease, he was troubled by the social problems of the day,the inequalities and injustices of the social system, which became the main theme of his writing
In 1919 he refused the offer of a knighthood, but his work was ultimately recognized by the award of the Order of Merit in 1929 and the Nobel Prize for Literature four years later.
Galsworthy began his literary career as a novelist, and, after publishing some half-dozen works of little note, including the novelette *Jocelyn* (1898) and *The Island Pharisees* (1904), he wrote

his first great successful novel, *The Man of Property* (1906), which was to become the first part of the immense family novel. *The Forsyte Saga* (published in an omnibus volume 1922). The other books which complete the work are *In Chancery* (1920), *To Let* (1921), and the interludes which link the three major sections, *Indian Summer of a Forsyte* (1917) and *Awakening* (1920). These last four are not as good as the first part, but nevertheless *The Forsyte Saga* as a whole is one of the striking achievements in modern fiction.(It is a cool, controlled, ironical dissection of the Forsytes, a typical City family, and this series of stories handles a vast canvas of figures with firmness and skill. The family chronicle covers thirty-four years to the death of Queen Victoria, and gives an admirable picture of the upper-middle classes in the changing society of the end of the nineteenth century. Behind their common love of property the members of the Forsyte family are cleverly differentiated, and Soames Forsyte, his wife Irene, and old Jolyon are masterpieces of characterization. The fortunes of the family, as seen in its post-1918 generation, are described in *The White Monkey* (1924), *The Silver Spoon* (1926), and *Swan Song* (1928), which, with two more interludes, *A Silent Wooing* (1927) and *Passers By* (1927), were collected together as *A_ Modern Comedy* (1929). This series is conceived on a smaller scale, and has not the high quality of its predecessor, but, none the less, is a work of considerable merit. While the novels of these two series were being written, Galsworthy produced a number of works which add little to his stature. Nearly all show the same interest in sociological problems which underlies *The Forsyte Saga* and *A Modern Comedy.* They include *The Country House* (1907), *Fraternity* (1909), *The Patrician* (1911), *The Dark Flower* (1913), *The Freelands* (1915), *Beyond* (1917), *Saint's Progress* (1919), and then, later, come *Maid in Waiting* (1931) and *Flowering Wilderness* (1932).

As a novelist Galsworthy reflects the contemporary interest in sociological problems. His most important works give an objective, ironical portrait of the upper-middle class to which he himself belonged/They are earnest and sincere analyses of its weakness and inadequacies and, like his plays, show him to be primarily a social critic)(class rather than character is his concern.)and even his best characters are to a considerable extent types: motive and impulse are of secondary importance to him. He is a realist with a keen and accurate observation, and handles his material with a restraint, delicacy, and impartiality which at once prompt the description

'gentlemanly.' His chief weapon is irony, and his satire is kept well in hand. His dialogue has the naturalness that we expect of the author of the plays, and his style has the polished ease and urbanity which are ideal for his type of fiction, but it can, and does, reflect deep feelingsr

As a dramatist Galsworthy belongs to the realist tradition of Jones and Pinero. He says himself in a magazine article "Some Platitudes concerning Drama" (*Fortnightly Review,* December 1909): "Every grouping of life and character has its inherent moral; and the business of the dramatist is so to pose the group as to bring that moral poignantly to the light of day," and his plays are all didactic in purpose. Galsworthy was a social reformer, objectively and impartially posing a problem, showing always both sides of the question, and leaving his audience to think out the answer. His chief protagonists are usually social forces in conflict with each Other, and the human figures in his drama, though real enough and very true to ordinary life, are studied more as products of these forces than as individuals who are of interest for their own sake. To this extent they are types. But, in spite of his apparent detachment, Galsworthy obviously feels a warm sympathy for the victims of social injustice,and especially for the poor and downtrodden, and the underlying warmth of his drama is one of the qualities which distinguishes him most clearly from Granville-Barker. Where the latter is almost exclusively intellectual in appeal, Galsworthy calls into play the feelings as well as the mind of his audience. His character are well studied and his psychological insight is particularly well seen in his studies of internal conflict. In the construction of his plays he shows a fine sense of form, and the best of them are excellent stage pieces. His dialogue and situations are natural, and he never lapses into sentimentality or melodramatic distortion. His legal training shows itself in his frequent studies of social problems arising from the injustices of the law, in the excellent trial scenes found in his plays, and, perhaps above all, in the clarity of vision with which he followed his deliberately chosen path in the drama. His ideas on the drama are to be found in his collection of essays *The Inn of Tranquillity* (1912).

Of his best-known plays *The Sjlver Box* (1906) deals with the inequality of justice; *Strife* (1909) with the struggle between Capital and Labour; *Justice* (1910) with the cruelty of solitary confinement; *The Skin Game* (1920) with the different values of the old aristocracy and the newly rich businessman; *Loyalties* (1922) with class loyalties

and prejudices; and *Escape* (1926) with the inadequacy of **the** administration of justice and the attitude of different types of people toward an escaped prisoner.

In addition to his novels and plays, Galsworthy published some verse in *Moods, Songs, and Doggerels* (1912), *The Bells of Peace* (1921), *Verses New and Old* (1926), and several collections of essays and stories, among them *A Commentary* (1908), *A Motley* (1910), *The Inn of Tranquillity* (1912), *A Sheaf* (1916), *Five Tales* (1918), *Another Sheaf* (1919), *Caravan* (1925), *Castles in Spain* (1927), *On Forsyte 'Change* (1930).

4. Harley **Granville-Barker (1877-1946)** was born in London and was on the stage by the age of thirteen. He was associated with the Stage Society (founded 1898) as actor, producer, and manager, and was responsible for introducing to the public the work of Shaw and Galsworthy. He was involved in other theatrical ventures at the Royal Court Theatre (1904-7) and at the Savoy Theatre (1912-14). In spite of the high quality of his productions, both ventures failed. About the time of the First World War he was working in England and America, and he established himself as one of the great producers of his age. He was also a Shakespearian critic of considerable standing. By virtue of his professional experience he was able to view the plays in a light totally different from that of the academic critics, and his Prefaces, which bring the discussion of Shakespeare out of the study and back to the boards, are major landmarks in the history of twentieth-century Shakespeare criticism. They are as follows: *Series I* (1927); *Series II* (1930); *Series III--Hamlet* (1936); *Series IV--Othello* (1945); *Series V--Coriolanus* (1949).

Granville-Barker's few plays are of considerable significance in the theatrical history of our period. He carried the pursuit of realism and naturalism further than any of his predecessors, and his plays come closer to ordinary day-to-day existence, with the futility of which he is much concerned. His plays are discussions of contemporary problems, and his themes include the marriage conventions, the inheritance of tainted money, sex, and the position of women. Hating sentimentality in any form, he is essentially intellectual in his treatment and lacks the sympathetic warmth of the more popular Galsworthy. His tone is generally serious and often heavy, and some of his plays proved to be beyond the understanding of the most penetrating readers and were never produced. His concern with- his theme, and his fearless attempts to pose his problem fairly and squarely before the minds of his audience without prejudging

the issue, often lead to a lack of incident and a surprising neglect of theatrical considerations. His greatest merits as a dramatist are found in his character studies and extremely natural dialogue.

His most important plays are *The Marrying of Ann Leete* (1899), *The Voysey Inheritance* (1905), *Waste* (1907)$_r$ *The Madras House* (1910), *The Secret Life* (1923).

5. Sir William Schwenk Gilbert (1836-1911) was born in London and educated at London University. He served as an officer in the Militia (1868) and worked fora time as a clerk in the Privy Council Office. He first established his reputation as a writer of comic verse for magazines, and his work was collected in *Bab Ballads* (1869) and *More Bab Ballads* (1873). In 1871, with his libretto for the comic opera *Thespis,* for which Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900) composed the music, began the partnership which, between 1875 and 1896, produced the famous Savoy Operas for Richard D'Oyley Carte (1844-1901). Before and after this period, Gilbert produced both comic and serious plays in prose and verse. He was knighted in 1907. Though Gilbert is unlike any other dramatist of our period, his influence on later writers has been considerable, and his work leads directly to the comedy of manners and Oscar Wilde *(q.v.).* Ignoring the contemporary trend toward realism, he moves in the world of burlesque extravaganza, though his delicately ironical wit veils a seriousness which periodically comes to the surface even in his most humorous pieces. Early plays, like *Pygmalion and Galatea* (1871) and *Randall's Thumb* (1871), show his serious vein in full possession. The irony and wit of his fantasies and of the Savoy Operas to some extent conceal the shrewdness of his satirical thrusts at the institutions of his day, thrusts which are delivered with a fine precision of phrase and all the dexterity of an accomplished verse artist.

Among his plays are *Dulcamara* (1866), *The Palace of Truth* (1870), *The Wicked World* (1873), *The Happy Land* (1873) (with G. A. a Beckett), *Broken Hearts* (1875), *Engaged* (1877).

The Savoy Operas, for which he wrote the librettos, were *Trial by Jury* (1875), *The Sorcerer* (1877), *H.M.S. Pinafore* (1878), *The Pirates of Penzance* (1879), *Patience* (1881), *lolanthe* (1882), *Princess Ida* (1884), *The Mikado* (1885), *Ruddigore* (1887), *The Yeomen of the Guard* (1888), *The Gondoliers* (1889), *Utopia, Limited* (1893), and *The Grand Duke* (1896).

6. Oscar Wilde **(1856-1900),** the son of a famous Irish surgeon,

was born in Dublin. In his youth he showed brilliant promise, though his genius was perverse and wayward. He was Queen's Scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, and Berkeley Gold Medallist for Greek studies. In 1874 he became a scholar of Magdalen College, Oxford, where he became an apostle of the aesthetic cult of Pater. He took a First-class in Classical Moderations and Litterae Humaniores, and his poem *Ravenna* won the Newdigate Prize in 1878. From Oxford he went to London where he was the centre of an artificial, decadent society, famous for his wit and brilliant conversation. He made an American tour in 1882 and was well received. After that he rose quickly to literary fame, but, when at the height of his powers, he was sentenced at the Old Bailey to two years' imprisonment (1895). At the age of forty-four-he died in Paris.

In poetry, prose, and drama, Wilde embodies the spirit of the decadent school of the nineties. His literary descent from Pater and the Pre-Raphaelites is clearly seen in his early poetry. It is far removed in subject from the realities of ordinary life; it lacks emotional depth and is artistic and ornately decorative in style. But his earlier works, *Poems* (1881) and *The Sphinx* (1894), are overshadowed by the simpler and more powerful *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* (1898), which was written during his imprisonment.

Wilde's prose has the qualities of his early verse. His stories and one novel are typical products of the aestheticism of his group-- ingenious, witty, polished, and ornamental in style, but lacking in human warmth. Their main appeal is intellectual. Apart from *Lord Arthur Savile's Crime* (1887); *The Canterville Ghost* (1887); *The Happy Prince and Other Tales* (1888); and his novel, the well-known *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1890); Wilde also wrote *De Profundis* (1897). This long introspective work, written while he was in prison, was published in part in 1905, but the whole was not published until 1949.

It is, however, as a dramatist that Wilde survives to-day. He began with two serious pieces of little worth, *Vera, or the Nihilists* (printed 1880) and *The Duchess of Padua* (printed 1883), and they were followed by *Salome* (1892), which was used by Richard Strauss as the libretto for his opera of that name. Then came the four comedies on which his reputation rests: *Lady Windermere's Fan* (1892), *A Woman of No Importance* (1893), *An Ideal Husband* (1895), and, best of them all, *The Importance of Being Earnest* (1895). They are comedies of manners in the Sheridan tradition, aristocratic

in tone and outlook, and with all the conscious artistic grace and refinement of his other work. He paints a picture of the elegance and ease of the upper classes of his day, but, unlike some of his contemporaries, he has no interest in its moral implications. Again his appeal is largely intellectual; his characters are mere caricatures, often so alike as to be difficult to distinguish, and they have little human warmth. The continued popularity of his plays depends on the dialogue, with its hard glitter, its polish and scintillating wit. His cynicism finds an outlet in the profusion of neat paradoxes, and the tone suggests a rather insolent condescension toward his audience. To Wilde's concern with dialogue, plot and character are both subordinate. His plays are carelessly constructed, and the plots smothered by the flow of wit, flaws which, together with the insincere sentimentalism of his first three comedies, were quickly seized upon by the critics. Only in *The Importance of Being Earnest* did Wilde achieve real artistic harmony.

7. Sir James Barrie (1860-1937), the Scottish novelist and playwright, was born in Kirriemuir and educated at Dumfries Academy and Edinburgh University. After some experience as a journalist in Nottingham, he came to London and wrote for the *St James's Gazette* and several periodicals. He was famous as a novelist before he was known as a dramatist, and, apart from his early experiments, and *My Lady Nicotine* and later Peter Pan fairy books, wrote mainly about the Scottish country people, whom he studied with great sympathy and understanding.

Barrie was the chief member of the Kailyard School" of novelists (see p. 460). His first novels *Better Dead* (1887), *When a Man's Single* (1888), and *My Lady Nicotine* (1890), all suffer from that excess of sentimentality which is his chief weakness. The short dialect stories, collected in *Auld Licht Idylls* (1888) and *A Window in Thrums* (1889), are kindly sketches of the simple village life of his native district, and contain several good portraits. Of his other novels we should mention the over-romantic, sentimental, but immensely popular *The Little Minister* (1891) and his two studies of sentimentalism, *Sentimental Tommy* (1896) and *Tommy and Grizel* (1900).

From 1900 onward the stage claimed most of his attention. Among the dramatists of the period Barrie is unique in that his work belongs to no school, nor did it establish a school of its own. In many plays he turns his back on the realities of life and seeks refuge in a world of make-believe and charming fantasy, created by his

own peculiar mixture of whimsicality, quaintness, sentimentality, pathos, and humour. The best of his fantasies and romances had a delicacy of touch which delighted audiences who were very ready to be moved by his simple grace and charm. The worst of them were mawkish and exaggerated and are best forgotten. Sentimental romances like *The Professor's Love Story* (1894), the dramatized version of *The Little Minister* (1897), *Quality Street* (1902), and *Mary Rose* (1920) usually capture a certain public, while, of his fantasies, *Peter Pan* (1904) and *A Kiss for Cinderella* (1916) have always been popular. In other plays Barrie shows an ability to blend fantasy and reality, and beneath the surface of fantastic humour is a core of serious thought and a satirical, often cynical, view of the society of his day. Often the serious aspect is almost hidden by the surface fantasy, and many charmed audiences failed to realize the depth of the play. *The Admirable Crichton* (1902), *What Every Woman Knows* (1908), *The Twelve-pound Look* (1910), *The Will* (1913), and *Dear Brutus* (1917) are probably the best known of these.

Barrie's drama as a whole shows him to be a fine technician with a strong sense of the demands of the theatre. His characters are usually slight but charming, and he shows a tender affection for the day-dreamers and failures of the world. His dialogue is good and is handled with the sensitivity of one who had a real feeling for words.

GENERAL SURVEY OF THE DRAMA (1890-1918)

1. The Drama in Mid-Victorian England. From the dramatic point of view the first half of the nineteenth century was almost completely barren. As we have seen, many of the major poets had tried drama, but none of them had achieved any success. The greater part of their work never saw the stage. The professional theatre of the period was in a low state. Among the respectable middle classes it was despised as a place of vice. Audiences did nothing to raise the standard, which remained deplorably low. The popular pieces of the day were melodrama, farces, and sentimental comedies, which had no literary qualities whatever, were poor in dialogue and negligible in characterization, and relied for their success upon sensation, rapid action, and spectacle. Prominent among the writers of melodrama in the period was Dion Boucicault (1822-90).

But this was also the age of the great actor--the age of Edmund Kean (1789-1833), William Charles Macready (1793-1873), and Sir

Henry Irving (1838-1905), when a successful play was one which offered a 'meaty part to the star. Not unnaturally it was a period of Shakespearian revivals, staged on a lavish scale, and it was in 1879 that the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre was built at Stratford-on-Avon.

2. The Growth of Realism: the Problem Play. Within the melodrama itself there can be traced a significant development from romantic and historical themes to more domestic themes, and this movement toward realism received considerable impetus from the work of T. W. Robertson (1829-71), a writer of comedies, who introduced the idea of a serious theme underlying the humour, and characters and dialogue of a more natural kind. Robertson, however, did little more than point the way, and he never entirely freed himself from the melodrama and sentimentalism around him. His chief plays were *Society* (1865), *Caste* (1867), *Play* (1868), and *School* (1869). The same limitations affected the more serious work of Henry Arthur Jones (see p. 470) and, to a less extent, the plays of Sir A. W. Plnero (see p. 470). It was not until the nineties, when the influence of Ibsen (see p. 482) was making itself strongly felt, and Shaw produced his first plays, that the necessary impetus was there to carry the serious drama over into the field of social, domestic, or personal problems. A period so keenly aware of social problems was an admirable breeding-ground for the drama of ideas, and the themes of drama became the problems of religion, of youth and age, of labour and capital, and above all, now that Ibsen had torn down the veil which had kept the subject in safe obscurity, of sex. In widening the scope of the drama Ibsen and then Shaw, Galsworthy, and Granville-Barker were of paramount importance, and they did much to create a tradition of natural dialogue. New psychological investigations reinforced the interest in character as distinct from plot, and the realistic drama of our period aimed at the impartial presentation of real life, contemporary rather than historical. To begin with, its concern was primarily with the upper classes; and Its problems, except in Shaw, were handled discreetly, but gradually it turned to other social levels and became more daring in its themes. The weakness of the new, realistic, intellectual drama was its lack of anything to fire the imagination, its lack of poetry in the widest sense, and its greatest danger was that it might lapse into mere social photography. The greatest dramatists, like Shaw and Galsworthy, rose above these limitations. The dramatists of the new order were, however, a small minority, and while they struggled

for recognition, melodrama and musical comedy continued to flourish. But such was the force of the work of this minority that it established the drama of ideas as the drama of the early twentieth century.

3. The Growth of Repertory in England and Ireland. The arduous struggle to create an audience for the new drama led its champions to seek additional support in the provinces, and thus came into being the repertory movement. A season of Shaw repertory was given in 1904 at the Court Theatre under the Vedrenne-Barker management, and in 1907 Miss A. E. F. Horniman (1860-1937) abandoned her active interest in the Abbey Theatre, Dublin (see below) to found " Miss Horniman's Company," which, at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, developed into the Manchester Repertory Company. Its chief aim was to encourage the writing of realistic problem plays in the new tradition, and among the dramatists who there came to the fore were: St John Ervine (1883-)--*Mixed Marriage* (1911), *Jane Clegg* (1913), *John Ferguson* (1915), *The First Mrs Fraser* (1929), and *Robert's Wife* (1937); W. Stanley Houghton (1881-1913) --*The Dear Departed* (1908), *The Master of the House* (1910), *The Younger Generation* (1910), *Fancy-free* (1911), and *Hindie Wakes* (1912); Allan Monkhouse (1858-1936)--*Mary Broome* (1911), *The Education of Mr Surrage* (1912), *The Grand Cham's Diamond* (1924), and *First Blood* (1926).

Other repertory companies of distinction were founded in Liverpool (1911) and Birmingham (1913).

But most important of the theatrical developments outside London was the creation of the Irish National Theatre in Dublin. The idea of a national drama was born in the minds of Yeats and some of his contemporaries. In 1904 the generosity of Miss Horniman gave them the Abbey Theatre, of which Yeats, Synge, and Lady Gregory were directors. Of the dramatists who wrote for this theatre, Yeats and Synge (see pp. 484 and 466) looked on the drama as a thing of the emotions, and, reacting against realism, sought their themes among the legends, folklore, and peasantry of Ireland. In their drama we have poetry in the truest sense, though Yeats's dramatic gifts were limited. In the hands of Synge and Lady Gregory (1859-1932) there developed a new comedy. Lady Gregory's plays were published as *Seven Short Plays* (1909), *Irish Folk History Plays* (1912), *New Comedies* (1913), *Three Wonder Plays* (1922), and *Three Last Plays* (1928). A third stream in the new Irish drama is represented in the work of Lennox Robinson

(1886-1958) who, following the more realistic trend of the day, wrote *The Clancy Name* (1908), *The Crossroads* (1909), *Harvest* (1910), *Patriots* (1912), *The Dreamers* (1915), *The Lost Leader* (1918), *The Whiteheaded Boy* (1916), *The Round Table* (1924), and *Crabbed Youth and Age* (1924).

4.The Growth of Comedy. Since the days of Sheridan and Goldsmith there had been no worthwhile comedy until Robertson attempted to present a gently ironical view of life as it really existed. His lead was followed in plays like *The Deacon* (1890) and *The Liars* (1897), by H. A. Jones, and by Oscar Wilde, in whose hands the comedy of manners attained heights untouched since the eighteenth century. In the same tradition, if with a difference, was the work of W. S. Gilbert.

5.The Beginnings of the Poetic Drama. Despite the efforts of the major Victorian poets, there was no tradition of poetic drama at the beginning of our period. By 1920 there were signs of a rebirth, but the atmosphere in which realistic, naturalistic drama throve was uncongenial to poetic drama. At the Abbey Theatre Yeats attempted to revive poetry on the stage, but he lacked the essential qualities of the dramatist. Stephen Phillips (1864-1915) wrote a number of blank-verse plays, including *Paolo and Francesco* (1900), *Herod* (1901), *Ulysses* (1902), *The Son of David* (1904), and *Nero* (1906), but he had little popular appeal. Masefield, too, experimented in poetic drama (see p. 491) with but limited success, while Gordon Bottomley (1874-1948), who wrote a number of quite powerful poetical dramas, saw hope for this form only in the amateur theatre. Among his plays were *The Crier by Night* (1902), *Midsummer Eve* (1905), *King Lear's Wife* (1915), *Gruach* (1921), and *Culbin Sands* (1932). It was also during this period that John Drinkwafer (1882-1937) began his career with poetic dramas--*Rebellion* (1914), *The Storm* (1915), *The God of Quiet* (1916), and *X = O: A Night of the Trojan War* (1917). But the true poetic drama was that of Synge which, though not in verse, had all the qualities which these lesser dramatists in varying degrees lacked. At this point it may be convenientto mention the work of Lord Dunsany (1878-1957), whose career as a dramatist began in 1909 with The *Glittering Gate.* One of the best exponents of the one-acter, he merits inclusion in our consideration of poetic drama (although he writes in prose) by virtue of the romance on which his plays are built and his ability to conjure up a most powerful atmosphere, often of the Orient. Among his dramas the best-known are *The Gods of the Mountain* (1911), *A Night at an*

Inn (1916), *The Queen's Enemies* (1916), *The Laughter of the Gods* (1919), and (1921).
6. Foreign Influences on the Drama. Lack of space forbids more than the briefest mention of foreign influences on the drama of the period. Most important was that of the Norwegian, Henrik Ibsen (1828-1906), whose work became known in England about 1890 and gave an enormous impetus to the realist movement, to the deeper study of character, and to a far subtler conception of plot and character presentation. More than any other, Ibsen may claim credit for extending the scope of the modern dramatist. Other foreign influences -of less importance were the works of the Norwegian, Bjornstjerne Bjornson (1832-1910), the Swede, August Strind-berg (1849-1912), and the Russians, Anton Chekhov (1860-1904), Count Leo Tolstoy (1828-1910), and Maxim Gorky (1868-1936).
7. The growing importance of the dramatist and critic is a notable feature of the period. By 1920 the dominance of the actor-manager has given way to the conception of team-acting. By this time it is also the author who draws the audience. With this change goes the development of a more critical attitude in the audience itself, which is due, in no small measure, to the growth of scientific criticism. In this field William Archer (1856-1924) did great service, while, both as critic and playwright, Shaw did much to change the attitude of his public.

POETS

I. William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

1. His Life. Born near Dublin of a cultured Irish family, Yeats was educated in London but returned to Ireland in 1880 and soon afterwards embarked on a literary career. Recognition came quickly, and in 1891 he became a member of the Rhymers' Club, of which Ernest Dowson (1867-1900) and Lionel Johnson (1867-1902) were also members. Soon after 1890 Yeats began writing plays, and,
as a strong adherent of the Irish Nationalist Moverasnt, he did much to assist in the creation of a national thearte. The efforts of Yeats and his friends finally bore fruit when, in 1902, the Abbey Theatre Dublin, came under the management of the Irish National Theatre Company. Of this theatre, which was to play so great a part in the revival of Irish drama, Yeats was made a director, along with J. M. Synge and. LadyGregory. In later years his interest in the cause of Irish freedom led him first to an active participation in the

disturbances of 1916 and then to a public career which culminated in his election to the Senate of the Irish Free state(1922-28). In 1923 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature.. He died in the South of France (1939) and his body was reinterred in Ireland in 1948.

2. **His Poetry.** Like so many of his contemporaries, Yeats was acutely_ conscious of the spiritual barrenness of his age, and his whole artistic career is best seen as an attempt, at first to escape from the sordid materialism which he found on every hand, and later to formulate a new positive ideal which would supply his spiritual needs. In the easy charm and delicate, smooth grace of his early work, the influence of the Pre-Raphaelitgsjs clearly seen.It has something of the melancholy picturesqueness of that school, but with a mystical, dream-like quality peculiarly its own. A believer in magic and kindred arts, Yeats sought to escape into the land of , 'faery,' and looked for his themes in Irish legend and the simple, elemental impulses of man's primitive nature. The best remedy for the emptiness of the present seemed to lie in a return to the sim plicity of the past. To this period belong his narrative poem *The Wanderings of Oisin* (1889), which first established his reputation,' *Poems* (1895) *The Wind among the Reeds* (1899), and *The Shadowy Waters* (1900)" and it was in these early "days that he wrote many of. the lyrics, whose simplicity of style and melodic beauty have found them a place in numerous colluections of modern verse probably the best-known of them is The lake Isle of Innisfree (written in 1893):

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree, And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee, And live alone in the bee-loud glade.
And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow, Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow, And evening full of the linnet's wings.
I will arise and go now, for always, night and day,
I hear lake-water lapping with low sounds by the shore; '
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

Between 1900 and 1910 much of Yeats's time was devoted to the drama and philosophical and literary essays, but such poetry as was produced during this period shows a gradual movement away from

the escapism of his early work, and a steadily growing courage in grasping the nettle of contemporary reality. The increasing realism of this period is clearly seen in *The Green Helmet and Other Poems* (1910) and *Responsibilities* (1914), which strike a more personal note. It was, however, the impact of the 1914-18 war, and even more of the Irish troubles of 1916, which brought him face to face with the need to grapple with the realities of life. His mystical and philosophical studies and his excursions into spiritualism led to the promulgation of a new philosophical system, and much of the poetry of this period was devoted to the expounding of his theories, which are most fully stated in his prose work *A Vision* (1925). In 1919 he published *The Wild Swans at Coole,* a collection of poems similar to those in *Responsibilities,* but with the added force of a new maturity which is most clearly to be seen in the poems dealing with his own experiences. The peak of his achievement is reached *in The Tower* (1928) and *The Winding Stair and other Poems* (1933), in which he handles philosophical themes with a compact precision of style and a great mastery of rhythm and language. He continued to write with undiminished vigour until his death, and to his last period belong the Crazy Jane poems, some of which had appeared in *The Tower* and *The Winding Stair*. In them his philosophy, hidden beneath a mask of childlike simplicity, is put into the mouths of such characters as The Fool. They appeared in *New Poems* (1938) and *Last Poems* (1939).

3. His Drama. Though Yeats wrote some twenty plays, and was so intimately concerned with the foundation of the Irish National Theatre, it is clear that, like many great lyric poets, he lacked the essential qualifications of the dramatist. The virtues of his plays are in their poetry. For him his themes were always of primary importance, and there is a close parallel between the subjects of his lyrics and those of his plays. His characters, too,, were drawn from Irish legend *(e.g.,* Cuchulain) and from among those simple types to be found in so many of his poems. There is little or no attempt at character study, and his figures are mere mouthpieces for his ideas, which find expression in fine poetic speeches. Between 1917 and 1926 he produced a number of plays on the Japanese No model, and these highly stylized pieces are completely lacking in actuality and make no use of the normal machinery of the theatre. His plays include *The Countess Cathleen* (1892), *The Land of Heart's Desire* (1894), *The Shadowy Waters* (1900), *Cathleen ni Houlihan* (1902), *On Baile's Strand* (1904), *The, King's Threshold* (1904), *The*

Hour-glass (1904), *Deirdre* (1907), *The Resurrection* (1913), *At the Hawk's Well* (1917), *The Only Jealousy of Emer* (1919), *Calvary* (1921), and *The Cat and the Moon* (1926).

4.His Prose. Yeats's most important prose work is to be found in the essays which set forth his artistic and philosophical ideas-- *Ideas of Good and Evil* (1903), *Discoveries* (1907), *The Cutting of an Agate* (1912), and *Per Arnica Silentia Lunoe* (1918). But most important of all was *A Vision* (1925), a very difficult work; it was partly dictated to his wife by spirits, and in it we have the fullest exposition of his philosophy. A study of this work is essential to the full understanding of his later poetry. Yeats's prose has many of the qualities of his poetry. It is simple and lucid, and is enriched with pungent phrases and rich pictures. All the poet's flair for *le mot juste* is used to give his writing an appealing persuasiveness which is enhanced by its rhythmical charm.

5.Qualities of his Poetry, *(a) His Philosophy.* It is no exaggeration to describe Yeats as one of the most difficult of modern poets. His preoccupation with the attempt to formulate a philosophical system which could replace the scientific materialism of his age underlies most of his later verse. It is doubtful whether he ever succeeded in crystallizing a completely systematized philosophy, and his most comprehensive exposition of his ideas, *A Vision* (1925), is in many places very obscure.

After his brief period of Pre-Raphaelite escapism he gradually evolved his own positive faith. His trust was in the imagination and intuition of man rather than in scientific reasoning, and his attempt was to reach back, through the study of Irish folklore and legend, to the primitive impulses of human life. The natural man (the peasant or the fool) he felt to be more in contact with these primary forces than the intellectual man of the world, and this idea, and his great belief in passion or frenzy, led in his later work to a constant assertion of the importance of the human individuality. An ideal type of being was the 'solitary soul,' above the crude world of politics and action. Yeats believed in fairies, magic, and other forms of superstition, and his later thought was much influenced by his study of Indian and other mystical philosophies and the excursions into spiritualism, which became more frequent after his marriage, in 1916, to a medium. Convinced of the immortality of the soul, he saw in man a dual personality, made up of' Self,' which is the product of man's social training, and 'Anti-Self,' which is constantly struggling against self to find freedom in the world of the

spirit. Between this worid of spirit and the world of reality he found a bridge in poetry *(b) His Use of Symbols*. (Yeats's philosophy is often expressed through a carefully devised system of symbols.) some purely private, others drawn from his study of philosophy or his reading in the works of the French *symbolistes* or of earlier symbolical poets, particularly Blake and Shelley, (By means of them he succeeds in expressing those deep emotional experiences which he felt to be otherwise incapable of poetical communication)but sometimes they serve only to accentuate the obscurity of his poems. The reader's difficulties arise mainly from Yeats's use of the same symbol to represent a variety of things; thus the Tower may represent, among other things, an intellectual refuge, or the soul's yearning for the world of the spirit Others of" his well-know symbols are the moon the swan and Byzantium. *(c) His Artistry.(From* the first Yeats was an accomplished poetic artist, though his mastery of language and rhythm grew steadily throughout his career. From the Pre-Raphaelite aestheticism of his early verse, with its quest for beauty) its conscious, often sentimental, simplicity, and its languid, melodic grace (he developed a more direct and virile expression.) There is the same delicacy of workmanship, and the gorgeous phrase still flashes among the everyday language and personal direct expression of his maturity. Always he uses the traditional verse forms, modified sometimes to suit his own needs, but now his rhythms approach more closely to those of ordinary speech; yet the subtlety of his patterns is such that the music of his verse is of the highest quality. His compact, closely woven style, each word used with calculated effect, lends itself readily to a wide variety of subjects. The deceptive simplicity that is Yeats's at his most subtle is to be seen in the strikingly effective Crazy Jane poems.

II. Robert Bridges (1844-1930)

1. His Life. The wish of Bridges that no biography of him should be published has left us with only the major facts of his life. He was born at Walmer, in Kent, of a well-to-do country family, and both the county of his birth and the good fortune which made it unnecessary for him to earn a living have left indelible marks on his work. In 1854 he went to Eton, and from there to Oxford in 1863. At both places he showed considerable academic prowess. He began as a medical student at St Bartholomew's Hospital, London,

in 1869, proceeded to his M.B. in 1874, and was for three years (1878-81) a practising physician in London hospitals. An attack of pneumonia then brought his medical career to a close, and he retired to Yattendon, in Berkshire. He was an unsuccessful candidate for the Oxford chair of poetry in 1895, and twelve years later he moved to Chilswell, on the outskirts of Oxford, where he lived until his death, enjoying the friendship of many of the finest minds of his generation in an atmosphere of peace and prosperous, cultured leisure. He was made Poet Laureate in 1913, and in the same year helped to found the Society for Pure English.

2. His Poetry. Though Bridges was writing poetry while still at Eton, little of his earliest work survives. His first volume, *Shorter Poems,* appeared anonymously in 1873, and further volumes under the same title were added in 1879,1880, 1890, and 1894. They contained many of his best-known lyrics--*A Passer-by, London Snow, I will not let thee go,* and *The Downs.* His subjects, mainly love and nature, are handled with flawless taste and restraint, and with the delicate artistry of an accomplished technician. His is the art which conceals art, and his mastery of rhythms, sure ear for verbal music, and lightness of touch give to these lyrics something of the quality of the best Elizabethan songs.

His sonnet sequence, *The Growth of Love,* privately printed in 1876, was published in 1889 after many alterations. The seventy-nine sonnets, a mixture of Petrarchan and Shakespearian forms, have all the technical excellence which we expect of Bridges, but they lack depth of feeling.

Prometheus the Firegiver (1883) and *Eros and Psyche* (1885) are elaborate but over-lengthy poems. Fine pictures of the Italian countryside and an occasional pleasing lyric cannot compensate for the tedium of the earlier work, while the success of the elaborately constructed *Eros and Psyche* is largely one of metrical technique.

A long period, mainly devoted to poetic drama and literary criticism, intervened before *New Poems* (1899), a volume, which, though it contains some good landscapes and wonderfully clear recollections of his youth, is below the usual standard of Bridges. In *Poems in Classical Prosody* (1903) and *Later Poems* (1914) the poet enters the fields of politics and war, subjects which, as Bridges handles them, are unworthy of the technical skill lavished upon them. These volumes contain much of his poorest work.

October and Other Poems (1920) and *New Verse* (1925) again show Bridges as a great lyric poet. Memories of his childhood and

experiences of his later years are all handled with the artistry of Bridges at his best. Of the skill of this last period *Cheddar Pinks,* from *New Verse,* is a fair illustration:

Mid the squander'd colour
idling as I lay Reading the Odyssey
in my rock-garden I espied the cluster'd
tufts of Cheddar pink Burgeoning with promise
of their scented bloom All the modish motley
of their bloom to-be Thrust up in narrow buds
on the slender stalks Thronging springing urgent
hasting (so I thought) As if they fear'd to *be*
too late for summer-- Like schoolgirls overslept
waken'd by the bell Leaping from bed to don
their muslin dresses on a May morning:

Then felt I like to one
indulging in sin
(Whereto Nature is oft
a blind accomplice)
Because my aged bones
so enjoy'd the sun
 There as I lay along
idling with my thoughts
 Reading an old poet
while the busy world
Toil'd moil'd fuss'd and scurried
worried bought and sold
 Plotted stole and quarrel'd
fought and God knows what.
 I had forgotten Homer
dallying with my thoughts
Till I fell to making
these little verses
 Communing with the flowers
in my rock-garden
on a May morning.

In 1929 Bridges published his long philosophical poem *The Testament of Beauty,* an attempt to show beauty as the supreme force in

life, and to trace man's growth to perfect wisdom. He draws upon almost every field of knowledge, and the poem, over-lengthy and digressive, surfers from its unorthodox spellings and an unusual laxity in matters of technique. However, it contains many fine passages, and, in spite of its weaknesses, stands high among English philosophical poems on the grand scale. The following extract will give some idea of its style:

Consider a plant--its life--how a seed fain to ground
sucketh in moisture for its germinating cells,
and as it sucketh swelleth, til it burst its case
and thrusting its roots downward and spreading them wide
taketh tenure of the soil, and from ev'ry raindrop
on its dribbling passage to replenish the springs
plundereth the freighted salt, while it pricketh upright
with its flagstaff o'erhead for a place in the sun,
anon to disengage buds that in tender leaves
unfolding may inhale provender of the ambient air:
and, tentacles or tendrils, they search not blindly
but each one headeth straightly for its readiest prey;
and haply, if the seed be faln in a place of darkness
roof'd in by men--if ther should be any ray or gleam
how faint soe'er, 'twil crane and reach its pallid stalk
pushing at the crevice even to disrupt the stones.

3.His Drama. Like most nineteenth-century poets, Bridges tried his hand at drama and with the same results. *The Feast of Bacchus* (1889), *Palicio* (1890), *The Christian Captives* (1890), *The Return of Ulysses* (1890), *Achilles in Scyros* (1890), *The Humours of the Court* (1893), *Nero Part I* (1885), and *Nero Part II* (1894) are merely literary exercises in drama in the Elizabethan or classical traditions. They reveal an almost complete ignorance of the craft of the theatre, and a complete inability to create characters, while they are devoid of real passion. His masque, *Demeter,* written in 1904 for the opening of Somerville College, Oxford, is equally academic. The gift of Bridges was for lyric, not dramatic poetry.

4.His Prose. From 1887 to 1907 Bridges concentrated his attention on literary criticism. Apart from his regular leaders in *The Times Literary Supplement* and other occasional articles, he published *On the Elements of Milton's Blank Verse in "Paradise Lost"* (1887), *On the Prosody of "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes"* (1889), his essay on *John Keats* (1895), and *The Influence of the Audience on Shakespearean Drama* (1926). To the essays on Milton he brought all his own experience of metrical experiment, and his work on *Samson Agonistes* has ensured a truer appreciation

of the qualities of its verse. Equally valuable was his examination of the revised version of *Hyperion* as compared with the original one, which appeared in his essay on Keats. His study of Shakespeare's audience consists mainly of a strongly biased attempt to blame the groundlings for anything in the plays which he felt to be coarse or in any way undesirable, and it is typical of the capricious unreliability of many of his opinions on literature. Thus, where Bunyan, Dryden, Pope, Browning, were concerned, he could see little that was good, and he maintained his opinions, some of them formed on a relatively slight acquaintance with the author, with a stubborn aggressiveness. His prose style is simple, lucid, unaffected, and workmanlike, and the essays are admirable in their use of copious quotations to illustrate his arguments.

5.Miscellaneous Publications. Brief mention should be made of his fine anthology of prose and verse, *The Spirit of Man* (1916), and of his publication in 1918 *of Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins.* Of the importance to English poetry of this volume, which, but for Bridges, had remained for ever unknown, we shall have more to say later (see pp. 529-33).

6.Features of his Poetry, *(a) His Choice of Subject.* Saved by his wealth from the economic struggles of the workaday world, aristocratic and conservative by inheritance, Bridges passed his life almost undisturbed by the ferment of ideas around him. His poetry is seldom concerned with the sterner issues of life, and then not usually with success. The beauties of nature, the charm of landscape in particular, the joy and romance of love, memories of an almost idyllic childhood, these are the themes which he treated with the good breeding and absence of passion demanded of a gentleman.

(b) His Artistry. Bridges lived for poetry alone. To the study and practice of his art he devoted his whole life. Every effect, every word almost, at any rate in his lyrics, is the result of careful con sideration. The result is a limpid clarity of style, a delicacy of touch, a perfection of musical appeal, and a subtlety of rhythmic pattern which give his work an easy 'lightness.' Yet this art, so wonderfully concealed, gives to his most personal poems a remoteness of feeling which betrays the careful craftsman lying behind them.

(c) *His Metrical Experiments.* The use of metre was, for Bridges, the most important aspect of poetic technique. From his earliest publications he experimented ceaselessly in an attempt to throw off what he felt to be the shackles of conventional patterns and approachmore closely to the rhythms of cultured speech. The attempt, so

successfully made in his best lyrics, is seen in its latest and most extreme form in the "loose alexandrines" of *The Testament of Beauty.*

OTHER POETS

1. John Masefield (1878-1967). Born at Ledbury, in Herefordshire, Masefield embarked early on a wandering life which was to give him first-hand experience of life before the mast and as a menial worker in America. In 1897 he returned to England and joined the staff of the *Manchester Guardian.* He settled in London and in 1902 began the long stream of publications which brought him fame, and with it the two greatest distinctions open to an English poet; in 1930 he became Poet Laureate, and in 1934 he received the Order of Merit.

Masefield's first poetry was in the vein of Kipling (then at the height of his popularity)--the poetry of action and adventure, but with a Chaucerian breadth of humanity. *Salt-water Ballads* (1902) began the long line of sea-poems on which much of his popularity still rests. Written from first-hand experience, they blend a sense of the romance and beauty of the sea with a thorough knowledge of seamen. *Ballads and Poems* (1910) shows developing technical skill, but *The Everlasting Mercy* (1911) marks a new epoch in his writing. The violent, often crude, realism of this poem in octosyllabic couplets, which deals with the affairs of the drink-sodden Saul Kane and the life of country taverns, is a deliberately shocking protest against the anaemia which afflicted contemporary poetry. It was followed in similar vein by *The Widow in the Bye Street* (1912). *The Daffodil Fields* (1913), and *Lollingdon Downs* (1917). *Dauber* (1913), written under the same impulse, combines with its realism many fine passages which catch the wonder and magic of the sea, while his best narrative poems, *Reynard the Fox* (1919) and *Right Royal* (1920), though vigorously realistic, are more natural in tone and show his love for country life, which appears later in the warm beauty of *The Land Workers* (1943), which gives excellent pictures of the rural England of his youth. Of his other collections of verse mention may be made of *Midsummer Night* (1928), *Collected Poems* (1932), *End and Beginning* (1934), and *Wonderings* (1943).

A born story-teller, Masefield had a tremendous zest for life and a broad humanity, and he did much to restore realism to contemporary English poetry. In both narrative and lyric poems his vitality and simple style have a definite appeal, but he rarely touches the

deeper levels of human experience, and his verse technique is too often faulty.
In addition to his poetry, Masefield wrote novels, among them *Sard Harker* (1924), *Odtaa* (1926), *The Bird of Dawning* (1933); some dozen dramas; and a quantity of miscellaneous prose, including *Shakespeare* (1911), *Gallipoli* (1916), and *The Battle of the Somme* (1919).
Of his drama it is enough to say that, apart from *The Tragedy of Nan* (1909), it is of little importance. He has touched on historical and domestic themes, and between 1915 and 1928 he wrote a number of plays, mainly on religious themes, which show clearly the influence of his study of the Japanese No drama. Mention may be made of the following: *The Campden Wonder* (1907); *The Tragedy of Pompey the Great* (1910); *Good Friday* (1917); *Melloney Holtspur* (1922); *The Trial of Jesus* (1925); *The Coming of Christ* (1928).
2. Walter de la Mare (1873-1956) was born in Kent of Huguenot stock and educated at St Paul's Cathedral Choir School before going into business in a London office. After some years of contributing to magazines he published his first book, *Songs of Childhood* (1902), under the pseudonym of Walter Ramal, and in 1908 he took to literature as a career when he was granted a civil list pension for his literary work. He was a prominent member of the Georgian group of poets (see p. 500), and, to the present day, has remained a major figure in the world of English poetry. He received honorary degrees from the universities of Cambridge, St Andrews, Bristol, and London, and was an Honorary Fellow of Keble College, Oxford.
(De la Mare began as a writer for children, and a certain naive, childlike simplicity which appeared in his early work has established itself as one of his most distinctive qualities. A true Georgian, he rarely found his inspiration in the burning problems of modern life, preferring from the beginning to concentrate on romance and nature as his main themes. These he has handled with an artistry which has woven from moonlight, quietness, and mystery a magic peculiarly his own. Many of his poems have an elfish humour which is quite unmistakable. *The Listeners and other Poems* (1912) and *Peacock Pie* (1913) have this translucent quality), but show the poet, as he matures, occasionally sounding a more profound note. But even during the two great wars of this century he has remained for the most part aloof from the politico-social problems which

have vexed the souls of his younger contemporaries. *(The Fleeting and other Poems* (1933), *Bells and Grass* (1941), *Collected Poems* (1942), *The Burning Glass and other Poems* (1945), and *The Traveller* (1946), to mention some of the most notable of his volumes, embody the same love of nature; the elusive, dream-like Quality; the simplicity which is the product of consummate artistry;)and the technical ability which has enabled him to turn to the use of the modern writer the traditional forms of English poetry.

A novelist and gifted short-story writer who has the ability to create and sustain a powerful atmosphere, he has produced, since *Henry Brocken* (1904), several collections of short stories. Among them mention may be made of *The Riddle and other Stories* (1923) and *The Lord Fish and other Stories* (1933). His best-known prose work and his longest novel, *The Memoirs of a Midget,* appeared in 1921, while his discriminating and stimulating anthologies are well represented by *Early One Morning* (1935) and *Love* (1943).

3. Edmund Charles Blunden (1896-), who was educated at Christ's Hospital and Oxford, saw service with the Royal Sussex Regiment in the 1914-18 War and was decorated for gallantry. In 1922 he won the Hawthornden Prize for *The Shepherd,* and from 1924 to 1927 was Professor of English Literature at Tokyo University. He returned to Oxford as a Fellow of Merton College (1931-43), and, after the Second World War, he was appointed (1948) a member of the British Liaison Mission in Japan, where he did much lecturing.

(f'ew modern poets have been more deeply rooted in the central tradition of English poetry than Edmund Blunden. He is primarily a pastoral poet, seeking inspiration in the sights, sounds, and smells of the English countrysidgPSubjeets which he has handled with a Shelleyan lucidity and a technical subtlety which has yet, allowed the authentic rural spirit to shine through his verse. (& prolific writer, he first came to notice as a contributor to the later volumes of *Georgian Poetry* (see p. 500), and his popularity has remained unimpaired.)even though later opinion has reacted against the Georgian school as a whole. As can be seen in some of his more horrific war poems, his experience in the First World War was not without its effect on his verse, but the impact was not sufficient to make any radical change in the nature of his art. His interest in the peace and beauty of nature, the accuracy of his observation, his 'delight in delicate rhythms, and that fondness for archaisms which aroused the interest of Robert Bridges in Blunden's earliest work;

all are still to be found in *Shells by a Stream* (1944), which contains many of his finest lyrics'.
In prose, too, Blunden shows his delight in the musical subtleties of our language and a remarkable felicity of phrase, and he has produced work of lasting merit not only in literary biography but also in his books on rural England.
of his collections of poems we may mention *Pastorals* (1916), *The Waggoner and other Poems* (1920), *English Poems* (1925), *Choice or Chance* (1934), *Poems 1930-40* (1941), *Shells by a Stream* (1944), and *After the Bombing* (1948)".Ttfis painting of the English scene is to be found in *The Face of England* (1932), *English Villages* (1941), and *Cricket Country* (1944), while among his biographies are *Leigh Hunt* (1930), *Thomas Hardy* (1942), and *Shelley* (1946).

4. A. E. Housman (1859-1936) was born at Bromsgrove and educated at Bromsgrove School and Oxford. After ten years in the Patent Office he became (1892) Professor of Latin at University College, London, a post which he held until offered the chair of Latin at Cambridge in 1911, which he held until his death. The poetry of A. E. Housman has close affinities of mood with that of the poets of the end of the nineteenth century, and even more markedly with the writings of Hardy. His poetical output was small, consisting entirely of three slender volumes, *A Shropshire Lad* (1896), on which his reputation mainly rests, *Last Poems* (1922), and the posthumously published *More Poems* (1936). Yet his popularity and influence have been out of all proportion to the slender bulk of his verse. *A Shropshire Lad* is a series of sixty-three poems set for the most part in the country of the Welsh border, of which Housman is the prophet, as Hardy is of Wessex. The predominant mood is one of cultured, ironical disillusionment with life, though the poet's appreciation of natural beauty is everywhere to be felt. Tragic in tone, often to the point of morbidity, the poems have the polished ease and restraint which might be expected of so fine a classical scholar. They are concise, sometimes epigrammatic, in expression, yet always perfectly easy to understand, and the emotion is handled with a sureness of touch which never mars an effect by over-emphasis. His two later volumes are written in the same mood and reveal the same high qualities of craftsmanship. *The Name and Nature of Poetry* (1933), his one critical work on English literature, is a brief exposition of his own views upon his art.

5. W. H. Davies (1871-1940) was born at Newport, in Monmouth
shire. He left school at an early age and was apprenticed to a maker

of picture frames, but he took to a tramping life in America and England. An account of his adventures is to be found in *The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp* (1908), of which the best-known section is probably that which tells of his loss of a leg while attempting to board a moving freight train. It was followed by more autobiography in *A Poet's Pilgrimage* (1918) and *Later Days* (1925).

Davies's first-hand experience of tramps and doss-houses is turned to account in his poetry, but on these subjects his work lacks the-Fiber of the truly great and is often marred by flaws of taste. His repuration rests mainly on those short pieces in which, with something of the simplicity of Wordsworth's lyrics, he expresses his obvious enjoyment of natural beauty. Unlike Wordsworth, however, he rarely goes below surface impressions in search of a deeper significance. His is mainly a pictorial art, modestly content to try to capture the fleeting impressions of the senses in a direct, simple, unpretentious style. The result is occasionally banal, but often charming, and the reader is constantly surprised by a striking felicity of image. His love poems have the same qualities as his nature lyrics.

Among his volumes of verse are *The Soul's Destroyer and other Poems* (1905), *New Poems* (1907), *Collected Poems* (1916, 1928, 1934), and *Love Poems* (1935|D

6. Lascelles Abercrombie (1881-1938) was born in Cheshire and educated at Malvern and Manchester University, where he studied science. After experience as a journalist in Liverpool he became a lecturer in poetry at the University of that city (1922-29) before going as Professor of English Literature to Bedford College, London (1929).

(Abercrombie was one of the original contributors to *Georgian* and(though his work reflected at various times his interest in nearly all the major writers from Tennyson to Bridges, his greatest enthusiasm was for the blend of the emotional and intellectual which he found in the poets of the metaphysical schools He searched many out-of-the-way fields for subjects suitable for treatment in the metaphysical manner, and, as a result, his studies of spiritual conflict are often unconvincing. (But he was a considerable metrical artist with a fine rhythmic sense, and he frequently surprises the reader,with a striking image and the splendour and vigour of his writing.) He is most at home in a compressed and somewhat angular blank verse, and has a particular fondness for the dramatic monologue. He had not the qualities to make him either truly great or

widely popular, and it is, perhaps, significant that we find him devoting most of the last twenty years of his life mainly to literary criticism.
/"His main publications were: *Interludes and Poems* (1908); *Emblems of Love Designed in Several Discourses* (1912); *Thomas Hardy* (1912); *An Essay towards a Theory of Art* (1922); *The Idea of Great Poetry* (1925); *Romanticism* (1926); *Collected Poems* (1930); *Poetry: Its Music and its Meaning* (1932).)
Abercrombie was also a considerable experimenter in poetic drama during the .1920's. Recognizing the need for a new medium if poetic drama were to be revived, he attempted to adapt the rhythms of blank verse to modern needs. But, though they contain fine poetry, his plays lack the dramatic interest which springs from action and character-study. They include *Deborah* (1913), *The Adder* (1913), *The End of the World* (1914), *The Staircase* (1922), *The Deserter* (1922), *Phoenix* (1923), and *The Sale of St Thomas* (first part 1911, completed 1930).

THE POETS OF THE 1914-18 WAR

The First World War brought to public notice many poets, particularly among the young men in the armed forces, while it provided a new source of inspiration for writers of established reputation. Not a few of the younger poets were killed or died in the struggle, and it is impossible to estimate the loss sustained by English poetry in their deaths. Three of the most significant of the new poets are dealt with in some detail: among the others mention must be made of Julian Grenfell (1888-1915), C. H. Sorley (18)2-1915), Robert Nichols (1893-1944), Robert Graves (1895-), Edmund Blunden (1896-), and Laurence Binyon (1869-1943). A representative selection of the work of poets of this War will be found in *Anthology of War Poetry,* edited by Robert Nichols and published in 1943.
There can be no clearer reflection of the changing national attitude toward the conflict as the weary years brought disillusionment than that found in the poetry of these men. Broadly two phases may be distinguished. The first was one of patriotic fervour, almost of rejoicing in the opportunity of self-sacrifice in the cause of human freedom, and a revival of the romantic conception of the knight-at-arms. Many writers, indeed, lived and served throughout the War and preserved unblemished this fervour of the early years. But, as the carnage grew more appalling and the end seemed as distant as

ever, other poets arose with the declared intention of shattering this illusion of the splendour of war by a frankly realistic picture of the suffering, brutality, squalor, and futility of the struggle. The work of this last group, though at first greeted with derision or angry protest, has probably withstood the passage of time better than that of the earlier. Perhaps something of its realism and its depth of understanding has found an echo in the experience of disillusioned post-War generations.

1. Rupert Brooke (1887-1915). Though his war poetry is small in bulk, Brooke is usually considered typical of the early group of war poets, perhaps because his sonnet, "If I should die, think only this of me," has appeared in so many anthologies of twentieth-century verse. Educated at Rugby and Cambridge, Brooke began to write poetry while still at the University. In 1911 he settled at Grantchester, the village near Cambridge which he was to immortalize in "The Old Vicarage, Grantchester," and then during 1913-14 he travelled in America and the South Seas. He joined the Army in 1914, and in the following year died on active service at Scyros, in the Mediterranean. (Brooke's poetry is essentially that of a young, cultured man of leisure.) His earliest work betrays something of the affected cynicism of the decadents (see p. 499), but, after a brief and not very successful excursion into the fields of cruder realism, he turned to nature and simple pleasures as his chief inspirations. On these and themes of similar simplicity,(Brooke wrote with a youthful, healthy joy in life, a subtlety of observation, and an appreciation of natural beauty, which found for his work a ready place in *Georgian Poetry* (see p. 500). Like Davies, however, he seldom delved below external appearances, and the thought underlying his work usually lacks depth and originality.) The ease and limpid simplicity of his verse, partly the result of considerable metrical skill, are eminently suited to his subjects. A reputation (partly deserved, but probably exaggerated) for sentimentality, and the reaction against his attitude to war have resulted in a sharp decline in his once great popularity; but his faults were largely those of youth, and his qualities suggest that the had considerable potentialities.
(His poetry was published in *Poems* (1911); *1914 and other Poems* (1915); and *Collected Poems* (1918)]His one critical work, *John Webster and the Elizabethan Drama* (1916), indicates a real appreciation of the dramatist and his period. *Letters from America* (1916) is his other prose work.

2. Siegfried Sassoon (1886-1967) based nearly all his most worth while work on his experiences in the War. Educated at Marlborough and Cambridge, he saw infantry service in Western Europe and Palestine and was decorated for gallantry. First-hand knowledge of the conditions of trench warfare produced in him a bitter disillusionment, a brief period as a conscientious objector, and, above all, a determination to shock the people at home into a realization of the ghastly truth. *Counter-attack* (1918), a collection of violent, embittered poems, confirmed the notoriety which had rapidly grown out of his occasional writings for periodicals, and it is still the best known of his collections of poetry. With a studied bluntness and often a provocative coarseness of language, Sassoon painted the horrors of life and death in the trenches, dug-outs, and hospitals, and a merciless and calculated realism gave to his work a vitality not previously found in our war poetry. Some critics have found his horrors mechanical or exaggerated, but he still maintains his reputation among readers of poetry. Should that eventually decline, to his credit will always remain the fact that his was the work to inspire the greatest of all the war poets, Wilfred Owen. In a similar vein to *Counter-attack,* though less successful, were *War Poems* (1919) and *Satirical Poems* (1926), but his more recent volumes, *The Heart's Journey* (1928) and *Vigils* (1935), were more concerned with attempts to capture for his reader momentary impressions of beauty. *Collected Poems* was published in 1947. Sassoon also achieved eminence as a writer of prose. *Memoirs of a Fox-hunting Man,* which won the Hawthornden Prize in 1929, *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer* (1930), and *Sherston's Progress* (1936), collected in 1937 as *The Complete Memoirs of George Sherston,* are thinly disguised autobiographies, the last two volumes of which deal mainly with Sassoon's war-time experiences, and this perennial theme is taken up again in *Siegfried's Journey* (1945). *The Old Century* (1938), *The Weald of Youth* (1942), and a biography of George Meredith published in 1948 are his other recent books. His style is simple, lucid, and most appealing, and his handling of language betrays the poet's great sensitivity. A lover of the countryside, of rural sports, of music and painting, Sassoon represented a class which is now fast disappearing, and his work gives an admirable picture of a life of cultured leisure.

3. Wilfred Owen (1893-1918) was the greatest of the war poets. He was born at Oswestry and educated at Birkenhead and London University, and, after spending some time as a tutor in France, he

served as an infantry officer from 1915 until his death. He was awarded the Military Cross.

As early as 1910 Owen was writing verse in the romantic tradition of Keats and Tennyson, and the influence of French poetry, the product of his stay in France, was never completely shaken off. But the work by which he lives was all produced after his meeting in 1917 with Sassoon. His experience of the trenches had brought him rapidly to maturity, and Sassoon set his feet on the path which he himself had already taken. With a frank realism, free from the violent bitterness of so much of Sassoon's poetry, Owen set out to present the whole reality of war--the boredom, the hopelessness, the futility, the horror, occasionally the courage and self-sacrifice, but, above all, the pity of it. He himself wrote: "I am not concerned with Poetry. My subject is War, and the pity of War. The Poetry is in the pity." And never has the pity of war been more deeply felt or more powerfully shown. Though his satire is often sharp, he never loses his artistic poise, and his most bitter work has a dignity which is truly great.

A gifted artist with a fine feeling for words and a subtle rhythmic sense, Owen was a ceaseless experimenter in verse techniques. Probably the most influential part of his technique was the para-rhyme, which was so enthusiastically adopted by later poets. Indeed, Owen's influence on these writers was very great in spite of the slimness of the volume of his poems, which were collected and published by Siegfried Sassoon in 1920. In both technique and mood the post-War generation found in him a congenial spirit, and it is tempting, though profitless, to speculate on what he might have become had he not, by a cruel blow of fate, been killed in action just seven days before the Armistice.

The Poems of Wilfred Owen (1931) is a much more complete collection of his works and contains an excellent memoir by Edmund Blunden.

GENERAL SURVEY OF POETRY (1890-1918)

1. The Decadents. The poetry of the Pre-Raphaelites, Swinburne, Morris, and the Rossettis (see p. 384-388) leads, by a natural progression, to *the decadents* of the 1890's, who, adopting Pater as their prophet and " art for art's sake" as their slogan, put behind them the grim realities of their age. **Ernest Dowson (1867-1900)** and **Lionel** Johnson **(1867-1902),** with a number of other poets, formed The Rhymers' Club of which Yeats was, for a time a member. This

group had little to say that was worthwhile, and concentrated on ornamenting the triviality of their subject with a carefully sought, other-worldly beauty of sound. A more vital and positive outlook appeared in the work of the maturing Yeats and of Bridges, while Kipling (who was to be followed by the Masefield of such works as *The Everlasting Mercy)* was already introducing a new and racy vigour into English poetry.

2.The Georgians. The decadent conception of poetry, so un healthy and devitalized, had little hope of long survival, and by 1900 the search for a more natural type of verse had already begun. It resulted in the poetry of the Georgian School, much of which appeared in the five volumes of *Georgian Poetry,* published between 1912 and 1922 from The Poetry Bookshop of Harold Monro.) In addition to the work of Rupert Brooke, Edmund Blunden, W. H. Davies, Walter de la Mare, and Lascelles Abercrombie, these collections included poems by Gordon Bottomley (1874-1948), John Drinkwater (1882-1937), James Elroy Flecker (1884-1915), John Freeman (1880-1929), W. W. Gibson (1878-1963), Ralph Hodgson (1871-1962), Edward Shanks (1892-1953), and Sir John (J. C.) Squire - (1884-1958). These poets had, of course, their clearly recognizable individual qualities, but were alike in their rejection of the ideas of the decadents, their quest for simplicity and reality, their love of natural beauty, especially as found in the English landscape, and their adherence to the forms and techniques of the main traditions of English poetry. In their own way they, too, were escapist; for the most part, their work shows little awareness of the industrial world around them, and often it has an all too obvious facility of technique and shallowness of feeling. But, though later writers like the Sitwells and Roy Campbell have attacked these weaknesses, it must be allowed that the Georgian poets have contributed something to our poetic heritage, and their regular appearance in anthologies suggests that the best of them may have established for themselves a permanent place in the English poetic tradition. Akin to the Georgians in his natural simplicity and his love for the countryside is Edward Thomas (1878-1917).

3.Reaction against the Georgians: Imagism. Before the first volume of *Georgian Poetry* appeared the seeds of revolt against its ideals were being sown in the lectures of T. E. Hulme (1883-1917), who, though he wrote only five short poems himself, has exercised a profound influence on English poetry. Reacting against the facility and looseness of texture of much Georgian poetry, Hulme insisted

that poetry should restrict itself to the world perceived by the senses, and to the presentation of its themes in a succession of concise, clearly visualized, concrete images, accurate in detail and precise in significance. He also advocated the use of *vers libre,* with its unlimited freedom, and its rhythms approaching more closely to those of everyday speech than to those of conventional verse patterns. Hulme's ideas were quickly taken up, particularly by the Americans, H.D. (Hilda Doolittle) and Ezra Pound (1885-), who coined the name Imagism for this movement. Its organ, *The Egoist,* appeared in 1914 and in the same year Pound edited *Des Imagisies,* an anthology of poetry by followers of the school. Later appeared three collections under the title *Some lmagist Poets* (1915-17), and in 1930 the final *lmagist Anthology.*. The pursuit of the sequence of very concise images and the use of *vers libre* often led to obscurity and licence, and the movement was strongly criticized and quickly died out. Yet Hulme's conception of the clearly visualized, concrete image is one of the most distinctive underlying ideas of later poetry, and its effect is seen particularly clearly in the work of T. S. Eliot and the poets of the thirties. A prominent English member of the lmagist school was Richard Aldington (1892-1962).

4.The Limited Influence of War Poetry. Apart from the work of Owen, the War of 1914-18 produced little to influence the general development of English poetry. Owen's grim realism, his consciousness of the pity and waste of war, struck a responsive chord in the post-War writers, who were also much influenced by his rhythmic patterns and his discovery of the potentialities of para-rhyme.

5.The Search for a New Tradition. The general picture of our period is, then, one of uncertainty and experiment, of a desire for the establishment of a tradition but of doubt about where it is to be found. The decadents quickly give way to the Georgians, who are, in turn, attacked by the Imagists, and the latter, after a brief existence, disappear as a school. In this quest for a new tradition, Yeats is evolving a positive philosophy, and, within the limits of the conventional poetic forms, both he and Bridges are experimenting with new rhythmic patterns. The position of contemporary poetry was clearly stated by Bridges in a review in *The Times Literary Supplement* in 1912. He wrote, "There are abundant signs that English syllabic verse has long been in the stage of artistic exhaustion of form which follows great artistic effort." It remained for the post-War poets, with the work of Yeats, Hopkins, Owen, and the

Imagists before them, to carry further this struggle to create a new poetic tradition.

WRITERS OF MISCELLANEOUS PROSE

1. Gilbert Keith Chesterton (1874-1936) was born in London and educated at St Paul's and the Slade School of Art. He began as a writer with reviews of books on art for *The Bookman,* and in 1900 Chesterton was writing for the *Daily News*. His contributions *to* this paper established him as a popular figure. His book *Orthodoxy* (1908) makes it clear that he had already accepted the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church, and in 1922 he became a member of that communion, to the defence of which much of his writing was directed.

Essayist, novelist, critic, biographer, poet, and even dramatist, Chesterton was a writer of undeniable versatility, yet all his work was characterized by quizzical humour, scintillating wit, and a delight in mental gymnastics, paradox, and epigram. He was fundamentally a serious writer, the advocate of medievalism, Roman Catholicism, and a romantic, mystical view of life, though his jesting concealed the philosophical import which underlay even his most extravagant novels. Of his fiction we may mention *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* (1904), *The Club of Queer Trades* (1905); *The Man who was Thursday* (1908); *Manalive* (1912); and the Father Brown detective stories beginning with *The Innocence of Father Brown* (1911). These short stories were a landmark in the history of detective fiction, which illustrated not only his fondness for the unexpected but his ability to find magic in the most unlikely places.

As a critic, Chesterton showed particular interest in the Victorian period, e.g. *The Victorian Age in Literature* (1913) and *Charles Dickens* (1906). It was, however, in his occasional pieces that he was seen at his best. There the journalist in him was more a help than a hindrance, and he ranks high among twentieth-century essayists. All his typical qualities are seen at their best in *Heretics* (1905); *All Things Considered* (1908); and *Tremendous Trifles* (1909).

Of the several volumes of verse which he published, it suffices to say that they had verve but little else, and his technique was obvious and mechanical.

2. Joseph Hilaire Pierre Rene Belloc (1870-1953) was born near Paris, the son of a French lawyer and his English wife. He was educated at the Roman Catholic Oratory School, Birmingham, and at Balliol College, Oxford, of which he was a Scholar. In 1902 he

became a naturalized British subject, and from 1906 to 1910 was a Liberal M.P. Beginning with *Verses and Sonnets* (1896), Belloc wrote poetry, fiction, history, travel books, and numerous essays; in all fields he achieved some measure of popular success. As a historian he showed particular interest in his native France, especially at the time of the Revolution, and the bulk of his work takes the form of historical biography--*Danton* (1899); *Robespierre* (1901); *Marie Antoinette* (1909); *Richelieu* (1930). Like *A History of England* (1925-31), these works show Belloc to be a propagandist whose views were influenced by his Roman Catholicism and an attachment to the romantic view of history. This last is a weakness he shared with Chesterton, with whom he had much in common. His excellent essays owe their attractiveness to the graceful ease and simplicity of his style, and the imagination and insight of the poet which often underlay them. The same charm and lightness are to be found in his travel books, of which by far the best is *The Path to Rome* (1902).

Belloc's love of the English countryside, particularly of Sussex, and his light satirical wit were the chief inspirations of his verse which, if rarely deep, has a lyric simplicity and careful artistry. Some of his most popular writings were his children's verses--*The Bad Child's Book of Beasts* (1896), *Cautionary Tales for Children* (1908), etc.

3. William Henry Hudson (1841-1922) was the son of an American sheep-farmer living in Argentina, where Hudson was born, near Buenos Aires. An early illness left him a semi-invalid for life, and in 1868 he settled in England, where he married some eight years later. A period of poverty, during which he eked out a living as a contributor to magazines, was brought to an end by the grant of a Civil List Pension in 1901, the year after he became a naturalized Englishman, and by the success of his novel *Green Mansions* (1904). He did much valuable work for the protection of British bird life and the creation of bird sanctuaries.

After two unsuccessful excursions into the field of romance with his novels *The Purple Land that England Lost* (1885) and *A Crystal Age* (1887) Hudson turned to the type of work in which he was to establish his reputation. *The Naturalist in La Plata* (1892) and *Idle Days in Patagonia* (1893), two collections of essays, have all the spontaneous authenticity which distinguishes his writings upon places and experiences he has known personally. This is one of the qualities that gives distinction to his *Far Away and Long Ago: A*

History of My Early Life (1918), to his collection of short stories, *El Ombii* (1902), and to his most popular work, *Green Mansions: A Romance of the Tropical Forest* (1904), all of which are set in South America. His great love for birds is clearly seen in *Birds in a Village* (1893), *British Birds* (1895), *Birds in London* (1898), *Birds and Man* (1901), *Birds in Town and Village* (1919), and *Birds of La Plata* (1920); his affection for the English countryside is the starting point for *Nature in Downland* (1900), *Hampshire Days* (1903), *Afoot in England* (1909), and *A Shepherd's Life* (1910).

Hudson lacks the inventive faculty and the human sympathy which alone can create living characters. He is, therefore, a naturalist rather than a novelist. His meticulous observation of natural phenomena is, however, accompanied by an intuitive perception of the spiritual forces of nature and a feeling almost of kinship with animals. It is these qualities, and his ability to recapture the very spirit of the place he describes, which lift his writings far above naturalist reporting. The simplicity and directness of his charming style are the result of careful artistry, and he ranks as a modern master of English prose.

4. Naturalists and Travellers. In addition to W. H. Hudson, we may include in our period the naturalist John Richard Jefferies (1848-87), a close observer of men and animals in the countryside. These subjects he presents in a colourful, often over-elaborate prose, but with genuine sympathy and insight. Among his best-known works are *The Gamekeeper at Home* (1878), *Wild Life in a Southern County* (1879), *The Amateur Poacher* (1879), *Wood Magic, a Fable* (1881), *Bevis, the Story of a Boy* (1882), *The Life of the Fields* (1884), and *The Toilers of the Field* (1892).

George Bourne (George Sturt) (1863-1927) also wrote of village life in the days before mass production and easy communications. Most evocative of his books are *Change in the Village* (1912) and *The Wheelwright's Shop (1923).* His *Journals* were definitively edited in 1967.

The period is particularly rich in the literature of travel and exploration. Greatest of the travel books was probably *Travels in Arabia Deserta* (1888) by C. M. Doughty (1843-1926). The works of R. B. Cunninghame Graham (1852-1936) show the extent of his travels, which embraced South America, the Near and Far East, and Mexico. His best-known works include *Mogreb-el-Acksa* (1898) and *The Ipane* (1899). Also set in the East are *Said the Fisherman* (1903) and *Oriental Encounters, Palestine and Syria*

(1918), the one a biography and the other a collection of stories by M. W. Pickthall (1875-1936). Norman Douglas (1868-1953), the author of a number of books on the Mediterranean lands, is most remembered for *Siren Land* (1911), *Fountain in the Sand* (1912), and *Old Calabria* (1915), while of the works of H. M. Tomlinson (1873-1958) the best known are *The Sea and the Jungle* (1912) and *Old Junk* (1918). Mountaineering is the subject of the writings of Edward Whymper (1840-1911), whose *Scrambles among the Alps* (1870) was followed by *Travels among the Great Andes of the Equator* (1892).

5. Essayists. The revival of the short periodical essay is one of the features of this period. With the possible exception of Chesterton, the most outstanding exponent of this form was the witty, urbane, polished Sir Max Beerbohm (1872-1956), who couches his satirical thrusts in faultless, graceful prose. His essays appear in *The Works of Max Beerbohm* (1896), *More* (1899), *Yet Again* (1909), *And Even Now* (1920), and his broadcast talks, published as *Mainly On the Air* (1946). Others who made their mark in this field were E. V. Lucas (1868-1938), traveller, biographer of Charles Lamb, and author of an immense number of essays notable for their lightness of touch, their ease and naturalness. Some of them are found in *Character and Comedy* (1907), *Old Lamps for New* (1911), *Loiterer's Harvest* (1913), and *Cloud and Silver* (1916). Not unlike Lucas in his appeal was 'Alpha of the Plough', the pseudonym of the journalist A. G. Gardiner (1865-1946), whose two best-known collections *are Pebbles on the Shore* (1917) *and Leaves in the Wind (1920).* Of the essays of Belloc, Chesterton, and Galsworthy mention has been made elsewhere.

6. Philosophers. Science and philosophy for the common man had, in 1918, only begun to make their appearance, but at least two thinkers of importance had already established their reputations. The influence of the thought of Henry Havelock Ellis (1859-1939) upon the work of post-War novelists can scarcely be overestimated. His *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* (1897-1910) appeared in America, owing to official opposition in this country. Among his other works were *The New Spirit* (1890), *Man and Woman* (1894), *The Task of Social Hygiene* (1912). Bertrand Russell (1872-1970), brilliant mathematician, and one of the outstanding thinkers of his age, was chiefly concerned with philosophy in his earlier books— *The Philosophy of Leibnitz* (1900), *Principles of Social Reconstruction* (1917), *Mysticism and Logic* (1918), *The Analysis of Mind* (1921).

and *An Outline of Philosophy* (1927). After these many educational and social studies appeared regularly from his pen, as well as mathematical and philosophical works. His later books included *The Analysis of Matter* (1927), *Marriage and Morals* (1929), *The Conquest of Happiness* (1930), *The Scientific Outlook* (1931), *History of Western Philosophy* (1946), *Human Knowledge, Its Scope and Limits* (1948), and *Authority and the Individual* (1949).
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7. Literary Critics. The growing status of English literature as a subject worthy of serious study is reflected in the foundation of chairs of English Literature at Oxford (1904) and Cambridge (1911), and in the rapid increase in the number of critical works appearing from the presses. From Oxford came the work of three of the best-known critics of our period: A. C. Bradley (1851-1935), author of the famous *Shakespearean Tragedy* (1904) and *Oxford Lectures on Poetry* (1909); Sir Walter Raleigh (1861-1922), whose best work is in *Milton* (1900), *Wordsworth* (1903), *Shakespeare* (1907), and *Six Essays on Johnson* (1910); and W. P. Ker (1855-1923), who wrote *Epic and Romance* (1897), *The Dark Ages* (1904), *Essays on Medieval Literature* (1905), *The Art of Poetry* (1923), and *Form and Style in Poetry* (1928), The prolific George Saintsbnry (1845-1933), writing in Edinburgh, is perhaps best remembered for his *Elizabethan Literature* (1887), *A History of Criticism* (1900-4), *A History of English Prosody* (1906), and *The Peace of the Augustans* (1916). Sir Edmund Gosse (1849-1928) greatly helped to revive interest in the. Metaphysical Poets and to explain Ibsen's plays. His *Father and Son* (1907) presented the moral crisis of the mid-nineteenth century when his father's scientific career and religion came into conflict with the new Darwinism.

This age sees, in particular, a growing interest in Shakespearian studies. In addition to H. Granville Barker (see p. 474), other writers who contributed to modern knowledge and appreciation of the dramatist included Edward Dowden (1843-1913), John Adding-ton Symonds (1840-93), Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (1863-1944), and John Dover Wilson (1881-1969).

CHAPTER XIII

THE INTER-WAR YEARS

[Chart: TIME-CHART OF THE CHIEF AUTHORS]

THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND (1918-39)

This period was almost completely overshadowed by the two World Wars--the after-effects of the first and the forebodings of the second. After the Treaty of Versailles attention in England was still mainly concentrated on foreign affairs--the growing pains of the new League of Nations, uncertainty in the Middle East, and troubles in India and Ireland. The Treaties of Locarno (1925) diminished, at least temporarily, anxieties in Europe, and home affairs began again to dominate English political thought. The General Strike of 1926 was a major manifestation of the post-War slump, which culminated in the 'depression and its problems of

want and unemployment, which made the early thirties a period of great distress, particularly for the industrial areas. Foreign problems again came to the fore with the rise to power of the Nazis in Germany, and from 1934 until 1939 there was mounting tension abroad, and at home a gradual return to prosperity as industry was geared to rearmament. Spiritually the period saw the immediate post-War mood of desperate gaiety and determined frivolity give way to doubt, uncertainty of aim, and a deeper self-questioning on ethical, social, and political problems, until the outbreak of hostilities in 1939, followed by the critical situation after the evacuation of Dunkirk, enabled the nation to achieve a new unanimity of purpose.

LITERARY FEATURES OF THE AGE

1.The Breakdown of Established Values. Of no period is it more true to say that the spirit of the age is perfectly reflected in its literature. Novel, poetry, drama, and miscellaneous prose, all mirror the perplexity and uncertainty of aim which sprang from the post-War breakdown of accepted spiritual values. The multiplicity of reactions to the contemporary situation is equalled by the variety of literary work. It is significant that in the literature of our period there is an attempt to find new values in political thought, and politics and psychology are indeed essential clues for the interpretation of the inter-War literary scene.
2.The Resurgence of Poetry. The pre-War years had seen a relative eclipse of poetry, and the dominance of the novel and drama as literary forms. The demand, long before expressed by Yeats, for a new and living poetical tradition was met between the Wars in his own work and in that of the new poets--T. S. Eliot, W. H. Auden, Cecil Day Lewis, and Louis MacNeice. Poetry again became a vital literary form closely in touch with life, and if it did not oust the novel from its primacy it certainly outstripped the drama.
3.Variety of Technical Experiment. It is doubtful whether any period of English literature saw experiments so bold and various as those of the inter-War years, A natural corollary of the quest for new values and for a new vital tradition was the desire for new forms and methods of presentation, and in all the major literary genres the age produced revolutionary developments.
4.The Influence of Radio and Cinema. Though it is impossible to assess with any accuracy the effect on literature of these two inventions, there can be no doubt that the rapid development of two such important media had an enormous impact. In so far as the radio

brought literature into the home, in the form of broadcast stories, plays, and literary discussion, and opened up an entirely new field for authors, its influence was for the good. On the other hand, the great quantity and variety of poorer radio entertainment readily accessible for more than two-thirds of each day almost certainly reduced the time devoted to reading. The sam may be said of the cinema, which, for many people, became the main form of leisure activity, while, in spite of the numerous screen adaptions of novels, it can scarcely be claimed that the cinema has done as much as the radio to stimulate literary interest. At the same time it must be remembered that film techniques were the basis of a number of experiments in the novel.

5.The Speed of Life. In the inter-War years life generally was lived in an atmosphere of hustle and restlessness never before known. At work and at play the demand was for more and faster action, stronger and more violent stimulus, and the general atmosphere thus created was by its very nature inimical to the cultivation of literary pursuits, which necessarily demand a degree of calmness of spirit and leisure of mind.

THE NOVELISTS

I. David Herbert Lawrence (1885-1930)

1. His Life. D. H. Lawrence was the most striking figure in the literary world between the Wars. He was born at Eastwood, in Nottinghamshire, the son of a miner, and was educated at Nottingham High School. On leaving school he had a brief experience of business life, and then became a pupil teacher in his native village. He trained for the teachers' certificate at University College, Nottingham, and then was for some time a teacher in Croydon, but, on the publication of *The White Peacock* (1911), he abandoned teaching for literature. He married Frieda Weekley, a German, and previously wife of a Nottingham Professor. Because of his attitude toward the War and his wife's nationality, he was cruelly persecuted, and this, with the suppression of *The Rainbow* (1915) as obscene, and the banning of an exhibition of his paintings by the police, made Lawrence try to leave England. His passport was withheld, however, and it was 1919 before he got away. From then on his life was a continuous search, in many parts of the world, for a society more suited to one of his ideals--Italy, Malta, Ceylon, Australia, California, and New Mexico were among the places where he lived. In

1929 he returned finally to Europe, and in the following year died of tuberculosis at Vence in France.

2. His Prose. Lawrence is another example of the prolific modern writer. In the nineteen years between his first published novel and his death he produced over forty volumes of fiction (novels and short stories), poetry, plays, treatises, and essays, and not a year passed without the publication of something from his pen. It is, however, as a novelist that he is chiefly remembered. *The White Peacock* (1911) is a story of unhappy human relationships set in the area he knew so well, and, if the book lacks the depth and seriousness of his later work, it already reveals his concern with one of his chief themes, the conflict between man and woman, and much of his remarkable gift for fine description and lyric emotion. A slighter work, *The Trespasser* (1912), was followed by the largely autobiographical *Sons and Lovers* (1913), an extremely powerful novel of deep sincerity, which studies with great insight the relationship between son and mother. By many it is considered the best of all his work. Then came *The Rainbow* (1915), suppressed as obscene, which treats again the conflict between man and woman. Not until 1921 was he able to find a publisher for its sequel, *Women in Love.* an important novel for the student of Lawrence's views upon human life. Equally significant is *Aaron's Rod* (1922), a more mature work of greater stylistic quality. From his experiences during the War and his later visit to Australia sprang *Kangaroo* (1923), which he called a "thought adventure." The discussion of the world situation at times over weights the novel, but, both in this and in *The Boy in the Bush* (1924), Lawrence depicts the Australian background with striking vividness. This same faculty for capturing the spirit of a country is one of the better features of *The Plumed Serpent* (1926), an over-lengthy work which deals with Mexican life, and which is typical of Lawrence in its stress .on the values of the primitive as opposed to the civilized. Two years later appeared in Florence *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (1928), a novel in which sexual experience is handled with a wealth of physical detail and uninhibited language which until 1960 caused its suppression in this country. It is Lawrence's last embittered fling at what he felt to be the prurience of mind which sheltered behind conventional notions of sex, and he claimed that it was "very truly moral."

Lawrence was also a short story writer of considerable power, and he published many collections, among which are *The Prussian Officer* (1914); *England, my England* (1922); *The Ladybird, The Fox,*

the Captain's Doll (1923); *St Mawr,: together with the Princess* (1925); *The Woman who Rode Away, and other Stories* (1928); *The Virgin and the Gipsy* (1930); and *The Lovely Lady* (1933). Of his essays and travel books mention may be made of *Twilight in Italy* (1916); *Sea and Sardinia* (1921); *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine* (1925); and *Mornings in Mexico* (1927).

3. His Poetry. It was as a poet that Lawrence first appeared in print with magazine contributions in 1910, and he continued to write poetry throughout his life. Its most striking feature is its fundamental similarity to his prose. We may see a parallel to the strong autobiographical element of *Sons and Lovers* in the intensely personal poems of his early collections, and, if the urgency of personal problems is no longer so great in the later volumes, all his poetry has that vital surge and that dynamic power which are typical of his novels. So, too, the themes of his novels, his hatred of "what man has made of man," his passionate belief in the primitive and elemental impulses, are the major themes of his verse, while the acute sensitivity to natural beauty, which studs the novels with striking descriptive passages, is found in his poems on animals and flowers. The impatience with careful craftsmanship which underlies his reaction against the 'well-made' novel finds expression in the *vers libre* of his poetry, and in an overwhelming spontaneity and direct simplicity of utterance. His collections include: *Love Poems and Others* (1913), *Amores* (1916), *Look! We have come through* (1917), *New Poems* (1918), *Tortoises* (1921), *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* (1923), *Collected Poems* (1928), *Pansies* (1929), Last *Poems* (1933).

4. Features of his Novels, *(a) His Themes.* Like Hardy, Lawrence . used the novel to present to his reader his own interpretation of life; both writers were concerned with the basic problems of human existence, man's relationships with his fellows and with the universe beyond himself. He combined a violent hatred of the values of modern mechanized civilization with a love of the primitive 'and natural, and a passionate belief in the importance of the development of each unique individuality—"the slow building up of an integral personality through the years." Scorning the merely intellectual faculties, he placed his trust in the experiences of the senses, which for him seem to gain in value as they become more violent Man's primitive instincts and the impulses which spring from his unconscious mind are his safest guides in life—"All I want is to answer to my blood, direct, without fribbling intervention of mind,

or moral, or what-not." His portrayals of these vital experiences, of which the most important appears to be the sexual relationship, indicate that he is deeply conscious of their religious nature; so that, though sex is frequently his theme, it is handled as a sacred thing, spiritual not animal, and this, as he himself claims, remains true even *of Lady Chatterle's Lover*. Lawrence is, then, the prophet of the primitive instincts and passions; his own appeal is to the heart rather than the head. He seeks to persuade, not by the reasoning faculty, but by the emotional impact of his writing. Many of his fundamental ideas are set out in his three treatises, *Fantasia of the Unconscious* (1922), *Psycho-analysis and the Unconscious* (1923), and *Apocalypse (1931)*.

b)*His Treatment of his Themes.* Lawrence shows little concern with the novel as an art form, and the reader is less impressed by his technical skills than by the verve and passionate intensity of his writing. It is this impassioned presentation of his, themes which accounts for his poorest as well as his finest qualities. At one time it leads him into the extravagances of violent over-earnestness; at another it raises him to the heights of poetical utterance. At his best he is content to allow his ideas to emanate naturally from his characters, and his philosophy is assimilated to his art, but as he progresses his didactic fervour leads him more and more frequently to direct statement. Because he is so deeply involved in his themes and pays so little attention to artistic qualities, there is a sameness about many of his novels. He has little sense of humour, and the feelings he expresses most frequently and strongly are those of hatred and contempt But, in spite of his many failings, Lawrence is undoubtedly a writer of great imaginative force, whose best work has a spontaneous vitality seldom equalled in the novel.

c) *His Style.* If we judge Lawrence's style by the standards of the meticulous artist, with finely attuned ear and an eye for accuracy of detail of grammar, we shall often find him lacking. But for carelessness in these ways he more than atones by the spontaneity and vividness of his writing when his feelings are deeply engaged. In his use of symbol and the magnificent descriptive powers, which are never better seen than in his painting of natural scenery, he approaches closely to poetry. He often achieves a perfect naturalness of dialogue, which is seen particularly in his masterly handling of the coarse dialects of Australia *(The Boy in the Bush)* and of the Not-tinghamshire mining villages *(Sons and Lovers* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover).* In the last-named work we nave, too, the extreme example

of his hatred of the conventions which place taboos on certain words. In all matters, and particularly when dealing with sex, he speaks with the utmost frankness and fearlessness.
(d) His Characters. The most striking feature of Lawrence's characters is the resemblance that so many of them bear to their creator. Paul Morel in *Sons and Lovers,* R. L. Somers in *Kangaroo,* and Birkin in *Women in Love* are clearly projections of himself. In his other characters there are many similarities. They share his bitterness and darkness of spirit, and like him they live passionately and fully. They are creatures of strong impulse and primitive emotions, and they are studied with a remarkable depth of understanding and keenness of insight. Lawrence is particularly successful in his analysis of the unconscious.

II. JAMES JOYCE (1882-1941)

1.His Life. James Joyce, the son of middle-class Irish-parents, was born in Dublin, where, in preparation for a career in the Roman Catholic church, he was educated in Jesuit colleges and at the Royal University. He abandoned the idea of taking orders, however, and shortly after the turn of the century he left Ireland for France. In Paris he studied medicine and thought of becoming a professional singer. During the 1914-18 War he taught languages in Switzerland (he was medically unfit for service), and afterward returned to Paris, where he settled down to a literary life, struggling continually against ill-health and public opposition to his work.

2.His Novels. Of the later Joyce there are already signs in his first work, *Dubliners* (begun 1900, published 1914). The narrative technique is straightforward, but these objective, short-story studies of the sordid Dublin slums are powerfully written, and their prose style, though simple, has a distinct individual flavour. Set in the same city is *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916), an intense. account of a developing writer torn between the standards of an ascetic, religious upbringing and his desire for sensuousness. Though the work is largely autobiographical (Stephen Dedalus is Joyce), the writer preserves a cool detachment in the precise analysis of his hero's spiritual life. His handling of the sexual problems involved is particularly forthright. An earlier version, much more conventional in style, was *Stephen Hero,* which was not published until 1944. The artistic dilemma of Stephen-Joyce was re-expressed in his unsuccessful play *Exiles* (1918). Stephen Dedalus appears again in *Ulysses* (1922), a study of the life and mind of Leopold and Mrs Bloom

during a single day. It is modelled on the *Odyssey* of Homer, but it is set in the squalor of Dublin's slums. There are parallel characters in the two works, and the structure is in each case the same; these likenesses are deliberately invoked to stress the sordid meanness of modern life as contrasted with life in the heroic age. The 'stream of consciousness' technique and the internal monologue are used with great power, and Bloom has been described as "the most complete character in fiction." The material is handled objectively and with a frankness that caused the book to be banned as obscene: the style shows clearly Joyce's mastery of language, his ingenuity, brilliance, and power. Published in the same year as *The Waste Land,* it presents a similar view of the hopeless dilemma of man in the postwar world. It appeared in *The Little Review* in America, but was banned after the fifth instalment, and this ban was not lifted in England until 1933. Joyce's only other novel was *Finnegan's Wake* (1939), parts of which had appeared as early as 1927 and 1928 as *Work in Progress* and *Anna Livia Plurabelle.* In it he has developed his technique to a point where subtlety and complexity produce incomprehensibility. It is a study of the history of the human race from its earliest beginnings, as seen in the incoherent dreams of a certain Mr Earwicker. The use of an inconsecutive narrative and of a private vocabulary adds to the confusion, but it cannot conceal the poetic furor, the power, and brilliant verbal skill of the work.

3. Features of his Novels, *(a) His Subjects.* Joyce is a serious novelist, whose concern is chiefly with human relationships--man in relation to himself, to society, and to the whole race. This is true also of his latest work, though his interest in linguistic experiments makes it difficult to understand his meaning. Acutely aware of the pettiness and meanness of modern society, and of the evils which spring from it, he is unsurpassed in his knowledge of the seamy side of life, which he presents with startling frankness. He is a keen and subtle analyst of man's inner consciousness, and, in common with the psycho-analysts of his day, he is much preoccupied with sex.

(b) His Technique. In the quest of the twentieth-century novelists for a new technique by which to present the contemporary human dilemma, Joyce is a pioneer, and his lead has been followed by many major writers. He was a ceaseless experimenter, ever anxious to explore the potentialities of a method once it was evolved, and in his use of the 'stream of consciousness' technique, and in his

handling of the internal monologue, he went further and deeper than any other. His sensitiveness, his depth of penetration into the human consciousness, give to his character-study a subtlety unparalleled in his day, and if, in his attempts to catch delicate and elusive shades of feeling and fix them in words, he has frequently become incomprehensible, the fact remains that a character like Leopold Bloom is a unique and fascinating creation.
d)*His Style.* Joyce's style develops from the straightforward, simple writing of *Dubliners* to the complex allusiveness and the bewildering originality of *Finnegan's Wake.* In the latter, a broken narrative, with abrupt transitions, and logical sentence links omitted, together with a new vocabulary, produces writing which is often purely 'private' in its significance; for words are coined by the breaking up of one word and the joining! of its parts to parts of other words similarly split, and roots of words from many languages are employed. Joyce's interest in language and his eager experimentation are unequalled in any period of our literature. He has a sensitive ear for verbal rhythms and cadences, and uses language in his books as part of an elaborately conceived artistic pattern, in which much of the unity of his work lies. With the beauty of language for its own sake only he is usually little concerned, yet his writing is often of great imaginative power and has a musical quality which enables even his incomprehensible passages to be read aloud with considerable pleasure. His genius is for the comic rather than the tragic view of life, and his work is full of wit, puns (often in several languages), and startling conceits. The humour varies from broad comedy to intellectual wit, but is mainly sardonic in tone.

III. VIRGINIA WOOLF (1882-1941)

1. Her Life. The daughter of the eminent Victorian critic and scholar, Sir Leslie Stephen, Virginia Woolf was born into a circle where standards of culture, taste, and intelligence were of the highest. From the reading and conversations of her formative years she acquired an unusually wide literary background and a cosmopolitan culture. She began her writing career as a contributor to literary journals, and, after her marriage (1912) to Leonard Woolf, she shared in the activities of the Hogarth Press, which published the work of many rising men and advanced thinkers. Though her first novel appeared in 1915, her reputation was originally made as a critic of penetration and independent judgment. In fact, it was only with

Orlando: a Biography (1928) that she scored anything like a popular success, and she is likely to remain a novelist for the few.

2. Her Works. *The Voyage Out* (1915), her first novel, is told in the conventional narrative manner, but with a concentration of interest upon character and a delicacy of touch typical of all her work. The same emphasis on character-analysis and the same lack of incident characterize *Night and Day* (1919), another study of personal adjustment and development. Then came her first really mature work, *Jacob's Room* (1922), in which her distinctive technique is fully used for the first time. By a series of disconnected impressions, revealed mainly through the consciousness of people with whom he came into contact, we are made aware of the personality of Jacob. These momentary impressions, which shift and dissolve with the bewildering inconsequence of real mental processes, are revealed by the use of the internal monologue, and from them we are intended to build up gradually a complete conception of the young man. This same method, handled with greater firmness, is again used in *Mrs Dalloway* (1925). Though what little 'event there is occupies only one day, Virginia Woolf is enabled to create not only the lives of her chief characters, which are studied with a penetrating subtlety, but even the London background. *To the Lighthouse* (1927) shows a still firmer mastery of the 'stream of consciousness technique, and is by many accounted her finest work. Its study of the relationships of the members of the Romney family achieves a greater artistic unity than is found in her previous novels, and yet preserves all her usual subtlety of analysis. The ultimate development of her method appears in *The Waves* (1931), from which plot, in the normally accepted sense, is almost entirely lacking. It is a symbolic work of great poetic beauty, in which the consciousness of the six characters is studied in a series of internal monologues. An ambitious, and clearly an experimental, work, it is remarkable for its sensitive perception of changing moods, and the skill with which the six characters are distinguished. It has been well described as a prose-poem. *Flush* (1933), *The Years* (1937), in which she again deals with family relationships, and the unfinished *Between the Acts* (1941) show her usual delicacy of touch and brilliant technical mastery, but the first two fall below the level of her major works, while of the last it is difficult to attempt an assessment. Standing alone among her novels, and therefore last to be considered here, is the fantasy, *Orlando, a Biography* (1928), which may be said to have established her reputation with the wider reading public. With

a verve and spirit utterly different from the movement of her other novels, it traces from Elizabethan to modern times the life of Orlando, who not only appears as a number of different people, but even changes sex in the middle of the story. It is full of vivid colour and striking evocations of historical periods and settings.

In addition to her novels, Virginia Woolf wrote a number of essays on cultural subjects, which appear in *Mr Bennett and Mrs Brown* (1924); *The Common Reader* (1925); *A Room of One's Own* (1929); *The Second Common Reader* (1932); *Rogerl, Fry* (1940); *The Death of the\Moth* (1942); and *The Moment* (1947). They reveal her as a critic of penetrating insight and superb stylistic gifts.

3. Features of her Novels, *(.a) Her Themes.* Although, as her essay *Mr Bennett and Mrs Brown* makes clear, Virginia Woolf reacted against the hovel of social manners as produced by writers like Arnold Bennett, she was none the less concerned with the realities of life. But for her the realities were inward and spiritual rather than outward and material; of the life depicted by Bennett and Wells she knew nothing. The elusiveness of these inner realities is the recurrent theme of her novels. Her characters are seen in search of them, and the search is followed with profound insight, but it would seem that she never solved the problem of the, ultimate meaning of life, for her novels, unlike those of Lawrence, give no solution.

(b) Her Technique. It is in this field that Virginia Woolf makes her most important contribution to the novel. Conventional conceptions of the novel she entirely rejected, replacing emphasis on incident, external description, and straightforward narrative by an overriding concern with character presentation by the 'stream of consciousness" method. This technique was not a new one. Dorothy Richardson had used it--*Pointed Roofs* (1915), *Backwater* (1916), *Honeycomb* (1917), etc. So had James Joyce, a greater exponent of this method than either. Its great advantages are that it offers previously undreamed-of possibilities for the analysis of mental states; its disadvantages, the great demands it makes on the reader, and the dangers of incoherence and mere virtuosity, which beset the author because of the lack of a logical time sequence and the temptation to go into the most minute detail. Virginia Woolf uses this technique with ever-growing sureness of purpose; her keen mind and magnificent artistic sense enable her to weld the parts into a unified artistic whole of sensitive, subtle portraiture. Her studies of mood and impulse are handled with an almost scientific

precision and detachment, and yet she has a great gift for lyrical exposition.
c)*Her Characters. "I* believe that all novels deal with character, and that it is to express character--not to preach doctrines, sing songs, or celebrate the glories of the British Empire--that the form of the novel, so clumsy, verbose and undramatic, so very elastic and alive, has been evolved." Thus did she express her concern with character, and of her method she wrote: "Let us record the atoms as they fall upon the mind in the order in which they fall, let us trace the pattern, however disconnected and incoherent in appearance, which each sight or incident scores upon the consciousness." For this probing of the inner workings of the mind Virginia Woolf 's penetrating insight equipped her admirably. Her range of characters is small: it has been said that she was unable to portray anyone who did not share her own unusual qualities, and it is certainly true that some of her figures, though studied with amazing subtlety, fail to come alive for the reader. Even so, in the delicate analysis of motive, impulse, and reaction to situation, she sets a standard which very few have been able to attain, and of the three chief characters in *Mrs Dalloway,* at least, we may claim that we know them from the inside as we know few other characters.
d)*Her Style.* As might be expected of one of her background and artistic gifts, Virginia Woolf is a prose-writer of genius. It is in her prose style that her poetic qualities are most clearly seen. It has all the poise and charm of the cultured woman and conscious artist. She uses words with a keen sense of their rhythmic and musical potentialities; her style is richly figurative *(The Waves* is the best example of this), and the precision of her images is in keeping with the accuracy and delicacy of her character analysis.

OTHER NOVELISTS

1. Edward Morgan Forster (1879-1970), the son of a cultured family, was educated at Tonbridge and had travelled widely. An intellectual and Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, he ranked among the most cosmopolitan men of his day.
His novels are only five in number. After the early *Where Angels Fear to Tread* (1905), with its well-drawn characters, its comedy, and the typical concern with the conflict between two different cultures, comes *The Longest Journey* (1907), a less attractive work, which does, however, show the same skill in characterization. *A Room with a View* (1908), like his first novel, is set in Italy, and contains

excellent comedy very delicately handled. Then come his two masterpieces, *Howards End* (1910), and, much later, *A Passage to India* (1924), both of which deal with the misunderstandings which arise in relationships, between individuals in the one case, and between races in the other. *A Passage to India* was the latest of his novels, and is unrivalled in English fiction in its presentation of the complex problems which were to be found in the relationships between English and native people in India, and in its portrayal of the Indian scene in all its magic and all its wretchedness.

But though his output was small, the quality of his work was such as to place him among the foremost writers of the period. As well as his novels he published three collections of short stories, *The Celestial Omnibus* (1911), *The Story of the Siren* (1920), and *The Eternal Moment* (1928), and two critical works, *Aspects of the Novel* (1927) and *Abinger Harvest* (1936). A collection of miscellaneous essays, lectures, and talks, some on political and others on artistic themes, appeared in 1951 under the title, *Two Cheers for Democracy.* He is a writer for the discerning rather than a best-seller. Basically a moralist, concerned with the importance of the individual personality, the adjustments it must make and the problems it must solve when it comes into contact with a set of values different from its own, he is the advocate of culture, tolerance, and civilization against barbarity and provincialism. He studies the complexities of character with a subtlety of insight and an appreciation of the significance of the unconscious which mark him as a modern. His characters are rounded and vital. He has great gifts for telling a story, but he disregards conventional plot construction and frequently introduces startling, unexpected incidents. His craftsmanship is of the highest order. With a cool, often ironic, detachment, he presents the problems arising from his imagined situation with fairness and breadth of outlook, though he is to some extent lacking in emotional fire and human warmth. He has an excellent faculty for capturing the very feel and tone of his background--*A Passage to India* offers a good example of this. Though his best novels often touch tragedy, his true field is comedy, whimsical, delicate, and biting, which is never long absent from his work. He combines a style as easy and cool as his general attitude toward his problems and characters, with a gift for good dialogue, marked descriptive powers, lightness of touch and precision, and conciseness of presentation.

2. Aldous Leonard Huxley (1894-1963), descendant of the famous

scientist, T. H. Huxley, was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, where he began his literary career as a poet. In 1917 he was editor of *Oxford Poetry,* and he was a contributor to the Sitwell anthology, *Wheels.* Under the pseudonym Autolycus, he wrote for *The Athenaeum* when he left the University. He was a man of the widest culture, with an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and he travelled widely. In 1939 he settled in California, where he stayed for the rest of his life.

To trace the development of Huxley's writing from the romantic tone and artistic finish of *The Burning Wheel* (1916) and *The Defeat of Youth* (1918), or the blase cynicism and sensuality *of Leda* (1920) --the three volumes which contain his youthful verse--to the point where he writes *Eyeless in Gaza* (1936) is to watch a steadily growing seriousness of manner, and a deeper concern with the attempt to show the barrenness of contemporary values, and to present a positive ideal which will serve a disenchanted and hopeless world. The lighthearted satire on contemporary society found in *Crome Yellow* (1921) gives way to the equally lively, but more sensational and more daring, study of post-War disillusionment and immorality in *Antic Hay* (1923). In *Those Barren Leaves* (1925) a more earnest note enters in the discussions of moral problems. It was followed by his most successful piece of fiction, *Point Counter Point* (1928), which is technically of interest as Huxley's attempt "to musicalize fiction," and is even more striking as a mordant, unflinching picture of a disillusioned, frustrated society, in which the healthy life of the senses has been paralysed by the bonds of an inhibiting ethical code. *Brave New World* (1932) gives a satirical picture of what he imagines the world would be under the rule of science--no disease, no pain, but no emotion, and, worse, no spiritual life. Technically this novel leaves much to be desired, but it provokes much frightening thought. In *Eyeless in Gaza* (1936) Huxley's faith in the life of the spirit, which first became evident in *Those Barren Leaves,* again finds expression. Whole portions of the book, particularly toward the end, consist of little more than dissertations on moral themes. After settling in America, he produced two satirical novels in the witty, daring manner of his early works, though both have obvious links with his more philosophical books. These two, *After Many a Summer* (1939) and *Time must have a Stop* (1944), were followed by *The Perennial Philosophy* (1946), which stated his views on the importance of spiritual integrity directly and seriously.

Huxley's prime importance is as a reflector of the feelings of his

age. As a novelist he has limitations; he has no deep characterization, and his novels are slight in plot, but, like those of T. L. Peacock, they provide plenty of opportunity for conversation and discussion. The subjects discussed reveal him to be a man of great knowledge and wide culture. He is, above all things, a satirist, whose tone can vary from jovial irony to biting malice, and the striking incisiveness of his satire springs from an easy, polished style, a great gift for epigram, a ready wit, and an alert mind.
In addition to his novels, books of philosophy, and verse, Huxley wrote a number of books of essays and short stories, among them *Limbo* (1920); *Mortal Coils* (1922); *On the Margin* (1923); *Jesting Pilate* (1926); *Essays New and Old* (1926); *The Olive Tree, and other Essays* (1936); and the striking *The Devils of Loudun* (1952), a reconstruction of a famous seventeenth-century witchhunt.

GENERAL SURVEY OF THE NOVEL (1918-39)

1.The Novel as an Interpreter of Life. The disillusionment, cynicism, despair, and bewilderment in face of the crumbling of established moral values which characterize the post-War world are nowhere more clearly seen than in the novel, which still maintained its supremacy among literary forms. This very supremacy, combined with the elasticity of its form and content, inclined the inter-War generation to look to the novel for an interpretation of the contemporary scene. Of the serious novelists, some attempted to establish new values to replace the old; others were content to portray the complexities of inter-War life with no attempt at deeper purpose. A third group, which includes some of the most important writers of the period, found itself driven by this lack of generally accepted values to focus attention on the impact of life on the individual consciousness. Character, rather than action, is the interest of this group, character which it aims to present rather than analyse or explain. In the work of this group an interpretation of life is often implicit, rarely directly stated.
2.Experiments in the Evolution of a New Technique. The master of the pre-War novelists was Henry James; of the \inter-War years the most significant writer was James Joyce. A comparison of their works will make clear most of the changes which came over the novel during our period. Basically the movement was away from the controlled, finished, artistic form advocated by James to a novel altogether more loose, more fluid, and less coherent, though none

the less aware of its artistic methods and purpose. Impressionism gave place to an expressionistic technique, by which the novelist sought to present, not the outward appearance, but what he conceived to be the inner realises of life. In the attempt to approximate more closely to the underlying incoherence of life, the new 'formlessness' was deliberately exploited. The presentation of the 'stream of consciousness' (see p. 517), the use of the interior monologue, the detailed tracing of the freakish associations of ideas, and an allusive style were the chief weapons of the novelist attempting to write from within the mind of his character. From the exploitation of these techniques there developed a subjective novel of a type previously unknown. Discontinuity of time, and a complex and elusive progression based on the inter-weaving of recurrent motifs, replaced the simple, chronological development of plot, which, in its traditional sense, disappears almost entirely. The effect of the whole is closely akin to that achieved by the post-Impressionist painters. Apart from James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, and Aldous Huxley, others who experimented in this way included Dorothy Miller Richardson (1873-1957), who devoted her whole career to a series of novels under the collective title of *Pilgrimage.* These describe by nebulous impressions the heroine's 'adventure of personality.' The author was one of the first to employ the 'stream of consciousness' technique; another was May Sinclair (1865-1946), a prolific novelist in many different modes, whose novels included *The Life and Death of Harriet Frean* (1922) and *The Allinghams* (1927). 3. The Influence of Psychology. Before the War the rapid development of the science of psychology had already done much to deepen and enrich the study of human character in the novel, but its full impact was not felt until the inter-War period, when the works of Sigmund Freud (1856-1939) became a handbook for all interested in the study of personality. *Interpretation of Dreams* (translated 1913), *Wit and its Relation to the Unconscious* (translated 1916) and *Psychopathology of Everyday Life* (translated 1914) opened the way to the exploration of the vast fields of the subconscious and the unconscious, and thus encouraged the novelist's tendency to dwell more and more within the mind of his character. To the influence of Freud, as well as to the general breakdown of Victorian moral attitudes, must be ascribed the preoccupation with sex, which is one of the dominant features of the inter-War novel, while the psychoanalysts and Dostoevsky probably share the responsibility for the contemporary interest in morbid mental states. D. H. Lawrence,

James Joyce, and Virginia Woolf were among major writers whose work reflects strongly the influence of modern psychology. Others worthy of note who reacted to the stimulus of Freud and his followers included Rebecca West (1892-), who wrote *The Return of the Soldier* (1918) and *The Judge* (1922); Theodore Francis Powys (1875-1953), whose symbolic pictures of evil include *Mr. Tasker's Gods* (1925) and *Mr Weston's Good Wine* (1927); his brother John Cowper Powys (1872-1963), author of *Wolf Solent* (1929) and *A Glastonbury Romance* (1932) and May Sinclair (see p. 522); Wyndham Lewis (1884-1957) was originally an artist. In *Blast* (1914-15) and *Time and Western Man* (1927) he violently attacked contemporary literature and writers, believing that the intellect was of greater importance than emotion or imagination. This attitude was the basis of his novels *Tan* (1912), *The Childermass* (1928), and *The Apes of God* (1930). Elizabeth Bowen (1899-1973) combined a sensitivity for atmosphere and personality with skill in social satire; her work was largely devoted to the subtle emotions of love affairs in conventional middle-class society. Her best novels were *The Hotel* (1927), *The House in Paris* (1935), and *The Death of the Heart* (1938). Deep Freudian undertones are always apparent in the novels of Dame Ivy Compton-Burnett (1892-1969), a supreme exponent of passionate crime set in a domestic background. Her plots are excellently constructed, though the action is very limited. She is a mistress of revealing dialogue, which constitutes her chief method of exposition, and her delineation of warped characters is of a high order. Her novels include *Brothers and Sisters* (1929), *Men and Wives* (1931), *A House and its Head* (1935), *Daughters and Sons* (1937), *Parents and Children* (1941), and *Elders and Betters* (1944). A writer whose complex study of uncertainty and inadequacy brought acclaim was the Australian Ethel F. Robertson (Henry Handel Richardson) (1870-1946), author of the trilogy *The Fortunes of Richard Mahony* (1917-29).

Although a short-story writer, Katherine Mansfield (Katherine Beauchamp) (1888-1923) may be considered at this stage. She wrote of loneliness and insecurity, the idealization of a love usually unattainable, and the bitterness of reality. Because of the economy of her narrative and her use of selective, significant dialogue, she was one of the most important influences on short-story writers of the 1930's. Most of her small output was contained in *Bliss and Other Stories* (1920) and *The Garden Party and Other Stories* (1922).

4. The Lack of Popularity of the 'New' Novelists is not surprising:

their concern with the subtlest shades of motive and inner impulse called for readers as delicately sensitive as themselves, while the preoccupation of some with the morbid inevitably provoked distaste. Their techniques were not only revolutionary but complex, and made enormous demands upon the reader. Yet these writers have revolutionized the craft of fiction to an extent which suggests that the impression of their work is indelibly fixed upon all future writing of genuine significance.

5. Writers in the Established Tradition were inevitably more popular. While Galsworthy, Wells, and Bennett steadily produced new work, reputations were being made by novelists writing after the manner of an earlier generation, though they were all, in varying degrees, influenced by new developments. Among these 'traditional' writers were Sir Hugh Walpole (1884-1941), whose numerous books include *Mr.Perrin and Mr. Traill* (1911), *The Green Mirror* (1918), *Portrait of a Man with Red Hair* (1925), *The Cathedral* (1922), and four lengthy novels of the Herries series, beginning with *Rogue Hemes* (1930).

William Somerset Maugham (1874-1965) was born in Pairis. At the age of ten he came to England; he was educated at King's school, Canterbury, and Heidelberg University, and worked as a doctor at St Thomas's Hospital, London. (He began his,literary career as a novelist and then turned to the drama, from which he made enough money to allow him to devote himself entirely to literature see p. 550). During the 1914-18 War he served first with the Red Cross and then in the Intelligence Service. He travelled widely in Europe and the Far East, and at the outbreak of the Second World War was living in France. The story of his life there and eventual escape to England was told in *Strictly Personal* (1942). Maugham's novels reveal him as a cynical cosmopolitan presenting life in an ironically detached manner which does not flinch in the face of the mean or sordid. A realist, with an intense interest in human nature, keenly aware of the contradictions and frustrations of life, he was a poised, finished artist, who wrote in a prose that was clear, precise, and simple. His experiences in hospitals provided him with the knowledge of London's poorer quarters, in which were set such early works as *Liza of Lambeth* (1897) and *Mrs Craddock* (1902). From his travels he drew the background of *The Moon and Sixpence* (1919) and *The Painted Veil* (1925). His best novel was undoubtedly *Of Human Bondage* (1915), a study in frustration, which had a strong autobiographical element. Among his other fiction, mention must

be made of *Cakes and Ale* (1930), which dealt with genius involved with vulgarity that was full of happy life, and with deadly pseudo-intellectual society; and *The Razor's Edge* (1944), concerning the moral and spiritual emptiness of affluent America. He was a prolific writer of short stories, many of them set in the Far East and the Pacific; with highly professional skill, Maugham depicted relationships between the sexes and the unhappiness, even cruelty resulting from them.

John Boynton Priestley (1894-), the son of a schoolmaster, was born in Bradford and educated at Trinity Hall. Cambridge. He is a novelist, critic, dramatist, and essayist, and during the Second World War he became well known as a broadcaster. Priestley's Fame as a novelist was established by the popular *The Good Companions* (1929), a long story of the adventures of a touring concert-party. It showed all the friendly ease and ordinariness of Priestley at his best. It is, indeed, as a portrayer of the everyday life of the everyday person that he excels. His figures are clearly if rather shallowly drawn, and his style has an appealing ease and naturalness, though nothing of distinction. Among his other novels are *Angel Pavement* (1930), *Let the People Sing* (1939), *Daylight on Saturday* (1943), *Bright Day* (1946), and *Festival at Farbridge* (1951). Priestley is a talented essayist (see p. 561), while his literary criticism is to be found in *George Meredith* (1926), *The English Comic Characters* (1926), *Thomas Love Peacock* (1927), *The English Novel (1927), and Literature and Western Man* (1960).

Equally prolific and successful was Sir Compton Mackenzie (1883-1972), who achieved fame with *Carnival* (1912) and *Sinister Street* (1913-14). From the last-named was developed the Sylvia Scarlett trilogy (1918-19). After the success of three novels on the Church-- *The Altar Steps* (1922), *The-Parson's Progress* (1923), and *The Heavenly Ladder* (1924)--there came a period of only partial success, despite the care he lavished on "Four Winds of Love" (1937-45). Late in life, while retired in the Hebrides, he began a new career as a humorist, with such pleasantly light novels as *The Monarch of the Glen* (1941), *Whisky Galore* (1947), and *Rockets Galore* (1957).

Others whose reputation requires that they be mentioned here are Francis Brett Young (1884-1954), whose popularity rests on *The Black Diamond* (1921), *Portrait of Clare* (1927), and *My Brother Jonathan* (1928) and Charles Morgan (1894-1958), author of *The Fountain* (1932), *Sparkenbroke* (1936), *The Voyage* (1940), and *The Empty Room* (1941). Henry Williamson (1895-1977), shattered by his war experiences, wrote of youth and the countryside, e.g. in *Dandelion* -

Days (1922), and then produced fifteen novels, largely autobiographical--*A Chronicle of Ancient Sunlight* (1951-69)--illustrating the history of his time. His fame rests chiefly on *Tarka the Otter (1927),* an unsentimental account of an animal from its own point of view.
One should note those who wrote regional fiction, which, as has been stated earlier, proved so popular before the War. Among them were Lewis Grassic Gibson (James Leslie Mitchell) **(1901-35),** whose novels of Aberdeen, collected under the title *A Scots Quair,* were published between 1932 and 1934; Mary Webb **(1881-1927),** author of novels set in Shropshire, such as *The Golden Arrow* (1916), *Gone to Earth* (1917), *Seven for a Secret* (1922), and her best, *Precious Bane* (1924); and Sheila Kaye-Smith **(1884-1956),** who wrote about Sussex in, for example, *Joanna Godden* (1921) and *The End of the House of Alard* (1923). In this context one must mention a hilariously effective parody of the worst aspects of the regional novel; this is *Cold Comfort Farm* (1932) by **Stella** Gibbons. **Walter Greenwood (1903-74)** depicted in *Love on the Dole* (1933) the miseries of Salford in the Great Depression; a picture of Yorkshire at the same time was found in *A Modern Tragedy* (1934) by **Phyllis Eleanor Bentley (1894-),** but more popular was the romanticized country-town life in *South Riding* (1936) by **Winifred Holtby (1898-1935).** The short stories of Caradoc Evans **(1883-1945)** attempted to use Welsh idiom as the basis of English prose-poetry; *My People* (1915) and *Capel Sion* (1916) vehemently attacked the bigotry and hypocrisy of his fellow-countrymen. More generous towards the people of Wales, but critical of their conditions of work, was *How Green Was My Valley* (1939) by **Richard Llewellyn Lloyd (1907-).**
A historical novelist whose works have a striking authenticity --partly because he can write convincingly in the style of the period portrayed--is **Robert** Graves **(1895-),** author of I, *Claudius* (1934), *Claudius the God* (1934), *Count Belisarius* (1938), *Sergeant Lamb of the Ninth* (1940), *Wife to Mr. Milton* (1943), and *The Golden Fleece* (1944). He raised considerable controversy by the views he expressed in two scholarly works on mythology, *The White Goddess* and *The Greek Myths*.
- 6. War Books. Another reflection of the disillusionment of the post-War generation is to be found in literature on the War itself, which began to appear once the catastrophe was sufficiently remote. *Undertones of War* (1928), by the poet **Edmund Blunden (1896-1974),** was a magnificently underwritten exposure of ugliness and futility; more savage in **his** condemnation was **Robert Graves,** whose *Goodbye*

to All That appeared in 1929. Siegfried Sassoon gave the disguise of fiction to his experiences (see p. 498), as did Ford Madox Ford (1873-1939), but whereas the former gained instant success, the latter gained little credit for *Some Do Not* (1924), *No More Parades* (1925), *A Man Could Stand Up* (1926), and *Last Post* (1928). He was more influential as the founder of *The English Review* (1908-9), and the friend of many great contemporary artists. By contrast, *Death of a Hero* (1929) gave a most effective start to the career of Richard Aldington (1892-1962). Other writers who found in their war experiences the subject-matter of literature were C. E. Montague (1867-1928)--*Disenchantment* (1922), *Fiery Particles* (1923), and *Rough Justice* (1926); R. H. Mottram (1883-1971), whose fame derived from *The Spanish Farm* (1924), which was expanded into a trilogy during the next three years; and Henry Williamson (see p. 525) whose experiences were crystallized in *The Wet Flanders Plain* (1929) and *The Patriot's Progress* (1930).

7.Satire, which is found in the plays of Sir Noel Coward and Somerset Maugham, appears frequently in the novel. The fiction of Maugham is in the same spirit as his plays (see p. 550), with its irony and scathing wit. Two other satirists of the period must be mentioned. One is Rose Macaulay (1881-1958), whose works include *Potterism* (1920), *Dangerous Ages* (1921), *Told by an Idiot* (1923), *Orphan Island* (1924) and *Keeping Up Appearances* (1928); the other is Ronald Firbank (1886-1926). Aesthete, recluse, eccentric, he wrote brief novels consisting largely of fragmentary conversations among wealthy people and their parasites. Action is inconsequential, conversation is wittily spectacular, and everyone is highly unconventional. The best of his few novels are *Valmouth* (1919), *Prancing Nigger*--formerly called *Sorrow in Sunlight*--(1929), and *Concerning the Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli* (1926). *The Rock Pool* (1935) caused a furore because of its lightly disguised account of his friends in their futile search for trivial excitement, but its author, Cyril Connolly (1903-74), will be remembered chiefly as co-editor with Stephen Spender of the literary periodical *Horizon* (1939-50).

8.Escapist Novels. As in all periods of great emotional and moral tension, there was in the twenties a demand for escapist literature, which was partly met by such light though imaginative works as *South Wind(1917)* by Norman Douglas; *Mr. Fortune's Maggot* (1927) and *The True Heart* (1929) by Sylvia Townsend Warner; *Memoirs of a Midget* (1921) by Walter de la Mare; and the two fantasies entitled *Lady into Fox* (1922) and *A Man in the Zoo* (1924) by David Garnett.

9.It is extremely difficult to categorize the autobiographical-novel-sketch comedies with tragic implications that are *Mr. Norris Changes Trains* (1935) and *Goodbye to Berlin* (1939), glimpses of the nightmare world of Germany in the thirties. These are by the poet-playwright Christopher Isherwood (see p. 557). There seems no connection between him and Richard Hughes (1900-76), who has an international reputation on the strength of his three well-spaced novels. *A High Wind in Jamaica* (1929) is escapist, but it also contains one of his best portayals of children; then came *In Hazard* (1938), a sea story; and in 1961 *The Fox in the Attic,* which like Isherwood's books, deals with Germany, but during the political chaos following the First World War; it was planned as the first of a series but only *The Wooden Shepherdess* (1973) was added. Leopold Hamilton Myers (1881-1944) wrote of a semi-imaginary sixteenth-century India where events were both romantic and sordidly real, fantastic and horrifying, exciting and comic, all overlaid with the belief that evil was less corrupting than insincerity and lack of faith. Four related novels (1929-40) were republished in 1943 as *The Near and the Far.*

10.The growth of the American novel is one of the striking features of the period. Lack of space forbids a detailed survey, but one may say that, since the turn of the century, not only has the U.S.A. given encouragement and shelter to artists whose work met with opposition in this country, but Americans have been among the boldest so far as experiments in technique are concerned, and this is a period famous for technical experiment. The basis of most of their work was realism, the depiction of the contemporary scene no matter how unlovely, the exposure of corruption and lack of moral values in organizations and in people, the consideration of emotional crises and moral dilemmas at all levels of society, and the portrayal of the individual and the depths or heights with which he can be faced.

The most famous writer is Ernest Hemingway (1898-1962), who published between the Wars *The Sun Also Rises* (1926), *Men without Women* (1927), *A Farewell to Arms* (1929), *To Have and Have Not* (1937) and *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940). For him violent action brings out the essentials of manliness, especially comradeship, endurance and the acceptance of danger as a way of life; in the world of Hemingway women are of little importance. Yet for all his concern with the harshness of reality, he was extremely sensitive to beauty. His stark, emphatic, often almost curt language influenced a whole generation of writers. William Faulkner (1897-1962), author of *Soldier's Pay* (1926), *The Sound and the Fury* (1929),

Sanctuary (1931), *Light in August* (1932) and *Absalom! Absalom!* (1936) often deals with the poor and the deprived of the South; everywhere is depravity and the sense of doom. Each novel is an experiment in construction, and the language can become extremely complex. F. Scott Fitzgerald (1896-1940) is chiefly remembered for *The Great 'Gatsby* (1925), *Tender is the Night* (1934) and *The Last Tycoon* (1941). Like the characters of his novels, he frenetically sought after social and financial success, for ever hounded by the fear of being a failure or, worse, an outsider. He is considered to be the spokesman of The Jazz Age. However, it was Sinclair Lewis (1885-1951)who had the most immediate impact on the public. He showed the smug complacency, philistinism and corruption of the commercial middle-classes in *Main Street* (1920), *Babbitt* (1923) and *Arrowsmith* (1925); yet he was always inclined to exaggerate situations, and his satire was weakened by an affection for the very sort of people whom he exposed. *Dodsworth* (1929) even verged on the sentimental.

Others who greatly influenced the style and attitudes of English writers were John Dos Passos (1896-1970), who in this period produced *Manhattan Transfer* (1925), *The 42nd Parallel* (1930) and *1919* (1932); Theodore Dreiser (1871-1945)--*Sister Carrie* (1910) and *An American Tragedy* (1925); Erskine Caldwell (1903-)-- *Tobacco Road* (1932), *God's Little Acre* (1933); James M. Cain (1892-)--*The Postman Always Rings Twice* (1934); and James T. Farrell (1904-)-- *Young Lonigan* (1932), *The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan* (1934), *Judgment Day* (1935).

POETS

Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-89)

Hopkins is a unique figure in the history of English poetry. His work was not generally available until 1918, when his friend Bridges published a slim volume of poems culled from his letters and manuscripts. But for Bridges, it is likely that this fine poetry, which has exercised a great influence on later poets, would never have been known. Hopkins, a convert in his twenty-second year to Catholicism, is not only the first really great religious poet in English since Milton, but he was the creator of an original poetic medium, so much his own that a major modern critic has doubted whether it can ever be used by another writer. No modern poet has been the the centre of more controversy or the cause of more misunderstanding.

1. His Life. The son of a cultured and deeply artistic family, Hopkins was educated at Highgate (1854) and Balliol College, xford, which he entered as an Exhibitioner in 1863. Both at school and University he gained the highest academic distinctions. In 1866 after severe mental conflict, and in the face of strong family opposi tion, he entered the Roman Catholic Church, and in 1867 was an assistant at the Oratory School, Birmingham, then in charge of John Henry (later Cardinal) Newman. A year later he had decided to join the Jesuit novitiate, and, after a long and exhaustive training, he was ordained in 1877. Four years of preaching in various parts of the country were followed (1882-84) by a period in which he taught Latin and Greek at Stonyhurst. In 1884 he received the Chair of Greek at the Royal University of Ireland, Dublin, a post he held until his death. About the effect on his poetry of his entry into the Jesuit Order, controversy has raged. Some have maintained that it led to the stunting of his poetic development, almost to sterility, others that the Jesuit discipline resolved his earlier inner conflicts, and deepened and intensified his emotional experiences. But it is indisputable that the decision of 1868 was the most vital of his artistic life, and an understanding of the religious discipline to which he submitted himself is essential to a full appreciation of his poetry. Unfortunately, his poetic technique has caused as much controversy as his life, with the result that he has been seen either as a priest-philosopher or as a technical innovator. A true appreciation of his work must be based on a recognition of the fundamental wholeness of his life and writings.

2. His Poetry. While still at school Hopkins was already writing poetry expressing his intense appreciation of natural beauty in a sensuous, Keatsian manner which has something of the rich vivid ness of his later work. At Oxford, where he was thrown into the midst of the religious conflicts of the 1860's, an ascetic streak in his make-up became more apparent, and the fragments of his Oxford verse which remain show a considerable chastening of his enthusiasm for the riches of nature. The controversies with which he was surrounded brought to a head his own inner conflict; the result was his conversion. In 1868, before joining the Jesuits, he burnt all the poems on which he could lay hands, feeling the sensuous writings of his youth and the very profession of poet to be incompatible with the new disciplines he was about to accept. Such early poetry as we possess survived accidentally in manuscripts and diaries.

In 1875, when his long training as a Jesuit was reaching its end, he broke his self-imposed silence with *The Wreck of the "Deutsch-land,"* a great ode occasioned by the sinking in a storm of the *Deutschland,* which had on board five nuns, refugees from religious persecution. The poem is wider in scope than the title suggests. It contains the crystallized religious experience of his seven years' poetic silence, and has considerable autobiographical significance. In its eight-line stanzas the typical Hopkins technique is seen for the first time. Sprung-rhythm, counterpoint rhythm, alliteration, assonance, internal rhyme, coinages, and unorthodox syntax give to the poem a revolutionary appearance which led the editor of the Jesuit organ *Month* to refuse to print it after originally accepting it. But, if it is difficult in thought and unconventional in technique, it is full of brilliant passages, and has an artistic and emotional unity of the highest order.

Hopkins continued to write poetry until the end of his life, though his output was very small. From 1875 onward his writing was exclusively religious, and the ecstatic enjoyment of nature found in the sonnets of his early maturity is a sacramental experience. Nature is a manifestation of the beauty of God, a call to praise. Through his period of priesthood, in, among other places, Manchester and Liverpool, a growing concern with man is perceptible. The evils of the industrial system he saw as man's falling-off from God, his rejection of the grace won for him by Christ. *Felix Randal* is typical of his warm sympathy with men and his concern with their souls. But the deepest and most intensely personal of his poems belong to his Dublin period (1884-89). Whatever the cause, Hopkins then passed through a period of intense depression, which is movingly revealed in the sonnets of 1884-85. In their passionate, direct simplicity they stand apart from most of Hopkins's work, and they have been described as bis greatest poems. His defiant refusal to capitulate to this despair is to be seen in *Carrion Comfort:*

Not, I'll not, carrion comfort, Despair, not feast on thee; Not untwist--slack they may be--these last strands of man In me or, most weary, cry *I can no more.* I can; Can something, hope, wish day come, not choose not to be. But ah, but O thou terrible, why wouldst thou rude on me Thy wring-world right foot rock? lay a lionlimb against me? scan With darksome devouring eyes my bruised bones? and fan, O in turns of tempest, me heaped there; me frantic to avoid thee and flee? Why? That my chaff might fly; my grain lie, sheer and clear.

Nay in all that toil, that coil, since (seems) I kissed the rod, Hand rather, my heart lo! lapped strength, stole joy, would laugh, cheer.
Cheer whom though? the hero whose heaven-handling flung me, f6ot tr6d
Me? or me that fought him? O which one? is it each one? That night, that year
Of now done darkness I wretch lay wrestling with (my God!) my God.

3. Features of his Poetry, *(a) His Love of Nature.* A sensuous love of nature, based on a minute observation, is found in most of Hopkins's poetry, especially before about 1878. His early struggle to reconcile his obvious enjoyment of natural beauty with the ascetic life, the Jesuit resolved in his sacramental view of natural beauty. His great delight lay in the discovery of the *inscape, or* inner pattern, which gave to each thing its distinctive beauty. His feelings at the perception of this inscape he described by the term *instress.*
(b) His Use of Language. One of Hopkins's most obvious idiosyncrasies is in his choice and use of language. He believed that poetry called for a language distinct from that of prose, a language rich in suggestion both to the senses and the intellect. His vocabulary is drawn from many sources, archaic, colloquial, and dialect words all being used. He had a particular fondness for compound epithets, such as "drop-of-blood-and-foam-dapple cherry," and for evocative coinages. A full appreciation of a word may well demand of the reader a knowledge of its derivation. At times the result is obscurity, and this is increased by his deliberate distortion of normal syntax, either to compel the reader's attention, or to give to key words the stress they deserve. But, whatever the difficulties arising from vocabulary, syntax, or compression of thought, Hopkins is always precise in his use of words, and his poetry has the muscular vitality of expression of the true Shakespearian tradition.
(c) *His Rhythmic Patterns.* Hopkins's most important experiment is with *sprung rhythm,* which appeared first in *The Wreck of the" Deutschland,"* and is based on the irregular verse of *Samson Agonistes.* The basic principle of this attempt to break away from strictly conventional patterns is that each foot contains one stress, possibly, but not necessarily, followed by any number of unstressed syllables. Hopkins felt it to be "the least forced, the most rhetorical and emphatic of all possible rhythms." *Counterpoint rhythm* is the use in two consecutive feet of a reversal of the predominant rhythm

of a line. Every rhythmic effect in Hopkins is the result of careful and deliberate workmanship, and so important did he consider a true understanding of his intentions that his manuscripts make use of some twenty symbols, rather like those of a musical score. Thus we have " or" or " to indicate heavy stresses, to indicate reversed feet, as in counterpoint, and so on. Unfortunately, he was not consistent in the use of these symbols, and, to avoid confusion, Bridges omitted from the 1918 edition all but the most vital. After *The Wreck of the* " *Deutschland"* he devoted much time to typically individual modifications of the sonnet form, which he used with the greatest freedom. A brief summary can do no more than indicate the nature of Hopkins's experiments, but it is important to add that the full import of rhythm in his poetry can only be gathered if it is read aloud after close and delicately sensitive study of its orchestration.

e)*His imagery* is remarkable for its richness. His appreciation of nature, his reading of the great English poets, particularly Shakespeare, and of the Bible, are all evident. Often he shows that blend of the emotional and intellectual which distinguishes the poetry of the seventeenth-century metaphysicals (see p. 139). But, whatever their sources or affinities, the images of Hopkins's poetry are distinctively his own--always precise and vitally illuminating, usually briefly expressed, and often suggesting more than one possible interpretation.

I. T. S. Eliot (1888-1965)

With the possible exception of Yeats, no twentieth-century poet has been held in such esteem by his fellow-poets as Eliot. During the 1930's his influence was enormous, and, if his pre-eminence is no longer so stridently proclaimed, he seems assured of his place among the great English poets who have directed poetic impulses-into new channels.

1. His Life. Though he became a naturalized British subject in 1927, Eliot was born in St Louis, Missouri (U.S.A.). His family was of Devonshire origin, and its traditions were in commerce and academic studies. He entered Harvard in 1906, and, after one year (1910-11) at the Sorbonne in Paris, he spent a year at Oxford reading Greek philosophy. After a brief experience of teaching at Highgate School, he entered business (191.6), and spent eight years in Lloyd's Bank in the City. At this time he was assistant editor of *The Egoist* (1917-19), and in 1923 began his career as editor of *The*

. *Criterion.* Later he became a director of Faber and Faber, the publishers. Among the many literary honours bestowed upon him mention may be made of: Charles Eliot Norton Professor of Poetry at Harvard (1932-33), President, Classical Association (1944), Nobel Prize for Literature (1948), and Order of Merit (1948). At various times he received honorary degrees from twelve universities in Europe and America.

2. His Poetry. Eliot's first volume of verse, *Prufrock and Other Observations* (1917), portrays in contemptuous, and often wittily ironical, satire, the boredom, emptiness, and pessimism of its own day. The poet tries to plumb the less savoury depths of contemporary life in a series of sordid episodes. The irregularities of rhyme scheme and line length in his verse form, the pressure of his condensed and often vividly contrasted images, the skilful use of rhythmic variations, and the restrained power of his style distinguished Eliot as a gifted, original artist. *Poems* (1920) is in much the same mood, but, as often happens in Eliot, the verse form is completely changed, the irregular verse paragraph giving place to a four-line stanza rhyming *abcb.* The difficult monologue *Gerontion* in this volume shows Eliot's free adaptation of the blank verse of the later Elizabethan dramatists.

His much-discussed poem *The Waste Land* (1922) made a tremendous impact on the post-War generation, and is considered one of the most important documents of its age. The poem is difficult to understand in detail, but its general aim is clear. Based on the legend of the Fisher King in the Arthurian cycle, it presents' modern London as an arid, waste land. The poem is built round the symbols of drought and flood, representing death and rebirth," and this fundamental idea is referred to throughout. Other symbols in the poem are, however, not capable of precise explanation. In a series of disconcertingly vivid impressions, the poem progresses by rather abrupt transitions through five movements--"The Burial of the Dead," "The Game of Chess," "The Fire Sermon," "Death by Water," and "What the Thunder Said." Throughout appears the figure of Tiresias, whose presence helps to give the work unity. Its real unity, however, is one of emotional atmosphere. The boredom of his earlier poetry gives way to a mood of terror in face of an outworn and disintegrating civilization, a terror deeply felt, even when hidden beneath the surface irony of some parts of the poem. The style shows a typical compression of clearly visualized, often metaphysical imagery, a vocabulary essentially modern, and a subtly

suggestive use of the rhythms of ordinary speech. One of its greatest difficulties lies in the numerous allusions to out-of-the-way writers, and the notes which Eliot himself provided are often inadequate. But, in spite of its complexities and apparent ambiguities, the poem is a powerfully moving presentation of sterility and disruption. The following extract from "The Game of Chess" (though here the allusion is to *Antony and Cleopatra)* will give an idea of its modernity, its allusiveness, and its variety of style.

The chair she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Glowed on the marble, where the glass
Held up by standards wrought with fruited vines
From which a golden Cupidon peeped out
(Another hid his eyes behind his wing)
Doubled the flames of sevenbranched candelabra
Reflecting light upon the table as
The glitter of her jewels rose to meet it.
From satin cases poured in rich profusion;
In vials of ivory and coloured glass
Unstoppered, lurked her strange synthetic perfumes,
Unguent, powdered, or liquid--troubled, confused
And drowned the sense in odours; stirred by the air
That freshened from the window, these ascended
In fattening the prolonged candle-flames,
Flung their smoke into the laquearia.
Stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.

" My nerves are bad to-night. Yes, bad. Stay with me "Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak.
"What are you thinking of? What thinking? What?

"I never know what you are thinking. Think."

Poems 1909-1925 adds only "The Hollow Men" to his earlier work. The five movements of this short poem again treat- of the hopelessness and emptiness of modern life. The level regularity of its short two-stress line, so different from the metrical variety of *The Waste Land,* is eminently fitted to its mood.

His next major work, *Ash Wednesday* (1930), is probably his most difficult. It marks the beginning of a new phase in the poet's development, in which he finds hope in the discipline of the Christian religion, though, as yet, the old outlook persists in his mind and constantly comes to the fore. Consonant with this new attitude are his use of medieval mysticism and allegory, his imagery from the Old Testament prophets, and the allusions to the offices of the Church. Obscure images and symbols and the lack of a clear,

logical structure make the poem difficult. Its six parts are six impressions of a mental and emotional state. With less concentrated vigour than his earlier poems, *Ash Wednesday* is more lyrical in spirit, and its use of repetition, assonance, and internal rhyme gives it a musical suggestiveness which conveys much of its meaning long before its intellectual content can be fully mastered.

The thirties were devoted mainly to poetical drama and literary criticism, and *Four Quartets* (1944) contains his next and most recent non-dramatic poetry. The four poems in this work appeared separately: *Burnt Norton* (1936), *East Coker* (1940), *The Dry Salvages* (1941), and *Little Gidding* (1942). In them we become aware of the intensity of Eliot's search for religious truth, which leads finally to a new hope in the Christian idea of rebirth and renewal. The poems are again difficult, but this is now owing to subject matter rather than technique. The underlying emotional experiences are not only complex but difficult to communicate, and it is better to try to grasp the general sense of the whole before attempting a detailed analysis of thought content. The main theme of this deeply serious meditation is the consideration of Time and Eternity; other themes are Eliot's exploration of the artistic consciousness, and of the potentialities and significance of words. There is no clearly traceable central thought sequence, but, as one poem follows another, we see the poet groping his way toward truth, and it is significant that each poem in turn is easier of comprehension. The mood of the poems is one, of restrained but deeply emotional contemplation. Their general tone is mellower and the underlying experiences more varied. The thought is closely woven, but the style is less involved. There is the same precision of language, but less allusiveness than in *The Waste Land,* though again the precise significance of his symbols is difficult to determine. As the title *Four Quartets* suggests, each poem is built on a musical pattern; it has five movements, in which the themes stated in the first are developed through variations to a resolution in the last, and the inner structure of all four poems is very similar. The accentual verse, which he began to use in *The Hollow Men,* is now seen in its most flexible form.

3. His Drama. He wrote seven dramas, the fragment, *Sweeney Agonistes* (1926-27), *The Rock* (1934), *Murder in the Cathedral* (1935), *The Family Reunion* (1939), *The Cocktail Party* (1949), *The Confidential Clerk* (1953), *The Elder Statesman* (1958). They contain some of the best dramatic poetry since the Elizabethans, and mark definite stages in Eliot's emotional growth, yet mostly lack the

essential qualities of drama. *Sweeney Agonistes,* in the mood of his earlier poetry, has little dramatic conflict or character development, and is mainly of interest for its development of the accentual verse of his later works. The main interest of his pageant play, *The Rock,* lies in the fine choruses and Eliot's concern with religious matters. In *Murder in the Cathedral* some drama is to be found in the moving speeches of the Chorus of the women of Canterbury, in whom a profoundly felt change does take place, but there is also the inner conflict in Becket, and'the confrontation of Church and State. In *The Family Reunion* and in *The Cocktail Party* the (Characters are modern. These plays offer an interesting parallel with *Four Quartets,* in that all three works are concerned with the theme of rebirth and regeneration. *The Confidential Clerk* (1953) is a thought-provoking play which contains, under its surface wit and comedy, serious consideration of such questions as the nature of identity and the effects of heredity, and which underlines the importance of coming to grips with one's true self.

4.His Prose. Eliot's first collection of essays, *The Sacred Wood,* appeared in 1920, but the greater part of his prose work belongs to the 1930's. His main concern is literary criticism, though *The Idea of a Christian Society* (1939) is a significant indication of the direction of his development. The greatest critic since Matthew Arnold, Eliot may claim to rank among the greatest in English. Among the more frequently stated of his fundamental ideas are: the essential oneness of the Western literary tradition and its influence on the modern writer; the importance of poetic form and its ability to convey meaning through the feelings as much as through the mind; the need for the poet to reduce to universal significance his individual experiences. Eliot's prose style is remarkable for its compact lucidity and precision. Among his prose works mention may be made of the following: *For Lancelot Andrewes* (1928), *Selected Essays 1917-1932* (1932), *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism* (1933), *Elizabethan Essays* (1934), *After Strange Gods* (1934), *Points of View* (1941), and *What is a Classic ?* (1945).

5.Features of his Poetry, (a) The most immediate impression made by Eliot's verse is its *difficulty.* The nature and cause of this difficulty have changed during his career. In his earlier poetry the obscurity seemed to result from a technique deliberately cultivated. A condensed and often oblique expression, in which necessary links were frequently omitted, Eliot acquired from the French Symbolistes, and his admiration of Pound and the Imagist theories strengthened

this. Demanding a great deal of his reader, the early Eliot was extremely allusive, and deliberately vague or ambiguous in his use of symbols. The resulting difficulty was by many of his admirers exalted into a merit. The difficulty of the later poetry springs from the nature of his subjects--states of mind and experiences incapable of precise formulation and therefore difficult to communicate. A deliberate loosening of his style, and a reduction in the number of out-of-the-way allusions, have made him easier to follow, but in *Four Quartets* there is still much difficulty, and his meaning is often sensed through the rhythms and music of his verse before it is mastered by the mind.

c)*His Imagery.* A close study of Eliot's imagery is essential *to any* comprehension of his work. Like the Imagists, he is always concrete, and his pictures are clearly realized and based on close and accurate observation. Many images, such as those of the sea, appear time and again with different effects, and in *Four Quartets* the development of the poem can best be traced in the changing significance of recurrent images. Eliot shows a particular fondness for the metaphysical conceit with its subtle blend of emotion and intellect.

OTHER POETS

1. Wystan Hugh Auden (1907-1973), the son of a York doctor, was educated at Gresham's School, Holt, and Oxford. On leaving the university he spent some time in Germany. During the Spanish Civil War he served with the Republican forces in non-combatant capacities, and his interest in Spanish politics was reflected in one of his finest poems, *Spain.* He left England for the U.S.A. in 1939, became a citizen of that country, and Jived there until 1972,. save for the period when he was Professor of Poetry at Oxford.

Though still a young man, he was accepted as a leading poet, and one whose influence was felt in much contemporary verse. It has been said that he merely followed the fashion; rather, in his day he set the fashion. He came under the influence of Hopkins and Eliot, and, like the latter, he was deeply aware of the hollowness of a disintegrating civilization during *A* time of crisis and dismay', to quote his own words. But, unlike Eliot, Auden found his solution to the World's problems in left-wing political ideologies. A spokesman of the masses (whom he contemplated with warm understanding, compassion, and deep insight), Auden showed clearly in his early poetry a faith in violent social upheaval as a means to a

better order. Yet he was outspokingly anti-Romantic, and, like others in his group of writer-friends, stressed the importance of 'clinical' and 'objective' attitudes. At times he over-simplified issues for the sake of emphasizing his radical views, often he swept on in generalizations; but he had the ability to experience and express the spirit of the age, the questionings and hopes and dreads of a generation about to confront fascism. However, the frequent image of a lone wanderer in an empty landscape makes one consider whether Auden himself had any sure faith in the creeds which were supposedly his guides. His later poems revealed a new note of mysticism in his approach to human problems. The change resulted partly from his living in the U.S.A. away from the European war and partly from a new stirring towards Christianity; this concern with religion and the effect it had on his poetry may be compared with T. S. Eliot. The best poetry in this later style is to be found in *Nones* (1951).

He attempted, with considerable success, to prevent poetry from becoming exclusively 'highbrow', and found subjects among the everyday, often sordid, realities of a diseased social order. Modern influences strongly felt in his work were those of the psychologists, particularly of Freud; and Auden-was profoundly conscious of sex and its importance in human relationships. His approach to everything around him was that of the intelligent intellectual, and he followed Eliot in his partiality for the poetry of the Metaphysicals, especially in their use of allegory and of detailed images unified into a pattern. It is therefore not unexpectedly that one finds much of his best work in exquisite and often movingly tender lyrics, songs and sonnets, where he is least concerned with sociological theories. Nor should one forget that he was a poet of landscape--sometimes the wild, empty hills and barren places, sometimes the industrial scene with its crowded figures; this latter, perhaps, offered him the greater attraction, for it showed Man at his finest as the inventor and the reshaper of Nature.

Technically, Auden was an artist of great virtuosity, a ceaseless experimenter in verse form, with a fine ear for the rhythm and music of words. Stephen Spender, himself no mean practitioner, described him as the most accomplished technician then writing poetry in English. Essentially modern in tone, Auden had a wide variety of styles--often he wrote with a noisy jazziness and gaiety, often in a cynically satirical vein, and on occasions he could be slangily 'tough.' But usually he showed a delight in elliptical thought and closely packed imagery, and, if his proletarianism sometimes led him

into flaws of taste, it also led him to exploit more fully than any of his predecessors the riches and vigour of everyday idiom and vocabulary.

His best poetry is to be found in *Poems* (1930), *The Orators* (1932), *Look, Stranger* (1936), *New Year Letter* (1941), *The Age of Anxiety* (1948), *Collected Shorter Poems 1930-1944* (1950). His two anthologies-- *The Poet's Tongue* (1935) with John Garrett, and *The Oxford Book of Light Verse* (1938)--greatly stimulated interest in popular literature/which is a sincere expression of emotion even though it cannot be dignified by the name of poetry.

2. **Stephen Spender (1909-77)** was educated at University College School, Hampstead, and at Oxford. After leaving the university he spent two years in Germany and then moved to Vienna. A Liberal by family tradition, Spender joined the Communist Party and, like Auden, served as a non-combatant with the Republican armies during the Spanish Civil War.

A member of the Auden group, Spender was deeply aware of the sufferings and unhappiness of the inter-war period, and pinned his hopes for the future on left-wing theories. But his political faith was always involved in a struggle with his concern for the individual. The most introspective of the poets connected with Auden,he showed a tendency to look more and more within himself for his subject-matter. Most of his poems were short lyrics, and he was at his best when, shaking off his political ideas, he gave rein to his considerable lyrical gifts. He wrote most movingly of the pity of war and the emotions of a lover. Spender combined a subtlety of insight with an artistic sensitivity far greater than that of Auden, and had none of the latter's stridency. In his early poetry he showed, awareness of the modern technological age and its machinery, but his was a sensuous imagination, and his appeal was more often to the feelings than the intellect. His best poetry is found in *Poems* (1933), *Vienna* (1934), *The Still Centre* (1939), *Ruins and Visions* (1942); *Collected Poems 1928-53* appeared in 1955.

Spender's critical works include *The Destructive Element* (1935) and *Poetry Since 1939* (1947), but most interesting was his autobiography, *World Within World* (1951), which gave a fascinating picture of his generation and its attitudes.

3. C. Day Lewis (1904-72), a descendant on his mother's side from Oliver Goldsmith, was born in Eire, but while still in his infancy he came to England on the appointment of his father as vicar of Edwinstowe, in Nottinghamshire. He was a scholar of Sherborne

School and an exhibitioner of Wadham College, Oxford, and while at the university edited *Oxford Poetry* (1927) with his contemporary W. H. Auden. Until 1935 Day Lewis was a schoolmaster in Scotland and at Cheltenham College, but in that year he abandoned teaching for a full-time career in literature. After that he produced not only poetry but novels, detective stories, children's tales, literary criticism, and broadcasting material. In 1951 he received the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, to be succeeded in 1956 by his friend W. H. Auden.

Though he is usually associated with the school of Auden, Day Lewis wore his colours with a difference. He, too, found hope for a distracted world in left-wing ideals (see *The Magnetic Mountain),* but he is more balanced and common-sensical than many of the political poets of the thirties. In matters of technique be owes much to the poetry of Eliot and Hopkins, though he reacted strongly against the despair so powerfully voiced in *The Waste Land.* His early *Transitional Poem* (1929) is metaphysical in manner, closely packed and concise in idea and imagery, but structurally rather confused. *From Feathers to Iron* (1931), one of his best collections, is more personal than much of the writing which immediately follows it, and less obscure than some parts of *Transitional Poem.* It reveals a considerable lyric gift and that great love of nature which constantly appears in his writing. The best of his political verse appeared in *The Magnetic Mountain* (1933), where, more strongly under the influence of Auden, he adopts much of the latter's colloquialism and freedom of manner, and elevates the normal vigour of his verse to the point of stridency. In this volume we can see clearly his fondness for imagery drawn from machinery and similar aspects of modern life. In *A Time to Dance* (1935) Day Lewis shows narrative powers of a high order, while his sea narrative. "The Loss of the Nabara', a story of the Spanish Civil War, in *Overtures to Death and Other Poems* (1938), has been hailed as one of the best sea poems for many years. Since the beginning of the 1939-45 War the mood of Day Lewis sobered considerably. He devoted much time to the perfecting of his technique, and he produced excellent work in *Word over All* (1943) and *Poems (1943-47),* published in 1948. These volumes consist largely of personal lyrics. The technical excellence of his latest poetry may owe not a little to the disciplines to which he inevitably submitted himself in his excellent verse translation, *The Georgics of Virgil* (1940).

We can do no more than list some of his prose works: *A Hope*

for Poetry (1934), *Poetry for You* (1945), and *The Poetic Image* (1947) in the field of criticism; and the novels, *The Friendly Tree* (1936), *Starting Point* (1937), and *Child of Misfortune* (1939).

4. **Louis MacNeice (1907-63),** the son of an Irish bishop, was born in Belfast and educated at Marlborough and Oxford, where he distinguished himself as a classical scholar. In 1930 he was appointed classics lecturer at Birmingham University, and six years later he became lecturer in Greek at Bedford College, London. He travelled in Europe and America, and for a while in 1940 he lectured on poetry at Cornell University. In 1941 he joined the B.B.C. Like Day Lewis, MacNeice was a member of the Auden group, but, unlike the others, he never embraced wholeheartedly any political creed, though he was as acutely aware as any of them of the failings of the inter-War years. He combines a keen, analytical observation of contemporary life with a strong common sense, and a very definite sense of humour, while his classical training has impressed itself upon the form and style of his work. A purer artist than Auden, MacNeice is acutely aware of the musical and rhythmical potentialities of language, and he writes with a control, finish, lightness of touch, and a structural sense which are often lacking among the members of his group, though, on occasion, he will, for effect, fall into a looser manner. His poetry is in the main didactic or lyrical, and it is in the short lyric that he has done his best work. Perhaps the unwillingness to adopt a positive attitude toward the problems of modern'life, which has, in other ways, been an asset, deprives his work of that driving force which is essential in good didactic poetry. Even in his lyrics a veneer of casualness too often conceals the underlying emotions. In another medium MacNeice did valuable work as a pioneer in the use of poetic drama for broadcasting (see *The Dark Tower* (1946)). His critical study, *The Poetry of W. B. Yeats* (1941),'is one of the best books on the subject.
MacNeice's poetry has appeared in the following collections: *Poems* (1935); *The Earth Compels* (1938); *Autumn Journal* (1939); *Plant and Phantom* (1941); *Springboard* (1944); *Holes in the Sky* (1948); and *Collected Poems* (1949). _
Mention should also be made of his prose'books, *Modern Poetry: A Personal Estimate* (1938) and *Letters from Iceland(1937)*--written with W. H. Auden; and of his drama in the Auden-Isherwood tradition, *Out of the Picture* (1937).

S. Dame Edith Sitwell (1887-1964), the eldest of the celebrated children of Sir George Sitwell, of Renishaw Hall, in Derbyshire, was born at Scarborough and educated privately. With her brothers, **Osbert (1892-1969)** (see **p.** 598) and **Sir Sacheverell (1897-),** she edited *Wheels: an Annual Anthology of Modern Verse,* which appeared between 1916 and 1921 and revolted strongly against the popular Georgian poetry.
Like all the poets who achieved prominence in our period, Edith Sitwell was deeply conscious of the unhappiness and spiritual emptiness of the inter-War years, but, where the Auden school found its hope in politics, she sought to escape into the world of childhood and art. She shares with her brothers a nostalgic regret for the culture whose disappearance she was called upon to witness, and all her writing reflects her aristocratic background and outlook. With great verbal dexterity, much wit, and a jewelled brilliance of effect, her early poetry, as seen in *Clowns' Houses* (1918), *The Wooden Pegasus* (1920), and *Bucolic Comedies* (1923), creates a wholly.artificial world from the dreams of childhood. She is essentially an artist, exploiting to the full the magic of language, ceaselessly experimenting with verse forms and patterns, and her technical virtuosity is most strikingly seen in *Facade* (1922). In a single word or brief phrase she can achieve a striking effect, and the vividness of her imagery and her love of rich colour contribute much to the charm of her work. She is particularly fond of describing the perceptions of one sense in terms of another *(e.g.,* a "pig-snouted breeze"). Often, however, her poetry seems to be made up of a series of more or less connected sense impressions, which, though striking in themselves, seem to lead the reader nowhere. During more recent years her verse lost much of its earlier brittleness, and the humanity which underlies all her writing became more apparent.
As a critic, Edith Sitwell tends, as her own poetry might lead us to suppose, to lay overmuch stress upon the patterns and technical skills of poetry, as though verbal artistry were all in all. None the less her sensitive analysis of the poetry of Pope in *Alexander Pope* (1930) did much to provoke a revaluation of the work of that unjustly neglected artist.
In addition to those works already mentioned, her publications include *The Sleeping Beauty* (1924); *Troy Park* (1925); *Collected Poems* (1930); *The Pleasures of Poetry* (1931-34); *Bath* (1932); *The English Eccentrics* (1933); *Aspects of Modern Poetry* (1934); *Street Songs* (1942); and *The Song of the Cold* (1945).

6. Ezra Pound (1885-1972). Of the Imagist poets (see p. 500) only Pound gained lasting fame, not only as a poet but as one who helped many other writers to achieve their best work Born in the U.S.A., he lived in London from 1908 to 1920, then in Paris, and from 1924 to 1945 in Italy. His admiration of Mussolini resulted in his being charged with treason at the end of the War. Considered unfit to plead, he was held prisoner in hospital until 1958, a forlorn scapegoat for the sins of fascism.

He was always a centre of controversy because of his iconoclastic views on everything from poetry to economics (often founded on half-knowledge or a perverse determination to be different), but his influence on contemporary literature was exemplified by the homage paid to him by T. S. Eliot. Pound's translations from Italian, Provencal, Latin, etc., were far from accurate, but they recreated the spirit of the originals; he re-established the epigram as a verse form, strengthened by the influence of Japanese. To him poetry was the embodiment of melody, images, and provocative thought--basics of most good poetry--but they produced an 'originality' in Pound's verse which Eliot considered lacking in most poetry of the past century. *Hugh Selwyn Mobberly* (1920) was an arraignment of 'culture' (a word that Pound abhorred), the urge by writers "to maintain 'the sublime' in the old sense", and in retrospect can be considered as significant as--though less famous than--*The Waste Land.*

Pound's life in Italy was largely devoted to writing *The Cantos* which appeared part by part and were always in the process of being revised; eventually they remained unfinished. They were a vast survey of history from his own very limited and biased point of view; they were extremely erudite, highly allusive, and expressive of personal, often fragmented, experiences, in a compaction of images made all the more bewildering because of their references to foreign languages and literatures. When he was in prison awaiting trial, he was deprived of books; thus he was forced to rely on his own mind and personality for emotional sustenance. *The Pisan Cantos* (1948) which resulted may be considered his best; certainly they are the most attractive, because of their sympathy for humanity and the sheer beauty of their words. Pound's survey of contemporary society and its problems was published between 1925 and 1969; a very necessary *Annotated Index* came out in 1958 before the appearance of the last twenty-one *Cantos.* No matter how confused were Pound's political ideas, and despite the increasingly personal and elliptical language he employed, he was a poet till the very end.

GENERAL SURVEY OF POETRY (1918-39)

1.Poetry in the Post-War World. The hopes for a brave new world, so quickly dissipated in 1918, gave way to the disillusionment and despair which found their supreme expression in *The Waste Land* (1922) and *The Hollow Men* (1925). A new awareness of sociological factors enabled the .writers of this period to perceive a disintegrating culture with no positive values to replace it. There was need for a new world, for a new outlook on life. As yet a political answer to this problem had not penetrated into poetry to any extent; it did not do so until the appearance of the Auden school.

2.Developments in Poetic Technique. The modern tension, so different from the complacency of the mid-Victorian period or of the Georgians, so much more realistic in its facing-up to life than the escapism of the decadents, clearly demanded a new poetic technique. As Bridges saw, the old poetic forms were outworn, and, partly influenced by Whitman, the new poets turned to free verse. The development of a new medium also owed much to the poetry of Hopkins (published 1918), with its sprung rhythms, complex verbal patterns, and disregard for normal syntax.

3.The 'Difficulty' of Modern Poetry. Such an emphasis on the evolution of new forms had obvious dangers, chief among them a lack of proportion which elevated form above substance, and a glorification of eccentricity for its own sake. The freedom of *vers libre* encouraged licence, and the pursuit of novelty increased the obscurity which came from the attempt to communicate complex states of mind. Much of the poetry of the period is admittedly difficult, and poetry was in danger of becoming an art for the initiated few. This trend was emphasized by the popularity of the metaphysical conceit, which accompanied the rebirth of interest in Donne and his fellows, the growing use of symbolism under the influence of Yeats and the French Symbolistes, and the imitation of the allusiveness of the early Eliot. On the question of difficulty Eliot himself wrote: " We can only say that it appears likely that poets in our civilisation, as it exists at present, must be difficult. Our civilisation comprehends great variety and complexity, and this variety and complexity, playing upon a refined sensibility, must produce various and complex results. The poet must become more and more comprehensive, more allusive, more indirect, in order to force, to dislocate if necessary, language into his meaning."

As examples of the more difficult poets of pur period, we mention Wyndham Lewis (1884-1957) and William Empson (1906-).

4. Psychology and Politics. Already in the twenties the new interest in psychological research had turned poets to a deeper investigation of the hidden impulses of man. In the early Eliot, for instance, we have that rather inconsequential revelation of the most secret thoughts of the character, which became known as the internal monologue. It was, in fact, in psychology and politics that the poets of the thirties, led by W. H. Auden, sought a solution to the world problems. Karl Marx (1818-83) and Sigmund Freud (1856-1939) inspired much of the underlying thought of the poetry of this decade. Auden and his followers, basing their thought on left-wing political ideals, took up the cause of the masses, whose lives they studied with genuine sympathy and often with striking realism. Some of them actively supported the Republican side in the Spanish Civil War, and their proletarian sympathies led to some rather cheap satire on contemporary England. In the poorer poets political writing deteriorated into mere pamphleteering; in the best we have a serious attempt to produce something positive and constructive.

Though Eliot and Hopkins were among their acknowledged masters in matters of technique, the poets of the thirties were strongly critical of the conception of poetry for the few. In an attempt to make contact with a wider audience, they abandoned the academic style for a more colloquial expression, and used the vocabulary, idiom, and rhythms of everyday speech with considerable force and vigour. They found much to admire, not only in the simple diction and rhythmical subtleties of Yeats, but also in the variety of his themes, and the fresh constructive outlook which lay behind them.

The impact of psychology on the poets of this decade is seen in the importance attached to sex in such writers as Auden and Dylan Thomas (see p. 383), and in the interest in the individual personality seen in such poets as Spender. Freud's revelation of the importance of the subconscious and his development of psycho-analysis lent greater depth to this study.

The work of the Auden school first gained notice in the anthology *New Signatures,* published in 1932 by Michael Roberts (1902-48), a keen supporter of the new poetry. From 1933 onward it continued to appear in *New Verse,* edited by Geoffrey Grigson, a magazine which also published the work of such widely differing poets as Dylan Thomas, George Barker, and David Gascoyne.

5.Surrealism. Such a straightforward development as is here outlined is, of course, an over-simplification of a complex and constantly shifting situation, and it is now time to glance at some of the other movements and schools which arose in our period. About 1930 surrealism, which had been so strong on the Continent in literature as well as in art, was felt in this country. Its influence was limited and brief, and its only real advocate among established writers was Sir Herbert Read (1893-1968). But the escape from the complex problems of contemporary life which surrealism offered had its appeal for a number of young English poets.

6.The New Traditionalism. Many poets would have nothing to do with surrealism or experiment beyond certain limits; they were concerned with the expression of their individual emotional development and their reactions to their environment. Thus, with a basis of tradition, they concerned themselves with new attitudes, and with the place of old values in a new society. Roy Campbell (1901-57), a South African dedicated to movement, colour, adventure, vigour, published *Adamastor* (1930) and *Flowering Rifle* (1939). Edwin Muir (1887-1959) illustrated the rugged dignity and calm beauty of the Orkneys in *Variations on a Time Theme* (1934), *Journeys and Places* (1937), *The Labyrinth* (1949), and *One Foot in Eden* (1956). The gentle Scots cleric Andrew Young (1885-1971) wrote with an intimate knowledge of the creatures and plants of the countryside. Detailed observation and lucid phraseology were the hallmark of his poems collected in 1936 and 1948. The poetry of Robert Graves (see p. 526), like his prose, was only recognized as some Of the finest of the period long after it had been published. He wrote in traditional forms, but his wide knowledge of the Classics brought about a conciseness of expression, a simple strength of construction, and a restraint that added power to emotion. All was tinged with irony. His concern was people, particularly those stirred by love or sex, and their sufferings as heart and mind sought to destroy each other. Collections of his poems appeared in 1927, 1938, 1946, 1959, and 1968. Robert Frost (1874-1963) was born in the U.S.A. and lived much of his life in New Hampshire. Not only was he the most popular poet in America but he became famous in England too, where his first two books had been published. Frost refused to have anything to do with verse experiment. He wrote in traditional styles about real situations, the countryside and landscape, people who had found contentment despite privation; he was particularly concerned with isolation and the failure to communicate. Though he often employed

the dramatic monologue, usually in blank verse, he showed his **true** mastery in the lyric. Frost's moralizing could become prosy and sentimental, but at best he achieved what he considered to be the only aim of poetry--"It begins in delight_and_ends in wisdom." He believed in old-fashioned virtues and made them seem important; above all, he could sum up a situation, person, or mood in a phrase which held one's attention and yet by its simplicity could be understood by readers of all ages. From his books one may select *North of Boston* (1914), *New Hampshire* (1923), *West-Running Brook* (1928), *A Further Range* (1936), *Complete Poems* (1951).

7.The Georgian Survivors. Many poets of the Georgian tradition continued to write apparently unaffected by the new spirit of the age as they had been by the War. Among these poets were John Masefield, Alfred Noyes, Walter de la Mare, W. H. Davies, Gordon Bottomley, W. W. Gibson, and Herbert Palmer, to mention only a few. As they became increasingly isolated from contemporary interests, so their influence waned.

8.The Quest for **Stability.** The picture of the inter-War years is, then, one of continued uncertainty and experiment in an age well described in the title of Auden's collection, *The Age of Anxiety,* which was not, however, published until 1948. There was still no strongly established poetic tradition to compare in stability with that of the Victorian age, but at least the inter-War poets had passed through the despair of the middle twenties and had produced something like a constructive approach to life. In such an age it is natural to find a great proportion of didactic verse, but even in the work of those poets who devoted themselves most whole-heartedly to finding a solution to the problems of a perplexed generation, we find lyric poetry of great intrinsic value.

DRAMATISTS

l.Sean O'Casey (1884-1964) was born in Dublin, and worked as a labourer, living in the crowded tenements of Dublin's slums, which he describes so vividly in his early plays. After his early stage successes he made literature his career, and in 1926 received the Hawthornden Prize.

O'Casey's first play, *The Shadow of a Gunman,* was produced at the Abbey Theatre in 1923. Its setting is the slum tenements of Dublin, in their crowded squalor, and it is an unflinching study of the Anglo-Irish War of 1920, capturing well all the bloodiness and violence of the struggle and the dangerous intensity of the lives of

the participants, his characters. O'Casey, as later, uses the device of a mouthpiece character, who here gives an ironical commentary on the events. The chief heroic character is a woman, as in *Juno and the Pay cock* (1924), an infinitely more mature play, and his masterpiece. Again the setting is the Dublin slums: the time now the civil disturbances of 1922. It is a vivid and intensely powerful play, in which rich, almost grotesque humour covers yet emphasizes the underlying bitter tragedy. Three of O'Casey's finest creations figure here--the deeply pitying Juno, her worthless husband, the 'Paycock,' and his boon companion, Joxer Daly. *The Plough and the Stars* (1926), a tragic chronicle play dealing with the Easter rising of 1916, is equally realistic in its exposure of the futility and horror of war. There is the same blend of grotesque humour and deep tragedy, and once again O'Casey makes use of the mouthpiece character.
His next play, *The Silver Tassie* (1929), was refused by the Abbey Theatre and failed on the boards, though some have described it as the most powerful tragedy of our day. War is still the theme, now the 1914-18 War. O'Casey gives an impassioned and bitter picture of the footballer hero returning paralysed from the trenches. It is unflinching in its truthfulness, and the suffering in the play is intense --perhaps there is too much suffering and too little action. It is of particular interest because here O'Casey experiments with the mingling of the realistic and expressionistic types of drama. His introduction of a symbolic technique is seen in the blending of prose and rhythmic chanted verse, which gives tremendous power to the second act in particular. How far his experiments have, as has been thought, subdued his great gifts it is difficult to say, but his later plays *Within the Gates* (1933), *The Star Turns Red* (1940), *Purple Dust* (1940), *Red Roses for Me* (1946), *Oak Leaves and Lavender* (1946), and *Cockadoodle Dandy* (1949), do not have the intense life of his best three, though the magic of his language remains.
Juno and the Paycock, The Plough and the Stars, and *The Silver Tassie* marked O'Casey out as the greatest new figure in the inter-War theatre. His own experience enabled him to study the life of the Dublin slums with the warm understanding with which Synge studied the life of the Irish peasantry, and, like Synge, he could draw magic from the language of the ordinary folk he portrayed. His dialogue is vivid, racy, and packed with metaphor, and his prose is rhythmical and imaginative. He had, too, Synge's gift of mingling comedy with the tragedy that is his main theme. In O'Casey the

of sentimentality into his drama. His best plays are the ironical comment of a cynically humorous observer, aiming to present life as it really is. In many ways he reminds us of the Restoration dramatists. With the broadening of the themes goes the maturing of his dialogue, which gradually shakes off its early tinsel brilliance for a pithy, economical style, to which his verbal skill gives a consummate ease. His plays are expertly constructed; his early successes depended largely on the theatrical quality of his work. Maugham is an uneven dramatist, whose work shows considerable diversity of tone and mood. He offered realistic tragedy in *A Man of Honour* and the much better *For Services Rendered* (1932); the glitter of the early comedies; the true comedy of manners; and occasionally the stronger and more serious situations of *Coesar's Wife* (1919), *The Letter* (1927), and *The Sacred Flame* (1928).

4. J. B. Priestley (1894-) . Priestley has written more than thirty plays since he began with *Dangerous Corner* (1932). He has a wide range--comedy, farce, morality, social comment--and he has achieved great popularity; his interest in the time theories of J. W. Dunne (see p. 559) has led him to numerous experiments in construction, the best of which are *Time and the Conways* (1937), *I Have Been Harn before(1937)* and *An, Inspector Calls (1946)* The last named

mood changes rapidly. Comedy is seldom long absent, yet one can never forget the grim, underlying sadness. He draws what he sees with a ruthless objectivity and an impressionistic vividness of detail.

2.Sir Noel Coward (1899-1973) was a prolific writer whose versatility proved his bane. The failure to realize the promise shown in some of his early work must be partly attributed to the ease with which he could produce a commercial success. As a dramatist he began with light comedy--*F11 Leave It to You* (1920) and *The Young Idea* (1923). Then followed *The Rat Trap* (1924) and a group of plays which exposed the emptiness and triviality of the smart set, and satirized county society, the new rich, and conventional morality. *The Vortex* (1924), *Fallen Angels* (1925), and *Easy Virtue* (1926) made Coward notorious. He then turned to the more easily acceptable vein of the frivolous-cum-sentimental with *Bitter Sweet* (1929), *Private Lives (1930),Cavalcade* (1931), *Conversation Piece* (1934), *Blithe Spirit* (1941), *Present Laughter* (1943), and *This Happy Breed* (1943). His popularity rested on the brilliance of a sophisticated but rather shallow wit, blase and cynical, which produced a dialogue of scintillating epigrams; the appeal to sentiment popular at the moment; the effervescent excitement which was the dominant mood of many of his later plays; and above all his superb theatrical technique. He made the most of all the possibilities of stage and actors, and the handling of some of his plays by such an expert man of the theatre as C. B. Cochran increased the popular appeal still further.

3.William Somerset Maugham (1874-1965). Between 1904 and 1933, when he finally abandoned the stage, because of failure of his bitter comedy *Sheppey,* Maugham wrote some thirty plays, often at the rate of two or three a year. Though by 1914 he had written more than ten plays, his most memorable, though not his most profitable, work belonged to the inter-War period. After the realistic tragedy of *A Man of Honour* (1903) he made his name and fortune with gay, light-hearted comedies, full of wit and epigram. Among them were *Lady Frederick* (1907), *Mrs Dot* (1908), and *Jack Straw (1908).* The last of these purely commercial plays was *Home and Beauty* (1919). Two years later appeared *The Circle* (1921), a true comedy of manners and his best play. *Our Betters,* which though produced in New York in 1917 was not seen in England until 1923, and *The Constant Wife* (1927) are in the same tradition. Maugham's temperament was ideal for comedy of this kind. A shrewd observer of life and a keen student of human nature, he was a highly intelligent man of the world, cherishing few illusions, and rarely admitting any trace

5. James Bridie (1888-1951), which is the pen-name of Henry Mavor, was born in Glasgow, where he was educated at the University and practised as a doctor until 1938. His interest in drama led him, at the age of forty, to begin his career as a successful and prolific dramatist.

Bridie's plays are a peculiar mixture of argument, philosophy, violent incident, wit, and whimsical fancy. The youthfulness of his spirit is revealed in his delight in romance, in a good yarn packed with incident, but his drama rarely lacks argumentative passages, the product of an irrepressible side of his personality. Character-study is probably his chief interest, and he is particularly successful when dealing with the Scottish types with which he was so familiar. He is a prolific writer--there are some thirty plays on a wide range of subjects--and his handling of his material has shown considerable versatility, while his typically individual methods of construction are illustrated in his use of such devices as the prologue, or the long-outmoded soliloquy. Sometimes a certain lack of inventiveness makes itself felt in the middle and end of plays which have good first acts, and he is not always a good craftsman. His dialogue, however, is apt, and is enlivened by a ready wit. Among his best-known plays are *The Anatomist* (1931), *Tobias and the Angel* (1932).

Other experiments are his revival of the chorus, his use of a highly stylized speech and of rather confusing masks. On occasion his originality leads to obscurity, and his audience cannot always be certain of his meaning, but he is a dramatist of immense force and powerful imagination, and his best plays show a real sense of theatre.
He is a serious dramatist, concerning himself with major issues of his time--religion, philosophy, psycho-analysis, and scientific thought are the basis of many of his works, such as *Dynamo* (1929), *Mourning Becomes Electra* (1931), and *Days Without End* (1934). Not infrequently he runs to great length--*Days Without End* is at least twice the length of the normal play, while his latest play, *The Iceman Cometh* (1946), contains ten acts.
O'Neill is by far the greatest exponent in English of the 'express sionist' drama, of whose aims and techniques more is to be said (see p. 557). Among his plays are *The Emperor Jones* (1920), *Beyond the Horizon* (1920), *The Hairy Ape* (1922), *Desire under the Elms* (1924), *All God's Chillun got Wings* (1924), *The Great God Brown* (1926), *Lazarus Laughed* (1927), *Ah! Wilderness* (1933), and a *Long Day's Journey into Night* (1956).

GENERAL SURVEY OF THE DRAMA (1918-39)

1. Conditions in the Theatre. In 1920 the English theatre was in poor condition. Of the serious dramatists of established reputation, Shaw had produced nothing since *Pygmalion* (1913), unless we include *Heartbreak House,* which was withheld from the stage until 1921; Granville Barker had written no original play for ten years, and not until *The Skin Game* appeared in 1920 did Galsworthy write anything of merit comparable with *Justice* (1910) and the plays which immediately preceded it. The demand for light, escapist entertainment for troops on leave had made farce, spectacle, and musical comedy supreme on the London stage, and their popularity was to dwindle but slowly while there was a Ben Travers (1886-) writing farces for such an accomplished team as the Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn, Robertson Hare combination, a Noel Coward able to produce work like *Private Lives* (1930) and *Cavalcade* (1931), and a C. B. Cochran (1872-1951) to stage spectacle as it had never been staged before. In the early part of this period the cause of serious drama in England depended almost entirely on a few enlightened individuals who were prepared to place their art before their pocket. Chief among them were Lilian Baylis (1874-1937) at the Old Vic Theatre, Sir Barry Jackson(1879-1961), working both in Birmingham

and London, and Sir Nigel Playfair (1874-1934) at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

The arrival of the cinema constituted a new threat to the theatre. Its precise effect on the older form is difficult to determine. Certainly it has become the entertainment of the masses, though how far they would have patronized the theatre had the cinema never existed cannot be determined. Certain it is that the theatre considered, and still considers, the cinema as an immensely powerful competitor, and it is perhaps significant that to-day Entertainments Tax gives preferential treatment to the theatre. However that may be, the ability of the cinema to offer sensation, spectacle on a scale impossible in the theatre, and the thrill of the gangster film undoubtedly had a deleterious effect on a number of lesser dramatists, who, failing to recognize in the cinema a new art form, attempted to vie with it on its own ground. The result was the production of more lavish spectacles and of a whole stream of thriller plays. The best of these latter rose above the merely imitative, and one thinks of *The Ringer* (1926), by the prolific Edgar Wallace (1875-1932); *Rope* (1929) and *Gas Light* (1939), by Patrick Hamilton (1904-62); *The Fourth Wall* (1928), by A. A. Milne (1882-1956); and *Murder on the Second Floor* (1929), by Frank Vosper (1899-1937).

It is equally difficult to evaluate the effect on the commercial theatre of the development of broadcasting. On the one hand, potential audiences were undoubtedly remaining at home to enjoy drama with the least trouble and at the lowest possible expense. On the other hand, radio drama did much to interest a wider public in drama, and thus helped the professional stage, and at the same time it offered dramatists new opportunities.

More hopeful aspects of dramatic activity during the period under review are the growth of the amateur dramatic movement, under the guidance of the British Drama League (founded 1919) and the Scottish Community Drama Association, which has done much to stimulate interest in drama in all ranks of society, and the success of the Malvern Festival (begun in 1929).

2. The Decline of Realism. From 1890 to 1920 the pursuit of realism and naturalism had dominated the work of most of the important English dramatists, though for Synge and Shaw 'mere' realism had always been inadequate. By 1920 Yeats's dissatisfaction with that drama which was an objectively accurate portrayal of the surface of life was felt by the theatre-going public as a whole, It had had more than enough of realism, and the time was ripe for

change. Of the older dramatists, Shaw and Galsworthy continued in the realistic tradition; indeed, each wrote his best play in the immediate post-War years. But Shaw had always been a realist with a difference, and Galsworthy too was of a calibre to rise above the level of mere social photography. Nor were there wanting newer writers in this well-established tradition. We had Clemence Dane (Winifred Ashton) (1887-1965) writing *A Bill of Divorcement* (1921) and *Mariners* (1926), before she turned to light comedy; there was also Allan Monkhouse (1858-1936), whose work has already been mentioned in connexion with the Manchester school (see p. 480); John Van Druten (1901-59), who achieved fame with *Young Woodley* (1928), and further successes with *There's Always Juliet* (1931) and *The Voice of the Turtle* (1943); Patrick Hamilton (see p. 554); and Walter Greenwood (1903-74) and Ronald Gow (1897-), collaborating with a dramatization of*'Love on the Dole* (1934).

Even so, the movement from realism is the keynote of our period. The greatest new inter-War dramatist, O'Casey (see p. 548), though he bases his plays on an unflinchingly truthful picture of Dublin slum life, transforms his work into what is really poetry even before *The Silver Tassie.* Writers such as J. M. Barrie and A. A. Milne cater for the renewed demand for sentimentalism, from which not even the more realistic *Journey's End* (1929), by R. C. Sherriff (1896-1975), is entirely free. Another interesting symptom of the movement away from everyday existence is the concern with the after-life manifested in such plays as *Outward Bound* (1923), by Sutton Vane (1888-1963). But more significant than these are the main trends which we now go on to consider.

3. The Development of Comedy. In the twenty years under review comedy was undoubtedly the most popular dramatic form. The satirical, cynical work of Somerset Maugham, and\ the blase sophistication of Noel Coward, caught exactly the atmosphere of the later twenties. Other comic dramatists of the period were Frederick Lonsdale (1881-1954), whose *Aren't We All?* (1924), *The Last of Mrs Cheyney* (1925), *On Approval* (1927), and *The High Road* (1927) have not retained the popularity gained for them by their epigrammatic glitter; Sir A. P. Herbert (1890-1971), who wrote two delightful comic operas in *Tantivy Towers* (1931) and *Derby Day* (1932); and A. A. Milne (1882-1956), who shows some of the gentle humour, whimsical fancy, and sentimentality of Barrie. His best-known plays include *Mr Pint Passes By* (1919) and *The Dover Road* (1922). But, in spite of the popularity of comedy, there was not

among the comedy writers of this period a dramatist of major stature. Of the two best, Maugham would seem to have had his heart in the novel rather than in drama, while Coward failed to make the best of the talent which he undoubtedly possessed.

4. The popularity of the history play was second only to that of comedy. Though Shaw had used historical themes since *The Man of Destiny* (1895), it may be claimed that the vogue of this genre in modern times began with the work of John Drinkwater (1882-1937). He was educated at Oxford High School and Birmingham University, after which he spent twelve years in business. He was one of the founders of the Birmingham Repertory Company, by which his earliest plays were produced. His four short plays in verse were followed by *Abraham Lincoln* (1918), which, appearing at exactly the right time for the sentiments it expressed, enjoyed enormous popular success. The study of Lincoln, at once the statesman of vision and ideals and the homely family man, was interspersed with poetical choruses to produce an overall sense of dignity. Drinkwater tried but failed to copy this success with *Oliver Cromwell* (1921) and *Robert E. Lee* (1923).There followed numerous history plays which achieved success on the West End stage: *The Man with a Load of Mischief* (1924) by Ashley Dukes; *The Lady with the Lamp* (1929) by Reginald Berkeley; *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* (1930) by Rudolf Besier; *The Venetian* and *The Rose without a Thorn* (1932) by Clifford Bax; *Richard of Bordeaux* (1932) by 'Gordon Daviot' (Elizabeth Mackintosh); *The Brontes* (1933) by Alfred Sangster; *Viceroy Sarah* (1934) and *The First Gentleman* (1940) by Norman Ginsbury; and the delightful short plays by Laurence Housman on the life of Queen Victoria.

5. The revival of poetic drama is another development of the inter-War period which illustrates the dissatisfaction with realism and the tradition of naturalistic prose dialogue. Experiments in verse drama were made by a number of eminent poets, but their success on the commercial stage was very limited, though the playsof T. S. Eliot (see p. 536) have attracted considerable attention. Almost the only other success was that of James Elroy Flecker's (1884-1915) *Hassan* (1922), a highly coloured, Oriental play, lacking in characterization and dramatic appeal, but rich in imagery, which achieved a temporary popularity, perhaps due in part to the use it made of ballet and the music of Delius. The later plays of John Masefield (see p. 491) failed to achieve the level of the earlier *The Tragedy of Nan* (1909) and are almost unknown in the theatre,

and the same may be said of that work of **Lascelles Abercrombie** (see p. 495) which falls into our period. In his later drama **Gordon** Bottomley **(1874-1948)** frankly abandoned hope for poetry in the professional theatre, and designed his work for amateurs. In the thirties the verse plays of W. H. Auden (see p. 538) and Christopher Isherwood (1904-) achieved a certain *succes d'estime,* chiefly among those who sympathized with the sociological aims and political tenets of *The Dog Beneath the Skin* (1935), *The Ascent of F.6* (1936), and *On the Frontier* (1938). T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral,* written for performance in Canterbury Cathedral (see p. 536), was followed in 1936 by *Thomas Cranmer of Canterbury* by Charles Williams **(1886-1945).** But, as in the pre-War period, the real spirit of poetic drama was caught by one whose normal medium was prose. Even apart from his 'expressionist' experiments, we may say that O'Casey's work shows more of the genuine poetic fire than that of any of the dramatists here mentioned except T. S. Eliot, and over the latter he scores by virtue of his infinitely greater dramatic gifts.

In spite of the considerable experiments, however, it seems certain that the inter-War period was an age inimical to poetic drama. There was, however, an apparent need for something new in the way of form and medium, and the attempts to satisfy that need are our next concern.

6. Experiments Abroad and at Home. The reaction against realism was felt on the Continent before it was felt in England. By 1920 there was experimental drama being written in Russia, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Italy, and France. Important dramatists contributing to the new movement were **Luigi Pirandello (1867-1936)**--*Six Characters in Search of an Author* (seen in England 1922); and Karel Capek (1890-1938)--*R. U.R.* (seen in England 1923), Jean Cocteau, Georg Kaiser, and Ernst Toller.

Of the experiments, by far the most influential was 'expressionism.' 'Expressionist' drama was concerned not with society but with man. It aimed to offer a deep, subjective, psychological analysis, not so much of an individual as of a type, and it made much of the subconscious. For such a study established dramatic forms and methods of expression were inadequate, and the expressionists threw overboard the conventional structure in favour of an unrestricted freedom. Their dialogue was often cryptic and patterned, now verse, now prose, and was in every way as far removed from the naturalistic prose of the realist school as can well **be** imagined. Symbolic figures, embodiments of inner, secret impulses,

were introduced on the stage in the attempt to make clear the psychological complexities of character. Such a drama was, of its very nature, 'difficult,' and could hardly be expected to hold the popular stage in England for very long. Indeed, in this country the most extreme forms of expressionism were rarely practised. Dramatists as a whole responded very little to the new Continental ideas, and 'expressionism' may now be said to be largely a thing of the past. Of expressionist dramatists writing in English the most important was undoubtedly the American, Eugene O'Neill (see p. 552), while his fellow-countryman, Elmer Rice (1892-1967), did write one play in this kind, *The Adding Machine* (seen here 1924), before turning over to realism. In England the influence of expressionism is to be seen in O'Casey's *The Silver Tassie* and Priestley's *Johnson over Jordan.*
A less sensational form of experiment is to be seen in the work of James Bridie (see p. 552).

WRITERS OF MISCELLANEOUS PROSE

1. Giles Lytton Strachey (1880-1932) was born in London and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was a member of the Bloomsbury Group' and, as critic and writer, dominated the literary world of the twenties. His reputation was made by *Eminent Victorians* (1918), a number of short portraits in which, with telling
irony, an irreverent and malicious insight, and a keen eye for human failings, he established the style of modern biography and of 'de bunking' the Victorians. It was therefore somewhat surprising to find him neglecting the opportunities offered by his subject in *Queen Victoria* (1921) and presenting a portrait in the main sympathetic;
while *Elizabeth and Essex* (1928), by far his most popular though not his best work, revealed an unexpected weakness for romance. *Portraits in Miniature* (1931) found him back in the realm of the short character sketch in the style he had made his own.
Strachey combined a genuine sense of the past with a shrewd eye, a keen and ready wit; he strove to attain the elegance and precision of expression inspired by his admiration for French literature. He could allow his irony to spoil his judgment, but, if he sometimes presented a distorted figure, there was no disputing the fine sense of character which enabled him to create real human beings where had formerly been idealized models of all the virtues.
2, Scientists and Philosophers. The impact on inter-War literature
of the work of Sigmund Freud (1856-1939) has been discussed in

our survey of the novel. The period was also one of unprecedented popular interest in many branches of pure and applied science, a phenomenon undoubtedly connected with the rapid increase in educational facilities. Several names, other than those of H. G. Wells and Bertrand Russell, stand out among the writers of popular scientific works--A. N. Whitehead (1861-1947), mathematician and philosopher, and author of *Science and the Modern World* (1926), *Religion in the Making* (1926), *Process and Reality* (1929), *Nature and Life* (1934); Sir James Jeans (1877-1946), the astronomer, whose most popular works were *The Universe Around Us* (1929), *The Mysterious Universe* (1930), and *The Stars in their Courses* (1931); Sir Julian Huxley (1887-1975), who wrote *Scientific Research and Social Needs* (1934), *Evolutionary Ethics* (1943), and *Man in the Modern World* (1947); Sir James George Frazer (1854-1941), whose vast survey of primitive religious beliefs, *The Golden Bough* (abridged version 1922), influenced numerous writers; Sir Arthur Eddington **(1882-1944),** with *The Nature of the Physical Universe* (1928); J. B. S. Haldane (1892-1964), author *of Possible Worlds* (1927), *The Causes of Evolution* (1933), *Science and Everyday Life* (1939), and *Science Advances* (1947); Lancelot Hogben (1895-1972), who achieved fame with *Mathematics for the Million* (1936) and *Science for the Citizen* (1938); and J. W. Dunne (1875-1949) whose works, *The Serial Universe* (1934) and *An Experiment with Time* (1927), fascinated many writers.

3. Critics and Scholars. The spread of interest in literature, and the consequent increase in the numbers of literary works published, we have noted in the preceding chapters. Between the Wars this increase continued. In addition to the critical work of such practising artists as T. S. Eliot, two Cambridge scholars came to the fore in this period. The first, I. A. Richards (1893-), wrote *Principles of Literary Criticism* (1924), *Science and Poetry* (1925), *Practical Criticism* (1929); the second, F. R. Leavis (1895-1978), produced *New Bearings in English Poetry* (1932), *Revaluation* (1936), *The Great Tradition* (1948). Of the other critics who established or confirmed their reputations during the period, mention should be made of Sir H. J. C. Grierson (1866-1960), authority on the metaphysical poets, and author of *The Background of English Literature* (1925), *Crosscurrents in the Literature of the Seventeenth Century* (1929), *A Critical History of English Poetry* (1945), and a remarkably fine edition of the works of Donne; of Sir E. K. Chambers (1866-1954), who followed his *The Mediaeval Stage* (1903) with **the** brilliant *The Elizabethan*

Stage (1923), *Shakespeare, a Survey* (1925), and *English Literature at the Close of the Middle Ages* (1945). The rapid growth of Shakespeare studies continued unabated,
and new names which became familiar in this field included those of G. B. Harrison, John Palmer, Wilson Knight, and H. B. Charlton.

4. Translators. Popular interest in English literature was accompanied by a growing desire to know something of the literature of other countries. Three names stand out among the, many translators who tried to satisfy this demand. Sir Gilbert Murray (1866-1957), authority on the Greek drama, translated into prose and verse many of the plays of Ancient Greece, and his translations have been presented on the stage with striking success. Most of his work appeared before our period begins, but its popularity continues to grow. The translations from the Russian of Constatnce Garnett established the works of Turgeniev, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, and Chekhov as part of the literary background of Englishmen of culture. It is convenient to include at this point our third name--Arthur Waley (1889-1966), who produced numerous excellent verse translations from the Chinese.

5. Travellers. The taste for travel literature did not abate in the slightest during the inter-War years. Among numerous ephemeral 'pot-boilers' appeared work of greater merit and interest from the pen of the almost legendary T. E. Lawrence (1888-1935) in *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* (1926); from H. V. Morton, author of *In the Steps of the Master* (1934), *In the Steps of St Paul* (1936), and the books *In Search of* England, Scotland, Wales, etc.; from Freya Stark, who wrote the popular *The Valleys of the Assassins* (1934), *A Winter in Arabia* (1940), *East is West* (1945), *Perseus in the Wind* (1948), and *Traveller's Prelude* (1950). Two other travel books deserve mention: *Brazilian Adventure* (1933) by Peter Fleming, and *South Latitude* (1938) by F. O. Ommanney.

6. Biographers. The work of Lytton Strachey undoubtedly gave an impetus to the writing of historical biography in the period under review. Second in stature to Strachey was probably Philip Guedalla (1889-1944), whose *Palmerston* (1926), *The Duke* (1931), and *The Two Marshals* (1943) achieved considerable popular success. Sir Winston Churchill (see p. 598) used the period when he was in the political shadows to write *The World Crisis 1911-1918* (1923-31), *My Early Life* (1930), and *Marlborough* (1933-38), all of which exhibited his flair for dramatizing history to make it as readable as fiction. To select among the other biographers is a thankless task,

but names which at once leap to mind are those of Sir Arthur Bryant, John Buchan, A. F. Pollard, J, E. Neale, and Peter Quennell,
a brief list which omits the names of the authors of many fine 'lives.' In fact, if we include in this section autobiography, it is probably true to say that between the Wars no other form of non-fiction was more popular than this. It is also significant that the biographies and autobiographies which achieved success were not only those of national and international figures. Typical of the times were *Testament of Youth* (1933) by Vera Brittain (1896-1970), a tribute to her friend Winifred Holtby; *The Journal of a Disappointed Man* (1919) by W. N. P. Barbellion (Bruce Frederick Cummings) (1889-1919); *Confessions and Impressions* (1930) by Ethel Mannin (1900-); and *Twenty-Five* (1926) by Beverley Nichols (1899-). One cannot, however, omit the picture of eighteenth-century England provided by James Woodforde in his newly discovered *The Diary of a Country Parson* (1924-31), and of nineteenth-century rural life in another discovery, *Kilvert's Diary* (1938).

7.Historians. Of the growth of historical biography we have treated briefly above. It was but one aspect of a remarkable interest in history which distinguishes this age. Among historians whose work has had a success other than with specialist students the greatest is probably G. M. Trevelyan (1876-1962), author of *England under the Stuarts* (1904), *A History of England* (1926), *Blenheim* (1930), and *English Social History* (1944). *A History of Europe* (1935), by H. A. L. Fisher (1865-1940), and *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism* (1926), by R. H. Tawney (1880-1962) were two single works of stature sufficient on their own to place their authors among the great modern historians. A more prolific author was G, G. Coulton (1858-1947), whose many works on the Middle Ages include *Five Centuries of Religion* (1923-28) and *Medieval Panorama* (1938). *A History of Everyday Things in England* (1933) by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell was a landmark in social history, and in economic history the most influential work was probably *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* (1919) by Lord Keynes.

8.Essayists. The popularity of the essay continued undiminished. All the essayists mentioned in the preceding chapter continued to publish during the inter-War years, and, of the writers who achieved fame mainly in other media, the following wrote essays: A. A. Milne --*Not that it Matters* (1919), *If I May* (1920); J. B. Priestley-- *I for One* (1923), *Open House* (1927), *Apes and Angels* (1928), *The Balconinny and other Essays* (1929), and *Self-selected Essays* (1932);

Virginia Woolf-- *The Death of the Moth* (1942), and *The Moment* (1947); **Aldous** Huxley--*Along the Road* (1925), *Essays New and Old* (1926), *Do What You Will* (1929), *Holy Face and Other Essays* (1929), and *Music at Night* (1931). A new name which came to the fore after 1918 was that of **Robert** Lynd **(1879-1949),** journalist, and author of easy, witty essays which gained enormous popularity. Among his collections are *The Pleasures of Ignorance* (1921), *Selected Essays* (1923), *The Little Angel* (1926), and *It's a Fine World {1930).*

9. Pioneer Magazines. The importance of artistic and literary magazines in the evolution of new artistic ideals and standards is particularly great during this period. Among the more influential were *The English Review, The Egoist, The Criterion, The Athenceum, Scrutiny,* and *Rhythm.* None of them can be said to have found 'popular' approval, but their influence was out of all proportion to their limited circulation. Unfortunately, few of them survived for Jong, and of the few some were forced to close down owing to material difficulties arising from the shortages of the Second World War.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MID-TWENTIETH CENTURY

1. THE NOVEL

The uncertainty of the War- and post-War years is reflected in the concern of many novelists about the disintegration of society, and their lack of positive optimism, while the frequency with which violence and sadism appear as themes is not surprising in a world grown accustomed to the thought of genocide, global conflict, and nuclear destruction. However, many of the younger generation of writers are involved in the new psychological problems arising from the bizarre and contradictory nature of an affluent society which is discontented with itself, and yet is interested chiefly in retaining or acquiring material comforts. A mixture of realism, cynicism, dark comedy, shrewd comment, and satire is used to express their search for stability and basic values. Stark individualism is often the essence of characterization; novelists are not infrequently interested in the individual's flight from an environment with which he cannot cope, or his attempts to find satisfaction by abandoning selfishness for love, service, and even sacrifice. The future is rarely clear; happiness is often the discovery of some small assurance amid an uncertain and even incomprehensible environment.

Because of technological advances, space exploration, and the threat of nuclear and germ warfare, there has been a tremendous increase in science Action--novels about the future on other planets, or on an earth catastrophically altered. The public has preferred *The Day of the Triffids, The Kraken Wakes, The Midwich Cuckoos,* and *The Outward Urge,* by John Wyndham (J. B. Harris) (1903-69), but S-F devotees think highly of Brian W. Aldiss, Fred Hoyle, Ray Bradbury, J. O. Ballard, Arthur C. Clarke, and Isaac Asimov.

The contemporary English novel has been affected to an inestimable extent by three entirely new influences.

Never before have novels from the U.S.A. been so widely read. Many of these have been characterized by detailed realism, lack of reticence, brutality, disillusion, and criticism of the national and

international scene; they have dealt in a penetrating manner with the frustrations and emotional storms largely caused by urban-commercial life.

Outstanding writers much admired in England include Henry Miller (1891-), whose *Tropic of Cancer* (1931) has only recently become available to the general public, and whose latest claim to fame rests on *The Rosy Crucifixion* trilogy (1949-60); John Steinbeck (1902-68), *The Grapes of Wrath* (1939), *Cannery Row* (1945), *East of Eden* (1952); Nelson Algren (1909-), *The Man with the Golden Arm* (1949) and *A Walk on the Wild Side* (1956); Bernard Malamud (1914-), *The Natural* (1952), *The Assistant* (1957), *The Fixer* (1966); Saul Bellow, born in Canada (1915-), *The Adventures of Augie March* (1953), *Henderson the Rain King* (1959), *Herzog* (1964); Carson McCulIers (1917-67), *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter* (1940), *The Member of the Wedding* (1946), *Clock without Hands* (1961); Jerome David Salinger (1919-), *The Catcher in the Rye* (1951), *Raise High the Roof beam, Carpenter* (1963); James Jones (1921-), *From Here to Eternity* (1951); Jack Kerouac (1922-69), *On the Road* (1957), and *The Dharma Bums* (1959); Norman Mailer (1923-), *The Naked and the Dead* (1948), *The Deer Park* (1955); James Baldwin (1924-), *Go Tell It on the Mountain* (1953), *Another Country* (1962), *No Name in the Streets* (1971); Truman Capote (1924-), *Other Voices, Other Rooms* (1948), *The Grass Harp* (1951), *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1958); John Barth (1930-), *The Sot-Weed Factor* (1960), *Giles Goat-Boy* (1966); John Updike (1932-), *Rabbit, Run* (1960), *Couples* (1968); and V. S. Naipaul from Trinidad (1932-), *The Mystic Masseur* (1957), *A House for Mr Biswas* (1961), and *The Mimic Man* (1967). Nor can one ignore the impact of particular novels which not only were best-sellers but literary achievements of note--for example, *Invisible Man* (1952) by Ralph Ellison; *Lolita* (1955) by the naturalized Russian Vladimir Nabokov; *To Kill a Mockingbird* (1960) by Harper Lee; *Catch-22* (1961) by Joseph Heller; and *The Pawnbroker* (1962) by Edward Lewis Wallant.

In addition to the flood of American fiction, novels translated from foreign languages are available in large numbers, and have therefore influenced contemporary writers. The effect of Kafka, Mann, and Gide has continued over many years, but a later generation of writers is making itself felt--men like Giinter Grass, Heinrich Boll, Alberto Moravia, the Russians Pasternak and Solzhenitsyn, Jean Genet, and the all-important existentialists from France--Jean-Paul Sartre, Albert Camus, and Simone de Beauvoir.

This treasury of novels has been made available chiefly because of the revolution in publishing. Writers today enjoy a larger public and wield a vaster power because of the new-style paperback volume. This dates from the issue of ten sixpenny books by Penguin in 1935. Aided by the insatiable wartime demand, paperbacks have become an essential part of most people's leisure. Bookshops are no longer the only means of distribution; the books themselves are not necessarily reprinted works. About 100 million copies are sold each year, and one can expect about 25,000 titles to be available at any time. A best-seller has enormous sales.

The preoccupation with the sexual origin of action (see p. 522) has developed into an overriding interest in sexuality, and the use of language which once would have been considered ;too offensive to print. The permissive attitude to novel-writing has been challenged on a number of occasions, but it has been largely accepted since the failure, in 1960, of a prosecution against the issuer of an unexpur-gated edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover,* by D. H. Lawrence.

The advent of television has not .caused a reduction in the amount of reading; rather, it has stimulated interest. The non-stop demand for TV material has resulted in dramatized versions of novels and short stories, and the resurgence or even creation of interest in the original books. Prestige serials too have brought to the general public many novels of which they would otherwise never have heard. The reverse process is also true. Series and serials written for television have become so popular that they have been rewritten as novels; though usually of ephemeral interest and showing few signs of literary merit, they have provided entertainment for millions.

Probably the best-known novelist of the period under consideration is Graham Greene (1904-) who, like so many of his fellow-writers, came from the professional classes and after public school went up to Oxford University. He has written a considerable number of novels which, while popular, have none the less pleased the critics because of the tautness of their construction and their imaginative exploration of character. Whatever he writes seems to be topical, not just in subject-matter and location but in the emotions stimulated, for Greene has the gift of evoking the atmosphere of a period as well as giving an accurate depiction of the surroundings. The world is brutal and humourless; in it his characters pursue or are pursued. Usually they are insignificant people with a little authority who are forced to make a choice and to suffer the pangs of indecision and conscience. Greene's Roman Catholicism has encouraged him

to see action as a series of moral dilemmas; he depicts not right and wrong but fundamental good and fundamental evil; his characters seek after evil sometimes on principle and sometimes from lack of imitative to do otherwise, and in doing so they acknowledge the reverse of evil. By accepting the Devil they believe in God. The settings of his novels range from West Africa to Cuba, England to Viet Nam; by selecting significant details he sketches in a background that looks authentic and then, by symbolic touches, draws one's attention to matters of special importance. The most noteworthy of Greene's novels are *It's a Battlefield*'(1934), *England Made Me* (1935), *Brighton Rock* (1938), *The Power and the Glory* (1940), *The Heart of the Matter* (1948), *The End of the Affair* (1951), *The Quiet American* (1955), *A Burnt-Out Case* (1961), *The Comedians* (1966), and *Travels with My Aunt* (1969). Graham Greene's short stories have become increasingly popular; recent collections are *May We Borrow Your Husband?* (1967) and *Shades of Greene* (1976). He has also written what he calls 'entertainments.' These are stories of crime and retribution, but they too are concerned with moral difficulties bedevilling people in a confused and violent world. The best of these books are *A Gun for Sale* (1936), *The Ministry of Fear* (1943), *The Third Man* (1950), and a satire on contemporary spy novels, *Our Man in Havana* (1958).
Whereas Graham Greene ranges the world for his material, an essentially English novelist is Charles Percy Snow (Lord Snow) (1905-), whose career as a novelist developed from a lifetime spent in the higher reaches of the Civil Service. He gives an insight into English society from the 1920's onward while describing the moral development of his hero, Lewis Eliot, the narrator of a whole series of novels. From Eliot's rise to the upper ranks of the Civil Service, one realizes that he and many of his associates are concerned only with'the attainment of power over others and control of their own weaknesses. Moral, social, intellectual, and political power are illustrated, and their achievement by personal contacts, hidden influence, clever scheming, shrewd guesses, and the ability to be on the right side at a crucial moment. It is inevitable that the central figure, with every self-justification one would expect, changes from a young man of liberal ideas to a trusted official with 'acceptable' views and 'sound' principles. The story and the characters apart from the hero have less interest than the survey of English society and the forces acting within it; Snow's evaluation of his times is in terms of policymaking, governmental decisions, middle-class attitudes, and the

needs of the Establishment. A dignified aloofness, a lack of emotion, and a sameness of style and approach mark Snow's analysis of the power-motive in life; for all that, there has been a large and influential body of readers for *Strangers and Brothers* (1940), *Time of Hope* (1949), *The Masters* (1951), *The New Men* (1954), *The Conscience of the Rich* (1958), and *Corridors of Power* (1964). Lord Snow's scientific studies and his career in science and technology led to his extolling their virtues and deploring the lack of contact between the arts and the modern technological age. He gave his views in the 1959 Rede Lecture, *The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution,* which provoked F. R. Leavis to deliver a counterblast in the Richmond Lecture of 1962.

Evelyn Waugh (1903-66) became the outstanding satirist of the thirties. Educated at Lancing and Oxford, he was very much a man of intellect who could stand aside and castigate a world which had no values except the need to make money and have fun; his main characters were snobs, and one of the cardinal sins was vulgarity. His heroes were virtuous but naive young men who suffered embarrassment and hardship because they failed to understand or defeat the many exponents of vice. Quite impersonally, Waugh treated everything with a lack of seriousness; he did not even show any indignation at the unfairness which beset his characters. The novels were strings of hilarious incidents and effervescent dialogue by which he poked fun even at the class to which he belonged. Examples are *Decline and Fall* (1928), *Vile Bodies* (1930), *Black Mischief* (1932), *Scoop* (1938), and *Put Out More Flags* (1942). A sign of his growing seriousness and disillusion was *The Loved One* (1948), a savage satire on American funeral customs and the two-faced affluent society of that country. Partly as a result of his Army experiences and partly because of his conversion to Roman Catholicism, Waugh's later novels, beginning with *Brideshead Revisited* (1945), had a new feeling of concern, though still illuminated by wit and sardonic comment; in them was a nostalgic sympathy with a world that had ended, and which, for all its foolishness, had been more joyous and less harmful than the present. The characters were drawn with warm understanding and developed in depth; the structure too showed careful planning and far greater complexity. The later style was seen at its best in the *Sword of Honour* trilogy--*Men at Arms* (1952), *Officers and Gentlemen* (1955), and *Unconditional Surrender* (1961)--which treated of the loss of ideals as men faced war with its savagery, muddle, cynicism, inefficiency, and incongruousness. He gradually

ceased to believe in all that the central figure stood for as if he no longer believed in himself or his class in post-War society. The mood became sombre and resigned, but to the end there was a vein of rich comedy which lit up the enveloping darkness.

Another of the older generation was **Lionel Poles Hartley (1895-1972),** who wrote of 'denaturized humanity' characterized by a sense of loneliness; this was usually produced by the denial or frustration of love because of an urge to dominate the loved one. This is the theme of the *Eustace and Hilda* trilogy (1944-47); the two children go about their mutually destructive ways. L. P. Hartley was particularly vivid in describing without sentimentality the relationships of children and their attitudes to adults. The best example of this was *The Go-Between* (1953); as so often happened in his novels, the person who most needed human sympathy was the one victimized by those who seemed to offer affection. He returned to this theme in *The Hireling* (1957), *The Betrayed* (1966), and *The Harness Room* (1971). The world he dealt with was an outdoor one, with people who had leisure to enjoy, and money to obtain their ends. When he produced his vision of the future, *Facial Justice* (1960), he saw it as a horror from which all beauty had been removed, where a drab mediocrity prevailed, and the element of competition had been removed. His style of writing was painstakingly lucid; imagery and symbolism were of the utmost importance; and his somewhat melodramatic plots were most carefully constructed. Hartley was, above all, a fine craftsman with a rare sense of word values.

Anthony Dymoke Powell (1905-), a product of Eton and Oxford, observes in detail the peculiarities of the upper middle-classes; they are all snobs with no deep-rooted virtues, and yet they succeed in their blandly assumed role of governing and leading their 'inferiors,' about which he knows very little. Powell's series of novels is to provide a large-scale view of the times and numerous varieties of 'the best people'; *Music of Time,* as it is called, includes *A Question of Upbringing* (1951), *A Buyer's Market* (1952), *The Acceptance World* (1955), *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant* (1960), and *The Kindly Ones* (1962). There are many comical moments in his novels, and the satire is the more telling by reason of the wit and epigrammatic comment which come naturally to an author so selective of words and a former literary editor of *Punch.* Unfortunately, there is little variety in the events, and his world is a very limited one; the characters, despite their eccentricities, are not attractive, and they all tend to speak in the unnatural language of a writer bent on being witty.

Henry Green (Henry Yorke) (1905-69) had a gift for capturing authentic speech rhythms in a language rich with imagery; with considerable artistry, he viewed situations from the point of view of one who seemed quite unsophisticated. He reduced narrative to the barest framework of events, and developed his themes almost entirely by the conversation of his characters. Though he was writing in the 1920's, his reputation was largely post-War. His novels include *Living* (1929), *Loving* (1945), *Concluding* (1948), *Nothing* (1950), and *Doting* (1952).

Very different in his technique was Herbert Ernest Bates (1905-74), who also remained in comparative obscurity until the War despite *The Poacher* (1935), a highly sensitive evocation of country places and people. Then his short stories of the R.A.F. brought him fame; these were *The Greatest People in the World* (1941) and *How Sleep the Brave* (1941). After these Bates wrote a great number of short stories and novels--perhaps he made writing seem too easy-- among the best of which were *The Wedding Party* (1965) and *The Four Beauties* (1968). He became probably the best known of contemporary short-story writers, dealing with the subtlety of relations between people leading restricted lives, often centred on a young woman in some amorous situation beyond her full comprehension; he wrote of country-folk in a setting which was not only authentic but was closely integrated with the characters and the mood of the situation. Something of his feeling for place and its effect on people was shown in his adventure story *Fair Stood the Wind for France* (1944) and in four novels about the newly rich city intruders, the hilariously vulgar and dishonest Larkin family of *The Darling Buds of May* (1958), *When the Green Woods Laugh* (1960), etc. As if to give further proof of his versatility, Bates wrote of Burma and India, his most noteworthy novel being *The Jacaranda Tree* (1949).

John Masters (1914-) belongs to the class of Empire rulers who found there was no Empire to rule, and whose entire way of life had become outdated in a decade. He came of a family that had always served in India with the Army. After a distinguished military career, he wrote a series of novels dealing with different moments in Indian history and their connection with some member of the Savage family. Not only was the detail historically accurate and the sense of a real India omnipresent, but an aura of mysticism increasingly influenced the characters. The land, its people, and its beliefs absorb European invaders; the Savage men, ostensibly the rulers, are the servants of India, obedient to its mesmeric powers. Most famous of these novels

are *Nightrunners of Bengal* (1951) and *Bhowani Junction* (1954). Many of his other books have a military setting--for instance, *Fandango Rock* (1959)--and, as one might expect, he has a sympathetic understanding of the professional soldier, as in *The Field Marshal's Memoirs* (1975).

Considerable praise has been given to Lawrence George Durrell (1912-) for his four novels known collectively as *The Alexandria Quartet.* There are in them scenes of great beauty and imagination; the language is rich, sensuous, and evocative; the author has skill in describing subtle shifts of emotion; and yet there is a certain lack of humanity about the characters and an unreality about the places. The expatriate Englishman has succumbed to the magic and the languor of the Eastern Mediterranean. Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the novels is that each explains and amplifies situations already described from a different point of view, what Durrell calls the 'relativity proposition.' Not unexpectedly, he seems now to devote his mind to the writing of poetry.

In a world of increasing sameness, the individual who is different has attracted many writers. The most outstanding of such was Joyce Cary (1888-1957). Himself a vigorous extrovert, he delighted in portraying exuberant, bizarre figures who existed according to a code of their own. He had the rare gift of combining comedy, even farce, with the pathetic and the movingly beautiful. His portrayal of character was objective; he detested nothing but what was dull, and he appreciated eccentricity when it arose to imaginative heights. The best of Cary was seen in *Mister Johnson* (1939), inspired by his own career with the Nigerian political service, and *The Horse's Mouth* (1944), the third book of a trilogy concerning a genuinely creative artist and his boisterous, amoral, unorganized life. A later trilogy--*Prisoner of Grace* (1952), *Except the Lord* (1953), and *Not Honour More* (1955)--lacked the early flamboyance; the novels were slower-moving and saddening, but they gave a convincing picture of sixty changing years by closely relating the social and political background to the development of the characters. Cary's personal convictions were perhaps best expressed in *The Captive and the Free* (1959).

In some ways comparable is James Patrick Donleavy (1926-), an expatriate American who has established himself in Ireland. He made his name with *The Ginger Man* (1955), a formless but violent picture of a man without scruples, inhibitions, aims, or satisfactions who blasts his way through the debaucheries of Dublin and leaves a trail of emotional wreckage. Equally lonely and without purpose

except the urge to live the day are the heroes of *A Singular Man* (1963) and *The Onion Eaters* (1971). Sheer vigour and rapid-fire, sometimes telegraphese, language carry the reader along even if he does not always know where.

Colin Henry Wilson (1931-). *The Outsider* (1956) brought his name to the fore and announced the theme that was to be peculiarly his: the individualist who can become the enemy of society and of himself. Wilson finds 'complete intensity' in beatniks, rebels, and criminals; he concerns himself with mysticism and metaphysics because "darkness is man's natural element." *The World of Violence* (1963) and *Man Without a Shadow* (1963) also illustrate the individual's refusal to be the victim of either God or Chance in a world of violence, sex, and crime.

Very different indeed is the work of Angus Frank Johnstone Wilson (1913-), a product of Westminster School and Oxford University and a scholar whose career has been largely spent in the British Museum. His satire is outstandingly effective because it is derived from the meticulous observation of details and a firm belief in certain moral values. In his novels and collections of short stories, such as *The Wrong Set* (1949) and *Such Darling Dodos* (1950), he deals with the misfits and neurotics of the middle classes with their shrinking incomes, their ideas grown outmoded in the harsh materialism of post-War Britain, their declining confidence in themselves. Sometimes evil is very real, as in *Hemlock and After* (1952), but people are usually a mixture of physical defects, intellectual weaknesses, and fears of inadequacy; he hates stupidity, silliness, and pseudo-intellectualism, and can be extremely cruel in exposing the foibles of his society. Somewhat different are *The Old Men at the Zoo* (1961), a nightmare of the political future, and *Late Call* (1964), which shows the present nightmare of a new town and its new but useless values. Most satisfying is *The Middle Age of Mrs Eliot* (1958) which concentrates on a central figure, and in showing her enforced reappraisal of herself gives a picture of warmth and sympathy not usually found in a Wilson novel.

Failure is also the main interest of Keith Spencer Waterhouse (1929-), though *There Is a Happy Land* (1957) is a recreation of childhood in Yorkshire through the unsentimental eyes of a child. *Billy Liar* (1959) showed a young man combating the ugliness and tedium of a provincial town, and the severe limits of his own abilities, by retreating into a fantasy world; he had either to ignore reality or integrate it into his dreams. *Jubb* (1963) took escapism a step further

into impotent middle age where satisfaction was sought in futile 'good works,' pornography, and the lonely life of the peeping-tom. People with no talents and fast-departing youth are seen in *The Bucket Shop* (1969) as they desperately and angrily try to survive when they have no reason to deserve success. Waterhouse has extended his interests by writing plays *(Billy Liar, All Things Bright and Beautiful, Say Who You Are),* film scenarios, and television scripts.

The search for compassion and security in a world without foundations is described in the work of another Yorkshireman, David Storey (1933-), who trained as an artist at the Slade School and then, after a variety of dead-end but unusual jobs, turned to writing. *This Sporting Life* (1960), influenced by his career as a professional rugby player, brought him to prominence, to be followed by *Flight into Camden* (1960). The daily round is drab and unrewarding, and one is dogged by a sense of failure; therefore one must seek strength from someone else and flee from reality. But Storey shows that one must identify oneself with a group having unity of emotion, and that one can gain the fullest satisfaction only from being absorbed. His most ambitious book is *Radcliffe* (1963), which deals with the love-hate relationship of two men, the developing schizophrenia of one of them, and the destruction of all that seemed stable. Ironically, only violence and unhappiness result from the enforcement of what Radcliffe believes to be moral authority.

Frederick Raphael (1931-) was born in the U.S.A. but educated at Charterhouse and Cambridge, and made his career in this country as a writer for radio, films, and television, and as a novelist. In books such as *The Earlsdon Way* (1958), *The Limits of Love* (1960), *Darling* (1965), *Like Men Betrayed* (1970), and *The Glittering Prizes* (1976) he shows that life is merely a fraud and one survives by condoning it; the generations belong to separate worlds, love is an uneasy compromise between selfish personalities, daily life is a rat-race from which at heart one is loth to escape, and the 'accepted' scheme of things proves in the long run to be the only one worth accepting.

Pamela Hansford Johnson (Lady Snow) (1912-78) was a writer of wit and comedy, though basically concerned with moral issues, especially those which deserve to be regarded as special cases. Convention offers an answer, but one is led to realize that the answer would be unfair; on the other hand, the solution offered by the characters is not necessarily acceptable, for she insists on certain concepts of good and evil. One sometimes feels that she presents a set of situations and leaves one to understand the hopelessness of

trying either to resolve the dilemma or pass a judgment. This impasse of'morality is illustrated by *The Last Resort* (1956), *The Humbler Creation* (1959), *The Honours Board* (1970), and *The Good Listener* (1975). Possibly her best work is *The Unspeakable Skipton* (1958), with its portrayal of a mad, self-centred novelist working on an endless book. *Catherine Carter* (1952) had as its setting the theatrical world of the nineteenth century, and this interest in stage-life was also evinced, though here it was that of modern times, in *Cork Street, Next to Hatters* (1965).

William Cooper (Harry Summerfield Hoff) **(1910-)** joined the Civil Service after taking a degree at Cambridge University. Strangely, perhaps, he may be considered as the originator of the Angry Young Man who revolts against the system which has nurtured him. *Scenes from Provincial Life* (1950) and *Scenes from Married Life* (1961) were accounts of rebellion against dull and conventional provincial society, but the 'rebel' was himself so lacking in initiative that his demand for freedom was little more than a search for a different job where he could follow the conventions but make more money. Amusing and naughty, the former novel paved the way for later writers with more violent and shocking ideas of rebellion. Progress and tradition in the bourgeois world were the theme of *The Ever-Interesting Topic* (1953), and Cooper explored variations on it in *Memoirs of a New Man* (1966), *Love on the Coast* (1973), and *You're Not Alone* (1976).

A little later **John** Barrington **Wain (1925-),** eventually to be Professor of Poetry at Oxford University, published *Hurry On Down* (1953), a more carefully considered portrait of the Angry Young Man. In this it is even clearer that the anti-hero wants to opt out of a society he despises and yet stay in it without any responsibilities. The novel is a whirl of almost farcical action, expressed in the cliches and imaginative turns of phrase that constitute mid-century conversational wit. Wain objected to being termed an A.Y.M., and his later novels--for instance *The Contenders* (1958), *A Travelling Woman* (1959), *Strike the Father Dead* (1962)--and his short stories *Nuncle* (1960) were amusing but carefully considered delineations of young people frantically, sometimes desperately, trying to discover foundations of some sort.,

Kingsley Amis (1922--)(is another university don who began his literary career by depicting an anti-hero who, having found a means of abandoning his lowly origins, is disillusioned by the society into which he infiltrates Lucky *Jim* (1954) is about a man who claims

that he wants little from life but a few simple pleasures, but has no dislike for the material benefits to be culled from rising above himself. He unconsciously recognizes that, despite his sneers, he has much in common with the Establishment; his embarrassment is that he is unable to cope with the new environment. The anti-hero realizes that the accepted political and aesthetic values are a sham, but he has nothing to put in their place; although he can expose and destroy, he cannot create. In the end he achieves a measure of success and therefore self-satisfaction-conditioned by his knowing ,that it is based on compromise with the system he claims to despise. (In different spheres of life this attitude is shown in *That Uncertain Feeling* (1955), *I Like It Here* (1958), *Take a Girl Like You* (1960), *One Fat Englishman* (1963), and *Girl, 20* (1971). Amis's novels are characterized by fast movement, wit, and some extremely funny incidents)These qualities are much to the fore, but without the back-biting and pseudo-culture one expects in an Amis novel, in *The Egyptologists* (1965) written in collaboration with Robert Conquest. Uncharacteristic *The Anti-Death League* (1966), which tells of Spies and nuclear warfare but is essentially an onslaught against God because He is death, and human beings are powerless against His wanton cruelty. One wonders sometimes whether Amis himself despises the culture with which his entire life has been associated, and that something of his own rebellion is shown by his expert interest in jazz, James Bond, and science fiction)

A feature of recent writing has been the number of writers from the North who kept something of their attitude and accent, and used their home territory as a setting for novels much concerned with social conditions and the troubles of young people in an affluent society. Waterhouse and Storey have already been mentioned, and it was **John Braine (1922-)** who seemed to announce most clearly the philosophy of the times.

Room at the Top (1957) and *Life at the Top* (1962) are set in the West Riding. They show that nothing is barred in the rat-race for material comfort and social status. Yet when one has reached the top one has nothing but the trappings of wealth, and these lose their attraction when one is always conscious of the contempt of the society into which one has forced an entrance. He elaborated the theme in *Stay With Me Till Morning* (1970)--prosperous families in Yorkshire, the need for excitement to offset approaching middle age, the search for that excitement in business deals, social gatherings, and a variety of sexual adventures. The need to pretend eternal

youth and to reassure oneself by promiscuity is at the heart of *The Crying Game* (1968), *The Queen of a Distant Country* (1972), and *Waiting for Sheila* (1976). When Braine deals with more spiritual problems in *The Vodi* (1959) and *The Jealous God* (1964) he is less successful and less popular.

Yorkshire is also the setting used by Stan Barstow (1928-) in *A Kind of Loving* (1960) and *The Watchers on the Shore* (1966), novels which dealt with a lower level of the struggle to 'the top." In addition to his description of the determination to move up and outward, Barstow deals with the clash of values--the material and ephemeral against the cultural and permanent. In these novels, and in *Ask Me Tomorrow* (1962) and *Joby* (1964), the hero is a lonely young man incapable of establishing lasting relationships with other people, aware of his own inexperience and inadequacy, and seeking for some sort of assurance. A later work of Barstow's is *A Season with Eros* (1971).

Alan Sillitoe (1928-) sets his stories chiefly around Nottingham. He deals with working people who, still aware of the Great Depression though living in comparative affluence, insist that they are the victims of a repressive system and see life as a means of retaliation against authority and an imagined conspiracy of bureaucrats and capitalists. Their world is a chaos of violence, undeserved suffering, selfishness, and crude humour. In every way it is insecure; the hero of *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* (1958) welcomes insecurity, for it provides the excitement which contemporary society otherwise lacks; when there is a 'danger' of order coming into his life he must create new elements of insecurity. *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner* (1959) also blames society for the shortcomings of its members, and looks on anti-social conduct as a justifiable means of reprisal. There is a sameness about Sillitoe's books--*The Death of William Posters* (1966), *A Start in Life* (1970), *The Widower's Son* (1976): the working class is always victimized, 'those with the money' are always tyrants, the Great Depression never ended, and enjoyment often consists of making a nuisance of oneself.

Far more effectively realistic although a humorist at heart is Colin Maclnnes (1914-), an Australian by birth. He deals with the shabby sub-worlds of modern society where there is restless activity, colour, money, and surface enjoyment, all providing an unsettled cover to the sordid loneliness of" the big city where life is one of uncertainty, fear, and lack of purpose He writes of young people and their ephemeral careers, prostitutes and policemen, and above all of

coloured people, whether native to this country or immigrants. His novels proceed at a tremendous pace, enlivened by a pop-language based on the street slang of the day, and imbued with sincere regard for the inhabitants of the coloured ghettos and an equal hatred of racial warfare and those who encourage it. *City of Spades* (1957) first attracted attention, and then came *Absolute Beginners* (1959) and *Mr Love and Justice* (1960).
At this juncture it is appropriate to mention the South African Alan Stewart Paton (1903-). *Cry, the Beloved Country* (1948) and *Too Late the Phalarope* (1953) made their mark in this country, and most effectively brought attention to the plight of Negroes in the white man's dehumanizing cities, the collapse of stabilizing values, and the real effects of apartheid. *Hofmeyr* (1964) was less important because of its sheer length.
(William Gerald Golding (1911-) deals with man's instinct to destroy what is good, whether it is material or spiritual. Treating of cruelty, selfishness, and the yearning after power, he puts his viewpoint very cleaarly--evil is apparent everywhere)and is with difficulty held at bay.(and good is almost impossible to achieve. Each of his novels is a unique fable for the times in which symbolism plays an overridingly important part. Nevertheless, they are convincingly realistic, and his characters are feasible? even though they are forced by unnatural circumstances into unnatural situations. (His best-known novel is *Lord of the Flies* (1954), in which civilization is shown to be a mere veneer)(that cracks and splinters under the slightest pressure) but *[The Inheritors* (1955) most effectively illustrates his view that innocence, good, happiness were instinctive before Homo sapiens developed,)and with him an all-destructive urge to evil.
(Pincher Martin (1956) with its brilliantly conceived plot, *Free Fall (*1959), and *The Scorpion God* (1971) are studies of individuals who deliberately reject heaven and, as all humans must, sink satisfied into hell. *The Spire* (1964), however, shows man apparently achieving something that is good; yet everything connected with it is evil. The reader is left to wonder whether mankind can ever attain or create anything that is wholly good.)
Anthony Burgess (John Burgess Wilson) (1917-) spent a number of years in Malaysia, from which he derived inspiration for his *Malayan Trilogy* (1956-59), a picture of that country at the end of imperial rule and a study of the relationships between races. However, it was *A Clockwork Orange* (1962)--and later *The Wanting Seed (1962)* and *The Clockwork Testament* (1974)--that showed the real Burgess.

The humour becomes almost madly farcical, and one is faced with horror, satire, pessimism, wondering how one can accept the author's "need to laugh in the face of a desperate future." Teenage violence and teenage lack of concern are expressed in 'nadsat,' the teenage language of the future; the world is evil where 'reclamation treatment' by violence and horror Is considered acceptable.

Malcolm Lowry (1907-57) was an alcoholic who saw life as a phantasmagoria of hallucinations. *Under the Volcano* (1947) was to have been part of a larger work, but it remained the sole product of his tortured brain. The hero has lived through the downfall of Western society and, suffering his private hell, drives himself still further into the sufferings of the damned. He knows what the end must be, but he persists on his course, denying anything that may alleviate his agonies because he represents mankind, who cannot or will not resist the drift towards doom. Some critics consider this novel to be one of the greatest of the century, but it has never been fully appreciated.

George Orwell (Eric Hugh Blair) (1903-50) was a typical product of the inter-War years. His proletarian sympathies and his contempt for the upper-middle-class society from which he sprang were shown in the sardonic *Keep the Aspidistra Flying* (1936). Yet there was a love-hate attitude towards the idea of Empire and the White Man's Burden in *Burmese Days* (1934); and in *The Road to Wigan Pier* (1937), a picture of squalor and hopelessness during the Great Depression, he seemed to despise the very type he represented, the left-wing intellectual striving to identify himself with the victims. It was only after the Second World War that Orwell became a figure of outstanding importance, and then it was because of *Animal Farm* (1945), an expression of his own disillusion. This was a closely knit allegory on the degeneration of communist ideals into dictatorship, expressed in an incisive, witty, deceptively simple style reminiscent of Voltaire. Utterly different was *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (1949), a terrifying prognostication of the hatred, cruelty, fear, loss of indiviuality, and lack of human love that the future would bring. The common man whom Orwell admired was reduced to a political and social nonentity; human dignity and decency were dead because of mass apathy and tolerance of evil.

Arthur Koestler (1905-). Hungarian by birth, he became a journalist for German papers, was captured by Franco's forces in the Spanish Civil War and sentenced to death; after a spell in French internment camps he joined the Foreign Legion. His personal

experience of prison-camps and man's inhumanity are the inspiration of *Scum of the Earth* (1941), and the basis of his fearsome picture of corruption and the corrupt use of power in *Darkness at Noon* (1941), a vision of the future where Stalinist repression rules. The sufferings of the common man are also seen among Jews trying to create a new way of life in *Thieves in the Night* (1946).

Patrick Victor Martindale White (1912-), the best-known Australian novelist of today, also sees with disillusioned eyes. *Riders in the Chariot* (1961) is set in Sydney, but the city represents the world and the various forms that goodness can take in people; but against these the reality of evil strives and succeeds. White's reputation, however, largely rests on *Voss* (1957), a story of Australian exploration based on fact; he makes the great wastes of the continent an overwhelming presence, their mystery enhanced by the supernatural rapport between two lovers.

Percy Howard Newby (1918-) is best known for his two comedies dealing with the clash between European and Arabic cultures, *The Picnic at Sakkara* (1955) and *A Guest and his Going* (1959). More significant are *A Step to Silence* (1952), *The Barbary Light* (1962), *A Lot to Ask* (1973), and *Kith* (1977), which are presentations in various forms of the moral dilemma facing Newby's generation, and the personal difficulties of living amid the collapse of a culture. Each person is lost in the storm, and must rely on himself alone to survive spiritually as well as physically.

When so many writers find almost nothing to commend the present and the near future, it is not surprising that some have retreated from actuality and created their own worlds. The best known of these was John Ronald Reuel Tolkien (1892-1973), Professor of Anglo-Saxon and then of Language and Literature at Oxford from 1925 to 1959, whose novels became something of a cult, especially among intellectuals. *The Hobbit* (1937), ostensibly a children's book, and *The Lord of the Rings* (1954-55) present a world that is an amalgam of fairy lore, Norse mythology, epic, and Arthurian legends. Tolkien himself claimed no seriousness for this work, but one finds it difficult to believe him when one considers its length, and the care bestowed on interweaving its complex stories. The language too was specially created to suit the characters, very much the brain-child of an expert philologist.

Mervyn Peake (1911-68) produced three long books, *Titus Groan* (1946), *Gormenghast* (1950), and *Titus Alone* (1959). These weird fantasies, mixing farce with grandeur, evil with innocence, cannot be

categorized, and are still attractive only to the few. Tradition rules the Gothic enormity of a castle and all who dedicate their lives to its service. Each book is an epic, a romance, a comedy, a Gothic fairytale, a horror story, an allegory made all the more effective by inspired irony. It becomes all the more a nightmare when Titus realizes that the world outside the castle is more terrifying than Gormenghast itself.

Finally, one must consider some of the many outstanding novelists who are women and seem proud to assert themselves as such. Very much the intellectual is Muriel Sarah Spark (1918-). She is the creator of bizarre situations illustrating contemporary life, and revealing its not too discreditable foolishnesses. She does so with a wit, elegance, and sense of mature fun that is unique today in *The Comforters* (1957), *Robinson* (1958), *The Ballad of Peckham Rye* (1960), *The Girls of Slender Means* (1963), and *The Abbess of Crewe* (1974). As a Roman Catholic, she accepts the supernatural and understands the power of the spirit to influence the course of events. Violence is part of her world, and yet she views it with detachment, even impassivity; the world is mad, and therefore anything can happen. More sericus and perhaps less successful (for she does not care to probe too deeply into strong emotions or to involve herself in complex situations), are *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* (1961) and *The Mandelbaum Gate* (1965).

Jean Iris Murdoch (1919-), after being educated at Oxford University, held a post with UNRRA before becoming a don. *Under the Net* (1954) was typical of its time in giving a richly amusing view of the Angry Young Man rushing after affluence, and seeking truth where no truth exists. But *The Flight from the Enchanter* (1956) was a study in cruelty and power, the sufferings of a man who allows others to cause the suffering which he himself cannot bear to inflict. As one might expect of a student of philosophy who began her writing career with an evaluation of Jean-Paul Sartre, she found her m6tier in tightly constructed studies of human relations under stress, as in *The Sandcastle* (1957) and *The Bell* (1958). The approach is intellectual rather than passionate, with considerable dependence on the symbolism of actions and situations. Iris Murdoch has become increasingly concerned with the juxtaposition of the sombre and the comic to form a macabre story about unbalanced characters incapable of dealing with normality. *A Severed Head* (1961) is the triumph of militant women, highly intelligent and cruel. The characters move and interchange relationships in a way unrelated to human emotions.

Sex and sexual symbolism, even horror, become more apparent in further convolutions of love and desire in *An Unofficial Rose* (1962), *The Unicorn* (1963), *An Accidental Man* (1971), and *The Sacred and Profane Love Machine* (1974).

Like Muriel Spark, Doris May Lessing **(1919-)** spent part of her life in Africa. She utilized her experiences there, as in *African Stories* (1964), to picture the situation of black people subjected to the authority of whites, and to air her view that the solution to the problem would come from the application of Marxist doctrines. Usually her theme is the dilemma of the New Woman who, despite her emancipation, is still expected to conform with conventional ideas of a woman's life. Yet her characters are disillusioned with this life; love generates a loneliness and impermanence. Four novels under the overall title of *Children of Violence* (1952-65) have as their heroine a woman with the significant name of Martha Quests *The Golden Notebook* (1962) is extremely long, and not very well organized; despite its being considered a novel, it is a compendium of Doris Lessing's views on all those issues which have occupied her. More in the usual Lessing style are *The Story of a Non-Marrying Man* (1972) and *The Memoirs of a Survivor* (1975).

Brigid Antonia Brophy (1929-) began her career with witty comments on the foibles of modern society, such as *Hackenfeller's Ape,* (1953) and *The King of a Rainy Country* (1956). and rapidly became one of the most vociferous champions of Women's Lib. *The Snow Ball* (1964) is a strident manifesto of female rights rather than a novel, and her rights are to possess every man, to gain revenge on Don Juan by demanding sexual satisfaction from all she encounters. Other novels pursuing the Brophy-line are *The Adventures of God in his Search for the Black Girl* (1973) and *Pussy Owl* (1976), but *In Transit* (1969) can be recommended as an exercise in neo-James Joyce prose.

Edna O'Brien (1936-) is another disciple of Women's Lib. *The Country Girls* (1960), *The Lonely Girl* (1962), and *Girls in their Married Bliss* (1964) tell of the adventures of two amorous Irishwomen in a world where men are vain creatures, assertive but usually feeble in performance. In *August is a Wicked Month* (1965) woman neither gives nor receives pleasure; she is insatiable in her demands, making sex the instrument of her power. The belief that marriage is a succession of frustrations and limitations is also expressed in *The Pumpkin Eater* (1962) by **Penelope Ruth** Mortimer **(1918-).**

To end on a happier note, one may instance Lynne **Reid Banks**

whose shabby world of the bed-sitter is a retreat from Bigotry and artificiality. The people she meets when living in *The L-Shaped Room* (1960) are eccentric, often immoral, always barely surviving, but she obtains from them love and understanding. One may well compare this story of the unmarried mother with *The Millstone* (1965) by Margaret Drabble (1939-). The struggle to survive amid physical and spiritual difficulties is also the theme of *An End to the Running* (1962) by Lynne Reid Banks; it is a novel of Israel and again the story of a woman who succeeds because of her determination and sense of purpose.

Lack of space prevents one from doing more than mention a very restricted number of novels which increased the reputation of their writers and will long be worth serious reading: *The Aerodrome* (1941) by Rex Warner; *Odd Man Out* (1945) by Frederick Lawrence Green; *The Cruel Sea* (1951) by Nicholas Monsarrat; *The Breaking of Bumbo* (1959) by Andrew Sinclair; *When the Kissing Had to Stop* (1960) by Constantine FitzGibbon; *Jason* (1961) by Henry Treece; *The Bull from the Sea* (1965) by Mary Renault; *Travelling People* (1963) by B. S. Johnson; and *Cards of Identity* (1965) by Nigel Dennis.

One cannot make a survey of the modern novel without reference to Cecil Scott Forester (1899-1966), who wrote probably more bestsellers than any other writer in English of the century, and who created the character of Captain Horatio Hornblower. Almost as important as a popular writer was Ian Fleming (1908-64) whose James Bond stories satisfied contemporary interest in the sophisticated brutality of spying. Later that interest shifted to the even more callous world created by John Le Carre (D. J. M. Cornwell).

3.POETRY

The period of the War produced much poetry; moreover, it sold well to a wide public, often in anthologies of which the best known was *Poems from the Forces* (1942, 1943), edited by Keidrych Rhys. Some, of course, dealt with the War in the most obvious ways--the boredom and frustration of Service life, the waste, the appreciation of friendship, a deep understanding of the English landscape, and the possibility of violent death.

Greatest attention at the time was paid to Sidney Keyes (1922-44), whose work was contained in *The Iron Laurel* (1942) and *Cruel Solstice* (1944). Most of the poems had been written while he was at Oxford University, the quality was uneven, the symbolism oppressive, but he seemed to express the attitudes of his generation.

Another poet of great promise was Alun Lewis (1919-44) who, like Keyes, published only one volume before he was killed; this was *Raiders' Dawn* (1942). He depicted the soldier as the exile, the solitary, the victim of futility, and his experience had been enriched by what he had seen in India. Some critics now consider that the best war poetry came from Keith Douglas (1920-44) whose *From Alamein toZem-Zem* (1946) expressed the sense of futility in rigidly disciplined language that was coldly angry and bitingly ironical. Alan William Rook (1909-) made a considerable impression with *Soldiers, This Solitude* (1942) and *These Are My Comrades* (1943), but abandoned literature on leaving the Forces.

Other young men turned to writing poetry because of their expert ences during the War, and went on to extend their interest. One such was Roy Broadbent Fuller (1912-) who began as a solicitor, turned poet because of his service with the Royal Navy in the Middle East, and eventually was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford University. His war poetry was published in *The Middle of a War* (1942) and *A Lost Season* (1944). Later came *Epitaphs and Occasions* (1949) which by its disciplined forms, spare language, and analytical approach, was seen as a counterblast to the so-called 'romantic' poetry inspired by Dylan Thomas immediately after the War. Fuller went on to become more daring in his experiments in form, and to concern himself with the state of people in the contemporary politico-economic climate; yet some of his best poetry, because of his innate sympathies for others, deals with love. Charles Stanley Causley (1917-) was another writer from the Navy, as is suggested by the titles of his early volumes--*Hands to Dance* (1951) and *Farewell, Aggie Weston* (1951). What mattered to him was the lost innocence of youth, country life, social groups and their habits, though all was lightened by a streak of humour in him. His poetry is most attractive when he uses a springing ballad rhythm in a language, deceptively casual, that owes much to folk-song, as in *Johnny Alleluia* (1961). His interest in popular literature was further shown by his edition of *Modern Folk Ballads* (1966). Alan Ross (1922-) was educated at Haileybury and Oxford, and then served with the Navy. *The Derelict Day* (1947) is derived from the grimness of life around him, and yet he seemed able to brush it aside. His delight in gaiety and colour transcended the darkness he encountered. -He has travelled in many parts of the world, and has been affected by the spirit of the places and their attractiveness. Later collections of merit are *Something of the Sea* (1952) and *African Negatives* (1961).

During the War the individual and not the community became the centre of interest for poets, even for Auden and Spender. This new attitude was evident in the Apocalyptic Movement, led by J. F. Hendry (1912-), Henry Treece (1912-66), and G. S. Fraser (1915-)
whose poetry appeared in three anthologies they compiled--*The New Apocalypse* (1940), *The White Horseman* (1941), and *The Crown and the Sickle* (1945). The movement proclaimed its hatred of the Machine Age, its faith in the individual as the hope of humanity, and its belief in myth. The poet's aim was to express 'his own private perspective on the. world,' though not in an immediately intelligible way. Before long the members of the group went their own ways, and its influence w s lost.
Dylan Marlais Thomas (1914-53) may be described as the originator of neo-romar poetry in the forties and the enemy of intel-lectualism in verse. was a true Celt, deeply passionate, and with a wonderful if somewi uncontrolled appreciation of the magic of language, especially in m earlier poems. He drew upon the human body, sex, and the Old Testament for much of his imagery and complex word-play, and his verse was splendidly colourful and musical. The depth and intensity of his passion, his verbal gifts, and the technical skill which underlay his metrical experiments, all suggested that Thomas had the makings of a great poet, especially when later he learnt to impose discipline on his writing and to make his imagery less a matter of his private understanding. Adulation of Thomas reached such a degree of fervour in the U.S.A. and Britain that his real virtues were often obscured and his faults ignored. Since his untimely death, a more balanced attitude to his work has been established, and more attention given to his prose works, which are in many ways an extension of his poetry. His work appeared in *18 Poems* (1934), *Twenty-five Poems* (1936), *The Map of Love* (1939), and *Deaths and Entrances* (1946), but he is best known for *Under Milk Wood* (1954), a verse 'play' written specially for radio and at times presented as a solo reading by the author himself.
The so-called neo-romanticism of the post-War years was influenced by Thomas rather than the Apocalyptics. In some ways there was a return to the spirit of the eighteenth century. Quietness, sadness, a small experience stimulating a stream of thought, sometimes with religious or mystical associations. and appreciation of landscape--these were the characteristics of many a writer.
Laurie Lee (1914-) is one who, firmly based on tradition, finds his material in the many countries where he has lived. There is nothing

profound, no organized view of human experience or commentary on the world's affairs; he catches the moment and makes it worth considering. Some of his best work is in *The Sun My Monument* (1944), *The Bloom of Candles* (1947), and *My Many-Coated Man* (1955). Norman Cornthwaite Nicholson (1914-), born in Millom, Cumberland, and forced by illness to lead an uneventful life there, came to love the town, its surroundings and inhabitants. In unpretentious, unambiguous language he expresses his feelings for the spirit of the place, and because he knows the people so well he finds himself personally concerned with all human situations. A strong religious faith is evident in his work, and, indeed, he has written religious plays. The reader becomes part of Cumbria when he studies *Rock Face* (1948), *The Pot Geranium* (1954), or *A Local Habitation* (1972). Kathleen Jessie Raine (1908-) has always been influenced by a childhood spent in Northumberland. She studied science, and so her observation is detailed and precise, and her language a model of clarity even when it is symbolic, as can be seen in *The Pythoness* (1949), *The Hollow Hill* (1964), and *On a Deserted Shore'(1973).* She believes in the ideals of past generations, and her verse is founded on traditional culture. Charles Tomlinson (1927-) writes of the real world of landscape and uses it as a taking-off point for his philosophy; his attention is objectively focused on small things and their beauty with an intensity that is electric. A feeling of stillness pervades much of his work, perhaps encouraged by his delight in painting. The freedom with which his verse moves owes something to Hopkins; despite his use of abstractions and symbols, his musical language is as real as his subject-matter, witness *The Necklace* (1955), *Seeing is Believing* (1960), *The Way of the World* (1969), and *Written in Water* (1972). The poet most obviously influenced by Dylan Thomas was another Welshman, Vernon Phillips Watkins (1906-67), whose *Lady with the Unicorn* (1948) and *Cypress and Acacia* (1959) show his reliance on Welsh legend and the verbal preciosity of his more famous countryman.

Another Romantic was John Francis Heath-Stubbs (1918-), whose highly symbolic virtuosity in *Wounded Thammuz* (1942) and *The Charity of the Stars* (1949) showed how deeply and eruditely he involved himself with myth and the colourful past, chiefly because he saw only failure in the present, especially the failure of love. Later works include *The Triumph of the Muse* (1958) and *The Blue-Fly in his Head* (1962). Lawrence George Durrell (see p. 570) first published verse in 1931 and is still not fully recognized. He is essentially

literary in his joroach, yet he has surrendered himself to the magic of the Mediterrau an and to Eastern mysticism. He aims at perfection of form and at evoking beauty from word sounds and rhythmic patterns. He writes of himself and places, and the moods they encourage, remote from contemporary conflicts. *Cities, Plains and People* (1946) is his best-known book of verse, but some of his finest poetry can be read in *The Tree of Idleness* (1955) and *Plant-Magic Man* (1973).

There was a time when James Falconer Kirkup (1923-) seemed to promise great things; *The Drowned Sailor* (1947) was typical of the times with its hatred of violence, but facility and his involvement in translation may have weakened his emotional intensity in *The Descent into the Cave* (1954) and *The Refusal to Conform* (1963). **Alexander Comfort (1920-)** has always been at his best in lyrics fashioned to suit his epigrammatic style. As he is a distinguished doctor and psychologist, he is much concerned with emotions arising from death and sexual love, *from. A' Wreath for the Living* (1943), through *Haste to the Wedding* (1962) right up to *Coming Together* (1975). Elizabeth Joan Jennings (1926-) is contemplative, almost withdrawn, a poet of place and its significant relationship with people. Her verse is elusive in quality, and extremely personal, for her natural reserve increased with illness. *A Way of Looking* (1955) is typical; other important volumes are *The Mind Has Mountains* (1966) and *Relationships* (1972).

Two poets who began writing in the inter-War years but established themselves afterwards are George **Barker (1913-)** and David Gascoyne **(1916-);** both are antipathetic to the intellectual approach, both were originally surrealists. Barker, who has spent most of his later career in the U.S.A., is very conscious of the failure of the world; he has no solution to its problems, but he seeks to identify himself with those who suffer. *Eros in Dogma* (1944), *News of the World* (1950), *A Vision of Beasts and Gods* (1954), and *The Golden Chains* (1968) are characterized by stream-of-consciousness techniques which engender evocative but often over-complex imagery. Gascoyne has a high seriousness and a religious conviction which helps him to endure the world's agony; latterly he has become more descriptive and less effective, and involved in nightmare imagery, as in *Night Thoughts* (1956). His best poetry appeared in *Poems* (1948) and *A Vagrant, and Other Poems* (1950).

The outstanding event in English poetry since the last War has beep the popular success of **Sir John Betjeman (1906-).** He describes

the middle class's habits, prejudices, fears, hopes, and idiosyncrasies; his themes are childhood, nostalgia for the past, Victorian architecture (especially churches), and places associated with boyhood memories, particularly East Anglia. Betjeman has a flair for selective and cogent detail; the skilled craftsmanship of the numerous verse forms is concealed under the garb of simplicity, and this keeps his ironical wit under restraint. In a language which is easily appre ciated, he offers to the older generation the happiness of the past and an escape from the harsh present. This highly successful verse appeared in *Old Lights for New Chancels* (1940), *Selected Poems* (1948), *A Few Late Chrysanthemums* (1954), and *Collected Poems* (1958).

During the Festival of Britain, the Barrow Poets hoped to hawk their verse in the streets, but when a licence was refused they gave readings in pubs and public places, a venture which not only succeeded but encouraged the idea of bringing poetry to the masses. Very much different was what became known as The Movement resulting from *Poets of the 50''s* (1950) edited by Dennis Joseph Enright (1920-) and another collection from largely the same poets, *New Lines* (1956, 1963) edited by Robert Conquest (1917-). The Movement professed no interest in stylistic innovation, and in neo-classic mood concerned itself with reality. Most of the poets concerned were academics--Wain, Amis, Holloway, Davie, Enright himself; with them were Larkin, Gunn, and Jennings. Enright's own poems, such as *Laughing Hyena* (1953), *Some Men Are Brothers* (1960), *The Old Adam* (1965), deal with individual man in all his conditions, showing pity and indignation for his sufferings, and faith in his innate dignity. His language is based on colloquial speech stripped of elaborations, a style that well suits his ironical disgust of hypocrisy and cruelty. Robert Conquest's poetry is devoted more to a view of landscape with Man as an integral part. The approach is intellectual and the subject-matter is reality. Some of his best verse is in *Poems* (1955), but also worth reading are *Between Mars and Venus* (1962) and *Arias for a Love Opera* (1969). Of their university-based colleagues, suffice to say that Donald Alfred Davie (1922-) is primarily concerned with the use of language] which in his early poems was extremely difficult, and with style, which is characterized by gracefulness. His works include *A Winter Talent* (1957) and *Events and Wisdoms* (1964). John Wain (see p. 573) gives a moral dignity to his verse, as in *Mixed Feelings* (1951) and *Weep before God* (1961), but too often he is prosaic and unambitious, a charge

which can also be laid against John Holloway (1920-) and *The Minute* (1956); his bent is for exposition and criticism rather than poetry. It is strange to see Kingsley Amis (see p. 573) in this company, but his early poems conformed with the beliefs of The Movement; more in keeping with the tone of his novels is *A Look Round the Estate* (1967). The other poets in this group will be considered later, for they soon developed in their own individual ways. Some poets deal with the contemporary world by commenting on its violence in a language which is based on the colloquial and is abundant yet precise in its imagery. Conventional forms of verse are rarely used, for the writers insist on form being governed by its relevance to theme and mood. Vernon Scannell (1922-) is one who treats of insecurity and violence by selecting everyday incidents; his economical language and simple metres are enriched with metaphor from present-day life, and add power to the macabre and cruel situations which attract his attention and the expression of his belief in Man's goodness. *Mavericks* (1957) was an anthology designed as a counterblast to *New Lines.* Recent works include *A Sense of Danger* (1962), *Epithets of War* (1969), *Company of Women* (1971), and *The Apple Raid (1*974). Jon Silkin (1930-) also deals with human suffering, destruction, and the integration of humanity with its environment; his curt, elliptical language, rich in imagery, is governed by controlled rhythms, so that even when he is mordantly critical he produces a deep richness of expression. *The Re-Ordering of the Stones* (1961), *Nature with Man* (1963), and *Anana Grass* (1971) show him to be one of the most perceptive and compassionate writers of his generation. Peter Neville Frederick Porter (1929-), an expatriate Australian, is scathingly antagonistic to many aspects of contemporary life, and yet he is very much a part of it. His sometimes formal, sometimes mockingly casual, phrases are carefully pointed to deal with urban life and the political scene, as in *Words Without Music* (1968) and *The Last of England* (1970). Thomas William (Thorn) Gunn (1929-) has now settled in the U.S.A. after years of travel. He writes of the multitudinous forrns of energy which characterize our cities, and of self-destructive violence. He sees life to be tough, cynical, loveless, meaningless, but still finds some tenderness in the essentially animal nature of man. His later work evinces a more subdued attitude and a willingness to meditate rather than react with vigour. Because of his style, which is logical, economical, and startling in its imagery, he has been compared with John Donne. Gunn is best known for *Fighting Terms* (1954), *The Sense*

of Movement (1957), *My Sad Captains* (1961), *Touch* (1967), and *Moly* (1971). Perhaps more influential is **Ted Hughes (1930-),** especially because of *The Hawk in the Rain* (1957). His 'verbal belligerence,' partly influenced by his interest in the Yorkshire dialect and traditional oral literature, gives a positiveness to his views. He sees power and vitality as essential principles always contending against death, the failure of God to create a satisfactory universe, the ever-present strength of evil, and personal survival as the only goal to achieve. Yet under the harsh, pessimistic exterior and the gruesome humour there lies great tenderness. Hughes has a gift for describing the Yorkshire landscape, and for understanding animals in an unsentimental manner. In animals he sees the certainties, the pointlessness, and the violence that are part of man's life, and he uses them to clarify and intensify human experience. His important recent works are *Woodwo* (1967), *Crow* (1970), *Crow Wakes* (1971), and *Eat Crow* (1972). For a time he was married to Sylvia Plath(1932-63). an American with a distinguished academic career who settled in England. Amid violence, she appreciated the richness of everyday life, especially the world of nature, yet_all in a context of mental unbalnce that eventually brought her_tojsuicide. Terse, lyrical witty, she expressed values "that were worth suffering for in *The Colossus(1960), Ariel (1965), and Crossing the Water* (1971).

Very unlike the foregoing writers is Thomas Blackburn (1916-). Despite his detached and even sardonic view of life, he sees the unifying power of love in'the relationships of children, especially in childhood and during marriage. In *The Outer Darkness* (1953), *In the Fire* (1956), and *A Smell of Burning* (1961) one sees how Blackburn can use myth and classical allusion to illustrate modern situations, and achieve a dignity of language out of forceful colloquial English. Very much a loner is **Philip** Larkin **(1922-).** He accepts defeatism and rootlessness as part of existence. There is in his work a sense of loss, of beauty, departed, of the changing qualities of English life. He obtains his pleasures (though often melancholy ones) from his observation of little situations and places, and from dwelling on their associations, all very personal, and he expresses them in a clear, easily comprehended fashion. *The Less Deceived* (1955), *The Whitsun Weddings* (1964), and *High Windows* (1974) are representative works, but he also edited *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse.*

One must refer to the revival of interest in regional poetry. **Patrick** Kavanagh (1905-67) dealt in a colloquial, deceptively naive

manner with rural scenes and conditions in Ireland. He lightly mocked pretentiousness, even his own. Two very different books are *The Great Hunger* (1942) and *Come Dance with Kitty Stobling* (1960). Keidrych Rhys (1915-) is typical of the Welsh national movement of the time, and founded and edited *Wales* (1937-60). But the work of Ronald Stuart Thomas (1913-) is known to far more people. The bleak, relentless landscape and the tough, uncompromising people with their austere traditionalism provide pictures of harshness and suffering in the minimum of words; they show the writer's compassion, his love-hate relationship, and his ability to give a universal application to a little episode. Some of his best verse is in *Song at the Year's Turning* (1955), *The Bread of Truth* (1963), and *Pieta* (1966). In Scotland the outstanding figure was Hugh McDiarmid (Christopher Murray Grieve) (1892-1978) who revived the Lowland Scots dialect, Lallans, as an instrument of literature. Although he was writing long before the War--*Sangschaw's* date is 1925--his impact was not felt until much later. His use of scientific terms, neologisms, and foreign phrases made more difficult his vociferous insistence that science and Marxism would solve all economic ills, but his visionary fervour and sense of the comic could produce poetry even amid absurdities. *In Memoriam James Joyce* (1955) and *A Clyack-Sheaf(1969)* show him at his best; he also edited *Northern Numbers, The Voice of Scotland,* and *The Golden Treasury of Scottish Poetry.* The nationalist movement in verse was also encouraged by *Modern Scottish Poetry* (ed. Maurice Lindsay, 1946) and *Scottish Verse 1851-1951* (ed. Desmond Young, 1952). Two poets who write in English but whose subject-matter and approach are always Scottish are Norman Alexander McCaig (1910-) and William Sydney Graham (1918-).

This rapid survey of modern poetry would not be complete without reference to two established writers of a somewhat younger generation. Dominic Frank (Dom) Moraes (1938-) attracted attention with *A Beginning* (1957), *Poems* (1960), and *John Nobody* (1965). His Indian origin may partly account for his concern with construction and metrical experiment; he is adept at using myth, allusion, and symbolism, though these not infrequently provide a luxurious cover for rather banal ideas. George Mann MacBeth (1932-) always has an intellectual approach and yet aims to make an immediate popular appeal. A careful craftsman, he can use any style he considers appropriate, from the most traditional to the almost shockingly outre, while his subject-matter ranges from the elegiac to the

macabre. Like so many of his contemporaries, MacBeth deals with violence and cruelty, but he has the quality of pity, he interprets the past with sympathy, and reveals the essential qualities of other writers whom he subjects to analysis and evaluation. *A Form of Words* (1954), *The Broken Places* (1963), *The Colour of Blood* (1967), and *Shrapnel* (1973) place him in the forefront of modern poets.
And, finally, one should not fail to mention a number of American writers whose poetry is well known in this country and has influenced many admirers--Laura Riding, Adrienne Rich, W. S. Mervin, Anne Sexton, and Theodore Roethke.

4.DRAMA

The immediate result of the wartime black-out was the closing down of London theatres for some time; but not only did they soon reopen, but they were never completely dominated by the frivolous gaiety of 'leave entertainment,' as in the 1914-18 War. A great s(ep forward was made in that companies sponsored by C.E.M.A. (Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts) and E.N.S.A. (Entertainments National Service *A*ssociation) took drama into the provinces, to the smallest villages, and wherever Army camps and workers' hostels were situated. They created a vast new public, which was responsible for the boom which immediately followed the War.
C.E.M.A. was transformed into the Arts Council, which dispenses State patronage by way of grants, and is therefore the means by which some of the smaller experimental groups continue to exist. During the War and after it, the prestige of the Old Vic Theatre Company was enormous, though its training school and children's theatre soon fell victims of the economy drive; in 1963 the Old Vic became the temporary home of the National Theatre company. Another aspect of subsidized drama is the considerable number of annual festivals, aimed largely at tourists but offering splendid opportunities even to small enterprises 'on the fringe.' One must also stress the importance of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford, and its sister-company based on London, as well as the steady increase in university theatres and theatres sponsored by local authorities, many of which seek to encourage future audiences by educating children to appreciate all forms of drama.
Drama in the forties was dominated by three men. Christopher Fry (1907-) illustrated the vitality of verse drama and caught the

mood of the times in the witty pyrotechnics of *The Boy with a Cart* (1939), *A Phoenix Too Frequent* (1946), and *The Lady's Not for Burning* (1949). Sir Terence Rattigan **(1911-77)** achieved tremendous success with such professionally neatly constructed displays of human relationships as *Flare Path* (1942), *The Winslow Boy* (1946), *The Browning Version* (1948), *Separate Tables* (1954), *Ross* (1960), and *Cause Celebre* (1977). Peter Ustinov (1921-) contributed to the success of his many plays by acting in them, though his highest achievement came later with *The Love of Four Colonels* (1951) and *Romanoff and Juliet* (1956).

However, for some time English dramatists seemed to have nothing in common with the leading foreign writers whose influence suddenly made itself felt in the early 1950's. First and foremost was Bertolt Brecht (1898-1956), with his uncompromising views on production, his use of songs and music, his humanitarian communism, and his insistence on the alienation of the audience and the actor from the character even as he projects the play into the midst of the onlookers. After Brecht, the most important influence was Samuel Beckett (1906-), formerly James Joyce's secretary, who wrote in French. *Waiting for Godot* (1952; Eng. trans. 1954) is a static representation without structure or development, using only meandering, seemingly incoherent dialogue to suggest despair of a society which is destroying itself and of mankind unsuspectingly surrendering its natural liberties. Other dramatic devices of Beckett are *Endgame* (1955) and *Krapp's Last Tape* (1958). Some foreign writers wielding great influence at present are, from the U.S.A., Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams, and Edward Albee; from Germany, Weiss and Hochhuth; from Switzerland, Diirrenmatt; from Italy, Ugo Betti; from France, Cocteau, Genet, lonesco, Anouilh, Sartre; and from Spain, Arrabal.

A revolution in playwriting came about when television appeared into everyone's home, but there is no space to consider it here, especially as one can rarely read the scripts. Suffice to say that a dramatist can now not only write for television, but write *only* for it, and a considerable number of authors, such-as Alun Owen, Clive Exton, and John Mortimer, are associated with the small screen rather than the public stage.

A writer of the well-constructed play is Peter Levin Shaffer (1926-) whose *Five Finger Exercise* (1958) examined a broken family hiding beneath a facade of respectability. He became concerned with the conflict between idealism and evil, depicting it in the historical

spectacle *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* (1964), two double-bills, *The Battle of the Shrivings* (1970), and *Equus* (1973).

Some of the new stage theories were utilized by John Whiting (1915-63), even in his imaginatively farcical *A Penny for a Song* (1951). *Marching Song* (1954), dealing with self-destruction, explored the possibilities of mounting tension without action, but remained cold despite the truth of the emotions analysed. Far more successful was *The Devils* (1961), also on the theme of salvation and destruction, good and evil, and based on Aldous Huxley's *The Devils of Loudun.* More Brechtian in its construction was the very popular *A Man for All Seasons* (1960) by Robert Oxton Bolt (1924-), which dealt not only with Thomas More's strivings against various antagonists but the conflict within himself to determine the principles for which he would die. Most of Bolt's career has been given to writing for films, but he returned to the theme of power politics and the clash of ambitions in *Vivat! Vivat, Regina* (1970). Very different had been his first success--*Flowering Cherry* (1957), set in the present and dealing with self-deception striving to disguise failure.

English drama took an entirely new turn with the establishment in 1956 of the English Stage Company at the Royal Court Theatre. It aimed to present the best foreign plays and to encourage new native writers; its private productions without decor gave inestimable help to young actors and writers, and helped to disseminate new ideas. Outstanding among its products was John James Osborne (1929-), whose *Look Back in Anger* (1956) gave the strongest fillip to the concept of the Angry Young Man; the tragi-comic depiction of the failure, the liar, and the irresponsible showed him bolstered up with optimism and nostalgia for a past that always seemed better than the present. A better-constructed play on the same topic was *Epitaph for George Dillon* (1957), written in collaboration with Anthony Creighton, but when he reworked the theme in *The Entertainer* (195.7) he merely provided a vehicle for a star actor. After some more unsuccessful productions, *Luther* (1961) regained some prestige for him, though the sixteenth-century man of religion is shown as an A.Y.M. of his time. *Inadmissible Evidence* (1964), in which self-indulgence and vanity underlies the anti-hero's disgust at hypocrisy and outdated laws, had considerable success, but in seeking to attack everything and to concern himself with abnormalities of sex, Osborne seemed to lose his way in *Plays for England* (1963), *A Patriot for Me* (1965), *West of Suez* (1971), and *Watch It Come Down* (1976).

John Arden (1930-) achieved success at the Royal Court with *Live Like Pigs* (1958), a Brechtian survey of behaviour by means of words, music, song, and symbolism. *The Happy Haven* (1960) was an expressionist farce with masks. When he dealt with very real people involved in a complex situation and seeking for principles to guide them, as in *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance* (1959), Arden produced his best work. He used historical events as settings for the evaluation of morality in *Armstrong's Last Goodnight* (1964) and *Left-Handed Liberty* (1965). With his wife, Arden has written many experimental pieces for amateurs, especially young people.

Ann Jellicoe (1927-) is best known for her plays about the violent, unorganized world of the teenager expressed in semi-articulate dialogue which illustrates the insecurity and meaninglessness of a frivolous world; these plays are *The Sport of My Mad Mother* (1956) and *The Knack* (1961). Not many English writers have attempted to follow Arrabal, lonesco, and Albee into the theatre of the absurd, but one who retreats from reason and deals with the logic of the non-sequitur is Norman Frederick Simpson (1919-) author of *A Resounding Tinkle* (1957), *One-Way Pendulum* (1959), *The Cresta Run* (1965) and a number of one-act farces of words without action. Other Royal Court productions of note were *The Mulberry Bush* by Angus Wilson, *Love from Margaret* by Evelyn Ford, *The Long and the Short and the Tall* by Willis Hall (who then devoted most of his time to radio and television), and Nigel Dennis's *Cards of Identity,* a witty onslaught on the dogmatism which restricts modern man.

The Theatre Royal, Stratford (East London), was from 1953 to 1961 the Theatre Workshop of Joan Littlewood where producer, playwright, and actors worked in a dedicated fashion to alter a script into a stage-piece satisfactory to them all; indeed, so much was changed and added in rehearsal-discussions that one wonders how far the final version is a true representation of the author's original intentions.

The most notable products were Brendan Behan (1923-64) and Shelagh Delaney (1939-). Behan's short but tumultuous life included spells in Borstal and prison for political offences, and his plays too are tumultuous. They have little plot, but numerous themes expressed with all the fervour, fluency and imaginative figuration of Irish rhetoric. His comedy *The Quare Fellow* (1954) was more successful than the melodrama of Irish troubles in *The Hostage* (1958). Shelagh Delaney became famous for her combination of sordid realism and

romantic dream fantasy in *A Taste of Honey* (1958), in which she conjures up the innocence of young love and, by contrast, the conflicts of mother-daughter relationship and of homosexuality. Since this play she has achieved little. Theatre Workshop's other successes include Frank Norman's musical *Fings Ain't Wot They Used to Be* (1959) and the collectively composed *Oh! What a Lovely War*.

For a time the leading figure in post-War drama was **Arnold Wesker (1932-)** whose loosely related trilogy--*Chicken Soup with Barley* (1958), *Roots* (1959), *I'm Talking About Jerusalem* (I960)-- dealt with East End Jews in search of security, principles, and happiness. Though he attempted to show the working-class over nearly thirty years, he had reluctantly to admit that there was a lack of progress; there was also a lack of purpose, for the Welfare State had brought comfort and destroyed causes. Wesker seemed unsure of what he was trying to prove, for at times he apparently sought after pseudo-culture or a return to nineteenth-century socialism. *Chips with Everything* (1962) was part comedy, part satire, part a tragic allegory heavily coloured with mysticism. *Their Very Own and Golden City* (1965) was a long, elaborate study of socialism and social progress, but Wesker again showed that his views on society were out of date, and he had given himself up to pessimism, as he also did in *The Friends* (1970). Wesker was responsible for founding Centre 42, which was to take the arts to neglected places.

Another dealing with the Jewish East End is Bernard Kops (1928-), who wrote rather sentimentally of young people trying to establish contacts; his mixture of fantasy and social message, wit, song, dance, and diatribe is seen in *The Hamlet of Stepney Green* (1956) and *The Dream of Peter Mann* (1960); but there is a new toughness, even cynicism, in the outrageously comic *Enter Solly Gold* (1962).

Henry Livings (1929-) verges on the theatre of the absurd with his exposures of people and their needs in a dehumanized world, and the stupidity they display; his plays are strings of incidents, each relating to a character--his 'ten-minute takes'--and yet he has successfully employed a great variety of styles. The almost plotless *Big Soft Nellie* (1961) was followed by a Services comedy, *Nil Carborundum* (1962); *Kelly's Eye* (1963) was a sensational melodrama but *Eh ?* (1964) a zany farce. After the play-revue *Little Mrs Foster* (1966), Livings settled for farce in a more conventional framework with *Honour and Offer* (1968) and *The Finest Family in the Land* (1970). But *Pongo Plays* (1971) are short Lancashire comedies set in the late nineteenth century.

David Mercer (1928-) is not unlike Livings in some ways. In short scenes, monologues, outpourings of wit, he gives pictures of people isolated in their environment and finding in madness or eccentricity the only relief from tension. Such is the impact of the modern world that one must rebel against it or hide away. His plays include *Ride a Cock Horse* (1965), *A Suitable Case for Treatment* (1966), *After Haggerty* (1970), and *Duck Song* (1974). **David Storey** (see p. 572) also sees madness or craziness as the only defence, but his comedies are expressed in a more conventional form, usually a central incident which involves a number of people given to expressing themselves about society, as in *The Restoration of Arnold Middleton* (1966), *The Contractor* (1969), *The Changing Room* (1971), and *Life Class* (1974). The influence of Beckett is immediately seen in the plays of **Tom Stoppard (1937-),** a Czech who eventually settled in this country. His characters are suspended in isolation; they do nothing but philosophize; they know less about themselves than the audience does; words, acts, ideas all seem part of a stream of irrelevancies. He made a name for himself with *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* (1966), followed by *The Real Inspector Hound* (1968), but more recent plays---*Jumpers* (1972), *Travesties* (1974), and *Dirty Linen* (1976)--have extended his reputation in the commercial theatre. **Harold Pinter (1930-)** conveys the rambling ambiguities and silences of everyday conversation with an amazing authenticity that is obviously much influenced by Beckett, and uses them to build up the sense of menace and scarcely restrained violence which characterize *The Birthday Party* (1958), *The Dumb Waiter* (1960), and *The Caretaker* (1960). The plays are quite short and set in an enclosed, claustrophobic space; the characters are always in doubt about their function, and in fear of someone or something 'outside'. More recently Pinter has written on a larger scale and in a less restricted way, for instance in *A Night Out* (1961) and *The Homecoming* (1965), but he still prefers the shorter play, as in *Silence* (1969), and the drama of unidentified menace, such as *Old Times* (1971). Among Pinter's many achievements, he has demonstrated how plays for radio and television can be adapted to suit the stage, and that the so-called legitimate drama can gain much from the techniques necessitated by other media. **John Clifford Mortimer (1923-)** is another who made his name and learnt his methods from radio and television, *Dock Brief* (1957) being developed from **a** TV script. His aim is to write sympathetically about "the lonely, the neglected, and

the unsuccessful" and to combat the established rules in whatever form they take, as in *The Wrong Side of the Park* (1960) and *Two Stars for Comfort* (1972), but when he writes full-length plays he tends to lose his incisiveness and his understanding of the nuances of character. More successful are the comedies *Collaboration* (1973) and *The Bells of Hell* (1977), and his tender, autobiographical review of an era in *A Voyage Round My Father* (1970).

Smaller theatres, acting in the round, audience involvement-- these are typical of post-War conditions in drama. Now it is believed by some that the writer and the actor must make a direct attack on the audience by horrifying, shocking, even disgusting situations. Edward Bond (1935-) is one of these writers. Even his imagery is violent, and expressed in terse, unambiguous language; all'authority is evil, man is in social, political, and mental chains, and the world is a place of despair. *Saved* (1965), *Narrow Road to the Deep North* (1968), *Lear* (1971), *Bingo* (1974), and *The Fool* (1975)--each is an imaginatively different expression of his basic philosophy, but *Early Morning* (1968) is an excellent example of 'black' farce. Giles Cooper (1918-66) wrote two comedies, *Everything in the Garden* (1962) and *Happy Family* (1966), which were more than satires on the middle classes; they were revelations of a cheerless society without hope of amelioration. This stripping bare of middle-class morality was the basis of *The Rattle of a Simple Man* (1963), *Staircase* (1966), and *Mother Adam* (1970) by Charles Dyer (1928-) but Dyer is also concerned with the sufferings that arise from a failure to establish contact. Fringe theatres have been particularly given to dealing with the least attractive forms of modern life in a way that aimed to shock, as with Snoo Wilson's *The Beast* (1974) and I *Was Hitler's Maid* by Chris Wilkinson. The best-known exponent of the style is David Halliwell (1936-). His *Little Malcolm and his Struggle against the Eunuchs* (1965) shows the A.Y.M's revolutionary fervour inevitably turning into fascism, and *K. D. Duff ord...* (1969) explores a horror situation from what the author terms a 'multi-viewpoint,' a technique he employs also in *Much from Three Angles* (1970) and *Bleats from a Brighouse Pleasureground* (1971). What has been called the Theatre of Cruelty has also been exploited by David Rudkin *(Afore Night Come,* 1962) and Johnny Speight *(The Knacker's Yard,* 1962) but the outstanding writer of 'black' farce, where violence, death, cruelty, and callousness are accepted without comment as essential parts of humanity, was Joe Orton (1933-67). His amoral insouciance and brilliant wit made up

for much in *Entertaining Mr Sloane* (1964), *Loot* (1967), and *What the Butler Saw* (1969). Not at all comic are the plays of E. A. Whitehead **(1933-);** they are pessimistic depictions of lazy, unheroic lives and valueless day-dreams, but softened by their compassion towards the women victims of this sleazy world. His noteworthy plays are *The Foursome* (1971), *Alpha Beta* (1972), and *The Sea Anchor* (1974). Another writer who is able to write very convincingly as if front a woman's point of view is **Frank Marcus (1928-),** though the situations he presents are unusually complex. His best plays are *The Formation Dancers* (1964), *The Killing of Sister George* (1965), *Mrs Mouse, Are You Within?* (1968), and *Notes on a Love Affair* (1972).

Two writers have experimented in many different styles and yet remained basically traditional in their construction of plays: **Alan** Bennett **(1934-)** offers satire of genteel society and nostalgia for past ideals, all in an atmosphere that suggests a certain shabbiness and lack of real values *(Forty Years On* (1968), *Getting On* (1971), *Habeas Corpus* (1973)); and Christopher Hampton (1946-) ranges from clever middle-class comedy to historico-social document *(When Did You Last See My Mother?* (1967), *The Philanthropist* (1970), *Savages* (1973), *Treats* (1976). But more versatile than even the above, and far more imaginative in his handling of material, is Peter Nichols (1927-). *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg* (1967) is a most sensitive depiction of marriage and a spastic child; *Forget-Me-Not-Lane* (1971) recalls the War years through the eyes of young people, a comedy melange of music, personal reminiscences, impersonations, and moments of history; *The National Health* (1969) and *Chez Nous* (1974) are mordant satires in a language that forces one to listen even when it hurts.

To conclude this brief consideration of some modern playwrights it is fitting to mention two highly skilled and very amusing writers of box-office successes. William Douglas Home (1912-) made his name with *The Chiltern Hundreds* (1947) and followed it with many others, including *The Reluctant Debutante* (1955), *The Secretary Bird(1969), LloydGeorge Knew My Father* (1974), and *The Kingfisher* (1977). Alan Ayckbourn (1939-) has found the right style to assure himself of West End comedy 'runs' with *Relatively Speaking* (1967), *How the Other Half Loves* (1970), and the trilogy of *The Norman Conquests* (1974).

5.WRITERS OF MISCELLANEOUS PROSE

After the War came volumes of dispatches, correspondence, and dossiers, few of which now interest anyone but the historian; the same may be said of the memoirs of wartime leaders. One book, however, which is likely to keep its reputation is *The Last Days of Hitler* (1956) by H. R. Trevor-Roper. Vast numbers of escape stories and true adventures found millions of readers; *The Wooden Horse* (1949) by Eric Williams and *The Jungle Is Neutral* (1949) by F. Spencer Chapman are some of the few which remain popular. Perhaps the best personal statement from a combatant was *The Last Enemy* (1942) by Richard Hillary. Among writers on the War, Sir Winston Churchill (1874-1965) stands supreme. His speeches, beginning with *Into Battle* (1941) add further splendour to British oratory, and *The Second World War* (1948-54) combines the breadth and grasp of a great mind with literary gifts rare in a politician.

The most popular form of non-fiction is always biography and autobiography. An outstanding work in this category was the four-volume reminiscences of Sir Osbert Sitwell which were issued between 1945 and 1949. Others who published works largely relating to their early days were Sean O'Casey (I *Knock at the Door* and *Pictures in the Hallway),* Sir Charles Oman *{Memories of Victorian Oxford),* Richard Church *{Over the Bridge),* James Kirkup *{Sorrows, Passions and Alarms),* Laurie Lee *{Cider with Rosie)* and George Bernard Shaw *{Sixteen Self Sketches).* Equally fascinating are some books by people who became known to the public only after they had written of their memories. There are unique qualities of observation and the selection of the significant in *Portrait of Elmbury* by John Moore, the trilogy of *Lark Rise to Candleford by* Flora Thompson, and the veterinary tales of Yorkshire by 'James Herriot.'

Two travellers attained great success as writers: one was Gerald Durrell, whose experiences were recounted in *The Overloaded Ark, The Bafut Beagles,* and *A Zoo in my Luggage,* and whose account of childhood in *My Family and Other Animals* ranks with the best of its kind; the other was the South African Laurens van der Post, author of *The Lost World of the Kalahari* and *Venture to the Interior.* Sir Arthur Grimble delighted many with his stories of the Pacific in *A Pattern of Islands* and *Return to the Islands;* and Lawrence Durrell (see p. 570) recaptured the atmosphere and mood of the Eastern Mediterranean in *Prospero's Cell* and *Bitter Lemons.*

The post-War period has seen the publication of many excellent

books by great historians; indeed, it is difficult to select from so many gifted scholars and incisive writers. Sir Arthur Bryant appealed to many people at a very difficult time with *English Saga 1840-1940* and *The yiears of Endurance, 1793-1802,* and later with *The Age of Elegance, 1812-1822.* More specialized in their subject-matter are D. W. Brogan and A. L. Rowse, though, because of its sentimental appeal, the latter's *The Early Churchills* attracts the general reader. C. V. Wedgwood has made the seventeenth century her province with such works as *Montrose, The King's Peace,* and *The King's War;* while A. J. P. Taylor has offered expositions of power-politics in *The Habsburg Monarchy, Bismarck,* and *The Struggle for Mastery in Europe 1848-1918.* On a more limited scale, but with a wealth of illuminating detail, are *The Reason Why* and *The Great Hunger* by Cecil Woodham-Smith, which deal largely with nineteenth-century Ireland, and John Prebble's four books on the destruction of the Scottish clan system. Finally, one, must mention what are perhaps the most outstanding works of post-War historians--*Europe in Decay* and *Avenues of History* by Sir Lewis Namier, and Sir Arnold Toynbee's *Civilisation on Trial, The World and the West,* and the colossal *Study of History* published between 1934 and 1959.

Works on religion and philosophy reflect a growing concern among serious thinkers about contemporary changes in moral standards, and the need of the general public for principles relevant to a time of insecurity and emotional upheaval. Two writers who have had more influence than most are C. S. Lewis, with *The Problem of Pain* and *The Screwtape Letters,* and Bertrand Russell (see p. 559). Two artists whose writings have attained more than a national reputation are Sir Kenneth Clark, whose books include *Landscape into Art* and *Civilisation: A Personal View,* the latter being developed from his highly praised television series; and Sir Nikolaus Pevsner, who wrote *An Outline of European-Architecture* and edited the comprehensive *Buildings of England.*

Popular scientific literature has grown to amazing proportions, but here one can mention only a few of the more important writers who published books during the period. Sir Julian Huxley enhanced his reputation with *On Living in a Revolution* and *Man in the Modern World,* as did Sir James Jeans with *Physics and Philosophy.* Jacob Bronowski showed himself to be both a scientist and a literary critic, but reached his widest audience with *The Ascent of Man,* developed from a television series. Other scientists who commanded attention are C. H. Waddington, J. D. Bernal, W. W. Sawyer, Margaret Mead,

and Sir Mortimer Wheeler; their main interests range from mathe; matics to archaeology, but all have gained applause for the style in which their books are written, quite apart from the attractions of the subject-matter.

Much of the best literary criticism will be mentioned in the Bibliography to this book and therefore need not be referred to in this chapter. However, this chapter is the proper place to draw attention to *The Heritage of Symbolism* by Sir Maurice Bowra, as well as his *Heroic Poetry* and *The Romantic Imagination; Style* by F. L. Lucas; *Explorations* by L., C. Knights; and William Empson's *Seven Types of Ambiguity* and *Some Versions of the Pastoral.* In conclusion one might notice three important side-issues of literature. Nevill Coghill popularized Chaucer by modernizing his language not only in books but on radio and television, and in a musical; Kingsley Amis made an appraisal of science-fiction in *New Maps of Hell;* and Peter and Iona Opie opened up entirely new territory with *The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes, The Lore and Language of Schoolchildren,* and *Children's Games in Street and Playground.*

SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER READING

(Works in the following list are in chronological order to enable the student to gain some impression of the changing trends of criticism.)

GENERAL

ed. P. F. Wilson and B. Dobree, *The Oxford History of English Literature* (1945-); D. Daiches, *A Critical History of English Literature* (1960); ed. B, Ford, *A Guide to English Literature* (rev. 1961); W. J. Entwistle **and** E. Gillett, *The Literature of England, A.D. 500-1960* (rev. 1962); ed. A. C. Baugh, *A Literary History of England* (rev. 1967); ed. G. Sampson, *The Concise Cambridge History of English Literature* (rev. 1970); E. Legouis and L. Cazamian, *A History of English Literature* (rev. 1971); **ed. var.,** *History of Literature in the English Language* (1971).
E. A. Baker, *History of the English Novel* (1924-39); W. Allen, *The English Novel: A Short Critical History* (1954); T. O. Beechcroft, *The Modest Art: A Survey of the Short Story in English* (1968).
H. J. C. Grierson and J. C. Smith, *A Critical History of English Poetry* (1944); K. Hopkins, *English Poetry: A Short History* (1963).
A. Nicoll, *A History of English Drama 1660-1900* (rev. 1952).
77ie *Cambridge History of American Literature* (rev. 1969); M. Lindsay *History of Scottish Literature* (1977).

CHAPTER **I:** THE **OLD** ENGLISH **PERIOD**

(i) **General and Social Background: D.** Whitelock, *The Audience of Beowulf* (1951); D. Whitelock, *The Beginnings of English Society* (1952); R. I. Page, *Life in Anglo-Saxon England(l970)*; F. M. Stenton, *Anglo-Saxon England* (rev. 1971); D. J. V. Fisher, *The Anglo-Saxon Age* (1973).
(ii) **Literature:** C. W. KennedyThe *Earliest English Poetry* (1943); S. B. Greenfield, *A Critical History/Of Old English Literature* (1966); ed. E. G. Stanley, *Continuations and Beginnings: Studies in Old English Literature* (1966); C. L. Wrenn, *A Study of Old English Literature* (1967); T. A. Shippey, *Old English Verse* (1972); D. Pearsall, *Old English and Middle English Literature* (1977).
(iii) Translations: R. K. Gordon, *Anglo-Saxon Poetry* (1926); C. W. Kennedy, *Early English Christian Poetry* (1952); ed. G. N. Garmonsway, *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* (1953); B. Mitchell, *'The Battle of Maldon' and other Old English Poems* (1965); M. Alexander, *The Earliest English Poems* (1966); M. Alexander, *Beowulf (1913),*

CHAPTER II: THE MIDDLE ENGLISH **PERIOD**

(i) **General and Social Background:** G. **G.** Coulton, *Medieval Panorama* (1938); J. R. H. Moorman, *Church Life in England in the Thirteenth Century* (1945); A. L. Poole, *From Domesday Book to Magna Carta* (1951);

D. M. Stenton, *English Society in the Early Middle Ages* (1952); J. J. Bagley, *Life in Medieval England* (1960); A. Bryant, *The Medieval Foundation* (1966).
(ii) **Literature: W. P.** Ker, *Epic and Romance* (1908); C. S. Lewis, *The Allegory of Love* (1936); B. Dickins and R. M. Wilson, *Early Middle English Texts* (1950); G. Kane, *Middle English Literature* (1951); R. S. Loomis, *The Development of Arthurian Romance* (1963); ed. J. A. W. Bennett and G. V. S. Smithers, *Early Middle English Verse and Prose* (1966); R. M. Wilson, *Early Middle English Literature* (rev. 1968); R. Woolf, *The English Religious Lyric in the Middle Ages* (1968); D. Mehl, *Middle English Romances of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries* (1969); ed. J. Burrow, *English Verse 1300-1500* (1977); D. Pearsall, *Old English and Middle English Poetry* (1977).
(iii) **Translations: R.** S. Loomis and R. Ward, *Medieval English Verse and Prose in Modernized Versions* (1948); J. J. R. Tolkien, *Sir Gawain, The Pearl, Sir Orpheo* (1975).
CHAPTER m: THE AGE **OF** CHAUCER, 1350-1450
(i) **General and Social Background:** E. Power, *Medieval People* (1924); G. R. Owst, *Literature and Pulpit in Mediaeval England* (1933); C. S. Lewis, *The Allegory of Love* (1936); G. M. Trevelyan, *Illustrated English Social History,* Vol. 1 (1944); H. S. Bennett, *Chaucer and the Fifteenth Century* (1947); G. Kane, *Middle English Literature* (1951); A. R. Myers, *England in the Late Middle Ages* (1952); A. Bryant, *The Age of Chivalry* (1963); ed. M. Hussey, *Chaucer's World* (1967); F. R. H. Du Boulay, *An Age of Ambition: English Society in the Late Middle Ages* (1970); ed. J. Burrow, *English Verse 1300-1500* (1977); D. Pearsall, *Old English and Middle English Poetry* (1977).
(ii) Chaucer: N. Coghill, *The Poet Chaucer* (1949); J. Speirs, *Chaucer the Maker* (1951); ed. W. H. Clemen, *Chaucer's Early Poetry* (1964); M. Bowden, *A Reader's Guide to Geoffrey Chaucer* (1965); ed. A. C. Cawley, *Chaucer's Mind and Art* (1969); D. S. Brewer, *Chaucer* (rev. 1973); J. Norton-Smith, *Geoffrey Chaucer* (1974); M. Chute, *Geoffrey Chaucer of England* (1977).
(iii) **Other Poets:** E. **T.** Donaldson, *'Piers Plowman': The C-Text and its Poet* (1949); E. Salter, *'Piers Plowman': an Introduction* (1962); H. Fisher, *John Gower: Moral Philosopher and Friend of Chaucer* (1965); M. J. C. Hodgart, *The Ballads* (rev. 1962).

CHAPTER IV: FROM CHAUCER **TO** SPENSER, **1450-1550**

(i) **General and Social Background: H.** S. Bennett, *The Pas tons and their Englandin an Age of Transition* (rev. 1931); M. P. Gilmore, *The World of Humanism 1453-1517* (1952); H. S. Bennett, *English Books and their Readers 1475-1557* (1952); R. Weiss, *Humanism in England during the Fifteenth Century* (rev. 1957); H. A. Mason, *Humanism and Poetry in the Early Tudor Period* (1959).
(ii) **Poetry: I.** A. Gordon, *John Skelton: Poet Laureate* (1943); A. R. Heiserman, *Skelton and Satire* (1961); T. Scott, *Dunbar: A Critical Exposition of the Poems* (1966); J. MacQueen, *Robert Henryson: A Study of the Major Narrative Poems* (1967); D. A. Pearsall, *John Lydgate* (1970).

(iii) Drama: E. **K.** Chambers, *The Medieval Stage* (1903); H. Craig, *English Religious Drama of the Middle Ages* (1955); A. P. Rossiter, *English Drama from Early Times to the Elizabethans* (1950); G. Wickham, *Early English Stages 1300-1600* (1959); ed. N. Denny, *Medieval Drama* (1973).

CHAPTER V: THE AGE OF ELIZABETH, 1550-1630

(i) **General and** Social Background: J. D. Wilson, *Life in Shakespeare's England* (1911); H. Craig, *The Enchanted Glass: The Elizabethan Mind in Literature* (1936); L. C. Knights, *Drama and Society in the Age ofJonson* (1937); E. M. W. Tillyard, *The Elizabethan World Picture* (1943); A. L. Rowse, *The England of Elizabeth* (1950); J. R. Hale, *England and the Italian Renaissance* (1954); F. E. Halliday, *Shakespeare in his Age* (1956); J. Simon, *Education and Society in Tudor England* (1966).
(ii) Spenser: P. Parker, *The Allegory of'The Faerie Queen'* (1960); P. Bayley, *Edmund Spenser: Prince of Poets* (1971).
(iii) Donne: see p. 603.
(iv) Other Poets: J. Buxton, *Sir Philip Sidney and the English Renaissance* (1954); F. S. Boas, *Sir Philip Sidney: Representative Elizabethan* (1955); J. W. Lever, *The Elizabethan Love Sonnet* (1966).
(v) **Drama:** E. K. Chambers, *The Elizabethan Stage* (1923); M. C. Brad-brook, *Themes and Conventions of Elizabethan Tragedy* (1935); G. B. Harrison, *Elizabethan Plays and Players* (1940); F. T. Bowers, *The Elizabethan Revenge Tragedy, 1587-1642* (1940); M. C .Bradbrook, *The Growth and Structure of Elizabethan Comedy* (1955); T. B. Tomlinson, *A Study of Elizabethan and Jacobean Tragedy* (1964); A. Gurr, *The Shakespearean Stage, 1574-1642* (1970).
(vi) Marlowe: F. S. Boas, *Christopher Marlowe: A Biographical and Critical Study* (1940); H. Levin, *The Overreacher* (1954); J. B. Stearne, *Marlowe* (1964): A. L. Rowse, *Christopher Marlowe* (1964).
(vii) Shakespeare: A. C. Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy* (1904); H. Granville-Barker, *Prefaces to Shakespeare* (1927-47); G. W. Knight, *The Imperial Theme* (1931); E. M. W. Tillyard, *Shakespeare's History Plays* (1944); H. B. Charlton, *Shakespearian Tragedy* (1948); G. W. Knight, *The Wheel of Fire* (1949); E. M. W. Tillyard, *Shakespeare's Problem Plays* (1949); E. M. W. Tillyard, *Shakespeare's Last Plays* (rev. 1951); B. Evans, *Shakespeare's Comedies* (1960); M. M. Charney, *Shakespeare's Roman Plays* (1961); J. D. Wilson, *Shakespeare's Happy Comedies* (1962); C. J. Sisson, *Shakespeare's Tragic Justice* (1962); E. Schanzer, *The Problem Plays of Shakespeare* (1963); E. K. Chambers, *Shakespeare: A Survey* (rev. 1964); A. L. Rowse, *Shakespeare's Sonnets* (1964); L. B. Campbell, *Shakespeare's Histories* (rev. 1964); K. Muir, *Shakespeare: The Cohtedies* (1965); K. Muir and S. Schoenbaum, *A New Companion to Shakespeare Studies* (1971); ed. M. Bradbury and J. Palmer, *Shakespearian Comedy* (1972); A. L. Rowse, *Shakespeare the Man* (1973); R. Speaight, *Shakespeare: The Man and his Achievement* (1977).
(viii) Jonson: E. B. Partridge, *The Broken Compass: A Study of the Major Comedies* (1958); S. K. Orgel, *The Jonsonian Masque* (1965).

(ix) **Other Dramatists:** L. **B.** Wallis, *Fletcher, Beaumont and Company* (1947); C. Leech, *The John Fletcher Plays* (1962); C. Leech, *John Webster: A Critical Study* (1951); **ed.** B. Morris, *John Webster* (1970); T. A. Dunn,

Philip Massinger (1957); P. B. Murray, *A Study of Cyril Tourneur* (1965). (x) **Pross: F. H.** Anderson, *The Philosophy of Francis Bacon* (1949); J. G. Crowther, *Francis Bacon* (1960); B. Vickers, *Francis Bacon and Renaissance Prose* (1968); C. S. Lewis, *The Literary Impact of the Authorised Version* (1950).

CHAPTER VI: THE AGE OF MILTON, 1630-60

(i) **General and Social Background: H. J.** C. Grierson, *Cross-Currents in English Literature of the Seventeenth Century* (1929); B. Willey, *The Seventeenth Century Background* (1934); S. L. Bethell, *The Cultural Revolution of the Seventeenth Century* (1951); C. V. Wedgwood, *Poetry and Politics under the Stuarts* (1960); D. Bush, *English Literature in the Earlier Seventeenth Century* (rev. 1962); M. Ashley, *England in the Seventeenth Century* (rev. 1967); M. Ashley, *Life in Stuart England* (rev. 1967).
(ii) **Milton:** E. M. W. Tillyard, *Studies in Milton* (1951); D. C. Allen, *The Harmonious Vision: Studies in Milton's Poetry* (1954); D. Daiches, *Milton* (rev. 1959); C. Ricks, *Milton's Grand Style* (1963); W. Empson, *Milton's God (lev.* 1965); E. M. W. Tillyard, *Milton* (rev. 1966); ed. C. A. Patrides, *Milton's Epic Poetry* (1967); P. Murray, *Milton: The Modern Phase* (1967); W. R. Parker, *Milton* (1968).
(iii) **Donne:** E. Hardy, *Donne: A Spirit in Conflict* (1943); J. B. Leishman, *The Monarch of Wit: An Analytical and Comparative Study of the Poetry of John Donne* (1951); R. E. Hughes, *The Progress of the Soul* (1969); R. C. Bald, *John Donne* (1970).
(iv) **Marvell:** M. C. Bradbrook and M. G. Lloyd Thomas, *Andrew Marvell* (1940); P. Ligouis, *Andrew Marvell: Poet, Puritan, Patriot* (rev. 1965); J. B. Leishman, *The Art of Marvell's Poetry* (1966); J. M. Wallace, *Destiny his Choice: The Loyalism of Marvell* (1968).
(v) Other Poets: H. J. C. Grierson, *Metaphysical Lyrics and Poems of the Seventeenth Century* (1921); G. Williamson, *The Donne Tradition* (1930); J. B. Leishman, *The Metaphysical Poets* (1934); A. Alvarez, *The School of Donne* (1961); J. Bennett, *Five Metaphysical Poets* (1964); J. H. Summers, *George Herbert: His Religion and Art* (1954); M. G. Chute, *Two Gentle Men: The Lives of George Herbert and Robert Herrick* (1960); T. S. Eliot, *George Herbert* (1962); G. I. Wade, *Thomas Traherne* (1944); A. L. Clements, *The Mystical Poetry of Thomas Traherne* (1969); F. E. Hutchinson, *Henry Vaughan* (1947); R. A, Durr, *On the Mystical Poetry of Henry Vaughan* (1962).
(vi) **Drama:** F. S. Boas, *An Introduction to Stuart Drama* (1946); C. Leech, *John Ford and the Drama of his Time* (1957); ed. J. R. Brown and B. Harris, *Jacobean Theatre* (1960).
(vii) Prose: B. H. G. Wormald, *Clarendon: Politics, History and Religion 1640-1660* (1951); J. Bennett, *Sir Thomas Browne* (1962).

CHAPTER VII: THE AGE OF DRYDEN, 1660-1700

(i) **General and Social Background: B.** Willey, *The Seventeenth Century Background* (1934); C. V. Wedgwood, *Poetry and Politics under the Stuarts* (1960); G. N. Clark, *The Later Stuarts, 1660-1714* (1955); G. M. Trevelyan, *England under the Stuarts* (rev. 1960).
(ii) **Dryden: D,** Nichol Smith, *Dryden* (1950); A. Roper, *Dryderis Poetic*

Kingdoms (1965); B. A. King, *Dryderis Major Plays* (1966); W. Myers, *Dryden* (1973).
(iii) Other Poets: J. H. Wilson, *The Court Wits of the Restoration* (1948); G. W.alton, *Metaphysical to Augustan: Studies in Tone and Sensibility of the Seventeenth Century* (1955).
(iv) Drama: B. Dobree, *Restoration Tragedy 1660-1720* (1929); W. Connely, *Young George Farquhar* (1949); D. Underwood, *Etherege and the Seventeenth Century Comedy of Manners* (1958); ed. J. R. Brown and B. Harris, *Restoration Theatre* (1965); J. E. Cunningham, *Restoration Drama* (1966); W. H. Van Voris, *The Cultivated Stance: The Designs of Congreve's Plays* (1967); K. Muir, *The Comedy of Manners* (1970).
(v) Prose: A. Bryant, *Samuel Pepys* (1933-38); H. Talon, *John Bunyan* (1951); R. Sharrock, *John Bunyan* (1954); M. Furlong, *Puritan's Progress: **a** Study of John Bunyan* (1975): W. G. Hiscock, *John Evelyn and his Family Circle* (1955).

CHAPTER VIII: THE AGE OF POPE, 1700-50

(i) General and Social Background: L. Stephen, *English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century* (1904); B. Willey, *The Eighteenth Century Background* (1940); J. R. Sutherland, *A Preface to Eighteenth Century Poetry* (1948); I. Jack, *Augustan Satire* (1952); J. Butt, *The Augustan Age* (1956); G. TiUotson, *Augustan Studies* (1961); D. J. Milburn, *The Age of Wit 1650-1750* (1966); R. Trickett, *The Honest Muse: A Study in Augustan Verse* (1967).
(ii) Swift: K. Williams, *Jonathan Swift and the Age of Compromise* (1959); I. Ehrenpreis, *Swift: The Man, his Works and the Age* (1962); D. Donoghue, *Swift* (1969); W. A. Speck, *Swift* (1969); D. Ward, *Swift: An Introductory Essay* (1973); A. L. Rowse, *Jonathan Swift, Major Prophet* (1975).
(iii) Defoe: J. R. Sutherland, *Daniel Defoe* (1972); ed. P. Rogers, *Defoe: The Critical Heritage* (1972).
(iv) Other Prose Writers: W. Connely, *Sir Richard Steele* (1934); D. G. James, *The Life of Reason: Hobbes, Locke, Bolingbroke* (1949); P. Smithers, *The Life of Joseph Addison* (rev. 1968).
(v) **Pope:** E. Sitwell, *Alexander Pope* (1930); N. Ault, *New Light on Pope* (1949); G. TiUotson, *On the Poetry of Pope* (rev. 1950); R. A. Brower, *Alexander Pope: The Poetry of Allusion* (1959).
(vi) **Drama:** F. N. W. Bateson, *English Comic Drama 1700-1750* (1929); F. S. Boas, *An Introduction to Eighteenth Century Drama* (1953).

CHAPTER IX: THE AGE OF TRANSITION, 1740-1800

(i) General and Social Background: L. Stephen, *English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century* (1904); C. Hussey, *The Picturesque* (1927); O. Elton, *A Survey of English Literature 1730-1780* (1928); B. Willey, *The Eighteenth Century Background* (1940); R. Trickett, *The Honest Muse: A Study in Augustan Verse* (1962); K. Clark, *The Gothic Revival* (rev. 1962); R. Alter, *Rogue's Progress: Studies in the Picaresque Novel* (1964).

(ii) **The Johnson Circle: J.** Boswell, ed. G. B. Hill and L. F. Powell, *The Life of Samuel Johnson,* ***LL.D.*** **(1934-50); W. K. Wimsatt,** ***The Prose Style***

of Samuel Johnson (1941); M. Joyce, *Samuel Johnson* (1955); W. J. Bate, *The Achievement of Samuel Johnson* (1955); H. Pearson, *Johnson and Bos-well* (1958); J. Wain, *Samuel Johnson* (1974).
R. M. Wardle, *Oliver Goldsmith* (1958).
ed. F. A. Pottle, *Boswell's London Journal* (1950); *Boswell on the Grand Tour* (1953-55); *Boswell: The Ominous Years* (1963); *James Boswell: The Earlier Years* (1966).
(iii) **Poetry:** W. C. Brown, *The Triumph of Form: A Study of the Late Masters of the Heroic Couplet* (1948).
D. Cecil, *The Poetry of Thomas Gray* (1945); D. Cecil, *Two Quiet Lives* (1948); R. W. Ketton-Cremer, *Thomas Gray* (1955); M. Golden, *Thomas Gray* (1964).
P. L. Carver, *The Life of a Poet: A Biography of William Collins* (1967).
D. Cecil, *The Stricken Deer: The Life of Cowper* (1929); M. J. Quinlan, *William Cowper: A Critical Life* (1953); M. Golden, *In Search of Stability: The Poetry of William Cowper* (1960).
D. Grant, *James Thomson: Poet of'The Seasons'* (1951).
L. Haddakin, *The Poetry of Crabbe* (1955).
C. Devlin, *Poor Kit Smart* (1961); M. Dearnley, *The Poetry of Christopher Smart* (1969).
C. Keith, *The Russet Coat* (1956); T. Crawford, *Burns: A Study of the Poems and Songs* (1960); D. Daiches, *Robert Burns* (rev. 1966); H. Douglas, *Robert Burns* (1976).
J. M. Murry, *William Blake* (1936); N. Frye, *Fearful Symmetry: A Study of William Blake* (1947); G. W. Digby, *Symbol and Imase in William Blake* (1957); M. Wilson, *The Life of William Blake* (rev. 1971).
(iv) The Novel: I. P. Watt, *The Rise of the Novel: Studies in Defoe, Richardson and Fielding* (1957); F. W. Bradbrook, *Jane Austen and her Predecessors* (1966).
T. C. D. Eaves and B. D. Kimpel, *Samuel Richardson* (1971); W. M. Sale, *Samuel Richardson: Master Printer* (1971).
E. Jenkins, *Henry Fielding* (1947); F. H. Dudden, *Henry Fielding: His Life, Works and Times* (1952); A. H. Wright, *Henry Fielding: Mask and Feast* (1965); R. Alter, *Fielding and the Nature of the Novel* (1968).
F. S. Boege, *Smollett's Reputation as a Novelist* (1947); L. M. Knapp, *Tobias Smollett: Doctor of Men and Manners* (1949); D. Bruce, *Radical Doctor Smollet* (1964).
W. B. Piper, *Laurence Sterne* (1965); D. Thomson, *Wild Excursions: The Life and Fiction of Laurence Sterne* (1972).
J. Hemlow, *The History of Fanny Burney* (1958); W. Gerin, *The Young Fanny Burney* (1961).
(v) Other Prose: P. Magnus, *Edmund Burke* (1939); ed. P. P. Stanlis, The *Relevance of Edmund Burke* (1964); M. Joyce, *Edward Gibbon* (1953); H. L. Bond, *The Literary Art of Edward Gibbon* (1960).
(vi) Sheridan: J. W. Cove, *Sheridan: His Life and his Theatre* (1947).

CHAPTER X: THE RETURN TO NATURE, 1790-1830

(i) General and Social Background: O. Elton, *A Survey of English Literature 1780-1830*

(1912); A. Bryant, *Years of Victory* (1944); C. M. Bowra, *The Romantic Imagination* (1950); A. E. Rodway, *Godwin and the*

Age of Transition (1952); G. Hough, *The Romantic Poets* **(1953); M. Peck-**ham, *Beyond the Tragic Vision* (1962); A. E. Rodway, *The Romantic Conflict* (1963).
(ii) **Wordsworth: H. l'A.** Fausset, *The Lost Leader* (1933); J. C. Smith, *A Study of Wordsworth* (1944); H. Darbishire, *The Poet Wordsworth* (1950); M. Moorman, *William Wordsworth* (1957-65); C. Salvesen, *The Landscape of Memory: A Study of Wordsworth's Poetry* (1965); M. Drabble, *Wordsworth* (1966).
(iii) **Coleridge: J.** L. Lowes, *The Road to Xanadu: A Study in the Ways of the Imagination* (1927); ed. H. House, *Coleridge* (1953); R. H. Fogle, *The Idea of Coleridge's Criticism* (1962); J. Cornwell, *Coleridge, Poet and Revolutionary* (1973).
(iv) **Byron:** P. Quennell, *Byron: The Years of Fame* (1935); P. Quennell, *Byron in Italy* (1941); M. K. Joseph, *Byron the Poet* (1964); L. A. March-and, *Byron's Poetry* (1966); J. D. Jump, *Byron* (1972).
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The Great Gatsby

A NOVEL BY

F. Scott Fitzgerald



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BY F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

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The Great Gatsby

BY

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

Then wear the gold hat, if that will move her;
If you can bounce high, bounce for her too,
Till she cry "Lover, gold-hatted, high-bouncing lover,
I must have you!"

—THOMAS PARKE D'INVILLIERS

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ONCE AGAIN

TO

ZELDA

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CHAPTER I

In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I've been turning over in my mind ever since.

"Whenever you feel like criticizing any one," he told me, "just remember that all the people in this world haven't had the advantages that you've had."

He didn't say any more, but we've always been unusually communicative in a reserved way, and I understood that he meant a great deal more than that. In consequence, I'm inclined to reserve all judgments, a habit that has opened up many curious natures to me and also made me the victim of not a few veteran bores. The abnormal mind is quick to detect and attach itself to this quality when it appears in a normal person, and so it came about that in college I was unjustly accused of being a politician, because I was privy to the secret griefs of wild, unknown men. Most of the confidences were unsought—frequently I have feigned sleep, preoccupation, or a hostile levity when I realized by some unmistakable sign that an intimate revelation was quivering on the horizon; for the intimate revelations of young men, or at least the terms in which they express them, are usually plagiaristic and marred by obvious suppressions. Reserving judgments is a matter of infinite hope. I am still a little afraid of missing something if I forget that, as my father snobbishly suggested, and I snobbishly repeat, a sense of the fundamental decencies is parcelled out unequally at birth.

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And, after boasting this way of my tolerance, I come to the admission that it has a limit. Conduct may be founded on the hard rock or the wet marshes, but after a certain point I don't care what it's founded on. When I came back from the East last autumn I felt that I wanted the world to be in uniform and at a sort of moral attention forever; I wanted no more riotous excursions with privileged glimpses into the human heart. Only Gatsby, the man who gives his name to this book, was exempt from my reaction—Gatsby, who represented everything for which I have an unaffected scorn. If personality is an unbroken series of successful gestures, then there was something gorgeous about him, some heightened sensitivity to the promises of life, as if he were related to one of those intricate machines that register earthquakes ten thousand miles away. This responsiveness had nothing to do with that flabby impressionability which is dignified under the name of the "creative temperament"—it was an extraordinary gift for hope, a romantic readiness such as I have never found in any other person and which it is not likely I shall ever find again. No—Gatsby turned out all right at the end; it is what preyed on Gatsby, what foul dust floated in the wake of his dreams that temporarily closed out my interest in the abortive sorrows and short-winded elations of men.

My family have been prominent, well-to-do people in this Middle Western city for three generations. The Carraways are something of a clan, and we have a tradition that we're descended from the Dukes of Buccleuch, but the actual founder of my line was my grandfather's brother, who came here in fifty-one, sent a substitute to

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the Civil War, and started the wholesale hardware business that my father carries on to-day.

I never saw this great-uncle, but I'm supposed to look like him—with special reference to the rather hard-boiled painting that hangs in father's office. I graduated from New Haven in 1915, just a quarter of a century after my father, and a little later I participated in that delayed Teutonic migration known as the Great War. I enjoyed the counter-raid so thoroughly that I came back restless. Instead of being the warm center of the world, the Middle West now seemed like the ragged edge of the universe—so I decided to go East and learn the bond business. Everybody I knew was in the bond business, so I supposed it could support one more single man. All my aunts and uncles talked it over as if they were choosing a prep school for me, and finally said, "Why—ye-es," with very grave, hesitant faces. Father agreed to finance me for a year, and after various delays I came East, permanently, I thought, in the spring of twenty-two.

The practical thing was to find rooms in the city, but it was a warm season, and I had just left a country of wide lawns and friendly trees, so when a young man at the office suggested that we take a house together in a commuting town, it sounded like a great idea. He found the house, a weatherbeaten cardboard bungalow at eighty a month, but at the last minute the firm ordered him to Washington, and I went out to the country alone. I had a dog—at least I had him for a few days until he ran away—and an old Dodge and a Finnish woman, who made my bed and cooked breakfast and muttered Finnish wisdom to herself over the electric stove.

It was lonely for a day or so until one morning some

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man, more recently arrived than I, stopped me on the road.

"How do you get to West Egg village?" he asked helplessly.

I told him. And as I walked on I was lonely no longer. I was a guide, a pathfinder, an original settler. He had casually conferred on me the freedom of the neighborhood.

And so with the sunshine and the great bursts of leaves growing on the trees, just as things grow in fast movies, I had that familiar conviction that life was beginning over again with the summer.

There was so much to read, for one thing, and so much fine health to be pulled down out of the young breath-giving air. I bought a dozen volumes on banking and credit and investment securities, and they stood on my shelf in red and gold like new money from the mint, promising to unfold the shining secrets that only Midas and Morgan and Mæcenas knew. And I had the high intention of reading many other books besides. I was rather literary in college—one year I wrote a series of very solemn and obvious editorials for the *Yale News*—and now I was going to bring back all such things into my life and become again that most limited of all specialists, the "well-rounded man." This isn't just an epigram—life is much more successfully looked at from a single window, after all.

It was a matter of chance that I should have rented a house in one of the strangest communities in North America. It was on that slender riotous island which extends itself due east of New York—and where there are, among other natural curiosities, two unusual formations of land. Twenty miles from the city a pair of enor-

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mous eggs, identical in contour and separated only by a courtesy bay, jut out into the most domesticated body of salt water in the Western hemisphere, the great wet barnyard of Long Island Sound. They are not perfect ovals—like the egg in the Columbus story, they are both crushed flat at the contact end—but their physical resemblance must be a source of perpetual confusion to the gulls that fly overhead. To the wingless a more arresting phenomenon is their dissimilarity in every particular except shape and size.

I lived at West Egg, the—well, the less fashionable of the two, though this is a most superficial tag to express the bizarre and not a little sinister contrast between them. My house was at the very tip of the egg, only fifty yards from the Sound, and squeezed between two huge places that rented for twelve or fifteen thousand a season. The one on my right was a colossal affair by any standard—it was a factual imitation of some Hôtel de Ville in Normandy, with a tower on one side, spanking new under a thin beard of raw ivy, and a marble swimming pool, and more than forty acres of lawn and garden. It was Gatsby's mansion. Or, rather, as I didn't know Mr. Gatsby, it was a mansion, inhabited by a gentleman of that name. My own house was an eyesore, but it was a small eyesore, and it had been overlooked, so I had a view of the water, a partial view of my neighbor's lawn, and the consoling proximity of millionaires —all for eighty dollars a month.

Across the courtesy bay the white palaces of fashionable East Egg glittered along the water, and the history of the summer really begins on the evening I drove over there to have dinner with the Tom Buchanans. Daisy was my second cousin once removed, and I'd

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known Tom in college. And just after the war I spent two days with them in Chicago.

Her husband, among various physical accomplishments, had been one of the most powerful ends that ever played football at New Haven—a national figure in a way, one of those men who reach such an acute limited excellence at twenty-one that everything afterward savors of anticlimax. His family were enormously wealthy—even in college his freedom with money was a matter for reproach—but now he'd left Chicago and come East in a fashion that rather took your breath away; for instance, he'd brought down a string of polo ponies from Lake Forest. It was hard to realize that a man in my own generation was wealthy enough to do that.

Why they came East I don't know. They had spent a year in France for no particular reason, and then drifted here and there unrestfully wherever people played polo and were rich together. This was a permanent move, said Daisy over the telephone, but I didn't believe it—I had no sight into Daisy's heart, but I felt that Tom would drift on forever seeking, a little wistfully, for the dramatic turbulence of some irrecoverable football game.

And so it happened that on a warm windy evening I drove over to East Egg to see two old friends whom I scarcely knew at all. Their house was even more elaborate than I expected, a cheerful red-and-white Georgian Colonial mansion, overlooking the bay. The lawn started at the beach and ran toward the front door for a quarter of a mile, jumping over sun-dials and brick walks and burning gardens—finally when it reached the house drifting up the side in bright vines as though from

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the momentum of its run. The front was broken by a line of French windows, glowing now with reflected gold and wide open to the warm windy afternoon, and Tom Buchanan in riding clothes was standing with his legs apart on the front porch.

He had changed since his New Haven years. Now he was a sturdy straw-haired man of thirty with a rather hard mouth and a supercilious manner. Two shining arrogant eyes had established dominance over his face and gave him the appearance of always leaning aggressively forward. Not even the effeminate swank of his riding clothes could hide the enormous power of that body—he seemed to fill those glistening boots until he strained the top lacing, and you could see a great pack of muscle shifting when his shoulder moved under his thin coat. It was a body capable of enormous leverage—a cruel body.

His speaking voice, a gruff husky tenor, added to the impression of fractiousness he conveyed. There was a touch of paternal contempt in it, even toward people he liked—and there were men at New Haven who had hated his guts.

"Now, don't think my opinion on these matters is final," he seemed to say, "just because I'm stronger and more of a man than you are." We were in the same senior society, and while we were never intimate I always had the impression that he approved of me and wanted me to like him with some harsh, defiant wistfulness of his own.

We talked for a few minutes on the sunny porch.

"I've got a nice place here," he said, his eyes flashing about restlessly.

Turning me around by one arm, he moved a broad

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flat hand along the front vista, including in its sweep a sunken Italian garden, a half acre of deep, pungent roses, and a snub-nosed motor-boat that bumped the tide offshore.

"It belonged to Demaine, the oil man." He turned me around again, politely and abruptly. "We'll go inside."

We walked through a high hallway into a bright rosy-colored space, fragilely bound into the house by French windows at either end. The windows were ajar and gleaming white against the fresh grass outside that seemed to grow a little way into the house. A breeze blew through the room, blew curtains in at one end and out the other like pale flags, twisting them up toward the frosted wedding-cake of the ceiling, and then rippled over the wine-colored rug, making a shadow on it as wind does on the sea.

The only completely stationary object in the room was an enormous couch on which two young women were buoyed up as though upon an anchored balloon. They were both in white, and their dresses were rippling and fluttering as if they had just been blown back in after a short flight around the house. I must have stood for a few moments listening to the whip and snap of the curtains and the groan of a picture on the wall. Then there was a boom as Tom Buchanan shut the rear windows and the caught wind died out about the room, and the curtains and the rugs and the two young women ballooned slowly to the floor.

The younger of the two was a stranger to me. She was extended full length at her end of the divan, completely motionless, and with her chin raised a little, as if she were balancing something on it which was quite likely to fall. If she saw me out of the corner of her eyes she

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gave no hint of it—indeed, I was almost surprised into murmuring an apology for having disturbed her by coming in.

The other girl, Daisy, made an attempt to rise—she leaned slightly forward with a conscientious expression —then she laughed, an absurd, charming little laugh, and I laughed too and came forward into the room.

"I'm p-paralyzed with happiness."

She laughed again, as if she said something very witty, and held my hand for a moment, looking up into my face, promising that there was no one in the world she so much wanted to see. That was a way she had. She hinted in a murmur that the surname of the balancing girl was Baker. (I've heard it said that Daisy's murmur was only to make people lean toward her; an irrelevant criticism that made it no less charming.)

At any rate, Miss Baker's lips fluttered, she nodded at me almost imperceptibly, and then quickly tipped her head back again—the object she was balancing had obviously tottered a little and given her something of a fright. Again a sort of apology arose to my lips. Almost any exhibition of complete self-sufficiency draws a stunned tribute from me.

I looked back at my cousin, who began to ask me questions in her low, thrilling voice. It was the kind of voice that the ear follows up and down, as if each speech is an arrangement of notes that will never be played again. Her face was sad and lovely with bright things in it, bright eyes and a bright passionate mouth, but there was an excitement in her voice that men who had cared for her found difficult to forget: a singing compulsion, a whispered "Listen," a promise that she had done gay, exciting things just a while since and

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that there were gay, exciting things hovering in the next hour.

I told her how I had stopped off in Chicago for a day on my way East, and how a dozen people had sent their love through me.

"Do they miss me?" she cried ecstatically.

"The whole town is desolate. All the cars have the left rear wheel painted black as a mourning wreath, and there's a persistent wail all night along the north shore."

"How gorgeous! Let's go back, Tom. To-morrow!" Then she added irrelevantly: "You ought to see the baby."

"I'd like to."

"She's asleep. She's three years old. Haven't you ever seen her?"

"Never."

"Well, you ought to see her. She's——"

Tom Buchanan, who had been hovering restlessly about the room, stopped and rested his hand on my shoulder.

"What you doing, Nick?"

"I'm a bond man."

"Who with?"

I told him.

"Never heard of them," he remarked decisively.

This annoyed me.

"You will," I answered shortly. "You will if you stay in the East."

"Oh, I'll stay in the East, don't you worry," he said, glancing at Daisy and then back at me, as if he were alert for something more. "I'd be a God damned fool to live anywhere else."

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At this point Miss Baker said: "Absolutely!" with such suddenness that I started—it was the first word she had uttered since I came into the room. Evidently it surprised her as much as it did me, for she yawned and with a series of rapid, deft movements stood up into the room.

"I'm stiff," she complained, "I've been lying on that sofa for as long as I can remember."

"Don't look at me," Daisy retorted, "I've been trying to get you to New York all afternoon."

"No, thanks," said Miss Baker to the four cocktails just in from the pantry, "I'm absolutely in training."

Her host looked at her incredulously.

"You are!" He took down his drink as if it were a drop in the bottom of a glass. "How you ever get anything done is beyond me."

I looked at Miss Baker, wondering what it was she "got done." I enjoyed looking at her. She was a slender, small-breasted girl, with an erect carriage, which she accentuated by throwing her body backward at the shoulders like a young cadet. Her gray sun-strained eyes looked back at me with polite reciprocal curiosity out of a wan, charming, discontented face. It occurred to me now that I had seen her, or a picture of her, somewhere before.

"You live in West Egg," she remarked contemptuously. "I know somebody there."

"I don't know a single——"

"You must know Gatsby."

"Gatsby?" demanded Daisy. "What Gatsby?"

Before I could reply that he was my neighbor dinner was announced; wedging his tense arm imperatively

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under mine, Tom Buchanan compelled me from the room as though he were moving a checker to another square.

Slenderly, languidly, their hands set lightly on their hips, the two young women preceded us out onto a rosy-colored porch, open toward the sunset, where four candles flickered on the table in the diminished wind.

"Why *candles?*" objected Daisy, frowning. She snapped them out with her fingers. "In two weeks it'll be the longest day in the year." She looked at us all radiantly. "Do you always watch for the longest day of the year and then miss it? I always watch for the longest day in the year and then miss it."

"We ought to plan something," yawned Miss Baker, sitting down at the table as if she were getting into bed.

"All right," said Daisy. "What'll we plan?" She turned to me helplessly: "What do people plan?"

Before I could answer her eyes fastened with an awed expression on her little finger.

"Look!" she complained; "I hurt it."

We all looked—the knuckle was black and blue.

"You did it, Tom," she said accusingly. "I know you didn't mean to, but you *did* do it. That's what I get for marrying a brute of a man, a great, big, hulking physical specimen of a——"

"I hate that word hulking," objected Tom crossly, "even in kidding."

"Hulking," insisted Daisy.

Sometimes she and Miss Baker talked at once, unobtrusively and with a bantering inconsequence that was never quite chatter, that was as cool as their white dresses and their impersonal eyes in the absence of all desire. They were here, and they accepted Tom and me,

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making only a polite pleasant effort to entertain or to be entertained. They knew that presently dinner would be over and a little later the evening, too, would be over and casually put away. It was sharply different from the West, where an evening was hurried from phase to phase toward its close, in a continually disappointed anticipation or else in sheer nervous dread of the moment itself.

"You make me feel uncivilized, Daisy," I confessed on my second glass of corky but rather impressive claret. "Can't you talk about crops or something?"

I meant nothing in particular by this remark, but it was taken up in an unexpected way.

"Civilization's going to pieces," broke out Tom violently. "I've gotten to be a terrible pessimist about things. Have you read 'The Rise of the Colored Empires' by this man Goddard?"

"Why, no," I answered, rather surprised by his tone.

"Well, it's a fine book, and everybody ought to read it. The idea is if we don't look out the white race will be—will be utterly submerged. It's all scientific stuff; it's been proved."

"Tom's getting very profound," said Daisy, with an expression of unthoughtful sadness. "He reads deep books with long words in them. What was that word we——"

"Well, these books are all scientific," insisted Tom, glancing at her impatiently. "This fellow has worked out the whole thing. It's up to us, who are the dominant race, to watch out or these other races will have control of things."

"We've got to beat them down," whispered Daisy, winking ferociously toward the fervent sun.

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"You ought to live in California—" began Miss Baker, but Tom interrupted her by shifting heavily in his chair.

"This idea is that we're Nordics. I am, and you are, and you are, and—" After an infinitesimal hesitation he included Daisy with a slight nod, and she winked at me again. "—And we've produced all the things that go to make civilization—oh, science and art, and all that. Do you see?"

There was something pathetic in his concentration, as if his complacency, more acute than of old, was not enough to him any more. When, almost immediately, the telephone rang inside and the butler left the porch Daisy seized upon the momentary interruption and leaned toward me.

"I'll tell you a family secret," she whispered enthusiastically. "It's about the butler's nose. Do you want to hear about the butler's nose?"

"That's why I came over to-night."

"Well, he wasn't always a butler; he used to be the silver polisher for some people in New York that had a silver service for two hundred people. He had to polish it from morning till night, until finally it began to affect his nose——"

"Things went from bad to worse," suggested Miss Baker.

"Yes. Things went from bad to worse, until finally he had to give up his position."

For a moment the last sunshine fell with romantic affection upon her glowing face; her voice compelled me forward breathlessly as I listened—then the glow faded, each light deserting her with lingering regret, like children leaving a pleasant street at dusk.

The butler came back and murmured something close

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to Tom's ear, whereupon Tom frowned, pushed back his chair, and without a word went inside. As if his absence quickened something within her, Daisy leaned forward again, her voice glowing and singing.

"I love to see you at my table, Nick. You remind me of a—of a rose, an absolute rose. Doesn't he?" She turned to Miss Baker for confirmation: "An absolute rose?"

This was untrue. I am not even faintly like a rose. She was only extemporizing, but a stirring warmth flowed from her, as if her heart was trying to come out to you concealed in one of those breathless, thrilling words. Then suddenly she threw her napkin on the table and excused herself and went into the house.

Miss Baker and I exchanged a short glance consciously devoid of meaning. I was about to speak when she sat up alertly and said "Sh!" in a warning voice. A subdued impassioned murmur was audible in the room beyond, and Miss Baker leaned forward unashamed, trying to hear. The murmur trembled on the verge of coherence, sank down, mounted excitedly, and then ceased altogether.

"This Mr. Gatsby you spoke of is my neighbor—" I said.

"Don't talk. I want to hear what happens."

"Is something happening?" I inquired innocently.

"You mean to say you don't know?" said Miss Baker, honestly surprised. "I thought everybody knew."

"I don't."

"Why—" she said hesitantly, "Tom's got some woman in New York."

"Got some woman?" I repeated blankly.

Miss Baker nodded.

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"She might have the decency not to telephone him at dinner time. Don't you think?"

Almost before I had grasped her meaning there was the flutter of a dress and the crunch of leather boots, and Tom and Daisy were back at the table.

"It couldn't be helped!" cried Daisy with tense gayety.

She sat down, glanced searchingly at Miss Baker and then at me, and continued: "I looked outdoors for a minute, and it's very romantic outdoors. There's a bird on the lawn that I think must be a nightingale come over on the Cunard or White Star Line. He's singing away—" Her voice sang: "It's romantic, isn't it, Tom?"

"Very romantic," he said, and then miserably to me: "If it's light enough after dinner, I want to take you down to the stables."

The telephone rang inside, startlingly, and as Daisy shook her head decisively at Tom the subject of the stables, in fact all subjects, vanished into air. Among the broken fragments of the last five minutes at table I remember the candles being lit again, pointlessly, and I was conscious of wanting to look squarely at every one, and yet to avoid all eyes. I couldn't guess what Daisy and Tom were thinking, but I doubt if even Miss Baker, who seemed to have mastered a certain hardy scepticism, was able utterly to put this fifth guest's shrill metallic urgency out of mind. To a certain temperament the situation might have seemed intriguing—my own instinct was to telephone immediately for the police.

The horses, needless to say, were not mentioned again. Tom and Miss Baker, with several feet of twilight between them, strolled back into the library, as if to a vigil beside a perfectly tangible body, while, trying

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to look pleasantly interested and a little deaf, I followed Daisy around a chain of connecting verandas to the porch in front. In its deep gloom we sat down side by side on a wicker settee.

Daisy took her face in her hands as if feeling its lovely shape, and her eyes moved gradually out into the velvet dusk. I saw that turbulent emotions possessed her, so I asked what I thought would be some sedative questions about her little girl.

"We don't know each other very well, Nick," she said suddenly. "Even if we are cousins. You didn't come to my wedding."

"I wasn't back from the war."

"That's true." She hesitated. "Well, I've had a very bad time, Nick, and I'm pretty cynical about everything."

Evidently she had reason to be. I waited but she didn't say any more, and after a moment I returned rather feebly to the subject of her daughter.

"I suppose she talks, and—eats, and everything."

"Oh, yes." She looked at me absently. "Listen, Nick; let me tell you what I said when she was born. Would you like to hear?"

"Very much."

"It'll show you how I've gotten to feel about—things. Well, she was less than an hour old and Tom was God knows where. I woke up out of the ether with an utterly abandoned feeling, and asked the nurse right away if it was a boy or a girl. She told me it was a girl, and so I turned my head away and wept. 'All right,' I said, 'I'm glad it's a girl. And I hope she'll be a fool—that's the best thing a girl can be in this world, a beautiful little fool.'

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"You see I think everything's terrible anyhow," she went on in a convinced way. "Everybody thinks so—the most advanced people. And I *know*. I've been everywhere and seen everything and done everything." Her eyes flashed around her in a defiant way, rather like Tom's, and she laughed with thrilling scorn. "Sophisticated—God, I'm sophisticated!"

The instant her voice broke off, ceasing to compel my attention, my belief, I felt the basic insincerity of what she had said. It made me uneasy, as though the whole evening had been a trick of some sort to exact a contributary emotion from me. I waited, and sure enough, in a moment she looked at me with an absolute smirk on her lovely face, as if she had asserted her membership in a rather distinguished secret society to which she and Tom belonged.

Inside, the crimson room bloomed with light. Tom and Miss Baker sat at either end of the long couch and she read aloud to him from *The Saturday Evening Post*—the words, murmurous and uninflected, running together in a soothing tune. The lamp-light, bright on his boots and dull on the autumn-leaf yellow of her hair, glinted along the paper as she turned a page with a flutter of slender muscles in her arms.

When we came in she held us silent for a moment with a lifted hand.

"To be continued," she said, tossing the magazine on the table, "in our very next issue."

Her body asserted itself with a restless movement of her knee, and she stood up.

"Ten o'clock," she remarked, apparently finding the

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time on the ceiling. "Time for this good girl to go to bed."

"Jordan's going to play in the tournament to-morrow," explained Daisy, "over at Westchester."

"Oh—you're *Jor*dan Baker."

I knew now why her face was familiar—its pleasing contemptuous expression had looked out at me from many rotogravure pictures of the sporting life at Asheville and Hot Springs and Palm Beach. I had heard some story of her too, a critical, unpleasant story, but what it was I had forgotten long ago.

"Good night," she said softly. "Wake me at eight, won't you?"

"If you'll get up."

"I will. Good night, Mr. Carraway. See you anon."

"Of course you will," confirmed Daisy. "In fact, I think I'll arrange a marriage. Come over often, Nick, and I'll sort of—oh—fling you together. You know—lock you up accidentally in linen closets and push you out to sea in a boat, and all that sort of thing——"

"Good night," called Miss Baker from the stairs. "I haven't heard a word."

"She's a nice girl," said Tom after a moment. "They oughtn't to let her run around the country this way."

"Who oughtn't to?" inquired Daisy coldly.

"Her family."

"Her family is one aunt about a thousand years old. Besides, Nick's going to look after her, aren't you, Nick? She's going to spend lots of week-ends out here this summer. I think the home influence will be very good for her."

Daisy and Tom looked at each other for a moment in silence.

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"Is she from New York?" I asked quickly.

"From Louisville. Our white girlhood was passed together there. Our beautiful white——"

"Did you give Nick a little heart-to-heart talk on the veranda?" demanded Tom suddenly.

"Did I?" She looked at me. "I can't seem to remember, but I think we talked about the Nordic race. Yes, I'm sure we did. It sort of crept up on us and first thing you know——"

"Don't believe everything you hear, Nick," he advised me.

I said lightly that I had heard nothing at all, and a few minutes later I got up to go home. They came to the door with me and stood side by side in a cheerful square of light. As I started my motor Daisy peremptorily called: "Wait!

"I forgot to ask you something, and it's important. We heard you were engaged to a girl out West."

"That's right," corroborated Tom kindly. "We heard that you were engaged."

"It's a libel. I'm too poor."

"But we heard it," insisted Daisy, surprising me by opening up again in a flower-like way. "We heard it from three people, so it must be true."

Of course I knew what they were referring to, but I wasn't even vaguely engaged. The fact that gossip had published the banns was one of the reasons I had come East. You can't stop going with an old friend on account of rumors, and on the other hand I had no intention of being rumored into marriage.

Their interest rather touched me and made them less remotely rich—nevertheless, I was confused and a little disgusted as I drove away. It seemed to me that the

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thing for Daisy to do was to rush out of the house, child in arms—but apparently there were no such intentions in her head. As for Tom, the fact that he "had some woman in New York" was really less surprising than that he had been depressed by a book. Something was making him nibble at the edge of stale ideas as if his sturdy physical egotism no longer nourished his peremptory heart.

Already it was deep summer on roadhouse roofs and in front of wayside garages, where new red gas-pumps sat out in pools of light, and when I reached my estate at West Egg I ran the car under its shed and sat for a while on an abandoned grass roller in the yard. The wind had blown off, leaving a loud, bright night, with wings beating in the trees and a persistent organ sound as the full bellows of the earth blew the frogs full of life. The silhouette of a moving cat wavered across the moonlight, and turning my head to watch it, I saw that I was not alone—fifty feet away a figure had emerged from the shadow of my neighbor's mansion and was standing with his hands in his pockets regarding the silver pepper of the stars. Something in his leisurely movements and the secure position of his feet upon the lawn suggested that it was Mr. Gatsby himself, come out to determine what share was his of our local heavens.

I decided to call to him. Miss Baker had mentioned him at dinner, and that would do for an introduction. But I didn't call to him, for he gave a sudden intimation that he was content to be alone—he stretched out his arms toward the dark water in a curious way, and, far as I was from him, I could have sworn he was trembling. Involuntarily I glanced seaward—and distin-

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guished nothing except a single green light, minute and far way, that might have been the end of a dock. When I looked once more for Gatsby he had vanished, and I was alone again in the unquiet darkness.

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CHAPTER II

ABOUT half way between West Egg and New York the motor road hastily joins the railroad and runs beside it for a quarter of a mile, so as to shrink away from a certain desolate area of land. This is a valley of ashes—a fantastic farm where ashes grow like wheat into ridges and hills and grotesque gardens; where ashes take the forms of houses and chimneys and rising smoke and, finally, with a transcendent effort, of ash-gray men who move dimly and already crumbling through the powdery air. Occasionally a line of gray cars crawls along an invisible track, gives out a ghastly creak, and comes to rest, and immediately the ash-gray men swarm up with leaden spades and stir up an impenetrable cloud, which screens their obscure operations from your sight.

But above the gray land and the spasms of bleak dust which drift endlessly over it, you perceive, after a moment, the eyes of Doctor T. J. Eckleburg. The eyes of Doctor T. J. Eckleburg are blue and gigantic—their retinas are one yard high. They look out of no face, but, instead, from a pair of enormous yellow spectacles which pass over a non-existent nose. Evidently some wild wag of an oculist set them there to fatten his practice in the borough of Queens, and then sank down himself into eternal blindness, or forgot them and moved away. But his eyes, dimmed a little by many paintless days under sun and rain, brood on over the solemn dumping ground.

The valley of ashes is bounded on one side by a

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small foul river, and, when the drawbridge is up to let barges through, the passengers on waiting trains can stare at the dismal scene for as long as half an hour. There is always a halt there of at least a minute, and it was because of this that I first met Tom Buchanan's mistress.

The fact that he had one was insisted upon wherever he was known. His acquaintances resented the fact that he turned up in popular restaurants with her and, leaving her at a table, sauntered about, chatting with whomsoever he knew. Though I was curious to see her, I had no desire to meet her—but I did. I went up to New York with Tom on the train one afternoon,and when we stopped by the ashheaps he jumped to his feet and, taking hold of my elbow, literally forced me from the car.

"We're getting off," he insisted. "I want you to meet my girl."

I think he'd tanked up a good deal at luncheon, and his determination to have my company bordered on violence. The supercilious assumption was that on Sunday afternoon I had nothing better to do.

I followed him over a low whitewashed railroad fence, and we walked back a hundred yards along the road under Doctor Eckleburg's persistent stare. The only building in sight was a small block of yellow brick sitting on the edge of the waste land, a sort of compact Main Street ministering to it, and contiguous to absolutely nothing. One of the three shops it contained was for rent and another was an all-night restaurant, approached by a trail of ashes; the third was a garage—*Repairs.* GEORGE B. WILSON. *Cars bought and sold.*—and I followed Tom inside.

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The interior was unprosperous and bare; the only car visible was the dust-covered wreck of a Ford which crouched in a dim corner. It had occurred to me that this shadow of a garage must be a blind, and that sumptuous and romantic apartments were concealed overhead, when the proprietor himself appeared in the door of an office, wiping his hands on a piece of waste. He was a blond, spiritless man, anæmic, and faintly handsome. When he saw us a damp gleam of hope sprang into his light blue eyes.

"Hello, Wilson, old man," said Tom, slapping him jovially on the shoulder. "How's business?"

"I can't complain," answered Wilson unconvincingly. "When are you going to sell me that car?"

"Next week; I've got my man working on it now."

"Works pretty slow, don't he?"

"No, he doesn't," said Tom coldly. "And if you feel that way about it, maybe I'd better sell it somewhere else after all."

"I don't mean that," explained Wilson quickly. "I just meant——"

His voice faded off and Tom glanced impatiently around the garage. Then I heard footsteps on a stairs, and in a moment the thickish figure of a woman blocked out the light from the office door. She was in the middle thirties, and faintly stout, but she carried her surplus flesh sensuously as some women can. Her face, above a spotted dress of dark blue crêpe-de-chine, contained no facet or gleam of beauty, but there was an immediately perceptible vitality about her as if the nerves of her body were continually smouldering. She smiled slowly and, walking through her husband as if he were a ghost, shook hands with Tom, looking him flush in the eye.

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Then she wet her lips, and without turning around spoke to her husband in a soft, coarse voice:

"Get some chairs, why don't you, so somebody can sit down."

"Oh, sure," agreed Wilson hurriedly, and went toward the little office, mingling immediately with the cement color of the walls. A white ashen dust veiled his dark suit and his pale hair as it veiled everything in the vicinity—except his wife, who moved close to Tom.

"I want to see you," said Tom intently. "Get on the next train."

"All right."

"I'll meet you by the news-stand on the lower level."

She nodded and moved away from him just as George Wilson emerged with two chairs from his office door.

We waited for her down the road and out of sight. It was a few days before the Fourth of July, and a gray, scrawny Italian child was setting torpedoes in a row along the railroad track.

"Terrible place, isn't it," said Tom, exchanging a frown with Doctor Eckleburg.

"Awful."

"It does her good to get away."

"Doesn't her husband object?"

"Wilson? He thinks she goes to see her sister in New York. He's so dumb he doesn't know he's alive."

So Tom Buchanan and his girl and I went up together to New York—or not quite together, for Mrs. Wilson sat discreetly in another car. Tom deferred that much to the sensibilities of those East Eggers who might be on the train.

She had changed her dress to a brown figured muslin, which stretched tight over her rather wide hips as Tom

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helped her to the platform in New York. At the newsstand she bought a copy of *Town Tattle* and a moving-picture magazine, and in the station drug-store some cold cream and a small flask of perfume. Up-stairs, in the solemn echoing drive she let four taxicabs drive away before she selected a new one, lavender-colored with gray upholstery, and in this we slid out from the mass of the station into the glowing sunshine. But immediately she turned sharply from the window and, leaning forward, tapped on the front glass.

"I want to get one of those dogs," she said earnestly. "I want to get one for the apartment. They're nice to have—a dog."

We backed up to a gray old man who bore an absurd resemblance to John D. Rockefeller. In a basket swung from his neck cowered a dozen very recent puppies of an indeterminate breed.

"What kind are they?" asked Mrs. Wilson eagerly, as he came to the taxi-window.

"All kinds. What kind do you want, lady?"

"I'd like to get one of those police dogs; I don't suppose you got that kind?"

The man peered doubtfully into the basket, plunged in his hand and drew one up, wriggling, by the back of the neck.

"That's no police dog," said Tom.

"No, it's not exactly a p*olice* dog," said the man with disappointment in his voice. "It's more of an Airedale." He passed his hand over the brown washrag of a back. "Look at that coat. Some coat. That's a dog that'll never bother you with catching cold."

"I think it's cute," said Mrs. Wilson enthusiastically. "How much is it?"

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"That dog?" He looked at it admiringly. "That dog will cost you ten dollars."

The Airedale—undoubtedly there was an Airedale concerned in it somewhere, though its feet were startlingly white—changed hands and settled down into Mrs. Wilson's lap, where she fondled the weatherproof coat with rapture.

"Is it a boy or a girl?" she asked delicately.

"That dog? That dog's a boy."

"It's a bitch," said Tom decisively. "Here's your money. Go and buy ten more dogs with it."

We drove over to Fifth Avenue, so warm and soft, almost pastoral, on the summer Sunday afternoon that I wouldn't have been surprised to see a great flock of white sheep turn the corner.

"Hold on," I said, "I have to leave you here."

"No, you don't," interposed Tom quickly. "Myrtle'll be hurt if you don't come up to the apartment. Won't you, Myrtle?"

"Come on," she urged. "I'll telephone my sister Catherine. She's said to be very beautiful by people who ought to know."

"Well, I'd like to, but——"

We went on, cutting back again over the Park toward the West Hundreds. At 158th Street the cab stopped at one slice in a long white cake of apartment-houses. Throwing a regal homecoming glance around the neighborhood, Mrs. Wilson gathered up her dog and her other purchases, and went haughtily in.

"I'm going to have the McKees come up," she announced as we rose in the elevator. "And, of course, I got to call up my sister, too."

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The apartment was on the top floor—a small living-room, a small dining-room, a small bedroom, and a bath. The living-room was crowded to the doors with a set of tapestried furniture entirely too large for it, so that to move about was to stumble continually over scenes of ladies swinging in the gardens of Versailles. The only picture was an over-enlarged photograph, apparently a hen sitting on a blurred rock. Looked at from a distance, however, the hen resolved itself into a bonnet, and the countenance of a stout old lady beamed down into the room. Several old copies of *Town Tattle* lay on the table together with a copy of *Simon Called Peter*, and some of the small scandal magazines of Broadway. Mrs. Wilson was first concerned with the dog. A reluctant elevator-boy went for a box full of straw and some milk, to which he added on his own initiative a tin of large, hard dog-biscuits—one of which decomposed apathetically in the saucer of milk all afternoon. Meanwhile Tom brought out a bottle of whiskey from a locked bureau door.

I have been drunk just twice in my life, and the second time was that afternoon; so everything that happened has a dim, hazy cast over it, although until after eight o'clock the apartment was full of cheerful sun. Sitting on Tom's lap Mrs. Wilson called up several people on the telephone; then there were no cigarettes, and I went out to buy some at the drugstore on the corner. When I came back they had disappeared, so I sat down discreetly in the living-room and read a chapter of *Simon Called Peter*—either it was terrible stuff or the whiskey distorted things, because it didn't make any sense to me.

Just as Tom and Myrtle (after the first drink Mrs.

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Wilson and I called each other by our first names) reappeared, company commenced to arrive at the apartment-door.

The sister, Catherine, was a slender, worldly girl of about thirty, with a solid, sticky bob of red hair, and a complexion powdered milky white. Her eyebrows had been plucked and then drawn on again at a more rakish angle, but the efforts of nature toward the restoration of the old alignment gave a blurred air to her face. When she moved about there was an incessant clicking as innumerable pottery bracelets jingled up and down upon her arms. She came in with such a proprietary haste, and looked around so possessively at the furniture that I wondered if she lived here. But when I asked her she laughed immoderately, repeated my question aloud, and told me she lived with a girl friend at a hotel.

Mr. McKee was a pale, feminine man from the flat below. He had just shaved, for there was a white spot of lather on his cheekbone, and he was most respectful in his greeting to every one in the room. He informed me that he was in the "artistic game," and I gathered later that he was a photographer and had made the dim enlargement of Mrs. Wilson's mother which hovered like an ectoplasm on the wall. His wife was shrill, languid, handsome, and horrible. She told me with pride that her husband had photographed her a hundred and twenty-seven times since they had been married.

Mrs. Wilson had changed her costume some time before, and was now attired in an elaborate afternoon dress of cream-colored chiffon, which gave out a continual rustle as she swept about the room. With the influence of the dress her personality had also undergone a change. The intense vitality that had been so

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remarkable in the garage was converted into impressive hauteur. Her laughter, her gestures, her assertions became more violently affected moment by moment, and as she expanded the room grew smaller around her, until she seemed to be revolving on a noisy, creaking pivot through the smoky air.

"My dear," she told her sister in a high, mincing shout, "most of these fellas will cheat you every time. All they think of is money. I had a woman up here last week to look at my feet, and when she gave me the bill you'd of thought she had my appendicitis out."

"What was the name of the woman?" asked Mrs. McKee.

"Mrs. Eberhardt. She goes around looking at people's feet in their own homes."

"I like your dress," remarked Mrs. McKee, "I think it's adorable."

Mrs. Wilson rejected the compliment by raising her eyebrow in disdain.

"It's just a crazy old thing," she said. "I just slip it on sometimes when I don't care what I look like."

"But it looks wonderful on you, if you know what I mean," pursued Mrs. McKee. "If Chester could only get you in that pose I think he could make something of it."

We all looked in silence at Mrs. Wilson, who removed a strand of hair from over her eyes and looked back at us with a brilliant smile. Mr. McKee regarded her intently with his head on one side, and then moved his hand back and forth slowly in front of his face.

"I should change the light," he said after a moment. "I'd like to bring out the modelling of the features. And I'd try to get hold of all the back hair."

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"I wouldn't think of changing the light," cried Mrs. McKee. "I think it's——"

Her husband said "*Sh!*" and we all looked at the subject again, whereupon Tom Buchanan yawned audibly and got to his feet.

"You McKees have something to drink," he said. "Get some more ice and mineral water, Myrtle, before everybody goes to sleep."

"I told that boy about the ice." Myrtle raised her eyebrows in despair at the shiftlessness of the lower orders. "These people! You have to keep after them all the time."

She looked at me and laughed pointlessly. Then she flounced over to the dog, kissed it with ecstasy, and swept into the kitchen, implying that a dozen chefs awaited her orders there.

"I've done some nice things out on Long Island," asserted Mr. McKee.

Tom looked at him blankly.

"Two of them we have framed down-stairs."

"Two what?" demanded Tom.

"Two studies. One of them I call *Montauk Point—The Gulls*, and the other I call *Montauk Point—The Sea.*"

The sister Catherine sat down beside me on the couch.

"Do you live down on Long Island, too?" she inquired.

"I live at West Egg."

"Really? I was down there at a party about a month ago. At a man named Gatsby's. Do you know him?"

"I live next door to him."

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"Well, they say he's a nephew or a cousin of Kaiser Wilhelm's. That's where all his money comes from."

"Really?"

She nodded.

"I'm scared of him. I'd hate to have him get anything on me."

This absorbing information about my neighbor was interrupted by Mrs. McKee's pointing suddenly at Catherine:

"Chester, I think you could do something with *her,*" she broke out, but Mr. McKee only nodded in a bored way, and turned his attention to Tom.

"I'd like to do more work on Long Island, if I could get the entry. All I ask is that they should give me a start."

"Ask Myrtle," said Tom, breaking into a short shout of laughter as Mrs. Wilson entered with a tray. "She'll give you a letter of introduction, won't you, Myrtle?"

"Do what?" she asked, startled.

"You'll give McKee a letter of introduction to your husband, so he can do some studies of him." His lips moved silently for a moment as he invented. "*George B. Wilson at the Gasoline Pump,* or something like that."

Catherine leaned close to me and whispered in my ear:

"Neither of them can stand the person they're married to."

"Can't they?"

"Can't *stand* them." She looked at Myrtle and then at Tom. "What I say is, why go on living with them if they can't stand them? If I was them I'd get a divorce and get married to each other right away."

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"Doesn't she like Wilson either?"

The answer to this was unexpected. It came from Myrtle, who had overheard the question, and it was violent and obscene.

"You see," cried Catherine triumphantly. She lowered her voice again. "It's really his wife that's keeping them apart. She's a Catholic, and they don't believe in divorce."

Daisy was not a Catholic, and I was a little shocked at the elaborateness of the lie.

"When they do get married," continued Catherine, "they're going West to live for a while until it blows over."

"It'd be more discreet to go to Europe."

"Oh, do you like Europe?" she exclaimed surprisingly. "I just got back from Monte Carlo."

"Really."

"Just last year. I went over there with another girl."

"Stay long?"

"No, we just went to Monte Carlo and back. We went by way of Marseilles. We had over twelve hundred dollars when we started, but we got gypped out of it all in two days in the private rooms. We had an awful time getting back, I can tell you. God, how I hated that town!"

The late afternoon sky bloomed in the window for a moment like the blue honey of the Mediterranean—then the shrill voice of Mrs. McKee called me back into the room.

"I almost made a mistake, too," she declared vigorously. "I almost married a little kike who'd been after me for years. I knew he was below me. Everybody kept

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saying to me: 'Lucille, that man's 'way below you!' But if I hadn't met Chester, he'd of got me sure."

"Yes, but listen," said Myrtle Wilson, nodding her head up and down, "at least you didn't marry him."

"I know I didn't."

"Well, I married him," said Myrtle, ambiguously. "And that's the difference between your case and mine."

"Why did you, Myrtle?" demanded Catherine. "Nobody forced you to."

Myrtle considered.

"I married him because I thought he was a gentleman," she said finally. "I thought he knew something about breeding, but he wasn't fit to lick my shoe."

"You were crazy about him for a while," said Catherine.

"Crazy about him!" cried Myrtle incredulously. "Who said I was crazy about him? I never was any more crazy about him than I was about that man there."

She pointed suddenly at me, and every one looked at me accusingly. I tried to show by my expression that I had played no part in her past.

"The only *crazy* I was was when I married him. I knew right away I made a mistake. He borrowed somebody's best suit to get married in, and never even told me about it, and the man came after it one day when he was out." She looked around to see who was listening. "'Oh, is that your suit?' I said. 'This is the first I ever heard about it.' But I gave it to him and then I lay down and cried to beat the band all afternoon."

"She really ought to get away from him," resumed Catherine to me. "They've been living over that garage for eleven years. And Tom's the first sweetie she ever had."

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The bottle of whiskey—a second one—was now in constant demand by all present, excepting Catherine, who "felt just as good on nothing at all." Tom rang for the janitor and sent him for some celebrated sandwiches, which were a complete supper in themselves. I wanted to get out and walk eastward toward the park through the soft twilight, but each time I tried to go I became entangled in some wild, strident argument which pulled me back, as if with ropes, into my chair. Yet high over the city our line of yellow windows must have contributed their share of human secrecy to the casual watcher in the darkening streets, and I was him too, looking up and wondering. I was within and without, simultaneously enchanted and repelled by the inexhaustible variety of life.

Myrtle pulled her chair close to mine, and suddenly her warm breath poured over me the story of her first meeting with Tom.

"It was on the two little seats facing each other that are always the last ones left on the train. I was going up to New York to see my sister and spend the night. He had on a dress suit and patent leather shoes, and I couldn't keep my eyes off him, but every time he looked at me I had to pretend to be looking at the advertisement over his head. When we came into the station he was next to me, and his white shirt-front pressed against my arm, and so I told him I'd have to call policeman, but he knew I lied. I was so excited that when I got into a taxi with him I didn't hardly know I wasn't getting into a subway train. All I kept thinking about, over and over, was 'You can't live forever; you can't live forever.'"

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She turned to Mrs. McKee and the room rang full of her artificial laughter.

"My dear," she cried, "I'm going to give you this dress as soon as I'm through with it. I've got to get another one tomorrow. I'm going to make a list of all the things I've got to get. A massage and a wave, and a collar for the dog, and one of those cute little ash-trays where you touch a spring, and a wreath with a black silk bow for mother's grave that'll last all summer. I got to write down a list so I won't forget all the things I got to do."

It was nine o'clock—almost immediately afterward I looked at my watch and found it was ten. Mr. McKee was asleep on a chair with his fists clenched in his lap, like a photograph of a man of action. Taking out my handkerchief I wiped from his cheek the remains of the spot of dried lather that had worried me all the afternoon.

The little dog was sitting on the table looking with blind eyes through the smoke, and from time to time groaning faintly. People disappeared, reappeared, made plans to go somewhere, and then lost each other, searched for each other, found each other a few feet away. Some time toward midnight Tom Buchanan and Mrs. Wilson stood face to face, discussing in impassioned voices whether Mrs. Wilson had any right to mention Daisy's name.

"Daisy! Daisy! Daisy!" shouted Mrs. Wilson. "I'll say it whenever I want to! Daisy! Dai——"

Making a short deft movement, Tom Buchanan broke her nose with his open hand.

Then there were bloody towels upon the bathroom

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floor, and women's voices scolding, and high over the confusion a long broken wail of pain. Mr. McKee awoke from his doze and started in a daze toward the door. When he had gone halfway he turned around and stared at the scene—his wife and Catherine scolding and consoling as they stumbled here and there among the crowded furniture with articles of aid, and the despairing figure on the couch, bleeding fluently, and trying to spread a copy of *Town Tattle* over the tapestry scenes of Versailles. Then Mr. McKee turned and continued on out the door. Taking my hat from the chandelier, I followed.

"Come to lunch some day," he suggested, as we groaned down in the elevator.

"Where?"

"Anywhere."

"Keep your hands off the lever," snapped the elevator boy.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. McKee with dignity, "I didn't know I was touching it."

"All right," I agreed, "I'll be glad to."

. . . I was standing beside his bed and he was sitting up between the sheets, clad in his underwear, with a great portfolio in his hands.

"Beauty and the Beast . . . Loneliness . . . Old Grocery Horse . . . Brook'n Bridge. . . ."

Then I was lying half asleep in the cold lower level of the Pennsylvania Station, staring at the morning *Tribune,* and waiting for the four o'clock train.

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CHAPTER III

THERE was music from my neighbor's house through the summer nights. In his blue gardens men and girls came and went like moths among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars. At high tide in the afternoon I watched his guests diving from the tower of his raft, or taking the sun on the hot sand of his beach while his two motor-boats slit the waters of the Sound, drawing aquaplanes over cataracts of foam. On week-ends his Rolls-Royce became an omnibus, bearing parties to and from the city between nine in the morning and long past midnight, while his station wagon scampered like a brisk yellow bug to meet all trains. And on Mondays eight servants, including an extra gardener, toiled all day with mops and scrubbing-brushes and hammers and garden-shears, repairing the ravages of the night before.

Every Friday five crates of oranges and lemons arrived from a fruiterer in New York—every Monday these same oranges and lemons left his back door in a pyramid of pulpless halves. There was a machine in the kitchen which could extract the juice of two hundred oranges in half an hour if a little button was pressed two hundred times by a butler's thumb.

At least once a fortnight a corps of caterers came down with several hundred feet of canvas and enough colored lights to make a Christmas tree of Gatsby's enormous garden. On buffet tables, garnished with glistening hors-d'œuvre, spiced baked hams crowded against salads of

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harlequin designs and pastry pigs and turkeys bewitched to a dark gold. In the main hall a bar with a real brass rail was set up, and stocked with gins and liquors and with cordials so long forgotten that most of his female guests were too young to know one from another.

By seven o'clock the orchestra has arrived, no thin five-piece affair, but a whole pitful of oboes and trombones and saxophones and viols and cornets and piccolos, and low and high drums. The last swimmers have come in from the beach now and are dressing up-stairs; the cars from New York are parked five deep in the drive, and already the halls and salons and verandas are gaudy with primary colors, and hair shorn in strange new ways, and shawls beyond the dreams of Castile. The bar is in full swing, and floating rounds of cocktails permeate the garden outside, until the air is alive with chatter and laughter, and casual innuendo and introductions forgotten on the spot, and enthusiastic meetings between women who never knew each other's names.

The lights grow brighter as the earth lurches away from the sun, and now the orchestra is playing yellow cocktail music, and the opera of voices pitches a key higher. Laughter is easier minute by minute, spilled with prodigality, tipped out at a cheerful word. The groups change more swiftly, swell with new arrivals, dissolve and form in the same breath; already there are wanderers, confident girls who weave here and there among the stouter and more stable, become for a sharp, joyous moment the center of a group, and then, excited with triumph, glide on through the sea-change of faces and voices and color under the constantly changing light.

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Suddenly one of these gypsies, in trembling opal, seizes a cocktail out of the air, dumps it down for courage and, moving her hands like Frisco, dances out alone on the canvas platform. A momentary hush; the orchestra leader varies his rhythm obligingly for her, and there is a burst of chatter as the erroneous news goes around that she is Gilda Gray's understudy from the *Follies*. The party has begun.

I believe that on the first night I went to Gatsby's house I was one of the few guests who had actually been invited. People were not invited—they went there. They got into automobiles which bore them out to Long Island, and somehow they ended up at Gatsby's door. Once there they were introduced by somebody who knew Gatsby, and after that they conducted themselves according to the rules of behavior associated with amusement parks. Sometimes they came and went without having met Gatsby at all, came for the party with a simplicity of heart that was its own ticket of admission.

I had been actually invited. A chauffeur in a uniform of robin's-egg blue crossed my lawn early that Saturday morning with a surprisingly formal note from his employer: the honor would be entirely Gatsby's, it said, if I would attend his "little party" that night. He had seen me several times, and had intended to call on me long before, but a peculiar combination of circumstances had prevented it—signed Jay Gatsby, in a majestic hand.

Dressed up in white flannels I went over to his lawn a little after seven, and wandered around rather ill at ease among swirls and eddies of people I didn't know—though here and there was a face I had noticed on the commuting train. I was immediately struck by the number of young Englishmen dotted about; all well dressed,

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all looking a little hungry, and all talking in low, earnest voices to solid and prosperous Americans. I was sure that they were selling something: bonds or insurance or automobiles. They were at least agonizingly aware of the easy money in the vicinity and convinced that it was theirs for a few words in the right key.

As soon as I arrived I made an attempt to find my host, but the two or three people of whom I asked his whereabouts stared at me in such an amazed way, and denied so vehemently any knowledge of his movements, that I slunk off in the direction of the cocktail table—the only place in the garden where a single man could linger without looking purposeless and alone.

I was on my way to get roaring drunk from sheer embarrassment when Jordan Baker came out of the house and stood at the head of the marble steps, leaning a little backward and looking with contemptuous interest down into the garden.

Welcome or not, I found it necessary to attach myself to some one before I should begin to address cordial remarks to the passers-by.

"Hello!" I roared, advancing toward her. My voice seemed unnaturally loud across the garden.

"I thought you might be here," she responded absently as I came up. "I remembered you lived next door to——"

She held my hand impersonally, as a promise that she'd take care of me in a minute, and gave ear to two girls in twin yellow dresses, who stopped at the foot of the steps.

"Hello!" they cried together. "Sorry you didn't win."

That was for the golf tournament. She had lost in the finals the week before.

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"You don't know who we are," said one of the girls in yellow, "but we met you here about a month ago."

"You've dyed your hair since then," remarked Jordan, and I started, but the girls had moved casually on and her remark was addressed to the premature moon, produced like the supper, no doubt, out of a caterer's basket. With Jordan's slender golden arm resting in mine, we descended the steps and sauntered about the garden. A tray of cocktails floated at us through the twilight, and we sat down at a table with the two girls in yellow and three men, each one introduced to us as Mr. Mumble.

"Do you come to these parties often?" inquired Jordan of the girl beside her.

"The last one was the one I met you at," answered the girl, in an alert confident voice. She turned to her companion: "Wasn't it for you, Lucille?"

It was for Lucille, too.

"I like to come," Lucille said. "I never care what I do, so I always have a good time. When I was here last I tore my gown on a chair, and he asked me my name and address—inside of a week I got a package from Croirier's with a new evening gown in it."

"Did you keep it?" asked Jordan.

"Sure I did. I was going to wear it tonight, but it was too big in the bust and had to be altered. It was gas blue with lavender beads. Two hundred and sixty-five dollars."

"There's something funny about a fellow that'll do a thing like that," said the other girl eagerly. "He doesn't want any trouble with *any*body."

"Who doesn't?" I inquired.

"Gatsby. Somebody told me——"

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The two girls and Jordan leaned together confidentially.

"Somebody told me they thought he killed a man once."

A thrill passed over all of us. The three Mr. Mumbles bent forward and listened eagerly.

"I don't think it's so much *that*," argued Lucille sceptically; "it's more that he was a German spy during the war."

One of the men nodded in confirmation.

"I heard that from a man who knew all about him, grew up with him in Germany," he assured us positively.

"Oh, no," said the first girl, "it couldn't be that, because he was in the American army during the war." As our credulity switched back to her she leaned forward with enthusiasm. "You look at him sometimes when he thinks nobody's looking at him. I'll bet he killed a man."

She narrowed her eyes and shivered. Lucille shivered. We all turned and looked around for Gatsby. It was testimony to the romantic speculation he inspired that there were whispers about him from those who had found little that it was necessary to whisper about in this world.

The first supper—there would be another one after midnight—was now being served, and Jordan invited me to join her own party, who were spread around a table on the other side of the garden. There were three married couples and Jordan's escort, a persistent undergraduate given to violent innuendo, and obviously under the impression that sooner or later Jordan was going to yield him up her person to a greater or lesser degree.

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Instead of rambling, this party had preserved a dignified homogeneity, and assumed to itself the function of representing the staid nobility of the country-side—East Egg condescending to West Egg, and carefully on guard against its spectroscopic gayety.

"Let's get out," whispered Jordan, after a somehow wasteful and inappropriate half-hour; "this is much too polite for me."

We got up, and she explained that we were going to find the host: I had never met him, she said, and it was making me uneasy. The undergraduate nodded in a cynical, melancholy way.

The bar, where we glanced first, was crowded, but Gatsby was not there. She couldn't find him from the top of the steps, and he wasn't on the veranda. On a chance we tried an important-looking door, and walked into a high Gothic library, panelled with carved English oak, and probably transported complete from some ruin overseas.

A stout, middle-aged man, with enormous owl-eyed spectacles, was sitting somewhat drunk on the edge of a great table, staring with unsteady concentration at the shelves of books. As we entered he wheeled excitedly around and examined Jordan from head to foot.

"What do you think?" he demanded impetuously.

"About what?"

He waved his hand toward the book-shelves.

"About that. As a matter of fact you needn't bother to ascertain. I ascertained. They're real."

"The books?"

He nodded.

"Absolutely real—have pages and everything. I thought they'd be a nice durable cardboard. Matter of

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fact, they're absolutely real. Pages and— Here! Lemme show you."

Taking our scepticism for granted, he rushed to the bookcases and returned with Volume One of the "Stoddard Lectures."

"See!" he cried triumphantly. "It's a bona-fide piece of printed matter. It fooled me. This fella's a regular Belasco. It's a triumph. What thoroughness! What realism! Knew when to stop, too—didn't cut the pages. But what do you want? What do you expect?"

He snatched the book from me and replaced it hastily on its shelf, muttering that if one brick was removed the whole library was liable to collapse.

"Who brought you?" he demanded. "Or did you just come? I was brought. Most people were brought."

Jordan looked at him alertly, cheerfully, without answering.

"I was brought by a woman named Roosevelt," he continued. "Mrs. Claud Roosevelt. Do you know her? I met her somewhere last night. I've been drunk for about a week now, and I thought it might sober me up to sit in a library."

"Has it?"

"A little bit, I think. I can't tell yet. I've only been here an hour. Did I tell you about the books? They're real. They're——"

"You told us."

We shook hands with him gravely and went back outdoors.

There was dancing now on the canvas in the garden; old men pushing young girls backward in eternal graceless circles, superior couples holding each other tortuously, fashionably, and keeping in the corners—and a

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great number of single girls dancing individualistically or relieving the orchestra for a moment of the burden of the banjo or the traps. By midnight the hilarity had increased. A celebrated tenor had sung in Italian, and a notorious contralto had sung in jazz, and between the numbers people were doing "stunts" all over the garden, while happy, vacuous bursts of laughter rose toward the summer sky. A pair of stage twins, who turned out to be the girls in yellow, did a baby act in costume, and champagne was served in glasses bigger than finger-bowls. The moon had risen higher, and floating in the Sound was a triangle of silver scales, trembling a little to the stiff, tinny drip of the banjoes on the lawn.

I was still with Jordan Baker. We were sitting at a table with a man of about my age and a rowdy little girl, who gave way upon the slightest provocation to uncontrollable laughter. I was enjoying myself now. I had taken two finger-bowls of champagne, and the scene had changed before my eyes into something significant, elemental, and profound.

At a lull in the entertainment the man looked at me and smiled.

"Your face is familiar," he said, politely. "Weren't you in the Third Division during the war?"

"Why, yes. I was in the ninth machine-gun battalion."

"I was in the Seventh Infantry until June nineteen-eighteen. I knew I'd seen you somewhere before."

We talked for a moment about some wet, gray little villages in France. Evidently he lived in this vicinity, for he told me that he had just bought a hydroplane, and was going to try it out in the morning.

"Want to go with me, old sport? Just near the shore along the Sound."

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"What time?"

"Any time that suits you best."

It was on the tip of my tongue to ask his name when Jordan looked around and smiled.

"Having a gay time now?" she inquired.

"Much better." I turned again to my new acquaintance. "This is an unusual party for me. I haven't even seen the host. I live over there—" I waved my hand at the invisible hedge in the distance, "and this man Gatsby sent over his chauffeur with an invitation."

For a moment he looked at me as if he failed to understand.

"I'm Gatsby," he said suddenly.

"What!" I exclaimed. "Oh, I beg your pardon."

"I thought you knew, old sport. I'm afraid I'm not a very good host."

He smiled understandingly—much more than understandingly. It was one of those rare smiles with a quality of eternal reassurance in it, that you may come across four or five times in life. It faced—or seemed to face—the whole external world for an instant, and then concentrated on *you* with an irresistible prejudice in your favor. It understood you just as far as you wanted to be understood, believed in you as you would like to believe in yourself, and assured you that it had precisely the impression of you that, at your best, you hoped to convey. Precisely at that point it vanished—and I was looking at an elegant young roughneck, a year or two over thirty, whose elaborate formality of speech just missed being absurd. Some time before he introduced himself I'd got a strong impression that he was picking his words with care.

Almost at the moment when Mr. Gatsby identified

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himself, a butler hurried toward him with the information that Chicago was calling him on the wire. He excused himself with a small bow that included each of us in turn.

"If you want anything just ask for it, old sport," he urged me. "Excuse me. I will rejoin you later."

When he was gone I turned immediately to Jordan—constrained to assure her of my surprise. I had expected that Mr. Gatsby would be a florid and corpulent person in his middle years.

"Who is he?" I demanded. "Do you know?"

"He's just a man named Gatsby."

"Where is he from, I mean? And what does he do?"

"Now *you're* started on the subject," she answered with a wan smile. "Well, he told me once he was an Oxford man."

A dim background started to take shape behind him, but at her next remark it faded away.

"However, I don't believe it."

"Why not?"

"I don't know," she insisted, "I just don't think he went there."

Something in her tone reminded me of the other girl's "I think he killed a man," and had the effect of stimulating my curiosity. I would have accepted without question the information that Gatsby sprang from the swamps of Louisiana or from the lower East Side of New York. That was comprehensible. But young men didn't—at least in my provincial inexperience I believed they didn't—drift coolly out of nowhere and buy a palace on Long Island Sound.

"Anyhow, he gives large parties," said Jordan, changing the subject with an urban distaste for the concrete.

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"And I like large parties. They're so intimate. At small parties there isn't any privacy."

There was the boom of a bass drum, and the voice of the orchestra leader rang out suddenly above the echolalia of the garden.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he cried. "At the request of Mr. Gatsby we are going to play for you Mr. Vladimir Tostoff's latest work, which attracted so much attention at Carnegie Hall last May. If you read the papers you know there was a big sensation." He smiled with jovial condescension, and added: "Some sensation!" Whereupon everybody laughed.

"The piece is known," he concluded lustily, "as Vladimir Tostoff's *Jazz History of the World.*"

The nature of Mr. Tostoff's composition eluded me, because just as it began my eyes fell on Gatsby, standing alone on the marble steps and looking from one group to another with approving eyes. His tanned skin was drawn attractively tight on his face and his short hair looked as though it were trimmed every day. I could see nothing sinister about him. I wondered if the fact that he was not drinking helped to set him off from his guests, for it seemed to me that he grew more correct as the fraternal hilarity increased. When the *Jazz History of the World* was over, girls were putting their heads on men's shoulders in a puppyish, convivial way, girls were swooning backward playfully into men's arms, even into groups, knowing that some one would arrest their falls—but no one swooned backward on Gatsby, and no French bob touched Gatsby's shoulder, and no singing quartets were formed with Gatsby's head for one link.

"I beg your pardon."

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Gatsby's butler was suddenly standing beside us.

"Miss Baker?" he inquired. "I beg your pardon, but Mr. Gatsby would like to speak to you alone."

"With me?" she exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes, madame."

She got up slowly, raising her eyebrows at me in astonishment, and followed the butler toward the house. I noticed that she wore her evening-dress, all her dresses, like sports clothes—there was a jauntiness about her movements as if she had first learned to walk upon golf courses on clean, crisp mornings.

I was alone and it was almost two. For some time confused and intriguing sounds had issued from a long, many-windowed room which overhung the terrace. Eluding Jordan's undergraduate, who was now engaged in an obstetrical conversation with two chorus girls, and who implored me to join him, I went inside.

The large room was full of people. One of the girls in yellow was playing the piano, and beside her stood a tall, red-haired young lady from a famous chorus, engaged in song. She had drunk a quantity of champagne, and during the course of her song she had decided, ineptly, that everything was very, very sad—she was not only singing, she was weeping too. Whenever there was a pause in the song she filled it with gasping, broken sobs, and then took up the lyric again in a quavering soprano. The tears coursed down her cheeks—not freely, however, for when they came into contact with her heavily beaded eyelashes they assumed an inky color, and pursued the rest of their way in slow black rivulets. A humorous suggestion was made that she sing the notes on her face, whereupon she threw up her hands, sank into a chair, and went off into a deep vinous sleep.

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"She had a fight with a man who says he's her husband," explained a girl at my elbow.

I looked around. Most of the remaining women were now having fights with men said to be their husbands. Even Jordan's party, the quartet from East Egg, were rent asunder by dissension. One of the men was talking with curious intensity to a young actress, and his wife, after attempting to laugh at the situation in a dignified and indifferent way, broke down entirely and resorted to flank attacks—at intervals she appeared suddenly at his side like an angry diamond, and hissed: "You promised!" into his ear.

The reluctance to go home was not confined to wayward men. The hall was at present occupied by two deplorably sober men and their highly indignant wives. The wives were sympathizing with each other in slightly raised voices.

"Whenever he sees I'm having a good time he wants to go home."

"Never heard anything so selfish in my life."

"We're always the first ones to leave."

"So are we."

"Well, we're almost the last tonight," said one of the men sheepishly. "The orchestra left half an hour ago."

In spite of this wives' agreement that such malevolence was beyond credibility, the dispute ended in a short struggle, and both wives were lifted, kicking, into the night.

As I waited for my hat in the hall the door of the library opened and Jordan Baker and Gatsby came out together. He was saying some last word to her, but the eagerness in his manner tightened abruptly into formal-

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ity as several people approached him to say good-by.

Jordan's party were calling impatiently to her from the porch, but she lingered for a moment to shake hands.

"I've just heard the most amazing thing," she whispered. "How long were we in there?"

"Why, about an hour."

"It was . . . simply amazing," she repeated abstractedly. "But I swore I wouldn't tell it and here I am tantalizing you." She yawned gracefully in my face. "Please come and see me. . . . Phone book. . . . Under the name of Mrs. Sigourney Howard. . . . My aunt. . . ." She was hurrying off as she talked—her brown hand waved a jaunty salute as she melted into her party at the door.

Rather ashamed that on my first appearance I had stayed so late, I joined the last of Gatsby's guests, who were clustered around him. I wanted to explain that I'd hunted for him early in the evening and to apologize for not having known him in the garden.

"Don't mention it," he enjoined me eagerly. "Don't give it another thought, old sport." The familiar expression held no more familiarity than the hand which reassuringly brushed my shoulder. "And don't forget we're going up in the hydroplane tomorrow morning, at nine o'clock."

Then the butler, behind his shoulder:

"Philadelphia wants you on the 'phone, sir."

"All right, in a minute. Tell them I'll be right there. . . . Good night."

"Good night."

"Good night." He smiled — and suddenly there

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seemed to be a pleasant significance in having been among the last to go, as if he had desired it all the time. "Good night, old sport. . . . Good night."

But as I walked down the steps I saw that the evening was not quite over. Fifty feet from the door a dozen headlights illuminated a bizarre and tumultuous scene. In the ditch beside the road, right side up, but violently shorn of one wheel, rested a new coupé which had left Gatsby's drive not two minutes before. The sharp jut of a wall accounted for the detachment of the wheel, which was now getting considerable attention from half a dozen curious chauffeurs. However, as they had left their cars blocking the road, a harsh, discordant din from those in the rear had been audible for some time, and added to the already violent confusion of the scene.

A man in a long duster had dismounted from the wreck and now stood in the middle of the road, looking from the car to the tire and from the tire to the observers in a pleasant, puzzled way.

"See!" he explained. "It went in the ditch."

The fact was infinitely astonishing to him, and I recognized first the unusual quality of wonder, and then the man—it was the late patron of Gatsby's library.

"How'd it happen?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I know nothing whatever about mechanics," he said decisively.

"But how did it happen? Did you run into the wall?"

"Don't ask me," said Owl Eyes, washing his hands of the whole matter. "I know very little about driving—next to nothing. It happened, and that's all I know."

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"Well, if you're a poor driver you oughtn't to try driving at night."

"But I wasn't even trying," he explained indignantly, "I wasn't even trying."

An awed hush fell upon the bystanders.

"Do you want to commit suicide?"

"You're lucky it was just a wheel! A bad driver and not even *try*ing!"

"You don't understand," explained the criminal. "I wasn't driving. There's another man in the car."

The shock that followed this declaration found voice in a sustained "Ah-h-h!" as the door of the coupé swung slowly open. The crowd—it was now a crowd—stepped back involuntarily, and when the door had opened wide there was a ghostly pause. Then, very gradually, part by part, a pale, dangling individual stepped out of the wreck, pawing tentatively at the ground with a large uncertain dancing shoe.

Blinded by the glare of the headlights and confused by the incessant groaning of the horns, the apparition stood swaying for a moment before he perceived the man in the duster.

"Wha's matter?" he inquired calmly. "Did we run outa gas?"

"Look!"

Half a dozen fingers pointed at the amputated wheel —he stared at it for a moment, and then looked upward as though he suspected that it had dropped from the sky.

"It came off," some one explained.

He nodded.

"At first I din' notice we'd stopped."

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A pause. Then, taking a long breath and straightening his shoulders, he remarked in a determined voice:

"Wonder'ff tell me where there's a gas'line station?"

At least a dozen men, some of them a little better off than he was, explained to him that wheel and car were no longer joined by any physical bond.

"Back out," he suggested after a moment. "Put her in reverse."

"But the *wheel's* off!"

He hesitated.

"No harm in trying," he said.

The caterwauling horns had reached a crescendo and I turned away and cut across the lawn toward home. I glanced back once. A wafer of a moon was shining over Gatsby's house, making the night fine as before, and surviving the laughter and the sound of his still glowing garden. A sudden emptiness seemed to flow now from the windows and the great doors, endowing with complete isolation the figure of the host, who stood on the porch, his hand up in a formal gesture of farewell.

Reading over what I have written so far, I see I have given the impression that the events of three nights several weeks apart were all that absorbed me. On the contrary, they were merely casual events in a crowded summer, and, until much later, they absorbed me infinitely less than my personal affairs.

Most of the time I worked. In the early morning the sun threw my shadow westward as I hurried down the white chasms of lower New York to the Probity Trust. I knew the other clerks and young bond-salesmen by their first names, and lunched with them in dark,

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crowded restaurants on little pig sausages and mashed potatoes and coffee. I even had a short affair with a girl who lived in Jersey City and worked in the accounting department, but her brother began throwing mean looks in my direction, so when she went on her vacation in July I let it blow quietly away.

I took dinner usually at the Yale Club—for some reason it was the gloomiest event of my day—and then I went upstairs to the library and studied investments and securities for a conscientious hour. There were generally a few rioters around, but they never came into the library, so it was a good place to work. After that, if the night was mellow, I strolled down Madison Avenue past the old Murray Hill Hotel, and over 33d Street to the Pennsylvania Station.

I began to like New York, the racy, adventurous feel of it at night, and the satisfaction that the constant flicker of men and women and machines gives to the restless eye. I liked to walk up Fifth Avenue and pick out romantic women from the crowd and imagine that in a few minutes I was going to enter into their lives, and no one would ever know or disapprove. Sometimes, in my mind, I followed them to their apartments on the corners of hidden streets, and they turned and smiled back at me before they faded through a door into warm darkness. At the enchanted metropolitan twilight I felt a haunting loneliness sometimes, and felt it in others—poor young clerks who loitered in front of windows waiting until it was time for a solitary restaurant dinner—young clerks in the dusk, wasting the most poignant moments of night and life.

Again at eight o'clock, when the dark lanes of the Forties were lined five deep with throbbing taxicabs,

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for the theater district, I felt a sinking in my heart. Forms leaned together in the taxis as they waited, and voices sang, and there was laughter from unheard jokes, and lighted cigarettes outlined unintelligible gestures inside. Imagining that I, too, was hurrying toward gayety and sharing their intimate excitement, I wished them well.

For a while I lost sight of Jordan Baker, and then in midsummer I found her again. At first I was flattered to go places with her, because she was a golf champion, and everyone knew her name. Then it was something more. I wasn't actually in love, but I felt a sort of tender curiosity. The bored haughty face that she turned to the world concealed something—most affectations conceal something eventually, even though they don't in the beginning—and one day I found what it was. When we were on a house-party together up in Warwick, she left a borrowed car out in the rain with the top down, and then lied about it—and suddenly I remembered the story about her that had eluded me that night at Daisy's. At her first big golf tournament there was a row that nearly reached the newspapers—a suggestion that she had moved her ball from a bad lie in the semi-final round. The thing approached the proportions of a scandal—then died away. A caddy retracted his statement, and the only other witness admitted that he might have been mistaken. The incident and the name had remained together in my mind.

Jordan Baker instinctively avoided clever, shrewd men, and now I saw that this was because she felt safer on a plane where any divergence from a code would be thought impossible. She was incurably dishonest. She wasn't able to endure being at a disadvantage and,

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given this unwillingness, I suppose she had begun dealing in subterfuges when she was very young in order to keep that cool, insolent smile turned to the world and yet satisfy the demands of her hard, jaunty body.

It made no difference to me. Dishonesty in a woman is a thing you never blame deeply—I was casually sorry, and then I forgot. It was on that same house-party that we had a curious conversation about driving a car. It started because she passed so close to some workman that our fender flicked a button on one man's coat.

"You're a rotten driver," I protested. "Either you ought to be more careful, or you oughtn't to drive at all."

"I am careful."

"No, you're not."

"Well, other people are," she said lightly.

"What's that got to do with it?"

"They'll keep out of my way," she insisted. "It takes two to make an accident."

"Suppose you met somebody just as careless as yourself."

"I hope I never will," she answered. "I hate careless people. That's why I like you."

Her gray, sun-strained eyes stared straight ahead, but she had deliberately shifted our relations, and for a moment I thought I loved her. But I am slow-thinking and full of interior rules that act as brakes on my desires, and I knew that first I had to get myself definitely out of that tangle back home. I'd been writing letters once a week and signing them: "Love, Nick," and all I could think of was how, when that certain girl played tennis, a faint mustache of perspiration appeared on her

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upper lip. Nevertheless there was a vague understanding that had to be tactfully broken off before I was free.

Every one suspects himself of at least one of the cardinal virtues, and this is mine: I am one of the few honest people that I have ever known.

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CHAPTER IV

On Sunday morning while church bells rang in the villages alongshore, the world and its mistress returned to Gatsby's house and twinkled hilariously on his lawn.

"He's a bootlegger," said the young ladies, moving somewhere between his cocktails and his flowers. "One time he killed a man who had found out that he was nephew to Von Hindenburg and second cousin to the devil. Reach me a rose, honey, and pour me a last drop into that there crystal glass."

Once I wrote down on the empty spaces of a timetable the names of those who came to Gatsby's house that summer. It is an old timetable now, disintegrating at its folds, and headed "This schedule in effect July 5th, 1922." But I can still read the gray names, and they will give you a better impression than my generalities of those who accepted Gatsby's hospitality and paid him the subtle tribute of knowing nothing whatever about him.

From East Egg, then, came the Chester Beckers and the Leeches, and a man named Bunsen, whom I knew at Yale, and Doctor Webster Civet, who was drowned last summer up in Maine. And the Hornbeams and the Willie Voltaires, and a whole clan named Blackbuck, who always gathered in a corner and flipped up their noses like goats at whosoever came near. And the Ismays and the Chrysties (or rather Hubert Auerbach and Mr. Chrystie's wife), and Edgar Beaver, whose

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hair, they say, turned cotton-white one winter afternoon for no good reason at all.

Clarence Endive was from East Egg, as I remember. He came only once, in white knickerbockers, and had a fight with a bum named Etty in the garden. From farther out on the Island came the Cheadles and the O. R. P. Schraeders, and the Stonewall Jackson Abrams of Georgia, and the Fishguards and the Ripley Snells. Snell was there three days before he went to the penitentiary, so drunk out on the gravel drive that Mrs. Ulysses Swett's automobile ran over his right hand. The Dancies came, too, and S. B. Whitebait, who was well over sixty, and Maurice A. Flink, and the Hammerheads, and Beluga the tobacco importer, and Beluga's girls.

From West Egg came the Poles and the Mulreadys and Cecil Roebuck and Cecil Schoen and Gulick the State senator and Newton Orchid, who controlled Films Par Excellence, and Eckhaust and Clyde Cohen and Don S. Schwartze (the son) and Arthur McCarty, all connected with the movies in one way or another. And the Catlips and the Bembergs and G. Earl Muldoon, brother to that Muldoon who afterward strangled his wife. Da Fontano the promoter came there, and Ed Legros and James B. ("Rot-Gut") Ferret and the De Jongs and Ernest Lilly—they came to gamble, and when Ferret wandered into the garden it meant he was cleaned out and Associated Traction would have to fluctuate profitably next day.

A man named Klipspringer was there so often and so long that he became known as "the boarder"—I doubt if he had any other home. Of theatrical people there were Gus Waize and Horace O'Donavan and Lester

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Myer and George Duckweed and Francis Bull. Also from New York were the Chromes and the Backhyssons and the Dennickers and Russel Betty and the Corrigans and the Kellehers and the Dewars and the Scullys and S. W. Belcher and the Smirkes and the young Quinns, divorced now, and Henry L. Palmetto, who killed himself by jumping in front of a subway train in Times Square.

Benny McClenahan arrived always with four girls. They were never quite the same ones in physical person, but they were so identical one with another that it inevitably seemed they had been there before. I have forgotten their names—Jaqueline, I think, or else Consuela, or Gloria or Judy or June, and their last names were either the melodious names of flowers and months or the sterner ones of the great American capitalists whose cousins, if pressed, they would confess themselves to be.

In addition to all these I can remember that Faustina O'Brien came there at least once and the Baedeker girls and young Brewer, who had his nose shot off in the war, and Mr. Albrucksburger and Miss Haag, his fiancée, and Ardita Fitz-Peters and Mr. P. Jewett, once head of the American Legion, and Miss Claudia Hip, with a man reputed to be her chauffeur, and a prince of something, whom we called Duke, and whose name, if I ever knew it, I have forgotten.

All these people came to Gatsby's house in the summer.

At nine o'clock, one morning late in July, Gatsby's gorgeous car lurched up the rocky drive to my door and gave out a burst of melody from its three-noted horn.

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It was the first time he had called on me, though I had gone to two of his parties, mounted in his hydroplane, and, at his urgent invitation, made frequent use of his beach.

"Good morning, old sport. You're having lunch with me today and I thought we'd ride up together."

He was balancing himself on the running board of his car with that resourcefulness of movement that is so peculiarly American—that comes, I suppose, with the absence of lifting work or rigid sitting in youth and, even more, with the formless grace of our nervous, sporadic games. This quality was continually breaking through his punctilious manner in the shape of restlessness. He was never quite still; there was always a tapping foot somewhere or the impatient opening and closing of a hand.

He saw me looking with admiration at his car.

"It's pretty, isn't it, old sport!" He jumped off to give me a better view. "Haven't you ever seen it before?"

I'd seen it. Everybody had seen it. It was a rich cream color, bright with nickel, swollen here and there in its monstrous length with triumphant hat-boxes and supper-boxes and tool-boxes, and terraced with a labyrinth of wind-shields that mirrored a dozen suns. Sitting down behind many layers of glass in a sort of green leather conservatory, we started to town.

I had talked with him perhaps half a dozen times in the past month and found, to my disappointment, that he had little to say. So my first impression, that he was a person of some undefined consequence, had gradually faded and he had become simply the proprietor of an elaborate road-house next door.

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And then came that disconcerting ride. We hadn't reached West Egg Village before Gatsby began leaving his elegant sentences unfinished and slapping himself indecisively on the knee of his caramel-colored suit.

"Look here, old sport," he broke out surprisingly, "what's your opinion of me, anyhow?"

A little overwhelmed, I began the generalized evasions which that question deserves.

"Well, I'm going to tell you something about my life," he interrupted. "I don't want you to get a wrong idea of me from all these stories you hear."

So he was aware of the bizarre accusations that flavored conversation in his halls.

"I'll tell you God's truth." His right hand suddenly ordered divine retribution to stand by. "I am the son of some wealthy people in the Middle West—all dead now. I was brought up in America but educated at Oxford, because all my ancestors have been educated there for many years. It is a family tradition."

He looked at me sideways—and I knew why Jordan Baker had believed he was lying. He hurried the phrase "educated at Oxford," or swallowed it, or choked on it, as though it had bothered him before. And with this doubt, his whole statement fell to pieces, and I wondered if there wasn't something a little sinister about him, after all.

"What part of the Middle West?" I inquired casually.

"San Francisco."

"I see."

"My family all died and I came into a good deal of money."

His voice was solemn, as if the memory of that sud-

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den extinction of a clan still haunted him. For a moment I suspected that he was pulling my leg, but a glance at him convinced me otherwise.

"After that I lived like a young rajah in all the capitals of Europe—Paris, Venice, Rome—collecting jewels, chiefly rubies, hunting big game, painting a little, things for myself only, and trying to forget something very sad that had happened to me long ago."

With an effort I managed to restrain my incredulous laughter. The very phrases were worn so threadbare that they evoked no image except that of a turbaned "character" leaking sawdust at every pore as he pursued a tiger through the Bois de Boulogne.

"Then came the war, old sport. It was a great relief, and I tried very hard to die, but I seemed to bear an enchanted life. I accepted a commission as first lieutenant when it began. In the Argonne Forest I took two machine-gun detachments so far forward that there was a half mile gap on either side of us where the infantry couldn't advance. We stayed there two days and two nights, a hundred and thirty men with sixteen Lewis guns, and when the infantry came up at last they found the insignia of three German divisions among the piles of dead. I was promoted to be a major, and every Allied government gave me a decoration—even Montenegro, little Montenegro down on the Adriatic Sea!"

Little Montenegro! He lifted up the words and nodded at them—with his smile. The smile comprehended Montenegro's troubled history and sympathized with the brave struggles of the Montenegrin people. It appreciated fully the chain of national circumstances which had elicited this tribute from Montenegro's warm

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little heart. My incredulity was submerged in fascination now; it was like skimming hastily through a dozen magazines.

He reached in his pocket, and a piece of metal, slung on a ribbon, fell into my palm.

"That's the one from Montenegro."

To my astonishment, the thing had an authentic look. "Orderi di Danilo," ran the circular legend, "Montenegro, Nicolas Rex."

"Turn it."

"Major Jay Gatsby," I read, "For Valour Extraordinary."

"Here's another thing I always carry. A souvenir of Oxford days. It was taken in Trinity Quad—the man on my left is now the Earl of Doncaster."

It was a photograph of half a dozen young men in blazers loafing in an archway through which were visible a host of spires. There was Gatsby, looking a little, not much, younger—with a cricket bat in his hand.

Then it was all true. I saw the skins of tigers flaming in his palace on the Grand Canal; I saw him opening a chest of rubies to ease, with their crimson-lighted depths, the gnawings of his broken heart.

"I'm going to make a big request of you today," he said, pocketing his souvenirs with satisfaction, "so I thought you ought to know something about me. I didn't want you to think I was just some nobody. You see, I usually find myself among strangers because I drift here and there trying to forget the sad thing that happened to me." He hesitated. "You'll hear about it this afternoon."

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"At lunch?"

"No, this afternoon. I happened to find out that you're taking Miss Baker to tea."

"Do you mean you're in love with Miss Baker?"

"No, old sport, I'm not. But Miss Baker has kindly consented to speak to you about this matter."

I hadn't the faintest idea what "this matter" was, but I was more annoyed than interested. I hadn't asked Jordan to tea in order to discuss Mr. Jay Gatsby. I was sure the request would be something utterly fantastic, and for a moment I was sorry I'd ever set foot upon his overpopulated lawn.

He wouldn't say another word. His correctness grew on him as we neared the city. We passed Port Roosevelt, where there was a glimpse of red-belted ocean-going ships, and sped along a cobbled slum lined with the dark, undeserted saloons of the faded-gilt nineteen-hundreds. Then the valley of ashes opened out on both sides of us, and I had a glimpse of Mrs. Wilson straining at the garage pump with panting vitality as we went by.

With fenders spread like wings we scattered light through half Astoria—only half, for as we twisted among the pillars of the elevated I heard the familiar "jug-jug-*spat*!" of a motorcycle, and a frantic policeman rode alongside.

"All right, old sport," called Gatsby. We slowed down. Taking a white card from his wallet, he waved it before the man's eyes.

"Right you are," agreed the policeman, tipping his cap. "Know you next time, Mr. Gatsby. Excuse *me*!"

"What was that?" I inquired. "The picture of Oxford?"

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"I was able to do the commissioner a favor once, and he sends me a Christmas card every year."

Over the great bridge, with the sunlight through the girders making a constant flicker upon the moving cars, with the city rising up across the river in white heaps and sugar lumps all built with a wish out of non-olfactory money. The city seen from the Queensboro Bridge is always the city seen for the first time, in its first wild promise of all the mystery and the beauty in the world.

A dead man passed us in a hearse heaped with blooms, followed by two carriages with drawn blinds, and by more cheerful carriages for friends. The friends looked out at us with the tragic eyes and short upper lips of southeastern Europe, and I was glad that the sight of Gatsby's splendid car was included in their somber holiday. As we crossed Blackwell's Island a limousine passed us, driven by a white chauffeur, in which sat three modish negroes, two bucks and a girl. I laughed aloud as the yolks of their eyeballs rolled toward us in haughty rivalry.

"Anything can happen now that we've slid over this bridge," I thought; "anything at all. . . ."

Even Gatsby could happen, without any particular wonder.

Roaring noon. In a well-fanned Forty-second Street cellar I met Gatsby for lunch. Blinking away the brightness of the street outside, my eyes picked him out obscurely in the anteroom, talking to another man.

"Mr. Carraway, this is my friend Mr. Wolfsheim."

A small, flat-nosed Jew raised his large head and regarded me with two fine growths of hair which

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luxuriated in either nostril. After a moment I discovered his tiny eyes in the half-darkness.

"—So I took one look at him," said Mr. Wolfsheim, shaking my hand earnestly, "and what do you think I did?"

"What?" I inquired politely.

But evidently he was not addressing me, for he dropped my hand and covered Gatsby with his expressive nose.

"I handed the money to Katspaugh and I sid: 'All right, Katspaugh, don't pay him a penny till he shuts his mouth.' He shut it then and there."

Gatsby took an arm of each of us and moved forward into the restaurant, whereupon Mr. Wolfsheim swallowed a new sentence he was starting and lapsed into a somnambulatory abstraction.

"Highballs?" asked the head waiter.

"This is a nice restaurant here," said Mr. Wolfsheim, looking at the Presbyterian nymphs on the ceiling. "But I like across the street better!"

"Yes, highballs," agreed Gatsby, and then to Mr. Wolfsheim: "It's too hot over there."

"Hot and small—yes," said Mr. Wolfsheim, "but full of memories."

"What place is that?" I asked.

"The old Metropole.

"The old Metropole," brooded Mr. Wolfsheim gloomily. "Filled with faces dead and gone. Filled with friends gone now forever. I can't forget so long as I live the night they shot Rosy Rosenthal there. It was six of us at the table, and Rosy had eat and drunk a lot all evening. When it was almost morning the waiter came up to him

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with a funny look and says somebody wants to speak to him outside. 'All right,' says Rosy, and begins to get up, and I pulled him down in his chair.

"'Let the bastards come in here if they want you, Rosy, but don't you, so help me, move outside this room.'

"It was four o'clock in the morning then, and if we'd of raised the blinds we'd of seen daylight."

"Did he go?" I asked innocently.

"Sure he went." Mr. Wolfsheim's nose flashed at me indignantly. "He turned around in the door and says: 'Don't let that waiter take away my coffee!' Then he went out on the sidewalk, and they shot him three times in his full belly and drove away."

"Four of them were electrocuted," I said, remembering.

"Five, with Becker." His nostrils turned to me in an interested way. "I understand you're looking for a business gonnegtion."

The juxtaposition of these two remarks was startling. Gatsby answered for me:

"Oh, no," he exclaimed, "this isn't the man."

"No?" Mr. Wolfsheim seemed disappointed.

"This is just a friend. I told you we'd talk about that some other time."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Wolfsheim, "I had a wrong man."

A succulent hash arrived, and Mr. Wolfsheim, forgetting the more sentimental atmosphere of the old Metropole, began to eat with ferocious delicacy. His eyes, meanwhile, roved very slowly all around the room —he completed the arc by turning to inspect the people

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directly behind. I think that, except for my presence, he would have taken one short glance beneath our own table.

"Look here, old sport," said Gatsby, leaning toward me, "I'm afraid I made you a little angry this morning in the car."

There was the smile again, but this time I held out against it.

"I don't like mysteries," I answered, "and I don't understand why you won't come out frankly and tell me what you want. Why has it all got to come through Miss Baker?"

"Oh, it's nothing underhand," he assured me. "Miss Baker's a great sportswoman, you know, and she'd never do anything that wasn't all right."

Suddenly he looked at his watch, jumped up, and hurried from the room, leaving me with Mr. Wolfsheim at the table.

"He has to telephone," said Mr. Wolfsheim, following him with his eyes. "Fine fellow, isn't he? Handsome to look at and a perfect gentleman."

"Yes."

"He's an Oggsford man."

"Oh!"

"He went to Oggsford College in England. You know Oggsford College?"

"I've heard of it."

"It's one of the most famous colleges in the world."

"Have you known Gatsby for a long time?" I inquired.

"Several years," he answered in a gratified way. "I made the pleasure of his acquaintance just after the war. But I knew I had discovered a man of fine breed-

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ing after I talked with him an hour. I said to myself: 'There's the kind of man you'd like to take home and introduce to your mother and sister.'" He paused. "I see you're looking at my cuff buttons."

I hadn't been looking at them, but I did now. They were composed of oddly familiar pieces of ivory.

"Finest specimens of human molars," he informed me.

"Well!" I inspected them. "That's a very interesting idea."

"Yeah." He flipped his sleeves up under his coat. "Yeah, Gatsby's very careful about women. He would never so much as look at a friend's wife."

When the subject of this instinctive trust returned to the table and sat down Mr. Wolfsheim drank his coffee with a jerk and got to his feet.

"I have enjoyed my lunch," he said, "and I'm going to run off from you two young men before I outstay my welcome."

"Don't hurry, Meyer," said Gatsby, without enthusiasm. Mr. Wolfsheim raised his hand in a sort of benediction.

"You're very polite, but I belong to another generation," he announced solemnly. "You sit here and discuss your sports and your young ladies and your—" He supplied an imaginary noun with another wave of his hand. "As for me, I am fifty years old, and I won't impose myself on you any longer."

As he shook hands and turned away his tragic nose was trembling. I wondered if I had said anything to offend him.

"He becomes very sentimental sometimes," explained Gatsby. "This is one of his sentimental days. He's quite

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a character around New York—a denizen of Broadway."

"Who is he, anyhow, an actor?"

"No."

"A dentist?"

"Meyer Wolfsheim? No, he's a gambler." Gatsby hesitated, then added coolly: "He's the man who fixed the World's Series back in 1919."

"Fixed the World's Series?" I repeated.

The idea staggered me. I remembered, of course, that the World's Series had been fixed in 1919, but if I had thought of it at all I would have thought of it as a thing that merely *happened*, the end of some inevitable chain. It never occurred to me that one man could start to play with the faith of fifty million people—with the single-mindedness of a burglar blowing a safe.

"How did he happen to do that?" I asked after a minute.

"He just saw the opportunity."

"Why isn't he in jail?"

"They can't get him, old sport. He's a smart man."

I insisted on paying the check. As the waiter brought my change I caught sight of Tom Buchanan across the crowded room.

"Come along with me for a minute," I said; "I've got to say hello to some one."

When he saw us Tom jumped up and took half a dozen steps in our direction.

"Where've you been?" he demanded eagerly. "Daisy's furious because you haven't called up."

"This is Mr. Gatsby, Mr. Buchanan."

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They shook hands briefly, and a strained, unfamiliar look of embarrassment came over Gatsby's face.

"How've you been, anyhow?" demanded Tom of me. "How'd you happen to come up this far to eat?"

"I've been having lunch with Mr. Gatsby."

I turned toward Mr. Gatsby, but he was no longer there.

One October day in nineteen-seventeen——

(said Jordan Baker that afternoon, sitting up very straight on a straight chair in the tea-garden at the Plaza Hotel)

—I was walking along from one place to another, half on the sidewalks and half on the lawns. I was happier on the lawns because I had on shoes from England with rubber nobs on the soles that bit into the soft ground. I had on a new plaid skirt also that blew a little in the wind, and whenever this happened the red, white, and blue banners in front of all the houses stretched out stiff and said *tut-tut-tut-tut,* in a disapproving way.

The largest of the banners and the largest of the lawns belonged to Daisy Fay's house. She was just eighteen, two years older than me, and by far the most popular of all the young girls in Louisville. She dressed in white, and had a little white roadster, and all day long the telephone rang in her house and excited young officers from Camp Taylor demanded the privilege of monopolizing her that night. "Anyways, for an hour!"

When I came opposite her house that morning her white roadster was beside the curb, and she was sitting

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in it with a lieutenant I had never seen before. They were so engrossed in each other that she didn't see me until I was five feet away.

"Hello, Jordan," she called unexpectedly. "Please come here."

I was flattered that she wanted to speak to me, because of all the older girls I admired her most. She asked me if I was going to the Red Cross and make bandages. I was. Well, then, would I tell them that she couldn't come that day? The officer looked at Daisy while she was speaking, in a way that every young girl wants to be looked at some time, and because it seemed romantic to me I have remembered the incident ever since. His name was Jay Gatsby, and I didn't lay eyes on him again for over four years—even after I'd met him on Long Island I didn't realize it was the same man.

That was nineteen-seventeen. By the next year I had a few beaux myself, and I began to play in tournaments, so I didn't see Daisy very often. She went with a slightly older crowd—when she went with anyone at all. Wild rumors were circulating about her—how her mother had found her packing her bag one winter night to go to New York and say good-by to a soldier who was going overseas. She was effectually prevented, but she wasn't on speaking terms with her family for several weeks. After that she didn't play around with the soldiers any more, but only with a few flat-footed, short-sighted young men in town, who couldn't get into the army at all.

By the next autumn she was gay again, gay as ever. She had a début after the Armistice, and in February she was presumably engaged to a man from New

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Orleans. In June she married Tom Buchanan of Chicago, with more pomp and circumstance than Louisville ever knew before. He came down with a hundred people in four private cars, and hired a whole floor of the Muhlbach Hotel, and the day before the wedding he gave her a string of pearls valued at three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

I was a bridesmaid. I came into her room half an hour before the bridal dinner, and found her lying on her bed as lovely as the June night in her flowered dress—and as drunk as a monkey. She had a bottle of Sauterne in one hand and a letter in the other.

"'Gratulate me," she muttered. "Never had a drink before, but oh how I do enjoy it."

"What's the matter, Daisy?"

I was scared, I can tell you; I'd never seen a girl like that before.

"Here, deares'." She groped around in a waste-basket she had with her on the bed and pulled out the string of pearls. "Take 'em down-stairs and give 'em back to whoever they belong to. Tell 'em all Daisy's change' her mine. Say: 'Daisy's change' her mine!' "

She began to cry—she cried and cried. I rushed out and found her mother's maid, and we locked the door and got her into a cold bath. She wouldn't let go of the letter. She took it into the tub with her and squeezed it up into a wet ball, and only let me leave it in the soap-dish when she saw that it was coming to pieces like snow.

But she didn't say another word. We gave her spirits of ammonia and put ice on her forehead and hooked her back into her dress, and half an hour later, when we walked out of the room, the pearls were around

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her neck and the incident was over. Next day at five o'clock she married Tom Buchanan without so much as a shiver, and started off on a three months' trip to the South Seas.

I saw them in Santa Barbara when they came back, and I thought I'd never seen a girl so mad about her husband. If he left the room for a minute she'd look around uneasily, and say: "Where's Tom gone?" and wear the most abstracted expression until she saw him coming in the door. She used to sit on the sand with his head in her lap by the hour, rubbing her fingers over his eyes and looking at him with unfathomable delight. It was touching to see them together—it made you laugh in a hushed, fascinated way. That was in August. A week after I left Santa Barbara Tom ran into a wagon on the Ventura road one night, and ripped a front wheel off his car. The girl who was with him got into the papers, too, because her arm was broken—she was one of the chambermaids in the Santa Barbara Hotel.

The next April Daisy had her little girl, and they went to France for a year. I saw them one spring in Cannes, and later in Deauville, and then they came back to Chicago to settle down. Daisy was popular in Chicago, as you know. They moved with a fast crowd, all of them young and rich and wild, but she came out with an absolutely perfect reputation. Perhaps because she doesn't drink. It's a great advantage not to drink among hard-drinking people. You can hold your tongue, and, moreover, you can time any little irregularity of your own so that everybody else is so blind that they don't see or care. Perhaps Daisy never

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went in for amour at all—and yet there's something in that voice of hers. . . .

Well, about six weeks ago, she heard the name Gatsby for the first time in years. It was when I asked you—do you remember?—if you knew Gatsby in West Egg. After you had gone home she came into my room and woke me up, and said: "What Gatsby?" and when I described him—I was half asleep—she said in the strangest voice that it must be the man she used to know. It wasn't until then that I connected this Gatsby with the officer in her white car.

When Jordan Baker had finished telling all this we had left the Plaza for half an hour and were driving in a victoria through Central Park. The sun had gone down behind the tall apartments of the movie stars in the West Fifties, and the clear voices of little girls, already gathered like crickets on the grass, rose through the hot twilight:

"I'm the Sheik of Araby.
Your love belongs to me.
At night when you're asleep
Into your tent I'll creep——"

"It was a strange coincidence," I said.

"But it wasn't a coincidence at all."

"Why not?"

"Gatsby bought that house so that Daisy would be just across the bay."

Then it had not been merely the stars to which he had aspired on that June night. He came alive to me, delivered suddenly from the womb of his purposeless splendor.

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"He wants to know," continued Jordan, "if you'll invite Daisy to your house some afternoon and then let him come over."

The modesty of the demand shook me. He had waited five years and bought a mansion where he dispensed starlight to casual moths—so that he could "come over" some afternoon to a stranger's garden.

"Did I have to know all this before he could ask such a little thing?"

"He's afraid, he's waited so long. He thought you might be offended. You see, he's a regular tough underneath it all."

Something worried me.

"Why didn't he ask you to arrange a meeting?"

"He wants her to see his house," she explained. "And your house is right next door."

"Oh!"

"I think he half expected her to wander into one of his parties, some night," went on Jordan, "but she never did. Then he began asking people casually if they knew her, and I was the first one he found. It was that night he sent for me at his dance, and you should have heard the elaborate way he worked up to it. Of course, I immediately suggested a luncheon in New York—and I thought he'd go mad:

"'I don't want to do anything out of the way!' he kept saying. 'I want to see her right next door.'

"When I said you were a particular friend of Tom's, he started to abandon the whole idea. He doesn't know very much about Tom, though he says he's read a Chicago paper for years just on the chance of catching a glimpse of Daisy's name."

It was dark now, and as we dipped under a little

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bridge I put my arm around Jordan's golden shoulder and drew her toward me and asked her to dinner. Suddenly I wasn't thinking of Daisy and Gatsby any more, but of this clean, hard, limited person, who dealt in universal scepticism, and who leaned back jauntily just within the circle of my arm. A phrase began to beat in my ears with a sort of heady excitement: "There are only the pursued, the pursuing, the busy, and the tired."

"And Daisy ought to have something in her life," murmured Jordan to me.

"Does she want to see Gatsby?"

"She's not to know about it. Gatsby doesn't want her to know. You're just supposed to invite her to tea."

We passed a barrier of dark trees, and then the façade of Fifty-ninth Street, a block of delicate pale light, beamed down into the park. Unlike Gatsby and Tom Buchanan, I had no girl whose disembodied face floated along the dark cornices and blinding signs, and so I drew up the girl beside me, tightening my arms. Her wan, scornful mouth smiled, and so I drew her up again closer, this time to my face.

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CHAPTER V

WHEN I came home to West Egg that night I was afraid for a moment that my house was on fire. Two o'clock and the whole corner of the peninsula was blazing with light, which fell unreal on the shrubbery and made thin elongating glints upon the roadside wires. Turning a corner, I saw that it was Gatsby's house, lit from tower to cellar.

At first I thought it was another party, a wild rout that had resolved itself into "hide-and-go-seek" or "sardines-in-the-box" with all the house thrown open to the game. But there wasn't a sound. Only wind in the trees, which blew the wires and made the lights go off and on again as if the house had winked into the darkness. As my taxi groaned away I saw Gatsby walking toward me across his lawn.

"Your place looks like the World's Fair," I said.

"Does it?" He turned his eyes toward it absently. "I have been glancing into some of the rooms. Let's go to Coney Island, old sport. In my car."

"It's too late."

"Well, suppose we take a plunge in the swimming-pool? I haven't made use of it all summer."

"I've got to go to bed."

"All right."

He waited, looking at me with suppressed eagerness.

"I talked with Miss Baker," I said after a moment. "I'm going to call up Daisy tomorrow and invite her over here to tea."

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"Oh, that's all right," he said carelessly. "I don't want to put you to any trouble."

"What day would suit you?"

"What day would suit *you*?" he corrected me quickly. "I don't want to put you to any trouble, you see."

"How about the day after tomorrow?"

He considered for a moment. Then, with reluctance:

"I want to get the grass cut," he said.

We both looked at the grass—there was a sharp line where my ragged lawn ended and the darker, well-kept expanse of his began. I suspected that he meant my grass.

"There's another little thing," he said uncertainly, and hesitated.

"Would you rather put it off for a few days?" I asked.

"Oh, it isn't about that. At least—" He fumbled with a series of beginnings. "Why, I thought—why, look here, old sport, you don't make much money, do you?"

"Not very much."

This seemed to reassure him and he continued more confidently.

"I thought you didn't,if you'll pardon my—you see, I carry on a little business on the side, a sort of side line, you understand. And I thought that if you don't make very much— You're selling bonds, aren't you, old sport?"

"Trying to."

"Well, this would interest you. It wouldn't take up much of your time and you might pick up a nice bit of money. It happens to be a rather confidential sort of thing."

I realize now that under different circumstances that conversation might have been one of the crises of my life. But, because the offer was obviously and tactlessly

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for a service to be rendered, I had no choice except to cut him off there.

"I've got my hands full," I said. "I'm much obliged but I couldn't take on any more work."

"You wouldn't have to do any business with Wolfsheim." Evidently he thought that I was shying away from the "gonnegtion" mentioned at lunch, but I assured him he was wrong. He waited a moment longer, hoping I'd begin a conversation, but I was too absorbed to be responsive, so he went unwillingly home.

The evening had made me light-headed and happy; I think I walked into a deep sleep as I entered my front door. So I don't know whether or not Gatsby went to Coney Island, or for how many hours he "glanced into rooms" while his house blazed gaudily on. I called up Daisy from the office next morning, and invited her to come to tea.

"Don't bring Tom," I warned her.

"What?"

"Don't bring Tom."

"Who is 'Tom'?" she asked innocently.

The day agreed upon was pouring rain. At eleven o'clock a man in a raincoat, dragging a lawn-mower, tapped at my front door and said that Mr. Gatsby had sent him over to cut my grass. This reminded me that I had forgotten to tell my Finn to come back, so I drove into West Egg Village to search for her among soggy whitewashed alleys and to buy some cups and lemons and flowers.

The flowers were unnecessary, for at two o'clock a greenhouse arrived from Gatsby's, with innumerable receptacles to contain it. An hour later the front door opened nervously, and Gatsby, in a white flannel suit,

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silver shirt, and gold-colored tie, hurried in. He was pale, and there were dark signs of sleeplessness beneath his eyes.

"Is everything all right?" he asked immediately.

"The grass looks fine, if that's what you mean."

"What grass?" he inquired blankly. "Oh, the grass in the yard." He looked out the window at it, but, judging from his expression, I don't believe he saw a thing.

"Looks very good," he remarked vaguely. "One of the papers said they thought the rain would stop about four. I think it was *The Journal.* Have you got everything you need in the shape of—of tea?"

I took him into the pantry, where he looked a little reproachfully at the Finn. Together we scrutinized the twelve lemon cakes from the delicatessen shop.

"Will they do?" I asked.

"Of course, of course! They're fine!" and he added hollowly, ". . . old sport."

The rain cooled about half-past three to a damp mist, through which occasional thin drops swam like dew. Gatsby looked with vacant eyes through a copy of Clay's *Economics,* starting at the Finnish tread that shook the kitchen floor, and peering toward the bleared windows from time to time as if a series of invisible but alarming happenings were taking place outside. Finally he got up and informed me, in an uncertain voice, that he was going home.

"Why's that?"

"Nobody's coming to tea. It's too late!" He looked at his watch as if there was some pressing demand on his time elsewhere. "I can't wait all day."

"Don't be silly; it's just two minutes to four."

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He sat down miserably, as if I had pushed him, and simultaneously there was the sound of a motor turning into my lane. We both jumped up, and, a little harrowed myself, I went out into the yard.

Under the dripping bare lilac-trees a large open car was coming up the drive. It stopped. Daisy's face, tipped sideways beneath a three-cornered lavender hat, looked out at me with a bright ecstatic smile.

"Is this absolutely where you live, my dearest one?"

The exhilarating ripple of her voice was a wild tonic in the rain. I had to follow the sound of it for a moment, up and down, with my ear alone, before any words came through. A damp streak of hair lay like a dash of blue paint across her cheek, and her hand was wet with glistening drops as I took it to help her from the car.

"Are you in love with me," she said low in my ear, "or why did I have to come alone?"

"That's the secret of Castle Rackrent. Tell your chauffeur to go far away and spend an hour."

"Come back in an hour, Ferdie." Then in a grave murmur: "His name is Ferdie."

"Does the gasoline affect his nose?"

"I don't think so," she said innocently. "Why?"

We went in. To my overwhelming surprise the living-room was deserted.

"Well, that's funny," I exclaimed.

"What's funny?"

She turned her head as there was a light dignified knocking at the front door. I went out and opened it. Gatsby, pale as death, with his hands plunged like weights in his coat pockets, was standing in a puddle of water glaring tragically into my eyes.

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With his hands still in his coat pockets he stalked by me into the hall, turned sharply as if he were on a wire, and disappeared into the living-room. It wasn't a bit funny. Aware of the loud beating of my own heart I pulled the door to against the increasing rain.

For half a minute there wasn't a sound. Then from the living-room I heard a sort of choking murmur and part of a laugh, followed by Daisy's voice on a clear artificial note:

"I certainly am awfully glad to see you again."

A pause; it endured horribly. I had nothing to do in the hall, so I went into the room.

Gatsby, his hands still in his pockets, was reclining against the mantelpiece in a strained counterfeit of perfect ease, even of boredom. His head leaned back so far that it rested against the face of a defunct mantelpiece clock, and from this position his distraught eyes stared down at Daisy, who was sitting, frightened but graceful, on the edge of a stiff chair.

"We've met before," muttered Gatsby. His eyes glanced momentarily at me, and his lips parted with an abortive attempt at a laugh. Luckily the clock took this moment to tilt dangerously at the pressure of his head, whereupon he turned and caught it with trembling fingers and set it back in place. Then he sat down, rigidly, his elbow on the arm of the sofa and his chin in his hand.

"I'm sorry about the clock," he said.

My own face had now assumed a deep tropical burn. I couldn't muster up a single commonplace out of the thousand in my head.

"It's an old clock," I told them idiotically.

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I think we all believed for a moment that it had smashed in pieces on the floor.

"We haven't met for many years," said Daisy, her voice as matter-of-fact as it could ever be.

"Five years next November."

The automatic quality of Gatsby's answer set us all back at least another minute. I had them both on their feet with the desperate suggestion that they help me make tea in the kitchen when the demoniac Finn brought it in on a tray.

Amid the welcome confusion of cups and cakes a certain physical decency established itself. Gatsby got himself into a shadow and, while Daisy and I talked, looked conscientiously from one to the other of us with tense, unhappy eyes. However, as calmness wasn't an end in itself, I made an excuse at the first possible moment, and got to my feet.

"Where are you going?" demanded Gatsby in immediate alarm.

"I'll be back."

"I've got to speak to you about something before you go."

He followed me wildly into the kitchen, closed the door, and whispered: "Oh, God!" in a miserable way.

"What's the matter?"

"This is a terrible mistake," he said, shaking his head from side to side, "a terrible, terrible mistake."

"You're just embarrassed, that's all," and luckily I added: "Daisy's embarrassed too."

"She's embarrassed?" he repeated incredulously.

"Just as much as you are."

"Don't talk so loud."

"You're acting like a little boy," I broke out im-

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patiently. "Not only that, but you're rude. Daisy's sitting in there all alone."

He raised his hand to stop my words, looked at me with unforgettable reproach, and, opening the door cautiously, went back into the other room.

I walked out the back way—just as Gatsby had when he had made his nervous circuit of the house half an hour before—and ran for a huge black knotted tree, whose massed leaves made a fabric against the rain. Once more it was pouring, and my irregular lawn, well-shaved by Gatsby's gardener, abounded in small muddy swamps and prehistoric marshes. There was nothing to look at from under the tree except Gatsby's enormous house, so I stared at it, like Kant at his church steeple, for half an hour. A brewer had built it early in the "period" craze, a decade before, and there was a story that he'd agreed to pay five years' taxes on all the neighboring cottages if the owners would have their roofs thatched with straw. Perhaps their refusal took the heart out of his plan to Found a Family—he went into an immediate decline. His children sold his house with the black wreath still on the door. Americans, while occasionally willing to be serfs, have always been obstinate about being peasantry.

After half an hour, the sun shone again, and the grocer's automobile rounded Gatsby's drive with the raw material for his servants' dinner—I felt sure he wouldn't eat a spoonful. A maid began opening the upper windows of his house, appeared momentarily in each, and, leaning from a large central bay, spat meditatively into the garden. It was time I went back. While the rain continued it had seemed like the mur-

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mur of their voices, rising and swelling a little now and then with gusts of emotion. But in the new silence I felt that silence had fallen within the house too.

I went in—after making every possible noise in the kitchen, short of pushing over the stove—but I don't believe they heard a sound. They were sitting at either end of the couch, looking at each other as if some question had been asked, or was in the air, and every vestige of embarrassment was gone. Daisy's face was smeared with tears, and when I came in she jumped up and began wiping at it with her handkerchief before a mirror. But there was a change in Gatsby that was simply confounding. He literally glowed; without a word or a gesture of exultation a new well-being radiated from him and filled the little room.

"Oh, hello, old sport," he said, as if he hadn't seen me for years. I thought for a moment he was going to shake hands.

"It's stopped raining."

"Has it?" When he realized what I was talking about, that there were twinkle-bells of sunshine in the room, he smiled like a weather man, like an ecstatic patron of recurrent light, and repeated the news to Daisy. "What do you think of that? It's stopped raining."

"I'm glad, Jay." Her throat, full of aching, grieving beauty, told only of her unexpected joy.

"I want you and Daisy to come over to my house," he said, "I'd like to show her around."

"You're sure you want me to come?"

"Absolutely, old sport."

Daisy went up-stairs to wash her face—too late I

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thought with humiliation of my towels—while Gatsby and I waited on the lawn.

"My house looks well, doesn't it?" he demanded. "See how the whole front of it catches the light."

I agreed that it was splendid.

"Yes." His eyes went over it, every arched door and square tower. "It took me just three years to earn the money that bought it."

"I thought you inherited your money."

"I did, old sport," he said automatically, "but I lost most of it in the big panic—the panic of the war."

I think he hardly knew what he was saying, for when I asked him what business he was in he answered: "That's my affair," before he realized that it wasn't an appropriate reply.

"Oh, I've been in several things," he corrected himself. "I was in the drug business and then I was in the oil business. But I'm not in either one now." He looked at me with more attention. "Do you mean you've been thinking over what I proposed the other night?"

Before I could answer, Daisy came out of the house and two rows of brass buttons on her dress gleamed in the sunlight.

"That huge place *there*?" she cried pointing.

"Do you like it?"

"I love it, but I don't see how you live there all alone."

"I keep it always full of interesting people, night and day. People who do interesting things. Celebrated people."

Instead of taking the short cut along the Sound we went down to the road and entered by the big postern.

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With enchanting murmurs Daisy admired this aspect or that of the feudal silhouette against the sky, admired the gardens, the sparkling odor of jonquils and the frothy odor of hawthorn and plum blossoms and the pale gold odor of kiss-me-at-the-gate. It was strange to reach the marble steps and find no stir of bright dresses in and out of the door, and hear no sound but bird voices in the trees.

And inside, as we wandered through Marie Antoinette music-rooms and Restoration salons, I felt that there were guests concealed behind every couch and table, under orders to be breathlessly silent until we had passed through. As Gatsby closed the door of "the Merton College Library" I could have sworn I heard the owl-eyed man break into ghostly laughter.

We went upstairs, through period bedrooms swathed in rose and lavender silk and vivid with new flowers, through dressing-rooms and poolrooms, and bathrooms, with sunken baths—intruding into one chamber where a dishevelled man in pajamas was doing liver exercises on the floor. It was Mr. Klipspringer, the "boarder." I had seen him wandering hungrily about the beach that morning. Finally we came to Gatsby's own apartment, a bedroom and a bath, and an Adam study, where we sat down and drank a glass of some Chartreuse he took from a cupboard in the wall.

He hadn't once ceased looking at Daisy, and I think he revalued everything in his house according to the measure of response it drew from her well-loved eyes. Sometimes, too, he stared around at his possessions in a dazed way, as though in her actual and astounding presence none of it was any longer real. Once he nearly toppled down a flight of stairs.

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His bedroom was the simplest room of all—except where the dresser was garnished with a toilet set of pure dull gold. Daisy took the brush with delight, and smoothed her hair, whereupon Gatsby sat down and shaded his eyes and began to laugh.

"It's the funniest thing, old sport," he said hilariously. "I can't—when I try to——"

He had passed visibly through two states and was entering upon a third. After his embarrassment and his unreasoning joy he was consumed with wonder at her presence. He had been full of the idea so long, dreamed it right through to the end, waited with his teeth set, so to speak, at an inconceivable pitch of intensity. Now, in the reaction, he was running down like an overwound clock.

Recovering himself in a minute he opened for us two hulking patent cabinets which held his massed suits and dressing-gowns and ties, and his shirts, piled like bricks in stacks a dozen high.

"I've got a man in England who buys me clothes. He sends over a selection of things at the beginning of each season, spring and fall."

He took out a pile of shirts and began throwing them, one by one, before us, shirts of sheer linen and thick silk and fine flannel, which lost their folds as they fell and covered the table in many-colored disarray. While we admired he brought more and the soft rich heap mounted higher—shirts with stripes and scrolls and plaids in coral and apple-green and lavender and faint orange, with monograms of Indian blue. Suddenly, with a strained sound, Daisy bent her head into the shirts and began to cry stormily.

"They're such beautiful shirts," she sobbed, her voice

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muffled in the thick folds. "It makes me sad because I've never seen such—such beautiful shirts before."

After the house, we were to see the grounds and the swimming-pool, and the hydroplane and the mid-summer flowers—but outside Gatsby's window it began to rain again, so we stood in a row looking at the corrugated surface of the Sound.

"If it wasn't for the mist we could see your home across the bay," said Gatsby. "You always have a green light that burns all night at the end of your dock."

Daisy put her arm through his abruptly, but he seemed absorbed in what he had just said. Possibly it had occurred to him that the colossal significance of that light had now vanished forever. Compared to the great distance that had separated him from Daisy it had seemed very near to her, almost touching her. It had seemed as close as a star to the moon. Now it was again a green light on a dock. His count of enchanted objects had diminished by one.

I began to walk about the room, examining various indefinite objects in the half darkness. A large photograph of an elderly man in yachting costume attracted me, hung on the wall over his desk.

"Who's this?"

"That? That's Mr. Dan Cody, old sport."

The name sounded faintly familiar.

"He's dead now. He used to be my best friend years ago."

There was a small picture of Gatsby, also in yachting costume, on the bureau—Gatsby with his head thrown back defiantly—taken apparently when he was about eighteen.

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"I adore it," exclaimed Daisy. "The pompadour! You never told me you had a pompadour—or a yacht."

"Look at this," said Gatsby quickly. "Here's a lot of clippings—about you."

They stood side by side examining it. I was going to ask to see the rubies when the phone rang, and Gatsby took up the receiver.

"Yes. . . . Well, I can't talk now. . . . I can't talk now, old sport. . . . I said a *small* town. . . . He must know what a small town is. . . . Well, he's no use to us if Detroit is his idea of a small town. . . ."

He rang off.

"Come here *quick*!" cried Daisy at the window.

The rain was still falling, but the darkness had parted in the west, and there was a pink and golden billow of foamy clouds above the sea.

"Look at that," she whispered, and then after a moment: "I'd like to just get one of those pink clouds and put you in it and push you around."

I tried to go then, but they wouldn't hear of it; perhaps my presence made them feel more satisfactorily alone.

"I know what we'll do," said Gatsby, "we'll have Klipspringer play the piano."

He went out of the room calling "Ewing!" and returned in a few minutes accompanied by an embarrassed, slightly worn young man, with shell-rimmed glasses and scanty blond hair. He was now decently clothed in a sport shirt, open at the neck, sneakers, and duck trousers of a nebulous hue.

"Did we interrupt your exercises?" inquired Daisy politely.

"I was asleep," cried Mr. Klipspringer, in a spasm of

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embarrassment. "That is, I'd *been* asleep. Then I got up. . . ."

"Klipspringer plays the piano," said Gatsby, cutting him off. "Don't you, Ewing, old sport?"

"I don't play well. I don't— I hardly play at all. I'm all out of prac——"

"We'll go downstairs," interrupted Gatsby. He flipped a switch. The gray windows disappeared as the house glowed full of light.

In the music-room Gatsby turned on a solitary lamp beside the piano. He lit Daisy's cigarette from a trembling match, and sat down with her on a couch far across the room, where there was no light save what the gleaming floor bounced in from the hall.

When Klipspringer had played *The Love Nest* he turned around on the bench and searched unhappily for Gatsby in the gloom.

"I'm all out of practice, you see. I told you I couldn't play. I'm all out of prac——"

"Don't talk so much, old sport," commanded Gatsby. "Play!"

"In the morning,
In the evening,
Ain't we got fun——"

Outside the wind was loud and there was a faint flow of thunder along the Sound. All the lights were going on in West Egg now; the electric trains, men-carrying, were plunging home through the rain from New York. It was the hour of a profound human change, and excitement was generating on the air

"One thing's sure and nothing's surer
The rich get richer and the poor get—children.

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In the meantime,
In between time——"

As I went over to say good-by I saw that the expression of bewilderment had come back into Gatsby's face, as though a faint doubt had occurred to him as to the quality of his present happiness. Almost five years! There must have been moments even that afternoon when Daisy tumbled short of his dreams—not through her own fault, but because of the colossal vitality of his illusion. It had gone beyond her, beyond everything. He had thrown himself into it with a creative passion, adding to it all the time, decking it out with every bright feather that drifted his way. No amount of fire or freshness can challenge what a man will store up in his ghostly heart.

As I watched him he adjusted himself a little, visibly. His hand took hold of hers, and as she said something low in his ear he turned toward her with a rush of emotion. I think that voice held him most, with its fluctuating, feverish warmth, because it couldn't be over-dreamed—that voice was a deathless song.

They had forgotten me, but Daisy glanced up and held out her hand; Gatsby didn't know me now at all. I looked once more at them and they looked back at me, remotely, possessed by intense life. Then I went out of the room and down the marble steps into the rain, leaving them there together.

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CHAPTER VI

About this time an ambitious young reporter from New York arrived one morning at Gatsby's door and asked him if he had anything to say.

"Anything to say about what?" inquired Gatsby politely.

"Why—any statement to give out."

It transpired after a confused five minutes that the man had heard Gatsby's name around his office in a connection which he either wouldn't reveal or didn't fully understand. This was his day off and with laudable initiative he had hurried out "to see."

It was a random shot, and yet the reporter's instinct was right. Gatsby's notoriety, spread about by the hundreds who had accepted his hospitality and so become authorities upon his past, had increased all summer until he fell just short of being news. Contemporary legends such as the "underground pipe-line to Canada" attached themselves to him, and there was one persistent story that he didn't live in a house at all, but in a boat that looked like a house and was moved secretly up and down the Long Island shore. Just why these inventions were a source of satisfaction to James Gatz of North Dakota isn't easy to say.

James Gatz—that was really, or at least legally, his name. He had changed it at the age of seventeen and at the specific moment that witnessed the beginning of his career—when he saw Dan Cody's yacht drop anchor over the most insidious flat on Lake Superior. It was

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James Gatz who had been loafing along the beach that afternoon in a torn green jersey and a pair of canvas pants, but it was already Jay Gatsby who borrowed a rowboat, pulled out to the *Tuolomee,* and informed Cody that a wind might catch him and break him up in half an hour.

I suppose he'd had the name ready for a long time, even then. His parents were shiftless and unsuccessful farm people—his imagination had never really accepted them as his parents at all. The truth was that Jay Gatsby of West Egg, Long Island, sprang from his Platonic conception of himself. He was a son of God—a phrase which, if it means anything, means just that—and he must be about His Father's business, the service of a vast, vulgar, and meretricious beauty. So he invented just the sort of Jay Gatsby that a seventeen-year-old boy would be likely to invent, and to this conception he was faithful to the end.

For over a year he had been beating his way along the south shore of Lake Superior as a clam-digger and a salmon-fisher or in any other capacity that brought him food and bed. His brown, hardening body lived naturally through the half-fierce, half-lazy work of the bracing days. He knew women early, and since they spoiled him he became contemptuous of them, of young virgins because they were ignorant, of the others because they were hysterical about things which in his overwhelming self-absorption he took for granted.

But his heart was in a constant, turbulent riot. The most grotesque and fantastic conceits haunted him in his bed at night. A universe of ineffable gaudiness spun itself out in his brain while the clock ticked on the washstand and the moon soaked with wet light his tangled

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clothes upon the floor. Each night he added to the pattern of his fancies until drowsiness closed down upon some vivid scene with an oblivious embrace. For a while these reveries provided an outlet for his imagination; they were a satisfactory hint of the unreality of reality, a promise that the rock of the world was founded securely on a fairy's wing.

An instinct toward his future glory had led him, some months before, to the small Lutheran college of St. Olaf in southern Minnesota. He stayed there two weeks, dismayed at its ferocious indifference to the drums of his destiny, to destiny itself, and despising the janitor's work with which he was to pay his way through. Then he drifted back to Lake Superior, and he was still searching for something to do on the day that Dan Cody's yacht dropped anchor in the shallows alongshore.

Cody was fifty years old then, a product of the Nevada silver fields, of the Yukon, of every rush for metal since seventy-five. The transactions in Montana copper that made him many times a millionaire found him physically robust but on the verge of soft-mindedness, and, suspecting this, an infinite number of women tried to separate him from his money. The none too savory ramifications by which Ella Kaye, the newspaper woman, played Madame de Maintenon to his weakness and sent him to sea in a yacht, were common knowledge to the turgid sub-journalism of 1902. He had been coasting along all too hospitable shores for five years when he turned up as James Gatz's destiny in Little Girl Bay.

To young Gatz, resting on his oars and looking up at the railed deck, that yacht represented all the beauty

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and glamour in the world. I suppose he smiled at Cody —he had probably discovered that people liked him when he smiled. At any rate Cody asked him a few questions (one of them elicited the brand new name) and found that he was quick and extravagantly ambitious. A few days later he took him to Duluth and bought him a blue coat, six pairs of white duck trousers, and a yachting cap. And when the *Tuolomee* left for the West Indies and the Barbary Coast Gatsby left too.

He was employed in a vague personal capacity—while he remained with Cody he was in turn steward, mate, skipper, secretary, and even jailor, for Dan Cody sober knew what lavish doings Dan Cody drunk might soon be about, and he provided for such contingencies by reposing more and more trust in Gatsby. The arrangement lasted five years, during which the boat went three times around the Continent. It might have lasted indefinitely except for the fact that Ella Kaye came on board one night in Boston and a week later Dan Cody inhospitably died.

I remember the portrait of him up in Gatsby's bedroom, a gray, florid man with a hard, empty face—the pioneer debauchee, who during one phase of American life brought back to the Eastern seaboard the savage violence of the frontier brothel and saloon. It was indirectly due to Cody that Gatsby drank so little. Sometimes in the course of gay parties women used to rub champagne into his hair; for himself he formed the habit of letting liquor alone.

And it was from Cody that he inherited money—a legacy of twenty-five thousand dollars. He didn't get it. He never understood the legal device that was used against him, but what remained of the millions went

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intact to Ella Kaye. He was left with his singularly appropriate education; the vague contour of Jay Gatsby had filled out to the substantiality of a man.

He told me all this very much later, but I've put it down here with the idea of exploding those first wild rumors about his antecedents, which weren't even faintly true. Moreover he told it to me at a time of confusion, when I had reached the point of believing everything and nothing about him. So I take advantage of this short halt, while Gatsby, so to speak, caught his breath, to clear this set of misconceptions away.

It was a halt, too, in my association with his affairs. For several weeks I didn't see him or hear his voice on the phone—mostly I was in New York, trotting around with Jordan and trying to ingratiate myself with her senile aunt—but finally I went over to his house one Sunday afternoon. I hadn't been there two minutes when somebody brought Tom Buchanan in for a drink. I was startled, naturally, but the really surprising thing was that it hadn't happened before.

They were a party of three on horseback—Tom and a man named Sloane and a pretty woman in a brown riding-habit, who had been there previously.

"I'm delighted to see you," said Gatsby, standing on his porch. "I'm delighted that you dropped in."

As though they cared!

"Sit right down. Have a cigarette or a cigar." He walked around the room quickly, ringing bells. "I'll have something to drink for you in just a minute."

He was profoundly affected by the fact that Tom was there. But he would be uneasy anyhow until he had given them something, realizing in a vague way that that was all they came for. Mr. Sloane wanted nothing.

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A lemonade? No, thanks. A little champagne? Nothing at all, thanks. . . . I'm sorry——

"Did you have a nice ride?"

"Very good roads around here."

"I suppose the automobiles——"

"Yeah."

Moved by an irresistible impulse, Gatsby turned to Tom, who had accepted the introduction as a stranger.

"I believe we've met somewhere before, Mr. Buchanan."

"Oh, yes," said Tom, gruffly polite, but obviously not remembering. "So we did. I remember very well."

"About two weeks ago."

"That's right. You were with Nick here."

"I know your wife," continued Gatsby, almost aggressively.

"That so?"

Tom turned to me.

"You live near here, Nick?"

"Next door."

"That so?"

Mr. Sloane didn't enter into the conversation, but lounged back haughtily in his chair; the woman said nothing either—until unexpectedly, after two highballs, she became cordial.

"We'll all come over to your next party, Mr. Gatsby," she suggested. "What do you say?"

"Certainly; I'd be delighted to have you."

"Be ver' nice," said Mr. Sloane, without gratitude. "Well—think ought to be starting home."

"Please don't hurry," Gatsby urged them. He had control of himself now, and he wanted to see more of Tom. "Why don't you—why don't you stay for supper?

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I wouldn't be surprised if some other people dropped in from New York."

"You come to supper with *me*," said the lady enthusiastically. "Both of you."

This included me. Mr. Sloane got to his feet.

"Come along," he said—but to her only.

"I mean it," she insisted. "I'd love to have you. Lots of room."

Gatsby looked at me questioningly. He wanted to go, and he didn't see that Mr. Sloane had determined he shouldn't.

"I'm afraid I won't be able to," I said.

"Well, you come," she urged, concentrating on Gatsby.

Mr. Sloane murmured something close to her ear.

"We won't be late if we start now," she insisted aloud.

"I haven't got a horse," said Gatsby. "I used to ride in the army, but I've never bought a horse. I'll have to follow you in my car. Excuse me for just a minute."

The rest of us walked out on the porch, where Sloane and the lady began an impassioned conversation aside.

"My God, I believe the man's coming," said Tom. "Doesn't he know she doesn't want him?"

"She says she does want him."

"She has a big dinner party and he won't know a soul there." He frowned. "I wonder where in the devil he met Daisy. By God, I may be old-fashioned in my ideas, but women run around too much these days to suit me. They meet all kinds of crazy fish."

Suddenly Mr. Sloane and the lady walked down the steps and mounted their horses.

"Come on," said Mr. Sloane to Tom, "we're late.

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We've got to go." And then to me: "Tell him we couldn't wait, will you?"

Tom and I shook hands, the rest of us exchanged a cool nod, and they trotted quickly down the drive, disappearing under the August foliage just as Gatsby, with hat and light overcoat in hand, came out the front door.

Tom was evidently perturbed at Daisy's running around alone, for on the following Saturday night he came with her to Gatsby's party. Perhaps his presence gave the evening its peculiar quality of oppressiveness —it stands out in my memory from Gatsby's other parties that summer. There were the same people, or at least the same sort of people, the same profusion of champagne, the same many-colored, many-keyed commotion, but I felt an unpleasantness in the air, a pervading harshness that hadn't been there before. Or perhaps I had merely grown used to it, grown to accept West Egg as a world complete in itself, with its own standards and its own great figures, second to nothing because it had no consciousness of being so, and now I was looking at it again, through Daisy's eyes. It is invariably saddening to look through new eyes at things upon which you have expended your own powers of adjustment.

They arrived at twilight, and, as we strolled out among the sparkling hundreds, Daisy's voice was playing murmurous tricks in her throat.

"These things excite me *so*," she whispered. "If you want to kiss me any time during the evening, Nick, just let me know and I'll be glad to arrange it for you. Just mention my name. Or present a green card. I'm giving out green——"

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"Look around," suggested Gatsby.

"I'm looking around. I'm having a marvellous——"

"You must see the faces of many people you've heard about."

Tom's arrogant eyes roamed the crowd.

"We don't go around very much," he said; "in fact, I was just thinking I don't know a soul here."

"Perhaps you know that lady," Gatsby indicated a gorgeous, scarcely human orchid of a woman who sat in state under a white-plum tree. Tom and Daisy stared, with that peculiarly unreal feeling that accompanies the recognition of a hitherto ghostly celebrity of the movies.

"She's lovely," said Daisy.

"The man bending over her is her director."

He took them ceremoniously from group to group:

"Mrs. Buchanan . . . and Mr. Buchanan—" After an instant's hesitation he added: "the polo player."

"Oh, no," objected Tom quickly, "not me."

But evidently the sound of it pleased Gatsby, for Tom remained "the polo player" for the rest of the evening.

"I've never met so many celebrities," Daisy exclaimed. "I liked that man—what was his name?—with the sort of blue nose."

Gatsby identified him, adding that he was a small producer.

"Well, I liked him anyhow."

"I'd a little rather not be the polo player," said Tom pleasantly, "I'd rather look at all these famous people in—in oblivion."

Daisy and Gatsby danced. I remember being surprised by his graceful, conservative fox-trot—I had never seen

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him dance before. Then they sauntered over to my house and sat on the steps for half an hour, while at her request I remained watchfully in the garden. "In case there's a fire or a flood," she explained, "or any act of God."

Tom appeared from his oblivion as we were sitting down to supper together. "Do you mind if I eat with some people over here?" he said. "A fellow's getting off some funny stuff."

"Go ahead," answered Daisy genially, "and if you want to take down any addresses here's my little gold pencil." . . . She looked around after a moment and told me the girl was "common but pretty," and I knew that except for the half-hour she'd been alone with Gatsby she wasn't having a good time.

We were at a particularly tipsy table. That was my fault—Gatsby had been called to the phone, and I'd enjoyed these same people only two weeks before. But what had amused me then turned septic on the air now.

"How do you feel, Miss Baedeker?"

The girl addressed was trying, unsuccessfully, to slump against my shoulder. At this inquiry she sat up and opened her eyes.

"Wha'?"

A massive and lethargic woman, who had been urging Daisy to play golf with her at the local club to-morrow, spoke in Miss Baedeker's defence:

"Oh, she's all right now. When she's had five or six cocktails she always starts screaming like that. I tell her she ought to leave it alone."

"I do leave it alone," affirmed the accused hollowly.

"We heard you yelling, so I said to Doc Civet here: 'There's somebody that needs your help, Doc.'"

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"She's much obliged, I'm sure," said another friend, without gratitude, "but you got her dress all wet when you stuck her head in the pool."

"Anything I hate is to get my head stuck in a pool," mumbled Miss Baedeker. "They almost drowned me once over in New Jersey."

"Then you ought to leave it alone," countered Doctor Civet.

"Speak for yourself!" cried Miss Baedeker violently. "Your hand shakes. I wouldn't let you operate on me!"

It was like that. Almost the last thing I remember was standing with Daisy and watching the moving-picture director and his Star. They were still under the white-plum tree and their faces were touching except for a pale, thin ray of moonlight between. It occurred to me that he had been very slowly bending toward her all evening to attain this proximity, and even while I watched I saw him stoop one ultimate degree and kiss at her cheek.

"I like her," said Daisy, "I think she's lovely."

But the rest offended her—and inarguably, because it wasn't a gesture but an emotion. She was appalled by West Egg, this unprecedented "place" that Broadway had begotten upon a Long Island fishing village—appalled by its raw vigor that chafed under the old euphemisms and by the too obtrusive fate that herded its inhabitants along a short-cut from nothing to nothing. She saw something awful in the very simplicity she failed to understand.

I sat on the front steps with them while they waited for their car. It was dark here in front; only the bright door sent ten square feet of light volleying out into the

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soft black morning. Sometimes a shadow moved against a dressing-room blind above, gave way to another shadow, an indefinite procession of shadows, that rouged and powdered in an invisible glass.

"Who is this Gatsby anyhow?" demanded Tom suddenly. "Some big bootlegger?"

"Where'd you hear that?" I inquired.

"I didn't hear it. I imagined it. A lot of these newly rich people are just big bootleggers, you know."

"Not Gatsby," I said shortly.

He was silent for a moment. The pebbles of the drive crunched under his feet.

"Well, he certainly must have strained himself to get this menagerie together."

A breeze stirred the gray haze of Daisy's fur collar.

"At least they're more interesting than the people we know," she said with an effort.

"You didn't look so interested."

"Well, I was."

Tom laughed and turned to me.

"Did you notice Daisy's face when that girl asked her to put her under a cold shower?"

Daisy began to sing with the music in a husky, rhythmic whisper, bringing out a meaning in each word that it had never had before and would never have again. When the melody rose, her voice broke up sweetly, following it, in a way contralto voices have, and each change tipped out a little of her warm human magic upon the air.

"Lots of people come who haven't been invited," she said suddenly. "That girl hadn't been invited. They simply force their way in and he's too polite to object."

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"I'd like to know who he is and what he does," insisted Tom. "And I think I'll make a point of finding out."

"I can tell you right now," she answered. "He owned some drug-stores, a lot of drug-stores. He built them up himself."

The dilatory limousine came rolling up the drive.

"Good night, Nick," said Daisy.

Her glance left me and sought the lighted top of the steps, where *Three O'Clock in the Morning*, a neat, sad little waltz of that year, was drifting out the open door. After all, in the very casualness of Gatsby's party there were romantic possibilities totally absent from her world. What was it up there in the song that seemed to be calling her back inside? What would happen now in the dim, incalculable hours? Perhaps some unbelievable guest would arrive, a person infinitely rare and to be marvelled at, some authentically radiant young girl who with one fresh glance at Gatsby, one moment of magical encounter, would blot out those five years of unwavering devotion.

I stayed late that night, Gatsby asked me to wait until he was free, and I lingered in the garden until the inevitable swimming party had run up, chilled and exalted, from the black beach, until the lights were extinguished in the guest-rooms overhead. When he came down the steps at last the tanned skin was drawn unusually tight on his face, and his eyes were bright and tired.

"She didn't like it," he said immediately.

"Of course she did."

"She didn't like it," he insisted. "She didn't have a good time."

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He was silent, and I guessed at his unutterable depression.

"I feel far away from her," he said. "It's hard to make her understand."

"You mean about the dance?"

"The dance?" He dismissed all the dances he had given with a snap of his fingers. "Old sport, the dance is unimportant."

He wanted nothing less of Daisy than that she should go to Tom and say: "I never loved you." After she had obliterated four years with that sentence they could decide upon the more practical measures to be taken. One of them was that, after she was free, they were to go back to Louisville and be married from her house—just as if it were five years ago.

"And she doesn't understand," he said. "She used to be able to understand. We'd sit for hours——"

He broke off and began to walk up and down a desolate path of fruit rinds and discarded favors and crushed flowers.

"I wouldn't ask too much of her," I ventured. "You can't repeat the past."

"Can't repeat the past?" he cried incredulously. "Why of course you can!"

He looked around him wildly, as if the past were lurking here in the shadow of his house, just out of reach of his hand.

"I'm going to fix everything just the way it was before," he said, nodding determinedly. "She'll see."

He talked a lot about the past, and I gathered that he wanted to recover something, some idea of himself perhaps, that had gone into loving Daisy. His life had been confused and disordered since then, but if he

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could once return to a certain starting place and go over it all slowly, he could find out what that thing was. . . .

. . . One autumn night, five years before, they had been walking down the street when the leaves were falling, and they came to a place where there were no trees and the sidewalk was white with moonlight. They stopped here and turned toward each other. Now it was a cool night with that mysterious excitement in it which comes at the two changes of the year. The quiet lights in the houses were humming out into the darkness and there was a stir and bustle among the stars. Out of the corner of his eye Gatsby saw that the blocks of the sidewalks really formed a ladder and mounted to a secret place above the trees—he could climb to it, if he climbed alone, and once there he could suck on the pap of life, gulp down the incomparable milk of wonder.

His heart beat faster and faster as Daisy's white face came up to his own. He knew that when he kissed this girl, and forever wed his unutterable visions to her perishable breath, his mind would never romp again like the mind of God. So he waited, listening for a moment longer to the tuning-fork that had been struck upon a star. Then he kissed her. At his lips' touch she blossomed for him like a flower and the incarnation was complete.

Through all he said, even through his appalling sentimentality, I was reminded of something—an elusive rhythm, a fragment of lost words, that I had heard somewhere a long time ago. For a moment a phrase tried to take shape in my mouth and my lips parted like a dumb man's, as though there was more struggling upon them than a wisp of startled air. But they made no sound, and what I had almost remembered was uncommunicable forever.

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CHAPTER VII

It was when curiosity about Gatsby was at its highest that the lights in his house failed to go on one Saturday night—and, as obscurely as it had begun, his career as Trimalchio was over. Only gradually did I become aware that the automobiles which turned expectantly into his drive stayed for just a minute and then drove sulkily away. Wondering if he were sick I went over to find out—an unfamiliar butler with a villainous face squinted at me suspiciously from the door.

"Is Mr. Gatsby sick?"

"Nope." After a pause he added "sir" in a dilatory, grudging way.

"I hadn't seen him around, and I was rather worried. Tell him Mr. Carraway came over."

"Who?" he demanded rudely.

"Carraway."

"Carraway. All right, I'll tell him."

Abruptly he slammed the door.

My Finn informed me that Gatsby had dismissed every servant in his house a week ago and replaced them with half a dozen others, who never went into West Egg Village to be bribed by the tradesmen, but ordered moderate supplies over the telephone. The grocery boy reported that the kitchen looked like a pigsty, and the general opinion in the village was that the new people weren't servants at all.

Next day Gatsby called me on the phone.

"Going away?" I inquired.

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"No, old sport."

"I hear you fired all your servants."

"I wanted somebody who wouldn't gossip. Daisy comes over quite often—in the afternoons."

So the whole caravansary had fallen in like a card house at the disapproval in her eyes.

"They're some people Wolfsheim wanted to do something for. They're all brothers and sisters. They used to run a small hotel."

"I see."

He was calling up at Daisy's request—would I come to lunch at her house to-morrow? Miss Baker would be there. Half an hour later Daisy herself telephoned and seemed relieved to find that I was coming. Something was up. And yet I couldn't believe that they would choose this occasion for a scene—especially for the rather harrowing scene that Gatsby had outlined in the garden.

The next day was broiling, almost the last, certainly the warmest, of the summer. As my train emerged from the tunnel into sunlight, only the hot whistles of the National Biscuit Company broke the simmering hush at noon. The straw seats of the car hovered on the edge of combustion; the woman next to me perspired delicately for a while into her white shirtwaist, and then, as her newspaper dampened under her fingers, lapsed despairingly into deep heat with a desolate cry. Her pocket-book slapped to the floor.

"Oh, my!" she gasped.

I picked it up with a weary bend and handed it back to her, holding it at arm's length and by the extreme tip of the corners to indicate that I had no designs upon

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it—but every one near by, including the woman, suspected me just the same.

"Hot!" said the conductor to familiar faces. "Some weather! . . . Hot! . . . Hot! . . . Hot! . . . Is it hot enough for you? Is it hot? Is it . . . ?"

My commutation ticket came back to me with a dark stain from his hand. That any one should care in this heat whose flushed lips he kissed, whose head made damp the pajama pocket over his heart!

. . . Through the hall of the Buchanans' house blew a faint wind, carrying the sound of the telephone bell out to Gatsby and me as we waited at the door.

"The master's body!" roared the butler into the mouthpiece. "I'm sorry, madame, but we can't furnish it—it's far too hot to touch this noon!"

What he really said was: "Yes . . . Yes . . . I'll see."

He set down the receiver and came toward us, glistening slightly, to take our stiff straw hats.

"Madame expects you in the salon!" he cried, needlessly indicating the direction. In this heat every extra gesture was an affront to the common store of life.

The room, shadowed well with awnings, was dark and cool. Daisy and Jordan lay upon an enormous couch, like silver idols weighing down their own white dresses against the singing breeze of the fans.

"We can't move," they said together.

Jordan's fingers, powdered white over their tan, rested for a moment in mine.

"And Mr. Thomas Buchanan, the athlete?" I inquired.

Simultaneously I heard his voice, gruff, muffled, husky, at the hall telephone.

Gatsby stood in the centre of the crimson carpet and

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gazed around with fascinated eyes. Daisy watched him and laughed, her sweet, exciting laugh; a tiny gust of powder rose from her bosom into the air.

"The rumor is," whispered Jordan, "that that's Tom's girl on the telephone."

We were silent. The voice in the hall rose high with annoyance: "Very well, then, I won't sell you the car at all. . . . I'm under no obligations to you at all . . . and as for your bothering me about it at lunch time, I won't stand that at all!"

"Holding down the receiver," said Daisy cynically.

"No, he's not," I assured her. "It's a bona-fide deal. I happen to know about it."

Tom flung open the door, blocked out its space for a moment with his thick body, and hurried into the room.

"Mr. Gatsby!" He put out his broad, flat hand with well-concealed dislike. "I'm glad to see you, sir. . . . Nick. . . ."

"Make us a cold drink," cried Daisy.

As he left the room again she got up and went over to Gatsby and pulled his face down, kissing him on the mouth.

"You know I love you," she murmured.

"You forget there's a lady present," said Jordan.

Daisy looked around doubtfully.

"You kiss Nick too."

"What a low, vulgar girl!"

"I don't care!" cried Daisy, and began to clog on the brick fireplace. Then she remembered the heat and sat down guiltily on the couch just as a freshly laundered nurse leading a little girl came into the room.

"Bles-sed pre-cious," she crooned, holding out her arms. "Come to your own mother that loves you."

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The child, relinquished by the nurse, rushed across the room and rooted shyly into her mother's dress.

"The bles-sed pre-cious! Did mother get powder on your old yellowy hair? Stand up now, and say—How-de-do."

Gatsby and I in turn leaned down and took the small reluctant hand. Afterward he kept looking at the child with surprise. I don't think he had ever really believed in its existence before.

"I got dressed before luncheon," said the child, turning eagerly to Daisy.

"That's because your mother wanted to show you off." Her face bent into the single wrinkle of the small white neck. "You dream, you. You absolute little dream."

"Yes," admitted the child calmly. "Aunt Jordan's got on a white dress too."

"How do you like mother's friends?" Daisy turned her around so that she faced Gatsby. "Do you think they're pretty?"

"Where's Daddy?"

"She doesn't look like her father," explained Daisy. "She looks like me. She's got my hair and shape of the face."

Daisy sat back upon the couch. The nurse took a step forward and held out her hand.

"Come, Pammy."

"Good-by, sweetheart!"

With a reluctant backward glance the well-disciplined child held to her nurse's hand and was pulled out the door, just as Tom came back, preceding four gin rickeys that clicked full of ice.

Gatsby took up his drink.

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"They certainly look cool," he said, with visible tension.

We drank in long, greedy swallows.

"I read somewhere that the sun's getting hotter every year," said Tom genially. "It seems that pretty soon the earth's going to fall into the sun—or wait a minute—it's just the opposite—the sun's getting colder every year.

"Come outside," he suggested to Gatsby, "I'd like you to have a look at the place."

I went with them out to the veranda. On the green Sound, stagnant in the heat, one small sail crawled slowly toward the fresher sea. Gatsby's eyes followed it momentarily; he raised his hand and pointed across the bay.

"I'm right across from you."

"So you are."

Our eyes lifted over the rose-beds and the hot lawn and the weedy refuse of the dog-days alongshore. Slowly the white wings of the boat moved against the blue cool limit of the sky. Ahead lay the scalloped ocean and the abounding blessed isles.

"There's sport for you," said Tom, nodding. "I'd like to be out there with him for about an hour."

We had luncheon in the dining-room, darkened too against the heat, and drank down nervous gayety with the cold ale.

"What'll we do with ourselves this afternoon?" cried Daisy, "and the day after that, and the next thirty years?"

"Don't be morbid," Jordan said. "Life starts all over again when it gets crisp in the fall."

"But it's so hot," insisted Daisy, on the verge of tears, "and everything's so confused. Let's all go to town!"

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Her voice struggled on through the heat, beating against it, molding its senselessness into forms.

"I've heard of making a garage out of a stable," Tom was saying to Gatsby, "but I'm the first man who ever made a stable out of a garage."

"Who wants to go to town?" demanded Daisy insistently. Gatsby's eyes floated toward her. "Ah," she cried, "you look so cool."

Their eyes met, and they stared together at each other, alone in space. With an effort she glanced down at the table.

"You always look so cool," she repeated.

She had told him that she loved him, and Tom Buchanan saw. He was astounded. His mouth opened a little, and he looked at Gatsby, and then back at Daisy as if he had just recognized her as some one he knew a long time ago.

"You resemble the advertisement of the man," she went on innocently. "You know the advertisement of the man——"

"All right," broke in Tom quickly, "I'm perfectly willing to go to town. Come on—we're all going to town."

He got up, his eyes still flashing between Gatsby and his wife. No one moved.

"Come on!" His temper cracked a little. "What's the matter, anyhow? If we're going to town, let's start."

His hand, trembling with his effort at self-control, bore to his lips the last of his glass of ale. Daisy's voice got us to our feet and out on to the blazing gravel drive.

"Are we just going to go?" she objected. "Like this? Aren't we going to let any one smoke a cigarette first?"

"Everybody smoked all through lunch."

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"Oh, let's have fun," she begged him. "It's too hot to fuss."

He didn't answer.

"Have it your own way," she said. "Come on, Jordan."

They went upstairs to get ready while we three men stood there shuffling the hot pebbles with our feet. A silver curve of the moon hovered already in the western sky. Gatsby started to speak, changed his mind, but not before Tom wheeled and faced him expectantly.

"Have you got your stables here?" asked Gatsby with an effort.

"About a quarter of a mile down the road."

"Oh."

A pause.

"I don't see the idea of going to town," broke out Tom savagely. "Women get these notions in their heads——"

"Shall we take anything to drink?" called Daisy from an upper window.

"I'll get some whiskey," answered Tom. He went inside.

Gatsby turned to me rigidly:

"I can't say anything in his house, old sport."

"She's got an indiscreet voice," I remarked. "It's full of—" I hesitated.

"Her voice is full of money," he said suddenly.

That was it. I'd never understood before. It was full of money—that was the inexhaustible charm that rose and fell in it, the jingle of it, the cymbals' song of it. . . . High in a white palace the king's daughter, the golden girl. . . .

Tom came out of the house wrapping a quart bottle in a towel, followed by Daisy and Jordan wearing small

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tight hats of metallic cloth and carrying light capes over their arms.

"Shall we all go in my car?" suggested Gatsby. He felt the hot, green leather of the seat. "I ought to have left it in the shade."

"Is it standard shift?" demanded Tom.

"Yes."

"Well, you take my coupé and let me drive your car to town."

The suggestion was distasteful to Gatsby.

"I don't think there's much gas," he objected.

"Plenty of gas," said Tom boisterously. He looked at the gauge. "And if it runs out I can stop at a drug-store. You can buy anything at a drug-store nowadays."

A pause followed this apparently pointless remark. Daisy looked at Tom frowning, and an indefinable expression, at once definitely unfamiliar and vaguely recognizable, as if I had only heard it described in words, passed over Gatsby's face.

"Come on, Daisy," said Tom, pressing her with his hand toward Gatsby's car. "I'll take you in this circus wagon."

He opened the door, but she moved out from the circle of his arm.

"You take Nick and Jordan. We'll follow you in the coupé."

She walked close to Gatsby, touching his coat with her hand. Jordan and Tom and I got into the front seat of Gatsby's car, Tom pushed the unfamiliar gears tentatively, and we shot off into the oppressive heat, leaving them out of sight behind.

"Did you see that?" demanded Tom.

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"See what?"

He looked at me keenly, realizing that Jordan and I must have known all along.

"You think I'm pretty dumb, don't you?" he suggested. "Perhaps I am, but I have a—almost a second sight, sometimes, that tells me what to do. Maybe you don't believe that, but science——"

He paused. The immediate contingency overtook him, pulled him back from the edge of the theoretical abyss.

"I've made a small investigation of this fellow," he continued. "I could have gone deeper if I'd known——"

"Do you mean you've been to a medium?" inquired Jordan humorously.

"What?" Confused, he stared at us as we laughed. "A medium?"

"About Gatsby."

"About Gatsby! No, I haven't. I said I'd been making a small investigation of his past."

"And you found he was an Oxford man," said Jordan helpfully.

"An Oxford man!" He was incredulous. "Like hell he is! He wears a pink suit."

"Nevertheless he's an Oxford man."

"Oxford, New Mexico," snorted Tom contemptuously, "or something like that."

"Listen, Tom. If you're such a snob, why did you invite him to lunch?" demanded Jordan crossly.

"Daisy invited him; she knew him before we were married—God knows where!"

We were all irritable now with the fading ale, and aware of it we drove for a while in silence. Then as Doctor T. J. Eckleburg's faded eyes came into sight

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down the road, I remembered Gatsby's caution about gasoline.

"We've got enough to get us to town," said Tom.

"But there's a garage right here," objected Jordan. "I don't want to get stalled in this baking heat."

Tom threw on both brakes impatiently, and we slid to an abrupt dusty stop under Wilson's sign. After a moment the proprietor emerged from the interior of his establishment and gazed hollow-eyed at the car.

"Let's have some gas!" cried Tom roughly. "What do you think we stopped for—to admire the view?"

"I'm sick," said Wilson without moving. "Been sick all day."

"What's the matter?"

"I'm all run down."

"Well, shall I help myself?" Tom demanded. "You sounded well enough on the phone."

With an effort Wilson left the shade and support of the doorway and, breathing hard, unscrewed the cap of the tank. In the sunlight his face was green.

"I didn't mean to interrupt your lunch," he said. "But I need money pretty bad, and I was wondering what you were going to do with your old car."

"How do you like this one?" inquired Tom. "I bought it last week."

"It's a nice yellow one," said Wilson, as he strained at the handle.

"Like to buy it?"

"Big chance," Wilson smiled faintly. "No, but I could make some money on the other."

"What do you want money for, all of a sudden?"

"I've been here too long. I want to get away. My wife and I want to go West."

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"Your wife does," exclaimed Tom, startled.

"She's been talking about it for ten years." He rested for a moment against the pump, shading his eyes. "And now she's going whether she wants to or not. I'm going to get her away."

The coupé flashed by us with a flurry of dust and the flash of a waving hand.

"What do I owe you?" demanded Tom harshly.

"I just got wised up to something funny the last two days," remarked Wilson. "That's why I want to get away. That's why I been bothering you about the car."

"What do I owe you?"

"Dollar twenty."

The relentless beating heat was beginning to confuse me and I had a bad moment there before I realized that so far his suspicions hadn't alighted on Tom. He had discovered that Myrtle had some sort of life apart from him in another world, and the shock had made him physically sick. I stared at him and then at Tom, who had made a parallel discovery less than an hour before—and it occurred to me that there was no difference between men, in intelligence or race, so profound as the difference between the sick and the well. Wilson was so sick that he looked guilty, unforgivably guilty—as if he just got some poor girl with child.

"I'll let you have that car," said Tom. "I'll send it over to-morrow afternoon."

That locality was always vaguely disquieting, even in the broad glare of afternoon, and now I turned my head as though I had been warned of something behind. Over the ashheaps the giant eyes of Doctor T. J. Eckleburg kept their vigil, but I perceived, after a mo-

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ment, that the other eyes were regarding us with peculiar intensity from less than twenty feet away.

In one of the windows over the garage the curtains had been moved aside a little, and Myrtle Wilson was peering down at the car. So engrossed was she that she had no consciousness of being observed, and one emotion after another crept into her face like objects into a slowly developing picture. Her expression was curiously familiar—it was an expression I had often seen on women's faces, but on Myrtle Wilson's face it seemed purposeless and inexplicable until I realized that her eyes, wide with jealous terror, were fixed not on Tom, but on Jordan Baker, whom she took to be his wife.

There is no confusion like the confusion of a simple mind, and as we drove away Tom was feeling the hot whips of panic. His wife and his mistress, until an hour ago secure and inviolate, were slipping precipitately from his control. Instinct made him step on the accelerator with the double purpose of overtaking Daisy and leaving Wilson behind, and we sped along toward Astoria at fifty miles an hour, until, among the spidery girders of the elevated, we came in sight of the easy-going blue coupé.

"Those big movies around Fiftieth Street are cool," suggested Jordan. "I love New York on summer afternoons when every one's away. There's something very sensuous about it—overripe, as if all sorts of funny fruits were going to fall into your hands."

The word "sensuous" had the effect of further disquieting Tom, but before he could invent a protest the coupé came to a stop, and Daisy signalled us to draw up alongside.

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"Where are we going?" she cried.

"How about the movies?"

"It's so hot," she complained. "You go. We'll ride around and meet you after." With an effort her wit rose faintly, "We'll meet you on some corner. I'll be the man smoking two cigarettes."

"We can't argue about it here," Tom said impatiently, as a truck gave out a cursing whistle behind us. "You follow me to the south side of Central Park, in front of the Plaza."

Several times he turned his head and looked back for their car, and if the traffic delayed them he slowed up until they came into sight. I think he was afraid they would dart down a side street and out of his life forever.

But they didn't. And we all took the less explicable step of engaging the parlor of a suite in the Plaza Hotel.

The prolonged and tumultuous argument that ended by herding us into that room eludes me, though I have a sharp physical memory that, in the course of it, my underwear kept climbing like a damp snake around my legs and intermittent beads of sweat raced cool across my back. The notion originated with Daisy's suggestion that we hire five bathrooms and take cold baths, and then assumed more tangible form as "a place to have a mint julep." Each of us said over and over that it was a "crazy idea"—we all talked at once to a baffled clerk and thought, or pretended to think, that we were being very funny . . .

The room was large and stifling, and, though it was already four o'clock, opening the windows admitted only a gust of hot shrubbery from the Park. Daisy went

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to the mirror and stood with her back to us, fixing her hair.

"It's a swell suite," whispered Jordan respectfully, and every one laughed.

"Open another window," commanded Daisy, without turning around.

"There aren't any more."

"Well, we'd better telephone for an axe——"

"The thing to do is to forget about the heat," said Tom impatiently. "You make it ten times worse by crabbing about it."

He unrolled the bottle of whiskey from the towel and put it on the table.

"Why not let her alone, old sport?" remarked Gatsby. "You're the one that wanted to come to town."

There was a moment of silence. The telephone book slipped from its nail and splashed to the floor, whereupon Jordan whispered, "Excuse me"—but this time no one laughed.

"I'll pick it up," I offered.

"I've got it." Gatsby examined the parted string, muttered "Hum!" in an interested way, and tossed the book on a chair.

"That's a great expression of yours, isn't it?" said Tom sharply.

"What is?"

"All this 'old sport' business. Where'd you pick that up?"

"Now see here, Tom," said Daisy, turning around from the mirror, "if you're going to make personal remarks I won't stay here a minute. Call up and order some ice for the mint julep."

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As Tom took up the receiver the compressed heat exploded into sound and we were listening to the portentous chords of Mendelssohn's Wedding March from the ballroom below.

"Imagine marrying anybody in this heat!" cried Jordan dismally.

"Still—I was married in the middle of June," Daisy remembered, "Louisville in June! Somebody fainted. Who was it fainted, Tom?"

"Biloxi," he answered shortly.

"A man named Biloxi. 'Blocks' Biloxi, and he made boxes—that's a fact—and he was from Biloxi, Tennessee."

"They carried him into my house," appended Jordan, "because we lived just two doors from the church. And he stayed three weeks, until Daddy told him he had to get out. The day after he left Daddy died." After a moment she added as if she might have sounded irreverent, "There wasn't any connection."

"I used to know a Bill Biloxi from Memphis," I remarked.

"That was his cousin. I knew his whole family history before he left. He gave me an aluminum putter that I use today."

The music had died down as the ceremony began and now a long cheer floated in at the window, followed by intermittent cries of "Yea—ea—ea!" and finally by a burst of jazz as the dancing began.

"We're getting old," said Daisy. "If we were young we'd rise and dance."

"Remember Biloxi," Jordan warned her. "Where'd you know him, Tom?"

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"Biloxi?" He concentrated with an effort. "I didn't know him. He was a friend of Daisy's."

"He was not," she denied. "I'd never seen him before. He came down in the private car."

"Well, he said he knew you. He said he was raised in Louisville. Asa Bird brought him around at the last minute and asked if we had room for him."

Jordan smiled.

"He was probably bumming his way home. He told me he was president of your class at Yale."

Tom and I looked at each other blankly.

"Bil*oxi*?"

"First place, we didn't have any president——"

Gatsby's foot beat a short, restless tattoo and Tom eyed him suddenly.

"By the way, Mr. Gatsby, I understand you're an Oxford man."

"Not exactly."

"Oh, yes, I understand you went to Oxford."

"Yes—I went there."

A pause. Then Tom's voice, incredulous and insulting:

"You must have gone there about the time Biloxi went to New Haven."

Another pause. A waiter knocked and came in with crushed mint and ice, but the silence was unbroken by his "thank you" and the soft closing of the door. This tremendous detail was to be cleared up at last.

"I told you I went there," said Gatsby.

"I heard you, but I'd like to know when."

"It was in nineteen-nineteen. I only stayed five months. That's why I can't really call myself an Oxford man."

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Tom glanced around to see if we mirrored his unbelief. But we were all looking at Gatsby.

"It was an opportunity they gave to some of the officers after the Armistice," he continued. "We could go to any of the universities in England or France."

I wanted to get up and slap him on the back. I had one of those renewals of complete faith in him that I'd experienced before.

Daisy rose, smiling faintly, and went to the table.

"Open the whiskey, Tom," she ordered, "and I'll make you a mint julep. Then you won't seem so stupid to yourself. . . . Look at the mint!"

"Wait a minute," snapped Tom, "I want to ask Mr. Gatsby one more question."

"Go on," Gatsby said politely.

"What kind of a row are you trying to cause in my house anyhow?"

They were out in the open at last and Gatsby was content.

"He isn't causing a row," Daisy looked desperately from one to the other. "You're causing a row. Please have a little self-control."

"Self-control!" repeated Tom incredulously. "I suppose the latest thing is to sit back and let Mr. Nobody from Nowhere make love to your wife. Well, if that's the idea you can count me out. . . . Nowadays people begin by sneering at family life and family institutions, and next they'll throw everything overboard and have intermarriage between black and white."

Flushed with his impassioned gibberish, he saw himself standing alone on the last barrier of civilization.

"We're all white here," murmured Jordan.

"I know I'm not very popular. I don't give big parties.

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I suppose you've got to make your house into a pigsty in order to have any friends—in the modern world."

Angry as I was, as we all were, I was tempted to laugh whenever he opened his mouth. The transition from libertine to prig was so complete.

"I've got something to tell *you*, old sport—" began Gatsby. But Daisy guessed at his intention.

"Please don't!" she interrupted helplessly. "Please let's all go home. Why don't we all go home?"

"That's a good idea." I got up. "Come on, Tom. Nobody wants a drink."

"I want to know what Mr. Gatsby has to tell me."

"Your wife doesn't love you," said Gatsby. "She's never loved you. She loves me."

"You must be crazy!" exclaimed Tom automatically.

Gatsby sprang to his feet, vivid with excitement.

"She never loved you, do you hear?" he cried. "She only married you because I was poor and she was tired of waiting for me. It was a terrible mistake, but in her heart she never loved any one except me!"

At this point Jordan and I tried to go, but Tom and Gatsby insisted with competitive firmness that we remain—as though neither of them had anything to conceal and it would be a privilege to partake vicariously of their emotions.

"Sit down, Daisy," Tom's voice groped unsuccessfully for the paternal note. "What's been going on? I want to hear all about it."

"I told you what's been going on," said Gatsby. "Going on for five years—and you didn't know."

Tom turned to Daisy sharply.

"You've been seeing this fellow for five years?"

"Not seeing," said Gatsby. "No, we couldn't meet.

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But both of us loved each other all that time, old sport, and you didn't know. I used to laugh sometimes"—but there was no laughter in his eyes—"to think that you didn't know."

"Oh—that's all." Tom tapped his thick fingers together like a clergyman and leaned back in his chair.

"You're crazy!" he exploded. "I can't speak about what happened five years ago, because I didn't know Daisy then—and I'll be damned if I see how you got within a mile of her unless you brought the groceries to the back door. But all the rest of that's a God damned lie. Daisy loved me when she married me and she loves me now."

"No," said Gatsby, shaking his head.

"She does, though. The trouble is that sometimes she gets foolish ideas in her head and doesn't know what she's doing." He nodded sagely. "And what's more, I love Daisy too. Once in a while I go off on a spree and make a fool of myself, but I always come back, and in my heart I love her all the time."

"You're revolting," said Daisy. She turned to me, and her voice, dropping an octave lower, filled the room with thrilling scorn: "Do you know why we left Chicago? I'm surprised that they didn't treat you to the story of that little spree."

Gatsby walked over and stood beside her.

"Daisy, that's all over now," he said earnestly. "It doesn't matter any more. Just tell him the truth—that you never loved him—and it's all wiped out forever."

She looked at him blindly. "Why—how could I love him—possibly?"

"You never loved him."

She hesitated. Her eyes fell on Jordan and me with a sort of appeal, as though she realized at last what she

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was doing—and as though she had never, all along, intended doing anything at all. But it was done now. It was too late.

"I never loved him," she said, with perceptible reluctance.

"Not at Kapiolani?" demanded Tom suddenly.

"No."

From the ballroom beneath, muffled and suffocating chords were drifting up on hot waves of air.

"Not that day I carried you down from the Punch Bowl to keep your shoes dry?" There was a husky tenderness in his tone. . . . "Daisy?"

"Please don't." Her voice was cold, but the rancor was gone from it. She looked at Gatsby. "There, Jay," she said—but her hand as she tried to light a cigarette was trembling. Suddenly she threw the cigarette and the burning match on the carpet.

"Oh, you want too much!" she cried to Gatsby. "I love you now—isn't that enough? I can't help what's past." She began to sob helplessly. "I did love him once—but I loved you too."

Gatsby's eyes opened and closed.

"You loved me *too*?" he repeated.

"Even that's a lie," said Tom savagely. "She didn't know you were alive. Why—there're things between Daisy and me that you'll never know, things that neither of us can ever forget."

The words seemed to bite physically into Gatsby.

"I want to speak to Daisy alone," he insisted. "She's all excited now——"

"Even alone I can't say I never loved Tom," she admitted in a pitiful voice. "It wouldn't be true."

"Of course it wouldn't," agreed Tom.

She turned to her husband.

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"As if it mattered to you," she said.

"Of course it matters. I'm going to take better care of you from now on."

"You don't understand," said Gatsby, with a touch of panic. "You're not going to take care of her any more."

"I'm not?" Tom opened his eyes wide and laughed. He could afford to control himself now. "Why's that?"

"Daisy's leaving you."

"Nonsense."

"I am, though," she said with a visible effort.

"She's not leaving me!" Tom's words suddenly leaned down over Gatsby. "Certainly not for a common swindler who'd have to steal the ring he put on her finger."

"I won't stand this!" cried Daisy. "Oh, please let's get out."

"Who are you, anyhow?" broke out Tom. "You're one of that bunch that hangs around with Meyer Wolfsheim —that much I happen to know. I've made a little investigation into your affairs—and I'll carry it further to-morrow."

"You can suit yourself about that, old sport," said Gatsby steadily.

"I found out what your 'drug-stores' were." He turned to us and spoke rapidly. "He and this Wolfsheim bought up a lot of side-street drug-stores here and in Chicago and sold grain alcohol over the counter. That's one of his little stunts. I picked him for a bootlegger the first time I saw him, and I wasn't far wrong."

"What about it?" said Gatsby politely. "I guess your friend Walter Chase wasn't too proud to come in on it."

"And you left him in the lurch, didn't you? You let him go to jail for a month over in New Jersey. God! You ought to hear Walter on the subject of *you*."

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"He came to us dead broke. He was very glad to pick up some money, old sport."

"Don't you call me 'old sport'!" cried Tom. Gatsby said nothing. "Walter could have you up on the betting laws too, but Wolfsheim scared him into shutting his mouth."

That unfamiliar yet recognizable look was back again in Gatsby's face.

"That drug-store business was just small change," continued Tom slowly, "but you've got something on now that Walter's afraid to tell me about."

I glanced at Daisy, who was staring terrified between Gatsby and her husband, and at Jordan, who had begun to balance an invisible but absorbing object on the tip of her chin. Then I turned back to Gatsby—and was startled at his expression. He looked—and this is said in all contempt for the babbled slander of his garden—as if he had "killed a man." For a moment the set of his face could be described in just that fantastic way.

It passed, and he began to talk excitedly to Daisy, denying everything, defending his name against accusations that had not been made. But with every word she was drawing further and further into herself, so he gave that up, and only the dead dream fought on as the afternoon slipped away, trying to touch what was no longer tangible, struggling unhappily, undespairingly, toward that lost voice across the room.

The voice begged again to go.

"*Please*, Tom! I can't stand this any more."

Her frightened eyes told that whatever intentions, whatever courage she had had, were definitely gone.

"You two start on home, Daisy," said Tom. "In Mr. Gatsby's car."

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She looked at Tom, alarmed now, but he insisted with magnanimous scorn.

"Go on. He won't annoy you. I think he realizes that his presumptuous little flirtation is over."

They were gone, without a word, snapped out, made accidental, isolated, like ghosts, even from our pity.

After a moment Tom got up and began wrapping the unopened bottle of whiskey in the towel.

"Want any of this stuff? Jordan? . . . Nick?"

I didn't answer.

"Nick?" He asked again.

"What?"

"Want any?"

"No . . . I just remembered that today's my birthday."

I was thirty. Before me stretched the portentous, menacing road of a new decade.

It was seven o'clock when we got into the coupé with him and started for Long Island. Tom talked incessantly, exulting and laughing, but his voice was as remote from Jordan and me as the foreign clamor on the sidewalk or the tumult of the elevated overhead. Human sympathy has its limits, and we were content to let all their tragic arguments fade with the city lights behind. Thirty—the promise of a decade of loneliness, a thinning list of single men to know, a thinning briefcase of enthusiasm, thinning hair. But there was Jordan beside me, who, unlike Daisy, was too wise ever to carry well-forgotten dreams from age to age. As we passed over the dark bridge her wan face fell lazily against my coat's shoulder and the formidable stroke of thirty died away with the reassuring pressure of her hand.

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So we drove on toward death through the cooling twilight.

The young Greek, Michaelis, who ran the coffee joint beside the ashheaps was the principal witness at the inquest. He had slept through the heat until after five, when he strolled over to the garage, and found George Wilson sick in his office—really sick, pale as his own pale hair and shaking all over. Michaelis advised him to go to bed, but Wilson refused, saying that he'd miss a lot of business if he did. While his neighbor was trying to persuade him a violent racket broke out overhead.

"I've got my wife locked in up there," explained Wilson calmly. "She's going to stay there till the day after to-morrow, and then we're going to move away."

Michaelis was astonished; they had been neighbors for four years, and Wilson had never seemed faintly capable of such a statement. Generally he was one of these worn-out men: when he wasn't working, he sat on a chair in the doorway and stared at the people and the cars that passed along the road. When any one spoke to him he invariably laughed in an agreeable, colorless way. He was his wife's man and not his own.

So naturally Michaelis tried to find out what had happened, but Wilson wouldn't say a word—instead he began to throw curious, suspicious glances at his visitor and ask him what he'd been doing at certain times on certain days. Just as the latter was getting uneasy, some workmen came past the door bound for his restaurant, and Michaelis took the opportunity to get away, intending to come back later. But he didn't. He supposed he forgot to, that's all. When he came outside again, a little after seven, he was reminded of the conversation

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because he heard Mrs. Wilson's voice, loud and scolding, down-stairs in the garage.

"Beat me!" he heard her cry. "Throw me down and beat me, you dirty little coward!"

A moment later she rushed out into the dusk, waving her hands and shouting—before he could move from his door the business was over.

The "death car" as the newspapers called it, didn't stop; it came out of the gathering darkness, wavered tragically for a moment, and then disappeared around the next bend. Michaelis wasn't even sure of its color —he told the first policeman that it was light green. The other car, the one going toward New York, came to rest a hundred yards beyond, and its driver hurried back to where Myrtle Wilson, her life violently extinguished, knelt in the road and mingled her thick dark blood with the dust.

Michaelis and this man reached her first, but when they had torn open her shirtwaist, still damp with perspiration, they saw that her left breast was swinging loose like a flap, and there was no need to listen for the heart beneath. The mouth was wide open and ripped at the corners, as though she had choked a little in giving up the tremendous vitality she had stored so long.

We saw the three or four automobiles and the crowd when we were still some distance away.

"Wreck!" said Tom. "That's good. Wilson'll have a little business at last."

He slowed down, but still without any intention of stopping, until, as we came nearer, the hushed, intent

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faces of the people at the garage door made him automatically put on the brakes.

"We'll take a look," he said doubtfully, "just a look."

I became aware now of a hollow, wailing sound which issued incessantly from the garage, a sound which as we got out of the coupé and walked toward the door resolved itself into the words "Oh, my God!" uttered over and over in a gasping moan.

"There's some bad trouble here," said Tom excitedly.

He reached up on tiptoes and peered over a circle of heads into the garage, which was lit only by a yellow light in a swinging wire basket overhead. Then he made a harsh sound in his throat, and with a violent thrusting movement of his powerful arms pushed his way through.

The circle closed up again with a running murmur of expostulation; it was a minute before I could see anything at all. Then new arrivals deranged the line, and Jordan and I were pushed suddenly inside.

Myrtle Wilson's body, wrapped in a blanket, and then in another blanket, as though she suffered from a chill in the hot night, lay on a work-table by the wall, and Tom, with his back to us, was bending over it, motionless. Next to him stood a motorcycle policeman taking down names with much sweat and correction in a little book. At first I couldn't find the source of the high, groaning words that echoed clamorously through the bare garage—then I saw Wilson standing on the raised threshold of his office, swaying back and forth and holding to the doorposts with both hands. Some man was talking to him in a low voice and attempting, from time to time, to lay a hand on his shoulder, but Wilson

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neither heard nor saw. His eyes would drop slowly from the swinging light to the laden table by the wall, and then jerk back to the light again, and he gave out incessantly his high, horrible call:

"Oh, my Ga-od! Oh, my Ga-od! Oh, Ga-od! Oh, my Ga-od!"

Presently Tom lifted his head with a jerk and, after staring around the garage with glazed eyes, addressed a mumbled incoherent remark to the policeman.

"M-a-v—" the policeman was saying, "—o——"

"No, r—" corrected the man, "M-a-v-r-o——"

"Listen to me!" muttered Tom fiercely.

"r" said the policeman, "o——"

"g——"

"g—" He looked up as Tom's broad hand fell sharply on his shoulder. "What you want, fella?"

"What happened?—that's what I want to know."

"Auto hit her. Ins'antly killed."

"Instantly killed," repeated Tom, staring.

"She ran out ina road. Son-of-a-bitch didn't even stopus car."

"There was two cars," said Michaelis, "one comin', one goin', see?"

"Going where?" asked the policeman keenly.

"One goin' each way. Well, she"—his hand rose toward the blankets but stopped half way and fell to his side—"she ran out there an' the one comin' from N'York knock right into her, goin' thirty or forty miles an hour."

"What's the name of this place here?" demanded the officer.

"Hasn't got any name."

A pale well-dressed negro stepped near.

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"It was a yellow car," he said, "big yellow car. New."

"See the accident?" asked the policeman.

"No, but the car passed me down the road, going faster'n forty. Going fifty, sixty."

"Come here and let's have your name. Look out now. I want to get his name."

Some words of this conversation must have reached Wilson, swaying in the office door, for suddenly a new theme found voice among his gasping cries:

"You don't have to tell me what kind of car it was! I know what kind of car it was!"

Watching Tom, I saw the wad of muscle back of his shoulder tighten under his coat. He walked quickly over to Wilson and, standing in front of him, seized him firmly by the upper arms.

"You've got to pull yourself together," he said with soothing gruffness.

Wilson's eyes fell upon Tom; he started up on his tiptoes and then would have collapsed to his knees had not Tom held him upright.

"Listen," said Tom, shaking him a little. "I just got here a minute ago, from New York. I was bringing you that coupé we've been talking about. That yellow car I was driving this afternoon wasn't mine—do you hear? I haven't seen it all afternoon."

Only the negro and I were near enough to hear what he said, but the policeman caught something in the tone and looked over with truculent eyes.

"What's all that?" he demanded.

"I'm a friend of his." Tom turned his head but kept his hands firm on Wilson's body. "He says he knows the car that did it. . . . It was a yellow car."

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Some dim impulse moved the policeman to look suspiciously at Tom.

"And what color's your car?"

"It's a blue car, a coupé."

"We've come straight from New York," I said.

Someone who had been driving a little behind us confirmed this, and the policeman turned away.

"Now, if you'll let me have that name again correct——"

Picking up Wilson like a doll, Tom carried him into the office, set him down in a chair, and came back.

"If somebody'll come here and sit with him," he snapped authoritatively. He watched while the two men standing closest glanced at each other and went unwillingly into the room. Then Tom shut the door on them and came down the single step, his eyes avoiding the table. As he passed close to me he whispered: "Let's get out."

Self-consciously, with his authoritative arms breaking the way, we pushed through the still gathering crowd, passing a hurried doctor, case in hand, who had been sent for in wild hope half an hour ago.

Tom drove slowly until we were beyond the bend—then his foot came down hard, and the coupé raced along through the night. In a little while I heard a low husky sob, and saw that the tears were overflowing down his face.

"The God damned coward!" he whimpered. "He didn't even stop his car."

The Buchanans' house floated suddenly toward us through the dark rustling trees. Tom stopped beside the

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porch and looked up at the second floor, where two windows bloomed with light among the vines.

"Daisy's home," he said. As we got out of the car he glanced at me and frowned slightly.

"I ought to have dropped you in West Egg, Nick. There's nothing we can do to-night."

A change had come over him, and he spoke gravely, and with decision. As we walked across the moonlight gravel to the porch he disposed of the situation in a few brisk phrases.

"I'll telephone for a taxi to take you home, and while you're waiting you and Jordan better go in the kitchen and have them get you some supper—if you want any." He opened the door. "Come in."

"No, thanks. But I'd be glad if you'd order me the taxi. I'll wait outside."

Jordan put her hand on my arm.

"Won't you come in, Nick?"

"No, thanks."

I was feeling a little sick and I wanted to be alone. But Jordan lingered for a moment more.

"It's only half-past nine," she said.

I'd be damned if I'd go in; I'd had enough of all of them for one day, and suddenly that included Jordan too. She must have seen something of this in my expression, for she turned abruptly away and ran up the porch steps into the house. I sat down for a few minutes with my head in my hands, until I heard the phone taken up inside and the butler's voice calling a taxi. Then I walked slowly down the drive away from the house, intending to wait by the gate.

I hadn't gone twenty yards when I heard my name and Gatsby stepped from between two bushes into the

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ch. I must have felt pretty weird by that time, because I could think of nothing except the luminosity of his pink suit under the moon.

"What are you doing?" I inquired.

"Just standing here, old sport."

Somehow, that seemed a despicable occupation. For all I knew he was going to rob the house in a moment; I wouldn't have been surprised to see sinister faces, the faces of "Wolfsheim's people," behind him in the dark shrubbery.

"Did you see any trouble on the road?" he asked after a minute.

"Yes."

He hesitated.

"Was she killed?"

"Yes."

"I thought so; I told Daisy I thought so. It's better that the shock should all come at once. She stood it pretty well."

He spoke as if Daisy's reaction was the only thing that mattered.

"I got to West Egg by a side road," he went on, "and left the car in my garage. I don't think anybody saw us, but of course I can't be sure."

I disliked him so much by this time that I didn't find it necessary to tell him he was wrong.

"Who was the woman?" he inquired.

"Her name was Wilson. Her husband owns the garage. How the devil did it happen?"

"Well, I tried to swing the wheel—" He broke off, and suddenly I guessed at the truth.

"Was Daisy driving?"

"Yes," he said after a moment, "but of course I'll say I was. You see, when we left New York she was very

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nervous and she thought it would steady her to drive—and this woman rushed out at us just as we were passing a car coming the other way. It all happened in a minute, but it seemed to me that she wanted to speak to us, thought we were somebody she knew. Well, first Daisy turned away from the woman toward the other car, and then she lost her nerve and turned back. The second my hand reached the wheel I felt the shock—it must have killed her instantly."

"It ripped her open——"

"Don't tell me, old sport." He winced. "Anyhow—Daisy stepped on it. I tried to make her stop, but she couldn't, so I pulled on the emergency brake. Then she fell over into my lap and I drove on.

"She'll be all right tomorrow," he said presently. "I'm just going to wait here and see if he tries to bother her about that unpleasantness this afternoon. She's locked herself into her room, and if he tries any brutality she's going to turn the light out and on again."

"He won't touch her," I said. "He's not thinking about her."

"I don't trust him, old sport."

"How long are you going to wait?"

"All night, if necessary. Anyhow, till they all go to bed."

A new point of view occurred to me. Suppose Tom found out that Daisy had been driving. He might think he saw a connection in it—he might think anything. I looked at the house; there were two or three bright windows downstairs and the pink glow from Daisy's room on the second floor.

"You wait here," I said. "I'll see if there's any sign of a commotion."

I walked back along the border of the lawn, traversed

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the gravel softly, and tiptoed up the veranda steps. The drawing-room curtains were open, and I saw that the room was empty. Crossing the porch where we had dined that June night three months before, I came to a small rectangle of light which I guessed was the pantry window. The blind was drawn, but I found a rift at the sill.

Daisy and Tom were sitting opposite each other at the kitchen table, with a plate of cold fried chicken between them, and two bottles of ale. He was talking intently across the table at her, and in his earnestness his hand had fallen upon and covered her own. Once in a while she looked up at him and nodded in agreement.

They weren't happy, and neither of them had touched the chicken or the ale—and yet they weren't unhappy either. There was an unmistakable air of natural intimacy about the picture, and anybody would have said that they were conspiring together.

As I tiptoed from the porch I heard my taxi feeling its way along the dark road toward the house. Gatsby was waiting where I had left him in the drive.

"Is it all quiet up there?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, it's all quiet." I hesitated. "You'd better come home and get some sleep."

He shook his head.

"I want to wait here till Daisy goes to bed. Good night, old sport."

He put his hands in his coat pockets and turned back eagerly to his scrutiny of the house, as though my presence marred the sacredness of the vigil. So I walked away and left him standing there in the moonlight—watching over nothing.

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CHAPTER VIII

I COULDN'T sleep all night; a fog-horn was groaning incessantly on the Sound, and I tossed half-sick between grotesque reality and savage, frightening dreams. Toward dawn I heard a taxi go up Gatsby's drive, and immediately I jumped out of bed and began to dress—I felt that I had something to tell him, something to warn him about, and morning would be too late.

Crossing his lawn, I saw that his front door was still open and he was leaning against a table in the hall, heavy with dejection or sleep.

"Nothing happened," he said wanly. "I waited, and about four o'clock she came to the window and stood there for a minute and then turned out the light."

His house had never seemed so enormous to me as it did that night when we hunted through the great rooms for cigarettes. We pushed aside curtains that were like pavilions, and felt over innumerable feet of dark wall for electric light switches—once I tumbled with a sort of splash upon the keys of a ghostly piano. There was an inexplicable amount of dust everywhere, and the rooms were musty, as though they hadn't been aired for many days. I found the humidor on an unfamiliar table, with two stale, dry cigarettes inside. Throwing open the French windows of the drawing-room, we sat smoking out into the darkness.

"You ought to go away," I said. "It's pretty certain they'll trace your car."

"Go away *now*, old sport?"

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"Go to Atlantic City for a week, or up to Montreal."

He wouldn't consider it. He couldn't possibly leave Daisy until he knew what she was going to do. He was clutching at some last hope and I couldn't bear to shake him free.

It was this night that he told me the strange story of his youth with Dan Cody—told it to me because "Jay Gatsby" had broken up like glass against Tom's hard malice, and the long secret extravaganza was played out. I think that he would have acknowledged anything now, without reserve, but he wanted to talk about Daisy.

She was the first "nice" girl he had ever known. In various unrevealed capacities he had come in contact with such people, but always with indiscernible barbed wire between. He found her excitingly desirable. He went to her house, at first with other officers from Camp Taylor, then alone. It amazed him—he had never been in such a beautiful house before. But what gave it an air of breathless intensity was that Daisy lived there—it was as casual a thing to her as his tent out at camp was to him. There was a ripe mystery about it, a hint of bedrooms upstairs more beautiful and cool than other bedrooms, of gay and radiant activities taking place through its corridors, and of romances that were not musty and laid away already in lavender, but fresh and breathing and redolent of this year's shining motor-cars and of dances whose flowers were scarcely withered. It excited him, too, that many men had already loved Daisy—it increased her value in his eyes. He felt their presence all about the house, pervading the air with the shades and echoes of still vibrant emotions.

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But he knew that he was in Daisy's house by a colossal accident. However glorious might be his future as Jay Gatsby, he was at present a penniless young man without a past, and at any moment the invisible cloak of his uniform might slip from his shoulders. So he made the most of his time. He took what he could get, ravenously and unscrupulously—eventually he took Daisy one still October night, took her because he had no real right to touch her hand.

He might have despised himself, for he had certainly taken her under false pretenses. I don't mean that he had traded on his phantom millions, but he had deliberately given Daisy a sense of security; he let her believe that he was a person from much the same stratum as herself—that he was fully able to take care of her. As a matter of fact, he had no such facilities—he had no comfortable family standing behind him, and he was liable at the whim of an impersonal government to be blown anywhere about the world.

But he didn't despise himself and it didn't turn out as he had imagined. He had intended, probably, to take what he could and go—but now he found that he had committed himself to the following of a grail. He knew that Daisy was extraordinary, but he didn't realize just how extraordinary a "nice" girl could be. She vanished into her rich house, into her rich, full life, leaving Gatsby—nothing. He felt married to her, that was all.

When they met again, two days later, it was Gatsby who was breathless, who was, somehow, betrayed. Her porch was bright with the bought luxury of star-shine; the wicker of the settee squeaked fashionably as she turned toward him and he kissed her curious and lovely mouth. She had caught a cold, and it made her

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voice huskier and more charming than ever, and Gatsby was overwhelmingly aware of the youth and mystery that wealth imprisons and preserves, of the freshness of many clothes, and of Daisy, gleaming like silver, safe and proud above the hot struggles of the poor.

"I can't describe to you how surprised I was to find out I loved her, old sport. I even hoped for a while that she'd throw me over, but she didn't, because she was in love with me too. She thought I knew a lot because I knew different things from her . . . Well, there I was, 'way off my ambitions, getting deeper in love every minute, and all of a sudden I didn't care. What was the use of doing great things if I could have a better time telling her what I was going to do?"

On the last afternoon before he went abroad, he sat with Daisy in his arms for a long, silent time. It was a cold fall day, with fire in the room and her cheeks flushed. Now and then she moved and he changed his arm a little, and once he kissed her dark shining hair. The afternoon had made them tranquil for a while, as if to give them a deep memory for the long parting the next day promised. They had never been closer in their month of love, nor communicated more profoundly one with another, than when she brushed silent lips against his coat's shoulder or when he touched the end of her fingers, gently, as though she were asleep.

He did extraordinarily well in the war. He was a captain before he went to the front, and following the Argonne battles he got his majority and the command of the divisional machine-guns. After the Armistice he

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tried frantically to get home, but some complication or misunderstanding sent him to Oxford instead. He was worried now—there was a quality of nervous despair in Daisy's letters. She didn't see why he couldn't come. She was feeling the pressure of the world outside, and she wanted to see him and feel his presence beside her and be reassured that she was doing the right thing after all.

For Daisy was young and her artificial world was redolent of orchids and pleasant, cheerful snobbery and orchestras which set the rhythm of the year, summing up the sadness and suggestiveness of life in new tunes. All night the saxophones wailed the hopeless comment of the *Beale Street Blues* while a hundred pairs of golden and silver slippers shuffled the shining dust. At the gray tea hour there were always rooms that throbbed incessantly with this low, sweet fever, while fresh faces drifted here and there like rose petals blown by the sad horns around the floor.

Through this twilight universe Daisy began to move again with the season; suddenly she was again keeping half a dozen dates a day with half a dozen men, and drowsing asleep at dawn with the beads and chiffon of an evening dress tangled among dying orchids on the floor beside her bed. And all the time something within her was crying for a decision. She wanted her life shaped now, immediately—and the decision must be made by some force—of love, of money, of unquestionable practicality—that was close at hand.

That force took shape in the middle of spring with the arrival of Tom Buchanan. There was a wholesome bulkiness about his person and his position, and Daisy

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was flattered. Doubtless there was a certain struggle and a certain relief. The letter reached Gatsby while he was still at Oxford.

It was dawn now on Long Island and we went about opening the rest of the windows downstairs, filling the house with gray-turning, gold-turning light. The shadow of a tree fell abruptly across the dew and ghostly birds began to sing among the blue leaves. There was a slow, pleasant movement in the air, scarcely a wind, promising a cool, lovely day.

"I don't think she ever loved him," Gatsby turned around from a window and looked at me challengingly. "You must remember, old sport, she was very excited this afternoon. He told her those things in a way that frightened her—that made it look as if I was some kind of cheap sharper. And the result was she hardly knew what she was saying."

He sat down gloomily.

"Of course she might have loved him just for a minute, when they were first married—and loved me more even then, do you see?"

Suddenly he came out with a curious remark.

"In any case," he said, "it was just personal."

What could you make of that, except to suspect some intensity in his conception of the affair that couldn't be measured?

He came back from France when Tom and Daisy were still on their wedding trip, and made a miserable but irresistible journey to Louisville on the last of his army pay. He stayed there a week, walking the streets where their footsteps had clicked together through the

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November night and revisiting the out-of-the-way places to which they had driven in her white car. Just as Daisy's house had always seemed to him more mysterious and gay than other houses, so his idea of the city itself, even though she was gone from it, was pervaded with a melancholy beauty.

He left feeling that if he had searched harder, he might have found her—that he was leaving her behind. The day-coach—he was penniless now—was hot. He went out to the open vestibule and sat down on a folding-chair, and the station slid away and the backs of unfamiliar buildings moved by. Then out into the spring fields, where a yellow trolley raced them for a minute with the people in it who might once have seen the pale magic of her face along the casual street.

The track curved and now it was going away from the sun, which, as it sank lower, seemed to spread itself in benediction over the vanishing city where she had drawn her breath. He stretched out his hand desperately as if to snatch only a wisp of air, to save a fragment of the spot that she had made lovely for him. But it was all going by too fast now for his blurred eyes and he knew that he had lost that part of it, the freshest and the best, forever.

It was nine o'clock when we finished breakfast and went out on the porch. The night had made a sharp difference in the weather and there was an autumn flavor in the air. The gardener, the last one of Gatsby's former servants, came to the foot of the steps.

"I'm going to drain the pool today, Mr. Gatsby. Leaves'll start falling pretty soon, and then there's always trouble with the pipes."

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"Don't do it today," Gatsby answered. He turned to me apologetically. "You know, old sport, I've never used that pool all summer?"

I looked at my watch and stood up.

"Twelve minutes to my train."

I didn't want to go to the city. I wasn't worth a decent stroke of work, but it was more than that—I didn't want to leave Gatsby. I missed that train, and then another, before I could get myself away.

"I'll call you up," I said finally.

"Do, old sport."

"I'll call you about noon."

We walked slowly down the steps.

"I suppose Daisy'll call too." He looked at me anxiously, as if he hoped I'd corroborate this.

"I suppose so."

"Well, good-by."

We shook hands and I started away. Just before I reached the hedge I remembered something and turned around.

"They're a rotten crowd," I shouted across the lawn. "You're worth the whole damn bunch put together."

I've always been glad I said that. It was the only compliment I ever gave him, because I disapproved of him from beginning to end. First he nodded politely, and then his face broke into that radiant and understanding smile, as if we'd been in ecstatic cahoots on that fact all the time. His gorgeous pink rag of a suit made a bright spot of color against the white steps, and I thought of the night when I first came to his ancestral home, three months before. The lawn and drive had been crowded with the faces of those who guessed at his corruption—

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and he had stood on those steps, concealing his incorruptible dream, as he waved them good-by.

I thanked him for his hospitality. We were always thanking him for that—I and the others.

"Good-by," I called. "I enjoyed breakfast, Gatsby."

Up in the city, I tried for a while to list the quotations on an interminable amount of stock, then I fell asleep in my swivel-chair. Just before noon the phone woke me, and I started up with sweat breaking out on my forehead. It was Jordan Baker; she often called me up at this hour because the uncertainty of her own movements between hotels and clubs and private houses made her hard to find in any other way. Usually her voice came over the wire as something fresh and cool, as if a divot from a green golf-links had come sailing in at the office window, but this morning it seemed harsh and dry.

"I've left Daisy's house," she said. "I'm at Hempstead, and I'm going down to Southampton this afternoon."

Probably it had been tactful to leave Daisy's house, but the act annoyed me, and her next remark made me rigid.

"You weren't so nice to me last night."

"How could it have mattered then?"

Silence for a moment. Then:

"However—I want to see you."

"I want to see you, too."

"Suppose I don't go to Southampton, and come into town this afternoon?"

"No—I don't think this afternoon."

"Very well."

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"It's impossible this afternoon. Various——"

We talked like that for a while, and then abruptly we weren't talking any longer. I don't know which of us hung up with a sharp click, but I know I didn't care. I couldn't have talked to her across a tea-table that day if I never talked to her again in this world.

I called Gatsby's house a few minutes later, but the line was busy. I tried four times; finally an exasperated central told me the wire was being kept open for long distance from Detroit. Taking out my time-table, I drew a small circle around the three-fifty train. Then I leaned back in my chair and tried to think. It was just noon.

When I passed the ashheaps on the train that morning I had crossed deliberately to the other side of the car. I supposed there'd be a curious crowd around there all day with little boys searching for dark spots in the dust, and some garrulous man telling over and over what had happened, until it became less and less real even to him and he could tell it no longer, and Myrtle Wilson's tragic achievement was forgotten. Now I want to go back a little and tell what happened at the garage after we left there the night before.

They had difficulty in locating the sister, Catherine. She must have broken her rule against drinking that night, for when she arrived she was stupid with liquor and unable to understand that the ambulance had already gone to Flushing. When they convinced her of this, she immediately fainted, as if that was the intolerable part of the affair. Someone, kind or curious, took her in his car and drove her in the wake of her sister's body.

Until long after midnight a changing crowd lapped up against the front of the garage, while George Wilson

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rocked himself back and forth on the couch inside. For a while the door of the office was open, and every one who came into the garage glanced irresistibly through it. Finally some one said it was a shame, and closed the door. Michaelis and several other men were with him; first, four or five men, later two or three men. Still later Michaelis had to ask the last stranger to wait there fifteen minutes longer, while he went back to his own place and made a pot of coffee. After that, he stayed there alone with Wilson until dawn.

About three o'clock the quality of Wilson's incoherent muttering changed—he grew quieter and began to talk about the yellow car. He announced that he had a way of finding out whom the yellow car belonged to, and then he blurted out that a couple of months ago his wife had come from the city with her face bruised and her nose swollen.

But when he heard himself say this, he flinched and began to cry "Oh, my God!" again in his groaning voice. Michaelis made a clumsy attempt to distract him.

"How long have you been married, George? Come on there, try and sit still a minute and answer my question. How long have you been married?"

"Twelve years."

"Ever had any children? Come on, George, sit still—I asked you a question. Did you ever have any children?"

The hard brown beetles kept thudding against the dull light, and whenever Michaelis heard a car go tearing along the road outside it sounded to him like the car that hadn't stopped a few hours before. He didn't like to go into the garage, because the work bench was stained where the body had been lying, so he moved uncomfortably around the office—he knew every object in it

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before morning—and from time to time sat down beside Wilson trying to keep him more quiet.

"Have you got a church you go to sometimes, George? Maybe even if you haven't been there for a long time? Maybe I could call up the church and get a priest to come over and he could talk to you, see?"

"Don't belong to any."

"You ought to have a church, George, for times like this. You must have gone to church once. Didn't you get married in a church? Listen, George, listen to me. Didn't you get married in a church?"

"That was a long time ago."

The effort of answering broke the rhythm of his rocking—for a moment he was silent. Then the same half-knowing, half-bewildered look came back into his faded eyes.

"Look in the drawer there," he said, pointing at the desk.

"Which drawer?"

"That drawer—that one."

Michaelis opened the drawer nearest his hand. There was nothing in it but a small, expensive dog-leash, made of leather and braided silver. It was apparently new.

"This?" he inquired, holding it up.

Wilson stared and nodded.

"I found it yesterday afternoon. She tried to tell me about it, but I knew it was something funny."

"You mean your wife bought it?"

"She had it wrapped in tissue paper on her bureau."

Michaelis didn't see anything odd in that, and he gave Wilson a dozen reasons why his wife might have bought the dog-leash. But conceivably Wilson had heard some of these same explanations before, from

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Myrtle, because he began saying "Oh, my God!" again in a whisper—his comforter left several explanations in the air.

"Then he killed her," said Wilson. His mouth dropped open suddenly.

"Who did?"

"I have a way of finding out."

"You're morbid, George," said his friend. "This has been a strain to you and you don't know what you're saying. You'd better try and sit quiet till morning."

"He murdered her."

"It was an accident, George."

Wilson shook his head. His eyes narrowed and his mouth widened slightly with the ghost of a superior "Hm!"

"I know," he said definitely, "I'm one of these trusting fellas and I don't think any harm to *no*body, but when I get to know a thing I know it. It was the man in that car. She ran out to speak to him and he wouldn't stop."

Michaelis had seen this too, but it hadn't occurred to him that there was any special significance in it. He believed that Mrs. Wilson had been running away from her husband, rather than trying to stop any particular car.

"How could she of been like that?"

"She's a deep one," said Wilson, as if that answered the question. "Ah-h-h——"

He began to rock again, and Michaelis stood twisting the leash in his hand.

"Maybe you got some friend that I could telephone for, George?"

This was a forlorn hope—he was almost sure that Wilson had no friend: there was not enough of him for

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his wife. He was glad a little later when he noticed a change in the room, a blue quickening by the window, and realized that dawn wasn't far off. About five o'clock it was blue enough outside to snap off the light.

Wilson's glazed eyes turned out to the ashheaps, where small gray clouds took on fantastic shapes and scurried here and there in the faint dawn wind.

"I spoke to her," he muttered, after a long silence. "I told her she might fool me but she couldn't fool God. I took her to the window"—with an effort he got up and walked to the rear window and leaned with his face pressed against it—"and I said 'God knows what you've been doing, everything you've been doing. You may fool me, but you can't fool God!' "

Standing behind him, Michaelis saw with a shock that he was looking at the eyes of Doctor T. J. Eckleburg, which had just emerged, pale and enormous, from the dissolving night.

"God sees everything," repeated Wilson.

"That's an advertisement," Michaelis assured him. Something made him turn away from the window and look back into the room. But Wilson stood there a long time, his face close to the window pane, nodding into the twilight.

By six o'clock Michaelis was worn out, and grateful for the sound of a car stopping outside. It was one of the watchers of the night before who had promised to come back, so he cooked breakfast for three, which he and the other man ate together. Wilson was quieter now, and Michaelis went home to sleep; when he awoke four hours later and hurried back to the garage, Wilson was gone.

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His movements—he was on foot all the time—were afterward traced to Port Roosevelt and then to Gad's Hill, where he bought a sandwich that he didn't eat, and a cup of coffee. He must have been tired and walking slowly, for he didn't reach Gad's Hill until noon. Thus far there was no difficulty in accounting for his time—there were boys who had seen a man "acting sort of crazy," and motorists at whom he stared oddly from the side of the road. Then for three hours he disappeared from view. The police, on the strength of what he said to Michaelis, that he "had a way of finding out," supposed that he spent that time going from garage to garage thereabout, inquiring for a yellow car. On the other hand, no garage man who had seen him ever came forward, and perhaps he had an easier, surer way of finding out what he wanted to know. By half-past two he was in West Egg, where he asked some one the way to Gatsby's house. So by that time he knew Gatsby's name.

At two o'clock Gatsby put on his bathing-suit and left word with the butler that if any one phoned word was to be brought to him at the pool. He stopped at the garage for a pneumatic mattress that had amused his guests during the summer, and the chauffeur helped him pump it up. Then he gave instructions that the open car wasn't to be taken out under any circumstances—and this was strange, because the front right fender needed repair.

Gatsby shouldered the mattress and started for the pool. Once he stopped and shifted it a little, and the chauffeur asked him if he needed help, but he shook his

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head and in a moment disappeared among the yellowing trees.

No telephone message arrived, but the butler went without his sleep and waited for it until four o'clock—until long after there was any one to give it to if it came. I have an idea that Gatsby himself didn't believe it would come, and perhaps he no longer cared. If that was true he must have felt that he had lost the old warm world, paid a high price for living too long with a single dream. He must have looked up at an unfamiliar sky through frightening leaves and shivered as he found what a grotesque thing a rose is and how raw the sunlight was upon the scarcely created grass. A new world, material without being real, where poor ghosts, breathing dreams like air, drifted fortuitously about . . . like that ashen, fantastic figure gliding toward him through the amorphous trees.

The chauffeur—he was one of Wolfsheim's protégés—heard the shots—afterward he could only say that he hadn't thought anything much about them. I drove from the station directly to Gatsby's house and my rushing anxiously up the front steps was the first thing that alarmed any one. But they knew then, I firmly believe. With scarcely a word said, four of us, the chauffeur, butler, gardener, and I, hurried down to the pool.

There was a faint, barely perceptible movement of the water as the fresh flow from one end urged its way toward the drain at the other. With little ripples that were hardly the shadows of waves, the laden mattress moved irregularly down the pool. A small gust of wind that scarcely corrugated the surface was enough to disturb its accidental course with its accidental burden.

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The touch of a cluster of leaves revolved it slowly, tracing, like the leg of transit, a thin red circle in the water.

It was after we started with Gatsby toward the house that the gardener saw Wilson's body a little way off in the grass, and the holocaust was complete.

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CHAPTER IX

AFTER TWO YEARS I remember the rest of that day, and that night and the next day, only as an endless drill of police and photographers and newspaper men in and out of Gatsby's front door. A rope stretched across the main gate and a policeman by it kept out the curious, but little boys soon discovered that they could enter through my yard, and there were always a few of them clustered open-mouthed about the pool. Some one with a positive manner, perhaps a detective, used the expression "madman" as he bent over Wilson's body that afternoon, and the adventitious authority of his voice set the key for the newspaper reports next morning.

Most of those reports were a nightmare—grotesque, circumstantial, eager, and untrue. When Michaelis's testimony at the inquest brought to light Wilson's suspicions of his wife I thought the whole tale would shortly be served up in racy pasquinade—but Catherine, who might have said anything, didn't say a word. She showed a surprising amount of character about it too—looked at the coroner with determined eyes under that corrected brow of hers, and swore that her sister had never seen Gatsby, that her sister was completely happy with her husband, that her sister had been into no mischief whatever. She convinced herself of it, and cried into her handkerchief, as if the very suggestion was more than she could endure. So Wilson was reduced to a man "deranged by grief" in order that the

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case might remain in its simplest form. And it rested there.

But all this part of it seemed remote and unessential. I found myself on Gatsby's side, and alone. From the moment I telephoned news of the catastrophe to West Egg Village, every surmise about him, and every practical question, was referred to me. At first I was surprised and confused; then, as he lay in his house and didn't move or breathe or speak, hour upon hour, it grew upon me that I was responsible, because no one else was interested—interested, I mean, with that intense personal interest to which every one has some vague right at the end.

I called up Daisy half an hour after we found him, called her instinctively and without hesitation. But she and Tom had gone away early that afternoon, and taken baggage with them.

"Left no address?"

"No."

"Say when they'd be back?"

"No."

"Any idea where they are? How I could reach them?"

"I don't know. Can't say."

I wanted to get somebody for him. I wanted to go into the room where he lay and reassure him: "I'll get somebody for you, Gatsby. Don't worry. Just trust me and I'll get somebody for you——"

Meyer Wolfsheim's name wasn't in the phone book. The butler gave me his office address on Broadway, and I called Information, but by the time I had the number it was long after five, and no one answered the phone.

"Will you ring again?"

"I've rung them three times."

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"It's very important."

"Sorry. I'm afraid no one's there."

I went back to the drawing-room and thought for an instant that they were chance visitors, all these official people who suddenly filled it. But, as they drew back the sheet and looked at Gatsby with unmoved eyes, his protest continued in my brain:

"Look here, old sport, you've got to get somebody for me. You've got to try hard. I can't go through this alone."

Some one started to ask me questions, but I broke away and going upstairs looked hastily through the unlocked parts of his desk—he'd never told me definitely that his parents were dead. But there was nothing —only the picture of Dan Cody, a token of forgotten violence, staring down from the wall.

Next morning I sent the butler to New York with a letter to Wolfsheim, which asked for information and urged him to come out on the next train. That request seemed superfluous when I wrote it. I was sure he'd start when he saw the newspapers, just as I was sure there'd be a wire from Daisy before noon—but neither a wire nor Mr. Wolfsheim arrived; no one arrived except more police and photographers and newspaper men. When the butler brought back Wolfsheim's answer I began to have a feeling of defiance, of scornful solidarity between Gatsby and me against them all.

Dear Mr. Carraway. This has been one of the most terrible shocks of my life to me I hardly can believe it that it is true at all. Such a mad act as that man did should make us all think. I cannot come down now as I am tied up in some very important business and cannot get mixed up in this thing now. If there is anything I can do a little later let me know in a letter by Edgar.

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I hardly know where I am when I hear about a thing like this and am completely knocked down and out.

Yours truly

MEYER WOLFSHEIM

and then hasty addenda beneath:

Let me know about the funeral etc do not know his family at all.

When the phone rang that afternoon and Long Distance said Chicago was calling I thought this would be Daisy at last. But the connection came through as a man's voice, very thin and far way.

"This is Slagle speaking . . ."

"Yes?" The name was unfamiliar.

"Hell of a note, isn't it? Get my wire?"

"There haven't been any wires."

"Young Parke's in trouble," he said rapidly. "They picked him up when he handed the bonds over the counter. They got a circular from New York giving 'em the numbers just five minutes before. What d'you know about that, hey? You never can tell in these hick towns——"

"Hello!" I interrupted breathlessly. "Look here—this isn't Mr. Gatsby. Mr. Gatsby's dead."

There was a long silence on the other end of the wire, followed by an exclamation . . . then a quick squawk as the connection was broken.

I think it was on the third day that a telegram signed Henry C. Gatz arrived from a town in Minnesota. It said only that the sender was leaving immediately and to postpone the funeral until he came.

It was Gatsby's father, a solemn old man, very helpless and dismayed, bundled up in a long cheap ulster

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against the warm September day. His eyes leaked continuously with excitement, and when I took the bag and umbrella from his hands he began to pull so incessantly at his sparse gray beard that I had difficulty in getting off his coat. He was on the point of collapse, so I took him into the music room and made him sit down while I sent for something to eat. But he wouldn't eat, and the glass of milk spilled from his trembling hand.

"I saw it in the Chicago newspaper," he said. "It was all in the Chicago newspaper. I started right away."

"I didn't know how to reach you."

His eyes, seeing nothing, moved ceaselessly about the room.

"It was a madman," he said. "He must have been mad."

"Wouldn't you like some coffee?" I urged him.

"I don't want anything. I'm all right now, Mr. ——"

"Carraway."

"Well, I'm all right now. Where have they got Jimmy?"

I took him into the drawing-room, where his son lay, and left him there. Some little boys had come up on the steps and were looking into the hall; when I told them who had arrived, they went reluctantly away.

After a little while Mr. Gatz opened the door and came out, his mouth ajar, his face flushed slightly, his eyes leaking isolated and unpunctual tears. He had reached an age where death no longer has the quality of ghastly surprise, and when he looked around him now for the first time and saw the height and splendor

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of the hall and the great rooms opening out from it into other rooms, his grief began to be mixed with an awed pride. I helped him to a bedroom upstairs; while he took off his coat and vest I told him that all arrangements had been deferred until he came.

"I didn't know what you'd want, Mr. Gatsby——"

"Gatz is my name."

"—Mr. Gatz. I thought you might want to take the body West."

He shook his head.

"Jimmy always liked it better down East. He rose up to his position in the East. Were you a friend of my boy's, Mr. ——?"

"We were close friends."

"He had a big future before him, you know. He was only a young man, but he had a lot of brain power here."

He touched his head impressively, and I nodded.

"If he'd of lived, he'd of been a great man. A man like James J. Hill. He'd of helped build up the country."

"That's true," I said, uncomfortably.

He fumbled at the embroidered coverlet, trying to take it from the bed, and lay down stiffly—was instantly asleep.

That night an obviously frightened person called up, and demanded to know who I was before he would give his name.

"This is Mr. Carraway," I said.

"Oh!" He sounded relieved. "This is Klipspringer."

I was relieved too, for that seemed to promise another friend at Gatsby's grave. I didn't want it to be

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in the papers and draw a sight-seeing crowd, so I'd been calling up a few people myself. They were hard to find.

"The funeral's tomorrow," I said. "Three o'clock, here at the house. I wish you'd tell anybody who'd be interested."

"Oh, I will," he broke out hastily. "Of course I'm not likely to see anybody, but if I do."

His tone made me suspicious.

"Of course you'll be there yourself."

"Well, I'll certainly try. What I called up about is——"

"Wait a minute," I interrupted. "How about saying you'll come?"

"Well, the fact is—the truth of the matter is that I'm staying with some people up here in Greenwich, and they rather expect me to be with them tomorrow. In fact, there's a sort of picnic or something. Of course I'll do my very best to get away."

I ejaculated an unrestrained "Huh!" and he must have heard me, for he went on nervously:

"What I called up about was a pair of shoes I left there. I wonder if it'd be too much trouble to have the butler send them on. You see, they're tennis shoes, and I'm sort of helpless without them. My address is care of B. F.——"

I didn't hear the rest of the name, because I hung up the receiver.

After that I felt a certain shame for Gatsby—one gentleman to whom I telephoned implied that he had got what he deserved. However, that was my fault, for he was one of those who used to sneer most bit-

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terly at Gatsby on the courage of Gatsby's liquor, and I should have known better than to call him.

The morning of the funeral I went up to New York to see Meyer Wolfsheim; I couldn't seem to reach him any other way. The door that I pushed open, on the advice of an elevator boy, was marked "The Swastika Holding Company," and at first there didn't seem to be any one inside. But when I'd shouted "hello" several times in vain, an argument broke out behind a partition, and presently a lovely Jewess appeared at an interior door and scrutinized me with black hostile eyes.

"Nobody's in," she said. "Mr. Wolfsheim's gone to Chicago."

The first part of this was obviously untrue, for some one had begun to whistle "The Rosary," tunelessly, inside.

"Please say that Mr. Carraway wants to see him."

"I can't get him back from Chicago, can I?"

At this moment a voice, unmistakably Wolfsheim's, called "Stella!" from the other side of the door.

"Leave your name on the desk," she said quickly. "I'll give it to him when he gets back."

"But I know he's there."

She took a step toward me and began to slide her hands indignantly up and down her hips.

"You young men think you can force your way in here any time," she scolded. "We're getting sickantired of it. When I say he's in Chicago, he's in Chicago."

I mentioned Gatsby.

"Oh-h!" She looked at me over again. "Will you just — What was your name?"

She vanished. In a moment Meyer Wolfsheim stood

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solemnly in the doorway, holding out both hands. He drew me into his office, remarking in a reverent voice that it was a sad time for all of us, and offered me a cigar.

"My memory goes back to when first I met him," he said. "A young major just out of the army and covered over with medals he got in the war. He was so hard up he had to keep on wearing his uniform because he couldn't buy some regular clothes. First time I saw him was when he come into Winebrenner's poolroom at Forty-third Street and asked for a job. He hadn't eat anything for a couple of days. 'Come on have some lunch with me,' I sid. He ate more than four dollars' worth of food in half an hour."

"Did you start him in business?" I inquired.

"Start him! I made him."

"Oh."

"I raised him up out of nothing, right out of the gutter. I saw right away he was a fine-appearing, gentlemanly young man, and when he told me he was an Oggsford I knew I could use him good. I got him to join up in the American Legion and he used to stand high there. Right off he did some work for a client of mine up to Albany. We were so thick like that in everything"—he held up two bulbous fingers—"always together."

I wondered if this partnership had included the World's Series transaction in 1919.

"Now he's dead," I said after a moment. "You were his closest friend, so I know you'll want to come to his funeral this afternoon."

"I'd like to come."

"Well, come then."

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The hair in his nostrils quivered slightly, and as he shook his head his eyes filled with tears.

"I can't do it—I can't get mixed up in it," he said.

"There's nothing to get mixed up in. It's all over now."

"When a man gets killed I never like to get mixed up in it in any way. I keep out. When I was a young man it was different—if a friend of mine died, no matter how, I stuck with them to the end. You may think that's sentimental, but I mean it—to the bitter end."

I saw that for some reason of his own he was determined not to come, so I stood up.

"Are you a college man?" he inquired suddenly.

For a moment I thought he was going to suggest a "gonnegtion," but he only nodded and shook my hand.

"Let us learn to show our friendship for a man when he is alive and not after he is dead," he suggested. "After that my own rule is to let everything alone."

When I left his office the sky had turned dark and I got back to West Egg in a drizzle. After changing my clothes I went next door and found Mr. Gatz walking up and down excitedly in the hall. His pride in his son and in his son's possessions was continually increasing and now he had something to show me.

"Jimmy sent me this picture." He took out his wallet with trembling fingers. "Look there."

It was a photograph of the house, cracked in the corners and dirty with many hands. He pointed out every detail to me eagerly. "Look there!" and then sought admiration from my eyes. He had shown it so often that I think it was more real to him now than the house itself.

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"Jimmy sent it to me. I think it's a very pretty picture. It shows up well."

"Very well. Had you seen him lately?"

"He come out to see me two years ago and bought me the house I live in now. Of course we was broke up when he run off from home, but I see now there was a reason for it. He knew he had a big future in front of him. And ever since he made a success he was very generous with me."

He seemed reluctant to put away the picture, held it for another minute, lingeringly, before my eyes. Then he returned the wallet and pulled from his pocket a ragged old copy of a book called *Hopalong Cassidy*.

"Look here, this is a book he had when he was a boy. It just shows you."

He opened it at the back cover and turned it around for me to see. On the last fly-leaf was printed the word SCHEDULE, and the date September 12, 1906. And underneath:

Rise from bed	6.00	A.M.
Dumbbell exercise and wall-scaling	6.15–6.30	"
Study electricity, etc.	7.15–8.15	"
Work	8.30–4.30	P.M.
Baseball and sports	4.30–5.00	"
Practice elocution, poise and how to attain it	5.00–6.00	"
Study needed inventions	7.00–9.00	"

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No wasting time at Shafters or [a name, indecipherable]
No more smokeing or chewing.
Bath every other day
Read one improving book or magazine per week
Save $5.00 [crossed out] $3.00 per week
Be better to parents

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"I come across this book by accident," said the old man. "It just shows you, don't it?"

"It just shows you."

"Jimmy was bound to get ahead. He always had some resolves like this or something. Do you notice what he's got about improving his mind? He was always great for that. He told me I et like a hog once, and I beat him for it."

He was reluctant to close the book, reading each item aloud and then looking eagerly at me. I think he rather expected me to copy down the list for my own use.

A little before three the Lutheran minister arrived from Flushing, and I began to look involuntarily out the windows for other cars. So did Gatsby's father. And as the time passed and the servants came in and stood waiting in the hall, his eyes began to blink anxiously, and he spoke of the rain in a worried, uncertain way. The minister glanced several times at his watch, so I took him aside and asked him to wait for half an hour. But it wasn't any use. Nobody came.

About five o'clock our procession of three cars reached the cemetery and stopped in a thick drizzle beside the gate—first a motor hearse, horribly black and wet, then Mr. Gatz and the minister and I in the limousine, and a little later four or five servants and the postman from West Egg, in Gatsby's station wagon, all wet to the skin. As we started through the gate into the cemetery I heard a car stop and then the sound of some one splashing after us over the soggy ground. I looked around. It was the man with owl-eyed glasses whom I had found marvelling over Gatsby's books in the library one night three months before.

I'd never seen him since then. I don't know how he

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knew about the funeral, or even his name. The rain poured down his thick glasses, and he took them off and wiped them to see the protecting canvas unrolled from Gatsby's grave.

I tried to think about Gatsby then for a moment, but he was already too far away, and I could only remember, without resentment, that Daisy hadn't sent a message or a flower. Dimly I heard some one murmur "Blessed are the dead that the rain falls on," and then the owl-eyed man said "Amen to that," in a brave voice.

We straggled down quickly through the rain to the cars. Owl-eyes spoke to me by the gate.

"I couldn't get to the house," he remarked.

"Neither could anybody else."

"Go on!" He started. "Why, my God! they used to go there by the hundreds."

He took off his glasses and wiped them again, outside and in.

"The poor son-of-a-bitch," he said.

One of my most vivid memories is of coming back West from prep school and later from college at Christmas time. Those who went farther than Chicago would gather in the old dim Union Station at six o'clock of a December evening, with a few Chicago friends, already caught up into their own holiday gayeties, to bid them a hasty good-by. I remember the fur coats of the girls returning from Miss This-or-That's and the chatter of frozen breath and the hands waving overhead as we caught sight of old acquaintances, and the matchings of invitations: "Are you going to the Ordways'? the Herseys'? the Schultzes'?" and the long green tickets

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clasped tight in our gloved hands. And last the murky yellow cars of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad looking cheerful as Christmas itself on the tracks beside the gate.

When we pulled out into the winter night and the real snow, our snow, began to stretch out beside us and twinkle against the windows, and the dim lights of small Wisconsin stations moved by, a sharp wild brace came suddenly into the air. We drew in deep breaths of it as we walked back from dinner through the cold vestibules, unutterably aware of our identity with this country for one strange hour, before we melted indistinguishably into it again.

That's my Middle West—not the wheat or the prairies or the lost Swede towns, but the thrilling returning trains of my youth, and the street lamps and sleigh bells in the frosty dark and the shadows of holly wreaths thrown by lighted windows on the snow. I am part of that, a little solemn with the feel of those long winters, a little complacent from growing up in the Carraway house in a city where dwellings are still called through decades by a family's name. I see now that this has been a story of the West, after all—Tom and Gatsby, Daisy and Jordan and I, were all Westerners, and perhaps we possessed some deficiency in common which made us subtly unadaptable to Eastern life.

Even when the East excited me most, even when I was most keenly aware of its superiority to the bored, sprawling, swollen towns beyond the Ohio, with their interminable inquisitions which spared only the children and the very old—even then it had always for me a quality of distortion. West Egg, especially, still figures

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in my more fantastic dreams. I see it as a night scene by El Greco: a hundred houses, at once conventional and grotesque, crouching under a sullen, overhanging sky and a lustreless moon. In the foreground four solemn men in dress suits are walking along the sidewalk with a stretcher on which lies a drunken woman in a white evening dress. Her hand, which dangles over the side, sparkles cold with jewels. Gravely the men turn in at a house—the wrong house. But no one knows the woman's name, and no one cares.

After Gatsby's death the East was haunted for me like that, distorted beyond my eyes' power of correction. So when the blue smoke of brittle leaves was in the air and the wind blew the wet laundry stiff on the line I decided to come back home.

There was one thing to be done before I left, an awkward, unpleasant thing that perhaps had better have been let alone. But I wanted to leave things in order and not just trust that obliging and indifferent sea to sweep my refuse away. I saw Jordan Baker and talked over and around what had happened to us together, and what had happened afterward to me, and she lay perfectly still, listening, in a big chair.

She was dressed to play golf, and I remember thinking she looked like a good illustration, her chin raised a little jauntily, her hair the color of an autumn leaf, her face the same brown tint as the fingerless glove on her knee. When I had finished she told me without comment that she was engaged to another man. I doubted that, though there were several she could have married at a nod of her head, but I pretended to be surprised. For just a minute I wondered if I wasn't

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making a mistake, then I thought it all over again quickly and got up to say good-by.

"Nevertheless you did throw me over," said Jordan suddenly. "You threw me over on the telephone. I don't give a damn about you now, but it was a new experience for me, and I felt a little dizzy for a while."

We shook hands.

"Oh, and do you remember"—she added—"a conversation we had once about driving a car?"

"Why—not exactly."

"You said a bad driver was only safe until she met another bad driver? Well, I met another bad driver, didn't I? I mean it was careless of me to make such a wrong guess. I thought you were rather an honest, straightforward person. I thought it was your secret pride."

"I'm thirty," I said. "I'm five years too old to lie to myself and call it honor."

She didn't answer. Angry, and half in love with her, and tremendously sorry, I turned away.

One afternoon late in October I saw Tom Buchanan. He was walking ahead of me along Fifth Avenue in his alert, aggressive way, his hands out a little from his body as if to fight off interference, his head moving sharply here and there, adapting itself to his restless eyes. Just as I slowed up to avoid overtaking him he stopped and began frowning into the windows of a jewelry store. Suddenly he saw me and walked back, holding out his hand.

"What's the matter, Nick? Do you object to shaking hands with me?"

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"Yes. You know what I think of you."

"You're crazy, Nick," he said quickly. "Crazy as hell. I don't know what's the matter with you."

"Tom," I inquired, "what did you say to Wilson that afternoon?"

He stared at me without a word, and I knew I had guessed right about those missing hours. I started to turn away, but he took a step after me and grabbed my arm.

"I told him the truth," he said. "He came to the door while we were getting ready to leave, and when I sent down word that we weren't in he tried to force his way upstairs. He was crazy enough to kill me if I hadn't told him who owned the car. His hand was on a revolver in his pocket every minute he was in the house—" He broke off defiantly. "What if I did tell him? That fellow had it coming to him. He threw dust into your eyes just like he did in Daisy's, but he was a tough one. He ran over Myrtle like you'd run over a dog and never even stopped his car."

There was nothing I could say, except the one unutterable fact that it wasn't true.

"And if you think I didn't have my share of suffering —look here, when I went to give up that flat and saw that damn box of dog biscuits sitting there on the sideboard, I sat down and cried like a baby. By God it was awful——"

I couldn't forgive him or like him, but I saw that what he had done was, to him, entirely justified. It was all very careless and confused. They were careless people, Tom and Daisy—they smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back into their money or their vast carelessness, or whatever it was that kept

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them together, and let other people clean up the mess they had made. . . .

I shook hands with him; it seemed silly not to, for I felt suddenly as though I were talking to a child. Then he went into the jewelry store to buy a pearl necklace—or perhaps only a pair of cuff buttons—rid of my provincial squeamishness forever.

Gatsby's house was still empty when I left—the grass on his lawn had grown as long as mine. One of the taxi drivers in the village never took a fare past the entrance gate without stopping for a minute and pointing inside; perhaps it was he who drove Daisy and Gatsby over to East Egg the night of the accident, and perhaps he had made a story about it all his own. I didn't want to hear it and I avoided him when I got off the train.

I spent my Saturday nights in New York because those gleaming, dazzling parties of his were with me so vividly that I could still hear the music and the laughter, faint and incessant, from his garden, and the cars going up and down his drive. One night I did hear a material car there, and saw its lights stop at his front steps. But I didn't investigate. Probably it was some final guest who had been away at the ends of the earth and didn't know that the party was over.

On the last night, with my trunk packed and my car sold to the grocer, I went over and looked at that huge incoherent failure of a house once more. On the white steps an obscene word, scrawled by some boy with a piece of brick, stood out clearly in the moonlight, and I erased it, drawing my shoe raspingly along the stone. Then I wandered down to the beach and sprawled out on the sand.

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Most of the big shore places were closed now and there were hardly any lights except the shadowy, moving glow of a ferryboat across the Sound. And as the moon rose higher the inessential houses began to melt away until gradually I became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes—a fresh, green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the trees that had made way for Gatsby's house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams; for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an æsthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder.

And as I sat there brooding on the old, unknown world, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn, and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night.

Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgiastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter—tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther. . . . And one fine morning——

So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

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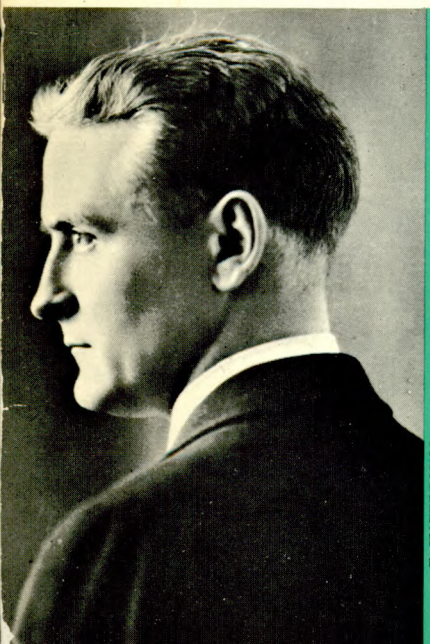
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E. HAZEBROUCQ

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

Born in 1896 in St. Paul, Minn., Scott Fitzgerald was educated at Princeton which he left in his senior year (1917) to join the army. At one of his army posts near Montgomery, Ala., he met Zelda Sayre, whom he subsequently married. His first novel, *This Side of Paradise,* was a great critical and financial success. The Fitzgeralds lived in Paris for several years in the midst of the ex-patriates of the Twenties. Upon their return to America, Fitzgerald completed *Tender Is the Night* and was at work on *The Last Tycoon* when he died, in Hollywood, in 1940.



PENGUIN READERS

I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings

Maya Angelou

I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings

MAYA ANGELOU

Level 6

Retold by Jacqueline Kehl
Series Editors: Andy Hopkins and Jocelyn Potter

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Introduction

In Stamps, the segregation was so complete that most Black children didn't really, absolutely know what whites looked like. We knew only that they were different, to be feared, and in that fear was included the hostility of the powerless against the powerful, the poor against the rich, the worker against the employer, and the poorly dressed against the well dressed.

This is Stamps, a small town in Arkansas, in the United States, in the 1930s. The population is almost evenly divided between black and white and totally divided by where and how they live. As Maya Angelou says, there is very little contact between the two races. Their houses are in different parts of town and they go to different schools, colleges, stores, and places of entertainment. When they travel, they sit in separate parts of buses and trains.

After the American Civil War (1861–65), slavery was ended in the defeated Southern states, and many changes were made by the national government to give black people more rights. However, as time passed, the South was left more and more alone and the state governments began to take control again. Black and white people were segregated in many ways. Arkansas, like all Southern states, passed laws against marriage or even close relationships between the races. Blacks were prevented from voting by having to pay taxes or pass difficult reading and writing tests. By the early twentieth century, the inequality was as bad as in South Africa.

Maya Angelou was not born into this. Her parents lived in St. Louis, a city six hundred kilometers to the north. There, the situation of black people, though far from perfect, was much better. When she was three, though, Maya's parents parted, and she and her brother Bailey were sent south to live in Arkansas.

This book is the story of the early years of Maya Angelou's

life. She meets with racism in its worst forms. Then, at the age of eight, she is raped by her mother's boyfriend. She returns to Stamps but, when her mother moves to California, travels to join her. She sees her father again, and tries to drive him home from Mexico when he is too drunk to move. It is a far from normal way to grow up, but Maya Angelou survives, graduates from college, and sets out on the path to being the famous and important woman that she is today.

I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings is the first of five books that Maya Angelou wrote about her life. The others are *Gather Together in My Name* (1974), *Singin' and Swingin' and Getting' Merry Like Christmas* (1976), *The Heart of a Woman* (1981) and *All God's Children need Traveling Shoes* (1986). She is also known as a poet and an actress.

In the 1960s, the United States government passed a number of laws to end segregation in the South. However, the laws were passed in Washington, D.C., and had little effect in Alabama, Georgia, and Arkansas. Lack of action led to black protests on the streets, which were stopped with great violence by the police. The struggle for change became known as the Civil Rights Movement. At the end of the 1950s, Maya had moved to New York to work as an actress and she met many artists and writers who were active in the movement. However, she soon left the United States because, like many black Americans then, she was becoming interested in her African history. She moved, with her son, at first to Egypt and then, in 1962, to Ghana. There she became friends with the black leader Malcolm X and returned with him to the U.S. to build a new civil rights organization. But in February 1965, Malcolm X was shot dead.

At this time the leader of the Civil Rights Movement was Martin Luther King. In 1963 a quarter of a million people of all races had marched on Washington where, from the steps of the

Lincoln Memorial, King made his most famous speech. In it he talked about his dream of racial equality: "I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood."

On April 4th 1968, on Maya Angelou's birthday, Martin Luther King was murdered in Memphis, Tennessee. It was because of her grief at his death that Maya wrote *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*. The title of the book comes from the poem *Sympathy*, by Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872–1924). He was the son of escaped slaves and wrote about a bird in a cage which has beaten the bars until its wings are bruised. Its song is not a song of joy, but a prayer for freedom.

The years after this were some of Maya's best as a writer and a poet. She wrote articles, short stories, poems, songs, and music for movies. She continued the story of her life, produced plays, and gave lectures. She also wrote for television and acted on it. She met the talk show host, Oprah Winfrey, and became her friend and adviser.

In 1981 she returned to the South and became professor of American literature at Wake Forest University in South Carolina. When Bill Clinton became President in 1993 she read her poem, *On the Pulse of Morning*, at the ceremony. Since then she has been busy as a highly-paid lecturer. Recently she has given up flying, and she travels to her lectures by tour bus because she is tired of the problems of being famous.

Maya Angelou's story is the story of a black girl and a black woman's victory over racism. It is also the story of the march to freedom of African Americans.

Chapter 1 Growing Up Black

"What you looking at me for?
I didn't come to stay..."

I hadn't forgotten the next line, but I couldn't make myself remember. Other things were more important. Whether I could remember the rest of the poem or not didn't matter. The truth of the statement was like a wet handkerchief crushed in my fists. The sooner they accepted it, the quicker I could let my hands open and the air would cool them.

"What you looking at me for...?"

The children's section of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church was laughing at my well-known forgetfulness.

The dress I wore was light purple. As I'd watched Momma make it, putting fancy stitching on the waist, I knew that when I put it on I'd look like one of the sweet little white girls who were everyone's dream of what was right with the world. Hanging softly over the black Singer sewing machine, it looked like magic. When people saw me wearing it, they were going to run up to me and say, "Marguerite [sometimes it was 'dear Marguerite'], forgive us, please, we didn't know who you were," and I would answer generously, "No, you couldn't have known. Of course I forgive you."

Just thinking about it made me feel heavenly for days. But Easter's early morning sun had shown the dress to be a plain ugly one made from a white woman's faded purple throwaway. It was long like an old lady's dress, but it didn't hide my legs. The faded color made my skin look dirty like mud, and everyone in church was looking at my thin legs.

Wouldn't they be surprised when one day I woke out of my black ugly dream, and my real hair, which was long and blonde, would take the place of the kinky mass that Momma wouldn't let me straighten? When they saw my light-blue eyes, they would understand why I had never picked up a Southern accent, or spoken the language like they did, and why I had to be forced to eat pigs' tails. Because I was really white and a cruel magician had turned me into a too-big Negro girl, with kinky black hair, broad feet, and a space between her teeth that would hold a pencil.

"What you looking..." The minister's wife leaned toward me, her long yellow face full of sorry. I held up two fingers, close to my chest, which meant that I had to go to the toilet, and walked quietly toward the back of the church. My head was up and my eyes were open, but I didn't see anything. Before I reached the door, the sting was burning down my legs and into my Sunday socks. I tried to hold it, to squeeze it back, to keep it from spreading, but when I reached the church porch I knew I'd have to let it go. If I didn't, it would probably run right back up to my head and my poor head would burst, and all the brains and spit and tongue and eyes would roll all over the place. So I ran down into the yard and let it go. I ran, peeing and crying, not toward the toilet out back but to our house. I'd get a whipping for it, and the nasty children would have a reason to laugh at me. I laughed anyway, partly for the sweet release; the greater joy came not only from being set free from the silly church but from the knowledge that I wouldn't die from a burst head.

If growing up is painful for the Southern Black girl, being aware of her difference is worse. It is an unnecessary insult.

Chapter 2 The Store

When I was three and Bailey four, we had arrived in the dusty

little town, wearing notes on our wrists which stated—"To Whom It May Concern"—that we were Marguerite and Bailey Johnson Jr.,* from Long Beach, California, on our way to Stamps, Arkansas, to Mrs. Annie Henderson.

Our parents had decided to put an end to their disastrous marriage, and Father shipped us home to his mother. The conductor on the train had been asked to take care of us, and our tickets were pinned to my brother's inside coat pocket.

I don't remember much of the trip, but after we reached the segregated southern part of the journey, things must have improved. Negro passengers, who always traveled with full lunch boxes, felt sorry for "the poor little motherless darlings" and gave us lots of cold fried chicken and potato salad.

The town reacted to us as its residents had reacted to all things new before our arrival. It regarded us for a while without curiosity but cautiously, and after we were seen to be harmless (and children) it closed in around us, as a real mother welcomes a stranger's child. Warmly, but not affectionately.

We lived with our grandmother and uncle in the back of the Store (it was always spoken of with a capital S), which she had owned for around twenty-five years.

Early in the century, Momma (we soon stopped calling her Grandmother) sold lunches to laborers in the two factories in Stamps. Her delicious meat pies and cool lemonade made her business a success. At first she went to the factories. Later she set up a stand between them and supplied the workers' needs for a few years. Then she had the Store built in the heart of the Negro area. There customers could find basic foods, a good variety of colored thread, pig food, corn for chickens, coal oil for lamps, light bulbs for the wealthy, shoestrings, balloons, and flower seeds. Anything not visible could be ordered.

* Jr.: short for Junior

◆

When Bailey was six and I a year younger, we could repeat the multiplication tables extraordinarily quickly. Uncle Willie used to sit, like a huge black Z (he had been crippled as a child), and listen to us. His face pulled down on the left side, and his left hand was only a little bigger than Bailey's.

Momma related countless times, and without any show of emotion, how Uncle Willie had been dropped when he was three years old by a woman who was taking care of him. She seemed to hold no anger against the baby-sitter, nor for her God who allowed the accident. She felt it necessary to explain over and over again to those who knew the story by heart that he wasn't "born that way."

In our society, where two-legged, two-armed strong Black men were able at best to earn enough for only the necessities of life, Uncle Willie was the subject of jokes of the underemployed and underpaid. He was proud and sensitive, so he couldn't pretend that he wasn't crippled; nor could he pretend that people were not disgusted by his body.

Only once in all the years of trying not to watch him, I saw him pretend to himself and others that he wasn't crippled.

Coming home from school one day, I saw a dark car in our front yard. I rushed in and found a strange man and woman drinking Dr. Pepper in the cool of the Store. I sensed a wrongness around me.

I knew it couldn't be the strangers. When I looked at Uncle Willie, I knew what was happening. He was standing erect behind the counter, not leaning forward or resting on the small shelf that had been built for him. His eyes seemed to hold me with a mixture of threats and appeal.

I dutifully greeted the strangers and my eyes wandered around looking for his walking stick. It was nowhere to be seen. He said,

"This . . . this . . . my niece. She's . . . just come from school. You know. . . how. . . children are . . . th-th-these days . . . they play all d-d-day at school and c-c-can't wait to get home and pl-play some more."

The people smiled, very friendly.

He added, "Go on out and pl-play, Sister."

The lady laughed and said, "Well, you know, Mr. Johnson, they say you're only a child once. Have you any children of your own?"

Before I left, I saw him lean back on the shelves of chewing tobacco. "No, ma'am . . . no ch-children and no wife." He tried a laugh. "I have an old m-m-mother and my brother's t-two children to l-look after."

I didn't mind him using us to make himself look good. In fact, I would have pretended to be his daughter if he wanted me to. Not only did I not feel any loyalty to my own father, I figured that if I had been Uncle Willy's child, I would have received much better treatment.

The couple left after a few minutes, and Uncle Willie made his way between the shelves and the counter—hand over hand. From the back of the house, I watched him move awkwardly from one side, bumping into the other, until he reached the coal-oil tank. He put his hand behind it and took his walking stick in his strong fist and shifted his weight on the wooden support. He thought he had succeeded in his pretense.

I'll never know why it was important to him that the couple would take a picture of a whole Mr. Johnson home with them. He must have tired of being a cripple, tired of the high-topped shoes and the walking stick, his uncontrollable muscles and thick tongue, and the looks of pity he suffered. For one afternoon, one part of an afternoon, he wanted to be rid of them.

I understood, and felt closer to him in that moment than ever before or since.



During these years in Stamps, I met and fell in love with William Shakespeare. He was my first white love. Although I enjoyed and respected Kipling, Poe, Butler, Thackeray, and Henley, I saved my young and loyal love for Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Langston Hughes, James Weldon Johnson, and W.E.B. Du Bois's "Litany at Atlanta." But it was Shakespeare who said, "When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes." It was a state with which I felt myself most familiar. I accepted his whiteness by telling myself that he had been dead for so long it couldn't matter to anyone anymore.

Bailey and I decided to memorize a scene from *The Merchant of Venice*, but we realized that Momma would question us about the author and that we'd have to tell her that Shakespeare was white, and it wouldn't matter to her whether he was dead or not. So we chose "The Creation" by James Weldon Johnson instead.

♦

Weighing the half-pounds of flour and putting them dust-free into the thin paper sacks was a simple kind of adventure for me. I developed an eye for measuring how full a container of flour, sugar, or corn had to be to push the scale indicator over to eight ounces or one pound. When I was absolutely accurate, our appreciative customers used to praise me: "Sister Henderson sure got some smart grandchildren." If I made a mistake in the Store's favor, the eagle-eyed women would say, "Put some more in that sack, child. Don't you try to make your profit off me."

Then I would quietly punish myself. For every bad judgment, the fine was no silver-wrapped Kisses, the sweet chocolate candy that I loved more than anything in the world, except Bailey. And maybe canned pineapples. My love of them nearly drove me mad. I dreamt of the days when I would be grown and able to buy a whole carton for myself alone.

Although the sweet golden rings sat in their cans on our

shelves all year, we only tasted them during Christmas. Momma used the juice to make almost-black fruit cakes. Then she lined heavy iron pans with the pineapple rings for rich upside-down cakes. Bailey and I received one slice each, and I carried mine around for hours, picking off small pieces of the fruit until nothing was left except the perfume on my fingers. I'd like to think that my desire for pineapples was so special that I wouldn't allow myself to steal a can (which was possible) and eat it alone out in the garden. But I'm certain that I must have considered the possibility that others would notice the smell on my fingers, and didn't dare to attempt it.

Until I was thirteen and left Arkansas for ever, the Store was my favorite place to be. Alone and empty in the mornings, it looked like an unopened present from a stranger. Opening the front doors was pulling the ribbon off an unexpected gift. The light would come in softly (we faced north), slowly moving over the shelves of canned fish, tobacco, thread. Whenever I walked into the Store in the afternoon, I sensed that it was tired. Only I could hear the slow heartbeat of its job half done. But just before bedtime, after numerous people had walked in and out, had argued over their bills, or joked about their neighbors, or just dropped in to say hello, the promise of magic mornings returned to the Store.

Momma opened boxes of crackers and we sat around the meat block at the back of the Store. I sliced onions, and Bailey opened two or even three cans of fish. That was supper. In the evening, when we were alone like that, Uncle Willie didn't stutter or shake or give any indication that he had a problem. It seemed that the peace of a day's ending was an assurance that the understanding God had with children, Negroes, and the crippled was still good.

♦

Throwing handfuls of corn to the chickens and mixing leftover food and oily dish water for the pigs were among our evening chores. Bailey and I walked down the trails to the pig yard, and standing on the fence we poured the unappealing mess down to our grateful pigs.

Late one day, as we were feeding the pigs, I heard a horse in the front yard (it really should have been called a driveway, except that there was nothing to drive into it), and ran to find out who had come riding up on a Thursday evening. The used-to-be sheriff sat on his horse in such a way that his attitude was meant to show his authority and power over even dumb animals. How much more authority he would have over Negroes. Nothing needed to be said.

From the side of the Store, Bailey and I heard him say to Momma, "Annie, tell Willie he'd better stay out of sight tonight. A crazy nigger* assaulted a white lady today. Some of the boys'll be coming over here later." Even now, I remember the sense of fear which filled my mouth with hot, dry air, and made my body light.

The "boys"? Those cement faces and eyes of hate that burned the clothes off you if they saw you standing around on the main street downtown on Saturday. Boys? It seemed that youth had never happened to them. Boys? No, men filled with the ugliness and rottenness of old hatreds.

The used-to-be sheriff was confident that my uncle and every other Black man who heard of the Klan's† planned ride would quickly go under their houses to hide with the chickens. Without waiting for Momma's thanks, he rode out of the yard, sure that things were as they should be and that he was a gentle

* nigger: an offensive word for a Negro, or Black person.

† the Klan: the Ku Klux Klan, an organization of white people who commit hate crimes against Black people.

master, saving those deserving servants from the law of the land, which he supported.

Immediately, Momma blew out the coal-oil lamps. She had a quiet talk with Uncle Willie and called Bailey and me into the Store.

We were told to take the potatoes and onions out of their containers and knock out the dividing walls that kept them apart. Then, with a fearful slowness, Uncle bent down to get into the empty space. It took for ever before he lay down flat, and then we covered him with potatoes and onions, layer upon layer. Grandmother knelt praying in the darkened Store.

It was fortunate that the "boys" didn't ride into our yard that evening and insist that Momma open the Store. They would have surely found Uncle Willie and just as surely killed him. He cried the whole night as if he had, in fact, been guilty of some awful crime.

Chapter 3 Life in Stamps

The difference between a Southern town and a Northern town must be the experiences of childhood. Heroes and enemies are first met, and values and dislikes are first learned and labeled in that early environment.

Mr. McElroy, who lived in the big house next to the Store, was very tall and broad. He was the only Negro I knew, except for the school principal and the visiting teachers, who wore matching pants and jacket. He never laughed, seldom smiled, and he liked to talk to Uncle Willie. He never went to church, which Bailey and I thought also proved he was a very courageous person. How great it would be to grow up like that, to be able to ignore religion, especially living next door to a woman like Momma.

I watched him with the excitement of expecting him to do anything at any time. I never tired of this, or became disappointed with him. There seemed to be an understanding between Mr. McElroy and Grandmother. This was obvious to us because he never chased us off his land. In summer's late sunshine I often sat under the tree in his yard, surrounded by the bitter smell of its fruit and the sound of flies that fed on the berries. He sat in a swing on his porch, rocking in his brown three-piece suit.

One greeting a day was all that could be expected from Mr. McElroy. After his "Good morning, child," or "Good afternoon, child," he never said a word, even if I met him again on the road in front of his house or down by the well, or ran into him behind the house, escaping in a game of hide-and-seek.

He remained a mystery in my childhood. A man who owned his land and the big many-windowed house with a porch that went all around the house. An independent Black man. A rare occurrence in Stamps.

Bailey was the greatest person in my world. And the fact that he was my brother, my only brother, and I had no sisters to share him with, was such good fortune that it made me want to live a Christian life just to show God that I was grateful. I was big, elbowy, and rough, but he was small, graceful, and smooth. I was described by our friends as being brown, but he was praised for his dark black skin. His hair fell down in black curls, and my head was covered with tight, kinky curls. But he loved me.

When adults said unkind things about my features (my family's good looks were painful to me), Bailey would look at me from across the room, and I knew that it was just a matter of time before he would take revenge. He would allow the old ladies to finish wondering where my features came from, then he would ask, in a voice like cooling bacon grease, "Oh, Mrs. Coleman,

how is your son? I saw him the other day, and he looked sick enough to die."

Astonished, the ladies would ask, "Die? From what? He ain't sick."

And in a voice oilier than the one before, he'd answer with no expression on his face, "From the Uglies."

I would hold my laugh, bite my tongue, and very seriously remove even the slightest smile from my face. Later, behind the house, we'd laugh and laugh.

Bailey could be sure of very few punishments for his frequent offensive behavior, because he was the pride of the Henderson–Johnson family.

His movements were carefully calculated. He was also able to find more hours in the day than I thought existed. He finished his chores and homework, read more books than I, and played games on the side of the hill with the other children. He could even pray out loud in church, and was skilled at stealing candy from the barrel that sat under the fruit counter and Uncle Willie's nose.

Of all the needs (there are none imaginary) a lonely child has, the one that must be satisfied, if there is going to be hope and a hope of wholeness, is the unshaking need for an unshakable God. My pretty Black brother was mine.

♦

In Stamps the custom was to can everything that could possibly be preserved. All the neighbors helped each other to kill pigs. The ladies of the Christian Methodist Episcopal Church helped Momma prepare the pork for sausage. They squeezed their fat arms elbow deep in the cut-up meat, mixed it, and gave a small taste to all obedient children who brought wood for the black stove. The men cut off the larger pieces of meat and laid them in the smokehouse to begin the preservation process.

Throughout the year, until the next frost, we took our meals from the smokehouse, the little garden close to the Store, and the shelves of canned foods. But at least twice yearly Momma would feel that as children we should have fresh meat included in our diets. We were then given money—pennies, nickels, and dimes handed to Bailey—and sent to town to buy some. Since the whites had refrigerators, their stores brought meat from Texarkana and sold it to the wealthy even in the peak of summer.

Crossing the Black area of Stamps, which to a child seemed a whole world, we were expected to stop and speak to every person we met, and Bailey felt he had to spend a few minutes playing with each friend. There was a joy in going to town with money in our pockets (Bailey's pockets were as good as my own) and plenty of time. But the pleasure left us when we reached the white part of town.

In Stamps the segregation was so complete that most Black children didn't really, absolutely know what whites looked like. We knew only that they were different, to be feared, and in that fear was included the hostility of the powerless against the powerful, the poor against the rich, the worker against the employer, and the poorly dressed against the well dressed.

I remember never believing that whites were really real. I couldn't force myself to think of them as people. People were Mrs. LaGrone, Mrs. Hendricks, Momma, Lillie B, and Louise and Rex. Whitefolks couldn't be people because their feet were too small, their skin too white, and they didn't walk on their flat feet the way people did—they walked on their heels like horses.

People were those who lived on my side of town. I didn't like them all, or, in fact, any of them very much, but they were people. These other strange pale creatures weren't considered folks. They were whitefolks.

Chapter 4 Momma

"You shall not be dirty" and "You shall not be impudent" were the two commandments of Grandmother Henderson by which we lived.

Each night in the bitterest winter we were forced to wash faces, arms, necks, legs, and feet before going to bed. We would go to the well and wash in the ice-cold, clear water, grease our legs, then walk carefully into the house. We wiped the dust from our toes and settled down for schoolwork, cornbread, milk, prayers, and bed, always in that order. Momma was famous for pulling the blankets off after we had fallen asleep to examine our feet. If they weren't clean enough for her, she took the stick (she kept one behind the door for emergencies) and woke up the offender with a few well-placed burning reminders. She made sure we learned the importance of cleanliness.

Politeness was also important. The impudent child was hated by God and a shame to its parents and could bring ruin to its house and family. All adults had to be addressed as Mister, Missus, or Miss. Everyone I knew respected these customary laws, except for the poor-white-trash children.

Some families of "poor white trash" lived on Momma's farm land behind the school. Sometimes a group of them came to the Store. They called my uncle by his first name and ordered him around the Store. He, to my shame, obeyed them.

My grandmother, too, followed their orders, except that she didn't seem like a servant because she anticipated their needs.

"Here's sugar, Miss Potter, and here's baking powder. You didn't buy baking soda last month, you'll probably be needing some."

Momma always directed her statements to the adults, but sometimes the dirty girls would answer her.

"No, Annie . . ." they said. To Momma, who owned the land

they lived on? Who forgot more than they would ever learn? "Just give us some extra crackers, and some more fish."

At least they never looked her in the face, or I never caught them doing so. Nobody with any training at all would look right in a grown person's face. It meant the person was trying to take the words out before they were formed. The dirty little children didn't do that, but they threw their orders around the Store like strikes of a whip.

When I was around ten years old, those children caused me the most painful and confusing experience I had ever had with my grandmother.

One summer morning, after I had swept the dirt yard of leaves, gum wrappers, and Vienna-sausage can labels, I swept the yellow dirt, and made half-moons carefully, so that the design was clear. Then I went behind the Store, came through the back of the house, and found Grandmother on the front porch in her big, white apron. Momma was admiring the yard, so I joined her. She didn't say anything, but I knew she liked it. She looked over toward the school principal's house and to the right at Mr. McElroy's. She was hoping one of those important people would see the design before the day's business wiped it out. Then she looked upward to the school. My head had swung with hers, so at just about the same time we saw a group of poor-white-trash kids marching over the hill and down by the side of the school.

I looked at Momma for direction. She stood straight and began to sing quietly. She didn't look at me again. When the children reached halfway down the hill, halfway to the Store, she said without turning, "Sister, go on inside."

I wanted to beg her, "Momma, don't wait for them. Come on inside with me. If they come in the Store, you go to the bedroom and let me serve them. They only frighten me if you're around. Alone, I know how to handle them." But of course I couldn't say anything, so I went in and stood behind the screen door.

Before the girls got to the porch I heard their laughter. I suppose my life-long distrust was born in those cold, slow minutes. They finally came to stand on the ground in front of Momma. One of them folded her arms, pushed out her mouth, and started to sing quietly. I realized that she was imitating my grandmother. Another said, "No, Helen, you ain't standing like her. This is it." Then she lifted her chest and folded her arms, copying that strange way of standing that was Annie Henderson. Another laughed, "No, you can't do it. Your mouth ain't pushed out enough. It's like this."

I thought about the rifle behind the door, but I knew I'd never be able to hold it straight, and our other gun was locked in the trunk, and Uncle Willie had the key on his chain. Through the screen door, I could see that the arms of Momma's apron shook with her singing. But her knees seemed to have locked as if they would never bend again.

She sang on. No louder than before, but no softer either. No slower or faster.

The girls had tired of imitating Momma and turned to other ways to make her respond. One crossed her eyes, stuck her thumbs in both sides of her mouth, and said, "Look here, Annie." Grandmother sang on, and the apron strings trembled. I wanted to throw a handful of black pepper in their faces, to scream that they were dirty, but I knew I couldn't do anything.

One of the smaller girls did a kind of dance while the others laughed at her. But the tall one, who was almost a woman, said something very quietly, which I couldn't hear. They all moved backward from the porch, still watching Momma. For an awful second I thought they were going to throw a rock at Momma, who seemed (except for the apron strings) to have turned into stone herself. But the big girl turned her back, bent down, and put her hands flat on the ground. She didn't pick up anything—she just did a handstand.

Her dirty bare feet and long legs went straight for the sky. Her dress fell down around her shoulders, and she had on no underpants. She hung like that for only a few seconds, then fell.

Momma changed her song to a religious song. I found that I was praying too. How long could Momma continue? What would they think of to do to her next? Would I be able to stay out of it? What would Momma really like me to do?

Then they were moving out of the yard, on their way to town. They nodded their heads and shook their thin behinds and turned, one at a time.

"Bye, Annie."

"Bye, Annie."

"Bye, Annie."

Momma never turned her head or unfolded her arms, but she stopped singing and said, "Bye, Miss Helen, bye, Miss Ruth, bye, Miss Eloise."

I burst. How could Momma call them Miss? The mean nasty things. Why couldn't she have come inside the sweet, cool store when we saw them coming over the hill? What did she prove? And then, if they were dirty, mean, and impudent, why did Momma have to call them Miss?

She stood there for another whole song and then opened the screen door to look down on me crying in anger. She looked until I looked up. Her face was a brown moon that shone on me. She was beautiful. Something had happened out there, which I couldn't completely understand, but I could see that she was happy. Then she bent down and touched me, and I grew quiet.

"Go wash your face, Sister." And she went behind the candy counter and sang, "Glory, glory, praise the Lord."

I threw the well water on my face and used the weekly handkerchief to blow my nose. Whatever the contest had been, I knew Momma had won.

I went back to the front yard. The footprints were easy to

sweep away. I worked for a long time on my new design. When I came back in the Store, I took Momma's hand and we both walked outside to look at the new pattern.

It was a large heart with lots of hearts growing smaller inside, and going from the outside edge to the smallest heart was an arrow. Momma said, "Sister, that's very pretty." Then she turned back to the Store and continued, "Glory, glory, praise the Lord, when I lay my burden down."

♦

People spoke of Momma as a good-looking woman, and some, who remembered her youth, said she used to be very pretty. I saw only her power and strength. She was taller than any woman in my personal world, and her hands were so large they could reach around my head from ear to ear. Her voice was soft only because she chose to keep it so. In church, when she was asked to lead the singing, the sound would pour over the listeners and fill the air.

Momma intended to teach Bailey and me to use the paths of life that she and people of her age and all the Negroes gone before had found, and found to be safe ones. She didn't agree with the idea that whitefolks could be talked to at all without risking one's life. And certainly they couldn't be spoken to impudently. In fact, even in their absence they could not be spoken of too badly unless we used the reference "They." If she had been asked and had chosen to answer the question of whether she was cowardly or not, she would have said that she believed in reality. Didn't she stand up to "them" year after year? Wasn't she the only Negro woman in Stamps referred to once as Mrs.?

Some years before Bailey and I arrived in town, a man was hunted for assaulting a white woman. In trying to escape he ran to the Store. Momma and Uncle Willie hid him behind the dresser until night, gave him supplies for an overland journey, and sent him on his way. He was, however, caught, and in court when

he was questioned about his movements on the day of the crime, he replied that after he heard that he was being sought he hid in Mrs. Henderson's Store.

The judge asked that Mrs. Henderson appear in court, and when Momma arrived and said she was Mrs. Henderson, the judge and other whites in the audience laughed. The judge had really made a mistake calling a Negro woman "Mrs.," but he was from Pine Bluff and couldn't have been expected to know that a woman who owned a store in the village would also be colored. The whites laughed about the incident for a long time, and the Negroes thought it proved the worth and honor of my grandmother.

♦

People in Stamps used to say that the whites in our town were so prejudiced that a Negro couldn't buy white ice cream. Except on July Fourth. Other days he had to be satisfied with chocolate.

A curtain had been drawn between the Black community and all things white, but one could see through it enough to develop fear, admiration, and contempt for the white "things"—whitefolks' cars and white houses and their children and their women. But above all, their wealth that allowed them to waste was the most enviable. They had so many clothes that they were able to give away perfectly good dresses, faded just under the arms, to the sewing class at our school for the larger girls to practice on.

I couldn't understand whites and where they got the right to spend money so freely. Of course, I knew God was white too, but no one could have made me believe he was prejudiced. My grandmother had more money than all the poor white trash. We owned land and houses, but each day Bailey and I were reminded, "Waste not, want not."

Momma bought two rolls of cloth each year for winter and

summer clothes. She made my school dresses and handkerchiefs, Bailey's shirts and shorts, her aprons and house dresses from these. Uncle Willie was the only person in the family who wore ready-to-wear clothes all the time. Each day he wore fresh white shirts, and his special shoes cost twenty dollars. I thought Uncle Willie was sinfully proud, especially when I had to iron seven shirts.

Chapter 5 A New Family

One Christmas we received gifts from our mother and father, who lived separately in a heaven called California. We had been told that in California they could have all the oranges they could eat and the sun shone all the time. I was sure that wasn't true. I couldn't believe that our mother would laugh and eat oranges in the sunshine without her children. Until that Christmas when we received the gifts, I had been confident that they were both dead.

Then came that terrible Christmas with its awful presents when our father, with the pride I later learned was typical, sent his photograph. My gift from Mother was a tea set and a doll with blue eyes and rosy cheeks and yellow hair painted on her head. I don't know what Bailey received, but after I opened my boxes I went out to the backyard behind the tree. The day was cold. Frost was still on the bench, but I sat down and cried. I looked up and Bailey was coming toward me, wiping his eyes. He had been crying too. I didn't know if he had also told himself they were dead and had been shocked by the truth, or whether he was just feeling lonely. The gifts opened the door to questions that neither of us wanted to ask. Why did they send us away? What did we do so wrong? Why, at three and four, were we sent by train alone from Long Beach, California, to Stamps, Arkansas, with notes attached to our arms and only the conductor to look after us?

Bailey sat down beside me, and that time didn't tell me not to cry. So I cried, but we didn't talk until Momma called us back in the house.

"You children are the most ungrateful things I ever saw," she said. "You think your mother and father took all the trouble to send you these nice presents to make you go out in the cold and cry?"

Neither of us said a word. Momma continued, "Sister, I know you're tender-hearted, but Bailey Junior, there's no reason for you to be crying just because you got something from Vivian and Big Bailey." When we still didn't force ourselves to answer, she asked, "You want me to tell Santa Claus to take these things back?" I wanted to scream, "Yes. Tell him to take them back." But I didn't move.

Later Bailey and I talked. He said that if the things really did come from Mother, maybe it meant that she was getting ready to come and get us. Maybe she had just been angry at something we had done, but was forgiving us and would send for us soon. Bailey and I tore the insides out of the doll the day after Christmas, but he warned me that I had to keep the tea set in good condition because any day or night she might come riding up.

♦

A year later our father came to Stamps without warning. It was awful for Bailey and me to meet the reality so suddenly. We, or at least I, had built such strong dreams about him and our mysterious mother that seeing him tore my inventions apart like a hard pull on a paper chain. He arrived in front of the Store in a clean gray car. (He must have stopped just outside of town to wipe it in preparation for the "grand entrance.") His bigness shocked me. His shoulders were so wide I thought he'd have trouble getting in the door. He was taller than anyone I had seen, and he was almost fat. His clothes were too small too. And he was

extremely handsome. Momma cried, "Bailey, my baby. Great God, Bailey." And Uncle Willie stuttered, "Bu-Buh-Bailey." My brother said, "I don't believe it. It's him. It's our daddy." And my seven-year-old world fell apart, and would never be put back together again.

He spoke perfect English, like the school principal, and even better. He had the attitude of a man who did not believe what he heard or what he himself was saying. "So this is Daddy's little man? Boy, anybody tell you that you look like me?" He had Bailey in one arm and me in the other. "And Daddy's little girl. You've been good children, haven't you?"

I was so proud of him that it was hard to wait for the gossip to get around that he was in town. Wouldn't the kids be surprised at how handsome our daddy was? And that he loved us enough to come down to Stamps to visit? Everyone could tell from the way he talked and from the car and clothes that he was rich and maybe had a castle in California. (I later learned that he had been a doorman at Santa Monica's fancy Breakers Hotel.) Then the possibility of being compared with him occurred to me, and I didn't want anyone to see him. Maybe he wasn't my real father. Bailey was his son, no doubt, but I was an orphan that they adopted to provide Bailey with company.

For three weeks the Store was filled with people who had gone to school with him or heard about him. Then one day he said he had to get back to California. It was a relief. My world was going to be emptier and less interesting, but the silent threat of his leaving someday would be gone. I wouldn't have to wonder whether I loved him or not, or to answer, "Does Daddy's baby want to go to California with Daddy?" Bailey had told him that he wanted to go, but I had kept quiet. Momma was glad too, although she had had a good time cooking special things for him and showing her California son to the poor people of Arkansas. But Uncle Willie was suffering from our father's presence, and

like a mother bird Momma was more concerned with her crippled child than the one who could fly away from the nest.

He was going to take us with him! The knowledge swam through my days and made me both excited and nervous. My thoughts quickly changed. Now this way, now that, now the other. Should I go with my father? Should I beg Momma to let me stay with her? Did I have the courage to try life without Bailey? I couldn't decide.

Momma cut down a few give-aways that had been traded to her by white women's servants, and spent long nights in the dining room sewing dresses and skirts for me. She looked pretty sad, but each time I found her watching me she'd say, as if I had already disobeyed, "You be a good girl now. You hear?" She would have been more surprised than I if she'd taken me in her arms and cried at losing me. Her world was bordered on all sides by work, duty, religion, and "her place." I don't think she ever knew that a deep love hung over everything she touched. In later years I asked her if she loved me and she avoided answering by saying, "God is love. Just worry about whether you're being a good girl, then He will love you."

♦

I sat in the back of the car, with Dad's leather suitcases and our boxes. There wasn't enough room to stretch. Whenever he thought about it, Dad asked, "Are you comfortable back there, Daddy's baby?" He never waited to hear my answer, which was "Yes, sir," before he'd continue his conversation with Bailey. He and Bailey told jokes, and Bailey laughed all the time and put out Dad's cigarettes.

I was angry with Bailey. There was no doubt he was trying to be friends with Dad; he even started to laugh like him.

"How are you going to feel seeing your mother? Going to be happy?" he was asking Bailey, but I understood and was

concerned. Were we going to see Her? I thought we were going to California. I was suddenly afraid. Would she laugh at us the way he did? How would we feel if she had other children now, whom she kept with her? I said, "I want to go back to Stamps." Dad laughed, "You mean you don't want to go to St. Louis to see your mother? She's not going to eat you, you know."

He turned to Bailey and I looked at the side of his face; he was so unreal to me that I felt as if I were watching a doll talk. "Bailey Junior, ask your sister why she wants to go back to Stamps." He sounded more like a white man than a Negro. Maybe he was the only brown-skinned white man in the world. But Bailey was quiet for the first time since we left Stamps. I guess he was thinking about seeing Mother. How could an eight-year-old contain that much fear? He holds it in his throat, he tightens his feet and closes the fear between his toes.

"Junior, ask her. What do you think your mother will say, when I tell her that her children didn't want to see her?" The thought that he *would* tell her shook me and Bailey at the same time. He leaned over the back of the seat toward me—"You know you want to see Mother Dear. Don't cry." Dad laughed and asked himself, I guess, "What will she say to that?"

I stopped crying since there was no chance to get back to Stamps and Momma. Bailey wasn't going to support me, I could tell, so I decided to shut up, stop crying, and wait for whatever seeing Mother Dear was going to bring.

♦

To describe my mother would be to write about a storm in its perfect power. We had been received by her mother and had waited on the edge of our seats in the overfurnished living room. (Dad talked easily with our grandmother, as whitefolks talk to Blacks, unembarrassed and never apologizing.) We were both fearful of Mother's coming and impatient at her delay.

It is remarkable how much truth there is in the expression "love at first sight." My mother's beauty astonished me. Her red lips (Momma said it was a sin to wear lipstick) split to show even white teeth. Her smile widened her mouth beyond her cheeks, beyond her ears, and seemingly through the walls to the street outside. I was speechless. I knew immediately why she had sent me away. She was too beautiful to have children. I had never seen a woman as pretty as she who was called "Mother."

Bailey fell immediately and for ever in love. I saw his eyes shining like hers; he had forgotten the loneliness and the nights when we had cried together because we were "unwanted children." He had never left her warm side. She was his Mother Dear and I accepted his condition. They were more alike than she and I, or even he and I. They both had physical beauty and personality.

Our father left St. Louis a few days later for California, and I was neither glad nor sorry. He was a stranger, and if he chose to leave us with a stranger, it made no difference.

♦

Grandmother Baxter was nearly white. She had come to St. Louis at the turn of the century to study nursing. While she was working at Homer G. Phillips Hospital she met and married Grandfather Baxter. She was white (having no features that could be called Negro) and he was Black. Their marriage was a happy one.

The Negro section of St. Louis in the mid-thirties had everything. Drinking and gambling were so obviously practiced that it was hard for me to believe that they were against the law. Bailey and I, as newcomers, were quickly told by our schoolmates who the men on the street corners and outside the bars were as we passed.

We met the gamblers and whiskey salesmen not only in the

loud streets but in our orderly living room as well. They were often there when we returned from school, sitting with hats in their hands, as we had done on our arrival in the big city. They waited silently for Grandmother Baxter.

Her white skin brought her a great deal of respect. Moreover, the reputation of her six mean children and the fact that she was in charge of voting in her district gave her the power to deal with even the lowest crook without fear. If she helped them, they knew what would be expected of them. At election time, they were expected to bring in the votes from their neighborhood. And they always did.

St. Louis also introduced me to thin-sliced meat, lettuce on sandwich bread, and family loyalty. In Arkansas, where we preserved our own meat, we ate half-inch slices for breakfast, but in St. Louis we bought paper-thin slices and ate them in sandwiches. In Stamps, lettuce was used only to make a bed for potato salad.

When we entered Toussaint L'Ouverture Elementary School, we were struck by the ignorance of the other students and the rudeness of our teachers. Only the vastness of the building impressed us; not even the white school in Stamps was as large.

The students, however, were shockingly behind us in their skills. Bailey and I did math at an advanced level because of our work in the Store, and we read well because in Stamps there wasn't anything else to do. We were moved up a grade because our teachers thought that we country children would make the other students feel inferior—and we did. We learned to say "Yes" and "No" rather than "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am."

Occasionally Mother, whom we seldom saw in the house, told us to meet her at Louie's, the bar she worked in. We used to come in the back door, and the smell of beer, steam, and boiling meat made me feel sick. Mother had cut my hair short like hers and straightened it, so my head felt skinned and the back of my

neck so bare that I was ashamed to have anyone walk up behind me.

At Louie's we were greeted by Mother's friends as "Bibbie's darling babies" and were given soft drinks and boiled meat. While we sat on the wooden benches, Mother would dance alone in front of us to music from the radio. I loved her most at those times. She was like a pretty kiss that floated just above my head.

♦

The family was proud of the Baxter loyalty. Uncle Tommy said that even the children felt it before they were old enough to be taught. They told us the story of Bailey teaching me to walk when he was less than three. Displeased with my awkward motions, he was supposed to have said, "This is *my* sister. *I* have to teach her to walk." They also told me how I got the name "My." After Bailey learned definitely that I was his sister, he refused to call me Marguerite, but addressed me each time as "Mya Sister," which was shortened to "My." In later years it was lengthened to "Maya."

We lived in a big house on Caroline Street with our grandparents for half the year before Mother moved us in with her. Moving from the house where the family was centered meant nothing to me. It was just a small pattern in the grand design of our lives. The new house was not stranger than the other, except that we were with Mother.

Bailey called her "Mother Dear" until our nearness softened the phrase's formality to "M'Deah." I could never completely understand her realness. She was so pretty and so quick that even when she had just awakened, I thought she was beautiful.

Mother had prepared a place for us, and we went into it gratefully. We each had a room, plenty to eat, and store-bought clothes to wear. And after all, she didn't have to do it. If we annoyed her or were disobedient, she could always send us back

to Stamps. The weight of appreciation and the threat, which was never spoken, of a return to Momma were burdens I couldn't think about.

Mother's boyfriend, Mr. Freeman, lived with us, or we lived with him. (I never quite knew which.) He was a Southerner, too, and big. But a little fat. Even if Mother hadn't been such a pretty woman, light-skinned with straight hair, he was lucky to get her, and he knew it. She was educated, from a well-known family, and after all, wasn't she born in St. Louis? She laughed all the time and made jokes. He was grateful. I think he must have been many years older than she, but if not, he still had the inferiority of old men married to younger women. He watched every move she made, and when she left the room, his eyes didn't want to let her go.

Chapter 6 Mr. Freeman

I had decided that St. Louis was a foreign country. I would never get used to the sounds of water going down the toilets, or the packaged foods, or doorbells, or the noise of cars and trains and buses. In my mind I only stayed in St. Louis for a few weeks. As quickly as I understood that I had not reached my home, I returned to the storybook world of Robin Hood, where all reality was unreal and even that changed every day. I had the same attitude that I had used in Stamps: "I didn't come to stay."

Mother was good at providing for us. Although she was a nurse, she never worked at her profession while we were with her. Mr. Freeman brought in the necessities and she earned extra money working in gambling houses. The regular eight-to-five world didn't have enough excitement for her, and it was twenty years later that I first saw her in a nurse's uniform.

Mr. Freeman was a manager in the Southern Pacific train yards

and came home late sometimes, after Mother had gone out. He took his dinner off the stove, where she had carefully covered it and which she had warned us not to touch. He ate quietly in the kitchen while Bailey and I read separately and greedily our own Street & Smith* magazine. We had spending money now and bought magazines with colorful pictures. When Mother was away, we were put on the honor system. We had to finish our homework, eat dinner, and wash the dishes before we could read or listen to the radio.

Mr. Freeman moved gracefully, like a big brown bear, and seldom spoke to us. He just waited for Mother and put his whole self into the waiting. He never read the paper or tapped his foot to the radio. He waited. That was all.

If she came home before we went to bed, we saw the man come alive. He would jump out of the big chair, like a man coming out of sleep, smiling. When her key opened the door, Mr. Freeman would have already asked his usual question, "Hey, Bibbi, have a good time?"

His question would hang in the air while she ran over to kiss him on the lips. Then she turned to Bailey and me with the lipstick kisses. "Haven't you finished your homework?" If we had and were just reading—"OK, say your prayers and go to bed." If we hadn't—"Then go to your room and finish . . . then say your prayers and go to bed."

Mr. Freeman's smile never grew, it stayed the same. Sometimes Mother would go over and sit on his lap, and the grin on his face looked as if it would stay there for ever.

Because of the stories we read and our lively imaginations and, probably, memories of our brief but full lives, Bailey and I suffered—he physically and I mentally. He stuttered, and I sweated

* Street & Smith: a company that produced very popular books and magazines, especially fiction.

through frightening dreams. He was constantly told to slow down and start again, and on my particularly bad nights my mother would take me in to sleep with her, in the large bed with Mr. Freeman. After the third time in Mother's bed, I thought there was nothing strange about sleeping there.

One morning she got out of bed early, and I fell back asleep again. But I awoke to a pressure, a strange feeling on my left leg. It was too soft to be a hand, and it wasn't the touch of clothes. Whatever it was, I hadn't experienced it in all the years of sleeping with Momma. It didn't move, and I was too surprised to. I turned my head a little to the left to see if Mr. Freeman was awake and gone, but his eyes were open and both hands were above the cover. I knew, as if I had always known, that it was his "thing" on my leg.

He said, "Just stay right here, Ritie, I ain't gonna* hurt you." I wasn't afraid—a little uncertain, maybe, but not afraid. Of course I knew that lots of people did "it" and that they used their "things" to do this deed, but no one I knew had ever done it to anybody. Mr. Freeman pulled me to him, and put his hand between my legs. He didn't hurt, but Momma had always said: "Keep your legs closed, and don't let nobody see between them."

"Now, I didn't hurt you. Don't get scared." He threw back the blankets and his "thing" stood up like a brown ear of corn. He took my hand and said, "Feel it." Then he dragged me on top of his chest with his left arm, and his right hand was moving so fast and his heart was beating so hard that I was afraid he would die.

Finally he was quiet, and then came the nice part. He held me so softly that I wished he wouldn't let me go. I felt at home. From the way he was holding me I knew he'd never let me go or let anything bad ever happen to me. This was probably my real father and we had found each other at last. But then he rolled over, leaving me in a wet place, and stood up.

* gonna: short for "going to"

"I have to talk to you, Ritie." He pulled off his shorts, which had fallen to his ankles, and went into the bathroom.

It was true the bed was wet, but I knew I hadn't had an accident. Maybe Mr. Freeman had one while he was holding me. He came back with a glass of water and told me in a sour voice, "Get up. You peed in the bed." He poured water on the wet spot, and it did look like my bed on many mornings.

Having lived in Southern strictness, I knew when to keep quiet around adults, but I did want to ask him why he said I peed when I was sure he didn't believe that. If he thought I was naughty, would that mean that he would never hold me again? Or admit that he was my father? I had made him ashamed of me.

"Ritie, you love Bailey?" He sat down on the bed and I came close, hoping. "Yes." He was bending down, pulling on his socks, and his back was so large and friendly I wanted to rest my head on it.

"If you ever tell anybody what we did, I'll have to kill Bailey."

What had we done? We? Obviously he didn't mean my peeing in the bed. I didn't understand and didn't dare ask him. There was no chance to ask Bailey either, because that would be telling what we had done. The thought that he might kill Bailey shocked me. After he left the room I thought about telling Mother that I hadn't peed in the bed. But then if she asked me what happened I'd have to tell her about Mr. Freeman holding me, and I couldn't do that.

For weeks after that he said nothing to me, except brief hellos which were given without ever looking in my direction.

This was the first secret I had ever kept from Bailey and sometimes I thought he should be able to read it on my face, but he noticed nothing.

I began to feel lonely for Mr. Freeman and being wrapped in his big arms. Before, my world had been Bailey, food, Momma, the Store, reading books, and Uncle Willie. Now, for the first time, it included physical contact.

I began to wait for Mr. Freeman to come in from the yards, but when he did he never noticed me, although I put a lot of feeling into "Good evening, Mr. Freeman."

One evening, when I couldn't concentrate on anything, I went over to him and sat quickly on his lap. He had been waiting for Mother again. Bailey was listening to the radio and didn't miss me. At first Mr. Freeman sat still, not holding me or anything, then I felt a soft lump under my thigh begin to move. It hit against me and started to harden. Then he pulled me to his chest. He smelled of coal dust and grease, and he was so close I buried my face in his shirt and listened to his heart. It was beating just for me. Only I could hear it, only I could feel the jumping on my face. He said, "Sit still, stop moving around." But all the time, he pushed me around on his lap, then suddenly he stood up and I slipped to the floor. He ran to the bathroom.

For months he stopped speaking to me again. I was hurt and for a time felt lonelier than ever, but then I forgot about him.

♦

I read more than ever, and wished in my soul that I had been born a boy. Horatio Alger was the greatest writer in the world. His heroes were always good, always won, and were always boys. I could have developed the first two qualities, but becoming a boy was sure to be difficult, if not impossible.

When spring came to St. Louis, I took out my first library card, and since Bailey and I seemed to be growing apart, I spent most of my Saturdays at the library. The little princesses who were mistaken for servants became more real to me than our house, our mother, our school, or Mr. Freeman.

During those months we saw our grandparents and our uncles, but they usually asked the same question, "Have you been good children?" for which there was only one answer. Even Bailey wouldn't have dared to answer "No."

♦

On a late spring Saturday, after our chores (nothing like those in Stamps) were done, Bailey and I were going out, he to play baseball and I to the library. Mr. Freeman said to me, after Bailey had gone downstairs, "Ritie, go get some milk for the house."

He gave me money and I rushed to the store and back to the house. After putting the milk in the refrigerator, I turned and had just reached the front door when I heard, "Ritie." He was sitting in the big chair by the radio. "Ritie, come here." I didn't think about the holding time until I got close to him. His pants were open and his "thing" was standing out of them by itself.

"No, sir, Mr. Freeman." I started to back away. I didn't want to touch that thing again, and I didn't need him to hold me anymore. He grabbed my arm and pulled me between his legs. His face was still and looked kind, but he didn't smile. He did nothing, except reach his left hand around to turn on the radio without even looking at it. Over the noise of the music, he said, "Now, this ain't gonna hurt you much. You liked it before, didn't you?"

I didn't want to admit that I had in fact liked him holding me or that I had liked his smell or the hard heart-beating, so I said nothing. And his face became mean.

His legs were squeezing my waist. "Pull down your underpants." I hesitated for two reasons: he was holding me too tight to move, and I was sure that any minute my mother or Bailey would run in the door and save me.

"We were just playing before." He released me enough to pull down my underpants, and then dragged me closer to him. Turning the radio up loud, too loud, he said, "If you scream, I'm gonna kill you. And if you tell, I'm gonna kill Bailey." I could tell he meant what he said. I couldn't understand why he wanted to kill my brother. Neither of us had done anything to him. And then.

Then there was the pain. A breaking and entering when even the senses are torn apart. The act of rape on an eight-year-old body is a matter of the child's body breaking open, because the body can, and the mind of the rapist cannot stop.

I thought I had died—I woke up in a white-walled world, and it had to be heaven. But Mr. Freeman was there and he was washing me. His hands shook, but he held me upright in the tub and washed my legs. "I didn't mean to hurt you, Ritie. I didn't mean it. But don't you tell . . . Remember, don't you tell anyone."

I felt cool and very clean and just a little tired. "No, sir, Mr. Freeman, I won't tell." I was somewhere above everything. "But I'm so tired I'll just go and lay down a while, please," I whispered to him. I thought if I spoke out loud, he might become frightened and hurt me again. He dried me and handed me my underpants. "Put these on and go to the library. Your mother ought to be coming home soon. You just act normal."

Walking down the street, I felt the wet on my underpants and my body hurt between my legs. I couldn't sit long on the hard seats in the library, so I walked by the empty lot where Bailey played ball, but he wasn't there. I stood for a while and watched the older boys playing and then headed home.

After two blocks, I knew I'd never make it. Not unless I counted every step. I had started to burn between my legs. The insides of my thighs shook. I went up the stairs one step at a time. No one was in the living room, so I went straight to bed, after hiding my red-and-yellow stained underpants under the sheets.

When Mother came in she said, "Well, young lady, I believe this is the first time I've seen you go to bed without being told. You must be sick."

I wasn't sick, but the pit of my stomach was on fire—how could I tell her that? Bailey came in later and asked me what the matter was. There was nothing to tell him. When Mother called us to eat and I said I wasn't hungry, she laid her cool hand on my

forehead and cheeks. After she took my temperature, she said, "You have a little fever."

Mr. Freeman took up the whole doorway. "Then Bailey ought not to be in there with her. Unless you want a whole house full of sick children." She walked by Mr. Freeman. "Come on, Junior. Get some cool towels and wipe your sister's face."

As Bailey left the room, Mr. Freeman advanced to the bed. He leaned over, his whole face a threat. "If you tell . . ." And again so softly, I almost didn't hear it—"If you tell." I didn't have the energy to answer him. He had to know that I wasn't going to tell anything. Bailey came in with the towels and Mr. Freeman walked out.

That night I kept waking to hear Mother and Mr. Freeman arguing. I couldn't hear what they were saying, but I did hope that she wouldn't make him so mad that he'd hurt her too. I knew he could do it, with his cold face and empty eyes.

Maybe I slept, but soon morning was there and Mother was pretty over my bed. "How're you feeling, baby?"

"Fine, Mother." An automatic answer. "Where's Bailey?"

She said he was still asleep but that she hadn't slept all night. She had been in and out of my room, checking on me. I asked her where Mr. Freeman was, and her face filled with remembered anger. "He's gone. Moved this morning."

Could I tell her now? The terrible pain assured me that I couldn't. What he did to me, and what I allowed, must have been very bad if already God let me hurt so much. If Mr. Freeman was gone, did that mean Bailey was out of danger? And if so, if I told him, would he still love me?

That Sunday goes and comes in my memory. Once Bailey was reading to me, and then Mother was looking closely at my face. Then there was a doctor who took my temperature and held my wrist.

"Bailey!" I supposed I had screamed—he appeared suddenly,

and I asked him to help me and we'd run away to California or France or Chicago. I knew that I was dying. In fact, I longed for death, but I didn't want to die anywhere near Mr. Freeman. I knew that even now he wouldn't have allowed death to take me unless he wished it to.

Mother said I should be bathed and the sheets had to be changed since I had sweat so much. But when they tried to move me I fought, and even Bailey couldn't hold me. Then she picked me up in her arms and the terror lessened for a while. Bailey began to change the bed. As he pulled off the wet sheets he found the underpants I had hidden. They fell at Mother's feet.

In the hospital, Bailey told me that I had to tell who did that to me, or the man would hurt another little girl. When I explained that I couldn't tell because the man would kill him, Bailey said knowingly, "He can't kill me. I won't let him." And of course I believed him. Bailey didn't lie to me. So I told him.

Bailey cried at the side of my bed until I started to cry too. Almost fifteen years passed before I saw my brother cry like that again.

Using the brain he was born with (those were his words later that day), he gave his information to Grandmother Baxter. Mr. Freeman was arrested, avoiding the awful anger of my uncles.

I would have liked to stay in the hospital the rest of my life. Mother brought flowers and candy. Grandmother came with fruit and my uncles walked around my bed, guarding me. When they were able to bring Bailey in, he read to me for hours.

♦

The court was filled. Some people even stood behind the benches at the back. Grandmother Bailey's clients were there. The gamblers and their women whispered to me that I now knew as much as they did. I was eight, and grown. I sat with my family (Bailey couldn't come) and they rested still on their seats. Unmoving.

Poor Mr. Freeman turned in his chair to look empty threats over to me. He didn't know that he couldn't kill Bailey... and Bailey didn't lie... to me.

"Was that the first time the accused touched you?" Mr. Freeman's lawyer asked. The question stopped me. Mr. Freeman had surely done something very wrong, but I was certain that I had helped him to do it. I didn't want to lie, but the lawyer wouldn't let me think, so I remained silent.

"Did the accused try to touch you before the time you say he raped you?"

I couldn't say yes and tell them how he had loved me once for a few minutes and how he had held me close before he thought I had peed in the bed. My uncles would kill me and Grandmother Baxter would stop speaking, as she often did when she was angry. And Mother, who thought I was such a good girl, would be so disappointed. But most important, there was Bailey. I had kept a big secret from him.

"Marguerite, answer the question. Did the accused touch you before the occasion on which you claim he raped you?"

Everyone in the court knew that the answer had to be "No." Everyone except Mr. Freeman and me. I looked at his face, and I said "No."

The lie lumped in my throat and I couldn't get air. How I hated the man for making me lie. The tears didn't comfort my heart as they usually did. I screamed, "Old, mean, dirty thing, you. Dirty old thing." Our lawyer brought me off the stand and into my mother's arms.

Mr. Freeman was given one year and one day, but he never got a chance to go to prison. His lawyer (or someone) got him released that very afternoon.

In the living room, Bailey and I played a board game on the floor. I played badly because I was thinking how I would be able to tell Bailey that I had lied and, even worse for our relationship,

kept a secret from him. Bailey answered the doorbell, because Grandmother was in the kitchen. A tall white policeman asked for Mrs. Baxter. Had they found out about the lie? Maybe the policeman was coming to put me in jail because I had sworn on the Bible that everything I said would be the truth, the whole truth. The man in our living room was taller than the sky and whiter than my image of God.

"Mrs. Baxter, I thought you ought to know. Freeman's been found dead on the lot behind the meat factory."

Softly, she said, "Poor man." She wiped her hands on the dishtowel and just as softly asked, "Do they know who did it?"

The policeman said, "Seems like he was dropped there. Some say he was kicked to death."

Grandmother's face turned a little red. "Tom, thanks for telling me. Poor man. Well, maybe it's better this way."

And he was gone, and a man was dead because I lied. Where was the balance in that? One lie surely wouldn't be worth a man's life. Bailey could have explained it all to me, but I didn't care to ask him. Obviously I had given up my place in heaven for ever and I had no courage. I could feel the evil flowing through my body and waiting to rush off my tongue if I tried to open my mouth. I held my teeth tightly shut. If it escaped, wouldn't it flood the world and all the innocent people?

Grandmother Baxter said, "Ritie and Junior, you didn't hear a thing. I never want this situation nor that man's evil name mentioned in this house again. I mean that." She went back into the kitchen to make apple pie for my celebration.

Even Bailey looked frightened. He sat alone, looking at a man's death. Not quite understanding it but frightened anyway.

In those moments I decided that although Bailey loved me, he couldn't help. I had sold myself to the Devil and there could be no escape. The only thing I could do was to stop talking to everyone except Bailey. Somehow I knew that because I loved

him so much I'd never hurt him, but if I talked to anyone else that person might die too.

I had to stop talking.

In the first weeks my family accepted my behavior as a post-rape, post-hospital problem. (Neither the word "rape" nor the experience was mentioned in Grandmother's house, where Bailey and I were again staying.) They understood that I could talk to Bailey, but to no one else.

Then came the last visit from the visiting nurse, and the doctor said I was healed. That meant that I should be back on the sidewalks playing ball or enjoying the games I had been given when I was sick. When I refused to be the child they knew, I was called impudent.

For a while I was punished for not speaking; and then came the whippings, given by any relative who felt himself offended.

Chapter 7 Return to Stamps

We were on the train going back to Stamps, and this time I had to comfort Bailey. He cried for hours as he walked down the coach, and pressed his little-boy body against the window looking for a last quick view of his Mother Dear.

I have never known if Momma sent for us, or if the St. Louis family had just had enough of my unpleasant presence. I cared less about the trip than about the fact that Bailey was unhappy, and had no more thought of our destination than if I had been only heading for the toilet.

The quietness of Stamps was exactly what I wanted, without knowing it. After St. Louis, with its noise and activity, its trucks and buses, and loud family gatherings, I welcomed the quiet streets and lonely little houses in dirt yards.

The calmness of its residents encouraged me to relax. They

showed me contentment based on the belief that nothing more was coming to them, although a great deal more was due. Their decision to be satisfied with life's unfairness was a lesson for me. Entering Stamps, I had the feeling that I was stepping over the border lines of the map and would fall, without fear, right off the end of the world. Nothing more could happen because in Stamps nothing happened.

I crept into this shelter.

For a long time, nothing was demanded of me or of Bailey. We were, after all, Mrs. Henderson's California grandchildren, and had been away on an exciting trip way up North to the fabulous St. Louis. Our father had come the year before, driving a big, shiny car and speaking with a big city accent, so all we had to do was stay quiet for months and enjoy the benefits of our adventures.

People, including all the children, made regular trips to the Store, "just to see the travelers."

They stood around and asked, "Well, how is it up North?"

"See any of those big buildings?"

"Were you scared?"

"Whitefolks any different, like they say?"

Bailey answered every question, and from a corner of his lively imagination told a story that I was sure was as unreal to him as it was to me.

Momma, knowing Bailey, warned, "Now, Junior, be careful you don't tell a not true." (Nice people didn't say "lie.")

"Everybody wears new clothes and has an inside toilet. Some people have refrigerators. The snow is so deep you can get buried right outside your door and people won't find you for a year. We made ice cream out of the snow." That was the only fact that I could have supported. During the winter, we had collected a bowl of snow and poured canned milk over it, put sugar on top, and called it ice cream.

Momma grinned and Uncle Willie was proud when Bailey entertained the customers with our experiences. We brought people into the Store, and everyone loved us. Our journey to magical places was a colorful addition to the town, and our return made us even more the most enviable of people.

I never knew if Uncle Willie had been told about the incident in St. Louis, but sometimes I caught him watching me with a far-off look in his big eyes. Then he would quickly send me on some errand that would take me out of his presence. When that happened I was happy and ashamed. I certainly didn't want a cripple's sympathy, nor did I want Uncle Willie, whom I loved, to think of me as being sinful or dirty. If he thought so, at least I didn't want to know it.

People, except Momma and Uncle Willie, accepted my unwillingness to talk as a natural result of an unwilling return to the South. And an indication that I missed the good times we had had in the big city. Also, I was well known for being "tender-hearted." Southern Negroes used that term to mean sensitive, and considered a person with that problem to be a little sick or in delicate health. So I was understood, if not forgiven.

Chapter 8 Two Women

For nearly a year I went around the house, the Store, the school, and the church without talking and keeping to myself. Then I met, or got to know, the lady who threw me my first lifeline.

Mrs. Bertha Flowers was the upper-class woman of Black Stamps. She had the grace to appear warm in the coldest weather, and on the hot Arkansas summer days she seemed cool. She was thin, and her printed dresses and flowered hats were as right for her as jeans for a farmer. Her skin was dark black. She wore gloves, too. She was our side of town's example of the richest woman in town.

I don't think I ever saw Mrs. Flowers laugh, but she smiled often. When she chose to smile on me, I always wanted to thank her. The action was so graceful and kind.

She was one of the few real ladies I have ever known, and has remained throughout my life the measure of what a human being can be.

Momma had a strange relationship with her. Most often when Mrs. Flowers passed on the road in front of the Store, she spoke to Momma in her soft voice: "Good day, Mrs. Henderson." Momma responded with: "How you, Sister Flowers?"

Mrs. Flowers didn't belong to our church, nor was she Momma's good friend. Why did she insist on calling her Sister Flowers? Shame made me want to hide my face. Mrs. Flowers deserved better than to be called Sister. Then, Momma left out the verb. Why not ask, "How *are* you, *Mrs.* Flowers?" I hated her for showing her ignorance to Mrs. Flowers. It didn't occur to me for many years that they were as alike as sisters, separated only by formal education.

Although I was upset, neither of the women was at all bothered by what I thought was an impolite greeting. Mrs. Flowers would continue her walk up the hill to her little house, and Momma kept on doing whatever had brought her to the front porch.

Occasionally, though, Mrs. Flowers would wander off the road and down to the Store and Momma would say to me, "Sister, you go on and play." As I left I would hear the beginning of a private conversation, Momma continuing to use the wrong verb, or none at all. But they talked, and from the side of the building where I waited, I heard their voices mixing together. They were interrupted from time to time by giggles that must have come from Mrs. Flowers (Momma never giggled in her life). Then she was gone.

She attracted me because she was like people I had never met

personally. Like women in English novels who walked with their dogs. Like the women who sat in front of fireplaces, drinking tea and eating cookies. It would be safe to say that she made me proud to be Negro, just by being herself.

She acted just as well-mannered and civilized as whitefolks in the movies and books, and she was more beautiful. None of them could have come near that warm color without looking gray by comparison.

One summer afternoon, still fresh in my memory, she stopped at the Store to buy groceries. Another Negro woman of her health and age would have been expected to carry the paper sacks home in one hand, but Momma said, "Sister Flowers, I'll send Bailey up to your house with these things."

She smiled. "Thank you, Mrs. Henderson. I'd prefer Marguerite, though." My name was beautiful when she said it. "I've been meaning to talk to her, anyway."

Momma said, "Well, that's all right then. Sister, go and change your dress. You're going with Sister Flowers."

What did one put on to go to Mrs. Flowers' house? I knew I shouldn't put on a Sunday dress. It wouldn't be right. Certainly not a house dress, since I was already wearing a clean one. I chose a school dress, naturally. It was formal without suggesting that going to Mrs. Flowers' house was the same as attending church.

I walked back into the Store.

"Now, don't you look nice." I had chosen the right dress.

"Mrs. Henderson, you make most of the children's clothes, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am. Sure do. Store-bought clothes ain't hardly worth the thread it takes to stitch them."

"You do a beautiful job, though, so neat. That dress looks professional."

Momma was enjoying the seldom-received praise. Since everyone we knew (except Mrs. Flowers, of course) could sew

well, praise was rarely handed out for the commonly practiced skill.

"I try, with the help of the Lord, Sister Flowers, to finish the inside just like I do the outside. Come here, Sister."

She made me take off the dress. As they talked, I wouldn't look at either of them. Momma hadn't thought that taking off my dress in front of Mrs. Flowers would make me feel like dying. Mrs. Flowers, though, had known that I would be embarrassed and that was even worse. When Momma told me to, I put the dress back on, picked up the groceries, and went out to wait in the hot sunshine. It would be appropriate if I died before they came outside. Just dropped dead on the porch.

There was a little path beside the rocky road, and Mrs. Flowers walked in front, swinging her arms. She said, without turning her head, to me, "I hear you're doing very good school work, Marguerite, but that it's all written. The teachers report that they have trouble getting you to talk in class." The path widened to allow us to walk together, but I stayed behind.

"Come and walk along with me, Marguerite." I couldn't have refused even if I wanted to. She pronounced my name so nicely.

"Now, no one is going to make you talk—possibly no one can. But remember, language is man's way of communication with other people and it is language alone which separates him from the lower animals." That was a totally new idea to me, and I would need time to think about it.

"Your grandmother says you read a lot. That's good, but not good enough. Words mean more than what is written on paper. They need the human voice to give them deeper meaning."

I memorized the part about the human voice giving meaning to words. It seemed so true and poetic.

She said she was going to give me some books and that I not only must read them, I must read them aloud. She suggested that I try to make a sentence sound in as many different ways as possible.

"I'll accept no excuse if you return a book to me that has been badly handled." I couldn't imagine the punishment I would deserve if in fact I did abuse a book of Mrs. Flowers'. Death would be too kind and brief.

The smells in the house surprised me. Somehow I had never connected Mrs. Flowers with food or eating or any other common experience of ordinary people.

"I made cookies this morning. I had planned to invite you for cookies and lemonade so we could have this little chat."

She took the bags from me and disappeared through the kitchen door. I looked around the room that I had never in my wildest dreams imagined I would see.

"Have a seat, Marguerite. Over there by the table." She carried a plate covered with a small towel. I was certain that everything about her cookies would be perfect.

Remembering my manners, I took nice little lady-like bites off the edges. She said she had made them especially for me and that she had a few in the kitchen that I could take home to my brother. It was a dream come true.

As I ate she began the first of what we later called "my lessons in living." She said that I must always be intolerant of ignorance but understanding of a lack of knowledge. That some people, unable to go to school, were more educated and even more intelligent than college professors. She encouraged me to listen carefully to country people's sayings. In those sayings was wisdom collected through the years.

When I finished the cookies, she brushed off the table and brought a thick, small book from the bookcase. I had read *A Tale of Two Cities*, and it met my standards as a romantic novel.

She began to read. The way her voice said the words was nearly singing. When she finished reading, I hadn't really heard, heard to understand, a single word.

"How do you like that?"

It occurred to me that she expected a response. I had to speak. I said, "Yes, ma'am." It was the least I could do, but it was the most also.

"There's one more thing. Take this book of poems and memorize one for me. Next time you visit, I want you to say it for me."

On that first day, I ran down the hill and into the road and had the good sense to stop running before I reached the Store.

I was liked, and what a difference it made. I was respected not as Mrs. Henderson's grandchild or Bailey's sister but for just being Marguerite Johnson. I didn't question why Mrs. Flowers had chosen me to give her attention to, nor did I realize that Momma might have asked her to talk to me. All I cared about was that she had made cookies for *me* and read to *me* from her favorite book. It was enough to prove that she liked me.

♦

Negro girls in small Southern towns were given as thorough and irrelevant preparations for adulthood as rich white girls shown in magazines. Admittedly the training was not the same. While white girls learned to dance and sit gracefully with a teacup balanced on their knees, we learned to sew designs on dishtowels, pillowcases, and handkerchiefs. It was understood that all girls could iron and wash, but the more skilled tasks around the home, like setting a table, baking meat, and cooking vegetables without meat, had to be learned elsewhere. Usually at the source of those habits. During my tenth year, a white woman's kitchen became my school.

Mrs. Viola Cullinan was a fat woman who lived in a three-bedroom house. She was unattractive until she smiled. Then the lines around her eyes and mouth disappeared, and her face looked friendly. She usually saved her smile until late afternoon when her woman friends dropped in and Miss Glory, the cook, served them cold drinks on the closed-in porch.

Miss Glory was very patient with me. She explained the different kinds of dishes. It took me a week to learn the difference between a salad plate, a bread plate, and a dessert plate. There were ice-cream glasses, wine glasses, green glass coffee cups with matching saucers, and water glasses. I was fascinated with them, with Mrs. Cullinan and her wonderful house.

On our way home one evening, Miss Glory told me that Mrs. Cullinan couldn't have children. She said that the doctor had taken out all her lady parts. If Mrs. Cullinan was walking around without those essentials, it explained why she drank alcohol out of unmarked bottles. I felt pity for her. Mrs. Cullinan didn't know what she missed. Or maybe she did. Poor Mrs. Cullinan.

For weeks I arrived early, left late, and tried very hard to make up for her childlessness. If she had had her own children, she wouldn't have had to ask me to run a thousand errands from her back door to the back doors of her friends. Poor old Mrs. Cullinan.

Then one evening Miss Glory told me to serve the ladies on the porch. After I set the plate down and turned toward the kitchen, one of the woman asked, "What's your name, girl?"

Mrs. Cullinan said, "She doesn't talk much. Her name's Margaret. As I understand it, she can talk when she wants to but she's usually quiet as a little mouse. Aren't you, Margaret?"

I smiled at her. Poor thing. No lady parts and she couldn't even pronounce my name correctly.

"She's a sweet little thing, though."

"Well, that may be, but the name's too long. I'd never bother myself. I'd call her Mary if I was you."

I was angry all the way to the kitchen. That terrible woman would never have the chance to call me Mary because if I was starving I'd never work for her. Giggles came in off the porch. I wondered what they could be laughing about.

Whitefolks were so strange. Could they be talking about me?

Everybody knew that they shared more information than Negroes did. It was possible that Mrs. Cullinan had friends in St. Louis who heard about a girl from Stamps being in court and wrote to tell her. Maybe she knew about Mr. Freeman.

I felt sick, and Miss Glory told me to go home. I realized how foolish I was being before I got there. Of course Mrs. Cullinan didn't know. Otherwise she wouldn't have given me the two nice dresses that Momma cut down, and she certainly wouldn't have called me a "sweet little thing." My stomach felt fine, and I didn't mention anything to Momma.

That evening I decided to write a poem about being white, fat, old, and without children. It was going to be a tragic poem. I would have to watch her carefully to capture her loneliness and pain.

The next day, she called me by the wrong name. Miss Glory and I were washing the lunch dishes when Mrs. Cullinan came to the doorway. "Mary?"

Miss Glory asked, "Who?"

Mrs. Cullinan knew and I knew. "I want Mary to go down to Mrs. Randall's and take her some soup. She's not been feeling well for a few days."

Miss Glory's face was a wonder to see. "You mean Margaret, ma'am. Her name's Margaret."

"That's too long. She's Mary now. Heat that soup from last night and put it in the large bowl. Mary, I want you to carry it carefully."

Every person I knew had a horror of being "called out of his name." Miss Glory felt sorry for me for a second. Then, as she handed me the soup bowl, she said, "Don't you mind, don't pay attention to that. Sticks and stones may break your bones, but words will never hurt you. You know, I've been working for her for twenty years."

She held the back door open for me. "Twenty years. I wasn't

much older than you. My name used to be Hallelujah. That's what my momma named me, but my boss gave me 'Glory,' and it stuck. I like it better, too."

I was in the little path that ran behind the houses when Miss Glory shouted, "It's shorter too."

For a few seconds I wasn't sure whether I would laugh (imagine being named Hallelujah) or cry (imagine letting some white woman rename you for her convenience). I had to leave the job, but the problem was going to be how to do it. Momma wouldn't allow me to leave for just any reason.

For a week, I looked into Mrs. Cullinan's face as she called me Mary. She ignored my coming late and leaving early. Miss Glory was a little annoyed because I had begun to leave egg on the dishes. I hoped that she would complain to our boss, but she didn't.

Then Bailey solved my problem. He had me describe the contents of her cupboard and the particular plates she liked best. I kept his instructions in mind. On the next day when Miss Glory was hanging out clothes and I had again been told to serve the old ladies on the porch, I dropped the empty serving plate. When I heard Mrs. Cullinan scream, "Mary!" I picked up her favorite dish and two of the green glass cups in readiness. As she entered the kitchen door, I let them fall on the floor.

She crawled around the floor and picked up pieces of the cups and cried, "Oh, Momma. Oh, dear God. It's Momma's dishes from Virginia. Oh, Momma, I'm sorry."

Miss Glory came running in from the yard and the women from the porch crowded around. Miss Glory was almost as upset as her boss. "You mean to say she broke our Virginia dishes? What are we gonna do?"

Mrs. Cullinan cried louder, "That clumsy nigger. Clumsy little black nigger."

The old woman who had first named me Mary leaned

down and asked, "Who did it, Viola? Was it Mary? Who did it?"

Everything was happening so fast I can't remember whether her action or her words came first, but I know that Mrs. Cullinan said, "Her name's Margaret, damn it, her name's Margaret." And she threw a piece of the broken plate at me.

I left the door wide open so all the neighbors could hear.

Mrs. Cullinan was right about one thing. My name wasn't Mary.

Chapter 9 Friends

Weekdays were the same. Saturdays, however, always dared to be different. After our return from St. Louis, Momma gave us a little cash weekly. I usually gave my money to Bailey, who went to the movies almost every Saturday. He brought back cowboy books for me.

One Saturday Bailey was late returning. Momma had begun heating water for the Saturday-night baths, and all the evening chores were done. It was quite late.

Uncle Willie said, "Sister, turn on the light." On Saturdays we used the electric lights so that last-minute shoppers could look down the hill and see if the Store was open. Momma hadn't told me to turn them on because she didn't want to believe that it was night and Bailey was still out in the dark. Her anxiety was obvious in her hurried movements around the kitchen and in her lonely fearful eyes. Any break from routine may result in terrible news.

I had very little pity for my relatives' anxiety. If something had happened to Bailey, Uncle Willie would always have Momma, and Momma had the Store. We weren't their children. But I would be the major loser if Bailey was dead—he was the only family I claimed, if not all I had.

"Momma," Uncle Willie called and she jumped. "Momma, why don't you and Sister walk down to meet him?"

Bailey's name hadn't been mentioned for hours, but we all knew whom he meant.

Of course. Why didn't that occur to me? I wanted to be gone. Momma said, "Wait a minute, little lady. Go get your sweater, and bring me mine."

It was darker in the road than I'd thought it would be. Momma told me to carry the flashlight and she reached for my hand. Her voice came from high above me and in the dark her hand was wrapped around mine. I loved her suddenly. She said nothing. Just the gentle pressure of her rough hand showed me her own concern and assurance.

We passed houses which I knew well by daylight but couldn't remember in the dark. Then Momma's hand tightened and let go, and I saw the small figure walking along, tired and old-mannish, his hands in his pockets and his head bent.

"Bailey," I said as Momma said, "Junior." I started to run, but her hand caught mine again and held it tight. "We'll walk, just like we've been walking, young lady." There was no chance to warn Bailey that he was dangerously late, that everybody had been worried, and that he should create a good lie, or, better, a great one.

Momma said, "Bailey, Junior," and he looked up without surprise. "You know it's night and you're just getting home?"

"Yes, ma'am." He was empty. Where was his excuse?

"What have you been doing?"

"Nothing."

"That's all you've got to say?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"All right, young man. We'll see when you get home."

She had let me go. I grabbed for Bailey's hand, but he pulled it away. I said, "Hey, Bailey," hoping to remind him that I was his

sister and his only friend, but he said something like "Leave me alone."

Momma didn't turn on the flashlight on the way back, nor did she answer the "Good evenings" that greeted us as we passed the darkened houses.

I was confused and frightened. He was going to get a whipping and maybe he had done something terrible. If he couldn't talk to me it must have been serious. He seemed sad. I didn't know what to think.

Uncle Willie said, "Think you're getting too old, do you? You can't come home. You want to worry your grandmother to death?" Bailey was beyond fear. Uncle Willie had a leather belt in his good hand but Bailey didn't notice or didn't care. "I'm going to whip you this time." Our uncle had only whipped us once before and then only with a stick, so maybe now he was going to kill my brother. I screamed and grabbed for the belt, but Momma caught me. "He has a lesson coming to him. You come on and get your bath."

From the kitchen I heard the belt hit bare skin. Bailey made no sound. I was too afraid to splash water or even to cry and take a chance of not hearing Bailey's cries for help. But the cries never came and the whipping was finally over.

I lay awake for a long time, waiting for a sign—a cry or a whisper—from the next room telling me that he was still alive. Just before I fell exhausted into sleep, I heard Bailey saying his prayers: "Now I lay me down to sleep . . ."

My last memory of that night was the question, Why is he saying the baby prayer? We had been saying the grown-up prayer for years.

For days the Store was a strange place. Bailey didn't talk, smile, or apologize. His eyes were expressionless. At meals I tried to give him the best pieces of meat and the largest portion of dessert, but he wouldn't accept them.

Then one evening when we were feeding the pigs he said without warning, "I saw Mother Dear."

If he said it, it was the truth. He wouldn't lie to me. I don't think I asked him where or when.

"In the movies." He laid his head on the fence. "It wasn't really her. It was a woman named Kay Francis. She's a white movie star who looks just like Mother Dear."

There was no difficulty believing that a white movie star looked like our mother and that Bailey had seen her. He told me that the movies changed each week, but when another picture came starring Kay Francis, we'd go together. He even promised to sit with me.

We had to wait almost two months before Kay Francis returned to Stamps. Bailey's mood had improved a lot, but the expectation made him more nervous than he was usually. When he told me that the movie would be shown, we used our best behavior and were the perfect children that Grandmother deserved and wished to think we were.

It was a comedy. The whitefolks downstairs laughed every few minutes. The sound would remain in the air for a second before the people in the balcony accepted it and sent their own laughter to join with it.

I laughed, too, but not at the hateful jokes made about my people. I laughed because, except that she was white, the big movie star looked just like my mother. Except that she lived in a big house with a thousand servants, she lived just like my mother. And it was funny to think the whitefolks didn't know that the woman they were admiring could be my mother's twin, except that she was white and my mother was prettier. Much prettier.

The movie star made me happy. It was extraordinary good fortune to be able to save one's money and go to see one's mother whenever one wanted to. I left the theater feeling as if I'd been given an unexpected present. But Bailey was depressed

again. (I had to beg him not to stay for the next show.) On the way home he stopped at the railroad track and waited for the night train. Just before it reached the crossing, he jumped out and ran across the tracks.

I was left on the other side going crazy. Maybe the huge wheels had killed him. Or even worse, maybe he caught the train and was gone for ever.

When the train passed he pushed himself away from the pole where he had been leaning, laughed at me for making all that noise, and said, "Let's go home."

One year later he did catch a train, but he didn't find his Mother Dear—he got stuck in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, for two weeks.

♦

The summer picnic fish fry by the lake was the biggest outdoor event of the year. Everyone was there. All churches were represented, as well as the social groups, professional people (Negro teachers from Lafayette County), and all the excited children.

I had wanted to bring something to read, but Momma said if I didn't want to play with the other children I could make myself useful by cleaning fish or bringing water from the nearest well. I wandered into a hidden quiet spot by accident. Signs with arrows pointed MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN toward lanes that were hard to find, grown over since last year. Feeling old and very wise at ten, I couldn't allow myself to be found by the small children peeing behind a tree. Nor did I dare to follow the arrow pointing the way for WOMEN. So when I needed to pee, I headed in another direction. When I got through the wall of trees I found myself in an open space much smaller than the picnic area, and cool and quiet. After my business was taken care of, I found a seat and leaned back on a tree trunk. This is what

Heaven would be like. Maybe California, too. Looking straight up at the sky, I felt far away.

There was a sound of footsteps on the grass and I jumped at being found. I didn't know that she too was escaping the noise of the picnic. We were the same age, and she and her mother lived in a neat little house behind the school. Her cousins, who were our age, were wealthier and lighter-skinned, but I had secretly believed that Louise was the prettiest female in Stamps, after Mrs. Flowers.

"What are you doing here by yourself, Marguerite?" She didn't accuse, she asked for information. I said that I was watching the sky. She asked, "What for?" There was obviously no answer to a question like that, so I didn't make up one.

Louise was a lonely girl, although she had plenty of playmates and was always ready to be a partner for any game in the schoolyard. Her face, which was long and dark chocolate brown, was sad. And her eyes, which I thought were her best feature, shifted quickly as if what they sought had just a second before escaped her.

She had come near and the light through the trees shined on her face and hair. I had never noticed before, but she looked exactly like Bailey. Her hair was "good"—more straight than kinky—and her features were perfect.

She looked up—"Well, you can't see much sky from here." Then she sat down, an arm's length away from me. Slowly she leaned against the tree. I closed my eyes and thought about finding another place, but I realized that there probably wasn't another as good as this one. There was a little scream and before I could open my eyes, Louise had grabbed my hand. "I was falling"—she shook her long hair—"I was falling in the sky."

I liked her for being able to fall in the sky and admit it. I suggested, "Let's try it together. But we have to sit up straight

after counting to five." Louise asked, "Want to hold hands? Just in case?" I did. If one of us did fall, the other could pull her out.

After a few near-falls, we laughed at having played with death and escaped.

Louise said, "Let's look at the sky while we're spinning." We took each other's hands in the center of the open space and began turning around. Very slowly at first. We raised our chins and looked straight up at the patch of blue. Faster, just a little faster, then faster, and even faster. Yes, help, we were falling. We couldn't stop spinning or falling until I fell out of her grasp and was thrown down. I found myself safe at the foot of the tree. Louise had landed on her knees at the other side of the open space.

This was surely the time to laugh. First we were giggling and crawling toward each other and then we were laughing out loud crazily. We hit each other on the back and shoulders and laughed some more.

By daring to challenge the unknown with me, she became my first friend. We spent many hours teaching ourselves a secret language. This made us superior to other children. At last I began to understand what girls giggled about. Louise would say a few sentences to me in our secret language and would laugh. Of course, I laughed too. After all, girls have to giggle. After being a woman for three years, I became a girl.

♦

In school one day, a girl I hardly knew and had scarcely spoken to brought me a note. The way it was folded indicated that it was a love note. I was sure she had the wrong person, but she insisted. I confessed to myself that I was frightened. Suppose it was somebody being funny? Fortunately I had got permission to go to the toilet—outside—and in the darkness I read:

Dear Friend, M.J.
Times are hard and friends are few
I take great pleasure in writing you
Will you be my valentine?
Tommy Valdon

I struggled to remember. Who? Who was Tommy Valdon? Finally a face dragged itself from my memory. He was the nice-looking brown-skinned boy who lived across the lake. As soon as I realized that, I began to wonder: Why? Why me? Was it a joke? But if Tommy was the boy I remembered he was a serious person and a good student. Well, then it wasn't a joke. All right, what evil, dirty things did he have in mind? What did a valentine do, anyway?

I thought of Louise. I could show it to her. I folded the paper and went back to class. After classes I waited for her. She was talking to a group of girls, laughing. But when I gave her our special signal (two waves of the left hand) she said goodbye to them and joined me in the road. I didn't give her the chance to ask what was on my mind (her favorite question); I just gave her the note. Recognizing the way it was folded she stopped smiling. She opened the letter and read it aloud twice. "Well, looks like he wants you to be his valentine."

"Louise, I can read. But what does it mean?"

"Oh, you know. His valentine. His love."

There was that hateful word again.

"Well, I won't. I certainly won't. Not ever again."

"Have you been his valentine before? What do you mean never again?"

I couldn't lie to my friend and I wasn't going to bring back bad memories.

"Well, don't answer him then, and that's the end of it." I was glad that she thought it could be gotten rid of so quickly. I tore the note in half and gave her a part. Walking down the hill we

tore the paper into a thousand pieces and gave it to the wind.

Two days later an eighth grader came into my classroom. She spoke quietly to Miss Williams, our teacher. Miss Williams said, "Class, I believe you remember that tomorrow is Valentine's Day. The day is observed by exchanging cards. The eighth grade children have completed theirs and this girl is acting as mailman. Now, stand when your name is called."

We who were being called to receive valentines were only slightly more embarrassed than those who sat and watched as Miss Williams opened each envelope and read the message aloud. I was filled with shame and anticipation but had time to be offended at the silly poetry.

"Marguerite Anne Johnson. This looks more like a letter than a valentine. 'Dear Friend, I wrote you a letter and saw you tear it up with your friend Miss L. I don't believe you meant to hurt my feelings, so whether you answer or not you will always be my valentine. T.V.' "

"Class"—Miss Williams grinned and continued—"although you are only in seventh grade, I'm sure you wouldn't be so impudent as to sign a letter with your initials. But here is a boy in the eighth grade, who will soon graduate . . . You may collect your valentines and these letters on your way out."

It was a nice letter and Tommy had beautiful handwriting. I was sorry I tore up the first. I felt good about his statement that his feelings would not be influenced by whether I answered him or not. He couldn't be wanting you-know-what if he talked like that. I told Louise that the next time he came to the Store I was going to say something extra nice to him. Unfortunately the situation was so wonderful to me that each time I saw Tommy I giggled uncontrollably and was unable to form a complete sentence. After a while he stopped including me in his general glances.

Chapter 10 Graduation

The children in Stamps trembled visibly with anticipation. Some adults were excited too. Large classes were graduating from both the elementary school and the high school. Even those who were years away from their own graduation were anxious to help with preparations as a kind of practice.

Parents who could afford it had ordered new shoes and ready-made clothes for themselves. They also hired the women who did the best sewing to make graduation dresses and cut down secondhand pants for the important event.

Oh, it was certainly important. Whitefolks would attend the ceremony, and two or three would speak of God and home, and the Southern way of life. The principal's wife would play the graduation march while the lower-grade graduates walked to their seats below the platform. The high school seniors would wait in empty classrooms to make their dramatic entrance.

In the Store I was the person of the moment. Bailey had graduated the year before. My class was wearing yellow dresses, and Momma had put special effort into mine. I was going to be beautiful—a model of fine hand-sewing. It didn't worry me that I was only twelve years old and was just graduating from eighth grade.

I had started smiling more often, and my jaws hurt from the new activity. As a member of the winning team (the graduating class of 1940) I had put unpleasant feelings behind me. I was heading for freedom.

My work had earned me a top place in my class and I was going to be one of the first called in the graduating ceremonies. No absences, no late arrivals, and my academic work was among the best of the year.

My hair pleased me too. Gradually the black mass had lengthened and thickened, so that at last it stayed in its place and didn't hurt my head when I tried to comb it.

Among Negroes the tradition was to give presents to children going only from one grade to another. How much more important this was when the person was graduating at the top of the class. Uncle Willie and Momma had sent away for a Mickey Mouse watch like Bailey's. Louise gave me four handkerchiefs with hand-sewn designs. Mrs. Sneed, the minister's wife, made me an underskirt to wear for graduation, and nearly every customer gave me a nickel or even a dime with the instruction "Keep on moving to higher ground," or similar encouragement.

Amazingly the great day finally dawned and I was out of bed before I knew it. I threw open the back door to see it more clearly. I hoped the memory of that morning would never leave me. Barefoot in the backyard, I enjoyed the gentle warmth and thanked God that no matter what evil I had done in my life, He had allowed me to live to see this day.

Bailey came out and gave me a box wrapped in Christmas paper. He said he had saved his money for months to pay for it. He was as proud of the gift as I was. It was a soft-leather copy of a collection of poems by Edgar Allen Poe. I turned to "Annabel Lee," my favorite, and we walked up and down the garden rows reading the beautiful lines.

Momma made a Sunday breakfast although it was only Friday. After we finished the prayers, I opened my eyes to find the watch on my plate. It was a dream of a day. Everything went smoothly, and I didn't have to be reminded of anything. Near evening I was too nervous to do my chores, so Bailey volunteered to do them all before his bath.

Days before, we had made a sign for the Store, and as we turned out the lights, Momma hung it over the door handle. It read clearly: CLOSED. GRADUATION.

My dress fitted perfectly and everyone said that I looked like a sunbeam in it. On the hill, going toward the school, Bailey walked behind with Uncle Willie, who wanted him to walk

ahead with us because it embarrassed him to have to walk so slowly. Bailey said he'd let the ladies walk together, and the men would follow. We all laughed, nicely.

The other members of my graduating class were standing around the front steps. I joined them and didn't even see my family go in to find seats in the crowded room. The school band played a march and all the classes walked in as we had practiced. We stood in front of our seats until the principal signaled to us to take our seats. As I sat down, I was overcome with a feeling that something unplanned was going to happen, and we were going to be made to look bad.

The principal welcomed "parents and friends" and asked the Baptist minister to lead us in prayer. When the principal spoke again, his voice had changed; it was weak and uncertain. He talked about Booker T. Washington,* our "great leader." Then he said a few things about friendship and the friendship of kind-hearted people to those less fortunate than themselves. His voice could hardly be heard. When he finished, he paused and then said clearly, "Our speaker tonight, who is also our friend, came from Texarkana to deliver the graduation speech, but due to the irregularity of the train schedule, he's going to, as they say, 'speak and run.'" He said that we understood and wanted the man to know that we were most grateful for the time he was able to give us. Then he introduced Mr. Edward Donleavy.

Not one but two white men came through the door at the side of the stage. The shorter one walked to the speaker's platform and the tall one sat down in the principal's seat. The Baptist minister gave the principal his chair and walked off the stage.

Donleavy looked at the audience once (I'm sure that he only wanted to confirm that we were really there), adjusted his glasses, and began to read from a pile of papers.

* Booker T. Washington: a nineteenth-century Black educator

He was glad "to be here and to see the work going on just as it was in the other schools." He told us of the wonderful changes we children in Stamps would see. The Central School (naturally, the white school was Central) had already been granted improvements that would be in use in the fall. A well-known artist was coming from Little Rock to teach art to them. They were going to have the newest equipment in their science laboratory. Mr. Donleavy made sure we knew who made these improvements available to Central High and said that we wouldn't be ignored in the general improvement plan he had in mind.

He said that he had pointed out to people at a very high level that one of the first-line football players at Arkansas Agricultural and Mechanical College had graduated from Lafayette County Training School. He went on to say how proud he was that "one of the best basketball players at Fisk University sank his first ball right here at Lafayette County Training School."

The white kids were going to have a chance to become Galileos and Madame Curies and Edisons and Gauguins, and our boys (the girls weren't even included) would try to be Jesse Owenses and Joe Louises.*

Owens and Louis were great Black heroes, but what school official in the white-kingdom of Little Rock had the right to decide that those two men must be our only heroes?

The man's words brought silence to the room. Held back by hard-learned manners, I couldn't look behind me, but to my left and right the proud graduating class of 1940 had dropped their heads. Every girl in my row had found something new to do with her handkerchief.

Graduation, the magic time of gifts and congratulations and diplomas, was finished for me before my name was called. The

* Jesse Owens and Joe Louis: Jesse Owens was a Black runner, winner of many races. Joe Louis was a Black champion fighter.

achievement was for nothing. All our learning was for nothing. Donleavy had shown us who we were.

We were servants, farmers, and washer-women. Anything higher that we dreamed about was ridiculous.

It was awful to be Negro and have no control over my life. It was terrible to be young and already trained to sit quietly and listen to charges brought against my color with no chance of defense. We should all be dead.

Donleavy was running for election, and assured our parents that if he won we would have the only cement playing field for colored people in that part of Arkansas. Also, we were sure to get new equipment for cooking, sewing, and woodworking classes.

He finished, nodded to the men on the stage, and the tall man who was never introduced joined him at the door. They left with the attitude that now they were going to something really important.

The ugliness they left could be felt in the air. My name had lost its familiarity and I had to be gently pushed to go and receive my diploma. All my preparations were forgotten. I neither marched up to the stage like a confident winner, nor did I look in the audience for Bailey's nod of approval. Marguerite Johnson, I heard the name again. My honors were read, there were noises of appreciation in the audience, and I took my place on the stage as practiced.

Then Henry Reed, our top graduate, was giving his speech, "To Be or Not to Be." Hadn't he heard the whitefolks? We couldn't *be*, so the question was a waste of time. The world didn't think we had minds, and they let us know it. I was amazed that Henry could give the speech as if we had a choice.

I had been listening with my eyes closed and silently proving false each sentence; then there was a silence, which in an audience warns that something unplanned is happening. I looked up and saw Henry Reed, the perfectly-behaved boy, the A

student, turn his back to the audience and turn to us (the proud graduating class of 1940) and sing, nearly speaking,

"Lift every voice and sing..."

It was the poem written by James Weldon Johnson. It was the music written by J. Rosamond Johnson. It was the Negro national anthem. We were singing it out of habit.

Our mothers and fathers stood in the dark hall and joined the song of encouragement. Every child I knew had learned that song with the alphabet. But I personally had never heard it before. Never heard the words, despite the thousands of times I had sung them. Never thought they had anything to do with me. Now I heard, really heard it, for the first time.

While echoes of the song hung in the air, Henry Reed bowed his head, said "Thank you," and returned to his place in the line. The tears that slipped down many faces were not wiped away in shame.

We were on top again. As always, again. We survived. I was no longer only a member of the proud graduating class of 1940; I was a proud member of the wonderful, beautiful Negro race.

Chapter 11 California

Momma told us one day that she was taking us to California. She explained that we were growing up, that we needed to be with our parents, that Uncle Willie was crippled, that she was getting too old. All true, but none of those truths satisfied our need for The Truth. The Store and the rooms in back became a going-away factory. Momma sat at the sewing machine for hours, making and remaking clothes for use in California.

Whatever the real reason, The Truth, for taking us to California, I shall always think it lay mostly in an incident in

which Bailey had the leading part. On an afternoon a few weeks before Momma revealed her plan to take us West, Bailey came into the Store shaking. His face was no longer black but a dirty, colorless gray. As we always did when we entered the Store, he walked behind the candy counter and leaned on the cash register. Uncle Willie had sent him on an errand to whitefolks' town and he wanted an explanation for Bailey's late return. After a brief moment our uncle could see that something was wrong and, feeling unable to cope, he called Momma from the kitchen.

"What's the matter, Bailey Junior?"

He said nothing. I knew when I saw him that it would be useless to ask anything while he was in that state. It meant that he had seen or heard of something so ugly or frightening that he couldn't make himself respond as a result. He had explained when we were young that when things were very bad his soul went to sleep. When it awoke, the fearful thing had gone away. I had to swear that when his soul was sleeping, I would never try to wake it; the shock might make it go to sleep for ever. So I left him alone, and after a while Momma had to leave him alone too.

When he felt better he asked Uncle Willie what colored people had done to white people to make them hate us. Uncle Willie, who was not used to explaining things because he was like Momma, said little except that "colored people hadn't even bothered a hair on whitefolks' heads."

Bailey said he saw a man, a colored man, who was dead.

Uncle Willie asked, "Who—who was it?"

Bailey said, "When I passed the prison, some men had just fished him out of the lake. He was wrapped in a sheet, all rolled up. Then a white man walked over and pulled the sheet off. The man was on his back but the white man stuck his foot under the sheet and rolled him over on his stomach. He had no color at all, and he was blown up like a ball. The colored men backed away,

and I did, too, but the white man stood there, looking down, and grinned. Uncle Willie, why do they hate us so much?"

Uncle Willie replied, "They don't really hate us. They don't know us. How can they hate us? They're mostly scared."

Momma asked if Bailey had recognized the man, but he didn't hear her.

"Mr. Bubba told me I was too young to see something like that and I ought to go straight home, but I had to stay. Then the white man called us closer. He said, 'O.K., you boys, take him into the prison. When the Sheriff comes, he'll inform his family. This is one nigger nobody has to worry about anymore. He ain't going nowhere else.' Then the men picked up corners of the sheet, but since nobody wanted to get close to the man they held only the ends, and he almost rolled out on the ground. The white man called me to come and help too."

Momma exploded. "Who was it?" She made herself clear. "Who was the white man?"

Bailey couldn't let go of the horror. "I picked up a side of the sheet and walked in the prison with the men. I walked in the prison carrying a rotten dead Negro." His voice was ancient with shock. His eyes were huge.

"The white man pretended he was going to lock us all in there, but Mr. Bubba said, 'Oh, Mr. Jim. We didn't do it. We ain't done nothing wrong.' Then the white man laughed and said we boys couldn't take a joke, and opened the door." He breathed his relief. "I was glad to get out of there. The prison, and the prisoners screaming that they didn't want any dead nigger in there with them. That he'd make the place smell bad. They called the white man 'Boss.' They said, 'Boss, surely we ain't done nothing bad enough for you to put another nigger in here with us, and a dead one, too.' Then they laughed. They all laughed like there was something funny."

Bailey was talking so fast he forgot to stutter. He was thinking

about a mystery that young Southern Black boys start to solve, *try* to solve, from the time they're seven years old until their death. The humorless puzzle of inequality and hate. His experience raised the question of worth and values, of aggressive inferiority and aggressive arrogance. Could Uncle Willie, a Black man, Southern, and crippled, hope to answer the questions, asked and unasked? Would Momma, who knew the ways of the whites and the ways of the Blacks, try to answer her grandson, whose life depended on him not truly understanding the mystery? Most certainly not.

They both responded characteristically. Uncle Willie said something like he didn't know what the world was coming to, and Momma prayed, "God rest his soul, poor man." I'm sure she began planning the details of our California trip that night.

♦

Our transportation was Momma's major concern for many weeks. She had arranged with a railroad employee to provide her with a pass in exchange for groceries. The pass allowed a reduced fare only, and even that had to be approved. So we had to wait until white people we would never see, in offices we would never visit, signed and stamped and mailed the pass back to Momma. My fare had to be paid in cash. Taking that much money out of our cash register was financially difficult. Momma decided Bailey couldn't accompany us, but that he would follow within a month or so when the bills were paid. Although our mother now lived in San Francisco, Momma must have felt it wiser to go first to Los Angeles, where our father was. She had me write letters, telling me what to write, advising them both that we were on our way.

And we were on our way, but unable to say when. Our clothes were washed, ironed, and packed. Neighbors, who understood the difficulties of travel, said goodbye a million times. A widowed

friend of Momma's had agreed to take care of Uncle Willie. After thousands of false departures, at last we left Stamps.

My sorrow was limited to sadness at separating from Bailey for a month (we had never been separated), the imagined loneliness of Uncle Willie (at thirty-five, he'd never been separated from his mother), and the loss of Louise, my first friend. I wouldn't miss Mrs. Flowers, because she had given me her secret word which would help me all my life: books.

I didn't actually think about meeting Mother until the last day of our journey. I was "going to California." To oranges and sunshine and movie stars and earthquakes and (finally I realized) to Mother. My old guilt returned. I wondered if Mr. Freeman's name would be mentioned, or if I would be expected to say something about the situation myself. I certainly couldn't ask Momma, and Bailey was a million miles away.

I was unprepared to meet my mother. Too soon she stood before me, smaller than I remembered but more wonderful than any memory. She wore a light-brown suit, shoes to match, and a hat with a feather in the band. She patted my face with her gloved hands. She kissed and laughed and rushed about collecting our coats and organizing our luggage. She easily took care of the details. I was amazed again at how wonderful she was.

We moved into an apartment, and I slept on a sofa that was changed at night into a large comfortable bed. Mother stayed in Los Angeles long enough to get us settled. Then she returned to San Francisco to find a place to live for her suddenly larger family.

Momma and Bailey (he joined us a month after our arrival) and I lived in Los Angeles for about six months while our permanent living arrangements were being finalized. Daddy Bailey visited occasionally, bringing shopping bags of fruit. He was like a Sun God, bringing warmth and light to our lives.

When the arrangements for our move north were completed,

Momma gave us the shocking news that she was going back to Arkansas. She had done her job. She was needed by Uncle Willie. We had our own parents at last. At least we were all in the same state.

There were days of unknowing for Bailey and me. It was fine to say that we would be with our parents, but who were they? Would they be more severe with our mistakes than she? That would be bad. Or less severe? That would be even worse. Would we learn to speak the fast language of our Mexican neighbors? I doubted that, and I doubted even more that I would ever find out what they laughed about so loudly and so often.

I would have been willing to return to Stamps even without Bailey. But Momma left for Arkansas without me.

Mother drove us toward San Francisco over the big white highway that seemed like it would never end. She talked constantly and pointed out places of interest. She told humorous stories and tried to win our attention. But her personality, and the fact that she was our mother, had done the job so successfully that her efforts were unnecessary. Nothing could have been more magical than to have found her at last, and have her completely to ourselves in the closed world of a moving car.

Although we were both delighted, Bailey and I were aware of her nervousness. The knowledge that we had the power to upset that godlike person made us look at each other and smile. It also made her human.

We spent a few months in an Oakland apartment which had a bathtub in the kitchen and was near enough to the train station to shake at the arrival and departure of every train. In many ways it was like being in St. Louis again—and Grandma Baxter was again living with us.

We went to school and no family member questioned the amount or quality of our work. We went to a playground which had a basketball court, a football field, and table tennis tables in

shelters with roofs. On Sundays, instead of going to church, we went to the movies.

I slept with Grandmother Baxter. One evening after going to bed normally, I was awakened by a shaking. I saw my mother kneeling by my bed. She brought her face close to my ear.

"Ritie," she whispered, "Ritie. Come, but be very quiet." Then she quietly rose and left the room. Dutifully, I followed. The light coming through the half-opened kitchen door showed Bailey's pajamaed legs hanging from the covered bathtub. The clock on the dining-room table said 2:30. I had never been up at that hour.

I looked questioningly at Bailey and knew by his response that there was nothing to fear. Then I quickly thought about the list of important events. It wasn't anybody's birthday, or April Fool's Day, or Halloween, but it was something.

Mother closed the kitchen door and told me to sit beside Bailey. She put her hands on her waist and said we had been invited to a party.

Was that why she woke us in the middle of the night! Neither of us said anything.

She continued, "I am giving a party and you are my honored and only guests."

She opened the oven and took out a pan of her cookies and showed us a pot of chocolate milk on the back of the stove. We could only laugh at our beautiful and wild mother. When Bailey and I started laughing, she joined in, but she kept her finger in front of her mouth to try to quiet us.

We were served formally, and she apologized for not having a band to play for us but said she'd sing instead. She sang and danced. What child can resist a mother who laughs freely and often, especially if the child is mature enough to understand the joke?



World War II started on a Sunday afternoon when I was on my way to the movies. People in the streets shouted, "We're at war. We've declared war on Japan."

I ran all the way home, unsure whether I would be bombed before I reached Bailey and Mother. Grandmother Baxter calmed my anxiety by explaining that America would not be bombed, not as long as Franklin Delano Roosevelt was president. He knew what he was doing.

Soon after, Mother married Daddy Clidell, who became the first father I would know. He was a successful businessman, and he and Mother moved us to San Francisco. Grandmother remained in the big house in Oakland.

In the early months of World War II, San Francisco's Fillmore district experienced a visible change. The Asian population disappeared. As the Japanese left, soundlessly and without protest, the Negroes entered. Japanese shops were taken over by Negro businessmen, and in less than a year became permanent homes for the newly arrived Southern Blacks. No member of my family and none of the family friends ever mentioned the absent Japanese. It was as if they had never owned or lived in the houses that were now ours.

The sense of change, the lack of permanence of life in wartime, and the awkward behavior of the recent arrivals helped to lessen my own sense of not belonging. In San Francisco, for the first time, I saw myself as part of something. I didn't identify with the newcomers, nor with the Black natives of San Francisco, nor with the whites or even the Asians. I identified with the times and the city. The feeling of fear that San Francisco would be bombed strengthened my sense of belonging. Hadn't I always thought that life was just one great risk?

To me, a thirteen-year-old Black girl, used to the South and

Southern Black lifestyle, the city was a state of beauty and a state of freedom. I became free of fears. Feeling safe, I was certain that no one loved San Francisco as I did.

Chapter 12 Education

Although my grades were very good (I had been put up two semesters on my arrival from Stamps), I was unable to settle down in the high school. It was an institution for girls near my house, and the young ladies were faster, meaner, and more prejudiced than any I had met at Lafayette County Training School. Many of the Negro girls were, like me, from the South, but they had lived in—or claimed to have lived in—the big cities. They walked like they couldn't be beaten by anyone, and they frightened the white girls and those Black students who weren't protected by fearlessness. Fortunately I was transferred to George Washington High School.

The buildings sat on a moderate hill in the white residential district, about sixty blocks from the Negro neighborhood. For the first semester, I was one of three Black students in the school, and in that special situation I learned to love my people more. In the mornings as the streetcar left my neighborhood I experienced a mixture of fear and anxiety. I knew that soon we would be out of my familiar setting and Blacks who were on the streetcar when I got on would all be gone. I alone would face the forty blocks of neat streets, white houses, and rich children.

In the evenings on the way home I felt joy, anticipation, and relief when I saw the first brown faces on the streets. I recognized that I was again in my country.

In the school I was disappointed to find out that I was not the most intelligent or even nearly the most intelligent student. The white kids had better vocabularies than I and had less fear in the

classrooms. They never hesitated to hold up their hands in response to a teacher's question; even when they were wrong they were wrong aggressively, while I had to be certain about all my facts before I dared to call attention to myself.

George Washington High School was the first real school I attended. My entire time there might have been time lost if it hadn't been for the unique personality of a wonderful teacher. Miss Kirwin was that rare educator who was in love with information. I will always believe that her love of teaching came not only from her liking for students but also from her desire to make sure that some of the things she knew would find new places to be stored so that they could be shared again.

Miss Kirwin greeted each class with "Good day, ladies and gentlemen." I had never heard an adult speak with such respect to teenagers. (Adults usually believe that a show of honor lessens their authority.) "In today's *Chronicle* there was an article on the mining industry in the Carolinas [or some subject about a distant place]. I am certain that all of you have read the article. I would like someone to explain the subject for me."

After the first two weeks in her class I, and all the other excited students, read the San Francisco papers, *Time* magazine, *Life* magazine, and everything else available to us.

Miss Kirwin encouraged us instead of threatening us. While some of the other teachers made an effort to be nice to me—to be a "liberal" with me—and others ignored me completely, Miss Kirwin never seemed to notice that I was Black and therefore different. I was Miss Johnson, and if I had the answer to a question she asked I was never given anymore than the word "Correct," which was what she said to every other student with the correct answer.

Years later when I returned to San Francisco, I visited her classroom. She always remembered that I was Miss Johnson, who had a good mind and should be doing something with it. I was

never encouraged on those visits to stay long. She acted as if I must have had other visits to make. I often wondered if she knew she was the only teacher I remember.

♦

I never knew why I was given a free place to the California Labor School. It was a college for adults. At fourteen I accepted a free place and got one for the next year as well. So in the evenings I took drama and dance classes, with white and Black grownups. My days centered around Miss Kirwin's class, dinner with Bailey and Mother, and drama and dance.

The people I was loyal to at this time in my life were a strange combination: Momma with her determination, Mrs. Flowers and her books, Bailey with his love, my mother and her happiness, Miss Kirwin and her information, my evening classes of drama and dance.

♦

I was prepared to accept Daddy Clidell as one more faceless name added to Mother's list of men. I had trained myself so successfully through the years to display interest, or at least attention, while my mind wandered freely on other subjects, that I could have lived in his house without ever seeing him and without him being aware of my behavior. But his character encouraged admiration. He was a simple man who didn't feel inferior about his lack of education and, even more amazing, showed no superiority because he had succeeded despite that lack.

He owned apartment buildings, and was famous for being that rarity, "a man of honor." Unexpectedly, I looked like him, and when he, Mother, and I walked down the street his friends often said, "Clidell, that's sure your daughter. Ain't no way you can deny her."

Proud laughter followed those declarations, since he had never had children. Because of his late-arriving but strong sense of fatherhood, I was introduced to the most colorful characters in the Black community. Daddy Clidell explained to me that they were the most successful con men in the world, and they were going to tell me about some games so that I would never be "anybody's mark."

Then they took turns showing me their tricks, how they chose their victims ("marks") from the wealthy prejudiced whites, and how they used the victims' prejudice against them.

Some of the stories were funny, a few were sad, but all were amusing or satisfying to me. The Black man, the con man who could act the most stupid, won every time over the powerful, arrogant white. My favorite story was about two Black men who conned a white man into paying them $40,000 for a piece of land in Oklahoma. The land wasn't theirs; it really belonged to the state. Those storytellers, born Black and male before the turn of the twentieth century, should have been failures. Instead they used their intelligence to force open the door of rejection and not only became wealthy but got some revenge, too.

It wasn't possible for me to regard them as criminals; I was proud of their achievements.

♦

My education and that of my Black friends were quite different from the education of our white schoolmates. In the classroom we all learned verb tenses, but in the streets and in our homes the Blacks learned to drop "*s*"s from plurals and endings from past-tense verbs. We were aware of the gap separating the written word from the spoken. We learned to change from one language to another without being conscious of the effort. At school, we might respond with "That's not unusual." But in the street, in the same situation, we easily said, "It be's like that sometimes."

Chapter 13 A Vacation

I was going on a vacation. Daddy Bailey invited me to spend the summer with him in southern California and I was nervous with excitement. Since our father's characteristic attitude was one of superiority, I secretly expected him to live in a huge house surrounded by a large yard and serviced by a paid staff.

Daddy Bailey had a girlfriend, who had begun writing letters to me some months before, and she would meet me at the train. We had agreed to wear white flowers to identify ourselves. On the platform I saw a little girl who wore a white flower, but dismissed her as improbable. The platform emptied as we walked by each other time after time. Finally she stopped me with a disbelieving "Marguerite?" Her voice sounded shocked and mature. So, she wasn't a little girl. I, too, was surprised.

She said, "I'm Dolores Stockland."

Shocked but trying to sound well mannered, I said, "Hello. My name is Marguerite."

Daddy's girlfriend? I guessed that she was in her early twenties. Her suit, shoes, and gloves informed me that she was well-dressed and serious. I thought that if she was planning to marry our father she must have been scared to find that his daughter was nearly six feet tall and not even pretty. (I found out later that Daddy Bailey had told her that his children were eight and nine years old and good-looking.)

I was another link in a long chain of disappointments. Daddy had promised to marry her but kept delaying until he finally married another woman. Instead of owning a huge house and servants, Daddy lived in a small house on the outskirts of town. Dolores lived there with him and kept the house clean and orderly. She loved him, and her life would have been perfect. And then I arrived.

She tried hard to make me into something she could

reasonably accept. Her first attempt, which failed completely, concerned my attention to details. I was asked, begged, then ordered to take care of my room. My willingness to do so was made difficult by my ignorance of how it should be done and my awkwardness with small objects. The dresser in my room was covered with little breakable objects. If and when I remembered to dust them, I always held one too tightly and broke off a leg or two, or too loosely and dropped it, and it broke into pieces.

Dad spoke Spanish well, and since I had studied for a year, we were able to have short conversations. I believe that my talent with a foreign language was the only quality I had that impressed Dolores. She couldn't attempt the strange sounds. Admittedly, though, her English, like everything else about her, was absolutely perfect.

We had a test of strength for weeks as Dad watched, not getting involved but greatly enjoying himself. He was amused and seemed to enjoy our discomfort. He asked me once if I "liked my mother." I thought he meant my mother, so I answered yes—she was beautiful and happy and very kind. He said he wasn't talking about Vivian; he meant Dolores. Then I explained that I didn't like her because she was mean. He laughed. When I added that she didn't like me because I was tall and arrogant and wasn't clean enough for her, he laughed harder and said something like, "Well, that's life."

One evening he announced that on the next day he was going to Mexico to buy food for the weekend. There was nothing unusual about his announcement until he added that he was taking me along. He filled the shocked silence with the information that a trip to Mexico would give me an opportunity to practice Spanish.

Dolores' silence might have been the result of a jealous reaction, but mine was caused by total surprise. My father had not shown any particular pride in me and very little love. He had not taken me to his friends or to southern California's few points of interest. It was unbelievable that I was being included in

something as exciting as a trip to Mexico. Well, I quickly reasoned, I deserved it. I was his daughter, and my vacation wasn't what I had expected a vacation to be.

In the morning, we started on the foreign adventure. The dirt roads of Mexico satisfied my desire for an unusual experience. Dad gave no explanation as we drove through the border town and headed for the interior. After a few miles we were stopped by a uniformed guard. He and Dad exchanged familiar greetings and Dad got out of the car. He reached back into the pocket on the door and took a bottle of alcohol into the guard's kiosk. They laughed and talked for over a half hour as I sat in the car and tried to translate the quiet sounds. Eventually they came out and walked to the car. Dad still had the bottle but it was only half full. He asked the guard if he would like to marry me. At once the guard leaned into the car and patted my cheek. He told Dad that he would marry me and we would have "many babies." My father thought that was the funniest thing he had heard since we left home. After many *adióses*★ Dad started the car, and we were on our way again.

Signs informed me that we were heading for Ensenada. On that journey along the twisted roads beside the steep mountain, I feared that I would never get back to America, civilization, English, and wide streets again. Our destination was, in fact, not the town of Ensenada, but a place about five miles out of the city limits. We pulled up in the dirt yard of a *cantina*, where half-clothed children chased mean-looking chickens around and around. The noise of the car brought women to the door of the old building.

A woman's voice sang out, "Bailey, Bailey." And suddenly a group of women crowded to the door and overflowed into the

★ *adiós*: Spanish for "good-bye"; other Spanish words and phrases are *cantina* (small bar), *la niña de Bailey* (Bailey's daughter), *señoritas* (young women), *Pasa* (Pass), *¿Quién es?* (Who is it?), *mi padre* (my father), *¿Qué pasa?* (What's happening?), and *¿Qué quiere?* (What do you want?)

yard. Dad told me to get out of the car, and we went to meet the women. He explained quickly that I was his daughter, which everyone thought was uncontrollably funny. We were taken into a large room with a bar at one end. There were a few men sitting at the bar, and they greeted my father with relaxed familiarity. I was taken around and each person was told my name and age. People patted me on the back, shook Dad's hand, and spoke a rapid Spanish that I was unable to follow. Bailey was the hero of the hour, and as he responded to the open show of friendship I saw a new side of the man.

It seemed hard to believe that he was a lonely person, searching in bottles of alcohol, under women's skirts, in church work and important job titles for his "personal place," lost before birth and never recovered. It was obvious to me then that he had never belonged in Stamps, and belonged even less to the slow-moving, slow-thinking Johnson family.

In the Mexican bar Dad was relaxed, which I had never seen before. There was no need to pretend in front of those poor Mexican farmers. As he was, just being himself, he was impressive enough to them. He was an American. He was Black. He spoke Spanish well. He had money and he could drink alcohol with the best of them. The women liked him too. He was tall and handsome and generous.

It was a party. Someone put on music, and drinks were served to all the customers. I was given a warm Coca-Cola. I was asked to dance. I hesitated because I wasn't sure I'd be able to follow the steps, but Dad nodded and encouraged me to try. I had been enjoying myself for at least an hour before I realized it. I was happy, Dad was proud, and my new friends were pleasant. I ate, danced, screamed, and drank the extra-sweet and sticky Coca-Cola. As newcomers joined the celebration I was introduced as *la niña de Bailey*, and was quickly accepted.

As the sun went down, I realized that I hadn't seen my father

for a long time. When the dance finished, I made my way through the crowd of people. I was frightened. He wasn't in the room. Had he made an arrangement with the guard back at the pass? I wouldn't have been surprised. The thought of it made my knees weak. Dad was gone. He was probably halfway back home with the money from selling me in his pocket. I had to get to the door, which seemed a very long distance away.

Seen through the open door, Dad's car looked beautiful. He hadn't left me. I immediately felt better. I decided to sit in his car and wait for him, since he couldn't have gone far. I knew he was with a woman, and the more I thought about it, it was easy to figure which one of the *señoritas* he had taken away. She had been the first to rush to him, and that was when he quickly said, "This is my daughter. She speaks Spanish." If Dolores knew, she would die. The thought of that kept me happy for a long time.

It was getting darker. I began to feel afraid as I considered the possibility of sitting in the car all night alone. I tried to stop the flood of fear. Why was I afraid of the Mexicans? They had been kind to me and surely my father wouldn't allow his daughter to be treated badly. Would he? How could he leave me in that bar and go off with his woman? Did he care what happened to me? Not at all, I decided, and began to cry. I was going to die, after all, in a Mexican dirt yard. I would depart from this life without recognition.

I recognized his shadow in the near-dark and was ready to jump out and run to him when I noticed that he was being supported by a small woman I had seen earlier and a man. They guided him toward the door of the *cantina*. If he got inside we might never leave. I got out of the car and went to them. I asked Dad if he would like to get into the car and rest a little. He recognized me and answered that that was exactly what he wanted; he was a little tired, and he'd like to rest before we left. He told his friends his wishes in Spanish and they led him to the

car. When I opened the front door, he said, "No." He'd lie down on the back seat for a little while. We got him into the car and he fell asleep immediately.

I thought fast as the couple laughed and spoke to me in Spanish that I couldn't understand. I had never driven a car before, but I had watched carefully and my mother was declared to be the best driver in San Francisco. *She* declared it, at least. I was extremely intelligent and had good physical skills. Of course I could drive. I asked the Mexican man to turn the car around, again in my wonderful high school Spanish, and it took about fifteen minutes to make myself understood. He got in and headed the car toward the highway. He showed his understanding of the situation by his next action. He left the motor running. I put my foot on the accelerator, moved the gear-shift, and with a loud roar we were out of the yard.

I drove down the mountainside toward Calexico, about fifty miles away. When it became totally dark, I felt around until I finally succeeded in finding the lights. The car slowed down as I concentrated on that search, and the engine stopped. A sound from the back seat told me that Dad had fallen off the seat. I pulled the hand brake and carefully considered my next move. We were headed downhill, so I reasoned that with luck we might roll all the way to Calexico—or at least to the guard. I released the brake and we began rolling down the slope. I also stepped on the accelerator, hoping that action would speed our descent, and the motor started. The car went crazily down the hill. The challenge of controlling it was exciting. It was me, Marguerite, driving the car. As I turned the driving wheel and forced the accelerator to the floor, I was controlling Mexico, and aloneness, and inexperienced youth, and Bailey Johnson, Sr.,* and death and insecurity.

* Sr.: short for Senior

Eventually the road became level and we started passing scattered lights on each side of the road. No matter what happened after that, I had won. The car began to slow down but we finally reached the guard's box. I pulled on the hand brake and came to a stop. I had to wait until the guard looked into the car and gave me the signal to continue. He was busy talking to people in a car facing the mountain I had just defeated. When he stood up and shouted "*Pasa*," I was surprised. I released the brake, put my foot on the accelerator too quickly. The car leaped left as well as forward and went into the side of the car just leaving. The crash of metal was followed immediately by Spanish shouting from all directions. Strengthened by the excitement that had flooded my brain as we came down the mountainside, I had never felt better. I got out of the car.

The family, eight or more people of every age and size, walked around me, talking excitedly. Someone got the idea to look into the car, and a scream stopped us all. People—there seemed to be hundreds—crowded to the windows and there were more screams. I thought for a minute that something awful might have happened, but then I remembered the sounds of my father sleeping. The family came back, this time not as close but more threatening. When I was able to understand one question, "*¿Quién es?*" I answered without concern, "*Mi padre.*" Since they were people with close family ties and weekly parties, they suddenly understood the situation. I was a poor little girl who was caring for my drunken father, who had stayed too long at the party.

The guard began waking Dad. When he woke up, he asked, "*¿Qué pasa? ¿Qué quiere?*" Anyone else would have asked, "Where am I?" Obviously, this was a common Mexican experience. When I knew that he could understand I went to the car, calmly pushed the people away, and said, "Dad, there's been an accident." He recognized me slowly and became my pre-Mexican-party father.

"An accident?" he asked. "Whose fault was it? Yours, Marguerite? Was it your fault?"

"Yes, Dad, I drove into a car."

"In the box. The insurance papers. Get them, give them to the police, and then come back."

The guard asked Dad to get out of the car. My father reached in the box and took out the folded papers and the half bottle of alcohol he had left there earlier. He laughed, got out of the car, and put his arm around the other driver's shoulder. He spoke to the guard, and the three men walked into the kiosk. Within minutes, laughter burst from the kiosk and the crisis was over. But so was the enjoyment.

Dad shook hands with all the men, patted the children, and smiled at the women. Then, and without looking at the damaged cars, he sat in the driver's seat and called me to get in. As if he had not been helplessly drunk a half hour earlier, he drove home. He said he didn't know I could drive, and how did I like his car? I was angry that he had recovered so quickly and disappointed that he didn't appreciate the greatness of my achievement. So I answered "yes" to both the statement and the question. Before we reached the border he rolled down the window, and the fresh air was uncomfortably cold. We drove into the city in a cold private silence.

Dolores was sitting, it seemed, in the same place as the night before. Dad said, "Hello, kid," and walked toward the bathroom. I greeted her, "Hello, Dolores," and went to my room. Within minutes an argument began in the living room.

"Bailey, you've let your children come between us."

"Kid, you're too sensitive. The children—my children—can't come between us, unless you let them."

"How can I stop it?" She was crying. "Bailey, you know I wanted to like your children, but they..." She couldn't make herself describe us. "I'm marrying you. I don't want to marry your children."

"That's your problem, woman. I'm going out. Goodnight."

The front door shut loudly. Dolores cried quietly.

In my room, I thought my father was mean and cruel. He had enjoyed his Mexican holiday, and still was unable to offer a bit of kindness to the woman who had waited patiently. I felt sorry and even a little guilty. I had enjoyed myself, too. There was nothing fair or kind about the way my father treated her, so I decided to go out and comfort her. I stood in the center of the floor but Dolores never even looked up. I said in my nicest voice, "Dolores, I don't mean to come between you and Dad. I wish you'd believe me."

With her head still bent down she said, "No one was speaking to you, Marguerite. It's rude to listen to other people's conversations."

"I wasn't listening. These walls are so thin a deaf person could have heard what you said. I thought I'd tell you that I have no interest in coming between you and my father. That's all." I turned to go.

"No, that's not all." She looked up. "Why don't you go back to your mother? If you've got one."

"I've got one, and she's much better than you, prettier, too, and intelligent and—"

"And"—her voice reached a high point—"she's a prostitute." The awful accusation struck not so much at my daughterly love as at the basis of my new existence. If there was a chance that it was true, I would not be able to live, to continue to live with Mother. And I wanted to very much.

Angry, I walked over to Dolores and hit her. She jumped out of her chair, and before I could jump back, she had her arms around me. Neither of us made a sound until I finally pushed her back on to the sofa. Then she started screaming.

I walked out of the house. On the steps I felt something wet on my arm, looked down, and found blood. I was cut. Dolores

opened the door, screaming still, and ran like a crazy woman down the stairs. I saw a hammer in her hand and ran. I jumped in Dad's car, rolled up the windows, and locked the door. Dolores ran around the car, screaming like a crazy person.

Daddy Bailey and the neighbors he was visiting responded to the screams and crowded around her. My father motioned to me to open the window. When I did, he said that he would take Dolores inside but I should stay in the car. He would be back to take care of me.

My father came down the steps in a few minutes and angrily got in the car. He sat in a corner of blood and felt the dampness on his pants.

"What the hell is this?" he asked.

I said calmly, "I've been cut."

"When? By whom?"

"Dolores cut me."

"How badly?" he asked.

"I don't know."

He started the car and took me to his friends' house. I followed the woman to a bedroom, and she asked me where I was hurt. I pulled off my dress and we both looked at the wound on my side, which had begun to heal. She washed it with medicine and put a bandage on it. Then we went into the living room. Dad shook hands with the man he'd been talking to, thanked my emergency nurse, and we left.

In the car he explained that he had telephoned other friends and made arrangements for me to spend the night with them. At another strange house I was taken in and given night clothes and a bed. Dad said he'd see me at noon the next day.

In the morning I made and ate a big breakfast and sat down with a magazine to wait for Dad. At fifteen, life had taught me that surrender, sometimes, was as honorable as resistance, especially if one had no choice. When my father came, he asked

how I felt, gave me a dollar and a half and a kiss, and said he'd return late in the evening. He laughed as usual. Was he nervous?

Alone, I imagined the owners returning to find me in their house, and realized that I didn't even remember what they looked like. How could I accept their pity? If I disappeared Dad would be glad; Dolores would be happy, too. What would I do? Then I thought of Bailey. What would he do? He ordered me to leave.

I made a few sandwiches, put a bandage supply in my pocket, counted my money (I had over three dollars plus some Mexican coins), and walked out. When I heard the door close, I knew my decision was final. I didn't have a key and nothing would make me stand around until Dad's friends returned to pityingly let me back in.

I was free, and I started thinking about my future. The obvious solution to my homelessness concerned me only briefly. I could go home to Mother, but I couldn't. I could never succeed in hiding the cut in my side from her. And if I failed to hide the wound we were certain to experience another scene of violence. I thought of poor Mr. Freeman, and the guilt which remained in my heart, even after all those years, returned.

I spent the day wandering through the streets. I went to the library and used part of my day reading. I used its washroom to change my bandage.

On one street I passed a yard filled with old abandoned cars. As I walked through them, a temporary solution came to mind. I would find a clean car and spend the night in it. In my optimistic ignorance I thought that I'd think of a more pleasant solution in the morning. The idea of sleeping outdoors strengthened my sense of freedom. After deciding on a car, I got inside and ate the sandwiches. I decided to sit there and wait for sleep.

The morning's brightness awoke me and I was surrounded with strangeness. When I sat up, I saw a mixture of Negro,

Mexican, and white faces outside the windows. They were laughing. They looked so curious that I knew they wouldn't go away before they knew who I was, so I opened the door and got out. I was asked my name, where I came from, and what led me to the abandoned cars. They accepted my explanation that I was from San Francisco, that my name was Marguerite but that I was called Maya, and that I had no place to stay. They welcomed me and said I could stay as long as I honored their rule: No two people of opposite sex slept together. In fact everyone had his own private sleeping place. There was no stealing because a crime would bring the police. Everyone worked at something, and all the money was shared by the whole community.

During the month I spent there, my thinking processes changed so I hardly recognized myself. My old insecurity was gone as a result of the unquestioning acceptance by the others. After looking for unbroken bottles and selling them with a white girl from Missouri, a Mexican girl from Los Angeles, and a Black girl from Oklahoma, I never again felt so completely separated from the rest of society. The lack of criticism in our community influenced me, and made me tolerant for life.

I telephoned Mother (her voice reminded me of another world) and asked her to send for me. When she said she was going to send my air ticket to Daddy, I explained that it would be easier if she sent the fare to the airline, then I'd pick it up. She agreed. After I picked up my ticket I announced rather casually that I would be leaving the following day. Everyone wished me well.

I arrived in San Francisco, thinner than usual, dirty, and with no luggage. Mother took one look and said, "Isn't there enough to eat at your father's? You'd better have some food to stick to those bones."

I was home, again. And my mother was a fine lady. Dolores was a fool and, more important, a liar.

Chapter 14 San Francisco

The house seemed smaller and quieter after the trip south, and San Francisco didn't seem as exciting. I realized that I had given up some youth for knowledge, but my gain was more valuable than the loss.

Bailey was much older, too. Even years older than I had become. He had made new friends and his language had changed. He may have been glad to see me, but he didn't act like it. When I tried to tell him of my adventures, he responded with a lack of interest which stopped my stories. His new companions drank alcohol secretly and told bad jokes. Although I had no regrets, I told myself sadly that growing up was not the painless process one expected it to be.

In one area my brother and I found ourselves closer. I had learned public dancing, and Mother allowed us to go to the big band dances in the city hall. In a few months handsome Bailey and his tall sister were famous.

Although I had risked my life (not intentionally) in her defense, Mother's reputation, good name, and community image ceased being of interest to me. I didn't care for her less, but I was less concerned about everything and everyone. I often thought how boring life was after one had seen all its surprises. In two months, I had become uninterested.

♦

Mother and Bailey were having mother–son problems. Bailey was sixteen and hopelessly in love with Mother Dear. Her heroes and her friends were rich gamblers who wore expensive clothes. How could a sixteen-year-old boy hope to compete with such rivals? He did what he had to do. He acquired a white prostitute, a diamond ring on his finger, and an expensive jacket. He didn't consciously think of the new possessions as a way to gain Mother

Dear's acceptance. And she had no idea that her preferences led him to such excesses.

From another room I heard their arguments and listened hopelessly. I was left out of their power–love struggles.

One night he came home at one o'clock, two hours late.

"I guess you're a man . . ." she said to him.

"I'm your son, Mother Dear," he responded.

"Clidell is the only man in this house, and if you think you're so much of a man . . ." Her voice was angry.

"I'm leaving now, Mother Dear," he announced.

"Then get moving." And Bailey went to his room.

Bailey was leaving home. At one o'clock in the morning my brother, who had always protected me, was leaving home. I went to his room and found him throwing his clothes into a pillowcase. His maturity embarrassed me. He didn't look like my brother. Not knowing what to say, I asked if I could help, and he answered, "Leave me alone."

I leaned on the door, giving him my physical presence, but said no more.

"She wants me out, does she?" he continued, talking to himself. "Well, I'll get out of here fast. She won't see me here again. I'll be OK. I'll always be OK."

At some point he noticed me in the doorway. "Maya, if you want to leave now, come on. I'll take care of you."

He didn't wait for an answer, but quickly returned to speaking to his soul. "She won't miss me, and I won't miss her. To hell with her and everybody else."

He had finished pushing his shoes on top of his shirts and ties and socks in the pillowcase. He remembered me again.

"Maya, you can have my books," he said. Then he grabbed the pillowcase, pushed past me, and headed for the stairs. I heard the front door shut loudly.

Mother's eyes were red the next morning, but she smiled. No

one mentioned Bailey's absence, as if things were as they should be and always were.

I believed I knew where he had gone the night before, and decided to try to find him and offer him my support. In the afternoon I went to the house. A woman answered the doorbell and said Bailey Johnson was at the top of the stairs. His eyes were as red as Mother's had been, but his face was not as angry as it had been the night before. I was invited in.

He began to talk about everything except our unusual situation. Eventually he said, "Maya, you know, it's better this way... I mean, I'm a man, and I have to be on my own..."

I was angry that he didn't curse Mother or at least act upset.

"This morning Mother Dear came here. We had a very good discussion." He chose his words carefully. "She understands completely. There's a time in every man's life when he must leave the safety of home and go out on his own. She's arranging with a friend of hers to get me a job on the trains. I'll learn the job and then get a better one. The future looks good."

If I'd had any suggestions to make, he wouldn't have heard them. And, most regrettable, I had no suggestion to make.

"I'm your sister, and I'll do whatever I can," I told him.

"Maya, don't worry about me. That's all I want you to do. Don't worry. I'll be OK."

I left his room because, and only because, we had said all we could say. The unsaid words made us feel uncomfortable.

Back in my room, I felt depressed. It was going to be impossible for me to stay there. Running away from home wouldn't be right, either. But I needed a change.

I would go to work. It would be easy to persuade Mother. I was a year ahead of my grade in school and Mother believed in taking care of oneself. After I had made that decision, I just needed to decide which kind of job I was most suited to. Because of the war, women had replaced men as conductors on the

streetcars, and the thought of riding up and down the hills of San Francisco in a dark-blue uniform, with a money changer on my belt, was appealing. When Mother asked what I planned to do, I replied that I would get a job on the streetcars. She rejected the idea with: "They don't accept colored people on the streetcars."

My first reaction was disappointment. I'd pictured myself dressed in a neat, blue suit, my money changer swinging at my waist, with a cheerful smile for the passengers which would make their own work day brighter. I told her again that I would go to work on the streetcars and wear a blue suit, and she gave me her support. "That's what you want to do? Nothing beats trying except failure. Give it your best effort."

It was the most positive encouragement I could have hoped for.

♦

In the offices of the Market Street Railway Company, the receptionist seemed surprised to see me there. I explained that I had come to ask about a job. She asked if I was sent by an agency, and when I replied that I was not, she told me that they were only accepting applicants from agencies.

"I'm applying for the job listed in this morning's *Chronicle* and I'd like to be presented to your personnel manager."

"He's out for the day. You could come back tomorrow and if he's in, I'm sure you can see him." Then she turned her chair around and I was supposed to be dismissed.

"May I ask his name?"

She half turned, acting surprised to find me still there.

"His name? Whose name?"

"The personnel manager."

"The personnel manager? Oh, he's Mr. Cooper, but I'm not sure you'll find him here tomorrow. He's . . . but you can try."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome."

And I was out of the room and out of the building. I thought about our conversation. It wasn't personal. The incident was a repeating dream, made up years before by stupid whites, and it always returned. I accepted the receptionist as another victim of the rules of society.

On the streetcar, I put my fare into the box and the conductor looked at me with the usual hard eyes of white contempt. "Move into the car, please move on in the car." She patted her money changer.

Her Southern accent interrupted my thoughts. All lies, all comfortable lies. The receptionist was not innocent and neither was I. The whole situation in that waiting room was directly about me, Black, and her, white.

I wouldn't move into the streetcar but stood on the platform. My mind shouted.

I WOULD HAVE THE JOB. I WOULD BE A CONDUCTOR AND HANG A MONEY CHANGER FROM MY BELT. I WOULD.

I was determined. During the next three weeks the Negro organizations to whom I appealed for support sent me from one to another. Why did I insist on that particular job? There were opportunities that paid almost twice the money. They thought I was crazy. Possibly I was.

During this period of strain, Mother and I began our first steps on the long path toward shared adult admiration. She never asked for reports and I didn't offer any details. But every morning she made breakfast, and gave me carfare and lunch money, as if I were going to work. She understood that I had to try every possibility before giving up.

On my way out of the house one morning she said, "Life is going to give you what you put in it. Put your whole heart in everything you do, and pray, then you can wait." Another time

she reminded me that "God helps those who help themselves." Strangely, as bored as I was with these sayings, her way of saying them gave them something new, and started me thinking—for a little while at least. Later, when she asked how I got my job, I was never able to say exactly. I only knew that one day I sat in the railway office, pretending to be waiting to be interviewed. The receptionist called me to her desk and pushed a bundle of papers to me. They were the application forms. I had little time to wonder if I had won or not, because the standard questions reminded me of the necessity for lying. How old was I? List my previous jobs. How much money did I earn, and why did I leave the position? Give two references (not relatives).

Sitting at a side table, I made a story of near-truths and total lies. I kept my face without expression and wrote quickly the story of Marguerite Johnson, age nineteen, former companion and driver for Mrs. Annie Henderson (a white lady) in Stamps, Arkansas.

I was given a number of tests. Then on one happy day I was hired as the first Negro on the San Francisco streetcars.

Mother gave me the money to have my blue suit made, and I learned to fill out work cards and operate the money changer. Soon I was standing on the back of the streetcar, smiling sweetly and persuading my passengers to "step forward in the car, please."

For one whole semester the streetcars and I went up and down the hills of San Francisco. My work shifts were split so much that it was easy to believe my superiors had chosen them with bad intentions. When I mentioned my suspicions to Mother, she said, "Don't worry about it. You ask for what you want, and you pay for what you get."

She stayed awake to drive me out to the streetcar garage at four-thirty in the mornings, or to pick me up when I was finished just before dawn. She knew that I was safe on the public transportation, but she wouldn't trust a taxi driver with her baby.

When spring classes began, I returned to my commitment to formal education. I was much wiser and older, much more independent, with a bank account and clothes that I had bought for myself. I was sure that I had learned and earned what was necessary to be a part of the life of my classmates.

Within weeks, however, I realized that my schoolmates and I were on opposite paths. They were concerned and excited over football games, but I had recently raced a car down a dark and foreign Mexican mountain. They concentrated their interest on who would be the school president, and when the metal bands would be removed from their teeth, while I remembered sleeping for a month in an abandoned car and working in a streetcar in the early hours of the morning. I realized that the things I still had to learn wouldn't be taught to me at George Washington High School.

I began missing classes, walking in Golden Gate Park, or wandering in the department store. When Mother discovered that I wasn't going to school, she told me that if I didn't want to go to school one day, I should tell her, and I could stay home. She said that she didn't want a white woman calling her to tell her something about her child that she didn't know. She didn't want to have to lie to a white woman because I wasn't woman enough to talk to her. That ended my days of not going to school, but nothing changed to make it a better place for me to be.

Chapter 15 Maturity

I was fascinated by lesbians and I feared that I was one. I noticed how deep my voice had become. It was lower than my schoolmates' voices. My hands and feet were not feminine and small. In front of the mirror I examined my body. For a sixteen-year-old my breasts were sadly underdeveloped. The skin under

my arms was as smooth as my face. I began to wonder: How did lesbianism begin? What were the signs of it?

One night a classmate of mine called to ask if she could sleep at my house. My mother gave permission. In my room we shared mean gossip about our friends, giggled about boys, and complained about school and life. Since my friend had nothing to sleep in, I gave her one of my nightdresses, and without curiosity or interest I watched her pull off her clothes. I wasn't conscious of her body. Then suddenly, for a brief moment, I saw her breasts. I was shocked. They were small, but they were real. They were beautiful. A universe divided what she had from what I had. She was a woman.

If I'd been older I might have thought that I was excited by both a sense of beauty and the emotion of envy. But those possibilities did not occur to me then. All I knew was that I had been excited by looking at a woman's breasts. Something about me wasn't normal. I was miserable. I must be a lesbian. After examining myself, I reasoned that I didn't have any of the obvious characteristics—I didn't wear pants, or have big shoulders, or walk like a man, or even want to touch a woman. I wanted to be a woman, but that seemed to be a world which I was not going to be allowed to enter.

What I needed was a boyfriend. A boyfriend's acceptance of me would guide me into femininity. Among the people I knew, no one was interested. Understandably the boys of my age and social group were interested in the yellow- or light-brown-skinned girls, with hairy legs, smooth little lips, and long straight hair. What could an unattractive female do?

I decided I had to do something. Two handsome brothers lived up the hill from our house. If I was going to try to have sex, I saw no reason why I shouldn't experiment with the best candidates. I didn't expect to interest either brother permanently, but I thought I could interest one temporarily.

I made a plan that started with surprise. One evening as I

walked up the hill, the brother I had chosen came walking directly into my trap.

"Hello, Marguerite." He nearly passed me.

I put the plan into action. "Hey," I began, "would you like to have sex with me?" His mouth hung open. I had the advantage and so I used it.

"Take me somewhere."

He asked, "You mean you're going to let me have sex with you?"

I assured him that that was exactly what I was going to do. He thought I was giving him something, but the fact was that it was my intention to take something from him. His good looks and popularity had made him so proud that he couldn't see that possibility.

We went to a furnished room occupied by one of his friends, who understood the situation immediately, got his coat, and left us alone. He immediately turned off the lights. I was excited rather than nervous, and hopeful instead of frightened. I had not considered how physical the act would be. I had anticipated long kisses and gentle touches. But there was nothing romantic about the knee which forced my legs open, nor in the rub of hairy skin on my chest.

Not one word was spoken.

My partner showed that our experience had ended by getting up suddenly, and my main concern was how to get home quickly. He may have sensed that he had been used, or his lack of interest may have been an indication that I was less than satisfying. Neither possibility bothered me.

Outside on the street we left each other with little more than "OK, see you around."

Thanks to Mr. Freeman nine years before, I had had no pain of entry, and because of the absence of romantic involvement, neither of us felt that much had happened.

At home I reviewed the failure and considered my new position. I had had a man. I had been had. I not only didn't enjoy it, but whether I was normal or not was still a question.

There seemed to be no explanation for my private problem, but being a product ("victim" may be a better word) of the Southern Negro values, I decided that I "would understand it all better later." I went to sleep.

Three weeks later, having thought very little about the strange night, I realized that I was pregnant.

♦

The world had ended, and I was the only person who knew it. If I could have a baby I obviously wasn't a lesbian, but the little pleasure I was able to take from that fact was overcome by fear, guilt, and self-contempt. I had to accept that I had brought this disaster on myself. How could I blame the innocent man whom I had asked to make love to me?

I finally sent a letter to Bailey, who was at sea with the navy. He wrote back, and he warned me against telling Mother of my condition. We both knew she would very likely order me to leave school. Bailey suggested that if I left school before getting my high school diploma I'd find it almost impossible to return.

During the first three months, while I was adapting myself to the fact of pregnancy (I didn't link pregnancy to the possibility of having a baby until weeks before its end) the days seemed to mix together. The passing of time was never completely clear.

Fortunately, Mother was busy with her own life. As long as I was healthy, clothed, and smiling, she felt no need to concentrate her attention on me. As always, her major concern was to live the life given to her, and her children were expected to do the same. And to do it without being too much bother.

My breasts grew larger, and my brown skin grew smooth and tight. And still she didn't suspect. Years before, I had developed a

behavior which never varied. I didn't lie. It was understood that I didn't lie because I was too proud to be caught and forced to admit that I was capable of lying. Mother must have decided that since I didn't lie I also didn't deceive. She was deceived.

All my motions were concentrated on pretending to be the innocent schoolgirl who had nothing to worry about except exams. School recovered its lost magic. For the first time since Stamps, information was exciting for itself. I buried myself in facts, and found delight in the logic of mathematics.

Halfway through my pregnancy, Bailey came home. As my sixth month approached, Mother left San Francisco for Alaska. She was going to open a nightclub and planned to stay three or four months. Daddy Clidell was told to look after me but I was more or less left on my own.

Mother left the city with a cheerful send-off party, and I felt deceitful for allowing her to go without informing her that she would soon be a grandmother.

♦

Two days after the war ended, I stood with the San Francisco Summer School class at Mission High School and received my diploma. That evening I revealed my fearful secret and, in a brave gesture, left a note on Daddy Clidell's bed. It read: *Dear Parents, I am sorry to bring this disgrace on the family, but I am pregnant. Marguerite.*

The confusion that followed when I explained to Daddy Clidell that I expected to deliver the baby in about three weeks wasn't funny until years later. He told Mother that I was "three weeks along." Mother, back from Alaska and regarding me as a woman for the first time, said, "She's more than three weeks." They both accepted the fact that I had been pregnant longer than they had first been told, but it was impossible for them to believe that I had carried a baby for eight months and one week, without their noticing.

Mother asked, "Who's the boy?" I told her.

"Do you want to marry him?"

"No."

"Does he want to marry you?" The father had stopped speaking to me during my fourth month.

"No."

"Well, that's that. No use in ruining three lives." There was no criticism. She was Vivian Baxter Jackson. Hoping for the best, prepared for the worst, and unsurprised by anything in between.

Daddy Clidell assured me that I had nothing to worry about. He sent one of his waitresses to buy dresses for me. For the next two weeks I went to doctors, bought clothes for the baby, and enjoyed the coming event.

Quickly and without too much pain, my son was born. In my mind gratefulness was confused with love, and possession became mixed up with motherhood. I had a baby. He was beautiful and mine. Totally mine. No one had bought him for me. No one had helped me through the months of pregnancy.

I was afraid to touch him. Home from the hospital, I sat for hours by his bed and admired his mysterious perfection. Mother handled him easily and with confidence, but I feared being forced to hold him. Wasn't I famous for awkwardness? I was afraid I might drop him.

Mother came to my bed one night bringing my three-week-old baby. She explained that he was going to sleep with me.

I begged uselessly. I was sure to roll over and crush out his life or break his bones. She wouldn't listen, and within minutes the pretty golden baby was lying on his back in the center of my bed, laughing at me.

I lay on the edge of the bed, stiff with fear, and promised not to sleep all night long. But I fell asleep.

My shoulder was shaken gently. Mother whispered, "Maya, wake up. But don't move."

I knew immediately that the awakening was about the baby. I became tense. "I'm awake."

She turned the light on and said, "Look at the baby." My fears were so powerful that I couldn't move to look at the center of the bed. She said again, "Look at the baby." I didn't hear sadness in her voice, and that helped me stop being frightened. The baby was no longer in the center of the bed. At first I thought he had moved. But after closer investigation, I found that I was lying on my stomach with my arm bent at a right angle. Under the tent of blanket, formed by my elbow and arm, the baby slept touching my side.

Mother whispered, "See, you don't have to think about doing the right thing. If you're for the right thing, then you do it without thinking."

She turned out the light, and I patted my son's body lightly and went back to sleep.

ACTIVITIES

Chapters 1–3

Before you read

1 Look at the picture on the front cover of the book. Maya Angelou is American. How do you explain her clothes, her jewelry, and her stick? Where do they come from? Why do you think she likes these things?

2 Read the Introduction. Then find out more about: slavery in the United States; the American Civil War (1861–65), the African-American Civil Rights Movement (1955–68).

3 Look at the Word List at the back of the book. What are the words in your language?

4 Match each word on the left with one on the right.

a anthem	intolerance
b contempt	term
c disgrace	shame
d impudent	song
e kinky	developed
f mature	divided
g prejudice	disrespect
h segregated	curly
i semester	rude

5 Life for black children in the southern part of the U.S. in the 1930s and 1940s was difficult. What kinds of problems do you think children had?

While you read

6 Who is described by the following statements?

a "He was proud and sensitive." .....

b "His attitude was meant to show his authority and power." .....

c "an independent Black man" .....

d "the greatest person in my world" .....

After you read

7 Discuss these questions with another student.
   a Why do you think young Maya doesn't believe that white people are real?
   b Do you think that Stamps was a good place to grow up at that time? Why (not)?

8 Decide whether these sentences are true or false.
   a The church that Maya goes to is for black people only.
   b The children have to leave home because their parents split up.
   c The train is segregated for the whole journey south.
   d Black men in Stamps don't earn much money.
   e At the time, Maya's favorite writer is Shakespeare.
   f Momma punishes Maya by not giving her chocolate.
   g The used-to-be sheriff disapproves of the Ku Klux Klan.
   h Maya doesn't think that she is good-looking.
   i Maya has a strong belief in God.
   j There is no fresh meat on sale near Momma's house.

Chapters 4–5

Before you read

9 Maya talks about some people that she calls "poor white trash." In the Southern states at this time, each town had some very poor whites. Why do you think this was?

While you read

10 Write one word in each sentence.
   a Momma believes in ..... and politeness.
   b One of the poor white children starts to ..... Momma.
   c Momma believes that it is dangerous for blacks to ..... to white people.
   d The judge didn't expect a woman who owned a store in Stamps to be ..... .
   e Before Maya receives Christmas presents from her mother and father, she thinks they are ..... .

f Maya later learns that her father has been a ..... at a hotel.

g Maya is ..... by her mother's beauty.

h The school in St. Louis is much ..... than the one in Stamps.

i Maya gets her first name from her ..... Bailey.

After you read

11 Put these events in the order in which they happen.

a Maya and Bailey's father comes to Stamps. .....

b The children meet Grandmother Baxter. .....

c A man assaults a white woman in Stamps. .....

d Some poor white children insult Momma. .....

e The children meet their mother. .....

f Maya and Bailey receive gifts from their parents. .....

g The children go to school in St. Louis. .....

h The children travel to St. Louis. .....

i Maya and Bailey tear the insides out of a doll. .....

j Momma appears in court. .....

12 Work in pairs. Role play this imaginary conversation.

Student A: You are Momma. When the poor white children came to your house and insulted you, you did nothing except sing and say goodbye to them. Tell Maya why you did this.

Student B: You are Maya. You are very angry with the white girls, and also because of the way Momma behaved. Tell her what you think.

Chapters 6–7

Before you read

13 Discuss what you think will happen in these chapters.

a Chapter 6: "Mr. Freeman"
How will Mr. Freeman change Maya's life?

b Chapter 7: "Return to Stamps"
Why will Maya go back to live with her grandmother again?

While you read

14 Who is speaking? Who are they speaking to?

a "OK, say your prayers and go to bed."
..... to .....

b "Now, I didn't hurt you. Don't get scared."
..... to .....

c "Was that the first time the accused touched you?"
..... to .....

d "Old, mean, dirty thing, you. Dirty old thing."
..... to .....

e "Some say he was kicked to death."
..... to .....

f "Well, maybe it's better this way."
..... to .....

g "Now, Junior, be careful you don't tell a not true."
..... to .....

h "We made ice cream out of the snow."
..... to .....

After you read

15 Read the two paragraphs on page 31, following "One evening ..." Why do you think Maya goes over and sits on Mr. Freeman's lap? What does she say that indicates her confusion?

16 Who do you think kills Mr. Freeman? Why? Do you think it is right that he is killed?

Chapters 8–9

Before you read

17 In Chapter 8, Maya meets a black woman, Mrs. Flowers, and a white woman, Mrs. Cullinan. Which of these sentences do you think describes each woman?

a ... she drank alcohol out of unmarked bottles.

b She was one of the few real ladies I have ever known.

c I would have to watch her carefully to capture her loneliness and pain.

d It would be safe to say she made me proud to be Negro.

e She encouraged me to listen carefully to country people's sayings.
f The next day, she called me by the wrong name.
g The way her voice said the words was nearly singing.

While you read

18 Match the names on the right with the sentences on the left.

a She tells Maya to change her dress.
b She lends Maya a book of poems.
c She teaches Maya about different kinds of dishes.
d She calls Maya by the wrong name.
e She decides to write a poem.
f She appears in a movie.
g She looks like Bailey.
h She embarrasses her class.

Mrs. Cullinan
Kay Francis
Miss Glory
Maya
Miss Williams
Momma
Mrs. Flowers
Louise

After you read

19 Are these sentences true or false?

a Mrs. Flowers is the richest woman in Stamps.
b Momma changes her grammar when she speaks to Mrs. Flowers.
c Momma can sew better than most other women.
d Maya doesn't like *A Tale of Two Cities*.
e Maya thinks black girls should learn how to set tables.
f Black people in Stamps particularly dislike being called by the wrong name.
g The Store stays open later on Saturdays.
h In the movie theater, blacks and whites are separated.
i At the picnic fish fry, Maya feels she is neither a child nor a woman.
j In school, the children graduate after the seventh grade.

20 Discuss these questions with another student.

a Miss Glory tells Maya, "Sticks and stones may break your bones, but words will never hurt you." Do you agree or disagree? Explain your ideas.
b Maya says, "After being a woman for three years, I became a girl." What do you think she means?

c Do you think that using a person's name correctly is important? Why (not)?

Chapters 10–11

Before you read

21 After she graduates, Maya moves to San Francisco. She is there in December 1941 when the United States enters World War II. People in San Francisco are more nervous than people in other major U.S. cities at this time. Why is this? Also, one national group disappears from the city. Which group, and why? What do you think?

While you read

22 Underline the wrong word in each sentence and write the right word.

a In Stamps, graduation is seen as irrelevant. .....

b Donleavy hopes the black graduates will do well in science. .....

c Donleavy hopes to be qualified as a politician. .....

d Henry begins to sing the anthem to make the class feel ashamed. .....

e Uncle Willie says that white people are tired of blacks. .....

f Momma pays for all of the children's railroad fare to California with groceries. .....

g Mother invites Maya and Bailey to a meal in the kitchen. .....

h When the war starts, Maya worries about being shot. .....

After you read

23 When Mr. Donleavy speaks to the class, he describes how the white school will have various improvements. He then talks about the different kinds of jobs that he expects white and black graduates to have. In what ways has life for blacks in the South changed since then? How did these changes happen?

24 Work in pairs. Role play this imaginary conversation.

Student A: You are Maya. You have listened to Mr. Donleavy's remarks at your graduation. You are angry.

Student B: You are Mr. Donleavy. You are in a hurry and you don't really want to talk to this impudent black girl.

Chapters 12–13

Before you read

25 Maya is going to go to school in San Francisco. How do you think the school will be different from her school in Stamps? In what ways do you think the black students will be different from Southern black students?

While you read

26 Find the endings of these sentences. Write the numbers 1–5.

a Although he is uneducated, ...

b Maya and her black friends speak ... .

c In the Mexican bar Maya sees ... .

d As she drives down the mountainside, ...

e After living on the streets for a month, ...

1) different languages at school and at home.

2) Daddy Clidell has been successful.

3) Maya feels excited and in control.

4) Maya becomes more tolerant.

5) a different side of her father.

After you read

27 Which of these sentences describe sides of Maya's character?

a She can be violent sometimes.

b She can be arrogant sometimes.

c She can make people laugh easily.

d She has difficulty in obeying rules.

e She is very clumsy with small objects.

f She is sometimes very cruel to people.

g She doesn't need other people's affection.

h She is disappointed that she isn't more intelligent.

28 In these chapters, Maya continues her education in San Francisco, visits Mexico, then returns to California and lives on the streets for a month. Discuss how her attitudes to people and society might change as a result of these experiences.

Chapters 14–15

Before you read

29 Which of these do you think will happen?

- **a** Bailey will leave home.
- **b** Bailey will be killed in the war.
- **c** Maya will get a job.
- **d** Maya will have a baby.
- **e** Mother will get married.

While you read

30 Which of these people is talking?

Mother Maya Bailey the conductor the receptionist

- **a** "She won't miss me, and I won't miss her." .....
- **b** "He's out for the day." .....
- **c** "Move into the car, please move on in the car." .....
- **d** "Life is going to give you what you put in it." .....
- **e** "Hey, would you like to have sex with me?" .....

After you read

31 Work in pairs. Role play this imaginary conversation.

Student A: You are Maya. You have a young baby, no husband, no job, but you have a high school diploma. Talk to your mother about your ideas and hopes for the future.

Student B: You are Vivian Baxter Jackson, Maya's mother. Talk to her about her future life. Try to give her some ideas.

Writing

32 The Store is Maya's favorite place as a young child. Describe your favorite place during your childhood. Why was it important to you?

33 Imagine you are Maya. Write a letter from St. Louis to Momma in Stamps (Chapter 5). Tell her about your mother, her friends, and life in your new home.

34 When the children return to Stamps (Chapter 7), Bailey describes St. Louis to the local people. Write a description of a city in your country for people in a small village who have never been there.

35 On page 45, Maya describes the different skills that black and white girls are taught as they grow up, and calls these "irrelevant." Do you think girls should be taught skills at home that boys are not taught? Why (not)? Write your ideas.

36 In Chapter 10, Maya mentions the runner Jesse Owens, the boxer Joe Louis, and the author James Weldon Johnson. Find out more about one of these men and write about his life.

37 In her childhood, Maya is strongly influenced by Mrs. Flowers, the woman in Stamps who gives her books, and Miss Kirwin, the only teacher she can still remember. Describe two people who were important in your life as you grew up. How did they influence you?

38 Write a newspaper report about Maya's successful fight to become the first black person to work on the San Francisco streetcars.

39 Compare Maya's life in Stamps, St. Louis, and San Francisco. Which place do you think was best for a black girl to live? Why?

40 In the years since the end of World War II, life for blacks in the American South has changed in many ways. Find out about the Civil Rights Movement and the end of segregation. Write a report.

41 Imagine that, as an adult, Maya writes a letter to a younger relative. In it she describes some of the experiences in her life and what she has learned from them. Write the letter.

Answers for the Activities in this book are available from the Penguin Readers website. A free Activity Worksheet is also available from the website. Activity Worksheets are part of the Penguin Teacher Support Programme, which also includes Progress Tests and Graded Reader Guidelines. For more information, please visit: www.penguinreaders.com.

WORD LIST

ain't (v) a spoken short form of *am not, is not, are not, has not,* or *have not*

anthem (n) a song that is very important to a group of people

apron (n) a piece of clothing that you wear to protect your clothes when you cook

chores (n pl) jobs that you have to do regularly, especially in a house or on a farm

con (v) to trick someone, usually to get their money; a **con man** is a person who does this

conductor (n) someone who is in charge of a train or bus, and sells or checks tickets

contempt (n) a feeling that someone or something doesn't deserve any respect

cripple (n/v) someone who cannot walk well

disgrace (n) something that makes people feel ashamed or embarrassed; if you are **in disgrace**, people don't respect you because of something that you have done

doll (n) a child's toy that looks like a small person

errand (n) a short trip to take a message or buy something

giggle (n/v) to laugh quietly because you think something is very funny, or because you are nervous

handstand (n) a movement in which you place your hands on the floor and kick your legs up into the air, so you are upside down

hostility (n) angry, unfriendly feelings or behavior

ignorance (n) lack of knowledge about something

impudent (adj) rude and disrespectful

kinky (adj) with very tight curls

lesbian (n) a woman who is sexually attracted to other women

lot (n) an area of land, especially used for building or parking on

mate (n) someone who you share experiences with; your classmates, for example, are the people in the same class as you in school

mature (adj) behaving like an adult; fully developed

pee (v) an informal word for letting the liquid waste flow out of your body, usually into the toilet

pineapple (n) a large brown tropical fruit with pointed leaves at the top and yellow flesh

prejudice (n) an unfair feeling of dislike against someone who is, for example, of a different race, sex, or religion

prostitute (n) someone who has sex with people to earn money

rape (n/v) the crime of forcing someone to have sex

segregate (v) to separate groups of people because they are of different races or sexes, for example

semester (n) one of the two periods into which a school or college year is divided

stutter (v) to speak with difficulty, repeating the first sound of a word

valentine (n) a name for someone you love on Valentine's Day (February 14th); a card given on that day

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LEVEL 6

Today Maya Angelou is one of the world's most respected writers and poets. In the 1930s and 1940s she was a poor Black girl growing up in the segregated American South. She suffered prejudice and cruelty from people she trusted as well as at the hands of an unjust society. Above all, Maya learned about the power of love and hope. This is Maya's true story.

Philipp-Schaeffer-Bibl. (456)

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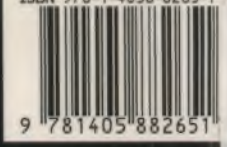
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The Jungle Book

By Rudyard Kipling



Mowgli's Brothers

Now Rann the Kite brings home the night
That Mang the Bat sets free—
The herds are shut in byre and hut
For loosed till dawn are we.
This is the hour of pride and power,
Talon and tush and claw.
Oh, hear the call!—Good hunting all
That keep the Jungle Law!
Night-Song in the Jungle

It was seven o'clock of a very warm evening in the Seeonee hills when Father Wolf woke up from his day's rest, scratched himself, yawned, and spread out his paws one after the other to get rid of the sleepy feeling in their tips. Mother Wolf lay with her big gray nose dropped across her four tumbling, squealing cubs, and the moon shone into the mouth of the cave where they all lived. 'Augrh!' said Father Wolf. 'It is time to hunt again.' He was going to spring down hill when a little shadow with a bushy tail crossed the threshold and whined: 'Good luck go with you, O Chief of the Wolves. And good luck and strong white teeth go with noble children that they may never forget the hungry in this world.'

It was the jackal—Tabaqui, the Dish-licker—and the wolves of India despise Tabaqui because he runs about making mischief, and telling tales, and eating rags and pieces of leather from the village rubbish-heaps. But they are afraid of him too, because Tabaqui, more than anyone else in the jungle, is apt to go mad, and then he forgets that he was ever afraid of anyone, and runs through the forest biting everything in his way. Even the tiger runs and hides when little Tabaqui goes mad, for madness is the most disgraceful thing that can overtake a wild creature. We call it hydrophobia, but they call it dewanee—the madness— and run.

'Enter, then, and look,' said Father Wolf stiffly, 'but there is no food here.'

'For a wolf, no,' said Tabaqui, 'but for so mean a person as myself a dry bone is a good feast. Who are we, the Gidurlog [the jackal people], to pick and choose?' He scuttled to the back of the cave, where he found the bone of a buck with some meat on it, and sat cracking the end merrily.

'All thanks for this good meal,' he said, licking his lips. 'How beautiful are the noble children! How large are their eyes! And so young too! Indeed, indeed, I might have remembered that the children of kings are men from the beginning.'

Now, Tabaqui knew as well as anyone else that there is nothing so unlucky as to compliment children to their faces. It pleased him to see Mother and Father Wolf look uncomfortable.

Tabaqui sat still, rejoicing in the mischief that he had made, and then he said spitefully:

'Shere Khan, the Big One, has shifted his hunting grounds. He will hunt among these hills for the next moon, so he has told me.'

Shere Khan was the tiger who lived near the Waingunga River, twenty miles away.

'He has no right!' Father Wolf began angrily—'By the Law of the Jungle he has no right to change his quarters without due warning. He will frighten every head of game within ten miles, and I—I have to kill for two, these days.'

'His mother did not call him Lungri [the Lame One] for nothing,' said Mother Wolf quietly. 'He has been lame in one foot from his birth. That is why he has only killed cattle. Now the villagers of the Waingunga are angry with him, and he has come here to make our villagers angry. They will scour the jungle for him when he is far away, and we and our children must run when the grass is set alight. Indeed, we are very grateful to Shere Khan!'

'Shall I tell him of your gratitude?' said Tabaqui.

'Out!' snapped Father Wolf. 'Out and hunt with thy master. Thou hast done harm enough for one night.'

'I go,' said Tabaqui quietly. 'Ye can hear Shere Khan below in the thickets. I might have saved myself the message.'

Father Wolf listened, and below in the valley that ran down to a little river he heard the dry, angry, snarly, singsong whine of a tiger who has caught nothing and does not care if all the jungle knows it.

'The fool!' said Father Wolf. 'To begin a night's work with that noise! Does he think that our buck are like his fat Waingunga bullocks?'

'H'sh. It is neither bullock nor buck he hunts to-night,' said Mother Wolf. 'It is Man.'

The whine had changed to a sort of humming purr that seemed to come from every quarter of the compass. It was the noise that bewilders woodcutters and gypsies sleeping in the open, and makes them run sometimes into the very mouth of the tiger.

'Man!' said Father Wolf, showing all his white teeth. 'Faugh! Are there not enough beetles and frogs in the tanks that he must eat Man, and on our ground too!'

The Law of the Jungle, which never orders anything without a reason, forbids every beast to eat Man except when he is killing to show his children how to kill, and then he must hunt outside the hunting grounds of his pack or tribe. The real reason for this is that man-killing means, sooner or later, the arrival of white men on elephants, with guns, and hundreds of brown men with gongs and rockets and torches. Then everybody in the jungle suffers. The reason the beasts give among themselves is that Man is the weakest and most defenseless of all living things, and it is unsportsmanlike to touch him. They say too—and it is true —that man-eaters become mangy, and lose their teeth.

The purr grew louder, and ended in the full-throated 'Aaarh!' of the tiger's charge.

Then there was a howl—an untigerish howl—from Shere Khan. 'He has missed,' said Mother Wolf. 'What is it?'

Father Wolf ran out a few paces and heard Shere Khan muttering and mumbling savagely as he tumbled about in the scrub.

'The fool has had no more sense than to jump at a woodcutter's campfire, and has burned his feet,' said Father Wolf with a grunt. 'Tabaqui is with him.'

'Something is coming uphill,' said Mother Wolf, twitching one ear. 'Get ready.'

The bushes rustled a little in the thicket, and Father Wolf dropped with his haunches under him, ready for his leap. Then, if you had been watching, you would have seen the most wonderful thing in the world—the wolf checked in mid-spring. He made his bound before he saw what it was he was jumping at, and then he tried to stop himself. The result was that he shot up straight into the air for four or five feet, landing almost where he left ground.

'Man!' he snapped. 'A man's cub. Look!'

Directly in front of him, holding on by a low branch, stood a naked brown baby who could just walk—as soft and as dimpled a little atom as ever came to a wolf's cave at night. He looked up into Father Wolf's face, and laughed.

'Is that a man's cub?' said Mother Wolf. 'I have never seen one. Bring it here.'

A Wolf accustomed to moving his own cubs can, if necessary, mouth an egg without breaking it, and though Father Wolf's jaws closed right on the child's back not a tooth even scratched the skin as he laid it down among the cubs.

'How little! How naked, and—how bold!' said Mother Wolf softly. The baby was pushing his way between the cubs to get close to the warm hide. 'Ahai! He is taking his meal with the others. And so this is a man's cub. Now, was there ever a wolf that could boast of a man's cub among her chil-

dren?'

'I have heard now and again of such a thing, but never in our Pack or in my time,' said Father Wolf. 'He is altogether without hair, and I could kill him with a touch of my foot. But see, he looks up and is not afraid.'

The moonlight was blocked out of the mouth of the cave, for Shere Khan's great square head and shoulders were thrust into the entrance. Tabaqui, behind him, was squeaking: 'My lord, my lord, it went in here!'

'Shere Khan does us great honor,' said Father Wolf, but his eyes were very angry. 'What does Shere Khan need?'

'My quarry. A man's cub went this way,' said Shere Khan. 'Its parents have run off. Give it to me.'

Shere Khan had jumped at a woodcutter's campfire, as Father Wolf had said, and was furious from the pain of his burned feet. But Father Wolf knew that the mouth of the cave was too narrow for a tiger to come in by. Even where he was, Shere Khan's shoulders and forepaws were cramped for want of room, as a man's would be if he tried to fight in a barrel.

'The Wolves are a free people,' said Father Wolf. 'They take orders from the Head of the Pack, and not from any striped cattle-killer. The man's cub is ours—to kill if we choose.'

'Ye choose and ye do not choose! What talk is this of choosing? By the bull that I killed, am I to stand nosing into your dog's den for my fair dues? It is I, Shere Khan, who speak!'

The tiger's roar filled the cave with thunder. Mother Wolf

shook herself clear of the cubs and sprang forward, her eyes, like two green moons in the darkness, facing the blazing eyes of Shere Khan.

'And it is I, Raksha [The Demon], who answers. The man's cub is mine, Lungri—mine to me! He shall not be killed. He shall live to run with the Pack and to hunt with the Pack; and in the end, look you, hunter of little naked cubs—frog-eater— fish-killer—he shall hunt thee! Now get hence, or by the Sambhur that I killed (I eat no starved cattle), back thou goest to thy mother, burned beast of the jungle, lamer than ever thou camest into the world! Go!'

Father Wolf looked on amazed. He had almost forgotten the days when he won Mother Wolf in fair fight from five other wolves, when she ran in the Pack and was not called The Demon for compliment's sake. Shere Khan might have faced Father Wolf, but he could not stand up against Mother Wolf, for he knew that where he was she had all the advantage of the ground, and would fight to the death. So he backed out of the cave mouth growling, and when he was clear he shouted:

'Each dog barks in his own yard! We will see what the Pack will say to this fostering of man-cubs. The cub is mine, and to my teeth he will come in the end, O bush-tailed thieves!'

Mother Wolf threw herself down panting among the cubs, and Father Wolf said to her gravely:

'Shere Khan speaks this much truth. The cub must be shown to the Pack. Wilt thou still keep him, Mother?'

'Keep him!' she gasped. 'He came naked, by night, alone

and very hungry; yet he was not afraid! Look, he has pushed one of my babes to one side already. And that lame butcher would have killed him and would have run off to the Waingunga while the villagers here hunted through all our lairs in revenge! Keep him? Assuredly I will keep him. Lie still, little frog. O thou Mowgli —for Mowgli the Frog I will call thee—the time will come when thou wilt hunt Shere Khan as he has hunted thee.'

'But what will our Pack say?' said Father Wolf.

The Law of the Jungle lays down very clearly that any wolf may, when he marries, withdraw from the Pack he belongs to. But as soon as his cubs are old enough to stand on their feet he must bring them to the Pack Council, which is generally held once a month at full moon, in order that the other wolves may identify them. After that inspection the cubs are free to run where they please, and until they have killed their first buck no excuse is accepted if a grown wolf of the Pack kills one of them. The punishment is death where the murderer can be found; and if you think for a minute you will see that this must be so.

Father Wolf waited till his cubs could run a little, and then on the night of the Pack Meeting took them and Mowgli and Mother Wolf to the Council Rock—a hilltop covered with stones and boulders where a hundred wolves could hide. Akela, the great gray Lone Wolf, who led all the Pack by strength and cunning, lay out at full length on his rock, and below him sat forty or more wolves of every size and color, from badger-colored veterans who could handle a buck alone to young black three-year-olds who thought they

could. The Lone Wolf had led them for a year now. He had fallen twice into a wolf trap in his youth, and once he had been beaten and left for dead; so he knew the manners and customs of men. There was very little talking at the Rock. The cubs tumbled over each other in the center of the circle where their mothers and fathers sat, and now and again a senior wolf would go quietly up to a cub, look at him carefully, and return to his place on noiseless feet. Sometimes a mother would push her cub far out into the moonlight to be sure that he had not been overlooked. Akela from his rock would cry: 'Ye know the Law—ye know the Law. Look well, O Wolves!' And the anxious mothers would take up the call: 'Look—look well, O Wolves!'

At last—and Mother Wolf's neck bristles lifted as the time came—Father Wolf pushed 'Mowgli the Frog,' as they called him, into the center, where he sat laughing and playing with some pebbles that glistened in the moonlight.

Akela never raised his head from his paws, but went on with the monotonous cry: 'Look well!' A muffled roar came up from behind the rocks—the voice of Shere Khan crying: 'The cub is mine. Give him to me. What have the Free People to do with a man's cub?' Akela never even twitched his ears. All he said was: 'Look well, O Wolves! What have the Free People to do with the orders of any save the Free People? Look well!'

There was a chorus of deep growls, and a young wolf in his fourth year flung back Shere Khan's question to Akela: 'What have the Free People to do with a man's cub?' Now, the Law of the Jungle lays down that if there is any dispute

as to the right of a cub to be accepted by the Pack, he must be spoken for by at least two members of the Pack who are not his father and mother.

'Who speaks for this cub?' said Akela. 'Among the Free People who speaks?' There was no answer and Mother Wolf got ready for what she knew would be her last fight, if things came to fighting.

Then the only other creature who is allowed at the Pack Council—Baloo, the sleepy brown bear who teaches the wolf cubs the Law of the Jungle: old Baloo, who can come and go where he pleases because he eats only nuts and roots and honey—rose upon his hind quarters and grunted.

'The man's cub—the man's cub?' he said. 'I speak for the man's cub. There is no harm in a man's cub. I have no gift of words, but I speak the truth. Let him run with the Pack, and be entered with the others. I myself will teach him.'

'We need yet another,' said Akela. 'Baloo has spoken, and he is our teacher for the young cubs. Who speaks besides Baloo?'

A black shadow dropped down into the circle. It was Bagheera the Black Panther, inky black all over, but with the panther markings showing up in certain lights like the pattern of watered silk. Everybody knew Bagheera, and nobody cared to cross his path; for he was as cunning as Tabaqui, as bold as the wild buffalo, and as reckless as the wounded elephant. But he had a voice as soft as wild honey dripping from a tree, and a skin softer than down.

'O Akela, and ye the Free People,' he purred, 'I have no right in your assembly, but the Law of the Jungle says that if

there is a doubt which is not a killing matter in regard to a new cub, the life of that cub may be bought at a price. And the Law does not say who may or may not pay that price. Am I right?'

'Good! Good!' said the young wolves, who are always hungry. 'Listen to Bagheera. The cub can be bought for a price. It is the Law.'

'Knowing that I have no right to speak here, I ask your leave.'

'Speak then,' cried twenty voices.

'To kill a naked cub is shame. Besides, he may make better sport for you when he is grown. Baloo has spoken in his behalf. Now to Baloo's word I will add one bull, and a fat one, newly killed, not half a mile from here, if ye will accept the man's cub according to the Law. Is it difficult?'

There was a clamor of scores of voices, saying: 'What matter? He will die in the winter rains. He will scorch in the sun. What harm can a naked frog do us? Let him run with the Pack. Where is the bull, Bagheera? Let him be accepted.' And then came Akela's deep bay, crying: 'Look well—look well, O Wolves!'

Mowgli was still deeply interested in the pebbles, and he did not notice when the wolves came and looked at him one by one. At last they all went down the hill for the dead bull, and only Akela, Bagheera, Baloo, and Mowgli's own wolves were left. Shere Khan roared still in the night, for he was very angry that Mowgli had not been handed over to him.

'Ay, roar well,' said Bagheera, under his whiskers, 'for the time will come when this naked thing will make thee roar

to another tune, or I know nothing of man.'

'It was well done,' said Akela. 'Men and their cubs are very wise. He may be a help in time.'

'Truly, a help in time of need; for none can hope to lead the Pack forever,' said Bagheera.

Akela said nothing. He was thinking of the time that comes to every leader of every pack when his strength goes from him and he gets feebler and feebler, till at last he is killed by the wolves and a new leader comes up—to be killed in his turn.

'Take him away,' he said to Father Wolf, 'and train him as befits one of the Free People.'

And that is how Mowgli was entered into the Seeonee Wolf Pack for the price of a bull and on Baloo's good word.

Now you must be content to skip ten or eleven whole years, and only guess at all the wonderful life that Mowgli led among the wolves, because if it were written out it would fill ever so many books. He grew up with the cubs, though they, of course, were grown wolves almost before he was a child. And Father Wolf taught him his business, and the meaning of things in the jungle, till every rustle in the grass, every breath of the warm night air, every note of the owls above his head, every scratch of a bat's claws as it roosted for a while in a tree, and every splash of every little fish jumping in a pool meant just as much to him as the work of his office means to a business man. When he was not learning he sat out in the sun and slept, and ate and went to sleep again. When he felt dirty or hot he swam in the forest pools; and when he wanted honey (Baloo told him

that honey and nuts were just as pleasant to eat as raw meat) he climbed up for it, and that Bagheera showed him how to do. Bagheera would lie out on a branch and call, 'Come along, Little Brother,' and at first Mowgli would cling like the sloth, but afterward he would fling himself through the branches almost as boldly as the gray ape. He took his place at the Council Rock, too, when the Pack met, and there he discovered that if he stared hard at any wolf, the wolf would be forced to drop his eyes, and so he used to stare for fun. At other times he would pick the long thorns out of the pads of his friends, for wolves suffer terribly from thorns and burs in their coats. He would go down the hillside into the cultivated lands by night, and look very curiously at the villagers in their huts, but he had a mistrust of men because Bagheera showed him a square box with a drop gate so cunningly hidden in the jungle that he nearly walked into it, and told him that it was a trap. He loved better than anything else to go with Bagheera into the dark warm heart of the forest, to sleep all through the drowsy day, and at night see how Bagheera did his killing. Bagheera killed right and left as he felt hungry, and so did Mowgli—with one exception. As soon as he was old enough to understand things, Bagheera told him that he must never touch cattle because he had been bought into the Pack at the price of a bull's life. 'All the jungle is thine,' said Bagheera, 'and thou canst kill everything that thou art strong enough to kill; but for the sake of the bull that bought thee thou must never kill or eat any cattle young or old. That is the Law of the Jungle.' Mowgli obeyed faithfully.

And he grew and grew strong as a boy must grow who does not know that he is learning any lessons, and who has nothing in the world to think of except things to eat.

Mother Wolf told him once or twice that Shere Khan was not a creature to be trusted, and that some day he must kill Shere Khan. But though a young wolf would have remembered that advice every hour, Mowgli forgot it because he was only a boy—though he would have called himself a wolf if he had been able to speak in any human tongue.

Shere Khan was always crossing his path in the jungle, for as Akela grew older and feebler the lame tiger had come to be great friends with the younger wolves of the Pack, who followed him for scraps, a thing Akela would never have allowed if he had dared to push his authority to the proper bounds. Then Shere Khan would flatter them and wonder that such fine young hunters were content to be led by a dying wolf and a man's cub. 'They tell me,' Shere Khan would say, 'that at Council ye dare not look him between the eyes.' And the young wolves would growl and bristle.

Bagheera, who had eyes and ears everywhere, knew something of this, and once or twice he told Mowgli in so many words that Shere Khan would kill him some day. Mowgli would laugh and answer: 'I have the Pack and I have thee; and Baloo, though he is so lazy, might strike a blow or two for my sake. Why should I be afraid?'

It was one very warm day that a new notion came to Bagheera— born of something that he had heard. Perhaps Ikki the Porcupine had told him; but he said to Mowgli when they were deep in the jungle, as the boy lay with his head on

Bagheera's beautiful black skin, 'Little Brother, how often have I told thee that Shere Khan is thy enemy?'

'As many times as there are nuts on that palm,' said Mowgli, who, naturally, could not count. 'What of it? I am sleepy, Bagheera, and Shere Khan is all long tail and loud talk—like Mao, the Peacock.'

'But this is no time for sleeping. Baloo knows it; I know it; the Pack know it; and even the foolish, foolish deer know. Tabaqui has told thee too.'

'Ho! ho!' said Mowgli. 'Tabaqui came to me not long ago with some rude talk that I was a naked man's cub and not fit to dig pig-nuts. But I caught Tabaqui by the tail and swung him twice against a palm-tree to teach him better manners.'

'That was foolishness, for though Tabaqui is a mischief-maker, he would have told thee of something that concerned thee closely. Open those eyes, Little Brother. Shere Khan dare not kill thee in the jungle. But remember, Akela is very old, and soon the day comes when he cannot kill his buck, and then he will be leader no more. Many of the wolves that looked thee over when thou wast brought to the Council first are old too, and the young wolves believe, as Shere Khan has taught them, that a man-cub has no place with the Pack. In a little time thou wilt be a man.'

'And what is a man that he should not run with his brothers?' said Mowgli. 'I was born in the jungle. I have obeyed the Law of the Jungle, and there is no wolf of ours from whose paws I have not pulled a thorn. Surely they are my brothers!'

Bagheera stretched himself at full length and half shut his eyes. 'Little Brother,' said he, 'feel under my jaw.'

Mowgli put up his strong brown hand, and just under Bagheera's silky chin, where the giant rolling muscles were all hid by the glossy hair, he came upon a little bald spot.

'There is no one in the jungle that knows that I, Bagheera, carry that mark—the mark of the collar; and yet, Little Brother, I was born among men, and it was among men that my mother died—in the cages of the king's palace at Oodeypore. It was because of this that I paid the price for thee at the Council when thou wast a little naked cub. Yes, I too was born among men. I had never seen the jungle. They fed me behind bars from an iron pan till one night I felt that I was Bagheera—the Panther— and no man's plaything, and I broke the silly lock with one blow of my paw and came away. And because I had learned the ways of men, I became more terrible in the jungle than Shere Khan. Is it not so?'

'Yes,' said Mowgli, 'all the jungle fear Bagheera—all except Mowgli.'

'Oh, thou art a man's cub,' said the Black Panther very tenderly. 'And even as I returned to my jungle, so thou must go back to men at last—to the men who are thy brothers—if thou art not killed in the Council.'

'But why—but why should any wish to kill me?' said Mowgli.

'Look at me,' said Bagheera. And Mowgli looked at him steadily between the eyes. The big panther turned his head away in half a minute.

'That is why,' he said, shifting his paw on the leaves. 'Not even I can look thee between the eyes, and I was born among men, and I love thee, Little Brother. The others they hate thee because their eyes cannot meet thine; because thou art wise; because thou hast pulled out thorns from their feet—because thou art a man.'

'I did not know these things,' said Mowgli sullenly, and he frowned under his heavy black eyebrows.

'What is the Law of the Jungle? Strike first and then give tongue. By thy very carelessness they know that thou art a man. But be wise. It is in my heart that when Akela misses his next kill—and at each hunt it costs him more to pin the buck—the Pack will turn against him and against thee. They will hold a jungle Council at the Rock, and then—and then—I have it!' said Bagheera, leaping up. 'Go thou down quickly to the men's huts in the valley, and take some of the Red Flower which they grow there, so that when the time comes thou mayest have even a stronger friend than I or Baloo or those of the Pack that love thee. Get the Red Flower.'

By Red Flower Bagheera meant fire, only no creature in the jungle will call fire by its proper name. Every beast lives in deadly fear of it, and invents a hundred ways of describing it.

'The Red Flower?' said Mowgli. 'That grows outside their huts in the twilight. I will get some.'

'There speaks the man's cub,' said Bagheera proudly. 'Remember that it grows in little pots. Get one swiftly, and keep it by thee for time of need.'

'Good!' said Mowgli. 'I go. But art thou sure, O my Ba-

gheera'—he slipped his arm around the splendid neck and looked deep into the big eyes—'art thou sure that all this is Shere Khan's doing?'

'By the Broken Lock that freed me, I am sure, Little Brother.'

'Then, by the Bull that bought me, I will pay Shere Khan full tale for this, and it may be a little over,' said Mowgli, and he bounded away.

'That is a man. That is all a man,' said Bagheera to himself, lying down again. 'Oh, Shere Khan, never was a blacker hunting than that frog-hunt of thine ten years ago!'

Mowgli was far and far through the forest, running hard, and his heart was hot in him. He came to the cave as the evening mist rose, and drew breath, and looked down the valley. The cubs were out, but Mother Wolf, at the back of the cave, knew by his breathing that something was troubling her frog.

'What is it, Son?' she said.

'Some bat's chatter of Shere Khan,' he called back. 'I hunt among the plowed fields tonight,' and he plunged downward through the bushes, to the stream at the bottom of the valley. There he checked, for he heard the yell of the Pack hunting, heard the bellow of a hunted Sambhur, and the snort as the buck turned at bay. Then there were wicked, bitter howls from the young wolves: 'Akela! Akela! Let the Lone Wolf show his strength. Room for the leader of the Pack! Spring, Akela!'

The Lone Wolf must have sprung and missed his hold, for Mowgli heard the snap of his teeth and then a yelp as the

Sambhur knocked him over with his forefoot.

He did not wait for anything more, but dashed on; and the yells grew fainter behind him as he ran into the croplands where the villagers lived.

'Bagheera spoke truth,' he panted, as he nestled down in some cattle fodder by the window of a hut. 'To-morrow is one day both for Akela and for me.'

Then he pressed his face close to the window and watched the fire on the hearth. He saw the husbandman's wife get up and feed it in the night with black lumps. And when the morning came and the mists were all white and cold, he saw the man's child pick up a wicker pot plastered inside with earth, fill it with lumps of red-hot charcoal, put it under his blanket, and go out to tend the cows in the byre.

'Is that all?' said Mowgli. 'If a cub can do it, there is nothing to fear.' So he strode round the corner and met the boy, took the pot from his hand, and disappeared into the mist while the boy howled with fear.

'They are very like me,' said Mowgli, blowing into the pot as he had seen the woman do. 'This thing will die if I do not give it things to eat"; and he dropped twigs and dried bark on the red stuff. Halfway up the hill he met Bagheera with the morning dew shining like moonstones on his coat.

'Akela has missed,' said the Panther. 'They would have killed him last night, but they needed thee also. They were looking for thee on the hill.'

'I was among the plowed lands. I am ready. See!' Mowgli held up the fire-pot.

'Good! Now, I have seen men thrust a dry branch into

that stuff, and presently the Red Flower blossomed at the end of it. Art thou not afraid?'

'No. Why should I fear? I remember now—if it is not a dream—how, before I was a Wolf, I lay beside the Red Flower, and it was warm and pleasant.'

All that day Mowgli sat in the cave tending his fire pot and dipping dry branches into it to see how they looked. He found a branch that satisfied him, and in the evening when Tabaqui came to the cave and told him rudely enough that he was wanted at the Council Rock, he laughed till Tabaqui ran away. Then Mowgli went to the Council, still laughing.

Akela the Lone Wolf lay by the side of his rock as a sign that the leadership of the Pack was open, and Shere Khan with his following of scrap-fed wolves walked to and fro openly being flattered. Bagheera lay close to Mowgli, and the fire pot was between Mowgli's knees. When they were all gathered together, Shere Khan began to speak—a thing he would never have dared to do when Akela was in his prime.

'He has no right,' whispered Bagheera. 'Say so. He is a dog's son. He will be frightened.'

Mowgli sprang to his feet. 'Free People,' he cried, 'does Shere Khan lead the Pack? What has a tiger to do with our leadership?'

'Seeing that the leadership is yet open, and being asked to speak—' Shere Khan began.

'By whom?' said Mowgli. 'Are we all jackals, to fawn on this cattle butcher? The leadership of the Pack is with the Pack alone.'

There were yells of 'Silence, thou man's cub!' 'Let him speak. He has kept our Law"; and at last the seniors of the Pack thundered: 'Let the Dead Wolf speak.' When a leader of the Pack has missed his kill, he is called the Dead Wolf as long as he lives, which is not long.

Akela raised his old head wearily:—

'Free People, and ye too, jackals of Shere Khan, for twelve seasons I have led ye to and from the kill, and in all that time not one has been trapped or maimed. Now I have missed my kill. Ye know how that plot was made. Ye know how ye brought me up to an untried buck to make my weakness known. It was cleverly done. Your right is to kill me here on the Council Rock, now. Therefore, I ask, who comes to make an end of the Lone Wolf? For it is my right, by the Law of the Jungle, that ye come one by one.'

There was a long hush, for no single wolf cared to fight Akela to the death. Then Shere Khan roared: 'Bah! What have we to do with this toothless fool? He is doomed to die! It is the man-cub who has lived too long. Free People, he was my meat from the first. Give him to me. I am weary of this man-wolf folly. He has troubled the jungle for ten seasons. Give me the man-cub, or I will hunt here always, and not give you one bone. He is a man, a man's child, and from the marrow of my bones I hate him!'

Then more than half the Pack yelled: 'A man! A man! What has a man to do with us? Let him go to his own place.'

'And turn all the people of the villages against us?' clamored Shere Khan. 'No, give him to me. He is a man, and

none of us can look him between the eyes.'

Akela lifted his head again and said, 'He has eaten our food. He has slept with us. He has driven game for us. He has broken no word of the Law of the Jungle.'

'Also, I paid for him with a bull when he was accepted. The worth of a bull is little, but Bagheera's honor is something that he will perhaps fight for,' said Bagheera in his gentlest voice.

'A bull paid ten years ago!' the Pack snarled. 'What do we care for bones ten years old?'

'Or for a pledge?' said Bagheera, his white teeth bared under his lip. 'Well are ye called the Free People!'

'No man's cub can run with the people of the jungle,' howled Shere Khan. 'Give him to me!'

'He is our brother in all but blood,' Akela went on, 'and ye would kill him here! In truth, I have lived too long. Some of ye are eaters of cattle, and of others I have heard that, under Shere Khan's teaching, ye go by dark night and snatch children from the villager's doorstep. Therefore I know ye to be cowards, and it is to cowards I speak. It is certain that I must die, and my life is of no worth, or I would offer that in the man-cub's place. But for the sake of the Honor of the Pack,—a little matter that by being without a leader ye have forgotten,—I promise that if ye let the man-cub go to his own place, I will not, when my time comes to die, bare one tooth against ye. I will die without fighting. That will at least save the Pack three lives. More I cannot do; but if ye will, I can save ye the shame that comes of killing a brother against whom there is no fault—a brother spoken for and

bought into the Pack according to the Law of the Jungle.'

'He is a man—a man—a man!' snarled the Pack. And most of the wolves began to gather round Shere Khan, whose tail was beginning to switch.

'Now the business is in thy hands,' said Bagheera to Mowgli. 'We can do no more except fight.'

Mowgli stood upright—the fire pot in his hands. Then he stretched out his arms, and yawned in the face of the Council; but he was furious with rage and sorrow, for, wolf-like, the wolves had never told him how they hated him. 'Listen you!' he cried. 'There is no need for this dog's jabber. Ye have told me so often tonight that I am a man (and indeed I would have been a wolf with you to my life's end) that I feel your words are true. So I do not call ye my brothers any more, but sag [dogs], as a man should. What ye will do, and what ye will not do, is not yours to say. That matter is with me; and that we may see the matter more plainly, I, the man, have brought here a little of the Red Flower which ye, dogs, fear.'

He flung the fire pot on the ground, and some of the red coals lit a tuft of dried moss that flared up, as all the Council drew back in terror before the leaping flames.

Mowgli thrust his dead branch into the fire till the twigs lit and crackled, and whirled it above his head among the cowering wolves.

'Thou art the master,' said Bagheera in an undertone. 'Save Akela from the death. He was ever thy friend.'

Akela, the grim old wolf who had never asked for mercy in his life, gave one piteous look at Mowgli as the boy stood

all naked, his long black hair tossing over his shoulders in the light of the blazing branch that made the shadows jump and quiver.

'Good!' said Mowgli, staring round slowly. 'I see that ye are dogs. I go from you to my own people—if they be my own people. The jungle is shut to me, and I must forget your talk and your companionship. But I will be more merciful than ye are. Because I was all but your brother in blood, I promise that when I am a man among men I will not betray ye to men as ye have betrayed me.' He kicked the fire with his foot, and the sparks flew up. 'There shall be no war between any of us in the Pack. But here is a debt to pay before I go.' He strode forward to where Shere Khan sat blinking stupidly at the flames, and caught him by the tuft on his chin. Bagheera followed in case of accidents. 'Up, dog!' Mowgli cried. 'Up, when a man speaks, or I will set that coat ablaze!'

Shere Khan's ears lay flat back on his head, and he shut his eyes, for the blazing branch was very near.

'This cattle-killer said he would kill me in the Council because he had not killed me when I was a cub. Thus and thus, then, do we beat dogs when we are men. Stir a whisker, Lungri, and I ram the Red Flower down thy gullet!' He beat Shere Khan over the head with the branch, and the tiger whimpered and whined in an agony of fear.

'Pah! Singed jungle cat—go now! But remember when next I come to the Council Rock, as a man should come, it will be with Shere Khan's hide on my head. For the rest, Akela goes free to live as he pleases. Ye will not kill him,

because that is not my will. Nor do I think that ye will sit here any longer, lolling out your tongues as though ye were somebodies, instead of dogs whom I drive out—thus! Go!' The fire was burning furiously at the end of the branch, and Mowgli struck right and left round the circle, and the wolves ran howling with the sparks burning their fur. At last there were only Akela, Bagheera, and perhaps ten wolves that had taken Mowgli's part. Then something began to hurt Mowgli inside him, as he had never been hurt in his life before, and he caught his breath and sobbed, and the tears ran down his face.

'What is it? What is it?' he said. 'I do not wish to leave the jungle, and I do not know what this is. Am I dying, Bagheera?'

'No, Little Brother. That is only tears such as men use,' said Bagheera. 'Now I know thou art a man, and a man's cub no longer. The jungle is shut indeed to thee henceforward. Let them fall, Mowgli. They are only tears.' So Mowgli sat and cried as though his heart would break; and he had never cried in all his life before.

'Now,' he said, 'I will go to men. But first I must say farewell to my mother.' And he went to the cave where she lived with Father Wolf, and he cried on her coat, while the four cubs howled miserably.

'Ye will not forget me?' said Mowgli.

'Never while we can follow a trail,' said the cubs. 'Come to the foot of the hill when thou art a man, and we will talk to thee; and we will come into the croplands to play with thee by night.'

'Come soon!' said Father Wolf. 'Oh, wise little frog, come again soon; for we be old, thy mother and I.'

'Come soon,' said Mother Wolf, 'little naked son of mine. For, listen, child of man, I loved thee more than ever I loved my cubs.'

'I will surely come,' said Mowgli. 'And when I come it will be to lay out Shere Khan's hide upon the Council Rock. Do not forget me! Tell them in the jungle never to forget me!'

The dawn was beginning to break when Mowgli went down the hillside alone, to meet those mysterious things that are called men.

Hunting-Song of the Seeonee Pack

As the dawn was breaking the Sambhur belled
Once, twice and again!
And a doe leaped up, and a doe leaped up
From the pond in the wood where the wild deer sup.
This I, scouting alone, beheld,
Once, twice and again!
As the dawn was breaking the Sambhur belled
Once, twice and again!
And a wolf stole back, and a wolf stole back
To carry the word to the waiting pack,
And we sought and we found and we bayed on his track
Once, twice and again!
As the dawn was breaking the Wolf Pack yelled
Once, twice and again!
Feet in the jungle that leave no mark!

Eyes that can see in the dark—the dark!
Tongue—give tongue to it! Hark! O hark!
Once, twice and again!

Kaa's Hunting
His spots are the joy of the Leopard: his horns are the

Buffalo's pride.
Be clean, for the strength of the hunter is known by the gloss of his hide.
If ye find that the Bullock can toss you, or the heavy-browed Sambhur can gore;
Ye need not stop work to inform us: we knew it ten seasons before.
Oppress not the cubs of the stranger, but hail them as Sister and Brother,
For though they are little and fubsy, it may be the Bear is their mother.
'There is none like to me!' says the Cub in the pride of his earliest kill;
But the jungle is large and the Cub he is small. Let him think and be still.

Maxims of Baloo

All that is told here happened some time before Mowgli was turned out of the Seeonee Wolf Pack, or revenged himself on Shere Khan the tiger. It was in the days when Baloo was teaching him the Law of the Jungle. The big, serious, old brown bear was delighted to have so quick a pupil, for the young wolves will only learn as much of the Law of the Jungle as applies to their own pack and tribe, and run away as soon as they can repeat the Hunting Verse —'Feet that make no noise; eyes that can see in the dark; ears that can hear the winds in their lairs, and sharp white teeth, all these things are the marks of our brothers except Tabaqui

the Jackal and the Hyaena whom we hate.' But Mowgli, as a man-cub, had to learn a great deal more than this. Sometimes Bagheera the Black Panther would come lounging through the jungle to see how his pet was getting on, and would purr with his head against a tree while Mowgli recited the day's lesson to Baloo. The boy could climb almost as well as he could swim, and swim almost as well as he could run. So Baloo, the Teacher of the Law, taught him the Wood and Water Laws: how to tell a rotten branch from a sound one; how to speak politely to the wild bees when he came upon a hive of them fifty feet above ground; what to say to Mang the Bat when he disturbed him in the branches at midday; and how to warn the water-snakes in the pools before he splashed down among them. None of the Jungle People like being disturbed, and all are very ready to fly at an intruder. Then, too, Mowgli was taught the Strangers' Hunting Call, which must be repeated aloud till it is answered, whenever one of the Jungle-People hunts outside his own grounds. It means, translated, 'Give me leave to hunt here because I am hungry.' And the answer is, 'Hunt then for food, but not for pleasure.'

All this will show you how much Mowgli had to learn by heart, and he grew very tired of saying the same thing over a hundred times. But, as Baloo said to Bagheera, one day when Mowgli had been cuffed and run off in a temper, 'A man's cub is a man's cub, and he must learn all the Law of the Jungle.'

'But think how small he is,' said the Black Panther, who would have spoiled Mowgli if he had had his own way. 'How

can his little head carry all thy long talk?'

'Is there anything in the jungle too little to be killed? No. That is why I teach him these things, and that is why I hit him, very softly, when he forgets.'

'Softly! What dost thou know of softness, old Iron-feet?' Bagheera grunted. 'His face is all bruised today by thy—softness. Ugh.'

'Better he should be bruised from head to foot by me who love him than that he should come to harm through ignorance,' Baloo answered very earnestly. 'I am now teaching him the Master Words of the Jungle that shall protect him with the birds and the Snake People, and all that hunt on four feet, except his own pack. He can now claim protection, if he will only remember the words, from all in the jungle. Is not that worth a little beating?'

'Well, look to it then that thou dost not kill the man-cub. He is no tree trunk to sharpen thy blunt claws upon. But what are those Master Words? I am more likely to give help than to ask it' —Bagheera stretched out one paw and admired the steel-blue, ripping-chisel talons at the end of it—'still I should like to know.'

'I will call Mowgli and he shall say them—if he will. Come, Little Brother!'

'My head is ringing like a bee tree,' said a sullen little voice over their heads, and Mowgli slid down a tree trunk very angry and indignant, adding as he reached the ground: 'I come for Bagheera and not for thee, fat old Baloo!'

'That is all one to me,' said Baloo, though he was hurt and grieved. 'Tell Bagheera, then, the Master Words of the

Jungle that I have taught thee this day.'

'Master Words for which people?' said Mowgli, delighted to show off. 'The jungle has many tongues. I know them all.'

'A little thou knowest, but not much. See, O Bagheera, they never thank their teacher. Not one small wolfling has ever come back to thank old Baloo for his teachings. Say the word for the Hunting-People, then—great scholar.'

'We be of one blood, ye and I,' said Mowgli, giving the words the Bear accent which all the Hunting People use.

'Good. Now for the birds.'

Mowgli repeated, with the Kite's whistle at the end of the sentence.

'Now for the Snake-People,' said Bagheera.

The answer was a perfectly indescribable hiss, and Mowgli kicked up his feet behind, clapped his hands together to applaud himself, and jumped on to Bagheera's back, where he sat sideways, drumming with his heels on the glossy skin and making the worst faces he could think of at Baloo.

'There—there! That was worth a little bruise,' said the brown bear tenderly. 'Some day thou wilt remember me.' Then he turned aside to tell Bagheera how he had begged the Master Words from Hathi the Wild Elephant, who knows all about these things, and how Hathi had taken Mowgli down to a pool to get the Snake Word from a water-snake, because Baloo could not pronounce it, and how Mowgli was now reasonably safe against all accidents in the jungle, because neither snake, bird, nor beast would hurt him.

'No one then is to be feared,' Baloo wound up, patting his

big furry stomach with pride.

'Except his own tribe,' said Bagheera, under his breath; and then aloud to Mowgli, 'Have a care for my ribs, Little Brother! What is all this dancing up and down?'

Mowgli had been trying to make himself heard by pulling at Bagheera's shoulder fur and kicking hard. When the two listened to him he was shouting at the top of his voice, 'And so I shall have a tribe of my own, and lead them through the branches all day long.'

'What is this new folly, little dreamer of dreams?' said Bagheera.

'Yes, and throw branches and dirt at old Baloo,' Mowgli went on. 'They have promised me this. Ah!'

'Whoof!' Baloo's big paw scooped Mowgli off Bagheera's back, and as the boy lay between the big fore-paws he could see the Bear was angry.

'Mowgli,' said Baloo, 'thou hast been talking with the Bandar-log—the Monkey People.'

Mowgli looked at Bagheera to see if the Panther was angry too, and Bagheera's eyes were as hard as jade stones.

'Thou hast been with the Monkey People—the gray apes—the people without a law—the eaters of everything. That is great shame.'

'When Baloo hurt my head,' said Mowgli (he was still on his back), 'I went away, and the gray apes came down from the trees and had pity on me. No one else cared.' He snuffled a little.

'The pity of the Monkey People!' Baloo snorted. 'The stillness of the mountain stream! The cool of the summer

sun! And then, man-cub?'

'And then, and then, they gave me nuts and pleasant things to eat, and they—they carried me in their arms up to the top of the trees and said I was their blood brother except that I had no tail, and should be their leader some day.'

'They have no leader,' said Bagheera. 'They lie. They have always lied.'

'They were very kind and bade me come again. Why have I never been taken among the Monkey People? They stand on their feet as I do. They do not hit me with their hard paws. They play all day. Let me get up! Bad Baloo, let me up! I will play with them again.'

'Listen, man-cub,' said the Bear, and his voice rumbled like thunder on a hot night. 'I have taught thee all the Law of the Jungle for all the peoples of the jungle—except the Monkey-Folk who live in the trees. They have no law. They are outcasts. They have no speech of their own, but use the stolen words which they overhear when they listen, and peep, and wait up above in the branches. Their way is not our way. They are without leaders. They have no remembrance. They boast and chatter and pretend that they are a great people about to do great affairs in the jungle, but the falling of a nut turns their minds to laughter and all is forgotten. We of the jungle have no dealings with them. We do not drink where the monkeys drink; we do not go where the monkeys go; we do not hunt where they hunt; we do not die where they die. Hast thou ever heard me speak of the Bandar-log till today?'

'No,' said Mowgli in a whisper, for the forest was very

still now Baloo had finished.

'The Jungle-People put them out of their mouths and out of their minds. They are very many, evil, dirty, shameless, and they desire, if they have any fixed desire, to be noticed by the Jungle People. But we do not notice them even when they throw nuts and filth on our heads.'

He had hardly spoken when a shower of nuts and twigs spattered down through the branches; and they could hear coughings and howlings and angry jumpings high up in the air among the thin branches.

'The Monkey-People are forbidden,' said Baloo, 'forbidden to the Jungle-People. Remember.'

'Forbidden,' said Bagheera, 'but I still think Baloo should have warned thee against them.'

'I—I? How was I to guess he would play with such dirt. The Monkey People! Faugh!'

A fresh shower came down on their heads and the two trotted away, taking Mowgli with them. What Baloo had said about the monkeys was perfectly true. They belonged to the tree-tops, and as beasts very seldom look up, there was no occasion for the monkeys and the Jungle-People to cross each other's path. But whenever they found a sick wolf, or a wounded tiger, or bear, the monkeys would torment him, and would throw sticks and nuts at any beast for fun and in the hope of being noticed. Then they would howl and shriek senseless songs, and invite the Jungle-People to climb up their trees and fight them, or would start furious battles over nothing among themselves, and leave the dead monkeys where the Jungle-People could see them. They were

always just going to have a leader, and laws and customs of their own, but they never did, because their memories would not hold over from day to day, and so they compromised things by making up a saying, 'What the Bandar-log think now the jungle will think later,' and that comforted them a great deal. None of the beasts could reach them, but on the other hand none of the beasts would notice them, and that was why they were so pleased when Mowgli came to play with them, and they heard how angry Baloo was.

They never meant to do any more—the Bandar-log never mean anything at all; but one of them invented what seemed to him a brilliant idea, and he told all the others that Mowgli would be a useful person to keep in the tribe, because he could weave sticks together for protection from the wind; so, if they caught him, they could make him teach them. Of course Mowgli, as a woodcutter's child, inherited all sorts of instincts, and used to make little huts of fallen branches without thinking how he came to do it. The Monkey-People, watching in the trees, considered his play most wonderful. This time, they said, they were really going to have a leader and become the wisest people in the jungle —so wise that everyone else would notice and envy them. Therefore they followed Baloo and Bagheera and Mowgli through the jungle very quietly till it was time for the midday nap, and Mowgli, who was very much ashamed of himself, slept between the Panther and the Bear, resolving to have no more to do with the Monkey People.

The next thing he remembered was feeling hands on his legs and arms—hard, strong, little hands—and then a

swash of branches in his face, and then he was staring down through the swaying boughs as Baloo woke the jungle with his deep cries and Bagheera bounded up the trunk with every tooth bared. The Bandar-log howled with triumph and scuffled away to the upper branches where Bagheera dared not follow, shouting: 'He has noticed us! Bagheera has noticed us. All the Jungle-People admire us for our skill and our cunning.' Then they began their flight; and the flight of the Monkey-People through tree-land is one of the things nobody can describe. They have their regular roads and crossroads, up hills and down hills, all laid out from fifty to seventy or a hundred feet above ground, and by these they can travel even at night if necessary. Two of the strongest monkeys caught Mowgli under the arms and swung off with him through the treetops, twenty feet at a bound. Had they been alone they could have gone twice as fast, but the boy's weight held them back. Sick and giddy as Mowgli was he could not help enjoying the wild rush, though the glimpses of earth far down below frightened him, and the terrible check and jerk at the end of the swing over nothing but empty air brought his heart between his teeth. His escort would rush him up a tree till he felt the thinnest topmost branches crackle and bend under them, and then with a cough and a whoop would fling themselves into the air outward and downward, and bring up, hanging by their hands or their feet to the lower limbs of the next tree. Sometimes he could see for miles and miles across the still green jungle, as a man on the top of a mast can see for miles across the sea, and then the branches and leaves would lash

him across the face, and he and his two guards would be almost down to earth again. So, bounding and crashing and whooping and yelling, the whole tribe of Bandar-log swept along the tree-roads with Mowgli their prisoner.

For a time he was afraid of being dropped. Then he grew angry but knew better than to struggle, and then he began to think. The first thing was to send back word to Baloo and Bagheera, for, at the pace the monkeys were going, he knew his friends would be left far behind. It was useless to look down, for he could only see the topsides of the branches, so he stared upward and saw, far away in the blue, Rann the Kite balancing and wheeling as he kept watch over the jungle waiting for things to die. Rann saw that the monkeys were carrying something, and dropped a few hundred yards to find out whether their load was good to eat. He whistled with surprise when he saw Mowgli being dragged up to a treetop and heard him give the Kite call for—'We be of one blood, thou and I.' The waves of the branches closed over the boy, but Chil balanced away to the next tree in time to see the little brown face come up again. 'Mark my trail!' Mowgli shouted. 'Tell Baloo of the Seeonee Pack and Bagheera of the Council Rock.'

'In whose name, Brother?' Rann had never seen Mowgli before, though of course he had heard of him.

'Mowgli, the Frog. Man-cub they call me! Mark my trail!'

The last words were shrieked as he was being swung through the air, but Rann nodded and rose up till he looked no bigger than a speck of dust, and there he hung, watching

with his telescope eyes the swaying of the treetops as Mowgli's escort whirled along.

'They never go far,' he said with a chuckle. 'They never do what they set out to do. Always pecking at new things are the Bandar-log. This time, if I have any eye-sight, they have pecked down trouble for themselves, for Baloo is no fledgling and Bagheera can, as I know, kill more than goats.'

So he rocked on his wings, his feet gathered up under him, and waited.

Meantime, Baloo and Bagheera were furious with rage and grief. Bagheera climbed as he had never climbed before, but the thin branches broke beneath his weight, and he slipped down, his claws full of bark.

'Why didst thou not warn the man-cub?' he roared to poor Baloo, who had set off at a clumsy trot in the hope of overtaking the monkeys. 'What was the use of half slaying him with blows if thou didst not warn him?'

'Haste! O haste! We—we may catch them yet!' Baloo panted.

'At that speed! It would not tire a wounded cow. Teacher of the Law—cub-beater—a mile of that rolling to and fro would burst thee open. Sit still and think! Make a plan. This is no time for chasing. They may drop him if we follow too close.'

'Arrula! Whoo! They may have dropped him already, being tired of carrying him. Who can trust the Bandar-log? Put dead bats on my head! Give me black bones to eat! Roll me into the hives of the wild bees that I may be stung to death, and bury me with the Hyaena, for I am most misera-

ble of bears! Arulala! Wahooa! O Mowgli, Mowgli! Why did I not warn thee against the Monkey-Folk instead of breaking thy head? Now perhaps I may have knocked the day's lesson out of his mind, and he will be alone in the jungle without the Master Words.'

Baloo clasped his paws over his ears and rolled to and fro moaning.

'At least he gave me all the Words correctly a little time ago,' said Bagheera impatiently. 'Baloo, thou hast neither memory nor respect. What would the jungle think if I, the Black Panther, curled myself up like Ikki the Porcupine, and howled?'

'What do I care what the jungle thinks? He may be dead by now.'

'Unless and until they drop him from the branches in sport, or kill him out of idleness, I have no fear for the man-cub. He is wise and well taught, and above all he has the eyes that make the Jungle-People afraid. But (and it is a great evil) he is in the power of the Bandar-log, and they, because they live in trees, have no fear of any of our people.' Bagheera licked one forepaw thoughtfully.

'Fool that I am! Oh, fat, brown, root-digging fool that I am,' said Baloo, uncoiling himself with a jerk, 'it is true what Hathi the Wild Elephant says: 'To each his own fear'; and they, the Bandar-log, fear Kaa the Rock Snake. He can climb as well as they can. He steals the young monkeys in the night. The whisper of his name makes their wicked tails cold. Let us go to Kaa.'

'What will he do for us? He is not of our tribe, being foot-

less—and with most evil eyes,' said Bagheera.

'He is very old and very cunning. Above all, he is always hungry,' said Baloo hopefully. 'Promise him many goats.'

'He sleeps for a full month after he has once eaten. He may be asleep now, and even were he awake what if he would rather kill his own goats?' Bagheera, who did not know much about Kaa, was naturally suspicious.

'Then in that case, thou and I together, old hunter, might make him see reason.' Here Baloo rubbed his faded brown shoulder against the Panther, and they went off to look for Kaa the Rock Python.

They found him stretched out on a warm ledge in the afternoon sun, admiring his beautiful new coat, for he had been in retirement for the last ten days changing his skin, and now he was very splendid—darting his big blunt-nosed head along the ground, and twisting the thirty feet of his body into fantastic knots and curves, and licking his lips as he thought of his dinner to come.

'He has not eaten,' said Baloo, with a grunt of relief, as soon as he saw the beautifully mottled brown and yellow jacket. 'Be careful, Bagheera! He is always a little blind after he has changed his skin, and very quick to strike.'

Kaa was not a poison snake—in fact he rather despised the poison snakes as cowards—but his strength lay in his hug, and when he had once lapped his huge coils round anybody there was no more to be said. 'Good hunting!' cried Baloo, sitting up on his haunches. Like all snakes of his breed Kaa was rather deaf, and did not hear the call at first. Then he curled up ready for any accident, his head low-

ered.

'Good hunting for us all,' he answered. 'Oho, Baloo, what dost thou do here? Good hunting, Bagheera. One of us at least needs food. Is there any news of game afoot? A doe now, or even a young buck? I am as empty as a dried well.'

'We are hunting,' said Baloo carelessly. He knew that you must not hurry Kaa. He is too big.

'Give me permission to come with you,' said Kaa. 'A blow more or less is nothing to thee, Bagheera or Baloo, but I—I have to wait and wait for days in a wood-path and climb half a night on the mere chance of a young ape. Psshaw! The branches are not what they were when I was young. Rotten twigs and dry boughs are they all.'

'Maybe thy great weight has something to do with the matter,' said Baloo.

'I am a fair length—a fair length,' said Kaa with a little pride. 'But for all that, it is the fault of this new-grown timber. I came very near to falling on my last hunt—very near indeed—and the noise of my slipping, for my tail was not tight wrapped around the tree, waked the Bandar-log, and they called me most evil names.'

'Footless, yellow earth-worm,' said Bagheera under his whiskers, as though he were trying to remember something.

'Sssss! Have they ever called me that?' said Kaa.

'Something of that kind it was that they shouted to us last moon, but we never noticed them. They will say anything—even that thou hast lost all thy teeth, and wilt not face anything bigger than a kid, because (they are indeed

shameless, these Bandar-log)—because thou art afraid of the he-goat's horns,' Bagheera went on sweetly.

Now a snake, especially a wary old python like Kaa, very seldom shows that he is angry, but Baloo and Bagheera could see the big swallowing muscles on either side of Kaa's throat ripple and bulge.

'The Bandar-log have shifted their grounds,' he said quietly. 'When I came up into the sun today I heard them whooping among the tree-tops.'

'It—it is the Bandar-log that we follow now,' said Baloo, but the words stuck in his throat, for that was the first time in his memory that one of the Jungle-People had owned to being interested in the doings of the monkeys.

'Beyond doubt then it is no small thing that takes two such hunters—leaders in their own jungle I am certain—on the trail of the Bandar-log,' Kaa replied courteously, as he swelled with curiosity.

'Indeed,' Baloo began, 'I am no more than the old and sometimes very foolish Teacher of the Law to the Seeonee wolf-cubs, and Bagheera here—'

'Is Bagheera,' said the Black Panther, and his jaws shut with a snap, for he did not believe in being humble. 'The trouble is this, Kaa. Those nut-stealers and pickers of palm leaves have stolen away our man-cub of whom thou hast perhaps heard.'

'I heard some news from Ikki (his quills make him presumptuous) of a man-thing that was entered into a wolf pack, but I did not believe. Ikki is full of stories half heard and very badly told.'

'But it is true. He is such a man-cub as never was,' said Baloo. 'The best and wisest and boldest of man-cubs—my own pupil, who shall make the name of Baloo famous through all the jungles; and besides, I—we—love him, Kaa.'

'Ts! Ts!' said Kaa, weaving his head to and fro. 'I also have known what love is. There are tales I could tell that—'

'That need a clear night when we are all well fed to praise properly,' said Bagheera quickly. 'Our man-cub is in the hands of the Bandar-log now, and we know that of all the Jungle-People they fear Kaa alone.'

'They fear me alone. They have good reason,' said Kaa. 'Chattering, foolish, vain—vain, foolish, and chattering, are the monkeys. But a man-thing in their hands is in no good luck. They grow tired of the nuts they pick, and throw them down. They carry a branch half a day, meaning to do great things with it, and then they snap it in two. That man-thing is not to be envied. They called me also—'yellow fish' was it not?'

'Worm—worm—earth-worm,' said Bagheera, 'as well as other things which I cannot now say for shame.'

'We must remind them to speak well of their master. Aaa-ssp! We must help their wandering memories. Now, whither went they with the cub?'

'The jungle alone knows. Toward the sunset, I believe,' said Baloo. 'We had thought that thou wouldst know, Kaa.'

'I? How? I take them when they come in my way, but I do not hunt the Bandar-log, or frogs—or green scum on a water-hole, for that matter.'

'Up, Up! Up, Up! Hillo! Illo! Illo, look up, Baloo of the

Seeonee Wolf Pack!'

Baloo looked up to see where the voice came from, and there was Rann the Kite, sweeping down with the sun shining on the upturned flanges of his wings. It was near Rann's bedtime, but he had ranged all over the jungle looking for the Bear and had missed him in the thick foliage.

'What is it?' said Baloo.

'I have seen Mowgli among the Bandar-log. He bade me tell you. I watched. The Bandar-log have taken him beyond the river to the monkey city—to the Cold Lairs. They may stay there for a night, or ten nights, or an hour. I have told the bats to watch through the dark time. That is my message. Good hunting, all you below!'

'Full gorge and a deep sleep to you, Rann,' cried Bagheera. 'I will remember thee in my next kill, and put aside the head for thee alone, O best of kites!'

'It is nothing. It is nothing. The boy held the Master Word. I could have done no less,' and Rann circled up again to his roost.

'He has not forgotten to use his tongue,' said Baloo with a chuckle of pride. 'To think of one so young remembering the Master Word for the birds too while he was being pulled across trees!'

'It was most firmly driven into him,' said Bagheera. 'But I am proud of him, and now we must go to the Cold Lairs.'

They all knew where that place was, but few of the Jungle People ever went there, because what they called the Cold Lairs was an old deserted city, lost and buried in the jungle, and beasts seldom use a place that men have once used.

The wild boar will, but the hunting tribes do not. Besides, the monkeys lived there as much as they could be said to live anywhere, and no self-respecting animal would come within eyeshot of it except in times of drought, when the half-ruined tanks and reservoirs held a little water.

'It is half a night's journey—at full speed,' said Bagheera, and Baloo looked very serious. 'I will go as fast as I can,' he said anxiously.

'We dare not wait for thee. Follow, Baloo. We must go on the quick-foot—Kaa and I.'

'Feet or no feet, I can keep abreast of all thy four,' said Kaa shortly. Baloo made one effort to hurry, but had to sit down panting, and so they left him to come on later, while Bagheera hurried forward, at the quick panther-canter. Kaa said nothing, but, strive as Bagheera might, the huge Rock-python held level with him. When they came to a hill stream, Bagheera gained, because he bounded across while Kaa swam, his head and two feet of his neck clearing the water, but on level ground Kaa made up the distance.

'By the Broken Lock that freed me,' said Bagheera, when twilight had fallen, 'thou art no slow goer!'

'I am hungry,' said Kaa. 'Besides, they called me speckled frog.'

'Worm—earth-worm, and yellow to boot.'

'All one. Let us go on,' and Kaa seemed to pour himself along the ground, finding the shortest road with his steady eyes, and keeping to it.

In the Cold Lairs the Monkey-People were not thinking of Mowgli's friends at all. They had brought the boy to the

Lost City, and were very much pleased with themselves for the time. Mowgli had never seen an Indian city before, and though this was almost a heap of ruins it seemed very wonderful and splendid. Some king had built it long ago on a little hill. You could still trace the stone causeways that led up to the ruined gates where the last splinters of wood hung to the worn, rusted hinges. Trees had grown into and out of the walls; the battlements were tumbled down and decayed, and wild creepers hung out of the windows of the towers on the walls in bushy hanging clumps.

A great roofless palace crowned the hill, and the marble of the courtyards and the fountains was split, and stained with red and green, and the very cobblestones in the courtyard where the king's elephants used to live had been thrust up and apart by grasses and young trees. From the palace you could see the rows and rows of roofless houses that made up the city looking like empty honeycombs filled with blackness; the shapeless block of stone that had been an idol in the square where four roads met; the pits and dimples at street corners where the public wells once stood, and the shattered domes of temples with wild figs sprouting on their sides. The monkeys called the place their city, and pretended to despise the Jungle-People because they lived in the forest. And yet they never knew what the buildings were made for nor how to use them. They would sit in circles on the hall of the king's council chamber, and scratch for fleas and pretend to be men; or they would run in and out of the roofless houses and collect pieces of plaster and old bricks in a corner, and forget where they had hidden them, and

fight and cry in scuffling crowds, and then break off to play up and down the terraces of the king's garden, where they would shake the rose trees and the oranges in sport to see the fruit and flowers fall. They explored all the passages and dark tunnels in the palace and the hundreds of little dark rooms, but they never remembered what they had seen and what they had not; and so drifted about in ones and twos or crowds telling each other that they were doing as men did. They drank at the tanks and made the water all muddy, and then they fought over it, and then they would all rush together in mobs and shout: 'There is no one in the jungle so wise and good and clever and strong and gentle as the Bandar-log.' Then all would begin again till they grew tired of the city and went back to the tree-tops, hoping the Jungle-People would notice them.

Mowgli, who had been trained under the Law of the Jungle, did not like or understand this kind of life. The monkeys dragged him into the Cold Lairs late in the afternoon, and instead of going to sleep, as Mowgli would have done after a long journey, they joined hands and danced about and sang their foolish songs. One of the monkeys made a speech and told his companions that Mowgli's capture marked a new thing in the history of the Bandar-log, for Mowgli was going to show them how to weave sticks and canes together as a protection against rain and cold. Mowgli picked up some creepers and began to work them in and out, and the monkeys tried to imitate; but in a very few minutes they lost interest and began to pull their friends' tails or jump up and down on all fours, coughing.

'I wish to eat,' said Mowgli. 'I am a stranger in this part of the jungle. Bring me food, or give me leave to hunt here.'

Twenty or thirty monkeys bounded away to bring him nuts and wild pawpaws. But they fell to fighting on the road, and it was too much trouble to go back with what was left of the fruit. Mowgli was sore and angry as well as hungry, and he roamed through the empty city giving the Strangers' Hunting Call from time to time, but no one answered him, and Mowgli felt that he had reached a very bad place indeed. 'All that Baloo has said about the Bandar-log is true,' he thought to himself. 'They have no Law, no Hunting Call, and no leaders—nothing but foolish words and little picking thievish hands. So if I am starved or killed here, it will be all my own fault. But I must try to return to my own jungle. Baloo will surely beat me, but that is better than chasing silly rose leaves with the Bandar-log.'

No sooner had he walked to the city wall than the monkeys pulled him back, telling him that he did not know how happy he was, and pinching him to make him grateful. He set his teeth and said nothing, but went with the shouting monkeys to a terrace above the red sandstone reservoirs that were half-full of rain water. There was a ruined summer-house of white marble in the center of the terrace, built for queens dead a hundred years ago. The domed roof had half fallen in and blocked up the underground passage from the palace by which the queens used to enter. But the walls were made of screens of marble tracery—beautiful milk-white fretwork, set with agates and cornelians and jasper and lapis lazuli, and as the moon came up behind the hill

it shone through the open work, casting shadows on the ground like black velvet embroidery. Sore, sleepy, and hungry as he was, Mowgli could not help laughing when the Bandar-log began, twenty at a time, to tell him how great and wise and strong and gentle they were, and how foolish he was to wish to leave them. 'We are great. We are free. We are wonderful. We are the most wonderful people in all the jungle! We all say so, and so it must be true,' they shouted. 'Now as you are a new listener and can carry our words back to the Jungle-People so that they may notice us in future, we will tell you all about our most excellent selves.' Mowgli made no objection, and the monkeys gathered by hundreds and hundreds on the terrace to listen to their own speakers singing the praises of the Bandar-log, and whenever a speaker stopped for want of breath they would all shout together: 'This is true; we all say so.' Mowgli nodded and blinked, and said 'Yes' when they asked him a question, and his head spun with the noise. 'Tabaqui the Jackal must have bitten all these people,' he said to himself, 'and now they have madness. Certainly this is dewanee, the madness. Do they never go to sleep? Now there is a cloud coming to cover that moon. If it were only a big enough cloud I might try to run away in the darkness. But I am tired.'

That same cloud was being watched by two good friends in the ruined ditch below the city wall, for Bagheera and Kaa, knowing well how dangerous the Monkey-People were in large numbers, did not wish to run any risks. The monkeys never fight unless they are a hundred to one, and few in the jungle care for those odds.

'I will go to the west wall,' Kaa whispered, 'and come down swiftly with the slope of the ground in my favor. They will not throw themselves upon my back in their hundreds, but—'

'I know it,' said Bagheera. 'Would that Baloo were here, but we must do what we can. When that cloud covers the moon I shall go to the terrace. They hold some sort of council there over the boy.'

'Good hunting,' said Kaa grimly, and glided away to the west wall. That happened to be the least ruined of any, and the big snake was delayed awhile before he could find a way up the stones. The cloud hid the moon, and as Mowgli wondered what would come next he heard Bagheera's light feet on the terrace. The Black Panther had raced up the slope almost without a sound and was striking—he knew better than to waste time in biting—right and left among the monkeys, who were seated round Mowgli in circles fifty and sixty deep. There was a howl of fright and rage, and then as Bagheera tripped on the rolling kicking bodies beneath him, a monkey shouted: 'There is only one here! Kill him! Kill.' A scuffling mass of monkeys, biting, scratching, tearing, and pulling, closed over Bagheera, while five or six laid hold of Mowgli, dragged him up the wall of the summerhouse and pushed him through the hole of the broken dome. A man-trained boy would have been badly bruised, for the fall was a good fifteen feet, but Mowgli fell as Baloo had taught him to fall, and landed on his feet.

'Stay there,' shouted the monkeys, 'till we have killed thy friends, and later we will play with thee—if the Poison-Peo-

ple leave thee alive.'

'We be of one blood, ye and I,' said Mowgli, quickly giving the Snake's Call. He could hear rustling and hissing in the rubbish all round him and gave the Call a second time, to make sure.

'Even ssso! Down hoods all!' said half a dozen low voices (every ruin in India becomes sooner or later a dwelling place of snakes, and the old summerhouse was alive with cobras). 'Stand still, Little Brother, for thy feet may do us harm.'

Mowgli stood as quietly as he could, peering through the open work and listening to the furious din of the fight round the Black Panther—the yells and chatterings and scufflings, and Bagheera's deep, hoarse cough as he backed and bucked and twisted and plunged under the heaps of his enemies. For the first time since he was born, Bagheera was fighting for his life.

'Baloo must be at hand; Bagheera would not have come alone,' Mowgli thought. And then he called aloud: 'To the tank, Bagheera. Roll to the water tanks. Roll and plunge! Get to the water!'

Bagheera heard, and the cry that told him Mowgli was safe gave him new courage. He worked his way desperately, inch by inch, straight for the reservoirs, halting in silence. Then from the ruined wall nearest the jungle rose up the rumbling war-shout of Baloo. The old Bear had done his best, but he could not come before. 'Bagheera,' he shouted, 'I am here. I climb! I haste! Ahuwora! The stones slip under my feet! Wait my coming, O most infamous Bandar-log!'

He panted up the terrace only to disappear to the head in a wave of monkeys, but he threw himself squarely on his haunches, and, spreading out his forepaws, hugged as many as he could hold, and then began to hit with a regular bat-bat-bat, like the flipping strokes of a paddle wheel. A crash and a splash told Mowgli that Bagheera had fought his way to the tank where the monkeys could not follow. The Panther lay gasping for breath, his head just out of the water, while the monkeys stood three deep on the red steps, dancing up and down with rage, ready to spring upon him from all sides if he came out to help Baloo. It was then that Bagheera lifted up his dripping chin, and in despair gave the Snake's Call for protection—'We be of one blood, ye and I'— for he believed that Kaa had turned tail at the last minute. Even Baloo, half smothered under the monkeys on the edge of the terrace, could not help chuckling as he heard the Black Panther asking for help.

Kaa had only just worked his way over the west wall, landing with a wrench that dislodged a coping stone into the ditch. He had no intention of losing any advantage of the ground, and coiled and uncoiled himself once or twice, to be sure that every foot of his long body was in working order. All that while the fight with Baloo went on, and the monkeys yelled in the tank round Bagheera, and Mang the Bat, flying to and fro, carried the news of the great battle over the jungle, till even Hathi the Wild Elephant trumpeted, and, far away, scattered bands of the Monkey-Folk woke and came leaping along the tree-roads to help their comrades in the Cold Lairs, and the noise of the fight roused

all the day birds for miles round. Then Kaa came straight, quickly, and anxious to kill. The fighting strength of a python is in the driving blow of his head backed by all the strength and weight of his body. If you can imagine a lance, or a battering ram, or a hammer weighing nearly half a ton driven by a cool, quiet mind living in the handle of it, you can roughly imagine what Kaa was like when he fought. A python four or five feet long can knock a man down if he hits him fairly in the chest, and Kaa was thirty feet long, as you know. His first stroke was delivered into the heart of the crowd round Baloo. It was sent home with shut mouth in silence, and there was no need of a second. The monkeys scattered with cries of—'Kaa! It is Kaa! Run! Run!'

Generations of monkeys had been scared into good behavior by the stories their elders told them of Kaa, the night thief, who could slip along the branches as quietly as moss grows, and steal away the strongest monkey that ever lived; of old Kaa, who could make himself look so like a dead branch or a rotten stump that the wisest were deceived, till the branch caught them. Kaa was everything that the monkeys feared in the jungle, for none of them knew the limits of his power, none of them could look him in the face, and none had ever come alive out of his hug. And so they ran, stammering with terror, to the walls and the roofs of the houses, and Baloo drew a deep breath of relief. His fur was much thicker than Bagheera's, but he had suffered sorely in the fight. Then Kaa opened his mouth for the first time and spoke one long hissing word, and the far-away monkeys, hurrying to the defense of the Cold Lairs, stayed where

they were, cowering, till the loaded branches bent and crackled under them. The monkeys on the walls and the empty houses stopped their cries, and in the stillness that fell upon the city Mowgli heard Bagheera shaking his wet sides as he came up from the tank. Then the clamor broke out again. The monkeys leaped higher up the walls. They clung around the necks of the big stone idols and shrieked as they skipped along the battlements, while Mowgli, dancing in the summerhouse, put his eye to the screenwork and hooted owl-fashion between his front teeth, to show his derision and contempt.

'Get the man-cub out of that trap; I can do no more,' Bagheera gasped. 'Let us take the man-cub and go. They may attack again.'

'They will not move till I order them. Stay you sssso!' Kaa hissed, and the city was silent once more. 'I could not come before, Brother, but I think I heard thee call'—this was to Bagheera.

'I—I may have cried out in the battle,' Bagheera answered. 'Baloo, art thou hurt?

'I am not sure that they did not pull me into a hundred little bearlings,' said Baloo, gravely shaking one leg after the other. 'Wow! I am sore. Kaa, we owe thee, I think, our lives—Bagheera and I.'

'No matter. Where is the manling?'

'Here, in a trap. I cannot climb out,' cried Mowgli. The curve of the broken dome was above his head.

'Take him away. He dances like Mao the Peacock. He will crush our young,' said the cobras inside.

'Hah!' said Kaa with a chuckle, 'he has friends everywhere, this manling. Stand back, manling. And hide you, O Poison People. I break down the wall.'

Kaa looked carefully till he found a discolored crack in the marble tracery showing a weak spot, made two or three light taps with his head to get the distance, and then lifting up six feet of his body clear of the ground, sent home half a dozen full-power smashing blows, nose-first. The screenwork broke and fell away in a cloud of dust and rubbish, and Mowgli leaped through the opening and flung himself between Baloo and Bagheera—an arm around each big neck.

'Art thou hurt?' said Baloo, hugging him softly.

'I am sore, hungry, and not a little bruised. But, oh, they have handled ye grievously, my Brothers! Ye bleed.'

'Others also,' said Bagheera, licking his lips and looking at the monkey-dead on the terrace and round the tank.

'It is nothing, it is nothing, if thou art safe, oh, my pride of all little frogs!' whimpered Baloo.

'Of that we shall judge later,' said Bagheera, in a dry voice that Mowgli did not at all like. 'But here is Kaa to whom we owe the battle and thou owest thy life. Thank him according to our customs, Mowgli.'

Mowgli turned and saw the great Python's head swaying a foot above his own.

'So this is the manling,' said Kaa. 'Very soft is his skin, and he is not unlike the Bandar-log. Have a care, manling, that I do not mistake thee for a monkey some twilight when I have newly changed my coat.'

'We be one blood, thou and I,' Mowgli answered. 'I take

my life from thee tonight. My kill shall be thy kill if ever thou art hungry, O Kaa.'

'All thanks, Little Brother,' said Kaa, though his eyes twinkled. 'And what may so bold a hunter kill? I ask that I may follow when next he goes abroad.'

'I kill nothing,—I am too little,—but I drive goats toward such as can use them. When thou art empty come to me and see if I speak the truth. I have some skill in these [he held out his hands], and if ever thou art in a trap, I may pay the debt which I owe to thee, to Bagheera, and to Baloo, here. Good hunting to ye all, my masters.'

'Well said,' growled Baloo, for Mowgli had returned thanks very prettily. The Python dropped his head lightly for a minute on Mowgli's shoulder. 'A brave heart and a courteous tongue,' said he. 'They shall carry thee far through the jungle, manling. But now go hence quickly with thy friends. Go and sleep, for the moon sets, and what follows it is not well that thou shouldst see.'

The moon was sinking behind the hills and the lines of trembling monkeys huddled together on the walls and battlements looked like ragged shaky fringes of things. Baloo went down to the tank for a drink and Bagheera began to put his fur in order, as Kaa glided out into the center of the terrace and brought his jaws together with a ringing snap that drew all the monkeys' eyes upon him.

'The moon sets,' he said. 'Is there yet light enough to see?'

From the walls came a moan like the wind in the treetops— 'We see, O Kaa.'

'Good. Begins now the dance—the Dance of the Hunger of Kaa. Sit still and watch.'

He turned twice or thrice in a big circle, weaving his head from right to left. Then he began making loops and figures of eight with his body, and soft, oozy triangles that melted into squares and five-sided figures, and coiled mounds, never resting, never hurrying, and never stopping his low humming song. It grew darker and darker, till at last the dragging, shifting coils disappeared, but they could hear the rustle of the scales.

Baloo and Bagheera stood still as stone, growling in their throats, their neck hair bristling, and Mowgli watched and wondered.

'Bandar-log,' said the voice of Kaa at last, 'can ye stir foot or hand without my order? Speak!'

'Without thy order we cannot stir foot or hand, O Kaa!'

'Good! Come all one pace nearer to me.'

The lines of the monkeys swayed forward helplessly, and Baloo and Bagheera took one stiff step forward with them.

'Nearer!' hissed Kaa, and they all moved again.

Mowgli laid his hands on Baloo and Bagheera to get them away, and the two great beasts started as though they had been waked from a dream.

'Keep thy hand on my shoulder,' Bagheera whispered. 'Keep it there, or I must go back—must go back to Kaa. Aah!'

'It is only old Kaa making circles on the dust,' said Mowgli. 'Let us go.' And the three slipped off through a gap in the walls to the jungle.

'Whoof!' said Baloo, when he stood under the still trees again. 'Never more will I make an ally of Kaa,' and he shook himself all over.

'He knows more than we,' said Bagheera, trembling. 'In a little time, had I stayed, I should have walked down his throat.'

'Many will walk by that road before the moon rises again,' said Baloo. 'He will have good hunting—after his own fashion.'

'But what was the meaning of it all?' said Mowgli, who did not know anything of a python's powers of fascination. 'I saw no more than a big snake making foolish circles till the dark came. And his nose was all sore. Ho! Ho!'

'Mowgli,' said Bagheera angrily, 'his nose was sore on thy account, as my ears and sides and paws, and Baloo's neck and shoulders are bitten on thy account. Neither Baloo nor Bagheera will be able to hunt with pleasure for many days.'

'It is nothing,' said Baloo; 'we have the man-cub again.'

'True, but he has cost us heavily in time which might have been spent in good hunting, in wounds, in hair—I am half plucked along my back—and last of all, in honor. For, remember, Mowgli, I, who am the Black Panther, was forced to call upon Kaa for protection, and Baloo and I were both made stupid as little birds by the Hunger Dance. All this, man-cub, came of thy playing with the Bandar-log.'

'True, it is true,' said Mowgli sorrowfully. 'I am an evil man-cub, and my stomach is sad in me.'

'Mf! What says the Law of the Jungle, Baloo?'

Baloo did not wish to bring Mowgli into any more trou-

ble, but he could not tamper with the Law, so he mumbled: 'Sorrow never stays punishment. But remember, Bagheera, he is very little.'

'I will remember. But he has done mischief, and blows must be dealt now. Mowgli, hast thou anything to say?'

'Nothing. I did wrong. Baloo and thou are wounded. It is just.'

Bagheera gave him half a dozen love-taps from a panther's point of view (they would hardly have waked one of his own cubs), but for a seven-year-old boy they amounted to as severe a beating as you could wish to avoid. When it was all over Mowgli sneezed, and picked himself up without a word.

'Now,' said Bagheera, 'jump on my back, Little Brother, and we will go home.'

One of the beauties of Jungle Law is that punishment settles all scores. There is no nagging afterward.

Mowgli laid his head down on Bagheera's back and slept so deeply that he never waked when he was put down in the home-cave.

Road-Song of the Bandar-Log

Here we go in a flung festoon,
Half-way up to the jealous moon!
Don't you envy our pranceful bands?
Don't you wish you had extra hands?
Wouldn't you like if your tails were—so—
Curved in the shape of a Cupid's bow?
Now you're angry, but—never mind,
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!

Here we sit in a branchy row,
Thinking of beautiful things we know;
Dreaming of deeds that we mean to do,
All complete, in a minute or two—
Something noble and wise and good,
Done by merely wishing we could.
We've forgotten, but—never mind,
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!

All the talk we ever have heard
Uttered by bat or beast or bird—
Hide or fin or scale or feather—
Jabber it quickly and all together!

Excellent! Wonderful! Once again!

Now we are talking just like men!
Let's pretend we are ... never mind,
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!
This is the way of the Monkey-kind.

Then join our leaping lines that scumfish through the pines,
That rocket by where, light and high, the wild grape swings.
By the rubbish in our wake, and the noble noise we make,
Be sure, be sure, we're going to do some splendid things!

'Tiger! Tiger!'

What of the hunting, hunter bold?
Brother, the watch was long and cold.
What of the quarry ye went to kill?
Brother, he crops in the jungle still.
Where is the power that made your pride?
Brother, it ebbs from my flank and side.
Where is the haste that ye hurry by?
Brother, I go to my lair—to die.

Now we must go back to the first tale. When Mowgli left the wolf's cave after the fight with the Pack at the Council Rock, he went down to the plowed lands where the villagers lived, but he would not stop there because it was too near to the jungle, and he knew that he had made at least one bad enemy at the Council. So he hurried on, keeping to the rough road that ran down the valley, and followed it at a steady jog-trot for nearly twenty miles, till he came to a country that he did not know. The valley opened out into a great plain dotted over with rocks and cut up by ravines. At one end stood a little village, and at the other the thick jungle came down in a sweep to the grazing-grounds, and stopped there as though it had been cut off with a hoe. All over the plain, cattle and buffaloes were grazing, and when the little boys in charge of the herds saw Mowgli they

shouted and ran away, and the yellow pariah dogs that hang about every Indian village barked. Mowgli walked on, for he was feeling hungry, and when he came to the village gate he saw the big thorn-bush that was drawn up before the gate at twilight, pushed to one side.

'Umph!' he said, for he had come across more than one such barricade in his night rambles after things to eat. 'So men are afraid of the People of the Jungle here also.' He sat down by the gate, and when a man came out he stood up, opened his mouth, and pointed down it to show that he wanted food. The man stared, and ran back up the one street of the village shouting for the priest, who was a big, fat man dressed in white, with a red and yellow mark on his forehead. The priest came to the gate, and with him at least a hundred people, who stared and talked and shouted and pointed at Mowgli.

'They have no manners, these Men Folk,' said Mowgli to himself. 'Only the gray ape would behave as they do.' So he threw back his long hair and frowned at the crowd.

'What is there to be afraid of?' said the priest. 'Look at the marks on his arms and legs. They are the bites of wolves. He is but a wolf-child run away from the jungle.'

Of course, in playing together, the cubs had often nipped Mowgli harder than they intended, and there were white scars all over his arms and legs. But he would have been the last person in the world to call these bites, for he knew what real biting meant.

'Arre! Arre!' said two or three women together. 'To be bitten by wolves, poor child! He is a handsome boy. He has

eyes like red fire. By my honor, Messua, he is not unlike thy boy that was taken by the tiger.'

'Let me look,' said a woman with heavy copper rings on her wrists and ankles, and she peered at Mowgli under the palm of her hand. 'Indeed he is not. He is thinner, but he has the very look of my boy.'

The priest was a clever man, and he knew that Messua was wife to the richest villager in the place. So he looked up at the sky for a minute and said solemnly: 'What the jungle has taken the jungle has restored. Take the boy into thy house, my sister, and forget not to honor the priest who sees so far into the lives of men.'

'By the Bull that bought me,' said Mowgli to himself, 'but all this talking is like another looking-over by the Pack! Well, if I am a man, a man I must become.'

The crowd parted as the woman beckoned Mowgli to her hut, where there was a red lacquered bedstead, a great earthen grain chest with funny raised patterns on it, half a dozen copper cooking pots, an image of a Hindu god in a little alcove, and on the wall a real looking glass, such as they sell at the country fairs.

She gave him a long drink of milk and some bread, and then she laid her hand on his head and looked into his eyes; for she thought perhaps that he might be her real son come back from the jungle where the tiger had taken him. So she said, 'Nathoo, O Nathoo!' Mowgli did not show that he knew the name. 'Dost thou not remember the day when I gave thee thy new shoes?' She touched his foot, and it was almost as hard as horn. 'No,' she said sorrowfully, 'those

feet have never worn shoes, but thou art very like my Nathoo, and thou shalt be my son.'

Mowgli was uneasy, because he had never been under a roof before. But as he looked at the thatch, he saw that he could tear it out any time if he wanted to get away, and that the window had no fastenings. 'What is the good of a man,' he said to himself at last, 'if he does not understand man's talk? Now I am as silly and dumb as a man would be with us in the jungle. I must speak their talk.'

It was not for fun that he had learned while he was with the wolves to imitate the challenge of bucks in the jungle and the grunt of the little wild pig. So, as soon as Messua pronounced a word Mowgli would imitate it almost perfectly, and before dark he had learned the names of many things in the hut.

There was a difficulty at bedtime, because Mowgli would not sleep under anything that looked so like a panther trap as that hut, and when they shut the door he went through the window. 'Give him his will,' said Messua's husband. 'Remember he can never till now have slept on a bed. If he is indeed sent in the place of our son he will not run away.'

So Mowgli stretched himself in some long, clean grass at the edge of the field, but before he had closed his eyes a soft gray nose poked him under the chin.

'Phew!' said Gray Brother (he was the eldest of Mother Wolf's cubs). 'This is a poor reward for following thee twenty miles. Thou smellest of wood smoke and cattle—altogether like a man already. Wake, Little Brother; I bring news.'

'Are all well in the jungle?' said Mowgli, hugging him.

'All except the wolves that were burned with the Red Flower. Now, listen. Shere Khan has gone away to hunt far off till his coat grows again, for he is badly singed. When he returns he swears that he will lay thy bones in the Waingunga.'

'There are two words to that. I also have made a little promise. But news is always good. I am tired to-night,—very tired with new things, Gray Brother,—but bring me the news always.'

'Thou wilt not forget that thou art a wolf? Men will not make thee forget?' said Gray Brother anxiously.

'Never. I will always remember that I love thee and all in our cave. But also I will always remember that I have been cast out of the Pack.'

'And that thou mayest be cast out of another pack. Men are only men, Little Brother, and their talk is like the talk of frogs in a pond. When I come down here again, I will wait for thee in the bamboos at the edge of the grazing-ground.'

For three months after that night Mowgli hardly ever left the village gate, he was so busy learning the ways and customs of men. First he had to wear a cloth round him, which annoyed him horribly; and then he had to learn about money, which he did not in the least understand, and about plowing, of which he did not see the use. Then the little children in the village made him very angry. Luckily, the Law of the Jungle had taught him to keep his temper, for in the jungle life and food depend on keeping your temper; but when they made fun of him because he would not

play games or fly kites, or because he mispronounced some word, only the knowledge that it was unsportsmanlike to kill little naked cubs kept him from picking them up and breaking them in two.

He did not know his own strength in the least. In the jungle he knew he was weak compared with the beasts, but in the village people said that he was as strong as a bull.

And Mowgli had not the faintest idea of the difference that caste makes between man and man. When the potter's donkey slipped in the clay pit, Mowgli hauled it out by the tail, and helped to stack the pots for their journey to the market at Khanhiwara. That was very shocking, too, for the potter is a low-caste man, and his donkey is worse. When the priest scolded him, Mowgli threatened to put him on the donkey too, and the priest told Messua's husband that Mowgli had better be set to work as soon as possible; and the village head-man told Mowgli that he would have to go out with the buffaloes next day, and herd them while they grazed. No one was more pleased than Mowgli; and that night, because he had been appointed a servant of the village, as it were, he went off to a circle that met every evening on a masonry platform under a great fig-tree. It was the village club, and the head-man and the watchman and the barber, who knew all the gossip of the village, and old Buldeo, the village hunter, who had a Tower musket, met and smoked. The monkeys sat and talked in the upper branches, and there was a hole under the platform where a cobra lived, and he had his little platter of milk every night because he was sacred; and the old men sat around the tree and talk-

ed, and pulled at the big huqas (the water-pipes) till far into the night. They told wonderful tales of gods and men and ghosts; and Buldeo told even more wonderful ones of the ways of beasts in the jungle, till the eyes of the children sitting outside the circle bulged out of their heads. Most of the tales were about animals, for the jungle was always at their door. The deer and the wild pig grubbed up their crops, and now and again the tiger carried off a man at twilight, within sight of the village gates.

Mowgli, who naturally knew something about what they were talking of, had to cover his face not to show that he was laughing, while Buldeo, the Tower musket across his knees, climbed on from one wonderful story to another, and Mowgli's shoulders shook.

Buldeo was explaining how the tiger that had carried away Messua's son was a ghost-tiger, and his body was inhabited by the ghost of a wicked, old money-lender, who had died some years ago. 'And I know that this is true,' he said, 'because Purun Dass always limped from the blow that he got in a riot when his account books were burned, and the tiger that I speak of he limps, too, for the tracks of his pads are unequal.'

'True, true, that must be the truth,' said the gray-beards, nodding together.

'Are all these tales such cobwebs and moon talk?' said Mowgli. 'That tiger limps because he was born lame, as everyone knows. To talk of the soul of a money-lender in a beast that never had the courage of a jackal is child's talk.'

Buldeo was speechless with surprise for a moment, and

the head-man stared.

'Oho! It is the jungle brat, is it?' said Buldeo. 'If thou art so wise, better bring his hide to Khanhiwara, for the Government has set a hundred rupees on his life. Better still, talk not when thy elders speak.'

Mowgli rose to go. 'All the evening I have lain here listening,' he called back over his shoulder, 'and, except once or twice, Buldeo has not said one word of truth concerning the jungle, which is at his very doors. How, then, shall I believe the tales of ghosts and gods and goblins which he says he has seen?'

'It is full time that boy went to herding,' said the head-man, while Buldeo puffed and snorted at Mowgli's impertinence.

The custom of most Indian villages is for a few boys to take the cattle and buffaloes out to graze in the early morning, and bring them back at night. The very cattle that would trample a white man to death allow themselves to be banged and bullied and shouted at by children that hardly come up to their noses. So long as the boys keep with the herds they are safe, for not even the tiger will charge a mob of cattle. But if they straggle to pick flowers or hunt lizards, they are sometimes carried off. Mowgli went through the village street in the dawn, sitting on the back of Rama, the great herd bull. The slaty-blue buffaloes, with their long, backward-sweeping horns and savage eyes, rose out their byres, one by one, and followed him, and Mowgli made it very clear to the children with him that he was the master. He beat the buffaloes with a long, polished bamboo, and

told Kamya, one of the boys, to graze the cattle by themselves, while he went on with the buffaloes, and to be very careful not to stray away from the herd.

An Indian grazing ground is all rocks and scrub and tussocks and little ravines, among which the herds scatter and disappear. The buffaloes generally keep to the pools and muddy places, where they lie wallowing or basking in the warm mud for hours. Mowgli drove them on to the edge of the plain where the Waingunga came out of the jungle; then he dropped from Rama's neck, trotted off to a bamboo clump, and found Gray Brother. 'Ah,' said Gray Brother, 'I have waited here very many days. What is the meaning of this cattle-herding work?'

'It is an order,' said Mowgli. 'I am a village herd for a while. What news of Shere Khan?'

'He has come back to this country, and has waited here a long time for thee. Now he has gone off again, for the game is scarce. But he means to kill thee.'

'Very good,' said Mowgli. 'So long as he is away do thou or one of the four brothers sit on that rock, so that I can see thee as I come out of the village. When he comes back wait for me in the ravine by the dhak tree in the center of the plain. We need not walk into Shere Khan's mouth.'

Then Mowgli picked out a shady place, and lay down and slept while the buffaloes grazed round him. Herding in India is one of the laziest things in the world. The cattle move and crunch, and lie down, and move on again, and they do not even low. They only grunt, and the buffaloes very seldom say anything, but get down into the muddy pools

one after another, and work their way into the mud till only their noses and staring china-blue eyes show above the surface, and then they lie like logs. The sun makes the rocks dance in the heat, and the herd children hear one kite (never any more) whistling almost out of sight overhead, and they know that if they died, or a cow died, that kite would sweep down, and the next kite miles away would see him drop and follow, and the next, and the next, and almost before they were dead there would be a score of hungry kites come out of nowhere. Then they sleep and wake and sleep again, and weave little baskets of dried grass and put grasshoppers in them; or catch two praying mantises and make them fight; or string a necklace of red and black jungle nuts; or watch a lizard basking on a rock, or a snake hunting a frog near the wallows. Then they sing long, long songs with odd native quavers at the end of them, and the day seems longer than most people's whole lives, and perhaps they make a mud castle with mud figures of men and horses and buffaloes, and put reeds into the men's hands, and pretend that they are kings and the figures are their armies, or that they are gods to be worshiped. Then evening comes and the children call, and the buffaloes lumber up out of the sticky mud with noises like gunshots going off one after the other, and they all string across the gray plain back to the twinkling village lights.

Day after day Mowgli would lead the buffaloes out to their wallows, and day after day he would see Gray Brother's back a mile and a half away across the plain (so he knew that Shere Khan had not come back), and day after day he

would lie on the grass listening to the noises round him, and dreaming of old days in the jungle. If Shere Khan had made a false step with his lame paw up in the jungles by the Waingunga, Mowgli would have heard him in those long, still mornings.

At last a day came when he did not see Gray Brother at the signal place, and he laughed and headed the buffaloes for the ravine by the dhk tree, which was all covered with golden-red flowers. There sat Gray Brother, every bristle on his back lifted.

'He has hidden for a month to throw thee off thy guard. He crossed the ranges last night with Tabaqui, hot-foot on thy trail,' said the Wolf, panting.

Mowgli frowned. 'I am not afraid of Shere Khan, but Tabaqui is very cunning.'

'Have no fear,' said Gray Brother, licking his lips a little. 'I met Tabaqui in the dawn. Now he is telling all his wisdom to the kites, but he told me everything before I broke his back. Shere Khan's plan is to wait for thee at the village gate this evening—for thee and for no one else. He is lying up now, in the big dry ravine of the Waingunga.'

'Has he eaten today, or does he hunt empty?' said Mowgli, for the answer meant life and death to him.

'He killed at dawn,—a pig,—and he has drunk too. Remember, Shere Khan could never fast, even for the sake of revenge.'

'Oh! Fool, fool! What a cub's cub it is! Eaten and drunk too, and he thinks that I shall wait till he has slept! Now, where does he lie up? If there were but ten of us we might

pull him down as he lies. These buffaloes will not charge unless they wind him, and I cannot speak their language. Can we get behind his track so that they may smell it?'

'He swam far down the Waingunga to cut that off,' said Gray Brother.

'Tabaqui told him that, I know. He would never have thought of it alone.' Mowgli stood with his finger in his mouth, thinking. 'The big ravine of the Waingunga. That opens out on the plain not half a mile from here. I can take the herd round through the jungle to the head of the ravine and then sweep down —but he would slink out at the foot. We must block that end. Gray Brother, canst thou cut the herd in two for me?'

'Not I, perhaps—but I have brought a wise helper.' Gray Brother trotted off and dropped into a hole. Then there lifted up a huge gray head that Mowgli knew well, and the hot air was filled with the most desolate cry of all the jungle—the hunting howl of a wolf at midday.

'Akela! Akela!' said Mowgli, clapping his hands. 'I might have known that thou wouldst not forget me. We have a big work in hand. Cut the herd in two, Akela. Keep the cows and calves together, and the bulls and the plow buffaloes by themselves.'

The two wolves ran, ladies'-chain fashion, in and out of the herd, which snorted and threw up its head, and separated into two clumps. In one, the cow-buffaloes stood with their calves in the center, and glared and pawed, ready, if a wolf would only stay still, to charge down and trample the life out of him. In the other, the bulls and the young bulls

snorted and stamped, but though they looked more imposing they were much less dangerous, for they had no calves to protect. No six men could have divided the herd so neatly.

'What orders!' panted Akela. 'They are trying to join again.'

Mowgli slipped on to Rama's back. 'Drive the bulls away to the left, Akela. Gray Brother, when we are gone, hold the cows together, and drive them into the foot of the ravine.'

'How far?' said Gray Brother, panting and snapping.

'Till the sides are higher than Shere Khan can jump,' shouted Mowgli. 'Keep them there till we come down.' The bulls swept off as Akela bayed, and Gray Brother stopped in front of the cows. They charged down on him, and he ran just before them to the foot of the ravine, as Akela drove the bulls far to the left.

'Well done! Another charge and they are fairly started. Careful, now—careful, Akela. A snap too much and the bulls will charge. Hujah! This is wilder work than driving black-buck. Didst thou think these creatures could move so swiftly?' Mowgli called.

'I have—have hunted these too in my time,' gasped Akela in the dust. 'Shall I turn them into the jungle?'

'Ay! Turn. Swiftly turn them! Rama is mad with rage. Oh, if I could only tell him what I need of him to-day.'

The bulls were turned, to the right this time, and crashed into the standing thicket. The other herd children, watching with the cattle half a mile away, hurried to the village as fast as their legs could carry them, crying that the buffaloes had gone mad and run away.

But Mowgli's plan was simple enough. All he wanted to do was to make a big circle uphill and get at the head of the ravine, and then take the bulls down it and catch Shere Khan between the bulls and the cows; for he knew that after a meal and a full drink Shere Khan would not be in any condition to fight or to clamber up the sides of the ravine. He was soothing the buffaloes now by voice, and Akela had dropped far to the rear, only whimpering once or twice to hurry the rear-guard. It was a long, long circle, for they did not wish to get too near the ravine and give Shere Khan warning. At last Mowgli rounded up the bewildered herd at the head of the ravine on a grassy patch that sloped steeply down to the ravine itself. From that height you could see across the tops of the trees down to the plain below; but what Mowgli looked at was the sides of the ravine, and he saw with a great deal of satisfaction that they ran nearly straight up and down, while the vines and creepers that hung over them would give no foothold to a tiger who wanted to get out.

'Let them breathe, Akela,' he said, holding up his hand. 'They have not winded him yet. Let them breathe. I must tell Shere Khan who comes. We have him in the trap.'

He put his hands to his mouth and shouted down the ravine— it was almost like shouting down a tunnel—and the echoes jumped from rock to rock.

After a long time there came back the drawling, sleepy snarl of a full-fed tiger just wakened.

'Who calls?' said Shere Khan, and a splendid peacock fluttered up out of the ravine screeching.

'I, Mowgli. Cattle thief, it is time to come to the Council Rock! Down—hurry them down, Akela! Down, Rama, down!'

The herd paused for an instant at the edge of the slope, but Akela gave tongue in the full hunting-yell, and they pitched over one after the other, just as steamers shoot rapids, the sand and stones spurting up round them. Once started, there was no chance of stopping, and before they were fairly in the bed of the ravine Rama winded Shere Khan and bellowed.

'Ha! Ha!' said Mowgli, on his back. 'Now thou knowest!' and the torrent of black horns, foaming muzzles, and staring eyes whirled down the ravine just as boulders go down in floodtime; the weaker buffaloes being shouldered out to the sides of the ravine where they tore through the creepers. They knew what the business was before them—the terrible charge of the buffalo herd against which no tiger can hope to stand. Shere Khan heard the thunder of their hoofs, picked himself up, and lumbered down the ravine, looking from side to side for some way of escape, but the walls of the ravine were straight and he had to hold on, heavy with his dinner and his drink, willing to do anything rather than fight. The herd splashed through the pool he had just left, bellowing till the narrow cut rang. Mowgli heard an answering bellow from the foot of the ravine, saw Shere Khan turn (the tiger knew if the worst came to the worst it was better to meet the bulls than the cows with their calves), and then Rama tripped, stumbled, and went on again over something soft, and, with the bulls at his heels, crashed full

into the other herd, while the weaker buffaloes were lifted clean off their feet by the shock of the meeting. That charge carried both herds out into the plain, goring and stamping and snorting. Mowgli watched his time, and slipped off Rama's neck, laying about him right and left with his stick.

'Quick, Akela! Break them up. Scatter them, or they will be fighting one another. Drive them away, Akela. Hai, Rama! Hai, hai, hai! my children. Softly now, softly! It is all over.'

Akela and Gray Brother ran to and fro nipping the buffaloes' legs, and though the herd wheeled once to charge up the ravine again, Mowgli managed to turn Rama, and the others followed him to the wallows.

Shere Khan needed no more trampling. He was dead, and the kites were coming for him already.

'Brothers, that was a dog's death,' said Mowgli, feeling for the knife he always carried in a sheath round his neck now that he lived with men. 'But he would never have shown fight. His hide will look well on the Council Rock. We must get to work swiftly.'

A boy trained among men would never have dreamed of skinning a ten-foot tiger alone, but Mowgli knew better than anyone else how an animal's skin is fitted on, and how it can be taken off. But it was hard work, and Mowgli slashed and tore and grunted for an hour, while the wolves lolled out their tongues, or came forward and tugged as he ordered them. Presently a hand fell on his shoulder, and looking up he saw Buldeo with the Tower musket. The children had told the village about the buffalo stampede, and

Buldeo went out angrily, only too anxious to correct Mowgli for not taking better care of the herd. The wolves dropped out of sight as soon as they saw the man coming.

'What is this folly?' said Buldeo angrily. 'To think that thou canst skin a tiger! Where did the buffaloes kill him? It is the Lame Tiger too, and there is a hundred rupees on his head. Well, well, we will overlook thy letting the herd run off, and perhaps I will give thee one of the rupees of the reward when I have taken the skin to Khanhiwara.' He fumbled in his waist cloth for flint and steel, and stooped down to singe Shere Khan's whiskers. Most native hunters always singe a tiger's whiskers to prevent his ghost from haunting them.

'Hum!' said Mowgli, half to himself as he ripped back the skin of a forepaw. 'So thou wilt take the hide to Khanhiwara for the reward, and perhaps give me one rupee? Now it is in my mind that I need the skin for my own use. Heh! Old man, take away that fire!'

'What talk is this to the chief hunter of the village? Thy luck and the stupidity of thy buffaloes have helped thee to this kill. The tiger has just fed, or he would have gone twenty miles by this time. Thou canst not even skin him properly, little beggar brat, and forsooth I, Buldeo, must be told not to singe his whiskers. Mowgli, I will not give thee one anna of the reward, but only a very big beating. Leave the carcass!'

'By the Bull that bought me,' said Mowgli, who was trying to get at the shoulder, 'must I stay babbling to an old ape all noon? Here, Akela, this man plagues me.'

Buldeo, who was still stooping over Shere Khan's head,

found himself sprawling on the grass, with a gray wolf standing over him, while Mowgli went on skinning as though he were alone in all India.

'Ye-es,' he said, between his teeth. 'Thou art altogether right, Buldeo. Thou wilt never give me one anna of the reward. There is an old war between this lame tiger and myself—a very old war, and—I have won.'

To do Buldeo justice, if he had been ten years younger he would have taken his chance with Akela had he met the wolf in the woods, but a wolf who obeyed the orders of this boy who had private wars with man-eating tigers was not a common animal. It was sorcery, magic of the worst kind, thought Buldeo, and he wondered whether the amulet round his neck would protect him. He lay as still as still, expecting every minute to see Mowgli turn into a tiger too.

'Maharaj! Great King,' he said at last in a husky whisper.

'Yes,' said Mowgli, without turning his head, chuckling a little.

'I am an old man. I did not know that thou wast anything more than a herdsboy. May I rise up and go away, or will thy servant tear me to pieces?'

'Go, and peace go with thee. Only, another time do not meddle with my game. Let him go, Akela.'

Buldeo hobbled away to the village as fast as he could, looking back over his shoulder in case Mowgli should change into something terrible. When he got to the village he told a tale of magic and enchantment and sorcery that made the priest look very grave.

Mowgli went on with his work, but it was nearly twilight

before he and the wolves had drawn the great gay skin clear of the body.

'Now we must hide this and take the buffaloes home! Help me to herd them, Akela.'

The herd rounded up in the misty twilight, and when they got near the village Mowgli saw lights, and heard the conches and bells in the temple blowing and banging. Half the village seemed to be waiting for him by the gate. 'That is because I have killed Shere Khan,' he said to himself. But a shower of stones whistled about his ears, and the villagers shouted: 'Sorcerer! Wolf's brat! Jungle demon! Go away! Get hence quickly or the priest will turn thee into a wolf again. Shoot, Buldeo, shoot!'

The old Tower musket went off with a bang, and a young buffalo bellowed in pain.

'More sorcery!' shouted the villagers. 'He can turn bullets. Buldeo, that was thy buffalo.'

'Now what is this?' said Mowgli, bewildered, as the stones flew thicker.

'They are not unlike the Pack, these brothers of thine,' said Akela, sitting down composedly. 'It is in my head that, if bullets mean anything, they would cast thee out.'

'Wolf! Wolf's cub! Go away!' shouted the priest, waving a sprig of the sacred tulsi plant.

'Again? Last time it was because I was a man. This time it is because I am a wolf. Let us go, Akela.'

A woman—it was Messua—ran across to the herd, and cried: 'Oh, my son, my son! They say thou art a sorcerer who can turn himself into a beast at will. I do not believe, but go

away or they will kill thee. Buldeo says thou art a wizard, but I know thou hast avenged Nathoo's death.'

'Come back, Messua!' shouted the crowd. 'Come back, or we will stone thee.'

Mowgli laughed a little short ugly laugh, for a stone had hit him in the mouth. 'Run back, Messua. This is one of the foolish tales they tell under the big tree at dusk. I have at least paid for thy son's life. Farewell; and run quickly, for I shall send the herd in more swiftly than their brickbats. I am no wizard, Messua. Farewell!'

'Now, once more, Akela,' he cried. 'Bring the herd in.'

The buffaloes were anxious enough to get to the village. They hardly needed Akela's yell, but charged through the gate like a whirlwind, scattering the crowd right and left.

'Keep count!' shouted Mowgli scornfully. 'It may be that I have stolen one of them. Keep count, for I will do your herding no more. Fare you well, children of men, and thank Messua that I do not come in with my wolves and hunt you up and down your street.'

He turned on his heel and walked away with the Lone Wolf, and as he looked up at the stars he felt happy. 'No more sleeping in traps for me, Akela. Let us get Shere Khan's skin and go away. No, we will not hurt the village, for Messua was kind to me.'

When the moon rose over the plain, making it look all milky, the horrified villagers saw Mowgli, with two wolves at his heels and a bundle on his head, trotting across at the steady wolf's trot that eats up the long miles like fire. Then they banged the temple bells and blew the conches louder

than ever. And Messua cried, and Buldeo embroidered the story of his adventures in the jungle, till he ended by saying that Akela stood up on his hind legs and talked like a man.

The moon was just going down when Mowgli and the two wolves came to the hill of the Council Rock, and they stopped at Mother Wolf's cave.

'They have cast me out from the Man-Pack, Mother,' shouted Mowgli, 'but I come with the hide of Shere Khan to keep my word.'

Mother Wolf walked stiffly from the cave with the cubs behind her, and her eyes glowed as she saw the skin.

'I told him on that day, when he crammed his head and shoulders into this cave, hunting for thy life, Little Frog—I told him that the hunter would be the hunted. It is well done.'

'Little Brother, it is well done,' said a deep voice in the thicket. 'We were lonely in the jungle without thee, and Bagheera came running to Mowgli's bare feet. They clambered up the Council Rock together, and Mowgli spread the skin out on the flat stone where Akela used to sit, and pegged it down with four slivers of bamboo, and Akela lay down upon it, and called the old call to the Council, 'Look—look well, O Wolves,' exactly as he had called when Mowgli was first brought there.

Ever since Akela had been deposed, the Pack had been without a leader, hunting and fighting at their own pleasure. But they answered the call from habit; and some of them were lame from the traps they had fallen into, and some limped from shot wounds, and some were mangy from eat-

ing bad food, and many were missing. But they came to the Council Rock, all that were left of them, and saw Shere Khan's striped hide on the rock, and the huge claws dangling at the end of the empty dangling feet. It was then that Mowgli made up a song that came up into his throat all by itself, and he shouted it aloud, leaping up and down on the rattling skin, and beating time with his heels till he had no more breath left, while Gray Brother and Akela howled between the verses.

'Look well, O Wolves. Have I kept my word?' said Mowgli. And the wolves bayed 'Yes,' and one tattered wolf howled:

'Lead us again, O Akela. Lead us again, O Man-cub, for we be sick of this lawlessness, and we would be the Free People once more.'

'Nay,' purred Bagheera, 'that may not be. When ye are full-fed, the madness may come upon you again. Not for nothing are ye called the Free People. Ye fought for freedom, and it is yours. Eat it, O Wolves.'

'Man-Pack and Wolf-Pack have cast me out,' said Mowgli. 'Now I will hunt alone in the jungle.'

'And we will hunt with thee,' said the four cubs.

So Mowgli went away and hunted with the four cubs in the jungle from that day on. But he was not always alone, because, years afterward, he became a man and married.

But that is a story for grown-ups.

Mowgli's Song

THAT HE SANG AT THE COUNCIL ROCK WHEN HE DANCED ON SHERE KHAN'S HIDE

The Song of Mowgli—I, Mowgli, am singing. Let the jungle listen to the things I have done.

Shere Khan said he would kill—would kill! At the gates in the twilight he would kill Mowgli, the Frog!

He ate and he drank. Drink deep, Shere Khan, for when wilt thou
drink again? Sleep and dream of the kill.

I am alone on the grazing-grounds. Gray Brother, come to me! Come to me, Lone Wolf, for there is big game afoot!

Bring up the great bull buffaloes, the blue-skinned herd bulls with the angry eyes. Drive them to and fro as I order.

Sleepest thou still, Shere Khan? Wake, oh, wake! Here come I, and the bulls are behind.

Rama, the King of the Buffaloes, stamped with his foot. Waters of

the Waingunga, whither went Shere Khan?

He is not Ikki to dig holes, nor Mao, the Peacock, that he should
fly. He is not Mang the Bat, to hang in the branches. Little bamboos that creak together, tell me where he ran?

Ow! He is there. Ahoo! He is there. Under the feet of Rama lies the Lame One! Up, Shere Khan!

Up and kill! Here is meat; break the necks of the bulls!

Hsh! He is asleep. We will not wake him, for his strength is very great. The kites have come down to see it. The black ants have come up to know it. There is a great assembly in his honor.

Alala! I have no cloth to wrap me. The kites will see that I am naked. I am ashamed to meet all these people.

Lend me thy coat, Shere Khan. Lend me thy gay striped coat that I
may go to the Council Rock.

By the Bull that bought me I made a promise—a little promise.
Only thy coat is lacking before I keep my word.

With the knife, with the knife that men use, with the knife of

the
hunter, I will stoop down for my gift.

Waters of the Waingunga, Shere Khan gives me his coat for the love
that he bears me. Pull, Gray Brother! Pull, Akela! Heavy is the hide of Shere Khan.

The Man Pack are angry. They throw stones and talk child's talk.
My mouth is bleeding. Let me run away.

Through the night, through the hot night, run swiftly with me, my
brothers. We will leave the lights of the village and go to the low moon.

Waters of the Waingunga, the Man-Pack have cast me out. I did
them no harm, but they were afraid of me. Why?

Wolf Pack, ye have cast me out too. The jungle is shut to me and
the village gates are shut. Why?

As Mang flies between the beasts and birds, so fly I between the
village and the jungle. Why?

I dance on the hide of Shere Khan, but my heart is very heavy. My
mouth is cut and wounded with the stones from the village, but
my heart is very light, because I have come back to the jungle. Why?

These two things fight together in me as the snakes fight in the spring. The water comes out of my eyes; yet I laugh while it falls. Why?

I am two Mowglis, but the hide of Shere Khan is under my feet.

All the jungle knows that I have killed Shere Khan. Look—look
well, O Wolves!

Ahae! My heart is heavy with the things that I do not understand.

The White Seal

Oh! hush thee, my baby, the night is behind us,
And black are the waters that sparkled so green.
The moon, o'er the combers, looks downward to find us
At rest in the hollows that rustle between.
Where billow meets billow, then soft be thy pillow,
Ah, weary wee flipperling, curl at thy ease!
The storm shall not wake thee, nor shark overtake thee,
Asleep in the arms of the slow-swinging seas!

Seal Lullaby

All these things happened several years ago at a place called Novastoshnah, or North East Point, on the Island of St. Paul, away and away in the Bering Sea. Limmershin, the Winter Wren, told me the tale when he was blown on to the rigging of a steamer going to Japan, and I took him down into my cabin and warmed and fed him for a couple of days till he was fit to fly back to St. Paul's again. Limmershin is a very quaint little bird, but he knows how to tell the truth.

Nobody comes to Novastoshnah except on business, and the only people who have regular business there are the seals. They come in the summer months by hundreds and hundreds of thousands out of the cold gray sea. For Novastoshnah Beach has the finest accommodation for seals of

any place in all the world.

Sea Catch knew that, and every spring would swim from whatever place he happened to be in—would swim like a torpedo-boat straight for Novastoshnah and spend a month fighting with his companions for a good place on the rocks, as close to the sea as possible. Sea Catch was fifteen years old, a huge gray fur seal with almost a mane on his shoulders, and long, wicked dog teeth. When he heaved himself up on his front flippers he stood more than four feet clear of the ground, and his weight, if anyone had been bold enough to weigh him, was nearly seven hundred pounds. He was scarred all over with the marks of savage fights, but he was always ready for just one fight more. He would put his head on one side, as though he were afraid to look his enemy in the face; then he would shoot it out like lightning, and when the big teeth were firmly fixed on the other seal's neck, the other seal might get away if he could, but Sea Catch would not help him.

Yet Sea Catch never chased a beaten seal, for that was against the Rules of the Beach. He only wanted room by the sea for his nursery. But as there were forty or fifty thousand other seals hunting for the same thing each spring, the whistling, bellowing, roaring, and blowing on the beach was something frightful.

From a little hill called Hutchinson's Hill, you could look over three and a half miles of ground covered with fighting seals; and the surf was dotted all over with the heads of seals hurrying to land and begin their share of the fighting. They fought in the breakers, they fought in the sand, and they

fought on the smooth-worn basalt rocks of the nurseries, for they were just as stupid and unaccommodating as men. Their wives never came to the island until late in May or early in June, for they did not care to be torn to pieces; and the young two-, three-, and four-year-old seals who had not begun housekeeping went inland about half a mile through the ranks of the fighters and played about on the sand dunes in droves and legions, and rubbed off every single green thing that grew. They were called the holluschickie—the bachelors—and there were perhaps two or three hundred thousand of them at Novastoshnah alone.

Sea Catch had just finished his forty-fifth fight one spring when Matkah, his soft, sleek, gentle-eyed wife, came up out of the sea, and he caught her by the scruff of the neck and dumped her down on his reservation, saying gruffly: 'Late as usual. Where have you been?'

It was not the fashion for Sea Catch to eat anything during the four months he stayed on the beaches, and so his temper was generally bad. Matkah knew better than to answer back. She looked round and cooed: 'How thoughtful of you. You've taken the old place again.'

'I should think I had,' said Sea Catch. 'Look at me!'

He was scratched and bleeding in twenty places; one eye was almost out, and his sides were torn to ribbons.

'Oh, you men, you men!' Matkah said, fanning herself with her hind flipper. 'Why can't you be sensible and settle your places quietly? You look as though you had been fighting with the Killer Whale.'

'I haven't been doing anything but fight since the middle

of May. The beach is disgracefully crowded this season. I've met at least a hundred seals from Lukannon Beach, house hunting. Why can't people stay where they belong?'

'I've often thought we should be much happier if we hauled out at Otter Island instead of this crowded place,' said Matkah.

'Bah! Only the holluschickie go to Otter Island. If we went there they would say we were afraid. We must preserve appearances, my dear.'

Sea Catch sunk his head proudly between his fat shoulders and pretended to go to sleep for a few minutes, but all the time he was keeping a sharp lookout for a fight. Now that all the seals and their wives were on the land, you could hear their clamor miles out to sea above the loudest gales. At the lowest counting there were over a million seals on the beach—old seals, mother seals, tiny babies, and holluschickie, fighting, scuffling, bleating, crawling, and playing together—going down to the sea and coming up from it in gangs and regiments, lying over every foot of ground as far as the eye could reach, and skirmishing about in brigades through the fog. It is nearly always foggy at Novastoshnah, except when the sun comes out and makes everything look all pearly and rainbow-colored for a little while.

Kotick, Matkah's baby, was born in the middle of that confusion, and he was all head and shoulders, with pale, watery blue eyes, as tiny seals must be, but there was something about his coat that made his mother look at him very closely.

'Sea Catch,' she said, at last, 'our baby's going to be

white!'

'Empty clam-shells and dry seaweed!' snorted Sea Catch. 'There never has been such a thing in the world as a white seal.'

'I can't help that,' said Matkah; 'there's going to be now.' And she sang the low, crooning seal song that all the mother seals sing to their babies:

You mustn't swim till you're six weeks old,
Or your head will be sunk by your heels;
And summer gales and Killer Whales
Are bad for baby seals.

Are bad for baby seals, dear rat,
As bad as bad can be;
But splash and grow strong,
And you can't be wrong.
Child of the Open Sea!

Of course the little fellow did not understand the words at first. He paddled and scrambled about by his mother's side, and learned to scuffle out of the way when his father was fighting with another seal, and the two rolled and roared up and down the slippery rocks. Matkah used to go to sea to get things to eat, and the baby was fed only once in two days, but then he ate all he could and throve upon it.

The first thing he did was to crawl inland, and there he met tens of thousands of babies of his own age, and they played together like puppies, went to sleep on the clean

sand, and played again. The old people in the nurseries took no notice of them, and the holluschickie kept to their own grounds, and the babies had a beautiful playtime.

When Matkah came back from her deep-sea fishing she would go straight to their playground and call as a sheep calls for a lamb, and wait until she heard Kotick bleat. Then she would take the straightest of straight lines in his direction, striking out with her fore flippers and knocking the youngsters head over heels right and left. There were always a few hundred mothers hunting for their children through the playgrounds, and the babies were kept lively. But, as Matkah told Kotick, 'So long as you don't lie in muddy water and get mange, or rub the hard sand into a cut or scratch, and so long as you never go swimming when there is a heavy sea, nothing will hurt you here.'

Little seals can no more swim than little children, but they are unhappy till they learn. The first time that Kotick went down to the sea a wave carried him out beyond his depth, and his big head sank and his little hind flippers flew up exactly as his mother had told him in the song, and if the next wave had not thrown him back again he would have drowned.

After that, he learned to lie in a beach pool and let the wash of the waves just cover him and lift him up while he paddled, but he always kept his eye open for big waves that might hurt. He was two weeks learning to use his flippers; and all that while he floundered in and out of the water, and coughed and grunted and crawled up the beach and took catnaps on the sand, and went back again, until at last he

found that he truly belonged to the water.

Then you can imagine the times that he had with his companions, ducking under the rollers; or coming in on top of a comber and landing with a swash and a splutter as the big wave went whirling far up the beach; or standing up on his tail and scratching his head as the old people did; or playing 'I'm the King of the Castle' on slippery, weedy rocks that just stuck out of the wash. Now and then he would see a thin fin, like a big shark's fin, drifting along close to shore, and he knew that that was the Killer Whale, the Grampus, who eats young seals when he can get them; and Kotick would head for the beach like an arrow, and the fin would jig off slowly, as if it were looking for nothing at all.

Late in October the seals began to leave St. Paul's for the deep sea, by families and tribes, and there was no more fighting over the nurseries, and the holluschickie played anywhere they liked. 'Next year,' said Matkah to Kotick, 'you will be a holluschickie; but this year you must learn how to catch fish.'

They set out together across the Pacific, and Matkah showed Kotick how to sleep on his back with his flippers tucked down by his side and his little nose just out of the water. No cradle is so comfortable as the long, rocking swell of the Pacific. When Kotick felt his skin tingle all over, Matkah told him he was learning the 'feel of the water,' and that tingly, prickly feelings meant bad weather coming, and he must swim hard and get away.

'In a little time,' she said, 'you'll know where to swim to, but just now we'll follow Sea Pig, the Porpoise, for he is

very wise.' A school of porpoises were ducking and tearing through the water, and little Kotick followed them as fast as he could. 'How do you know where to go to?' he panted. The leader of the school rolled his white eye and ducked under. 'My tail tingles, youngster,' he said. 'That means there's a gale behind me. Come along! When you're south of the Sticky Water [he meant the Equator] and your tail tingles, that means there's a gale in front of you and you must head north. Come along! The water feels bad here.'

This was one of very many things that Kotick learned, and he was always learning. Matkah taught him to follow the cod and the halibut along the under-sea banks and wrench the rockling out of his hole among the weeds; how to skirt the wrecks lying a hundred fathoms below water and dart like a rifle bullet in at one porthole and out at another as the fishes ran; how to dance on the top of the waves when the lightning was racing all over the sky, and wave his flipper politely to the stumpy-tailed Albatross and the Man-of-war Hawk as they went down the wind; how to jump three or four feet clear of the water like a dolphin, flippers close to the side and tail curved; to leave the flying fish alone because they are all bony; to take the shoulder-piece out of a cod at full speed ten fathoms deep, and never to stop and look at a boat or a ship, but particularly a row-boat. At the end of six months what Kotick did not know about deep-sea fishing was not worth the knowing. And all that time he never set flipper on dry ground.

One day, however, as he was lying half asleep in the warm water somewhere off the Island of Juan Fernandez,

he felt faint and lazy all over, just as human people do when the spring is in their legs, and he remembered the good firm beaches of Novastoshnah seven thousand miles away, the games his companions played, the smell of the seaweed, the seal roar, and the fighting. That very minute he turned north, swimming steadily, and as he went on he met scores of his mates, all bound for the same place, and they said: 'Greeting, Kotick! This year we are all holluschickie, and we can dance the Fire-dance in the breakers off Lukannon and play on the new grass. But where did you get that coat?'

Kotick's fur was almost pure white now, and though he felt very proud of it, he only said, 'Swim quickly! My bones are aching for the land.' And so they all came to the beaches where they had been born, and heard the old seals, their fathers, fighting in the rolling mist.

That night Kotick danced the Fire-dance with the yearling seals. The sea is full of fire on summer nights all the way down from Novastoshnah to Lukannon, and each seal leaves a wake like burning oil behind him and a flaming flash when he jumps, and the waves break in great phosphorescent streaks and swirls. Then they went inland to the holluschickie grounds and rolled up and down in the new wild wheat and told stories of what they had done while they had been at sea. They talked about the Pacific as boys would talk about a wood that they had been nutting in, and if anyone had understood them he could have gone away and made such a chart of that ocean as never was. The three- and four-year-old holluschickie romped down from Hutchinson's Hill crying: 'Out of the way, youngsters! The

sea is deep and you don't know all that's in it yet. Wait till you've rounded the Horn. Hi, you yearling, where did you get that white coat?'

'I didn't get it,' said Kotick. 'It grew.' And just as he was going to roll the speaker over, a couple of black-haired men with flat red faces came from behind a sand dune, and Kotick, who had never seen a man before, coughed and lowered his head. The holluschickie just bundled off a few yards and sat staring stupidly. The men were no less than Kerick Booterin, the chief of the seal-hunters on the island, and Patalamon, his son. They came from the little village not half a mile from the sea nurseries, and they were deciding what seals they would drive up to the killing pens—for the seals were driven just like sheep—to be turned into sealskin jackets later on.

'Ho!' said Patalamon. 'Look! There's a white seal!'

Kerick Booterin turned nearly white under his oil and smoke, for he was an Aleut, and Aleuts are not clean people. Then he began to mutter a prayer. 'Don't touch him, Patalamon. There has never been a white seal since—since I was born. Perhaps it is old Zaharrof's ghost. He was lost last year in the big gale.'

'I'm not going near him,' said Patalamon. 'He's unlucky. Do you really think he is old Zaharrof come back? I owe him for some gulls' eggs.'

'Don't look at him,' said Kerick. 'Head off that drove of four-year-olds. The men ought to skin two hundred to-day, but it's the beginning of the season and they are new to the work. A hundred will do. Quick!'

Patalamon rattled a pair of seal's shoulder bones in front of a herd of holluschickie and they stopped dead, puffing and blowing. Then he stepped near and the seals began to move, and Kerick headed them inland, and they never tried to get back to their companions. Hundreds and hundreds of thousands of seals watched them being driven, but they went on playing just the same. Kotick was the only one who asked questions, and none of his companions could tell him anything, except that the men always drove seals in that way for six weeks or two months of every year.

'I am going to follow,' he said, and his eyes nearly popped out of his head as he shuffled along in the wake of the herd.

'The white seal is coming after us,' cried Patalamon. 'That's the first time a seal has ever come to the killing-grounds alone.'

'Hsh! Don't look behind you,' said Kerick. 'It is Zaharrof's ghost! I must speak to the priest about this.'

The distance to the killing-grounds was only half a mile, but it took an hour to cover, because if the seals went too fast Kerick knew that they would get heated and then their fur would come off in patches when they were skinned. So they went on very slowly, past Sea Lion's Neck, past Webster House, till they came to the Salt House just beyond the sight of the seals on the beach. Kotick followed, panting and wondering. He thought that he was at the world's end, but the roar of the seal nurseries behind him sounded as loud as the roar of a train in a tunnel. Then Kerick sat down on the moss and pulled out a heavy pewter watch and let the drove cool off for thirty minutes, and Kotick could hear the

fog-dew dripping off the brim of his cap. Then ten or twelve men, each with an iron-bound club three or four feet long, came up, and Kerick pointed out one or two of the drove that were bitten by their companions or too hot, and the men kicked those aside with their heavy boots made of the skin of a walrus's throat, and then Kerick said, 'Let go!' and then the men clubbed the seals on the head as fast as they could.

Ten minutes later little Kotick did not recognize his friends any more, for their skins were ripped off from the nose to the hind flippers, whipped off and thrown down on the ground in a pile. That was enough for Kotick. He turned and galloped (a seal can gallop very swiftly for a short time) back to the sea; his little new mustache bristling with horror. At Sea Lion's Neck, where the great sea lions sit on the edge of the surf, he flung himself flipper-overhead into the cool water and rocked there, gasping miserably. 'What's here?' said a sea lion gruffly, for as a rule the sea lions keep themselves to themselves.

'Scoochnie! Ochen scoochnie!' ("I'm lonesome, very lonesome!") said Kotick. 'They're killing all the holluschickie on all the beaches!'

The Sea Lion turned his head inshore. 'Nonsense!' he said. 'Your friends are making as much noise as ever. You must have seen old Kerick polishing off a drove. He's done that for thirty years.'

'It's horrible,' said Kotick, backing water as a wave went over him, and steadying himself with a screw stroke of his flippers that brought him all standing within three inches

of a jagged edge of rock.

'Well done for a yearling!' said the Sea Lion, who could appreciate good swimming. 'I suppose it is rather awful from your way of looking at it, but if you seals will come here year after year, of course the men get to know of it, and unless you can find an island where no men ever come you will always be driven.'

'Isn't there any such island?' began Kotick.

'I've followed the poltoos [the halibut] for twenty years, and I can't say I've found it yet. But look here—you seem to have a fondness for talking to your betters—suppose you go to Walrus Islet and talk to Sea Vitch. He may know something. Don't flounce off like that. It's a six-mile swim, and if I were you I should haul out and take a nap first, little one.'

Kotick thought that that was good advice, so he swam round to his own beach, hauled out, and slept for half an hour, twitching all over, as seals will. Then he headed straight for Walrus Islet, a little low sheet of rocky island almost due northeast from Novastoshnah, all ledges and rock and gulls' nests, where the walrus herded by themselves.

He landed close to old Sea Vitch—the big, ugly, bloated, pimpled, fat-necked, long-tusked walrus of the North Pacific, who has no manners except when he is asleep—as he was then, with his hind flippers half in and half out of the surf.

'Wake up!' barked Kotick, for the gulls were making a great noise.

'Hah! Ho! Hmph! What's that?' said Sea Vitch, and he struck the next walrus a blow with his tusks and waked him up, and the next struck the next, and so on till they were all

awake and staring in every direction but the right one.

'Hi! It's me,' said Kotick, bobbing in the surf and looking like a little white slug.

'Well! May I be—skinned!' said Sea Vitch, and they all looked at Kotick as you can fancy a club full of drowsy old gentlemen would look at a little boy. Kotick did not care to hear any more about skinning just then; he had seen enough of it. So he called out: 'Isn't there any place for seals to go where men don't ever come?'

'Go and find out,' said Sea Vitch, shutting his eyes. 'Run away. We're busy here.'

Kotick made his dolphin-jump in the air and shouted as loud as he could: 'Clam-eater! Clam-eater!' He knew that Sea Vitch never caught a fish in his life but always rooted for clams and seaweed; though he pretended to be a very terrible person. Naturally the Chickies and the Gooverooskies and the Epatkas—the Burgomaster Gulls and the Kittiwakes and the Puffins, who are always looking for a chance to be rude, took up the cry, and—so Limmershin told me—for nearly five minutes you could not have heard a gun fired on Walrus Islet. All the population was yelling and screaming 'Clam-eater! Stareek [old man]!' while Sea Vitch rolled from side to side grunting and coughing.

'Now will you tell?' said Kotick, all out of breath.

'Go and ask Sea Cow,' said Sea Vitch. 'If he is living still, he'll be able to tell you.'

'How shall I know Sea Cow when I meet him?' said Kotick, sheering off.

'He's the only thing in the sea uglier than Sea Vitch,'

screamed a Burgomaster gull, wheeling under Sea Vitch's nose. 'Uglier, and with worse manners! Stareek!'

Kotick swam back to Novastoshnah, leaving the gulls to scream. There he found that no one sympathized with him in his little attempt to discover a quiet place for the seals. They told him that men had always driven the holluschickie—it was part of the day's work—and that if he did not like to see ugly things he should not have gone to the killing grounds. But none of the other seals had seen the killing, and that made the difference between him and his friends. Besides, Kotick was a white seal.

'What you must do,' said old Sea Catch, after he had heard his son's adventures, 'is to grow up and be a big seal like your father, and have a nursery on the beach, and then they will leave you alone. In another five years you ought to be able to fight for yourself.' Even gentle Matkah, his mother, said: 'You will never be able to stop the killing. Go and play in the sea, Kotick.' And Kotick went off and danced the Fire-dance with a very heavy little heart.

That autumn he left the beach as soon as he could, and set off alone because of a notion in his bullet-head. He was going to find Sea Cow, if there was such a person in the sea, and he was going to find a quiet island with good firm beaches for seals to live on, where men could not get at them. So he explored and explored by himself from the North to the South Pacific, swimming as much as three hundred miles in a day and a night. He met with more adventures than can be told, and narrowly escaped being caught by the Basking Shark, and the Spotted Shark, and the Hammerhead, and

he met all the untrustworthy ruffians that loaf up and down the seas, and the heavy polite fish, and the scarlet spotted scallops that are moored in one place for hundreds of years, and grow very proud of it; but he never met Sea Cow, and he never found an island that he could fancy.

If the beach was good and hard, with a slope behind it for seals to play on, there was always the smoke of a whaler on the horizon, boiling down blubber, and Kotick knew what that meant. Or else he could see that seals had once visited the island and been killed off, and Kotick knew that where men had come once they would come again.

He picked up with an old stumpy-tailed albatross, who told him that Kerguelen Island was the very place for peace and quiet, and when Kotick went down there he was all but smashed to pieces against some wicked black cliffs in a heavy sleet-storm with lightning and thunder. Yet as he pulled out against the gale he could see that even there had once been a seal nursery. And it was so in all the other islands that he visited.

Limmershin gave a long list of them, for he said that Kotick spent five seasons exploring, with a four months' rest each year at Novastoshnah, when the holluschickie used to make fun of him and his imaginary islands. He went to the Gallapagos, a horrid dry place on the Equator, where he was nearly baked to death; he went to the Georgia Islands, the Orkneys, Emerald Island, Little Nightingale Island, Gough's Island, Bouvet's Island, the Crossets, and even to a little speck of an island south of the Cape of Good Hope. But everywhere the People of the Sea told him the

same things. Seals had come to those islands once upon a time, but men had killed them all off. Even when he swam thousands of miles out of the Pacific and got to a place called Cape Corrientes (that was when he was coming back from Gough's Island), he found a few hundred mangy seals on a rock and they told him that men came there too.

That nearly broke his heart, and he headed round the Horn back to his own beaches; and on his way north he hauled out on an island full of green trees, where he found an old, old seal who was dying, and Kotick caught fish for him and told him all his sorrows. 'Now,' said Kotick, 'I am going back to Novastoshnah, and if I am driven to the killing-pens with the holluschickie I shall not care.'

The old seal said, 'Try once more. I am the last of the Lost Rookery of Masafuera, and in the days when men killed us by the hundred thousand there was a story on the beaches that some day a white seal would come out of the North and lead the seal people to a quiet place. I am old, and I shall never live to see that day, but others will. Try once more.'

And Kotick curled up his mustache (it was a beauty) and said, 'I am the only white seal that has ever been born on the beaches, and I am the only seal, black or white, who ever thought of looking for new islands.'

This cheered him immensely; and when he came back to Novastoshnah that summer, Matkah, his mother, begged him to marry and settle down, for he was no longer a holluschick but a full-grown sea-catch, with a curly white mane on his shoulders, as heavy, as big, and as fierce as his father. 'Give me another season,' he said. 'Remember, Mother, it is

always the seventh wave that goes farthest up the beach.'

Curiously enough, there was another seal who thought that she would put off marrying till the next year, and Kotick danced the Fire-dance with her all down Lukannon Beach the night before he set off on his last exploration. This time he went westward, because he had fallen on the trail of a great shoal of halibut, and he needed at least one hundred pounds of fish a day to keep him in good condition. He chased them till he was tired, and then he curled himself up and went to sleep on the hollows of the ground swell that sets in to Copper Island. He knew the coast perfectly well, so about midnight, when he felt himself gently bumped on a weed-bed, he said, 'Hm, tide's running strong tonight,' and turning over under water opened his eyes slowly and stretched. Then he jumped like a cat, for he saw huge things nosing about in the shoal water and browsing on the heavy fringes of the weeds.

'By the Great Combers of Magellan!' he said, beneath his mustache. 'Who in the Deep Sea are these people?'

They were like no walrus, sea lion, seal, bear, whale, shark, fish, squid, or scallop that Kotick had ever seen before. They were between twenty and thirty feet long, and they had no hind flippers, but a shovel-like tail that looked as if it had been whittled out of wet leather. Their heads were the most foolish-looking things you ever saw, and they balanced on the ends of their tails in deep water when they weren't grazing, bowing solemnly to each other and waving their front flippers as a fat man waves his arm.

'Ahem!' said Kotick. 'Good sport, gentlemen?' The big

things answered by bowing and waving their flippers like the Frog Footman. When they began feeding again Kotick saw that their upper lip was split into two pieces that they could twitch apart about a foot and bring together again with a whole bushel of seaweed between the splits. They tucked the stuff into their mouths and chumped solemnly.

'Messy style of feeding, that,' said Kotick. They bowed again, and Kotick began to lose his temper. 'Very good,' he said. 'If you do happen to have an extra joint in your front flipper you needn't show off so. I see you bow gracefully, but I should like to know your names.' The split lips moved and twitched; and the glassy green eyes stared, but they did not speak.

'Well!' said Kotick. 'You're the only people I've ever met uglier than Sea Vitch—and with worse manners.'

Then he remembered in a flash what the Burgomaster gull had screamed to him when he was a little yearling at Walrus Islet, and he tumbled backward in the water, for he knew that he had found Sea Cow at last.

The sea cows went on schlooping and grazing and chumping in the weed, and Kotick asked them questions in every language that he had picked up in his travels; and the Sea People talk nearly as many languages as human beings. But the sea cows did not answer because Sea Cow cannot talk. He has only six bones in his neck where he ought to have seven, and they say under the sea that that prevents him from speaking even to his companions. But, as you know, he has an extra joint in his foreflipper, and by waving it up and down and about he makes what answers to a sort

of clumsy telegraphic code.

By daylight Kotick's mane was standing on end and his temper was gone where the dead crabs go. Then the Sea Cow began to travel northward very slowly, stopping to hold absurd bowing councils from time to time, and Kotick followed them, saying to himself, 'People who are such idiots as these are would have been killed long ago if they hadn't found out some safe island. And what is good enough for the Sea Cow is good enough for the Sea Catch. All the same, I wish they'd hurry.'

It was weary work for Kotick. The herd never went more than forty or fifty miles a day, and stopped to feed at night, and kept close to the shore all the time; while Kotick swam round them, and over them, and under them, but he could not hurry them up one-half mile. As they went farther north they held a bowing council every few hours, and Kotick nearly bit off his mustache with impatience till he saw that they were following up a warm current of water, and then he respected them more.

One night they sank through the shiny water—sank like stones—and for the first time since he had known them began to swim quickly. Kotick followed, and the pace astonished him, for he never dreamed that Sea Cow was anything of a swimmer. They headed for a cliff by the shore—a cliff that ran down into deep water, and plunged into a dark hole at the foot of it, twenty fathoms under the sea. It was a long, long swim, and Kotick badly wanted fresh air before he was out of the dark tunnel they led him through.

'My wig!' he said, when he rose, gasping and puffing, into

open water at the farther end. 'It was a long dive, but it was worth it.'

The sea cows had separated and were browsing lazily along the edges of the finest beaches that Kotick had ever seen. There were long stretches of smooth-worn rock running for miles, exactly fitted to make seal-nurseries, and there were play-grounds of hard sand sloping inland behind them, and there were rollers for seals to dance in, and long grass to roll in, and sand dunes to climb up and down, and, best of all, Kotick knew by the feel of the water, which never deceives a true sea catch, that no men had ever come there.

The first thing he did was to assure himself that the fishing was good, and then he swam along the beaches and counted up the delightful low sandy islands half hidden in the beautiful rolling fog. Away to the northward, out to sea, ran a line of bars and shoals and rocks that would never let a ship come within six miles of the beach, and between the islands and the mainland was a stretch of deep water that ran up to the perpendicular cliffs, and somewhere below the cliffs was the mouth of the tunnel.

'It's Novastoshnah over again, but ten times better,' said Kotick. 'Sea Cow must be wiser than I thought. Men can't come down the cliffs, even if there were any men; and the shoals to seaward would knock a ship to splinters. If any place in the sea is safe, this is it.'

He began to think of the seal he had left behind him, but though he was in a hurry to go back to Novastoshnah, he thoroughly explored the new country, so that he would be able to answer all questions.

Then he dived and made sure of the mouth of the tunnel, and raced through to the southward. No one but a sea cow or a seal would have dreamed of there being such a place, and when he looked back at the cliffs even Kotick could hardly believe that he had been under them.

He was six days going home, though he was not swimming slowly; and when he hauled out just above Sea Lion's Neck the first person he met was the seal who had been waiting for him, and she saw by the look in his eyes that he had found his island at last.

But the holluschickie and Sea Catch, his father, and all the other seals laughed at him when he told them what he had discovered, and a young seal about his own age said, 'This is all very well, Kotick, but you can't come from no one knows where and order us off like this. Remember we've been fighting for our nurseries, and that's a thing you never did. You preferred prowling about in the sea.'

The other seals laughed at this, and the young seal began twisting his head from side to side. He had just married that year, and was making a great fuss about it.

'I've no nursery to fight for,' said Kotick. 'I only want to show you all a place where you will be safe. What's the use of fighting?'

'Oh, if you're trying to back out, of course I've no more to say,' said the young seal with an ugly chuckle.

'Will you come with me if I win?' said Kotick. And a green light came into his eye, for he was very angry at having to fight at all.

'Very good,' said the young seal carelessly. 'If you win,

I'll come.'

He had no time to change his mind, for Kotick's head was out and his teeth sunk in the blubber of the young seal's neck. Then he threw himself back on his haunches and hauled his enemy down the beach, shook him, and knocked him over. Then Kotick roared to the seals: 'I've done my best for you these five seasons past. I've found you the island where you'll be safe, but unless your heads are dragged off your silly necks you won't believe. I'm going to teach you now. Look out for yourselves!'

Limmershin told me that never in his life—and Limmershin sees ten thousand big seals fighting every year—never in all his little life did he see anything like Kotick's charge into the nurseries. He flung himself at the biggest sea catch he could find, caught him by the throat, choked him and bumped him and banged him till he grunted for mercy, and then threw him aside and attacked the next. You see, Kotick had never fasted for four months as the big seals did every year, and his deep-sea swimming trips kept him in perfect condition, and, best of all, he had never fought before. His curly white mane stood up with rage, and his eyes flamed, and his big dog teeth glistened, and he was splendid to look at. Old Sea Catch, his father, saw him tearing past, hauling the grizzled old seals about as though they had been halibut, and upsetting the young bachelors in all directions; and Sea Catch gave a roar and shouted: 'He may be a fool, but he is the best fighter on the beaches! Don't tackle your father, my son! He's with you!'

Kotick roared in answer, and old Sea Catch waddled in

with his mustache on end, blowing like a locomotive, while Matkah and the seal that was going to marry Kotick cowered down and admired their men-folk. It was a gorgeous fight, for the two fought as long as there was a seal that dared lift up his head, and when there were none they paraded grandly up and down the beach side by side, bellowing.

At night, just as the Northern Lights were winking and flashing through the fog, Kotick climbed a bare rock and looked down on the scattered nurseries and the torn and bleeding seals. 'Now,' he said, 'I've taught you your lesson.'

'My wig!' said old Sea Catch, boosting himself up stiffly, for he was fearfully mauled. 'The Killer Whale himself could not have cut them up worse. Son, I'm proud of you, and what's more, I'll come with you to your island—if there is such a place.'

'Hear you, fat pigs of the sea. Who comes with me to the Sea Cow's tunnel? Answer, or I shall teach you again,' roared Kotick.

There was a murmur like the ripple of the tide all up and down the beaches. 'We will come,' said thousands of tired voices. 'We will follow Kotick, the White Seal.'

Then Kotick dropped his head between his shoulders and shut his eyes proudly. He was not a white seal any more, but red from head to tail. All the same he would have scorned to look at or touch one of his wounds.

A week later he and his army (nearly ten thousand holluschickie and old seals) went away north to the Sea Cow's tunnel, Kotick leading them, and the seals that stayed at Novastoshnah called them idiots. But next spring, when they

all met off the fishing banks of the Pacific, Kotick's seals told such tales of the new beaches beyond Sea Cow's tunnel that more and more seals left Novastoshnah. Of course it was not all done at once, for the seals are not very clever, and they need a long time to turn things over in their minds, but year after year more seals went away from Novastoshnah, and Lukannon, and the other nurseries, to the quiet, sheltered beaches where Kotick sits all the summer through, getting bigger and fatter and stronger each year, while the holluschickie play around him, in that sea where no man comes.

Lukannon

This is the great deep-sea song that all the St. Paul seals sing when they are heading back to their beaches in the summer. It is a sort of very sad seal National Anthem.

I met my mates in the morning (and, oh, but I am old!)
Where roaring on the ledges the summer ground-swell rolled;
I heard them lift the chorus that drowned the breakers' song—
The Beaches of Lukannon—two million voices strong.

The song of pleasant stations beside the salt lagoons,
The song of blowing squadrons that shuffled down the dunes,
The song of midnight dances that churned the sea to flame—
The Beaches of Lukannon—before the sealers came!

I met my mates in the morning (I'll never meet them more!);
They came and went in legions that darkened all the shore.
And o'er the foam-flecked offing as far as voice could reach
We hailed the landing-parties and we sang them up the beach.

The Beaches of Lukannon—the winter wheat so tall—
The dripping, crinkled lichens, and the sea-fog drenching all!
The platforms of our playground, all shining smooth and worn!
The Beaches of Lukannon—the home where we were born!

I met my mates in the morning, a broken, scattered band.
Men shoot us in the water and club us on the land;
Men drive us to the Salt House like silly sheep and tame,
And still we sing Lukannon—before the sealers came.

Wheel down, wheel down to southward; oh, Gooverooska, go!
And tell the Deep-Sea Viceroys the story of our woe;
Ere, empty as the shark's egg the tempest flings ashore,
The Beaches of Lukannon shall know their sons no more!

"Rikki-Tikki-Tavi"

At the hole where he went in
Red-Eye called to Wrinkle-Skin.
Hear what little Red-Eye saith:
'Nag, come up and dance with death!'

Eye to eye and head to head,
(Keep the measure, Nag.)
This shall end when one is dead;
(At thy pleasure, Nag.)
Turn for turn and twist for twist—
(Run and hide thee, Nag.)
Hah! The hooded Death has missed!
(Woe betide thee, Nag!)

This is the story of the great war that Rikki-tikki-tavi fought single-handed, through the bath-rooms of the big bungalow in Segowlee cantonment. Darzee, the Tailorbird, helped him, and Chuchundra, the musk-rat, who never comes out into the middle of the floor, but always creeps round by the wall, gave him advice, but Rikki-tikki did the real fighting.

He was a mongoose, rather like a little cat in his fur and his tail, but quite like a weasel in his head and his habits. His eyes and the end of his restless nose were pink. He could

scratch himself anywhere he pleased with any leg, front or back, that he chose to use. He could fluff up his tail till it looked like a bottle brush, and his war cry as he scuttled through the long grass was: 'Rikk-tikk-tikki-tikki-tchk!'

One day, a high summer flood washed him out of the burrow where he lived with his father and mother, and carried him, kicking and clucking, down a roadside ditch. He found a little wisp of grass floating there, and clung to it till he lost his senses. When he revived, he was lying in the hot sun on the middle of a garden path, very draggled indeed, and a small boy was saying, 'Here's a dead mongoose. Let's have a funeral.'

'No,' said his mother, 'let's take him in and dry him. Perhaps he isn't really dead.'

They took him into the house, and a big man picked him up between his finger and thumb and said he was not dead but half choked. So they wrapped him in cotton wool, and warmed him over a little fire, and he opened his eyes and sneezed.

'Now,' said the big man (he was an Englishman who had just moved into the bungalow), 'don't frighten him, and we'll see what he'll do.'

It is the hardest thing in the world to frighten a mongoose, because he is eaten up from nose to tail with curiosity. The motto of all the mongoose family is 'Run and find out,' and Rikki-tikki was a true mongoose. He looked at the cotton wool, decided that it was not good to eat, ran all round the table, sat up and put his fur in order, scratched himself, and jumped on the small boy's shoulder.

'Don't be frightened, Teddy,' said his father. 'That's his way of making friends.'

'Ouch! He's tickling under my chin,' said Teddy.

Rikki-tikki looked down between the boy's collar and neck, snuffed at his ear, and climbed down to the floor, where he sat rubbing his nose.

'Good gracious,' said Teddy's mother, 'and that's a wild creature! I suppose he's so tame because we've been kind to him.'

'All mongooses are like that,' said her husband. 'If Teddy doesn't pick him up by the tail, or try to put him in a cage, he'll run in and out of the house all day long. Let's give him something to eat.'

They gave him a little piece of raw meat. Rikki-tikki liked it immensely, and when it was finished he went out into the veranda and sat in the sunshine and fluffed up his fur to make it dry to the roots. Then he felt better.

'There are more things to find out about in this house,' he said to himself, 'than all my family could find out in all their lives. I shall certainly stay and find out.'

He spent all that day roaming over the house. He nearly drowned himself in the bath-tubs, put his nose into the ink on a writing table, and burned it on the end of the big man's cigar, for he climbed up in the big man's lap to see how writing was done. At nightfall he ran into Teddy's nursery to watch how kerosene lamps were lighted, and when Teddy went to bed Rikki-tikki climbed up too. But he was a restless companion, because he had to get up and attend to every noise all through the night, and find out what made it.

Teddy's mother and father came in, the last thing, to look at their boy, and Rikki-tikki was awake on the pillow. 'I don't like that,' said Teddy's mother. 'He may bite the child.' 'He'll do no such thing,' said the father. 'Teddy's safer with that little beast than if he had a bloodhound to watch him. If a snake came into the nursery now—'

But Teddy's mother wouldn't think of anything so awful.

Early in the morning Rikki-tikki came to early breakfast in the veranda riding on Teddy's shoulder, and they gave him banana and some boiled egg. He sat on all their laps one after the other, because every well-brought-up mongoose always hopes to be a house mongoose some day and have rooms to run about in; and Rikki-tikki's mother (she used to live in the general's house at Segowlee) had carefully told Rikki what to do if ever he came across white men.

Then Rikki-tikki went out into the garden to see what was to be seen. It was a large garden, only half cultivated, with bushes, as big as summer-houses, of Marshal Niel roses, lime and orange trees, clumps of bamboos, and thickets of high grass. Rikki-tikki licked his lips. 'This is a splendid hunting-ground,' he said, and his tail grew bottle-brushy at the thought of it, and he scuttled up and down the garden, snuffing here and there till he heard very sorrowful voices in a thorn-bush.

It was Darzee, the Tailorbird, and his wife. They had made a beautiful nest by pulling two big leaves together and stitching them up the edges with fibers, and had filled the hollow with cotton and downy fluff. The nest swayed to and

fro, as they sat on the rim and cried.

'What is the matter?' asked Rikki-tikki.

'We are very miserable,' said Darzee. 'One of our babies fell out of the nest yesterday and Nag ate him.'

'H'm!' said Rikki-tikki, 'that is very sad—but I am a stranger here. Who is Nag?'

Darzee and his wife only cowered down in the nest without answering, for from the thick grass at the foot of the bush there came a low hiss—a horrid cold sound that made Rikki-tikki jump back two clear feet. Then inch by inch out of the grass rose up the head and spread hood of Nag, the big black cobra, and he was five feet long from tongue to tail. When he had lifted one-third of himself clear of the ground, he stayed balancing to and fro exactly as a dandelion tuft balances in the wind, and he looked at Rikki-tikki with the wicked snake's eyes that never change their expression, whatever the snake may be thinking of.

'Who is Nag?' said he. 'I am Nag. The great God Brahm put his mark upon all our people, when the first cobra spread his hood to keep the sun off Brahm as he slept. Look, and be afraid!'

He spread out his hood more than ever, and Rikki-tikki saw the spectacle-mark on the back of it that looks exactly like the eye part of a hook-and-eye fastening. He was afraid for the minute, but it is impossible for a mongoose to stay frightened for any length of time, and though Rikki-tikki had never met a live cobra before, his mother had fed him on dead ones, and he knew that all a grown mongoose's business in life was to fight and eat snakes. Nag knew that

too and, at the bottom of his cold heart, he was afraid.

'Well,' said Rikki-tikki, and his tail began to fluff up again, 'marks or no marks, do you think it is right for you to eat fledglings out of a nest?'

Nag was thinking to himself, and watching the least little movement in the grass behind Rikki-tikki. He knew that mongooses in the garden meant death sooner or later for him and his family, but he wanted to get Rikki-tikki off his guard. So he dropped his head a little, and put it on one side.

'Let us talk,' he said. 'You eat eggs. Why should not I eat birds?'

'Behind you! Look behind you!' sang Darzee.

Rikki-tikki knew better than to waste time in staring. He jumped up in the air as high as he could go, and just under him whizzed by the head of Nagaina, Nag's wicked wife. She had crept up behind him as he was talking, to make an end of him. He heard her savage hiss as the stroke missed. He came down almost across her back, and if he had been an old mongoose he would have known that then was the time to break her back with one bite; but he was afraid of the terrible lashing return stroke of the cobra. He bit, indeed, but did not bite long enough, and he jumped clear of the whisking tail, leaving Nagaina torn and angry.

'Wicked, wicked Darzee!' said Nag, lashing up as high as he could reach toward the nest in the thorn-bush. But Darzee had built it out of reach of snakes, and it only swayed to and fro.

Rikki-tikki felt his eyes growing red and hot (when a

mongoose's eyes grow red, he is angry), and he sat back on his tail and hind legs like a little kangaroo, and looked all round him, and chattered with rage. But Nag and Nagaina had disappeared into the grass. When a snake misses its stroke, it never says anything or gives any sign of what it means to do next. Rikki-tikki did not care to follow them, for he did not feel sure that he could manage two snakes at once. So he trotted off to the gravel path near the house, and sat down to think. It was a serious matter for him.

If you read the old books of natural history, you will find they say that when the mongoose fights the snake and happens to get bitten, he runs off and eats some herb that cures him. That is not true. The victory is only a matter of quickness of eye and quickness of foot—snake's blow against mongoose's jump—and as no eye can follow the motion of a snake's head when it strikes, this makes things much more wonderful than any magic herb. Rikki-tikki knew he was a young mongoose, and it made him all the more pleased to think that he had managed to escape a blow from behind. It gave him confidence in himself, and when Teddy came running down the path, Rikki-tikki was ready to be petted.

But just as Teddy was stooping, something wriggled a little in the dust, and a tiny voice said: 'Be careful. I am Death!' It was Karait, the dusty brown snakeling that lies for choice on the dusty earth; and his bite is as dangerous as the cobra's. But he is so small that nobody thinks of him, and so he does the more harm to people.

Rikki-tikki's eyes grew red again, and he danced up to Karait with the peculiar rocking, swaying motion that he

had inherited from his family. It looks very funny, but it is so perfectly balanced a gait that you can fly off from it at any angle you please, and in dealing with snakes this is an advantage. If Rikki-tikki had only known, he was doing a much more dangerous thing than fighting Nag, for Karait is so small, and can turn so quickly, that unless Rikki bit him close to the back of the head, he would get the return stroke in his eye or his lip. But Rikki did not know. His eyes were all red, and he rocked back and forth, looking for a good place to hold. Karait struck out. Rikki jumped sideways and tried to run in, but the wicked little dusty gray head lashed within a fraction of his shoulder, and he had to jump over the body, and the head followed his heels close.

Teddy shouted to the house: 'Oh, look here! Our mongoose is killing a snake.' And Rikki-tikki heard a scream from Teddy's mother. His father ran out with a stick, but by the time he came up, Karait had lunged out once too far, and Rikki-tikki had sprung, jumped on the snake's back, dropped his head far between his forelegs, bitten as high up the back as he could get hold, and rolled away. That bite paralyzed Karait, and Rikki-tikki was just going to eat him up from the tail, after the custom of his family at dinner, when he remembered that a full meal makes a slow mongoose, and if he wanted all his strength and quickness ready, he must keep himself thin.

He went away for a dust bath under the castor-oil bushes, while Teddy's father beat the dead Karait. 'What is the use of that?' thought Rikki-tikki. 'I have settled it all;' and then Teddy's mother picked him up from the dust and hugged

him, crying that he had saved Teddy from death, and Teddy's father said that he was a providence, and Teddy looked on with big scared eyes. Rikki-tikki was rather amused at all the fuss, which, of course, he did not understand. Teddy's mother might just as well have petted Teddy for playing in the dust. Rikki was thoroughly enjoying himself.

That night at dinner, walking to and fro among the wine-glasses on the table, he might have stuffed himself three times over with nice things. But he remembered Nag and Nagaina, and though it was very pleasant to be patted and petted by Teddy's mother, and to sit on Teddy's shoulder, his eyes would get red from time to time, and he would go off into his long war cry of 'Rikk-tikk-tikki-tikki-tchk!'

Teddy carried him off to bed, and insisted on Rikki-tikki sleeping under his chin. Rikki-tikki was too well bred to bite or scratch, but as soon as Teddy was asleep he went off for his nightly walk round the house, and in the dark he ran up against Chuchundra, the musk-rat, creeping around by the wall. Chuchundra is a broken-hearted little beast. He whimpers and cheeps all the night, trying to make up his mind to run into the middle of the room. But he never gets there.

'Don't kill me,' said Chuchundra, almost weeping. 'Rikki-tikki, don't kill me!'

'Do you think a snake-killer kills muskrats?' said Rikki-tikki scornfully.

'Those who kill snakes get killed by snakes,' said Chuchundra, more sorrowfully than ever. 'And how am I to be sure that Nag won't mistake me for you some dark night?'

'There's not the least danger,' said Rikki-tikki. 'But Nag is in the garden, and I know you don't go there.'

'My cousin Chua, the rat, told me—' said Chuchundra, and then he stopped.

'Told you what?'

'H'sh! Nag is everywhere, Rikki-tikki. You should have talked to Chua in the garden.'

'I didn't—so you must tell me. Quick, Chuchundra, or I'll bite you!'

Chuchundra sat down and cried till the tears rolled off his whiskers. 'I am a very poor man,' he sobbed. 'I never had spirit enough to run out into the middle of the room. H'sh! I mustn't tell you anything. Can't you hear, Rikki-tikki?'

Rikki-tikki listened. The house was as still as still, but he thought he could just catch the faintest scratch-scratch in the world—a noise as faint as that of a wasp walking on a window-pane—the dry scratch of a snake's scales on brick-work.

'That's Nag or Nagaina,' he said to himself, 'and he is crawling into the bath-room sluice. You're right, Chuchundra; I should have talked to Chua.'

He stole off to Teddy's bath-room, but there was nothing there, and then to Teddy's mother's bathroom. At the bottom of the smooth plaster wall there was a brick pulled out to make a sluice for the bath water, and as Rikki-tikki stole in by the masonry curb where the bath is put, he heard Nag and Nagaina whispering together outside in the moonlight.

'When the house is emptied of people,' said Nagaina to

her husband, 'he will have to go away, and then the garden will be our own again. Go in quietly, and remember that the big man who killed Karait is the first one to bite. Then come out and tell me, and we will hunt for Rikki-tikki together.'

'But are you sure that there is anything to be gained by killing the people?' said Nag.

'Everything. When there were no people in the bungalow, did we have any mongoose in the garden? So long as the bungalow is empty, we are king and queen of the garden; and remember that as soon as our eggs in the melon bed hatch (as they may tomorrow), our children will need room and quiet.'

'I had not thought of that,' said Nag. 'I will go, but there is no need that we should hunt for Rikki-tikki afterward. I will kill the big man and his wife, and the child if I can, and come away quietly. Then the bungalow will be empty, and Rikki-tikki will go.'

Rikki-tikki tingled all over with rage and hatred at this, and then Nag's head came through the sluice, and his five feet of cold body followed it. Angry as he was, Rikki-tikki was very frightened as he saw the size of the big cobra. Nag coiled himself up, raised his head, and looked into the bathroom in the dark, and Rikki could see his eyes glitter.

'Now, if I kill him here, Nagaina will know; and if I fight him on the open floor, the odds are in his favor. What am I to do?' said Rikki-tikki-tavi.

Nag waved to and fro, and then Rikki-tikki heard him drinking from the biggest water-jar that was used to fill the bath. 'That is good,' said the snake. 'Now, when Karait was

killed, the big man had a stick. He may have that stick still, but when he comes in to bathe in the morning he will not have a stick. I shall wait here till he comes. Nagaina—do you hear me?—I shall wait here in the cool till daytime.'

There was no answer from outside, so Rikki-tikki knew Nagaina had gone away. Nag coiled himself down, coil by coil, round the bulge at the bottom of the water jar, and Rikki-tikki stayed still as death. After an hour he began to move, muscle by muscle, toward the jar. Nag was asleep, and Rikki-tikki looked at his big back, wondering which would be the best place for a good hold. 'If I don't break his back at the first jump,' said Rikki, 'he can still fight. And if he fights—O Rikki!' He looked at the thickness of the neck below the hood, but that was too much for him; and a bite near the tail would only make Nag savage.

'It must be the head" he said at last; 'the head above the hood. And, when I am once there, I must not let go.'

Then he jumped. The head was lying a little clear of the water jar, under the curve of it; and, as his teeth met, Rikki braced his back against the bulge of the red earthenware to hold down the head. This gave him just one second's purchase, and he made the most of it. Then he was battered to and fro as a rat is shaken by a dog—to and fro on the floor, up and down, and around in great circles, but his eyes were red and he held on as the body cart-whipped over the floor, upsetting the tin dipper and the soap dish and the flesh brush, and banged against the tin side of the bath. As he held he closed his jaws tighter and tighter, for he made sure he would be banged to death, and, for the honor of his

family, he preferred to be found with his teeth locked. He was dizzy, aching, and felt shaken to pieces when something went off like a thunderclap just behind him. A hot wind knocked him senseless and red fire singed his fur. The big man had been wakened by the noise, and had fired both barrels of a shotgun into Nag just behind the hood.

Rikki-tikki held on with his eyes shut, for now he was quite sure he was dead. But the head did not move, and the big man picked him up and said, 'It's the mongoose again, Alice. The little chap has saved our lives now.'

Then Teddy's mother came in with a very white face, and saw what was left of Nag, and Rikki-tikki dragged himself to Teddy's bedroom and spent half the rest of the night shaking himself tenderly to find out whether he really was broken into forty pieces, as he fancied.

When morning came he was very stiff, but well pleased with his doings. 'Now I have Nagaina to settle with, and she will be worse than five Nags, and there's no knowing when the eggs she spoke of will hatch. Goodness! I must go and see Darzee,' he said.

Without waiting for breakfast, Rikki-tikki ran to the thornbush where Darzee was singing a song of triumph at the top of his voice. The news of Nag's death was all over the garden, for the sweeper had thrown the body on the rubbish-heap.

'Oh, you stupid tuft of feathers!' said Rikki-tikki angrily. 'Is this the time to sing?'

'Nag is dead—is dead—is dead!' sang Darzee. 'The valiant Rikki-tikki caught him by the head and held fast. The

big man brought the bang-stick, and Nag fell in two pieces! He will never eat my babies again.'

'All that's true enough. But where's Nagaina?' said Rikki-tikki, looking carefully round him.

'Nagaina came to the bathroom sluice and called for Nag,' Darzee went on, 'and Nag came out on the end of a stick—the sweeper picked him up on the end of a stick and threw him upon the rubbish heap. Let us sing about the great, the red-eyed Rikki-tikki!' And Darzee filled his throat and sang.

'If I could get up to your nest, I'd roll your babies out!' said Rikki-tikki. 'You don't know when to do the right thing at the right time. You're safe enough in your nest there, but it's war for me down here. Stop singing a minute, Darzee.'

'For the great, the beautiful Rikki-tikki's sake I will stop,' said Darzee. 'What is it, O Killer of the terrible Nag?'

'Where is Nagaina, for the third time?'

'On the rubbish heap by the stables, mourning for Nag. Great is Rikki-tikki with the white teeth.'

'Bother my white teeth! Have you ever heard where she keeps her eggs?'

'In the melon bed, on the end nearest the wall, where the sun strikes nearly all day. She hid them there weeks ago.'

'And you never thought it worth while to tell me? The end nearest the wall, you said?'

'Rikki-tikki, you are not going to eat her eggs?'

'Not eat exactly; no. Darzee, if you have a grain of sense you will fly off to the stables and pretend that your wing is broken, and let Nagaina chase you away to this bush. I must

get to the melon-bed, and if I went there now she'd see me.'

Darzee was a feather-brained little fellow who could never hold more than one idea at a time in his head. And just because he knew that Nagaina's children were born in eggs like his own, he didn't think at first that it was fair to kill them. But his wife was a sensible bird, and she knew that cobra's eggs meant young cobras later on. So she flew off from the nest, and left Darzee to keep the babies warm, and continue his song about the death of Nag. Darzee was very like a man in some ways.

She fluttered in front of Nagaina by the rubbish heap and cried out, 'Oh, my wing is broken! The boy in the house threw a stone at me and broke it.' Then she fluttered more desperately than ever.

Nagaina lifted up her head and hissed, 'You warned Rikki-tikki when I would have killed him. Indeed and truly, you've chosen a bad place to be lame in.' And she moved toward Darzee's wife, slipping along over the dust.

'The boy broke it with a stone!' shrieked Darzee's wife.

'Well! It may be some consolation to you when you're dead to know that I shall settle accounts with the boy. My husband lies on the rubbish heap this morning, but before night the boy in the house will lie very still. What is the use of running away? I am sure to catch you. Little fool, look at me!'

Darzee's wife knew better than to do that, for a bird who looks at a snake's eyes gets so frightened that she cannot move. Darzee's wife fluttered on, piping sorrowfully, and never leaving the ground, and Nagaina quickened her

pace.

Rikki-tikki heard them going up the path from the stables, and he raced for the end of the melon patch near the wall. There, in the warm litter above the melons, very cunningly hidden, he found twenty-five eggs, about the size of a bantam's eggs, but with whitish skin instead of shell.

'I was not a day too soon,' he said, for he could see the baby cobras curled up inside the skin, and he knew that the minute they were hatched they could each kill a man or a mongoose. He bit off the tops of the eggs as fast as he could, taking care to crush the young cobras, and turned over the litter from time to time to see whether he had missed any. At last there were only three eggs left, and Rikki-tikki began to chuckle to himself, when he heard Darzee's wife screaming:

'Rikki-tikki, I led Nagaina toward the house, and she has gone into the veranda, and—oh, come quickly—she means killing!'

Rikki-tikki smashed two eggs, and tumbled backward down the melon-bed with the third egg in his mouth, and scuttled to the veranda as hard as he could put foot to the ground. Teddy and his mother and father were there at early breakfast, but Rikki-tikki saw that they were not eating anything. They sat stone-still, and their faces were white. Nagaina was coiled up on the matting by Teddy's chair, within easy striking distance of Teddy's bare leg, and she was swaying to and fro, singing a song of triumph.

'Son of the big man that killed Nag,' she hissed, 'stay still. I am not ready yet. Wait a little. Keep very still, all you

three! If you move I strike, and if you do not move I strike. Oh, foolish people, who killed my Nag!'

Teddy's eyes were fixed on his father, and all his father could do was to whisper, 'Sit still, Teddy. You mustn't move. Teddy, keep still.'

Then Rikki-tikki came up and cried, 'Turn round, Nagaina. Turn and fight!'

'All in good time,' said she, without moving her eyes. 'I will settle my account with you presently. Look at your friends, Rikki-tikki. They are still and white. They are afraid. They dare not move, and if you come a step nearer I strike.'

'Look at your eggs,' said Rikki-tikki, 'in the melon bed near the wall. Go and look, Nagaina!'

The big snake turned half around, and saw the egg on the veranda. 'Ah-h! Give it to me,' she said.

Rikki-tikki put his paws one on each side of the egg, and his eyes were blood-red. 'What price for a snake's egg? For a young cobra? For a young king cobra? For the last—the very last of the brood? The ants are eating all the others down by the melon bed.'

Nagaina spun clear round, forgetting everything for the sake of the one egg. Rikki-tikki saw Teddy's father shoot out a big hand, catch Teddy by the shoulder, and drag him across the little table with the tea-cups, safe and out of reach of Nagaina.

'Tricked! Tricked! Tricked! Rikk-tck-tck!' chuckled Rikki-tikki. 'The boy is safe, and it was I—I—I that caught Nag by the hood last night in the bathroom.' Then he began to

jump up and down, all four feet together, his head close to the floor. 'He threw me to and fro, but he could not shake me off. He was dead before the big man blew him in two. I did it! Rikki-tikki-tck-tck! Come then, Nagaina. Come and fight with me. You shall not be a widow long.'

Nagaina saw that she had lost her chance of killing Teddy, and the egg lay between Rikki-tikki's paws. 'Give me the egg, Rikki-tikki. Give me the last of my eggs, and I will go away and never come back,' she said, lowering her hood.

'Yes, you will go away, and you will never come back. For you will go to the rubbish heap with Nag. Fight, widow! The big man has gone for his gun! Fight!'

Rikki-tikki was bounding all round Nagaina, keeping just out of reach of her stroke, his little eyes like hot coals. Nagaina gathered herself together and flung out at him. Rikki-tikki jumped up and backward. Again and again and again she struck, and each time her head came with a whack on the matting of the veranda and she gathered herself together like a watch spring. Then Rikki-tikki danced in a circle to get behind her, and Nagaina spun round to keep her head to his head, so that the rustle of her tail on the matting sounded like dry leaves blown along by the wind.

He had forgotten the egg. It still lay on the veranda, and Nagaina came nearer and nearer to it, till at last, while Rikki-tikki was drawing breath, she caught it in her mouth, turned to the veranda steps, and flew like an arrow down the path, with Rikki-tikki behind her. When the cobra runs for her life, she goes like a whip-lash flicked across a horse's neck.

Rikki-tikki knew that he must catch her, or all the trouble would begin again. She headed straight for the long grass by the thorn-bush, and as he was running Rikki-tikki heard Darzee still singing his foolish little song of triumph. But Darzee's wife was wiser. She flew off her nest as Nagaina came along, and flapped her wings about Nagaina's head. If Darzee had helped they might have turned her, but Nagaina only lowered her hood and went on. Still, the instant's delay brought Rikki-tikki up to her, and as she plunged into the rat-hole where she and Nag used to live, his little white teeth were clenched on her tail, and he went down with her—and very few mongooses, however wise and old they may be, care to follow a cobra into its hole. It was dark in the hole; and Rikki-tikki never knew when it might open out and give Nagaina room to turn and strike at him. He held on savagely, and stuck out his feet to act as brakes on the dark slope of the hot, moist earth.

Then the grass by the mouth of the hole stopped waving, and Darzee said, 'It is all over with Rikki-tikki! We must sing his death song. Valiant Rikki-tikki is dead! For Nagaina will surely kill him underground.'

So he sang a very mournful song that he made up on the spur of the minute, and just as he got to the most touching part, the grass quivered again, and Rikki-tikki, covered with dirt, dragged himself out of the hole leg by leg, licking his whiskers. Darzee stopped with a little shout. Rikki-tikki shook some of the dust out of his fur and sneezed. 'It is all over,' he said. 'The widow will never come out again.' And the red ants that live between the grass stems heard him,

and began to troop down one after another to see if he had spoken the truth.

Rikki-tikki curled himself up in the grass and slept where he was—slept and slept till it was late in the afternoon, for he had done a hard day's work.

'Now,' he said, when he awoke, 'I will go back to the house. Tell the Coppersmith, Darzee, and he will tell the garden that Nagaina is dead.'

The Coppersmith is a bird who makes a noise exactly like the beating of a little hammer on a copper pot; and the reason he is always making it is because he is the town crier to every Indian garden, and tells all the news to everybody who cares to listen. As Rikki-tikki went up the path, he heard his 'attention' notes like a tiny dinner gong, and then the steady 'Ding-dong-tock! Nag is dead—dong! Nagaina is dead! Ding-dong-tock!' That set all the birds in the garden singing, and the frogs croaking, for Nag and Nagaina used to eat frogs as well as little birds.

When Rikki got to the house, Teddy and Teddy's mother (she looked very white still, for she had been fainting) and Teddy's father came out and almost cried over him; and that night he ate all that was given him till he could eat no more, and went to bed on Teddy's shoulder, where Teddy's mother saw him when she came to look late at night.

'He saved our lives and Teddy's life,' she said to her husband. 'Just think, he saved all our lives.'

Rikki-tikki woke up with a jump, for the mongooses are light sleepers.

'Oh, it's you,' said he. 'What are you bothering for? All

the cobras are dead. And if they weren't, I'm here.'

Rikki-tikki had a right to be proud of himself. But he did not grow too proud, and he kept that garden as a mongoose should keep it, with tooth and jump and spring and bite, till never a cobra dared show its head inside the walls.

Darzee's Chant

(Sung in honor of Rikki-tikki-tavi)

Singer and tailor am I—
Doubled the joys that I know—
Proud of my lilt to the sky,
Proud of the house that I sew—
Over and under, so weave I my music—so weave I the house that I sew.

Sing to your fledglings again,
Mother, oh lift up your head!
Evil that plagued us is slain,
Death in the garden lies dead.
Terror that hid in the roses is impotent—flung on the dung-hill and dead!

Who has delivered us, who?
Tell me his nest and his name.
Rikki, the valiant, the true,
Tikki, with eyeballs of flame,
Rikk-tikki-tikki, the ivory-fanged, the hunter with eyeballs of flame!

Give him the Thanks of the Birds,
Bowing with tail feathers spread!

Praise him with nightingale words—
Nay, I will praise him instead.
Hear! I will sing you the praise of the bottle-tailed Rikki, with eyeballs of red!

(Here Rikki-tikki interrupted, and the rest of the song is lost.)

Toomai of the Elephants

I will remember what I was, I am sick of rope and chain—
I will remember my old strength and all my forest affairs.
I will not sell my back to man for a bundle of sugar-cane:
I will go out to my own kind, and the wood-folk in their lairs.

I will go out until the day, until the morning break—
Out to the wind's untainted kiss, the water's clean caress;
I will forget my ankle-ring and snap my picket stake.
I will revisit my lost loves, and playmates masterless!

Kala Nag, which means Black Snake, had served the Indian Government in every way that an elephant could serve it for forty-seven years, and as he was fully twenty years old when he was caught, that makes him nearly seventy—a ripe age for an elephant. He remembered pushing, with a big leather pad on his forehead, at a gun stuck in deep mud, and that was before the Afghan War of 1842, and he had not then come to his full strength.

His mother Radha Pyari,—Radha the darling,—who had been caught in the same drive with Kala Nag, told him, before his little milk tusks had dropped out, that elephants who were afraid always got hurt. Kala Nag knew that that advice was good, for the first time that he saw a shell burst he backed, screaming, into a stand of piled rifles, and the

bayonets pricked him in all his softest places. So, before he was twenty-five, he gave up being afraid, and so he was the best-loved and the best-looked-after elephant in the service of the Government of India. He had carried tents, twelve hundred pounds' weight of tents, on the march in Upper India. He had been hoisted into a ship at the end of a steam crane and taken for days across the water, and made to carry a mortar on his back in a strange and rocky country very far from India, and had seen the Emperor Theodore lying dead in Magdala, and had come back again in the steamer entitled, so the soldiers said, to the Abyssinian War medal. He had seen his fellow elephants die of cold and epilepsy and starvation and sunstroke up at a place called Ali Musjid, ten years later; and afterward he had been sent down thousands of miles south to haul and pile big balks of teak in the timberyards at Moulmein. There he had half killed an insubordinate young elephant who was shirking his fair share of work.

After that he was taken off timber-hauling, and employed, with a few score other elephants who were trained to the business, in helping to catch wild elephants among the Garo hills. Elephants are very strictly preserved by the Indian Government. There is one whole department which does nothing else but hunt them, and catch them, and break them in, and send them up and down the country as they are needed for work.

Kala Nag stood ten fair feet at the shoulders, and his tusks had been cut off short at five feet, and bound round the ends, to prevent them splitting, with bands of copper;

but he could do more with those stumps than any untrained elephant could do with the real sharpened ones. When, after weeks and weeks of cautious driving of scattered elephants across the hills, the forty or fifty wild monsters were driven into the last stockade, and the big drop gate, made of tree trunks lashed together, jarred down behind them, Kala Nag, at the word of command, would go into that flaring, trumpeting pandemonium (generally at night, when the flicker of the torches made it difficult to judge distances), and, picking out the biggest and wildest tusker of the mob, would hammer him and hustle him into quiet while the men on the backs of the other elephants roped and tied the smaller ones.

There was nothing in the way of fighting that Kala Nag, the old wise Black Snake, did not know, for he had stood up more than once in his time to the charge of the wounded tiger, and, curling up his soft trunk to be out of harm's way, had knocked the springing brute sideways in mid-air with a quick sickle cut of his head, that he had invented all by himself; had knocked him over, and kneeled upon him with his huge knees till the life went out with a gasp and a howl, and there was only a fluffy striped thing on the ground for Kala Nag to pull by the tail.

'Yes,' said Big Toomai, his driver, the son of Black Toomai who had taken him to Abyssinia, and grandson of Toomai of the Elephants who had seen him caught, 'there is nothing that the Black Snake fears except me. He has seen three generations of us feed him and groom him, and he will live to see four.'

'He is afraid of me also,' said Little Toomai, standing up to his full height of four feet, with only one rag upon him. He was ten years old, the eldest son of Big Toomai, and, according to custom, he would take his father's place on Kala Nag's neck when he grew up, and would handle the heavy iron ankus, the elephant goad, that had been worn smooth by his father, and his grandfather, and his great-grandfather.

He knew what he was talking of; for he had been born under Kala Nag's shadow, had played with the end of his trunk before he could walk, had taken him down to water as soon as he could walk, and Kala Nag would no more have dreamed of disobeying his shrill little orders than he would have dreamed of killing him on that day when Big Toomai carried the little brown baby under Kala Nag's tusks, and told him to salute his master that was to be.

'Yes,' said Little Toomai, 'he is afraid of me,' and he took long strides up to Kala Nag, called him a fat old pig, and made him lift up his feet one after the other.

'Wah!' said Little Toomai, 'thou art a big elephant,' and he wagged his fluffy head, quoting his father. 'The Government may pay for elephants, but they belong to us mahouts. When thou art old, Kala Nag, there will come some rich rajah, and he will buy thee from the Government, on account of thy size and thy manners, and then thou wilt have nothing to do but to carry gold earrings in thy ears, and a gold howdah on thy back, and a red cloth covered with gold on thy sides, and walk at the head of the processions of the King. Then I shall sit on thy neck, O Kala Nag, with a silver

ankus, and men will run before us with golden sticks, crying, 'Room for the King's elephant!' That will be good, Kala Nag, but not so good as this hunting in the jungles.'

'Umph!' said Big Toomai. 'Thou art a boy, and as wild as a buffalo-calf. This running up and down among the hills is not the best Government service. I am getting old, and I do not love wild elephants. Give me brick elephant lines, one stall to each elephant, and big stumps to tie them to safely, and flat, broad roads to exercise upon, instead of this come-and-go camping. Aha, the Cawnpore barracks were good. There was a bazaar close by, and only three hours' work a day.'

Little Toomai remembered the Cawnpore elephant-lines and said nothing. He very much preferred the camp life, and hated those broad, flat roads, with the daily grubbing for grass in the forage reserve, and the long hours when there was nothing to do except to watch Kala Nag fidgeting in his pickets.

What Little Toomai liked was to scramble up bridle paths that only an elephant could take; the dip into the valley below; the glimpses of the wild elephants browsing miles away; the rush of the frightened pig and peacock under Kala Nag's feet; the blinding warm rains, when all the hills and valleys smoked; the beautiful misty mornings when nobody knew where they would camp that night; the steady, cautious drive of the wild elephants, and the mad rush and blaze and hullabaloo of the last night's drive, when the elephants poured into the stockade like boulders in a landslide, found that they could not get out, and flung themselves at

the heavy posts only to be driven back by yells and flaring torches and volleys of blank cartridge.

Even a little boy could be of use there, and Toomai was as useful as three boys. He would get his torch and wave it, and yell with the best. But the really good time came when the driving out began, and the Keddah—that is, the stockade—looked like a picture of the end of the world, and men had to make signs to one another, because they could not hear themselves speak. Then Little Toomai would climb up to the top of one of the quivering stockade posts, his sun-bleached brown hair flying loose all over his shoulders, and he looking like a goblin in the torch-light. And as soon as there was a lull you could hear his high-pitched yells of encouragement to Kala Nag, above the trumpeting and crashing, and snapping of ropes, and groans of the tethered elephants. 'Mael, mael, Kala Nag! (Go on, go on, Black Snake!) Dant do! (Give him the tusk!) Somalo! Somalo! (Careful, careful!) Maro! Mar! (Hit him, hit him!) Mind the post! Arre! Arre! Hai! Yai! Kya-a-ah!' he would shout, and the big fight between Kala Nag and the wild elephant would sway to and fro across the Keddah, and the old elephant catchers would wipe the sweat out of their eyes, and find time to nod to Little Toomai wriggling with joy on the top of the posts.

He did more than wriggle. One night he slid down from the post and slipped in between the elephants and threw up the loose end of a rope, which had dropped, to a driver who was trying to get a purchase on the leg of a kicking young calf (calves always give more trouble than full-grown animals). Kala Nag saw him, caught him in his trunk, and

handed him up to Big Toomai, who slapped him then and there, and put him back on the post.

Next morning he gave him a scolding and said, 'Are not good brick elephant lines and a little tent carrying enough, that thou must needs go elephant catching on thy own account, little worthless? Now those foolish hunters, whose pay is less than my pay, have spoken to Petersen Sahib of the matter.' Little Toomai was frightened. He did not know much of white men, but Petersen Sahib was the greatest white man in the world to him. He was the head of all the Keddah operations—the man who caught all the elephants for the Government of India, and who knew more about the ways of elephants than any living man.

'What—what will happen?' said Little Toomai.

'Happen! The worst that can happen. Petersen Sahib is a madman. Else why should he go hunting these wild devils? He may even require thee to be an elephant catcher, to sleep anywhere in these fever-filled jungles, and at last to be trampled to death in the Keddah. It is well that this nonsense ends safely. Next week the catching is over, and we of the plains are sent back to our stations. Then we will march on smooth roads, and forget all this hunting. But, son, I am angry that thou shouldst meddle in the business that belongs to these dirty Assamese jungle folk. Kala Nag will obey none but me, so I must go with him into the Keddah, but he is only a fighting elephant, and he does not help to rope them. So I sit at my ease, as befits a mahout,—not a mere hunter,—a mahout, I say, and a man who gets a pension at the end of his service. Is the family of Toomai of

the Elephants to be trodden underfoot in the dirt of a Keddah? Bad one! Wicked one! Worthless son! Go and wash Kala Nag and attend to his ears, and see that there are no thorns in his feet. Or else Petersen Sahib will surely catch thee and make thee a wild hunter—a follower of elephant's foot tracks, a jungle bear. Bah! Shame! Go!'

Little Toomai went off without saying a word, but he told Kala Nag all his grievances while he was examining his feet. 'No matter,' said Little Toomai, turning up the fringe of Kala Nag's huge right ear. 'They have said my name to Petersen Sahib, and perhaps—and perhaps—and perhaps—who knows? Hai! That is a big thorn that I have pulled out!'

The next few days were spent in getting the elephants together, in walking the newly caught wild elephants up and down between a couple of tame ones to prevent them giving too much trouble on the downward march to the plains, and in taking stock of the blankets and ropes and things that had been worn out or lost in the forest.

Petersen Sahib came in on his clever she-elephant Pudmini; he had been paying off other camps among the hills, for the season was coming to an end, and there was a native clerk sitting at a table under a tree, to pay the drivers their wages. As each man was paid he went back to his elephant, and joined the line that stood ready to start. The catchers, and hunters, and beaters, the men of the regular Keddah, who stayed in the jungle year in and year out, sat on the backs of the elephants that belonged to Petersen Sahib's permanent force, or leaned against the trees with their guns across their arms, and made fun of the drivers who were

going away, and laughed when the newly caught elephants broke the line and ran about.

Big Toomai went up to the clerk with Little Toomai behind him, and Machua Appa, the head tracker, said in an undertone to a friend of his, 'There goes one piece of good elephant stuff at least. 'Tis a pity to send that young jungle-cock to molt in the plains.'

Now Petersen Sahib had ears all over him, as a man must have who listens to the most silent of all living things—the wild elephant. He turned where he was lying all along on Pudmini's back and said, 'What is that? I did not know of a man among the plains-drivers who had wit enough to rope even a dead elephant.'

'This is not a man, but a boy. He went into the Keddah at the last drive, and threw Barmao there the rope, when we were trying to get that young calf with the blotch on his shoulder away from his mother.'

Machua Appa pointed at Little Toomai, and Petersen Sahib looked, and Little Toomai bowed to the earth.

'He throw a rope? He is smaller than a picket-pin. Little one, what is thy name?' said Petersen Sahib.

Little Toomai was too frightened to speak, but Kala Nag was behind him, and Toomai made a sign with his hand, and the elephant caught him up in his trunk and held him level with Pudmini's forehead, in front of the great Petersen Sahib. Then Little Toomai covered his face with his hands, for he was only a child, and except where elephants were concerned, he was just as bashful as a child could be.

'Oho!' said Petersen Sahib, smiling underneath his mus-

tache, 'and why didst thou teach thy elephant that trick? Was it to help thee steal green corn from the roofs of the houses when the ears are put out to dry?'

'Not green corn, Protector of the Poor,—melons,' said Little Toomai, and all the men sitting about broke into a roar of laughter. Most of them had taught their elephants that trick when they were boys. Little Toomai was hanging eight feet up in the air, and he wished very much that he were eight feet underground.

'He is Toomai, my son, Sahib,' said Big Toomai, scowling. 'He is a very bad boy, and he will end in a jail, Sahib.'

'Of that I have my doubts,' said Petersen Sahib. 'A boy who can face a full Keddah at his age does not end in jails. See, little one, here are four annas to spend in sweetmeats because thou hast a little head under that great thatch of hair. In time thou mayest become a hunter too.' Big Toomai scowled more than ever. 'Remember, though, that Keddahs are not good for children to play in,' Petersen Sahib went on.

'Must I never go there, Sahib?' asked Little Toomai with a big gasp.

'Yes.' Petersen Sahib smiled again. 'When thou hast seen the elephants dance. That is the proper time. Come to me when thou hast seen the elephants dance, and then I will let thee go into all the Keddahs.'

There was another roar of laughter, for that is an old joke among elephant-catchers, and it means just never. There are great cleared flat places hidden away in the forests that are called elephants' ball-rooms, but even these are only found

by accident, and no man has ever seen the elephants dance. When a driver boasts of his skill and bravery the other drivers say, 'And when didst thou see the elephants dance?'

Kala Nag put Little Toomai down, and he bowed to the earth again and went away with his father, and gave the silver four-anna piece to his mother, who was nursing his baby brother, and they all were put up on Kala Nag's back, and the line of grunting, squealing elephants rolled down the hill path to the plains. It was a very lively march on account of the new elephants, who gave trouble at every ford, and needed coaxing or beating every other minute.

Big Toomai prodded Kala Nag spitefully, for he was very angry, but Little Toomai was too happy to speak. Petersen Sahib had noticed him, and given him money, so he felt as a private soldier would feel if he had been called out of the ranks and praised by his commander-in-chief.

'What did Petersen Sahib mean by the elephant dance?' he said, at last, softly to his mother.

Big Toomai heard him and grunted. 'That thou shouldst never be one of these hill buffaloes of trackers. That was what he meant. Oh, you in front, what is blocking the way?'

An Assamese driver, two or three elephants ahead, turned round angrily, crying: 'Bring up Kala Nag, and knock this youngster of mine into good behavior. Why should Petersen Sahib have chosen me to go down with you donkeys of the rice fields? Lay your beast alongside, Toomai, and let him prod with his tusks. By all the Gods of the Hills, these new elephants are possessed, or else they can smell their companions in the jungle.' Kala Nag hit the new elephant in the

ribs and knocked the wind out of him, as Big Toomai said, 'We have swept the hills of wild elephants at the last catch. It is only your carelessness in driving. Must I keep order along the whole line?'

'Hear him!' said the other driver. 'We have swept the hills! Ho! Ho! You are very wise, you plains people. Anyone but a mud-head who never saw the jungle would know that they know that the drives are ended for the season. Therefore all the wild elephants to-night will—but why should I waste wisdom on a river-turtle?'

'What will they do?' Little Toomai called out.

'Ohe, little one. Art thou there? Well, I will tell thee, for thou hast a cool head. They will dance, and it behooves thy father, who has swept all the hills of all the elephants, to double-chain his pickets to-night.'

'What talk is this?' said Big Toomai. 'For forty years, father and son, we have tended elephants, and we have never heard such moonshine about dances.'

'Yes; but a plainsman who lives in a hut knows only the four walls of his hut. Well, leave thy elephants unshackled tonight and see what comes. As for their dancing, I have seen the place where—Bapree-bap! How many windings has the Dihang River? Here is another ford, and we must swim the calves. Stop still, you behind there.'

And in this way, talking and wrangling and splashing through the rivers, they made their first march to a sort of receiving camp for the new elephants. But they lost their tempers long before they got there.

Then the elephants were chained by their hind legs to

their big stumps of pickets, and extra ropes were fitted to the new elephants, and the fodder was piled before them, and the hill drivers went back to Petersen Sahib through the afternoon light, telling the plains drivers to be extra careful that night, and laughing when the plains drivers asked the reason.

Little Toomai attended to Kala Nag's supper, and as evening fell, wandered through the camp, unspeakably happy, in search of a tom-tom. When an Indian child's heart is full, he does not run about and make a noise in an irregular fashion. He sits down to a sort of revel all by himself. And Little Toomai had been spoken to by Petersen Sahib! If he had not found what he wanted, I believe he would have been ill. But the sweetmeat seller in the camp lent him a little tom-tom—a drum beaten with the flat of the hand—and he sat down, cross-legged, before Kala Nag as the stars began to come out, the tom-tom in his lap, and he thumped and he thumped and he thumped, and the more he thought of the great honor that had been done to him, the more he thumped, all alone among the elephant fodder. There was no tune and no words, but the thumping made him happy.

The new elephants strained at their ropes, and squealed and trumpeted from time to time, and he could hear his mother in the camp hut putting his small brother to sleep with an old, old song about the great God Shiv, who once told all the animals what they should eat. It is a very soothing lullaby, and the first verse says:

Shiv, who poured the harvest and made the winds to blow,

Sitting at the doorways of a day of long ago,
Gave to each his portion, food and toil and fate,
From the King upon the guddee to the Beggar at the gate.
All things made he—Shiva the Preserver.
Mahadeo! Mahadeo! He made all—
Thorn for the camel, fodder for the kine,
And mother's heart for sleepy head, O little son of mine!

Little Toomai came in with a joyous tunk-a-tunk at the end of each verse, till he felt sleepy and stretched himself on the fodder at Kala Nag's side. At last the elephants began to lie down one after another as is their custom, till only Kala Nag at the right of the line was left standing up; and he rocked slowly from side to side, his ears put forward to listen to the night wind as it blew very slowly across the hills. The air was full of all the night noises that, taken together, make one big silence— the click of one bamboo stem against the other, the rustle of something alive in the undergrowth, the scratch and squawk of a half-waked bird (birds are awake in the night much more often than we imagine), and the fall of water ever so far away. Little Toomai slept for some time, and when he waked it was brilliant moonlight, and Kala Nag was still standing up with his ears cocked. Little Toomai turned, rustling in the fodder, and watched the curve of his big back against half the stars in heaven, and while he watched he heard, so far away that it sounded no more than a pinhole of noise pricked through the stillness, the 'hoot-toot' of a wild elephant.

All the elephants in the lines jumped up as if they had

been shot, and their grunts at last waked the sleeping mahouts, and they came out and drove in the picket pegs with big mallets, and tightened this rope and knotted that till all was quiet. One new elephant had nearly grubbed up his picket, and Big Toomai took off Kala Nag's leg chain and shackled that elephant fore-foot to hind-foot, but slipped a loop of grass string round Kala Nag's leg, and told him to remember that he was tied fast. He knew that he and his father and his grandfather had done the very same thing hundreds of times before. Kala Nag did not answer to the order by gurgling, as he usually did. He stood still, looking out across the moonlight, his head a little raised and his ears spread like fans, up to the great folds of the Garo hills.

'Tend to him if he grows restless in the night,' said Big Toomai to Little Toomai, and he went into the hut and slept. Little Toomai was just going to sleep, too, when he heard the coir string snap with a little 'tang,' and Kala Nag rolled out of his pickets as slowly and as silently as a cloud rolls out of the mouth of a valley. Little Toomai pattered after him, barefooted, down the road in the moonlight, calling under his breath, 'Kala Nag! Kala Nag! Take me with you, O Kala Nag!' The elephant turned, without a sound, took three strides back to the boy in the moonlight, put down his trunk, swung him up to his neck, and almost before Little Toomai had settled his knees, slipped into the forest.

There was one blast of furious trumpeting from the lines, and then the silence shut down on everything, and Kala Nag began to move. Sometimes a tuft of high grass washed along his sides as a wave washes along the sides of

a ship, and sometimes a cluster of wild-pepper vines would scrape along his back, or a bamboo would creak where his shoulder touched it. But between those times he moved absolutely without any sound, drifting through the thick Garo forest as though it had been smoke. He was going uphill, but though Little Toomai watched the stars in the rifts of the trees, he could not tell in what direction.

Then Kala Nag reached the crest of the ascent and stopped for a minute, and Little Toomai could see the tops of the trees lying all speckled and furry under the moonlight for miles and miles, and the blue-white mist over the river in the hollow. Toomai leaned forward and looked, and he felt that the forest was awake below him—awake and alive and crowded. A big brown fruit-eating bat brushed past his ear; a porcupine's quills rattled in the thicket; and in the darkness between the tree stems he heard a hog-bear digging hard in the moist warm earth, and snuffing as it digged.

Then the branches closed over his head again, and Kala Nag began to go down into the valley—not quietly this time, but as a runaway gun goes down a steep bank—in one rush. The huge limbs moved as steadily as pistons, eight feet to each stride, and the wrinkled skin of the elbow points rustled. The undergrowth on either side of him ripped with a noise like torn canvas, and the saplings that he heaved away right and left with his shoulders sprang back again and banged him on the flank, and great trails of creepers, all matted together, hung from his tusks as he threw his head from side to side and plowed out his pathway. Then Little Toomai laid himself down close to the great neck lest

a swinging bough should sweep him to the ground, and he wished that he were back in the lines again.

The grass began to get squashy, and Kala Nag's feet sucked and squelched as he put them down, and the night mist at the bottom of the valley chilled Little Toomai. There was a splash and a trample, and the rush of running water, and Kala Nag strode through the bed of a river, feeling his way at each step. Above the noise of the water, as it swirled round the elephant's legs, Little Toomai could hear more splashing and some trumpeting both upstream and down—great grunts and angry snortings, and all the mist about him seemed to be full of rolling, wavy shadows.

'Ai!' he said, half aloud, his teeth chattering. 'The elephant-folk are out tonight. It is the dance, then!'

Kala Nag swashed out of the water, blew his trunk clear, and began another climb. But this time he was not alone, and he had not to make his path. That was made already, six feet wide, in front of him, where the bent jungle-grass was trying to recover itself and stand up. Many elephants must have gone that way only a few minutes before. Little Toomai looked back, and behind him a great wild tusker with his little pig's eyes glowing like hot coals was just lifting himself out of the misty river. Then the trees closed up again, and they went on and up, with trumpetings and crashings, and the sound of breaking branches on every side of them.

At last Kala Nag stood still between two tree-trunks at the very top of the hill. They were part of a circle of trees that grew round an irregular space of some three or four acres, and in all that space, as Little Toomai could see, the

ground had been trampled down as hard as a brick floor. Some trees grew in the center of the clearing, but their bark was rubbed away, and the white wood beneath showed all shiny and polished in the patches of moonlight. There were creepers hanging from the upper branches, and the bells of the flowers of the creepers, great waxy white things like convolvuluses, hung down fast asleep. But within the limits of the clearing there was not a single blade of green— nothing but the trampled earth.

The moonlight showed it all iron gray, except where some elephants stood upon it, and their shadows were inky black. Little Toomai looked, holding his breath, with his eyes starting out of his head, and as he looked, more and more and more elephants swung out into the open from between the tree trunks. Little Toomai could only count up to ten, and he counted again and again on his fingers till he lost count of the tens, and his head began to swim. Outside the clearing he could hear them crashing in the undergrowth as they worked their way up the hillside, but as soon as they were within the circle of the tree trunks they moved like ghosts.

There were white-tusked wild males, with fallen leaves and nuts and twigs lying in the wrinkles of their necks and the folds of their ears; fat, slow-footed she-elephants, with restless, little pinky black calves only three or four feet high running under their stomachs; young elephants with their tusks just beginning to show, and very proud of them; lanky, scraggy old-maid elephants, with their hollow anxious faces, and trunks like rough bark; savage old bull elephants, scarred from shoulder to flank with great weals and cuts of

bygone fights, and the caked dirt of their solitary mud baths dropping from their shoulders; and there was one with a broken tusk and the marks of the full-stroke, the terrible drawing scrape, of a tiger's claws on his side.

They were standing head to head, or walking to and fro across the ground in couples, or rocking and swaying all by themselves— scores and scores of elephants.

Toomai knew that so long as he lay still on Kala Nag's neck nothing would happen to him, for even in the rush and scramble of a Keddah drive a wild elephant does not reach up with his trunk and drag a man off the neck of a tame elephant. And these elephants were not thinking of men that night. Once they started and put their ears forward when they heard the chinking of a leg iron in the forest, but it was Pudmini, Petersen Sahib's pet elephant, her chain snapped short off, grunting, snuffling up the hillside. She must have broken her pickets and come straight from Petersen Sahib's camp; and Little Toomai saw another elephant, one that he did not know, with deep rope galls on his back and breast. He, too, must have run away from some camp in the hills about.

At last there was no sound of any more elephants moving in the forest, and Kala Nag rolled out from his station between the trees and went into the middle of the crowd, clucking and gurgling, and all the elephants began to talk in their own tongue, and to move about.

Still lying down, Little Toomai looked down upon scores and scores of broad backs, and wagging ears, and tossing trunks, and little rolling eyes. He heard the click of tusks as

they crossed other tusks by accident, and the dry rustle of trunks twined together, and the chafing of enormous sides and shoulders in the crowd, and the incessant flick and hissh of the great tails. Then a cloud came over the moon, and he sat in black darkness. But the quiet, steady hustling and pushing and gurgling went on just the same. He knew that there were elephants all round Kala Nag, and that there was no chance of backing him out of the assembly; so he set his teeth and shivered. In a Keddah at least there was torch-light and shouting, but here he was all alone in the dark, and once a trunk came up and touched him on the knee.

Then an elephant trumpeted, and they all took it up for five or ten terrible seconds. The dew from the trees above spattered down like rain on the unseen backs, and a dull booming noise began, not very loud at first, and Little Toomai could not tell what it was. But it grew and grew, and Kala Nag lifted up one forefoot and then the other, and brought them down on the ground —one-two, one-two, as steadily as trip-hammers. The elephants were stamping all together now, and it sounded like a war drum beaten at the mouth of a cave. The dew fell from the trees till there was no more left to fall, and the booming went on, and the ground rocked and shivered, and Little Toomai put his hands up to his ears to shut out the sound. But it was all one gigantic jar that ran through him—this stamp of hundreds of heavy feet on the raw earth. Once or twice he could feel Kala Nag and all the others surge forward a few strides, and the thumping would change to the crushing sound of juicy green things being bruised, but in a minute or two the boom of feet on

hard earth began again. A tree was creaking and groaning somewhere near him. He put out his arm and felt the bark, but Kala Nag moved forward, still tramping, and he could not tell where he was in the clearing. There was no sound from the elephants, except once, when two or three little calves squeaked together. Then he heard a thump and a shuffle, and the booming went on. It must have lasted fully two hours, and Little Toomai ached in every nerve, but he knew by the smell of the night air that the dawn was coming.

The morning broke in one sheet of pale yellow behind the green hills, and the booming stopped with the first ray, as though the light had been an order. Before Little Toomai had got the ringing out of his head, before even he had shifted his position, there was not an elephant in sight except Kala Nag, Pudmini, and the elephant with the rope-galls, and there was neither sign nor rustle nor whisper down the hillsides to show where the others had gone.

Little Toomai stared again and again. The clearing, as he remembered it, had grown in the night. More trees stood in the middle of it, but the undergrowth and the jungle grass at the sides had been rolled back. Little Toomai stared once more. Now he understood the trampling. The elephants had stamped out more room—had stamped the thick grass and juicy cane to trash, the trash into slivers, the slivers into tiny fibers, and the fibers into hard earth.

'Wah!' said Little Toomai, and his eyes were very heavy. 'Kala Nag, my lord, let us keep by Pudmini and go to Petersen Sahib's camp, or I shall drop from thy neck.'

The third elephant watched the two go away, snorted, wheeled round, and took his own path. He may have belonged to some little native king's establishment, fifty or sixty or a hundred miles away.

Two hours later, as Petersen Sahib was eating early breakfast, his elephants, who had been double chained that night, began to trumpet, and Pudmini, mired to the shoulders, with Kala Nag, very footsore, shambled into the camp. Little Toomai's face was gray and pinched, and his hair was full of leaves and drenched with dew, but he tried to salute Petersen Sahib, and cried faintly: 'The dance—the elephant dance! I have seen it, and—I die!' As Kala Nag sat down, he slid off his neck in a dead faint.

But, since native children have no nerves worth speaking of, in two hours he was lying very contentedly in Petersen Sahib's hammock with Petersen Sahib's shooting-coat under his head, and a glass of warm milk, a little brandy, with a dash of quinine, inside of him, and while the old hairy, scarred hunters of the jungles sat three deep before him, looking at him as though he were a spirit, he told his tale in short words, as a child will, and wound up with:

'Now, if I lie in one word, send men to see, and they will find that the elephant folk have trampled down more room in their dance-room, and they will find ten and ten, and many times ten, tracks leading to that dance-room. They made more room with their feet. I have seen it. Kala Nag took me, and I saw. Also Kala Nag is very leg-weary!'

Little Toomai lay back and slept all through the long afternoon and into the twilight, and while he slept Petersen

Sahib and Machua Appa followed the track of the two elephants for fifteen miles across the hills. Petersen Sahib had spent eighteen years in catching elephants, and he had only once before found such a dance-place. Machua Appa had no need to look twice at the clearing to see what had been done there, or to scratch with his toe in the packed, rammed earth.

'The child speaks truth,' said he. 'All this was done last night, and I have counted seventy tracks crossing the river. See, Sahib, where Pudmini's leg-iron cut the bark of that tree! Yes; she was there too.'

They looked at one another and up and down, and they wondered. For the ways of elephants are beyond the wit of any man, black or white, to fathom.

'Forty years and five,' said Machua Appa, 'have I followed my lord, the elephant, but never have I heard that any child of man had seen what this child has seen. By all the Gods of the Hills, it is—what can we say?' and he shook his head.

When they got back to camp it was time for the evening meal. Petersen Sahib ate alone in his tent, but he gave orders that the camp should have two sheep and some fowls, as well as a double ration of flour and rice and salt, for he knew that there would be a feast.

Big Toomai had come up hotfoot from the camp in the plains to search for his son and his elephant, and now that he had found them he looked at them as though he were afraid of them both. And there was a feast by the blazing campfires in front of the lines of picketed elephants, and Little Toomai was the hero of it all. And the big brown ele-

phant catchers, the trackers and drivers and ropers, and the men who know all the secrets of breaking the wildest elephants, passed him from one to the other, and they marked his forehead with blood from the breast of a newly killed jungle-cock, to show that he was a forester, initiated and free of all the jungles.

And at last, when the flames died down, and the red light of the logs made the elephants look as though they had been dipped in blood too, Machua Appa, the head of all the drivers of all the Keddahs—Machua Appa, Petersen Sahib's other self, who had never seen a made road in forty years: Machua Appa, who was so great that he had no other name than Machua Appa,—leaped to his feet, with Little Toomai held high in the air above his head, and shouted: 'Listen, my brothers. Listen, too, you my lords in the lines there, for I, Machua Appa, am speaking! This little one shall no more be called Little Toomai, but Toomai of the Elephants, as his great-grandfather was called before him. What never man has seen he has seen through the long night, and the favor of the elephant-folk and of the Gods of the Jungles is with him. He shall become a great tracker. He shall become greater than I, even I, Machua Appa! He shall follow the new trail, and the stale trail, and the mixed trail, with a clear eye! He shall take no harm in the Keddah when he runs under their bellies to rope the wild tuskers; and if he slips before the feet of the charging bull elephant, the bull elephant shall know who he is and shall not crush him. Aihai! my lords in the chains,'—he whirled up the line of pickets—'here is the little one that has seen your dances in your hidden places,—the

sight that never man saw! Give him honor, my lords! Salaam karo, my children. Make your salute to Toomai of the Elephants! Gunga Pershad, ahaa! Hira Guj, Birchi Guj, Kuttar Guj, ahaa! Pudmini,—thou hast seen him at the dance, and thou too, Kala Nag, my pearl among elephants!—ahaa! Together! To Toomai of the Elephants. Barrao!'

And at that last wild yell the whole line flung up their trunks till the tips touched their foreheads, and broke out into the full salute—the crashing trumpet-peal that only the Viceroy of India hears, the Salaamut of the Keddah.

But it was all for the sake of Little Toomai, who had seen what never man had seen before—the dance of the elephants at night and alone in the heart of the Garo hills!

Shiv and the Grasshopper

(The song that Toomai's mother sang to the baby)

Shiv, who poured the harvest and made the winds to blow,
Sitting at the doorways of a day of long ago,
Gave to each his portion, food and toil and fate,
From the King upon the guddee to the Beggar at the gate.
All things made he—Shiva the Preserver.
Mahadeo! Mahadeo! He made all,—
Thorn for the camel, fodder for the kine,
And mother's heart for sleepy head, O little son of mine!

Wheat he gave to rich folk, millet to the poor,
Broken scraps for holy men that beg from door to door;
Battle to the tiger, carrion to the kite,
And rags and bones to wicked wolves without the wall at night.
Naught he found too lofty, none he saw too low—
Parbati beside him watched them come and go;
Thought to cheat her husband, turning Shiv to jest—
Stole the little grasshopper and hid it in her breast.
So she tricked him, Shiva the Preserver.
Mahadeo! Mahadeo! Turn and see.
Tall are the camels, heavy are the kine,
But this was Least of Little Things, O little son of mine!

When the dole was ended, laughingly she said,
Master, of a million mouths, is not one unfed?'
Laughing, Shiv made answer, 'All have had their part,
Even he, the little one, hidden 'neath thy heart.'
From her breast she plucked it, Parbati the thief,
Saw the Least of Little Things gnawed a new-grown leaf!
Saw and feared and wondered, making prayer to Shiv,
Who hath surely given meat to all that live.
All things made he—Shiva the Preserver.
Mahadeo! Mahadeo! He made all,—
Thorn for the camel, fodder for the kine,
And mother's heart for sleepy head, O little son of mine!

Her Majesty's Servants

You can work it out by Fractions or by simple Rule of Three,
But the way of Tweedle-dum is not the way of Tweedle-dee.
You can twist it, you can turn it, you can plait it till you drop,
But the way of Pilly Winky's not the way of Winkie Pop!

It had been raining heavily for one whole month—raining on a camp of thirty thousand men and thousands of camels, elephants, horses, bullocks, and mules all gathered together at a place called Rawal Pindi, to be reviewed by the Viceroy of India. He was receiving a visit from the Amir of Afghanistan—a wild king of a very wild country. The Amir had brought with him for a bodyguard eight hundred men and horses who had never seen a camp or a locomotive before in their lives—savage men and savage horses from somewhere at the back of Central Asia. Every night a mob of these horses would be sure to break their heel ropes and stampede up and down the camp through the mud in the dark, or the camels would break loose and run about and fall over the ropes of the tents, and you can imagine how pleasant that was for men trying to go to sleep. My tent lay far away from the camel lines, and I thought it was safe. But one night a man popped his head in and shouted, 'Get out, quick! They're coming! My tent's gone!'

I knew who 'they' were, so I put on my boots and water-

proof and scuttled out into the slush. Little Vixen, my fox terrier, went out through the other side; and then there was a roaring and a grunting and bubbling, and I saw the tent cave in, as the pole snapped, and begin to dance about like a mad ghost. A camel had blundered into it, and wet and angry as I was, I could not help laughing. Then I ran on, because I did not know how many camels might have got loose, and before long I was out of sight of the camp, plowing my way through the mud.

At last I fell over the tail-end of a gun, and by that knew I was somewhere near the artillery lines where the cannon were stacked at night. As I did not want to plowter about any more in the drizzle and the dark, I put my waterproof over the muzzle of one gun, and made a sort of wigwam with two or three rammers that I found, and lay along the tail of another gun, wondering where Vixen had got to, and where I might be.

Just as I was getting ready to go to sleep I heard a jingle of harness and a grunt, and a mule passed me shaking his wet ears. He belonged to a screw-gun battery, for I could hear the rattle of the straps and rings and chains and things on his saddle pad. The screw-guns are tiny little cannon made in two pieces, that are screwed together when the time comes to use them. They are taken up mountains, anywhere that a mule can find a road, and they are very useful for fighting in rocky country.

Behind the mule there was a camel, with his big soft feet squelching and slipping in the mud, and his neck bobbing to and fro like a strayed hen's. Luckily, I knew enough of

beast language—not wild-beast language, but camp-beast language, of course—from the natives to know what he was saying.

He must have been the one that flopped into my tent, for he called to the mule, 'What shall I do? Where shall I go? I have fought with a white thing that waved, and it took a stick and hit me on the neck.' (That was my broken tent pole, and I was very glad to know it.) 'Shall we run on?'

'Oh, it was you,' said the mule, 'you and your friends, that have been disturbing the camp? All right. You'll be beaten for this in the morning. But I may as well give you something on account now.'

I heard the harness jingle as the mule backed and caught the camel two kicks in the ribs that rang like a drum. 'Another time,' he said, 'you'll know better than to run through a mule battery at night, shouting 'Thieves and fire!' Sit down, and keep your silly neck quiet.'

The camel doubled up camel-fashion, like a two-foot rule, and sat down whimpering. There was a regular beat of hoofs in the darkness, and a big troop-horse cantered up as steadily as though he were on parade, jumped a gun tail, and landed close to the mule.

'It's disgraceful,' he said, blowing out his nostrils. 'Those camels have racketed through our lines again—the third time this week. How's a horse to keep his condition if he isn't allowed to sleep. Who's here?'

'I'm the breech-piece mule of number two gun of the First Screw Battery,' said the mule, 'and the other's one of your friends. He's waked me up too. Who are you?'

'Number Fifteen, E troop, Ninth Lancers—Dick Cunliffe's horse. Stand over a little, there.'

'Oh, beg your pardon,' said the mule. 'It's too dark to see much. Aren't these camels too sickening for anything? I walked out of my lines to get a little peace and quiet here.'

'My lords,' said the camel humbly, 'we dreamed bad dreams in the night, and we were very much afraid. I am only a baggage camel of the 39th Native Infantry, and I am not as brave as you are, my lords.'

'Then why didn't you stay and carry baggage for the 39th Native Infantry, instead of running all round the camp?' said the mule.

'They were such very bad dreams,' said the camel. 'I am sorry. Listen! What is that? Shall we run on again?'

'Sit down,' said the mule, 'or you'll snap your long stick-legs between the guns.' He cocked one ear and listened. 'Bullocks!' he said. 'Gun bullocks. On my word, you and your friends have waked the camp very thoroughly. It takes a good deal of prodding to put up a gun-bullock.'

I heard a chain dragging along the ground, and a yoke of the great sulky white bullocks that drag the heavy siege guns when the elephants won't go any nearer to the firing, came shouldering along together. And almost stepping on the chain was another battery mule, calling wildly for 'Billy.'

'That's one of our recruits,' said the old mule to the troop horse. 'He's calling for me. Here, youngster, stop squealing. The dark never hurt anybody yet.'

The gun-bullocks lay down together and began chewing

the cud, but the young mule huddled close to Billy.

'Things!' he said. 'Fearful and horrible, Billy! They came into our lines while we were asleep. D'you think they'll kill us?'

'I've a very great mind to give you a number-one kicking,' said Billy. 'The idea of a fourteen-hand mule with your training disgracing the battery before this gentleman!'

'Gently, gently!' said the troop-horse. 'Remember they are always like this to begin with. The first time I ever saw a man (it was in Australia when I was a three-year-old) I ran for half a day, and if I'd seen a camel, I should have been running still.'

Nearly all our horses for the English cavalry are brought to India from Australia, and are broken in by the troopers themselves.

'True enough,' said Billy. 'Stop shaking, youngster. The first time they put the full harness with all its chains on my back I stood on my forelegs and kicked every bit of it off. I hadn't learned the real science of kicking then, but the battery said they had never seen anything like it.'

'But this wasn't harness or anything that jingled,' said the young mule. 'You know I don't mind that now, Billy. It was Things like trees, and they fell up and down the lines and bubbled; and my head-rope broke, and I couldn't find my driver, and I couldn't find you, Billy, so I ran off with—with these gentlemen.'

'H'm!' said Billy. 'As soon as I heard the camels were loose I came away on my own account. When a battery—a screw-gun mule calls gun-bullocks gentlemen, he must be

very badly shaken up. Who are you fellows on the ground there?'

The gun bullocks rolled their cuds, and answered both together: 'The seventh yoke of the first gun of the Big Gun Battery. We were asleep when the camels came, but when we were trampled on we got up and walked away. It is better to lie quiet in the mud than to be disturbed on good bedding. We told your friend here that there was nothing to be afraid of, but he knew so much that he thought otherwise. Wah!'

They went on chewing.

'That comes of being afraid,' said Billy. 'You get laughed at by gun-bullocks. I hope you like it, young un.'

The young mule's teeth snapped, and I heard him say something about not being afraid of any beefy old bullock in the world. But the bullocks only clicked their horns together and went on chewing.

'Now, don't be angry after you've been afraid. That's the worst kind of cowardice,' said the troop-horse. 'Anybody can be forgiven for being scared in the night, I think, if they see things they don't understand. We've broken out of our pickets, again and again, four hundred and fifty of us, just because a new recruit got to telling tales of whip snakes at home in Australia till we were scared to death of the loose ends of our head-ropes.'

'That's all very well in camp,' said Billy. 'I'm not above stampeding myself, for the fun of the thing, when I haven't been out for a day or two. But what do you do on active service?'

'Oh, that's quite another set of new shoes,' said the troop horse. 'Dick Cunliffe's on my back then, and drives his knees into me, and all I have to do is to watch where I am putting my feet, and to keep my hind legs well under me, and be bridle-wise.'

'What's bridle-wise?' said the young mule.

'By the Blue Gums of the Back Blocks,' snorted the troop-horse, 'do you mean to say that you aren't taught to be bridle-wise in your business? How can you do anything, unless you can spin round at once when the rein is pressed on your neck? It means life or death to your man, and of course that's life and death to you. Get round with your hind legs under you the instant you feel the rein on your neck. If you haven't room to swing round, rear up a little and come round on your hind legs. That's being bridle-wise.'

'We aren't taught that way,' said Billy the mule stiffly. 'We're taught to obey the man at our head: step off when he says so, and step in when he says so. I suppose it comes to the same thing. Now, with all this fine fancy business and rearing, which must be very bad for your hocks, what do you do?'

'That depends,' said the troop-horse. 'Generally I have to go in among a lot of yelling, hairy men with knives—long shiny knives, worse than the farrier's knives—and I have to take care that Dick's boot is just touching the next man's boot without crushing it. I can see Dick's lance to the right of my right eye, and I know I'm safe. I shouldn't care to be the man or horse that stood up to Dick and me when we're in a hurry.'

'Don't the knives hurt?' said the young mule.

'Well, I got one cut across the chest once, but that wasn't Dick's fault—'

'A lot I should have cared whose fault it was, if it hurt!' said the young mule.

'You must,' said the troop horse. 'If you don't trust your man, you may as well run away at once. That's what some of our horses do, and I don't blame them. As I was saying, it wasn't Dick's fault. The man was lying on the ground, and I stretched myself not to tread on him, and he slashed up at me. Next time I have to go over a man lying down I shall step on him—hard.'

'H'm!' said Billy. 'It sounds very foolish. Knives are dirty things at any time. The proper thing to do is to climb up a mountain with a well-balanced saddle, hang on by all four feet and your ears too, and creep and crawl and wriggle along, till you come out hundreds of feet above anyone else on a ledge where there's just room enough for your hoofs. Then you stand still and keep quiet—never ask a man to hold your head, young un—keep quiet while the guns are being put together, and then you watch the little poppy shells drop down into the tree-tops ever so far below.'

'Don't you ever trip?' said the troop-horse.

'They say that when a mule trips you can split a hen's ear,' said Billy. 'Now and again perhaps a badly packed saddle will upset a mule, but it's very seldom. I wish I could show you our business. It's beautiful. Why, it took me three years to find out what the men were driving at. The science of the thing is never to show up against the sky line, because, if

you do, you may get fired at. Remember that, young un. Always keep hidden as much as possible, even if you have to go a mile out of your way. I lead the battery when it comes to that sort of climbing.'

'Fired at without the chance of running into the people who are firing!' said the troop-horse, thinking hard. 'I couldn't stand that. I should want to charge—with Dick.'

'Oh, no, you wouldn't. You know that as soon as the guns are in position they'll do all the charging. That's scientific and neat. But knives—pah!'

The baggage-camel had been bobbing his head to and fro for some time past, anxious to get a word in edgewise. Then I heard him say, as he cleared his throat, nervously:

'I—I—I have fought a little, but not in that climbing way or that running way.'

'No. Now you mention it,' said Billy, 'you don't look as though you were made for climbing or running—much. Well, how was it, old Hay-bales?'

'The proper way,' said the camel. 'We all sat down—'

'Oh, my crupper and breastplate!' said the troop-horse under his breath. 'Sat down!'

'We sat down—a hundred of us,' the camel went on, 'in a big square, and the men piled our packs and saddles, outside the square, and they fired over our backs, the men did, on all sides of the square.'

'What sort of men? Any men that came along?' said the troop-horse. 'They teach us in riding school to lie down and let our masters fire across us, but Dick Cunliffe is the only man I'd trust to do that. It tickles my girths, and, besides, I

can't see with my head on the ground.'

'What does it matter who fires across you?' said the camel. 'There are plenty of men and plenty of other camels close by, and a great many clouds of smoke. I am not frightened then. I sit still and wait.'

'And yet,' said Billy, 'you dream bad dreams and upset the camp at night. Well, well! Before I'd lie down, not to speak of sitting down, and let a man fire across me, my heels and his head would have something to say to each other. Did you ever hear anything so awful as that?'

There was a long silence, and then one of the gun bullocks lifted up his big head and said, 'This is very foolish indeed. There is only one way of fighting.'

'Oh, go on,' said Billy. 'Please don't mind me. I suppose you fellows fight standing on your tails?'

'Only one way,' said the two together. (They must have been twins.) 'This is that way. To put all twenty yoke of us to the big gun as soon as Two Tails trumpets.' ("'Two Tails' is camp slang for the elephant.)

'What does Two Tails trumpet for?' said the young mule.

'To show that he is not going any nearer to the smoke on the other side. Two Tails is a great coward. Then we tug the big gun all together—Heya—Hullah! Heeyah! Hullah! We do not climb like cats nor run like calves. We go across the level plain, twenty yoke of us, till we are unyoked again, and we graze while the big guns talk across the plain to some town with mud walls, and pieces of the wall fall out, and the dust goes up as though many cattle were coming home.'

'Oh! And you choose that time for grazing?' said the young mule.

'That time or any other. Eating is always good. We eat till we are yoked up again and tug the gun back to where Two Tails is waiting for it. Sometimes there are big guns in the city that speak back, and some of us are killed, and then there is all the more grazing for those that are left. This is Fate. None the less, Two Tails is a great coward. That is the proper way to fight. We are brothers from Hapur. Our father was a sacred bull of Shiva. We have spoken.'

'Well, I've certainly learned something tonight,' said the troop-horse. 'Do you gentlemen of the screw-gun battery feel inclined to eat when you are being fired at with big guns, and Two Tails is behind you?'

'About as much as we feel inclined to sit down and let men sprawl all over us, or run into people with knives. I never heard such stuff. A mountain ledge, a well-balanced load, a driver you can trust to let you pick your own way, and I'm your mule. But— the other things—no!' said Billy, with a stamp of his foot.

'Of course,' said the troop horse, 'everyone is not made in the same way, and I can quite see that your family, on your father's side, would fail to understand a great many things.'

'Never you mind my family on my father's side,' said Billy angrily, for every mule hates to be reminded that his father was a donkey. 'My father was a Southern gentleman, and he could pull down and bite and kick into rags every horse he came across. Remember that, you big brown Brumby!'

Brumby means wild horse without any breeding. Imag-

ine the feelings of Sunol if a car-horse called her a 'skate,' and you can imagine how the Australian horse felt. I saw the white of his eye glitter in the dark.

'See here, you son of an imported Malaga jackass,' he said between his teeth, 'I'd have you know that I'm related on my mother's side to Carbine, winner of the Melbourne Cup, and where I come from we aren't accustomed to being ridden over roughshod by any parrot-mouthed, pig-headed mule in a pop-gun pea-shooter battery. Are you ready?'

'On your hind legs!' squealed Billy. They both reared up facing each other, and I was expecting a furious fight, when a gurgly, rumbly voice, called out of the darkness to the right— 'Children, what are you fighting about there? Be quiet.'

Both beasts dropped down with a snort of disgust, for neither horse nor mule can bear to listen to an elephant's voice.

'It's Two Tails!' said the troop-horse. 'I can't stand him. A tail at each end isn't fair!'

'My feelings exactly,' said Billy, crowding into the troop-horse for company. 'We're very alike in some things.'

'I suppose we've inherited them from our mothers,' said the troop horse. 'It's not worth quarreling about. Hi! Two Tails, are you tied up?'

'Yes,' said Two Tails, with a laugh all up his trunk. 'I'm picketed for the night. I've heard what you fellows have been saying. But don't be afraid. I'm not coming over.'

The bullocks and the camel said, half aloud, 'Afraid of Two Tails—what nonsense!' And the bullocks went on, 'We

are sorry that you heard, but it is true. Two Tails, why are you afraid of the guns when they fire?'

'Well,' said Two Tails, rubbing one hind leg against the other, exactly like a little boy saying a poem, 'I don't quite know whether you'd understand.'

'We don't, but we have to pull the guns,' said the bullocks.

'I know it, and I know you are a good deal braver than you think you are. But it's different with me. My battery captain called me a Pachydermatous Anachronism the other day.'

'That's another way of fighting, I suppose?' said Billy, who was recovering his spirits.

'You don't know what that means, of course, but I do. It means betwixt and between, and that is just where I am. I can see inside my head what will happen when a shell bursts, and you bullocks can't.'

'I can,' said the troop-horse. 'At least a little bit. I try not to think about it.'

'I can see more than you, and I do think about it. I know there's a great deal of me to take care of, and I know that nobody knows how to cure me when I'm sick. All they can do is to stop my driver's pay till I get well, and I can't trust my driver.'

'Ah!' said the troop horse. 'That explains it. I can trust Dick.'

'You could put a whole regiment of Dicks on my back without making me feel any better. I know just enough to be uncomfortable, and not enough to go on in spite of it.'

'We do not understand,' said the bullocks.

'I know you don't. I'm not talking to you. You don't know what blood is.'

'We do,' said the bullocks. 'It is red stuff that soaks into the ground and smells.'

The troop-horse gave a kick and a bound and a snort.

'Don't talk of it,' he said. 'I can smell it now, just thinking of it. It makes me want to run—when I haven't Dick on my back.'

'But it is not here,' said the camel and the bullocks. 'Why are you so stupid?'

'It's vile stuff,' said Billy. 'I don't want to run, but I don't want to talk about it.'

'There you are!' said Two Tails, waving his tail to explain.

'Surely. Yes, we have been here all night,' said the bullocks.

Two Tails stamped his foot till the iron ring on it jingled. 'Oh, I'm not talking to you. You can't see inside your heads.'

'No. We see out of our four eyes,' said the bullocks. 'We see straight in front of us.'

'If I could do that and nothing else, you wouldn't be needed to pull the big guns at all. If I was like my captain—he can see things inside his head before the firing begins, and he shakes all over, but he knows too much to run away—if I was like him I could pull the guns. But if I were as wise as all that I should never be here. I should be a king in the forest, as I used to be, sleeping half the day and bathing when I

liked. I haven't had a good bath for a month.'

'That's all very fine,' said Billy. 'But giving a thing a long name doesn't make it any better.'

'H'sh!' said the troop horse. 'I think I understand what Two Tails means.'

'You'll understand better in a minute,' said Two Tails angrily. 'Now you just explain to me why you don't like this!'

He began trumpeting furiously at the top of his trumpet.

'Stop that!' said Billy and the troop horse together, and I could hear them stamp and shiver. An elephant's trumpeting is always nasty, especially on a dark night.

'I shan't stop,' said Two Tails. 'Won't you explain that, please? Hhrrmph! Rrrt! Rrrmph! Rrrhha!' Then he stopped suddenly, and I heard a little whimper in the dark, and knew that Vixen had found me at last. She knew as well as I did that if there is one thing in the world the elephant is more afraid of than another it is a little barking dog. So she stopped to bully Two Tails in his pickets, and yapped round his big feet. Two Tails shuffled and squeaked. 'Go away, little dog!' he said. 'Don't snuff at my ankles, or I'll kick at you. Good little dog —nice little doggie, then! Go home, you yelping little beast! Oh, why doesn't someone take her away? She'll bite me in a minute.'

'Seems to me,' said Billy to the troop horse, 'that our friend Two Tails is afraid of most things. Now, if I had a full meal for every dog I've kicked across the parade-ground I should be as fat as Two Tails nearly.'

I whistled, and Vixen ran up to me, muddy all over, and

licked my nose, and told me a long tale about hunting for me all through the camp. I never let her know that I understood beast talk, or she would have taken all sorts of liberties. So I buttoned her into the breast of my overcoat, and Two Tails shuffled and stamped and growled to himself.

'Extraordinary! Most extraordinary!' he said. 'It runs in our family. Now, where has that nasty little beast gone to?'

I heard him feeling about with his trunk.

'We all seem to be affected in various ways,' he went on, blowing his nose. 'Now, you gentlemen were alarmed, I believe, when I trumpeted.'

'Not alarmed, exactly,' said the troop-horse, 'but it made me feel as though I had hornets where my saddle ought to be. Don't begin again.'

'I'm frightened of a little dog, and the camel here is frightened by bad dreams in the night.'

'It is very lucky for us that we haven't all got to fight in the same way,' said the troop-horse.

'What I want to know,' said the young mule, who had been quiet for a long time—'what I want to know is, why we have to fight at all.'

'Because we're told to,' said the troop-horse, with a snort of contempt.

'Orders,' said Billy the mule, and his teeth snapped.

'Hukm hai!' (It is an order!), said the camel with a gurgle, and Two Tails and the bullocks repeated, 'Hukm hai!'

'Yes, but who gives the orders?' said the recruit-mule.

'The man who walks at your head—Or sits on your back—Or holds the nose rope—Or twists your tail,' said

Billy and the troop-horse and the camel and the bullocks one after the other.

'But who gives them the orders?'

'Now you want to know too much, young un,' said Billy, 'and that is one way of getting kicked. All you have to do is to obey the man at your head and ask no questions.'

'He's quite right,' said Two Tails. 'I can't always obey, because I'm betwixt and between. But Billy's right. Obey the man next to you who gives the order, or you'll stop all the battery, besides getting a thrashing.'

The gun-bullocks got up to go. 'Morning is coming,' they said. 'We will go back to our lines. It is true that we only see out of our eyes, and we are not very clever. But still, we are the only people to-night who have not been afraid. Good-night, you brave people.'

Nobody answered, and the troop-horse said, to change the conversation, 'Where's that little dog? A dog means a man somewhere about.'

'Here I am,' yapped Vixen, 'under the gun tail with my man. You big, blundering beast of a camel you, you upset our tent. My man's very angry.'

'Phew!' said the bullocks. 'He must be white!'

'Of course he is,' said Vixen. 'Do you suppose I'm looked after by a black bullock-driver?'

'Huah! Ouach! Ugh!' said the bullocks. 'Let us get away quickly.'

They plunged forward in the mud, and managed somehow to run their yoke on the pole of an ammunition wagon, where it jammed.

'Now you have done it,' said Billy calmly. 'Don't struggle. You're hung up till daylight. What on earth's the matter?'

The bullocks went off into the long hissing snorts that Indian cattle give, and pushed and crowded and slued and stamped and slipped and nearly fell down in the mud, grunting savagely.

'You'll break your necks in a minute,' said the troop-horse. 'What's the matter with white men? I live with 'em.'

'They—eat—us! Pull!' said the near bullock. The yoke snapped with a twang, and they lumbered off together.

I never knew before what made Indian cattle so scared of Englishmen. We eat beef—a thing that no cattle-driver touches —and of course the cattle do not like it.

'May I be flogged with my own pad-chains! Who'd have thought of two big lumps like those losing their heads?' said Billy.

'Never mind. I'm going to look at this man. Most of the white men, I know, have things in their pockets,' said the troop-horse.

'I'll leave you, then. I can't say I'm over-fond of 'em myself. Besides, white men who haven't a place to sleep in are more than likely to be thieves, and I've a good deal of Government property on my back. Come along, young un, and we'll go back to our lines. Good-night, Australia! See you on parade to-morrow, I suppose. Good-night, old Haybale!—try to control your feelings, won't you? Good-night, Two Tails! If you pass us on the ground tomorrow, don't trumpet. It spoils our formation.'

Billy the Mule stumped off with the swaggering limp of

an old campaigner, as the troop-horse's head came nuzzling into my breast, and I gave him biscuits, while Vixen, who is a most conceited little dog, told him fibs about the scores of horses that she and I kept.

'I'm coming to the parade to-morrow in my dog-cart,' she said. 'Where will you be?'

'On the left hand of the second squadron. I set the time for all my troop, little lady,' he said politely. 'Now I must go back to Dick. My tail's all muddy, and he'll have two hours' hard work dressing me for parade.'

The big parade of all the thirty thousand men was held that afternoon, and Vixen and I had a good place close to the Viceroy and the Amir of Afghanistan, with high, big black hat of astrakhan wool and the great diamond star in the center. The first part of the review was all sunshine, and the regiments went by in wave upon wave of legs all moving together, and guns all in a line, till our eyes grew dizzy. Then the cavalry came up, to the beautiful cavalry canter of 'Bonnie Dundee,' and Vixen cocked her ear where she sat on the dog-cart. The second squadron of the Lancers shot by, and there was the troop-horse, with his tail like spun silk, his head pulled into his breast, one ear forward and one back, setting the time for all his squadron, his legs going as smoothly as waltz music. Then the big guns came by, and I saw Two Tails and two other elephants harnessed in line to a forty-pounder siege gun, while twenty yoke of oxen walked behind. The seventh pair had a new yoke, and they looked rather stiff and tired. Last came the screw guns, and Billy the mule carried himself as though he commanded

all the troops, and his harness was oiled and polished till it winked. I gave a cheer all by myself for Billy the mule, but he never looked right or left.

The rain began to fall again, and for a while it was too misty to see what the troops were doing. They had made a big half circle across the plain, and were spreading out into a line. That line grew and grew and grew till it was three-quarters of a mile long from wing to wing—one solid wall of men, horses, and guns. Then it came on straight toward the Viceroy and the Amir, and as it got nearer the ground began to shake, like the deck of a steamer when the engines are going fast.

Unless you have been there you cannot imagine what a frightening effect this steady come-down of troops has on the spectators, even when they know it is only a review. I looked at the Amir. Up till then he had not shown the shadow of a sign of astonishment or anything else. But now his eyes began to get bigger and bigger, and he picked up the reins on his horse's neck and looked behind him. For a minute it seemed as though he were going to draw his sword and slash his way out through the English men and women in the carriages at the back. Then the advance stopped dead, the ground stood still, the whole line saluted, and thirty bands began to play all together. That was the end of the review, and the regiments went off to their camps in the rain, and an infantry band struck up with—

The animals went in two by two,
Hurrah!

The animals went in two by two,
The elephant and the battery mul',
and they all got into the Ark
For to get out of the rain!

Then I heard an old grizzled, long-haired Central Asian chief, who had come down with the Amir, asking questions of a native officer.

'Now,' said he, 'in what manner was this wonderful thing done?'

And the officer answered, 'An order was given, and they obeyed.'

'But are the beasts as wise as the men?' said the chief.

'They obey, as the men do. Mule, horse, elephant, or bullock, he obeys his driver, and the driver his sergeant, and the sergeant his lieutenant, and the lieutenant his captain, and the captain his major, and the major his colonel, and the colonel his brigadier commanding three regiments, and the brigadier the general, who obeys the Viceroy, who is the servant of the Empress. Thus it is done.'

'Would it were so in Afghanistan!' said the chief, 'for there we obey only our own wills.'

'And for that reason,' said the native officer, twirling his mustache, 'your Amir whom you do not obey must come here and take orders from our Viceroy.'

Parade Song of the Camp Animals

ELEPHANTS OF THE GUN TEAMS

We lent to Alexander the strength of Hercules,
The wisdom of our foreheads, the cunning of our knees;
We bowed our necks to service: they ne'er were loosed again,—
Make way there—way for the ten-foot teams
Of the Forty-Pounder train!

GUN BULLOCKS

Those heroes in their harnesses avoid a cannon-ball,
And what they know of powder upsets them one and all;
Then we come into action and tug the guns again—
Make way there—way for the twenty yoke
Of the Forty-Pounder train!

CAVALRY HORSES

By the brand on my shoulder, the finest of tunes
Is played by the Lancers, Hussars, and Dragoons,
And it's sweeter than 'Stables' or 'Water' to me—

The Cavalry Canter of 'Bonnie Dundee'!

Then feed us and break us and handle and groom,
And give us good riders and plenty of room,
And launch us in column of squadron and see
The way of the war-horse to 'Bonnie Dundee'!

SCREW-GUN MULES

As me and my companions were scrambling up a hill,
The path was lost in rolling stones, but we went forward still;
For we can wriggle and climb, my lads, and turn up everywhere,
Oh, it's our delight on a mountain height, with a leg or two to spare!

Good luck to every sergeant, then, that lets us pick our road;
Bad luck to all the driver-men that cannot pack a load:
For we can wriggle and climb, my lads, and turn up everywhere,
Oh, it's our delight on a mountain height, with a leg or two to spare!

COMMISSARIAT CAMELS

We haven't a camelty tune of our own
To help us trollop along,
But every neck is a hair trombone
(Rtt-ta-ta-ta! is a hair trombone!)

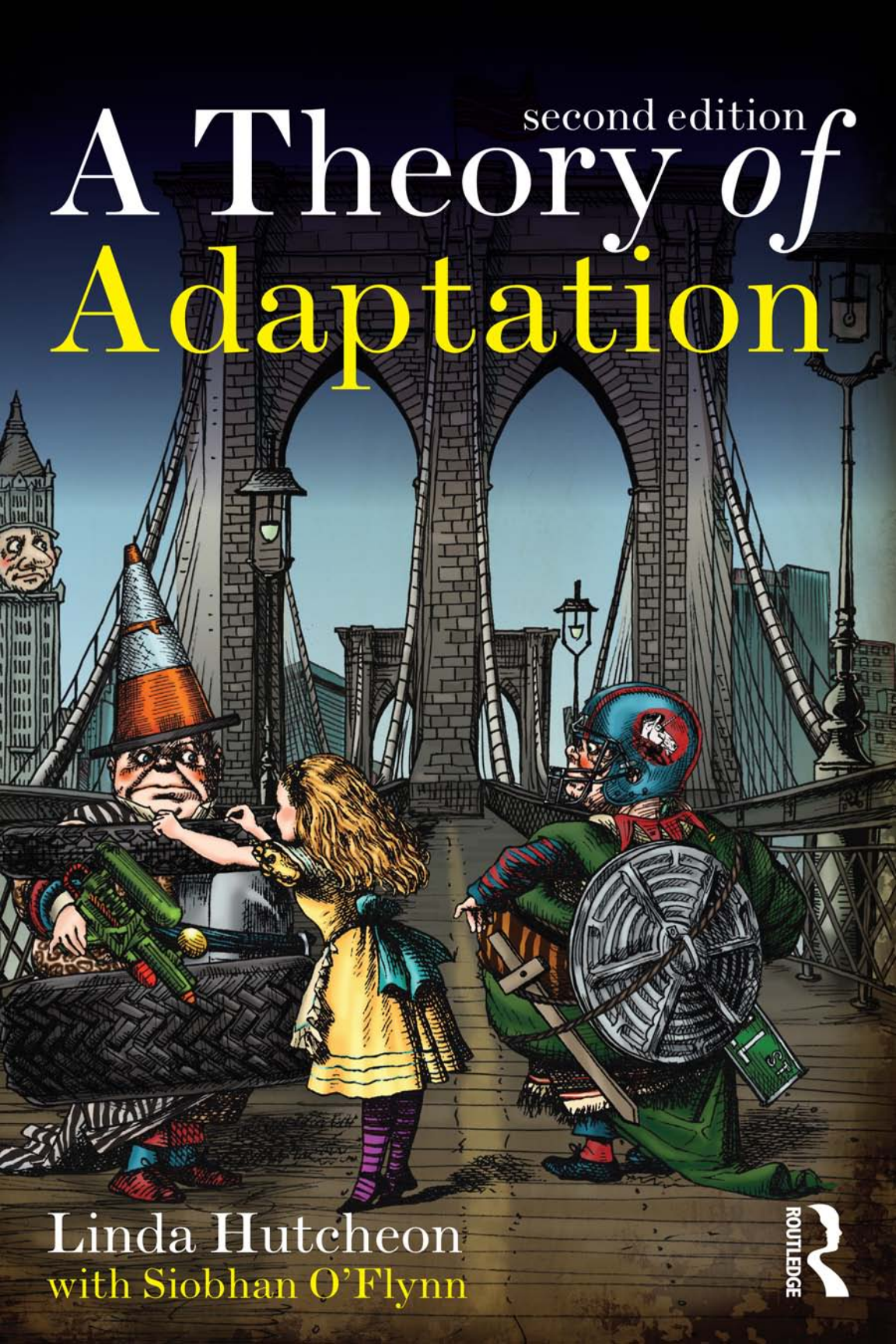
And this our marching-song:
Can't! Don't! Shan't! Won't!
Pass it along the line!
Somebody's pack has slid from his back,
Wish it were only mine!
Somebody's load has tipped off in the road—
Cheer for a halt and a row!
Urrr! Yarrh! Grr! Arrh!
Somebody's catching it now!

ALL THE BEASTS TOGETHER

Children of the Camp are we,
Serving each in his degree;
Children of the yoke and goad,
Pack and harness, pad and load.
See our line across the plain,
Like a heel-rope bent again,
Reaching, writhing, rolling far,
Sweeping all away to war!
While the men that walk beside,
Dusty, silent, heavy-eyed,
Cannot tell why we or they
March and suffer day by day.
Children of the Camp are we,
Serving each in his degree;
Children of the yoke and goad,
Pack and harness, pad and load!

second edition

A Theory *of* Adaptation



Linda Hutcheon
with Siobhan O'Flynn

ROUTLEDGE

A Theory *of* Adaptation

A Theory of Adaptation explores the continuous development of creative adaptation, and argues that the practice of adapting is central to the story-telling imagination. Linda Hutcheon develops a theory of adaptation through a range of media, from film and opera, to video games, pop music and theme parks, analysing the breadth, scope and creative possibilities within each.

This new edition is supplemented by a new preface from the author, discussing both new adaptive forms/platforms and recent critical developments in the study of adaptation. It also features an illuminating new epilogue from Siobhan O'Flynn, focusing on adaptation in the context of digital media. She considers the impact of transmedia practices and properties on the form and practice of adaptation, as well as studying the extension of game narrative across media platforms, fan-based adaptation (from Twitter and Facebook to home movies), and the adaptation of books to digital formats.

A Theory of Adaptation is the ideal guide to this ever evolving field of study and is essential reading for anyone interested in adaptation in the context of literary and media studies.

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Siobhan O'Flynn

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Adapting is a bit like redecorating.

—Alfred Uhry

The content of a movie is a novel or a play or opera.

—Marshall McLuhan

After all, the work of other writers is one of a writer's main sources of input, so don't hesitate to use it; just because somebody else has an idea doesn't mean you can't take that idea and develop a new twist for it. Adaptations may become quite legitimate adoptions.

—William S. Burroughs

[T]he theatre itself is much less high-minded than those who keep a watchful eye on its purity; the stage has always cheerfully swiped whatever good stories were going.

—Philip Pullman

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Preface to the First Edition

If you think adaptation can be understood by using novels and films alone, you're wrong. The Victorians had a habit of adapting just about everything—and in just about every possible direction; the stories of poems, novels, plays, operas, paintings, songs, dances, and *tableaux vivants* were constantly being adapted from one medium to another and then back again. We postmoderns have clearly inherited this same habit, but we have even more new materials at our disposal—not only film, television, radio, and the various electronic media, of course, but also theme parks, historical enactments, and virtual reality experiments. The result? Adaptation has run amok. That's why we can't understand its appeal and even its nature if we only consider novels and films.

Anyone who has ever experienced an adaptation (and who hasn't?) has a theory of adaptation, conscious or not. I am no exception. *A Theory of Adaptation* is one attempt to think through not only this continuing popularity but also the constant critical denigration of

the general phenomenon of adaptation—in all its various media incarnations. Whether it be in the form of a videogame or a musical, an adaptation is likely to be greeted as minor and subsidiary and certainly never as good as the "original." This critical abuse is one of the provocations of this study; the other is the sheer number and kinds of adaptations both across genres and media and also within the same ones. Most of the work done on adaptation has been carried out on cinematic transpositions of literature, but a broader theorizing seems warranted in the face of the phenomenon's variety and ubiquity. Adaptations seem so common, so "natural," so obvious—but are they?

On a more personal note, I have learned that obsessions (intellectual and other) rarely disappear, even if they do mutate. There have been common threads in my past critical work that reappear in this book. First, I have always had a strong interest in what has come to be called "intertextuality" or the dialogic relations among texts, but I have never felt that this was only a formal issue. Works in any medium are both created and received *by people*, and it is this human, experiential context that allows for the study of the *politics* of intertextuality. This has also always been my concern, and it continues to be so in this book. A second constant has been a perhaps perverse de-hierarchizing impulse, a desire to challenge the explicitly and implicitly negative cultural evaluation of things like postmodernism, parody, and now, adaptation, which are seen as secondary and inferior.

Once again, I have tried to derive theory from practice—as wide a cultural practice as possible. I have used many different examples here in order to make it easier for readers to "hook onto" some familiar work and thus onto my theorizing from it. My method has been to identify a text-based issue that extends across a variety of media, find ways to study it comparatively, and then tease out the theoretical implications from multiple textual examples. At various times, therefore, I take on the roles of formalist semiotician, poststructuralist deconstructor, or feminist and postcolonial demythifier; but at no time do I (at least consciously) try to impose any of these theories on my examination of the texts or the general issues surrounding adaptation. All these perspectives and others, however, do inevitably inform my theoretical frame of reference. So, too, does the very fact that, as Robert Stam has noted

(2005b: 8–12), all the various manifestations of "theory" over the last decades should logically have changed this negative view of adaptation. There are many shared lessons taught by Kristevan intertextuality theory and Derridean deconstruction and by Foucauldian challenges to unified subjectivity and the often radically egalitarian approach to stories (in all media) by both narratology and cultural studies. One lesson is that to be second is not to be secondary or inferior; likewise, to be first is not to be originary or authoritative. Yet, as we shall see, disparaging opinions on adaptation as a secondary mode—belated and therefore derivative—persist. One aim of this book is to challenge that denigration.

I should also explain what this book is *not*, what it does *not* aim to do. It is not a series of extended case studies of specific adaptations. Many fine books like this exist, especially in the area of cinematic adaptations of literary works, no doubt because of the impact of George Bluestone's seminal 1957 work *Novels into Film*. Brian McFarlane in his book, *Novel to Film* (1996: 201), invokes the analogy of close reading of literary texts for this kind of detailed examination of specific works. I would agree, but such individual readings in either literature or film rarely offer the kind of generalizable insights into theoretical issues that this book seeks to explore. There is yet another problem with the case-study model for the particular task I have set myself here: in practice, it has tended to privilege or at least give priority (and therefore, implicitly, value) to what is always called the "source" text or the "original." As I examine in the first chapter, the idea of "fidelity" to that prior text is often what drives any directly comparative method of study. Instead, as I argue here, there are many and varied motives behind adaptation and few involve faithfulness. Other earlier adaptations may, in fact, be just as important as contexts for some adaptations as any "original." The "adapted text"—the purely descriptive term I prefer to "source" or "original"—can be plural too, as films like Baz Luhrmann's *Moulin Rouge* (2001) have taught us. And there is yet another possibility: our interest piqued, we may actually read or see that so-called original *after* we have experienced the adaptation, thereby challenging the authority of any notion of priority. Multiple versions exist laterally, not vertically.

If this book is not an analysis of specific examples, it is also not an examination of any specific media. It is not primarily focused on

film adaptations of literature for the simple reason that, as I mentioned, many such studies already exist; I do, however, draw upon their insights. It is the very act of adaptation itself that interests me, not necessarily in any specific media or even genre. Videogames, theme park rides, Web sites, graphic novels, song covers, operas, musicals, ballets, and radio and stage plays are thus as important to this theorizing as are the more commonly discussed movies and novels. My working assumption is that common denominators across media and genres can be as revealing as significant differences. Shifting the focus from particular individual media to the broader context of the three major ways we engage with stories (telling, showing, and interacting with them) allows a series of different concerns to come to the fore.

That curious double fact of the popularity and yet consistent scorning of adaptation is where *A Theory of Adaptation* begins its study of adaptations *as adaptations*; that is, not only as autonomous works. Instead, they are examined as deliberate, announced, and extended revisitations of prior works. Because we use the word *adaptation* to refer to both a product and a process of creation and reception, this suggests to me the need for a theoretical perspective that is at once formal and "experiential." In other words, the different media and genres that stories are transcoded to and from in the adapting process are not just formal entities; as Chapter 1 explores, they also represent various ways of engaging audiences. They are, in different ways and to different degrees, all "immersive," but some media and genres are used to *tell* stories (for example, novels, short stories); others *show* them (for instance, all performance media); and still others allow us to interact physically and kinesthetically with them (as in videogames or theme park rides). These three different modes of engagement provide the structure of analysis for this attempt to theorize what might be called the *what, who, why, how, when,* and *where* of adaptation. Think of this as a structure learned from Journalism 101: answering the basic questions is always a good place to start.

To launch this investigation, Chapter 2 revisits medium-specificity debates of earlier adaptation theory from this new perspective of modes of engagement to locate both the limitations and advantages of each mode for different kinds of adaptation. Existing theories of

adaptation in particular media, especially literature and film, have come to accept certain basic truisms. However, expanding the scope of study to include all three modes of involvement allows some of those theoretical clichés to be tested against actual adaptation practice. The critical truisms that particularly beg for testing—not to mention debunking—are those concerning how different media can deal with elements like point of view, interiority/exteriority, time, irony, ambiguity, metaphors and symbols, and silences and absences.

Adaptation is not only a formal entity, however; it is also a process. Chapter 3 looks at those much maligned and often ignored figures who do the work of adaptation. Determining precisely who is the adapter, especially in a collaborative creative mode of showing like film, is the first task undertaken; the second is to find out why anyone would agree to adapt a work, knowing their efforts would likely be scorned as secondary and inferior to the adapted text or to the audience's own imagined versions. By way of reply, I explore various economic, legal, pedagogical, political, and personal reasons in an extended analysis of one particular—and surprising—story that was adapted multiple times over a 30-year period by a series of adapters with very different motivations and very different skills and obsessions.

Chapter 4 also concerns the process of adaptation, but shifts the focus to how audiences enjoy and engage with "remediated" stories in all three modes. If we know the adapted work, there will be a constant oscillation between it and the new adaptation we are experiencing; if we do not, we will not experience the work *as an adaptation*. However, as noted, if we happen to read the novel after we see the film adaptation of it, we again feel that oscillation, though this time in reverse. Oscillation is not hierarchical, even if some adaptation theory is. Although all three modes of engagement "immerse" their audiences in their stories, usually only one mode is actually called "interactive"—the one that demands physical participation (usually called "user input") in the story. Because this mode has been least discussed in adaptation studies thus far, it is the main focus of discussion here, for there are significant differences between being told a story and being shown a story, and especially between both of these and the physical act of participating in a story's world.

Neither the product nor the process of adaptation exists in a vacuum: they all have a context—a time and a place, a society and a culture. In Chapter 5, *when* and *where* are the keywords for the exploration of what can happen when stories "travel"—when an adapted text migrates from its context of creation to the adaptation's context of reception. Because adaptation is a form of repetition without replication, change is inevitable, even without any conscious updating or alteration of setting. And with change come corresponding modifications in the political valence and even the meaning of stories. An extended analysis of a selection of the many different adaptations of one particular story—that of a gypsy called Carmen—suggests that, with what I call *transculturation* or *indigenization* across cultures, languages, and history, the meaning and impact of stories can change radically.

Because this study begins with an account of the "familiarity and contempt" usually visited upon adaptations today, it seems fitting that it should end with some final questions about the manifest appeal of adaptations, now and in the past. This book is not, however, a history of adaptation, though it is written with an awareness of the fact that adaptations can and do have different functions in different cultures at different times.

A Theory of Adaptation is quite simply what its title says it is: one single attempt to think through some of the theoretical issues surrounding the ubiquitous phenomenon of adaptation *as adaptation*.

Linda Hutcheon
Toronto

Preface to the second edition
Plus ça change ... plus ça change!

No, things do *not* stay the same, not always, and certainly not in the last six years since *A Theory of Adaptation* was first published. The proliferation of adaptations has continued apace, of course; our thirst for retelling stories has not been quenched in the least. But what *has* changed is the availability of many new forms and platforms. New digital media have burgeoned in these last years. Now iPads and iPhones have become new sites for adaptive play. YouTube is the placement of choice for many adapters—especially for the parodically inclined. Fan culture has taken imaginative (and economic) possession of the fate of its favorite stories. Social networking has altered forever the communication landscape. But we also witness familiar older films being remediated through computerization techniques. The coexistence of the new and the old, the digital and the analogue, is a *fait accompli*: the question remaining is whether this shift is one of degree or, more radically, of kind (see Jenkins 2006: 257). For adaptation studies, is ours a transitional time or are we facing a totally new world?

I had two main aims in writing *A Theory of Adaptation*. The first was to tackle head-on the subtle and not so subtle denigration of adaptation in our (late-Romantic, capitalist) culture that still tends to value the "original," despite the ubiquity and longevity of adaptation as a mode of retelling our favorite stories. And the second aim was to consider the ever-widening range of forms of adaptations, well beyond the fiction-to-film discussions that dominated the field in its early years. To these ends, in Chapter 2 and again in Chapter 4, in theorizing three possible modes of engagement with adapted stories—telling, showing, and interacting with—I also tried, through the latter, to articulate my sense of something new and different happening in everything from videogames to interactive art installations to hypertext fiction. It is not that reading a print book and watching a film are not active, even immersive, processes. They clearly are. But that "something new and different" was evident even in the grammar to which I had to resort: some adaptational strategies demand that we *show* or *tell* stories, but in others, we *interact with* them. The verbal transitivity of showing and telling had to be replaced by the prepositional engagement of the "with" that signals something as physical and kinetic as it is cognitive and emotional. This is true whether the medium be an iPad adaptation of T.S. Eliot's poem *The Waste Land* or a multi-platform site like *Pottermore*, designed not only as a vehicle for the electronic versions of the Harry Potter novels, but as much much more.

I have chosen *not* to rewrite *A Theory of Adaptation* in the light of these recent changes, but rather to add to it. That "interactive" category has been expanded immensely by the rise of the newer digital media, but in ways that seem to me to be a continuation of the kind of thinking begun in the existing book. And my discussion of the growing role of fan culture in Chapter 4, in the context of "The Pleasures of Adaptation," allows room for the expansion needed to further theorize the explosion of fan participation in adaptation that we have witnessed in the last years. But the lateral (not vertical—that is, evaluational and thus higher-lower) continuum of adaptive relations outlined in the final chapter can and should be rethought and retheorized in the light of the new media.

Enter **Siobhan O'Flynn**, the one who has taught me everything I know about adaptation in the new media. It seemed fitting, therefore, that *she*, not I, should move the field of adaptation studies forward in her usual fearless way. Hence, her Epilogue—which, I can assure you, will not be her last word on this emerging and constantly morphing topic. As both a theorist and a practitioner, she *lives* these immersive practices, and can speak with that double authority to the shift that has altered not only the forms of adaptation but also the economics and even the ethics of the global entertainment and media industries.

What's New about Media Change?

In a word, nothing. In the sixteenth century, Leonardo da Vinci's mural painting of the *Last Supper* was adapted into the form of a Flemish tapestry that hangs in Rome's Vatican Museum. Today, however, "media change" is not just a question of remediation. Digital is more than a platform; it is changing the context in which films, for instance, are made, distributed, and consumed (see Perlmutter 2011). But of particular interest to adaptation studies is the fact that technology is also altering how we actually tell and re-tell our stories, for it challenges the traditional cinematic way of narrating: now, a new compendium of graphic text, still and moving images, sound, *and* a cursor or interactive touch screen is to digital narration what cross-cutting, tracking shots, and closeups are to narration that privileges the moving image and sound. But because of those navigating devices, the new media engage us directly—in an individualized, indeed personalized manner (a point to which I shall return). As Tom Perlmutter, the director of the National Film Board of Canada, recently put it, navigation is to interactivity what montage is to film. This also means that the forward-moving temporal force of film is being replaced by the digital media's interactive, spatial movement.

The conventions of storytelling—and story retelling—are changing daily, in other words. Again, this process of change is not new, but its pace has certainly intensified and quickened and its forms multiplied. Japanese cellphone novels are being adapted to print, often in anime form; the ethical values of the story world of Harry Potter are adapted to the real world of social activism. The Harry Potter Alliance website asks:

> Did you ever wish that Harry Potter was real? Well it kind of is.
>
> Just as Dumbledore's Army wakes the world up to Voldemort's return, works for equal rights of house elves and werewolves, and empowers its members, we: Work with partner NGOs in alerting the world to the dangers of global warming, poverty, and genocide. Work with our partners for equal rights regardless of race, gender, and sexuality. Encourage our members to hone the magic of their creativity in endeavoring to make the world a better place. Join our army to make the world a safer, more magical place, and let your voice be heard!
>
> **(http://thehpalliance.org/)**

Without a crystal ball, it's hard to know whether all this adaptive experimentation means that we are in a transitional phase or whether something has changed definitively. The argument for transition could be made by looking, as Siobhan O'Flynn does, at how the iPad's new interactive and intermedial iBooks both integrate and transform the conventions of the physical book through audio (sound and voice-over) additions as well as by incorporating film animation and touch-screen gaming design. But material books are arguably fighting back, adapting through inversion the visual layering technology possible on digital platforms to the paper page: to create his 2010 book *Tree of Codes,* Jonathan Safran Foer literally cut out most of the words of his favourite book, Bruno Schulz's *Tree of Crocodiles*, creating a physically multilayered, sculptural text that told his own story in the interstices (see Figure 1).

As the author put it: "I started thinking about what books look like, what they will look like, how the form of the book is changing very quickly. If we don't give it a lot of thought, it won't be for the better. There is an alternative to e-books" (quoted in Wagner 2010). But that alternative arguably adapts the layered visuality of a form reminiscent of digital media (specifically, Photoshop). We may well "make sense of novelty through the lens of history," defining "new technologies in terms of older, more familiar ones" (Moore 2010: 181), but that process can also be reversed. The transitional can operate both ways with adaptations.

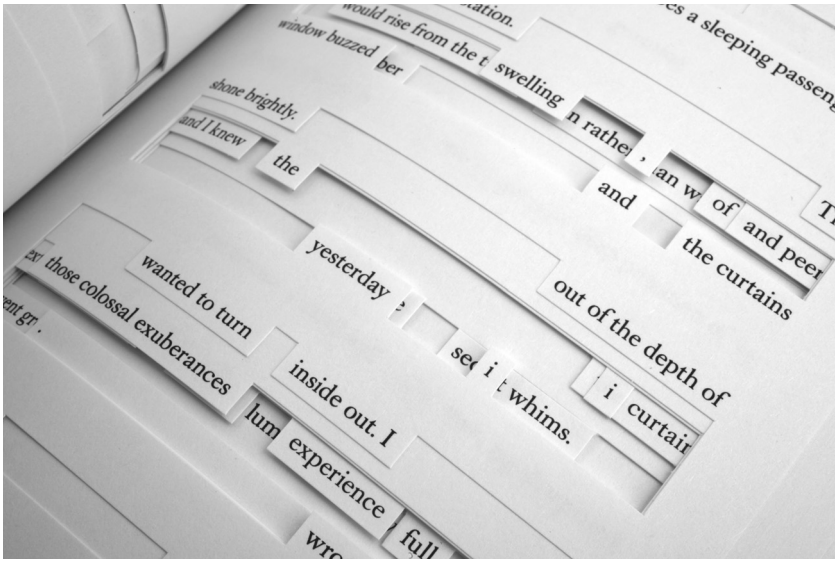


Figure 1 Image from *Tree of Codes* by Jonathan Safran Foer. Reproduced with permission from Visual Edition

That said, in the last six years, what has become evident is that the new entertainment norm, not the exception, is "transmedia" storytelling: "a process where integral elements of a fiction get *dispersed systematically across multiple delivery channels* for the purpose of creating *a unified and coordinated entertainment experience*. Ideally, each medium makes its own *unique contribution* to the unfolding of the story" (Jenkins 2011; emphasis in original). As such it is more likely to target different audiences through different media: "not everyone wants to watch the movie and play the game" (Dena 2009: 162)—but we may want to enter the narrative and its world through some other medium (a graphic novel, for example) or to access backstory or other characters' perspectives. (For more on adaptation in relation to transmedia, see Dena 2009: 147–63.) In marketing terms, "franchise" storytelling was certainly already driving some adaptational practices as I completed this book (see "The Economic Lures" section of Chapter 3), but now, as the Epilogue explores in detail, franchising through transmedia design dominates the marketing strategies of the entertainment industry. And in so doing, it is forcing a rethinking of certain aspects

of adaptation theory. For example, when it is not a single, fixed, recognizable story that is being adapted, but rather an on-going, unstable, open-ended "multitext," where do we draw the line at what we call an adaptation? And what is it that is actually being adapted?

Stories vs. Story Worlds

The emphasis throughout *A Theory of Adaptation* is on adapting narrative, but when it came to analyzing videogame adaptations, I realized that it was less the story itself than the story world, or what I called the "heterocosm" (literally, an other cosmos), that was being adapted. In transmedia storytelling, that fictional world is the core, for it becomes the site of multiple possible storylines. The Epilogue argues that this is yet another change that demands the expansion of existing theories of adaptation. The proliferation of franchise storytelling suggests to Clare Parody that what is actually adapted is "a *brand identity,* the intellectual property, advertising language, and presentational devices that cohere, authorize, and market the range of media products that together comprise the franchise experience" (2011: 214). Thematic and narrative persistence is not the name of the new adaptation game; world building is. This also means that theorizing adaptation only in terms of repetition with variation becomes too limiting; what must be added is a way to deal with the range of extensions or expansions of a story world that not only transmedia producers but, as we shall see, fans too have wrought.

It obviously becomes harder and harder to think in terms of "original" or "source" stories or even story worlds when dealing with these kinds of adaptations, because here simultaneity, not priority, reigns. Movie and video game versions, for instance, are conceived and even executed simultaneously; there is no single and prior adapted work. Martin McEachern explains that film crews now work alongside video game artists, who take photographs and record the proportions and textures of sets. They work closely with the film's production designers and the visual effects team "to make sure their game upholds the same production values as the film. … [I]n this era of cross-platform marketing and convergent technology, major film properties live twice—in the movie theater and in the interactive realm" (2007: 12). But, as the

Epilogue explores, they live in many *other* realms besides these, realms not always under the control of the major studios.

Who Is in Control?

The last decade has witnessed a major democratizing shift in media production—through the sheer (global) reach of the Internet, through software like iMovie and Photoshop, through web platforms like blogs and wikis, and through the ready availability of low-cost (but high quality) recording and editing tools. As O'Flynn argues in the Epilogue, this has had an impact on how adaptations are not only produced and controlled, but also distributed. In this new media environment, "adaptation becomes a strategy of participation. Rather than develop wholly new works, audiences take ownership over existing media, adapting the stories, shows, and films that they most identify with" (Moore 2010: 183). And nowhere has this been more evident than in fan culture. YouTube, Facebook, and Twitter have made it easy to adapt digital content, for that content is not only accessible and repeatable, but also infinitely modifiable. In our capitalist culture, it is no doubt needless to point out that this is not always legal, despite the strong democratizing ethos of the Internet. (See "The Legal Constraints" section of Chapter 3.) The Epilogue analyzes a number of famous cases where copyright law and fan adaptation practices have come into conflict, but it also carefully nuances what is at stake in these struggles by pointing out that media conglomerates paradoxically have an economic interest in fostering fan devotion, while still attempting to retain sole control over the intellectual property that garners them profits.

Fan-generated content has exploded in recent years, and not only online, of course. Yet, when fans can remake their favourite films on minimal budgets ("sweding") and then distribute them on YouTube, who is in control? When they can adapt and thus personalize a video game to suit themselves, should its creators greet this with "cease and desist" letters or with joy at the free publicity? Fan loyalty can obviously translate into sales, but it can also pose a threat to control and ultimately to economic gain. When fans can not only view but remix, interact with, and share content, an argument can be made

that individual agency has trumped textual fidelity, and with that, ownership rights. For better or worse, the new media are participatory media.

What Else Has Changed?

The field of adaptation studies itself has grown immensely—and this translates into a considerable change since 2006 when the "fidelity debates" were still ongoing (see Leitch 2008)—that is to say, when adaptations were being judged in terms of quality by how close or far they were from their "original" or "source" texts. One of the reasons for this emphasis was the fact that much of the early work in the field had been based on comparative case studies of particular works, rather than attempting to theorize more broadly the phenomenon of adaptation. With the important work of, first, Robert Stam, Kamilla Elliott, Deborah Cartmell and Imelde Whelehan, and then others such as Julie Sanders, Christine Geraghty, and Thomas Leitch, the critical terrain has changed immensely, though vestiges of fidelity criticism still remain in reviewing practices, especially of films adapted from beloved novels.

Today, if "fidelity" is invoked at all in adaptation studies, it is usually, as in this book (see Chapter 4's "Knowing and Unknowing Audiences"), in the context of fan-culture loyalty rather than as a quality of adaptive strategies. The "success" of an adaptation today, in the age of transmedia, can no longer be determined in relation to its proximity to any single "original," for none may even exist. Perhaps it is time to look instead to such things as popularity, persistence, or even the diversity and extent of dissemination for criteria of success (see Bortolotti and Hutcheon 2007: 450–53). This is how biology thinks about adaptation: in terms of successful replication and change. Perhaps cultural adaptation can be seen to work in similar ways.

If it ever does, it will be because adaptation as a field of study has been expanding its scope in recent years. New journals dedicated to adaptation have appeared, but film and fiction still appear to remain at the top of the list of major academic concerns: the title of *The Journal of Adaptation in Film and Performance* announces its limited focus, as does the "literature on screen" mandate of the more generally-named

journal, *Adaptation*. The canonization of literature-to-film adaptation studies persists (see Cartmell and Whelehan 2007; Palmer 2007a and 2007b). Even the move to theorize adaptation in digital media has often been film-oriented (see Constandinides 2010). But new collections of essays have broadened the range of both the theory and practice of adaptation studies to include indigenization across cultures as well as translation across languages (in Laurence Raw, ed., *Translation, Adaptation and Transformation* [2012]; Tricia Hopton, Adam Atkinson, Jane Stadler, and Peta Mitchell, eds., *Pockets of Change: Adaptation and Cultural Transition* [2011]; and to some extent Rachel Carroll, ed., *Adaptation in Contemporary Culture: Textual Infidelities* [2009]). Interdisciplinarity now rules (see Sanders 2011: x). And therefore most new works in the field have not been simple case-study compilations, but rather serious engagements with theoretical issues as well, often within a particular historical period, as in William Verone's *Adaptation and the Avant Garde* (2011). The pedagogical focus of Nassim Balestrini's edited collection, *Adaptation and American Studies: Perspectives on Teaching and Research,* acknowledges the increasingly evident reality of the educational importance and prominence of adaptation today. (See also the textbooks on adaptation by Desmond and Hawkes [2005] and Cahir [2006].) These provide yet further reasons for the addition of the Epilogue here, in order to address not just film but also other new media that are the site of adaptation for an entire new generation of story (re)tellers and story-world makers.

Has anything *not* changed in the last six years? With some regret, I still hear echoes of those all too familiar denigrations of adaptation today in the context of transmedia storytelling where, in O'Flynn's account of the industry debate currently underway, adaptation becomes a "lesser, more simplistic mode of reworking content." Others point to a related and repeated rhetoric of commoditization and commercialization that haunts adaptation discussions of franchise storytelling (Parody 2011: 216). Some acknowledge that video game adaptations of films will probably always be seen as derivative and secondary productions, "beholden to" the prior adapted work (Moore 2010: 185). Yet, in practice, the continuing ubiquity and longevity of adaptational strategies across ever-changing and ever-developing new media suggest a more optimistic

future where such dismissive evaluations just might disappear. Just as biology does not evaluate the merit of organisms relative to their ancestors—for all have equal biological validity—so too may all cultural adaptations one day be seen to have equal cultural validity.

Acknowledgments

My adaptation obsession has driven many of my friends and family members to distraction over the past few years, so I owe apologies as well as thanks to the following: biological consultant and toughest but most inspirational reader Gary Bortolotti; film and Buffy The Vampire Slayer buff and copyeditor extraordinaire Sophie Mayer; inspirational editor and wicked reader William Germano; intrepid and thorough researchers Scott Rayter, Shannon MacRae, Yves St. Cyr, Jessica Li, and Ingrid Delpech; talented adapters Priscilla Galloway and Noel Baker; new media theorist and adapter-survivor Siobhan O'Flynn; legal beagle Stephanie Chong; expert videogame tutor Eric Bortolotti; communications and media expert Lee Easton; opera libretto diva Irene Morra; and engaged and enthusiastic supporting reader Lauren Bortolotti. For making me think first about adaptations—through opera—my gratitude goes to two people in particular: to my collaborator and spouse, Michael Hutcheon, and to my co-instructor and friend, Caryl Clark. Needless to say, any errors, infelicities, and absurdities are mine alone.

Many audiences helped me hone the arguments here by their careful attention, reading suggestions, and astute criticisms. My gratitude therefore to various groups at the University of Toronto, Wilfrid Laurier University, McGill University, York University, the University of Toulouse, the University of Ghent, the University of Syracuse, Pomona College, Stanford University, the University of Virginia, the Johns Hopkins Philological Society, St. Mary's University, Canadian Opera Company's Opera Exchange, the Canadian Association of Comparative Literature, the Rocky Mountain Modern Language Association, and the Modernist Studies Association.

Some of the early attempts to think through the ideas in this book were published as: "From Page to Stage to Screen: The Age of Adaptation," *The University Professor Lecture Series*, ed. Michael Goldberg (Toronto: Faculty of Arts and Science, 2003), 37–54; "Why Adapt?" *Postscript* 23.3 (summer 2004): 5–18 (special issue on adaptation); "On the Art of Adaptation," *Daedalus* (spring 2004): 108–11.

Postscript

For the second edition, two alterations in these original Acknowledgements should be "acknowledged" in turn. The first is to underline my gratitude to Siobhan O'Flynn, mentioned only in passing in the first paragraph, for she now has a much larger role in this book, as the author of its new Epilogue—for the writing of which she has my gratitude and admiration, as well as deep respect. The second is a sadder change, for 2011 marked the death of my brother, Gary Bortolotti, whom I thank first here. Between the publication of the two editions, however, we also had the pleasure of working together on a collaborative paper "On the Origin of Adaptations: Rethinking Fidelity Discourse and 'Success'—Biologically," *New Literary History* 38 2007): 443–58. It is to his memory that I dedicate this revised edition.

1

Beginning to Theorize Adaptation:

What? Who? Why? How? Where? When?

[C]inema is still playing second fiddle to literature.

—Rabindranath Tagore (1929)

Writing a screenplay based on a great novel [George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda*] is foremost a labor of simplification. I don't mean only the plot, although particularly in the case of a Victorian novel teeming with secondary characters and subplots, severe pruning is required, but also the intellectual content. A film has to convey its message by images and relatively few words; it has little tolerance for complexity or irony or tergiversations. I found the work exceedingly difficult, beyond anything I had anticipated. And, I should add, depressing: I care about words more than images, and yet I was

> constantly sacrificing words and their connotations. You might tell me that through images film conveys a vast amount of information that words can only attempt to approximate, and you would be right, but approximation is precious in itself, because it bears the author's stamp. All in all, it seemed to me that my screenplay was worth much less than the book, and that the same would be true of the film.
>
> **—Novelist John North in Louis Begley's novel, *Shipwreck*** (2003)

Familiarity and Contempt

Adaptations are everywhere today: on the television and movie screen, on the musical and dramatic stage, on the Internet, in novels and comic books, in your nearest theme park and video arcade. A certain level of self-consciousness about—and perhaps even acceptance of—their ubiquity is suggested by the fact that films have been made about the process itself, such as Spike Jonze's *Adaptation* or Terry Gilliam's *Lost in La Mancha,* both in 2002. Television series have also explored the act of adaptation, like the eleven-part BRAVO documentary "Page to Screen." Adaptations are obviously not new to our time, however; Shakespeare transferred his culture's stories from page to stage and made them available to a whole new audience. Aeschylus and Racine and Goethe and da Ponte also retold familiar stories in new forms. Adaptations are so much a part of Western culture that they appear to affirm Walter Benjamin's insight that "storytelling is always the art of repeating stories" (1992: 90). The critical pronouncements of T.S. Eliot or Northrop Frye were certainly not needed to convince avid adapters across the centuries of what, for them, has always been a truism: art is derived from other art; stories are born of other stories.

Nevertheless, in both academic criticism and journalistic reviewing, contemporary popular adaptations are most often put down as secondary, derivative, "belated, middlebrow, or culturally inferior" (as noted by Naremore 2002b: 6). This is what Louis Begley's novelist-adapter is expressing in the epigraph; but there are more strong and decidedly moralistic words used to attack film adaptations of literature: "tampering," "interference," "violation" (listed in McFarlane 1996: 12), "betrayal," "deformation," "perversion," "infidelity," and "desecration"

(found by Stam 2000: 54). The move from the literary to the filmic or televisual has even been called a move to "a willfully inferior form of cognition" (Newman 1985: 129). Although adaptation's detractors argue that "all the directorial Scheherazades of the world cannot add up to one Dostoevsky" (Peary and Shatzkin 1977: 2), it does seem to be more or less acceptable to adapt *Romeo and Juliet* into a respected high art form, like an opera or a ballet, but not to make it into a movie, especially an updated one like Baz Luhrmann's (1996) *William Shakespeare's Romeo + Juliet*. If an adaptation is perceived as "lowering" a story (according to some imagined hierarchy of medium or genre), response is likely to be negative. Residual suspicion remains even in the admiration expressed for something like Julie Taymor's *Titus* (1999), her critically successful film version of Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus*. Even in our postmodern age of cultural recycling, something—perhaps the commercial success of adaptations—would appear to make us uneasy.

As early as 1926, Virginia Woolf, commenting on the fledgling art of cinema, deplored the simplification of the literary work that inevitably occurred in its transposition to the new visual medium and called film a "parasite" and literature its "prey" and "victim" (1926: 309). Yet she also foresaw that film had the potential to develop its own independent idiom: "cinema has within its grasp innumerable symbols for emotions that have so far failed to find expression" in words (309). And so it does. In the view of film semiotician Christian Metz, cinema "tells us continuous stories; it 'says' things that could be conveyed also in the language of words; yet it says them differently. There is a reason for the possibility as well as for the necessity of adaptations" (1974: 44). However, the same could be said of adaptations in the form of musicals, operas, ballets, or songs. All these adapters relate stories in their different ways. They use the same tools that storytellers have always used: they actualize or concretize ideas; they make simplifying selections, but also amplify and extrapolate; they make analogies; they critique or show their respect, and so on. But the stories they relate are taken from elsewhere, not invented anew. Like parodies, adaptations have an overt and defining relationship to prior texts, usually revealingly called "sources." Unlike parodies, however, adaptations usually openly announce this relationship. It is the (post-) Romantic valuing

of the original creation and of the originating creative genius that is clearly one source of the denigration of adapters and adaptations. Yet this negative view is actually a late addition to Western culture's long and happy history of borrowing and stealing or, more accurately, sharing stories.

For some, as Robert Stam argues, literature will always have axiomatic superiority over any adaptation of it because of its seniority as an art form. But this hierarchy also involves what he calls iconophobia (a suspicion of the visual) and logophilia (love of the word as sacred) (2000: 58). Of course, a negative view of adaptation might simply be the product of thwarted expectations on the part of a fan desiring fidelity to a beloved adapted text or on the part of someone teaching literature and therefore needing proximity to the text and perhaps some entertainment value to do so.

If adaptations are, by this definition, such inferior and secondary creations, why then are they so omnipresent in our culture and, indeed, increasing steadily in numbers? Why, even according to 1992 statistics, are 85 percent of all Oscar-winning Best Pictures adaptations? Why do adaptations make up 95 percent of all the miniseries and 70 percent of all the TV movies of the week that win Emmy Awards? Part of the answer no doubt has to do with the constant appearance of new media and new channels of mass diffusion (Groensteen 1998b: 9). These have clearly fueled an enormous demand for all kinds of stories. Nonetheless, there must be something particularly appealing about adaptations *as adaptations*.

Part of this pleasure, I want to argue, comes simply from repetition with variation, from the comfort of ritual combined with the piquancy of surprise. Recognition and remembrance are part of the pleasure (and risk) of experiencing an adaptation; so too is change. Thematic and narrative persistence combines with material variation (Ropars-Wuilleumier 1998: 131), with the result that adaptations are never simply reproductions that lose the Benjaminian aura. Rather, they carry that aura with them. But as John Ellis suggests, there is something counterintuitive about this desire for persistence within a post-Romantic and capitalist world that values novelty primarily: the "process of adaptation should thus be seen as a massive investment

(financial and psychic) in the desire to repeat particular acts of consumption within a form of representation [film, in this case] that discourages such a repetition" (1982: 4–5).

As Ellis' commercial rhetoric suggests, there is an obvious financial appeal to adaptation as well. It is not just at times of economic downturn that adapters turn to safe bets: nineteenth-century Italian composers of that notoriously expensive art form, opera, usually chose to adapt reliable—that is, already financially successful—stage plays or novels in order to avoid financial risks, as well as trouble with the censors (see Trowell 1992: 1198, 1219). Hollywood films of the classical period relied on adaptations from popular novels, what Ellis calls the "tried and tested" (1982: 3), while British television has specialized in adapting the culturally accredited eighteenth- and nineteenth-century novel, or Ellis' "tried and trusted." However, it is not simply a matter of risk-avoidance; there is money to be made. A best-selling book may reach a million readers; a successful Broadway play will be seen by 1 to 8 million people; but a movie or television adaptation will find an audience of many million more (Seger 1992: 5).

The recent phenomenon of films being "musicalized" for the stage is obviously economically driven. The movies of *The Lion King* or *The Producers* offer ready-made name recognition for audiences, thereby relieving some of the anxiety for Broadway producers of expensive musicals. Like sequels and prequels, "director's cut" DVDs and spin-offs, videogame adaptations based on films are yet another way of taking one "property" in a "franchise" and reusing it in another medium. Not only will audiences already familiar with the "franchise" be attracted to the new "repurposing" (Bolter and Grusin 1999: 45), but new consumers will also be created. The multinationals who own film studios today often already own the rights to stories in other media, so they can be recycled for videogames, for example, and then marketed by the television stations they also own (Thompson 2003: 81–82).

Does the manifest commercial success of adaptations help us understand why the 2002 film *The Royal Tenenbaums* (directed by Wes Anderson with a script by Owen Wilson) opens with a book being checked out of a library—the book upon which the film implicitly claims to be based? Echoing movies like David Lean's *Great Expectations* (1946),

which begins with a shot of the Dickens novel opened to Chapter 1, scene changes in Anderson's movie are marked by a shot of the Tenenbaums' "book" opened to the next chapter, the first lines of which describe what we then see on screen. Because, to my knowledge, this film is *not* adapted from any literary text, the use of this device is a direct and even parodic recall of its use in earlier films, but with a difference: the authority of literature as an institution and thus also of the act of adapting it seems to be what is being invoked and emphasized. But why would a film want to be seen as an adaptation? And what do we mean by a work being seen *as an adaptation*?

Treating Adaptations *as Adaptations*

To deal with adaptations *as adaptations* is to think of them as, to use Scottish poet and scholar Michael Alexander's great term (Ermarth 2001: 47), inherently "palimpsestuous" works, haunted at all times by their adapted texts. If we know that prior text, we always feel its presence shadowing the one we are experiencing directly. When we call a work an adaptation, we openly announce its overt relationship to another work or works. It is what Gérard Genette would call a text in the "second degree" (1982: 5), created and then received in relation to a prior text. This is why adaptation studies are so often comparative studies (cf. Cardwell 2002: 9). This is not to say that adaptations are not also autonomous works that can be interpreted and valued as such; as many theorists have insisted, they obviously are (see, for example, Bluestone 1957/1971; Ropars 1970). This is one reason why an adaptation has its own aura, its own "presence in time and space, its unique existence at the place where it happens to be" (Benjamin 1968: 214). I take such a position as axiomatic, but not as my theoretical focus. To interpret an adaptation *as an adaptation* is, in a sense, to treat it as what Roland Barthes called, not a "work," but a "text," a plural "stereophony of echoes, citations, references" (1977: 160). Although adaptations are also aesthetic objects in their own right, it is only as inherently double- or multilaminated works that they can be theorized *as adaptations*.

An adaptation's double nature does not mean, however, that proximity or fidelity to the adapted text should be the criterion of judgment or the focus of analysis. For a long time, "fidelity criticism," as it came to

be known, was the critical orthodoxy in adaptation studies, especially when dealing with canonical works such as those of Pushkin or Dante. Today that dominance has been challenged from a variety of perspectives (e.g., McFarlane 1996: 194; Cardwell 2002: 19) and with a range of results. And, as George Bluestone pointed out early on, when a film becomes a financial or critical success, the question of its faithfulness is given hardly any thought (1957/1971: 114). My decision not to concentrate on this particular aspect of the relationship between adapted text and adaptation means that there appears to be little need to engage directly in the constant debate over degrees of proximity to the "original" that has generated those many typologies of adaptation processes: borrowing versus intersection versus transformation (Andrew 1980: 10–12); analogy versus commentary versus transposition (Wagner 1975: 222–31); using the source as raw material versus reinterpretation of only the core narrative structure versus a literal translation (Klein and Parker 1981: 10).

Of more interest to me is the fact that the morally loaded discourse of fidelity is based on the implied assumption that adapters aim simply to reproduce the adapted text (e.g., Orr 1984: 73). Adaptation is repetition, but repetition without replication. And there are manifestly many different possible intentions behind the act of adaptation: the urge to consume and erase the memory of the adapted text or to call it into question is as likely as the desire to pay tribute by copying. Adaptations such as film remakes can even be seen as mixed in intent: "contested homage" (Greenberg 1998: 115), Oedipally envious and worshipful at the same time (Horton and McDougal 1998b: 8).

If the idea of fidelity should not frame any theorizing of adaptation today, what should? According to its dictionary meaning, "to adapt" is to adjust, to alter, to make suitable. This can be done in any number of ways. As the next section will explore in more depth, the phenomenon of adaptation can be defined from three distinct but interrelated perspectives, for I take it as no accident that we use the same word—adaptation—to refer to the process and the product.

First, seen as a *formal entity or product*, an adaptation is an announced and extensive transposition of a particular work or works. This "transcoding" can involve a shift of medium (a poem to a film) or genre

(an epic to a novel), or a change of frame and therefore context: telling the same story from a different point of view, for instance, can create a manifestly different interpretation. Transposition can also mean a shift in ontology from the real to the fictional, from a historical account or biography to a fictionalized narrative or drama. Sister Helen Prejean's 1994 book, *Dead Man Walking: An Eyewitness Account of the Death Penalty in the United States,* became first a fictionalized film (directed by Tim Robbins, 1995) and then, a few years later, an opera (written by Terrence McNally and Jake Heggie).

Second, as *a process of creation*, the act of adaptation always involves both (re-)interpretation and then (re-)creation; this has been called both appropriation and salvaging, depending on your perspective. For every aggressive appropriator outed by a political opponent, there is a patient salvager. Priscilla Galloway, an adapter of mythic and historical narratives for children and young adults, has said that she is motivated by a desire to preserve stories that are worth knowing but will not necessarily speak to a new audience without creative "reanimation" (2004), and *that* is her task. African film adaptations of traditional oral legends are also seen as a way of preserving a rich heritage in an aural and visual mode (Cham 2005: 300).

Third, seen from the perspective of its *process of reception*, adaptation is a form of intertextuality: we experience adaptations (*as adaptations*) as palimpsests through our memory of other works that resonate through repetition with variation. For the right audience, then, the novelization by Yvonne Navarro of a film like *Hellboy* (2004) may echo not only with Guillermo del Toro's film but also with the Dark Horse Comics series from which the latter was adapted. Paul Anderson's 2002 film *Resident Evil* will be experienced differently by those who have played the videogame of the same name, from which the movie was adapted, than by those who have not.

In short, adaptation can be described as the following:

- An acknowledged transposition of a recognizable other work or works
- A creative *and* an interpretive act of appropriation/salvaging
- An extended intertextual engagement with the adapted work

Therefore, an adaptation is a derivation that is not derivative—a work that is second without being secondary. It is its own palimpsestic thing.

There is some apparent validity to the general statement that adaptation "as a concept can expand or contract. Writ large, adaptation includes almost any act of alteration performed upon specific cultural works of the past and dovetails with a general process of cultural recreation" (Fischlin and Fortier 2000: 4). But, from a pragmatic point of view, such vast definition would clearly make adaptation rather difficult to theorize. My more restricted double definition of adaptation as process and product is closer to the common usage of the word and is broad enough to allow me to treat not just films and stage productions, but also musical arrangements and song covers, visual art revisitations of prior works and comic book versions of history, poems put to music and remakes of films, and videogames and interactive art. It also permits me to draw distinctions; for instance, allusions to and brief echoes of other works would not qualify as extended engagements, nor do most examples of musical sampling, because they recontextualize only short fragments of music. Plagiarisms are not acknowledged appropriations, and sequels and prequels are not really adaptations either, nor is fan fiction. There is a difference between never wanting a story to end—the reason behind sequels and prequels, according to Marjorie Garber (2003: 73–74)—and wanting to retell the same story over and over in different ways. With adaptations, we seem to desire the repetition as much as the change. Maybe this is why, in the eyes of the law, adaptation is a "derivative work"—that is, one based on one or more preexisting works, but "recast, transformed" (17 USC §101). That seemingly simple definition, however, is also a theoretical can of worms.

Exactly What Gets Adapted? How?

What precisely is "recast" and "transformed"? In law, ideas themselves cannot be copyrighted; only their expression can be defended in court. And herein lies the whole problem. As Kamilla Elliott has astutely noted, adaptation commits the heresy of showing that form (expression) can be separated from content (ideas)—something both mainstream aesthetic and semiotic theories have resisted or denied (2003: 133),

even as legal theory has embraced it. The form changes with adaptation (thus evading most legal prosecution); the content persists. But what exactly constitutes that transferred and transmuted "content"?

Many professional reviewers and audience members alike resort to the elusive notion of the "spirit" of a work or an artist that has to be captured and conveyed in the adaptation for it to be a success. The "spirit" of Dickens or Wagner is invoked, often to justify radical changes in the "letter" or form. Sometimes it is "tone" that is deemed central, though rarely defined (e.g., Linden 1971: 158, 163); at other times it is "style" (Seger 1992: 157). But all three are arguably equally subjective and, it would appear, difficult to discuss, much less theorize.

Most theories of adaptation assume, however, that the story is the common denominator, the core of what is transposed across different media and genres, each of which deals with that story in formally different ways and, I would add, through different modes of engagement—narrating, performing, or interacting. In adapting, the story-argument goes, "equivalences" are sought in different sign systems for the various elements of the story: its themes, events, world, characters, motivations, points of view, consequences, contexts, symbols, imagery, and so on. As Millicent Marcus has explained, however, there are two opposing theoretical schools of thought on this point: either a story can exist independently of any embodiment in any particular signifying system or, on the contrary, it cannot be considered separately from its material mode of mediation (1993: 14). What the phenomenon of adaptation suggests, however, is that, although the latter is obviously true for the audience, whose members experience the story in a particular material form, the various elements of the story can be and are considered separately by adapters and by theorists, if only because technical constraints of different media will inevitably highlight different aspects of that story (Gaudreault and Marion 1998: 45).

Themes are perhaps the easiest story elements to see as adaptable across media and even genres or framing contexts. As author Louis Begley said about the themes of his 1996 novel *About Schmidt* when the work was transcribed to the screen by Alexander Payne and Jim Taylor: "I was able to hear them rather like melodies transposed into a different key" (2003: 1). Many Romantic ballets were derived from

Hans Christian Andersen's stories simply, some say, because of their traditional and easily accessible themes, such as quests, magical tasks, disguise and revelation, and innocence versus evil (Mackrell 2004). Composer Alexander Zemlinsky wrote a "symphonic fantasy" adaptation of Andersen's famous "The Little Mermaid" (1836) called *Die Seejungfrau* (1905) that includes musical programmatic descriptions of such elements as the storm and musical leitmotifs that tell the story and its themes of love, pain, and nature, as well as music that evokes emotions and atmosphere befitting the story. A modern manual for adapters explains, however, that themes are, in fact, of most importance to novels and plays; in TV and films, themes must always serve the story action and "reinforce or dimensionalize" it, for in these forms, storyline is supreme—except in European "art" films (Seger 1992: 14).

Characters, too, can obviously be transported from one text to another, and indeed, as Murray Smith has argued, characters are crucial to the rhetorical and aesthetic effects of both narrative and performance texts because they engage receivers' imaginations through what he calls recognition, alignment, and allegiance (1995: 4–6). The theater and the novel are usually considered the forms in which the human subject is central. Psychological development (and thus receiver empathy) is part of the narrative and dramatic arc when characters are the focus of adaptations. Yet, in playing videogame adaptations of films, we can actually "become" one of the characters and act in their fictional world.

The separate units of the story (or the *fabula)* can also be transmediated—just as they can be summarized in digest versions or translated into another language (Hamon 1977: 264). But they may well change—often radically—in the process of adaptation, and not only (but most obviously) in terms of their plot ordering. Pacing can be transformed, time compressed or expanded. Shifts in the focalization or point of view of the adapted story may lead to major differences. When David Lean wrote, directed, and edited the film version of E.M. Forster's 1924 novel *Passage to India* in 1984, he altered the novel's focalization on the two men, Fielding and Aziz, and their cross-cultural interrelations. Instead, the film tells Adela's story, adding scenes to establish her character and make it more complex and

interesting than it arguably is in the novel. More radically, *Miss Havisham's Fire* (1979/revised 1996), Dominick Argento and John Olon-Scrymgeour's operatic adaptation of Dickens' *Great Expectations* (1860/1861), all but ignored the story of the protagonist Pip to tell that of the eccentric Miss Havisham.

In other cases, it might be the point of departure or conclusion that is totally transfigured in adaptation. For instance, in offering a different ending in the film version of Michael Ondaatje's novel *The English Patient*, Anthony Minghella, in his film script and in his directing, removed the postcolonial politics of the Indian Kip's response to the bombing of Hiroshima, substituting instead another smaller, earlier bomb that kills his co-worker and friend. In other words, a personal crisis is made to replace a political one. As the movie's editor Walter Murch articulated the decision: "The film [unlike the novel] was so much about those five individual people: the Patient, Hana, Kip, Katharine, Caravaggio—that to suddenly open it up near the end and ask the audience to imagine the death of hundreds of thousands of unknown people … . It was too abstract. So the bomb of Hiroshima became the bomb that killed Hardy, someone you knew" (qtd. in Ondaatje 2002: 213). And, in the movie version (but not in the novel), the nurse Hana actually gives her patient the fatal morphine shot at the end, undoubtedly so that she can be seen to merge with his lover Katharine in the patient's memory, as in ours. On the soundtrack, their voices merge as well. The focus of the film is on the doomed love affair alone. This change of ending may not be quite the same as Nahum Tate's making Cordelia survive and marry Edgar in his infamous 1681 version of *King Lear*, but it is a major shift of emphasis nonetheless.

If we move from considering only the medium in this way to considering changes in the more general manner of story presentation, however, other differences in what gets adapted begin to appear. This is because each manner involves a different mode of engagement on the part of both audience and adapter. As we shall see in more detail shortly, being shown a story is not the same as being told it—and neither is the same as participating in it or interacting with it, that is, experiencing a story directly and kinesthetically. With each mode, different things get adapted and in different ways. As my examples so far suggest, to

tell a story, as in novels, short stories, and even historical accounts, is to describe, explain, summarize, expand; the narrator has a point of view and great power to leap through time and space and sometimes to venture inside the minds of characters. To show a story, as in movies, ballets, radio and stage plays, musicals and operas, involves a direct aural and usually visual performance experienced in real time.

Although neither telling nor showing renders its audience passive in the least, they also do not engage people as immediately and viscerally as do virtual environments, videogames (played on any platform), or even theme-park rides that are, in their own ways, adaptations or "remediations" (Bolter and Grusin 1999). The interactive, physical nature of this kind of engagement entails changes both in the story and even in the importance of story itself. If a film can be said to have a three-act structure—a beginning in which a conflict is established; a middle in which the implications of the conflict are played out; an end where the conflict is resolved—then a videogame adaptation of a film can be argued to have a different three-act structure. The introductory material, often presented in what are called "movie cut-scenes," is the first act; the second is the core gameplay experience; the third is the climax, again often in filmed cut-scenes (Lindley 2002: 206). Acts one and three obviously do the narrative work—through showing—and set up the story frame, but both are in fact peripheral to the core: the second-act gameplay, with its intensity of cognitive and physical engagement, moves the narrative along through visual spectacle and audio effects (including music) and through problem-solving challenges. As Marie-Laure Ryan has pointed out: "The secret to the narrative success of games is their ability to exploit the most fundamental of the forces that move a plot forward: the solving of problems" (2004c: 349). Story, in this case, is no longer central or at least no longer an end in itself, although it is still present as a means toward a goal (King 2002: 51).

Although there has been a long debate recently about whether interactivity and storytelling are at odds with one another (see Ryan 2001: 244; Ryan 2004c: 337), what is more relevant in a game adaptation is the fact that players can inhabit a known fictional, often striking, visual world of digital animation. Nintendo's 3-D world of *Zelda*, for

instance, has been described as "a highly intricate environment, with a complicated economics, an awesome cast of creatures, a broad range of landscapes and indoor scenarios, and an elaborated chemistry, biology, geology and ecology so that its world can almost be studied like an alternative version of nature" (Weinbren 2002: 180). Though *Zelda* is not an adaptation, this description of its world fits so many games that are adaptations. Similarly, Disney World visitors who go on the Aladdin ride can enter and physically navigate a universe originally presented as a linear experience through film.

What gets adapted here is a heterocosm, literally an "other world" or cosmos, complete, of course, with the stuff of a story—settings, characters, events, and situations. To be more precise, it is the "*res extensa*"—to use Descartes' terminology—of that world, its material, physical dimension, which is transposed and then experienced through multisensorial interactivity (Grau 2003: 3). This heterocosm possesses what theorists call "truth-of-coherence" (Ruthven 1979: 11)—here, plausibility and consistency of movement and graphics within the context of the game (Ward 2002: 129)—just as do narrated and performed worlds, but this world also has a particular kind of "truth-of-correspondence"—not to any "real world" but to the universe of a particular adapted text. The videogame of *The Godfather* uses the voices and physical images of some of the film's actors, including Marlon Brando, but the linear structure of the movie is transmuted into that of a flexible game model in which the player becomes a nameless mafia henchman, trying to win the respect of the main characters by taking over businesses, killing people, and so on. In other words, the point of view has been changed from that of the mafia bosses to that of the underlings, who allow us to see familiar scenes from the film's world from a different perspective and possibly create a different resolution.

What videogames, like virtual reality experiments, cannot easily adapt is what novels can portray so well: the "*res cogitans*," the space of the mind. Even screen and stage media have difficulty with this dimension, because when psychic reality is shown rather than told about, it has to be made manifest in the material realm to be perceived by the audience. However, expanding the idea of what can be adapted to include this idea of a heterocosm or visual world as well as other

aspects of the story opens up the possibility of considering, for instance, Aubrey Beardsley's famous illustrations for Oscar Wilde's play *Salomé* as a possible adaptation or even Picasso's cubist recodings of some of the canonical paintings of Velásquez.

Are some kinds of stories and their worlds more easily adaptable than others? Susan Orlean's book, *The Orchid Thief*, proved intractable to screenwriter "Charlie Kaufman" in the movie *Adaptation*. Or did it? Linear realist novels, it would appear, are more easily adapted for the screen than experimental ones, or so we might assume from the evidence: the works of Charles Dickens, Ian Fleming, and Agatha Christie are more often adapted than those of Samuel Beckett, James Joyce, or Robert Coover. "Radical" texts, it is said, are "reduced to a kind of cinematic homogenization" (Axelrod 1996: 204) when they are adapted. But Dickens' novels have been called "theatrical" in their lively dialogue and their individualized, if broadly drawn, characters, complete with idiosyncratic speech patterns. Their strongly pictorial descriptions and potential for scenes of spectacle also make them readily adaptable or at least "adaptogenic" (Groensteen 1998a: 270) to the stage and screen. Historically, it is melodramatic worlds and stories that have lent themselves to adaptation to the form of opera and musical dramas, where music can reinforce the stark emotional oppositions and tensions created by the requisite generic compression (because it takes longer to sing than to speak a line). Today, spectacular special effects films like the various *The Matrix* or *Star Wars* movies are the ones likely to spawn popular videogames whose players can enjoy entering and manipulating the cinematic fantasy world.

Double Vision: Defining Adaptation

Given this complexity of what can be adapted and of the means of adaptation, people keep trying to coin new words to replace the confusing simplicity of the word "adaptation" (e.g., Gaudreault 1998: 268). But most end up admitting defeat: the word has stuck for a reason. Yet, however straightforward the idea of adaptation may appear on the surface, it is actually very difficult to define, in part, as we have seen, because we use the same word for the process and the product. As a product, an adaptation can be given a formal definition, but as

a process—of creation and of reception—other aspects have to be considered. This is why those different perspectives touched on earlier are needed to discuss and define adaptation.

Adaptation as Product: Announced, Extensive, Specific Transcoding

As openly acknowledged and extended reworkings of particular other texts, adaptations are often compared to translations. Just as there is no such thing as a literal translation, there can be no literal adaptation. Nevertheless, the study of both has suffered from domination by "normative and source-oriented approaches" (Hermans 1985: 9). Transposition to another medium, or even moving within the same one, always means change or, in the language of the new media, "reformatting." And there will always be both gains and losses (Stam 2000: 62). Although this seems commonsensical enough, it is important to remember that, in most concepts of translation, the source text is granted an axiomatic primacy and authority, and the rhetoric of comparison has most often been that of faithfulness and equivalence. Walter Benjamin did alter this frame of reference when he argued, in "The Task of the Translator," that translation is not a rendering of some fixed nontextual meaning to be copied or paraphrased or reproduced; rather, it is an engagement with the original text that makes us see that text in different ways (1992: 77). Recent translation theory argues that translation involves a transaction between texts and between languages and is thus "an act of both inter-cultural and inter-temporal communication" (Bassnett 2002: 9).

This newer sense of translation comes closer to defining adaptation as well. In many cases, because adaptations are to a different medium, they are re-mediations, that is, specifically translations in the form of intersemiotic transpositions from one sign system (for example, words) to another (for example, images). This is translation but in a very specific sense: as transmutation or transcoding, that is, as necessarily a recoding into a new set of conventions as well as signs. For example, Harold Pinter's screenplay for Karel Reisz's film *The French Lieutenant's Woman* (1981) transposed the narrative of John Fowles' novel (1969) into a totally cinematic code. The novel juxtaposed a modern narrator and a Victorian story; in the equally self-reflexive movie, we have, instead, a

Victorian scenario within a modern film that is itself a movie about the filming of the nineteenth-century story. The self-consciousness of the novel's narrator was translated into cinematic mirroring, as the actors who play the Victorian characters live out the scripted romance in their own lives. The role-playing motif of film acting effectively echoed the hypocrisy and the schizoid morality of the Victorian world of the novel (see Sinyard 1986: 135–40).

The idea of paraphrase (Bluestone 1957/1971: 62) is an alternative frequently offered to this translation analogy. Etymologically, a paraphrase is a mode of telling "beside" (para) and, according to the *Oxford English Dictionary*, one of its first meanings is "a free rendering or amplification of a passage" that is verbal but, by extension, musical as well. John Dryden is quoted as defining paraphrase as "translation with latitude, where the author is kept in view …, but his words are not so strictly followed as his sense; and that too is admitted to be amplified." Perhaps this describes best what scriptwriter Robert Nelson Jacobs and director Lasse Hallstrom did in their 2001 cinematic adaptation of E. Annie Proulx's novel *The Shipping News* (1993). The novel protagonist's psychic world, which is amply explored, thanks to the omniscient narration, is freely rendered in the film by having him think in visualized headlines—a realistic device for a newspaperman. In a sense, even the novel's metaphoric writing style is paraphrased in the recurring visual imagery derived from his fear of drowning. Similarly, Virginia Woolf's densely rich associative language in *Mrs. Dalloway* is rendered or paraphrased in "associative visual imagery" in the 1998 film directed by Marleen Gorris (see Cuddy-Keane 1998: 173–74).

Paraphrase and translation analogies can also be useful in considering what I earlier called the ontological shift that can happen in adaptations of an historical event or an actual person's life into a reimagined, fictional form. The adapted text may be an authoritative historical rendering or a more indefinite archive (see Andrew 2004: 200), and the form can range from "biopics" to "heritage" films, from television docudramas to videogames, such as *JFK Reloaded* (by Traffic Games in Scotland), based on the Kennedy assassination. Sometimes the text being paraphrased or translated is very immediate and available. For example, the German television movie called *Wannseekonferenz* (*The*

Wannsee Conference) was an 85-minute film adaptation scripted from the actual minutes of the 85-minute meeting held in 1942 and chaired by Reinhard Heydrich, the Chief of the German State Police, in which the "Final Solution to the Jewish Question" was decided. In 2001, Loring Mandel did a further adaptation in English for BBC and HBO called *Conspiracy*.

At other times, the adapted text is more complex or even multiple: Sidney Lumet's 1975 film *Dog Day Afternoon* was a fictionalized adaptation of an actual 1972 bank robbery and hostage situation in Brooklyn that was covered live on television and was much discussed in the media. In fact, a *Life* magazine article by P.F. Kluge was the basis of the film's screenplay. But in 2002 artist Pierre Huyghe asked the real robber, John Wojtowicz, to reenact and narrate—in effect, to translate or paraphrase—the original event for his camera. In the process, a second-level adaptation occurred: as the perpetrator relived his own past, what became clear was that he could not do so except through the lenses of the subsequent movie version. In effect, the film became, for him, as much the text to be adapted as was the lived event preserved in either his memory or the media coverage. In ontological shifts, it makes little sense to talk about adaptations as "historically accurate" or "historically inaccurate" in the usual sense. *Schindler's List* is not *Shoah* (see Hansen 2001) in part because it is an adaptation of a novel by Thomas Keneally, which is itself based on survivor testimony. In other words, it is a paraphrase or translation of a *particular* other text, a particular interpretation of history. The seeming simplicity of the familiar label, "based on a true story," is a ruse: in reality, such historical adaptations are as complex as historiography itself.

Adaptation as Process

The Adapter's Creative Interpretation/Interpretive Creation Early in the film *Adaptation*, screenwriter "Charlie Kaufman" faces an anguished dilemma: he worries about his responsibility as an adapter to an author and a book he respects. As he senses, what is involved in adapting can be a process of appropriation, of taking possession of another's story, and filtering it, in a sense, through one's own sensibility, interests, and talents. Therefore, adapters are first interpreters and then creators. This

is one reason why *Morte a Venezia*, Luchino Visconti's 1971 Italian film version of Thomas Mann's 1911 novella *Der Tod in Venedig,* is so different in focus and impact from Benjamin Britten and Myfanwy Piper's English opera *Death in Venice,* which premiered only a few years later in 1973. The other reason, of course, is the adapter's choice of medium. E.H. Gombrich offers a useful analogy when he suggests that if an artist stands before a landscape with a pencil in hand, he or she will "look for those aspects which can be rendered in lines"; if it is a paintbrush that the hand holds, the artist's vision of the very same landscape will be in terms of masses, not lines (1961: 65). Therefore, an adapter coming to a story with the idea of adapting it for a film would be attracted to different aspects of it than an opera librettist would be.

Usually adaptations, especially from long novels, mean that the adapter's job is one of subtraction or contraction; this is called "a surgical art" (Abbott 2002: 108) for a good reason. In adapting Philip Pullman's trilogy of novels, *His Dark Materials*, from 1,300 print pages to two three-hour plays, Nicholas Wright had to cut major characters (for example, the Oxford scientist Mary Malone) and therefore whole worlds they inhabit (for example, the land of the mulefas); he had to speed up the action and involve the Church right from the start. Of course, he also had to find two major narrative climaxes to replace the three of the trilogy. He also found he had to explain certain themes and even plot details, for there was not as much time for the play's audience to piece things together as there was for those reading the novels.

Obviously, not all adaptations involve simply cutting. Short stories, in particular, have often inspired movies; for example, John M. Cunningham's 1947 "The Tin Star" became Fred Zinneman and Carl Forman's 1952 film *High Noon*. Short story adaptations have had to expand their source material considerably. When filmmaker Neil Jordan and Angela Carter adapted Carter's story "The Company of Wolves" in 1984, they added details from two other related tales in Carter's *The Bloody Chamber* (1979): "The Werewolf" and "Wolf-Alice." They took a contemporary prologue from Carter's own earlier radio play adaptation to set up the dream logic of the piece. Screenwriter Noel Baker similarly described his attempt to take "a whisper of a movie idea" and make it into a feature film. He had been asked to adapt not a short

story but, in fact, Michael Turner's book *Hard Core Logo* (1993), but this book is a fragmentary narrative about the reunion of a 1980s punk band that is made up of letters, songs, answering machine messages, invoices, photos, hand-written notes, diary entries, contracts, and so on. Baker said that he first felt the challenge of the fragmentation itself and then of the fact that it was "lean and spare, full of gaps and silences, the eloquence of things left unsaid" (1997: 10). In the end, he noted in his diary that this latter point was what made the task more fun, more creative: "Must thank Turner for writing so little yet suggesting so much" (14).

Of course, there is a wide range of reasons why adapters might choose a particular story and then transcode it into a particular medium or genre. As noted earlier, their aim might well be to economically and artistically supplant the prior works. They are just as likely to want to contest the aesthetic or political values of the adapted text as to pay homage. This, of course, is one of the reasons why the rhetoric of "fidelity" is less than adequate to discuss the process of adaptation. Whatever the motive, from the adapter's perspective, adaptation is an act of appropriating or salvaging, and this is always a double process of interpreting and then creating something new.

If this sounds somewhat familiar, there is good reason, given the long history in the West of *imitatio* or *mimesis*—imitation—as what Aristotle saw as part of the instinctive behavior of humans and the source of their pleasure in art (Wittkower 1965: 143). Imitation of great works of art, in particular, was not intended only to capitalize on the prestige and authority of the ancients or even to offer a pedagogical model (as the *Rhetorica ad Herennium* argued [I.ii.3 and IV.i.2]), though it did both. It was also a form of creativity: "*Imitatio* is neither plagiarism nor a flaw in the constitution of Latin literature. It is a dynamic law of its existence" (West and Woodman 1979: ix). Like classical imitation, adaptation also is not slavish copying; it is a process of making the adapted material one's own. In both, the novelty is in what one *does with* the other text. Indeed, for "Longinus," *imitatio* went together with *aemulatio*, linking imitation and creativity (Russell 1979: 10). Perhaps one way to think about unsuccessful adaptations is not in

terms of infidelity to a prior text, but in terms of a lack of the creativity and skill to make the text one's own and thus autonomous.

For the reader, spectator, or listener, adaptation *as adaptation* is unavoidably a kind of intertextuality *if the receiver is acquainted with the adapted text*. It is an ongoing dialogical process, as Mikhail Bakhtin would have said, in which we compare the work we already know with the one we are experiencing (Stam 2000: 64). By stressing the relation of individual works to other works and to an entire cultural system, French semiotic and post-structuralist theorizing of intertextuality (e.g., by Barthes 1971/1977; Kristeva 1969/1986) has been important in its challenges to dominant post-Romantic notions of originality, uniqueness, and autonomy. Instead, texts are said to be mosaics of citations that are visible and invisible, heard and silent; they are always already written and read. So, too, are adaptations, but with the added proviso that they are also acknowledged as adaptations *of specific texts*. Often, the audience will recognize that a work is an adaptation of more than one specific text. For instance, when later writers reworked—for radio, stage, and even screen—John Buchan's 1914 novel, *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, they often adapted Alfred Hitchcock's dark and cynical 1935 film adaptation along with the novel (Glancy 2003: 99–100). And films about Dracula today are as often seen as adaptations of other earlier films as they are of Bram Stoker's novel.

The Audience's "Palimpsestuous" Intertextuality For audiences, such adaptations are obviously "multilaminated"; they are directly and openly connected to recognizable other works, and that connection is part of their formal identity, but also of what we might call their hermeneutic identity. This is what keeps under control the "background noise" (Hinds 1998: 19) of all the other intertextual parallels to the work the audience might make that are due to similar artistic and social conventions, rather than specific works. In all cases, the engagements with these other works in adaptations are extended ones, not passing allusions.

Part of both the pleasure and the frustration of experiencing an adaptation is the familiarity bred through repetition and memory. Depending on our relationship with any of the traditionally choreographed versions of Tchaikovsky's 1877 ballet, *Swan Lake* (and there

are many of these, from the Petipa/Ivanov one to its reworkings by Ashton and Dowell), we will be either delighted or irritated by Matthew Bourne's adaptation, with its updating and queer ironizing of the popular classical ballet. His muscular male swans and their homoerotic, violent, and sexually charged choreography allow, among many other things, the traditional *pas de deux* between the prince and the swan to be a dance of equals—perhaps for the first time. This prince is no athletic assistant to a ballerina star. Not everyone in the audience will enjoy this transgression of and critical commentary upon the sexual politics of the balletic tradition. But no matter what our response, our intertextual expectations about medium and genre, as well as about this specific work, are brought to the forefront of our attention. The same will be true of experiencing the Australian Dance Theatre's version, entitled *Birdbrain* (2001), with its hyperspeed edgy choreography, film clips, and mechanized music. As audience members, we need memory in order to experience difference as well as similarity.

Modes of Engagement

A doubled definition of adaptation as a product (as extensive, particular transcoding) and as a process (as creative reinterpretation and palimpsestic intertextuality) is one way to address the various dimensions of the broader phenomenon of adaptation. An emphasis on process allows us to expand the traditional focus of adaptation studies on medium-specificity and individual comparative case studies in order to consider as well relations among the major modes of engagement: that is, it permits us to think about how adaptations allow people to tell, show, or interact with stories. We can be told or shown a story, each in a range of different media. However, the perspective, and thus the grammar, changes with the third mode of engagement; as audience members, we interact *with* stories in, for instance, the new media, from virtual reality to machinima. All three modes are arguably "immersive," though to different degrees and in different ways: for example, the telling mode (a novel) immerses us through imagination in a fictional world; the showing mode (plays and films) immerses us through the perception of the aural and the visual—the latter in a way related to that of Renaissance perspective painting and Baroque *trompe l'oeil* (Ryan 2001: 3); the participatory

mode (videogames) immerses us physically and kinesthetically. But if all are, in some sense of the word, "immersive," only the last of them is usually called "interactive." Neither the act of looking at and interpreting black marks—words or notes—on a white page nor that of perceiving and interpreting a direct representation of a story on the stage or screen is in any way passive; both are imaginatively, cognitively, and emotionally active. But the move to participatory modes in which we also engage physically with the story and its world—whether it be in a violent action game or a role-playing or puzzle/skill testing one—is not more active but certainly active in a different way.

In the telling mode—in narrative literature, for example—our engagement begins in the realm of imagination, which is simultaneously controlled by the selected, directing words of the text and liberated—that is, unconstrained by the limits of the visual or aural. We can stop reading at any point; we can re-read or skip ahead; we hold the book in our hands and feel, as well as see, how much of the story remains to be read. But with the move to the mode of showing, as in film and stage adaptations, we are caught in an unrelenting, forward-driving story. And we have moved from the imagination to the realm of direct perception—with its mix of both detail and broad focus. The performance mode teaches us that language is not the only way to express meaning or to relate stories. Visual and gestural representations are rich in complex associations; music offers aural "equivalents" for characters' emotions and, in turn, provokes affective responses in the audience; sound, in general, can enhance, reinforce, or even contradict the visual and verbal aspects. On the other hand, however, a *shown* dramatization cannot approximate the complicated verbal play of *told* poetry or the interlinking of description, narration, and explanation that is so easy for prose narrative to accomplish. Telling a story in words, either orally or on paper, is never the same as showing it visually and aurally in any of the many performance media available.

Some theorists argue that, at a basic level, there is no significant difference between a verbal text and visual images, that, as W.J.T. Mitchell outlines this position, "communicative, expressive acts, narration, argument, description, exposition and other so-called 'speech acts' are not medium-specific, are not 'proper' to some medium or another"

(1994: 160). (See also Cohen 1991b.) A consideration of the differences between the modes of engagement of telling and showing, however, suggests quite the contrary: each mode, like each medium, *has* its own specificity, if not its own essence. In other words, no one mode is inherently good at doing one thing and not another; but each has at its disposal different means of expression—media and genres—and so can aim at and achieve certain things better than others.

Consider, for example, the interesting technical task the British novelist E. M. Forster set himself at one point in his 1910 novel *Howards End*: how to represent *in told words* the effect and the meaning of *performed music*—music that his readers would have to imagine, of course, and not hear. He begins the novel's fifth chapter with these words: "It will be generally admitted that Beethoven's Fifth Symphony is the most sublime noise that has ever penetrated into the ear of man" (Forster 1910/1941: 31). Forster goes on to describe the effect on each member of the Schlegel family, whose ears this "sublime noise" penetrates. In a telling mode, a novel can do this: it can take us into the minds and feelings of characters at will. However, the focus of this episode, in which the family attends a symphony concert in Queen's Hall in London together, is specifically on one character, Helen Schlegel—young, newly hurt in love, and therefore someone whose response to the music is intensely personal and deeply tied to her emotional troubles at the time.

As the orchestra plays the third movement, we are told that she hears "a goblin walking quietly over the universe, from end to end" (32). In the first movement, she had heard "heroes and shipwrecks," but here it is terrible goblins she hears, and an "interlude of elephants dancing" (32). These creatures are frightening because of what Helen sees as their casualness: they "observed in passing that there was no such thing as splendour or heroism in the world" (32). Forster continues, telling us that: "Helen could not contradict them, for, once at all events, she had felt the same, and had seen the reliable walls of youth collapse. Panic and emptiness! Panic and emptiness! The goblins were right" (33). Totally moved, not to mention upset, by the end of the piece, she finds she has to leave her family and be alone. As the novel puts it: "The music had summed up to her all that had happened or could happen

in her career. She read it as a tangible statement, which could never be superceded" (34). She leaves the hall, taking by mistake the umbrella of a stranger, one Leonard Bast, who will play an important part in the rest of her life and, indeed, in the rest of the novel.

What happens when this told scene is transposed to the showing mode—in this case, to film—in the Merchant/Ivory production adapted by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala? The concert, in a sense, remains, but Helen attends alone. It is not a full orchestral concert this time, but a four-handed piano performance, accompanying a lecture on Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. A few of Forster's own words remain, but very few. Because we can only *see* Helen on film and not get into her head, we can only guess at her thoughts. So in the shown version, it is not she who experiences the "panic and emptiness" of the goblins; it is simply the lecturer who uses this as an image in his explanation of the piece in response to a question from a member of the audience. In fact, Helen, from what we can see, seems rather more bored than upset by the whole experience. We do get to hear the full orchestral version of the symphony on the soundtrack (nondiegetically), but only after she leaves the hall, pursued by the young man whose umbrella she has taken by mistake.

Although Forster uses this scene to tell us about the imaginative and emotional world of Helen Schlegel, the film makes it the occasion to show us Helen meeting Leonard Bast in an appropriately culturally loaded context. In terms of plot action, that is indeed what happens in this scene, and so this is what the film aims to achieve. Interestingly, what the showing mode can do that the telling one cannot is to let us actually *hear* Beethoven's music. We cannot, however, get at the interior of the characters' minds as they listen; they must visibly, physically embody their responses for the camera to record, or they must talk about their reactions. Of course, this film contains lots of performed talk about music, art, and many other things, and not only in this rather overt lecture form.

Interacting with a story is different again from being shown or told it—and not only because of the more immediate kind of immersion it allows. As in a play or film, in virtual reality or a videogame, language alone does not have to conjure up a world; that world is present before

our eyes and ears. But in the showing mode we do not physically enter that world and proceed to act within it. Because of its visceral impact, a scripted paintball war game would be considered by some to be a different kind of adaptation of a war story than, say, even the graphic violence of a film like *Saving Private Ryan* (1998). Civil War battle reenactments may involve role-playing, and new narrative media works may require database "combinatorics," but, in both cases, the audience's engagement is different in kind than when we are told or shown the same story.

Stories, however, do not consist only of the material means of their transmission (media) or the rules that structure them (genres). Those means and those rules permit and then channel narrative expectations and communicate narrative meaning *to someone* in *some context*, and they are created *by someone* with that intent. There is, in short, a wider communicative context that any theory of adaptation would do well to consider. That context will change with the mode of presentation or engagement: the telling mode can use a variety of material media, as can the live or mediated showing mode, just as each medium can support a variety of genres. But media distinctions alone will not necessarily allow the kind of differentiations that adaptations call to our attention. For instance, "machinima" is a form of filmmaking that uses computer game technology to make films within the virtual reality of a game engine. As such, it's a hybrid form, but basically the *medium* is electronic. The machinima adaptation of Percy Bysshe Shelley's 1817 poem "Ozymandias" (by Hugh Hancock for Strange Company) is indeed a digitalized visualization of the poem's "story" about a man walking across a solitary desert and finding a ruined statue of a king inscribed with a chillingly ironic message about worldly glory and the power of time. Even if the figure of the man on screen creates suspense by having to wipe the sand off the final line of the inscription ("Look upon my works, ye Mighty, and despair"), we experience little in the digital version of the frisson we feel reading the poem's devastating irony. Considering medium alone would not be useful to getting at the success (or failure) of this adaptation: although this machinima is in a digital medium, it is not interactive. If anything, the act of interpreting

what is really a shown story here is even less actively engaging than reading the told version.

This is not to say that we do not engage differently with different media, but the lines of differentiation are not as clear as we might expect. The private and individual experience of reading is, in fact, closer to the private visual and domestic spaces of television, radio, DVD, video, and computer than it is to the public and communal viewing experience in a dark theater of any kind. And when we sit in the dark, quiet and still, being shown real live bodies speaking or singing on stage, our level and kind of engagement are different than when we sit in front of a screen and technology mediates "reality" for us. When we play a first-person shooter videogame and become an active character in a narrative world and viscerally experience the action, our response is different again. Medium alone cannot explain what happens when an interactive videogame is adapted into a museum-displayed digital work of art, for it becomes a way to show, rather than interact with, a story. For instance, in a piece by Israeli American video artist Eddo Stern called *Vietnam Romance* (2003), the viewer finds that the game's enemies have already been taken out by the artist-shooter, leaving us to watch—in other words, to be shown—only a series of empty sets that have been manipulated to recall classic shots from war films, from *M*A*S*H* to *Apocalypse Now*. In reversing the intended outcome by breaking all the rules of game action, the artist has ensured that the audience cannot and does not engage in the same manner as it would with the interactive game. Likewise, Stern's *Fort Paladin: America's Army* presents a scale model of a medieval castle within which a video screen reveals—again—the final results of the artist's mastery of the U.S. military's game used for recruiting, also called *America's Army*. The work and the pleasure of the observing audience here are different from the kinetic and cognitive involvement of the interactive gamer.

Framing Adaptation

Keeping these three modes of engagement—telling, showing, and interacting with stories—in the forefront can allow for certain precisions and distinctions that a focus on medium alone cannot. It also allows for linkages across media that a concentration on medium-specificity

can efface, and thus moves us away from just the formal definitions of adaptation to consider the process. These ways of engaging with stories do not, of course, ever take place in a vacuum. We engage in time and space, within a particular society and a general culture. The contexts of creation and reception are material, public, and economic as much as they are cultural, personal, and aesthetic. This explains why, even in today's globalized world, major shifts in a story's context—that is, for example, in a national setting or time period—can change radically how the transposed story is interpreted, ideologically and literally. How do we react today, for instance, when a male director adapts a woman's novel or when an American director adapts a British novel, or both—as in Neil LaBute's film version of A.S. Byatt's 1991 novel, *Possession*? In shifting cultures and therefore sometimes shifting languages, adaptations make alterations that reveal much about the larger contexts of reception and production. Adapters often "indigenize" stories, to use an anthropological term (Friedman 2004). In Germany, for instance, Shakespeare's works were appropriated through Romantic translations and, through an assertion of the Bard's Germanic affinity, used to generate a German national literature. However strange it may seem, this is why the plays of an enemy-culture's major dramatist continued to be performed—with major variations that could be called adaptations—throughout the two World Wars. The National Socialists, in fact, made these works both political, with private values stressed as being subordinated to public ones in the tragedies, and heroic, with leadership themes dominating (Habicht 1989: 110–15).

Even a shift of time frame can reveal much about when a work is created and received. Robert Louis Stevenson's 1886 novel, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, has been adapted many times for the stage and for the movie and television screens. (To get a sense of the whole range, see Geduld 1983.) The showing mode entails embodying and enacting, and thereby often ends up spelling out important ambiguities that are central to the told version—especially, in this case, Hyde's undefined and unspecified evil. Because of mode change, these various versions have had to show—and thus to "figure"—that evil physically, and the means they have chosen to do so are revealing of the historical and political moments of their production. In 1920, at the

start of Prohibition, we witness a sexual fall through alcohol in John Robertson's silent film; in the 1971 Hammer film, *Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde* (directed by Roy Ward Baker), we see instead Britain's confused responses to feminism after the 1960s (see McCracken-Flesher 1994: 183–94). For economic reasons, adapters often rely on selecting works to adapt that are well known and that have proved popular over time; for legal reasons, they often choose works that are no longer copyrighted.

Technology, too, has probably always framed, not to mention driven, adaptation, in that new media have constantly opened the door for new possibilities for all three modes of engagement. Lately, new electronic technologies have made what we might call fidelity to the *imagination*—rather than a more obvious fidelity to *reality*—possible in new ways, well beyond earlier animation techniques and special effects. We can now enter and act within those worlds, through 3-D digital technology. One of the central beliefs of film adaptation theory is that audiences are more demanding of fidelity when dealing with classics, such as the work of Dickens or Austen. But a whole new set of cult popular classics, especially the work of J.R.R. Tolkien, Philip Pullman, and J.K. Rowling, are now being made visible and audible on stage, in the movie theater, on the video and computer screens, and in multiple gaming formats, and their readers are proving to be just as demanding. Although our imaginative visualizations of literary worlds are always highly individual, the variance among readers is likely even greater in fantasy fiction than in realist fiction. What does this mean when these fans see one particular version on screen that comes from the director's imagination rather their own (see Boyum 1985)? The answer(s), of course, can be found in the reviews and the audience reactions to the recent adaptations of *The Lord of the Rings* stories and the Harry Potter novels. Now that I know what an enemy orc or a game of Quidditch (can) look like (from the movies), I suspect I will never be able to recapture my first imagined versions again. Palimpsests make for permanent change.

Nicholas Wright's dramatic adaptation of Pullman's *His Dark Materials* trilogy had to cope with the fact that the books had sold three million copies and had been translated into thirty-six languages. The adapter had to find a way to visualize and then bring to physical life on stage—

without the technological advantages of film—important elements that the fans would demand be done well: things like the novels' multiple parallel worlds, the windows cut to move characters into each world, and especially the wondrous creatures known as "daemons"—animals of the opposite sex that embody the inner soul of characters. These were technical issues as well as imaginative ones, because Wright knew the novels' fans would be a demanding audience. The two plays that were finally seen in London at the National Theatre in 2003 and revised in 2004 were set within an elaborate "paratextual" context in order to prepare the audience and perhaps forestall any objections: the program was larger and much more informative than most, offering photos, interviews with the novelist and the adapter, maps, a glossary of places, people, things, and "other beings," and a list of literary intertexts.

As this suggests, a further framing of adaptation across all modes of engagement is economic. Broadway adapts from Hollywood; novelizations are timed to coincide with the release of a film. November 2001 saw the infamous simultaneous international release of the film and multiplatform videogame versions of the first installment of the story of Harry Potter. Book publishers produce new editions of adapted literary works to coincide with the film version and invariably put photos of the movie's actors or scenes on the cover. General economic issues, such as the financing and distribution of different media and art forms, must be considered in any general theorizing of adaptation. To appeal to a global market or even a very particular one, a television series or a stage musical may have to alter the cultural, regional, or historical specifics of the text being adapted. A bitingly satiric novel of social pretense and pressure may be transformed into a benign comedy of manners in which the focus of attention is on the triumph of the individual, as has happened in most American television and film versions of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* (1848). Videogames derived from popular films and vice versa are clearly ways to capitalize on a "franchise" and extend its market. But how different is this from Shakespeare's decision to write a play for his theater based on that familiar story about two teenage lovers or, for that matter, from Charles Gounod's choice to compose what he hoped would be a hit opera about them? In their different ways, Giuseppe Verdi and Richard Wagner were both deeply involved in the

financial aspects of their operatic adaptations, yet we tend to reserve our negatively judgmental rhetoric for popular culture, as if it is more tainted with capitalism than is high art.

In beginning to explore this wide range of theoretical issues surrounding adaptation, I have been struck by the unproductive nature of both that negative evaluation of popular cultural adaptations as derivative and secondary and that morally loaded rhetoric of fidelity and infidelity used in comparing adaptations to "source" texts. Like others, I have found myself asking whether we could use any less compromised image to think about adaptation as both process and product. Robert Stam, too, has seen one intriguing possibility in the film *Adaptation,* despite all its ironies; because his focus is specifically on novel to film adaptation, he finds an analogy between these two media and the film's dichotomous screenwriting twins (or split personality). He is also attracted to the metaphor of adaptations as hybrid forms, as "meeting places of different 'species,'" like the orchid (Stam 2005b: 2). For Stam, mutations—filmic adaptations—can help their "source novel 'survive'" (3).

Because my focus is on modes of engagement rather than on two specific media or on "sources," different things have caught my attention. I was struck by the other obvious analogy to adaptation suggested in the film by Darwin's theory of evolution, where genetic adaptation is presented as the biological process by which something is fitted to a given environment. To think of narrative adaptation in terms of a story's fit and its process of mutation or adjustment, through adaptation, to a particular cultural environment is something I find suggestive. Stories also evolve by adaptation and are not immutable over time. Sometimes, like biological adaptation, cultural adaptation involves migration to favorable conditions: stories travel to different cultures and different media. In short, stories adapt just as they are adapted.

In his 1976 book on Darwinian theory called *The Selfish Gene*, Richard Dawkins bravely suggested the existence of a cultural parallel to Darwin's biological theory: "Cultural transmission is analogous to genetic transmission in that, although basically conservative, it can give rise to a form of evolution" (1976/1989: 189). Language, fashions, technology, and the arts, he argued, "all evolve in historical time in a way that looks like highly speeded up genetic evolution, but has really

nothing to do with genetic evolution" (190). Nonetheless, he posits the parallel existence of what he calls "memes"—units of cultural transmission or units of imitation—that, like genes, are "replicators" (191–92). But unlike genetic transmission, when memes are transmitted, they always change, for they are subject to "continuous mutation, and also to blending" (195), in part to adapt for survival in the "meme pool." Although Dawkins is thinking about ideas when he writes of memes, stories also are ideas and could be said to function in this same way. Some have great fitness through survival (persistence in a culture) or reproduction (number of adaptations). Adaptation, like evolution, is a transgenerational phenomenon. Some stories obviously have more "stability and penetrance in the cultural environment," as Dawkins would put it (193). Stories do get retold in different ways in new material and cultural environments; like genes, they adapt to those new environments *by virtue of* mutation—in their "offspring" or their adaptations. And the fittest do more than survive; they flourish.

2

WHAT?
(Forms)

> As it proved, among my best memories of the filmmaking are the conversations (drunken or otherwise) I had with [director] Fred [Schepisi], in which we both acknowledged, I think, that, different as film directors and novelists are, our abiding obsession was the same: the mysteries of storytelling—of timing, pacing and the exactly judged release of information and emotion.
>
> **—Novelist Graham Swift on the adapting of his novel, *Last Orders***

Medium Specificity Revisited

As a creative and interpretive transposition of a recognizable other work or works, adaptation is a kind of extended palimpsest and, at the same time, often a transcoding into a different set of conventions. Sometimes

but not always, this transcoding entails a change of medium. Although my main focus is on adaptations' different modes of engagement, the medium—as the material means of expression of an adaptation—is crucially important. But as W.J.T. Mitchell reminds us, "The medium does not lie between sender and receiver; it includes and constitutes them" (2005: 204; see also Williams 1977). My emphasis on adaptation as process (as well as product) means that the social and communication dimensions of media are important too, even when the particular emphasis, as in this chapter, is on form.

When a change of medium does occur in an adaptation, it inevitably invokes that long history of debate about the formal specificity of the arts—and thus of media. This concept received one of its most influential articulations in G.E. Lessing's 1766 "essay on the limits of painting and poetry" called *Laocöon*. As we have also seen, however, adaptation recalls as well, and usually to its disadvantage, that idea of a hierarchy in the arts. And this evaluative framework has had a significant role in this debate about specificity and difference throughout the centuries. Inevitably writers and literary critics hierarchize in their own particular art's favor. But in 1940, the visual art critic Clement Greenberg responded to Irving Babbitt's anti-Romantic *The New Laoköon: An Essay in the Confusion of the Arts* (1910) with "Towards a Newer Laocöon," where he famously argued that each art has its own formal and material specificity and thereby defined modernist art's self-reflexive focus on that very specificity (see Groensteen 1998b: 11). This essay too has had a long history, for it has implicitly informed much of the critical response to new media, such as film: it seems that no art can acquire cultural capital until it has theorized itself as medium-specific with its own formal and signifying possibilities (Naremore 2000b: 6). Witness pronouncements like this: "Each medium, according to the ways in which it exploits, combines, and multiplies the 'familiar' materials of expression—rhythm, movement, gesture, music, speech, image, writing (in anthropological terms our 'first' media)—each medium … possesses its own communicational energetics" (Gaudreault and Marion 2004: 65).

Adaptations are obviously least involved in these debates when there is no change of medium or mode of engagement: comic strip versions

of other comic strips or film remakes do not necessarily raise these particular issues of specificity (Gaudreault 1998: 270) nor do music covers or jazz variations. Heiner Müller's *Hamletmaschine* (1979) may adapt Shakespeare's *Hamlet,* but it is still a stage play, however different. Rather, it is when adaptations make the move across modes of engagement and thus across media, especially in the most common shift, that is, from the printed page to performance in stage and radio plays, dance, opera, musical, film, or television, that they find themselves most enmeshed in the intricacies of the medium-specificity debates; so too when works are adapted from either print or performance to interactive media, with their multiple sensory and semiotic channels (Ryan 2004c: 338). What can one art form or medium do that another cannot, if indeed all the "essential elements of each of the arts" can be determined, as Greenberg insisted (1940/1986: 29)? Lessing had argued that literature was an art of time, whereas painting was an art of space (1766/1984: 77), but performance on stage or screen manages to be both.

Film is usually said to be the most inclusive and synthesizing of performance forms: "A composite language by virtue of its diverse matters of expression—sequential photography, music, phonetic sound and noise—the cinema 'inherits' all the art forms associated with these matters of expression … —the visuals of photography and painting, the movement of dance, the décor of architecture, and the performance of theater" (Stam 2000: 61; see also Klein 1981: 3). But a dance work, a musical, a television show each has its own composite conventions and, some would say, even its own grammar and syntax that all operate to structure meaning for the perceiving audience. When Paul Karasik and David Mazzucchelli adapted a verbally and narratively complex novel, Paul Auster's *City of Glass* (1985), into a graphic novel (2004), they had to translate the story into what Art Spiegelman calls the "Ur-language of Comics"—"a strict, regular grid of panels" with "the grid as window, as prison door, as city block, as tic-tac-toe board; the grid as a metronome giving measure to the narrative's shifts and fits" (Spiegelman 2004: n.p.). Like all formal conventions, this grid both constrains and enables; it both limits and opens up new possibilities.

The familiar move from telling to showing and, more specifically, from a long and complex novel to any form of performance is usually seen as the most fraught transposition. In director Jonathan Miller's strong words, "most novels are irreversibly damaged by being dramatized as they were written without any sort of performance in mind at all, whereas for plays visible performance is a constitutive part of their identity and translation from stage to screen changes their identity without actually destroying it" (1986: 66). The differences in material scale alone make the novel-to-performance adaptation difficult, but the same is obviously true in reverse. When François Truffaut wrote a "cinéroman" (1977) of his film/screenplay (co-written with Suzanne Schiffman and Michel Fermaud) of his *L'homme qui aimait les femmes*, it was a very short and very un-novelistic book, even with its self-reflexive novel-within-a-novel structure.

On the contrary, a novel, in order to be dramatized, has to be distilled, reduced in size, and thus, inevitably, complexity. Writer and director Todd Williams therefore chose to adapt only the first third of John Irving's *A Widow for One Year* (1998) for his 2004 film called *The Door in the Floor*. Most reviewers saw this cutting as a negative, as subtraction, yet when plots are condensed and concentrated, they can sometimes become more powerful. In 1975, when adapting Thackeray's novel, *The Luck of Barry Lyndon* (1844), Stanley Kubrick tightened up the entire structure of the novel, "giving a hypnotic and fatal linearity to a narrative that in Thackeray's hands was a diffuse picaresque" (Sinyard 1986: 133). Another way to think about this distillation is in terms of narrative redundancy giving way to narrative pertinence, as in some *film noir* adaptations (Cattrysse 1992: 56).

Sometimes even the novelist agrees on the benefits of changes in his or her work. Witness Zadie Smith's response to the cuts made to her lengthy novel, *White Teeth* (2000), for a television adaptation:

> The cuts were necessary to make the fat and messy kid presentable, and at least one of the changes is inspired … . A cut has been made; a motivation inserted, and an artistic clarity is the result. The moment I saw it, I gasped—this section of the novel would have been so improved had I thought of the same strategy … . In a novel, one scrabbles in the dirt for motivation or stretches for decorative

> language to hide the lack of it. In film, no such disguise will be tolerated by the viewer. When we watch a man do something on screen, our guts much more than our brains will tell us the truth of the gesture. It cannot be fudged. (2003: 10)

What Smith points to at the end of these remarks is not just the cutting but also the adding in this case, of the motivation necessary in a naturalistic medium such as film. Of course, film adaptations obviously also add bodies, voices, sound, music, props, costumes, architecture, and so on.

When Raymond Chandler adapted James M. Cain's 1935 novel *Double Indemnity* for director Billy Wilder (1944), he may have streamlined the plot and cut expository passages, but he also added more wit to the dialogue, more cynical self-conscious play, more hard-edged eroticism, and a moral center. In short, he made it more like his own fiction than Cain's (Schickel 1992: 52). Additions in performance adaptations might range from this kind of stylistic and even ethical material to inserting new characters or increasing suspense. Or, in structural terms, the adapter might impose on a loosely episodic or picaresque narrative a familiarly patterned plot of rising and falling action, with a clear beginning, middle, and end; or he or she might even deliberately substitute a happy ending to mute tragedy or horror, as director Volker Schlöndorff and screenplay writer Harold Pinter did in their 1990 film adaptation of Margaret Atwood's dark, dystopic narrative, *The Handmaid's Tale* (1985).

Most of the talk about film adaptation, however, is in negative terms of loss. Sometimes what is meant is simply a reduction of scope: of length, of accretion of detail, of commentary (Peary and Shatzkin 1977: 2–8). Ray Bradbury's script for John Huston's 1956 film version of Melville's *Moby Dick* (1851) might stand as a typical example of the pragmatic necessity of cutting a sprawling novel to make it fit the screen in terms of time and space, because it usually takes longer to perform an action than to read a written report of it. But at other times the change is perceived as less a question of quantity and more one of quality. To remain with Melville, the morally complicated tale in the novella of *Billy Budd* is rendered in black and white, both literally and ethically, in Peter Ustinov's 1962 film version. In this negative discourse of loss,

performance media are said to be incapable of linguistic or narrative subtlety or of representing the psychological or the spiritual. No film, it is said, can be as experimental as James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*. (For an extended argument on this topic, see S. Smith [1981].)

It is opera, however, that has been singled out as particularly guilty on both the loss of quality and quantity counts, given its extremes of compression; again, it takes much longer to sing than to say a line of text, much less read one. Operatic recycling "denatures" a novel, we are told, "reducing it to a cartoon spray-painted in Day-Glo colors and outlined with a Magic Marker" (Honig 2001: 22). Yet, as we shall see, Benjamin Britten's opera of *Billy Budd* (libretto by E.M. Forster and Eric Crozier) turns out to be considerably more subtle in terms of psychology and style than is Ustinov's film—and, some would even say, Melville's novella. In other words, the customary theoretical generalizations about the specificity of media need to be questioned by looking at actual practice. And this is the main purpose of this chapter on the "what?" of adaptation, or what I am simply going to call its form(s). But first let us look at these formal elements from the point of view of each of the three modes of engagement open to adaptations.

Telling ← → Showing

The most commonly considered adaptations are those that move from the telling to the showing mode, usually from print to performance. But the flourishing "novelization" industry today cannot be ignored. Like the readers of earlier popular "cineromanzi" or "fotoromanzi," the fans of *Star Wars* or *The X-Files* can now read novels developed from the film and television scripts. The problem is, again, one of size or scale. As William Burroughs contentiously puts it: "If you took the actual filmscript of *Jaws* and turn it back into a novel, with no reference to the actual novel and just the filmscript as your given material, you would most likely end up with a very dull novel and also quite a short one" (1991: 76). Film adaptations of almost any medium are themselves open to (re-)novelization today: K.J. Anderson has written a novel adaptation (2004) of James Robinson's 2003 film adaptation of Alan Moore and Kevin O'Neill's continuing comic book series/graphic novel called *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*. Of course, he had

to keep the changes made by the film adaptation to important elements like the villain and the number of characters, but because the script was so short, Anderson could add descriptions and develop character motivation, and to do so he often returned to the graphic novel.

When we work in the other direction—that is, from the telling to the showing mode, especially from print to performance—a definitional problem potentially arises. In a very real sense, every live staging of a printed play could theoretically be considered an adaptation in its performance. The text of a play does not necessarily tell an actor about such matters as the gestures, expressions, and tones of voice to use in converting words on a page into a convincing performance (J. Miller 1986: 48); it is up to the director and actors to actualize the text and to interpret and then recreate it, thereby in a sense adapting it for the stage. In musical drama, the score too has to be brought to life for the audience and "shown" in actual embodied sound; it cannot remain inert as lifeless black notes on a page. A visual and aural world is physically shown on stage—be it in a play, a musical, an opera, or any other performance piece—created from verbal and notational signs on the page. But most theories draw the line here and claim that only *some* dramatic productions merit the designation of adaptation. Although it is not only stage and film directors like Peter Brook (though he is infamous for doing this) who edit a printed play text heavily, rearrange plot events, reassign lines, or cut characters, radical reinterpretations-in-performance like his usually qualify as adaptations in the sense that they are extended critical and creative engagements with a particular text. The Mabou Mines version (2003) of Henrik Ibsen's 1879 *A Doll's House* by director Lee Breuer was renamed *Doll-House* for a reason: to signal its adaptive status. Because all the men playing in it were shorter than 4 ½ feet tall and the women were much taller, this adaptation/production made an extended and announced visual commentary on the play's infamous sexual politics.

But when most of us consider the move from print to performance, it is usually the common and familiar phenomenon of the adaptation of novels that comes to mind. Novels contain much information that can be rapidly translated into action or gesture on stage or screen or dispensed with altogether, admits novelist and literary critic David

Lodge. In the move from telling to showing, a performance adaptation must dramatize: description, narration, and represented thoughts must be transcoded into speech, actions, sounds, and visual images. Conflicts and ideological differences between characters must be made visible and audible (see Lodge 1993: 196–200). In the process of dramatization there is inevitably a certain amount of re-accentuation and refocusing of themes, characters, and plot.

Because of the required changes, the epistolary novel would seem to present the most obvious difficulties for dramatization. *Les Liaisons dangereuses,* Choderlos de Laclos' episodic novel (1782) written as a series of letters, has nonetheless undergone many adaptations in many different media in recent years. For instance, Christopher Hampton's 1986 play translated the novel's letters into spoken dialogue and, in the process, changed the focus from the extended ironies of a decadent aristocracy to the more intense intellectual battles of two mutually manipulative characters. But when Hampton wrote the screenplay of his own stage work for Stephen Frears' (1988) film, the story became a more straightforward moral one of evil punished. In the hands of filmmaker Miloš Forman (screenplay by Jean-Claude Carrière), the story was transmuted into *Valmont* (1989), which turned out more like a Molière comedy than the Hollywoodized moral tragedy of the film from the year before (Axelrod 1996: 200). In Frears' version, the letter concept was transcoded into a visual, medium-specific motif, that of eavesdropping: keyhole peeping and hiding behind screens. But when Roger Vadim had adapted and updated the novel in 1959, he had used the more literary device of a voice-over narration for some of the letters. The fact that there have also been a television miniseries, an opera, several ballets, and a good number of other stage and screen adaptations of this epistolary novel suggests that formal difficulties in dramatizing are more likely to be seen as challenges than as disincentives for adapters.

When theorists talk of adaptation from print to performance media, the emphasis is usually on the visual, on the move from imagination to actual ocular perception. But the aural is just as important as the visual to this move. First, there are, as Kamilla Elliott reminds us, many words spoken in films (2003: 78); then there are the separate soundtracks that permit elements like voice-overs, music, and noise to

intermingle. For the adapter, music in film "functions as an emulsifier that allows you to dissolve a certain emotion and take it in a certain direction," according to sound editor Walter Murch (in Ondaatje 2002: 103). At best, it is "a collector and a channeler of previously created emotion" (in Ondaatje 2002: 122). Soundtracks in movies therefore enhance and direct audience response to characters and action, as they do in videogames, in which music also merges with sound effects both to underscore and to create emotional reactions. Film sound can be used to connect inner and outer states in a less explicit way than do camera associations: John Huston's 1987 adaptation of Joyce's "The Dead" (1914) uses music (the singing of "Lass of Aughrim") and differences in Irish accents (the guests versus the servant Lily) to bring out not just the characters' responses but also the specifically Irish political implications of the story.

In stage musicals, the music has been called "the embodiment of excess": when speaking characters break into song, they imply that "life cannot be contained in its ordinariness, but must spill over into it, and into rhythm, singing and movement" (Tambling 1987: 101). In opera, music is arguably as important a narrating component as are the words; this function is in addition to its manifest affective and even mimetic power. Composer Richard Strauss' infamous ability to make his music pictorially suggestive as well as emotionally powerful comes to mind.

Adapting a novel into a radio play brings the importance of the aural to the fore, for the aural is everything in this case. The issues common to all dramatizations come into play, with distillation uppermost; because each character/voice must be aurally distinguishable, there cannot be too many of them. For this reason, most radio plays concentrate on primary characters alone and therefore simplify the story and time-line, as Lindsay Bell did in her 2001 adaptation of Virginia Woolf's *To the Lighthouse* for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. The characters who remain double as storytellers, but many are eliminated to keep the focus on the Ramsay family and Lily Briscoe. The words we hear come from the novel, but they are moved around, recontextualized, and read by different voices. These changes allow the aural version to give a sense of the novel's linguistic texture, its associative range, and its narrative rhythm. Here, as in all radio plays, music and sound effects are added

to the verbal text to assist the imagination of the listener. This addition was done particularly effectively in the 1981 BBC 26-part radio adaptation of J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings* (1954–55), enabling listeners to enter an aural world of fantasy. In some ways, though, radio plays are no different from other performance media: as in any dramatization, with the director's guidance, the performers, who are adapting the script, we might say, must set up the rhythm and tempo and create the psychological/emotional engagement with the audience.

Adaptations for the ballet stage not only add a visual dimension but they also subtract the verbal, even when they retain the musical, as they do specifically when adapted from operas: Tchaikovsky's operatic adaptation of Pushkin's *Pikovaya Dama* (*Queen of Spades*; 1890) was adapted for Les Grands Ballets Canadiens de Montréal by Kim Brandstrup in 2002, but there are many other examples in which the moving body replaces the operatic voice as the primary conveyer of both meaning and emotion through music. The adaptation of a novel or short story to the (spoken) dramatic stage also involves the visual dimension, as well as the verbal; with that added dimension come audience expectations not only about voice but, as in dance, also about appearance, as we move from the imagined and visualized to the directly perceived.

The limitations of the physical stage also add restrictions on the possible action and characterization. All performance media are said to lose internal character motivation in the shift to externalization (Brady 1994: 3), but the stage's material constraints potentially intensify this loss. When Salman Rushdie co-adapted his own verbally and narratively extravagant novel *Midnight's Children* (1981) into a play in 2003, it was met with predictable lamentations from the novel's fans, for the play's manner was as stylized and spare as the novel's was exuberant and complicated. The minimal props and scenery on stage offered a visual contrast to the baroque extravagance of the verbal fireworks of both the novel and the play. Yet there were formal attempts to incorporate the complexity of temporal and ontological states: the stage version used a large diagonally split movie screen at the back to present both historical scenes and magic realist ones.

This use of cinematic techniques points to one of the major advantages films have over stage adaptations of novels: the use of a multitrack

medium that, with the aid of the mediating camera, can both direct and expand the possibilities of perception. Yet, that is not how this point is usually made. More often we are told that the camera *limits* what we can see, eliminating the action on the periphery that might have caught our attention when watching a play on stage. Not only is the kind of attention and focus different in a theatrical production but plays also have different conventions than films or television shows. They have a different grammar: cinema's various shots, their linking and editing, have no parallel in a stage play. Film has its own "form-language," to use Béla Balázs' term.

Neither performance medium, however, has an easy time transcoding print texts. Telling is not the same as showing. Both stage and screen adaptations must use what Charles Sanders Peirce called indexical and iconic signs—that is, precise people, places, and things—whereas literature uses symbolic and conventional signs (Giddings, Selby, and Wensley 1990: 6). Graphic novels are perhaps adapted more easily to film for this reason. Frank Miller's *noir*-like series called *Sin City* (1991–92) was made into a visually spectacular surreal movie by Robert Rodriguez (2005) with live actors but digitally created settings that recall those of the comics. But when Dan Clowes' *Ghost World* (1998) was transferred to the screen by director Terry Zwigoff in 2002, fans felt it lost in the process what was considered the perfect, if sickly, analogue for the two punky girls' hyper-self-conscious and cynically ironic lives: the drained-out blue-green tint of the comics' pages.

One reason for this loss may be that conventional as opposed to avant-garde film is resolutely naturalistic in its mode of presentation, or as one theorist puts it more strongly, it gives "an ultra-naturalistic representation at every level from the *mise-en-scène* through to the behavioral stereotypes and codes of acting, linking to a form of montage and camera placement or movement that heightens the illusion of instantaneity" (LeGrice 2002: 232). If those manuals written for screenwriters are to be believed, realist film requires cause-and-effect motivation, basically linear and resolved plot development, and coherent characterization. To return to an example used earlier, when Thomas Mann presents his writer character, Gustav von Aschenbach, in the novella of *Der Tod in Venedig*, he insists on the writer's complex aesthetic and psychological

dualities from the start, offering internal motivation that frames reader expectations. When Luchino Visconti transfers this character to the screen in *Morte a Venezia*, he only allows viewers to see his contradictions progressively (Carcaud-Macaire and Clerc 1998: 157, 167). He also makes him into a composer, whose musical creativity is arguably easier or at least more potentially interesting to represent aurally and visually than that of a cerebral and verbal writer.

Avant-garde film, of course, offers other means to the adapter, and interestingly these devices have been exploited most in the transfer of poetic texts to the screen. The available technical possibilities have multiplied from the early, non-avant-garde days of cinema when D.W. Griffith's silent film *Pippa Passes* (1909) could use Robert Browning's poem for the intertitles, to Sandra Lahire's more recent (1991) cinematic response to Sylvia Plath's reading of her poems in *Lady Lazarus*. The poetry, poetic prose, and songs of Leonard Cohen, in particular, have been adapted in modes that vary from photographic montage (Josef Reeve's *Poen* [1967]) to animation (Roselyn Schwartz's *I'm Your Man* [1996]): in each case, the texts are read or sung, and their story elements and even their metaphoric language are translated into evocative visual images.

Poems simply set to music are also adaptations from the telling to the showing mode when they are then performed. In 2005 composer William Bolcolm adapted William Blake's (1789/1794) "Songs of Innocence and Experience" for over 400 musicians and chorus members. But this adaptation is only an amplification of the long *Lieder* tradition of poems set to music and sung to piano or orchestra accompaniment. However, Simon Keenlyside recently adapted even the *Lieder* or song cycle to an even more performative medium when he worked with choreographer Trisha Brown to develop a danced version for himself and three dancers of Franz Schubert's famous cycle of songs called *Winterreise* (1827).

When operas and musicals adapt literary works, the move to the showing from the telling mode has the usual formal consequences, because condensation is crucially necessary for both plays and novels. As Ulrich Weisstein explains, other conventions also lead to modifications in the process of adapting:

> Since music lacks the speed and verbal dexterity of language, fewer words are needed in opera than would be required in a play of comparable length. Librettos are usually shorter than the texts of ordinary dramas [not to mention novels] … . Repetitions are frequently called for … . This drastic reduction in the quantity of text, in conjunction with the highly sensual nature of music, necessitates a simplification of both action and characters, the emotions expressed in the closed musical numbers occupying a large segment of the time normally reserved for the dramatic events. (1961: 19)

Characters are defined "succinctly and forthrightly" as a result (Weisstein 1961: 19), but may seem poorly motivated for that reason.

Yet the paring down of the plot can have a coherent and powerful dramatic effect, as in Peter Pears' reduction of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to about half its size for Benjamin Britten's operatic adaptation. A musical, which uses dialogue, may keep a literary text's words—as did Richard Nelson in writing the musical stage adaptation of part of Marcel Proust's multivolume (1913–27) *A la recherche du temps perdu* as *My Life with Albertine* (2003; music by Ricky Ian Gordon)—but it may still translate its themes to a different medium. In this adaptation, the stage version uses repetitions of the music itself to make the audience experience directly Proust's theme of time and memory and also makes Marcel a composer and not a writer.

The move from a telling to a showing mode may also mean a change in genre as well as medium, and with that too comes a shift in the expectations of the audience. W.R. Burnett's novel, *The Asphalt Jungle,* has been adapted into a straight crime film of the same name (1950), a western (*Badlanders* [1958]), a caper film (*Cairo* [1963]), and even a "blaxpolitation" film (*Cool Breeze* [1972]; see Braudy 1998: 331). The same genre shift can happen with various media within one mode of engagement as well. Richard Loncraine's 1995 updated cinematic version of Shakespeare's *Richard III* has been called a generic mix of the British "heritage film" and the American gangster movie (Loehlin 1997: 72–74), no doubt causing conflicting responses in audiences. When the same playwright's *Romeo and Juliet* was transcoded into Leonard Bernstein's *West Side Story* as both a stage musical (1957) and a film (1961), its generic focus shifted along with the medium, as it

did once again when choreographer and hip-hop poet Rennie Harris created his *Rome and Jewel*—a political allegory of power and desire in which Jewel/Juliet is never seen on stage but remains an invisible projection of male desire and male gang politics. These last examples suggest, however, that the formal properties of the different media involved in this one particular mode of showing need to be further distinguished one from the other.

Showing ← → Showing

Stories shown in one performance medium have always been adaptable to other performance media: movies and even movie adaptations become stage musicals (*Mary Poppins* [2004], *The Producers* [2001], *The Lion King* [1997]) and turn back into films again (e.g., *The Little Shop of Horrors* [1986]). A French stage farce, *La cage aux folles,* became a 1978 film (director: Edouard Molinaro), and then had two movie sequels (1980 and 1985) before becoming a Broadway musical in 1983 and then being remade as an American story (*The Birdcage* [1996]). Television skits from *Saturday Night Live* have been adapted to film (*Wayne's World* [1992], *Blues Brothers 2000* [1998]), and films have been made of TV series (*Maverick* [1994], *The Flintstones* [1994], *Mission Impossible* [1996], *I Spy* [2000], *Starsky and Hutch* [2004], and so on). But both film and television are relatively realist media. What happens when a manifestly artificial performance form like an opera or a musical is adapted to the screen?

There seem to be two possible ways to proceed. The artifice can be acknowledged and cinematic realism sacrificed to self-reflexivity, or else the artifice can be "naturalized." An example of the first case is Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's 1982 film of Richard Wagner's *Parsifal* (1872), which uses an anti-naturalistic *mise-en-scène* that is both strikingly theatrical and bravely uncinematic: the director has the characters play out the action in a highly stylized manner and on a set that consists of an enlargement of Wagner's death mask. The opera is filmed in a studio, using rear projections of other works of art as settings. Refusing to direct our eyes by the customary shot/reverse shot structure, the director deliberately moves the camera slowly, using pan and dissolve and echoing the leisurely pace of the continuous music (Syberberg 1982:

45). All but two of the characters are played by nonsinging actors, and the prerecorded music is lip-synched—but never perfectly. Using Brechtian alienation effects, Syberberg refuses to coordinate sound and image. He also casts two actors as Parsifal—a woman (Karin Krick) and a man (Michael Kutter), but retains only one voice (the male one of Rainer Goldberg).

The alternative to this kind of reveling in filmic artifice is the naturalizing that takes place in the 1972 Bob Fosse film version of *Cabaret* (screenplay by Jay Allen with Hugh Wheeler). More naturalistic than either the John van Druten play (*I Am a Camera* [1952]) or the Harold Prince-directed musical (book by Joe Masteroff and John Kander; music by Fred Ebb [1966]), the film allows only one major plot character to sing and that is Sally Bowles—because she is a singer by trade, like the MC—and even then, she only sings at the Kit Kat Klub, where her singing can be realistically explained. The deliberate exception is the politically charged Nazi song, "Tomorrow Belongs to Me": when the chorus joins the Hitler Youth soloist, the orchestration swells to unrealistic proportions (Clark 1991: 54). But the film's other music is played, naturalistically, on a gramophone, on the street by an accordionist, or in a room by a piano player.

Television shares with cinema many of the same naturalistic conventions and therefore the same transcoding issues when it comes to adaptation. However, in a television series, there is more time available and therefore less compression of the adapted text is required. When Tony Kushner adapted his own plays from the 1990s, *Angels in America*, for television in 2003, the running time was approximately the same (six hours) for the series as for the plays, and the verbal text and dramatic scenes were not altered substantially. Mike Nichols, the director, did not therefore have to use filmic techniques for condensation the way the television adaptation of David Lodge's novel, *Nice Work* (1988), had used cross-cutting at the start to convey a lot of visual information quickly. In contrast, the novel had taken its time to describe places and characters and to give biographical information about relationships in order to set up the two very different worlds of the two protagonists; the television version did this very quickly and effectively. The self-conscious, self-reflexive theatricality of Kushner's plays—in their

portrayal of that eerie Angel, for starters—was translated into technological wizardry in the TV version, but when Peter Eötvös composed an opera based on the plays in 2004, he used different vocal and musical styles plus sound effects to get the same kind of hallucinatory effect.

Less intuitively obvious is the fact that television has also provided adaptations for the operatic stage, most controversially with *Jerry Springer—The Opera* (2003) (music by Richard Thomas; libretto by Stewart Lee). This opera transfigures "trash TV" into a high art form musically while retaining its coarseness of words and action. In a final ironic twist, a televised version of the opera adaptation was broadcast by the BBC in 2005, but not without considerable outrage from the public who found its anti-Christian allegory inappropriate for an opera on television!

Films too have been adapted to opera: Robert Altman's 1978 movie, *A Wedding,* was "operatized" by Arnold Weinstein and William Bolcom for the Chicago Lyric Opera in 2004, with Altman directing once again. In the adaptation, 48 film characters are reduced to 16 singing parts, and the multiplotted, diffuse, and chaotic (because improvised) screen story is focused more narrowly. The realistic film's sharp class satire, the vulgarity of the nouveau riche, the snobbery and hypocrisy of the blue-bloods, the pieties of both regarding marriage, is attenuated in the more artificial sung and staged version, perhaps because of the conventions of operatic comedy: Mozart's class-based comic opera, *Le Nozze di Figaro* (1786), was clearly the model for this modern marriage story, and the impact of its mix of comedy of manners and romance conventions was what likely made for a gentler and more sympathetic portrayal of the characters than the realist film had allowed.

Hybrid forms that provide sung music for existing films (often silent) are partial remediations that also function as adaptations. Philip Glass' *Beauty and the Beast* (1995) takes the 1946 film by Jean Cocteau and provides music and new words for live singers, who are never quite in synch with the film action we watch on screen. Benedict Mason's *Chaplinoperas* (1988) adapts three Chaplin shorts from 1917, *Easy Street, The Immigrant,* and *The Adventurer,* by, again, showing the films and adding live sung words and music that this time are synchronized with the screen action, but often more parodically than realistically.

In a reversal of this adapting relationship between film and musical theater, there is, as we have seen, that strange mixed form that many consider a kind of adaptation: the opera film or "screen opera" (Citron 2000) in which the naturalistic conventions of cinema are used to translate a most unrealistic staged art form. The integrity of both the musical score and the verbal libretto is usually retained, despite the different exigencies of a different medium, even though cuts can be made and parts of the music even recorded at different tempos to accommodate the film director's needs, as happened in Franco Zeffirelli's 1986 film version of Giuseppe Verdi *Otello* (1887). But in film the orchestra disappears into the sound track, and the physical presence of the conductor is lost as the "horizon stabilizing the level of artificiality the audience is asked to accept" (J. Miller 1986: 209). Instead, opera films can be shot on location, even if not necessarily the location intended in the libretto: Don Giovanni's Seville becomes a visually sumptuous Palladian Veneto in Joseph Losey's 1979 film of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* (1787). People appear to sing in the open air, but the sound we actually hear is that of a concert hall or recording studio. Miming, they "sing," but their mouths and throats do not strain in close-up on camera. The embodied drama and intensity of live performance are replaced not by realism so much as by the conventions of cinema's realist acceptability: these close-ups do not risk exposing the very real physicality of singing, including the "quite repulsive detail of dental fillings and wobbling tongues" (J. Miller 1986: 208). Of course, the miniaturization that occurs with video or DVD viewing of these films reverses the effects of this gigantism of the close-up on the big screen.

All the media discussed above are performance media. What all share, therefore, is a showing mode of engagement; where they differ is in the specific constraints and possibilities of each medium's conventions. When Andrew Bovell adapted his own 2001 play, *Speaking in Tongues,* for the cinema (renamed *Lantana* and directed by Ray Lawrence [2001]), he found he had to change the nonrealistic play's plot, based as it was on coincidence, to suit the cinema's naturalistic rules of probability. But when John Guare transposed his 1990 play, *Six Degrees of Separation*, to the screen (1993), he left the text virtually unaltered, but changed the theatrical conceit of the play, in which

characters tell the story to the audience, to a cinematic and realist one. He made the audience for the film's story a shifting group of friends who tune in for successive installments at different public gatherings. Not all showing is the same.

Interacting ← → Telling or Showing

The formal and hermeneutic complexity of the relationship between the telling and the showing modes that I have been exploring so far is certainly matched by that of the shift of level and type of engagement from either of these modes to the participatory one. "Deliberate user action," to use Marie-Laure Ryan's term, is what is considered fundamental and "truly distinctive" in digital media (2004c: 338), along with the interface and database (Manovich 2001). But the dice game adaptation of Jane Austen's (1796/1813) novel, *Pride and Prejudice,* arguably involves deliberate user action as well: the winner is the player who gets to the church first in order to marry. Computerized gaming, however, is the most frequent form taken by this particular adapting process. Nika Bertram's novel *Der Kahuna Modus* (2001) has a computer game adaptation (available at http://www.kahunamodus.de/swave.html) that, according to those who play it, changes how we read and interpret the novel. But most videogames have a close, not to say permeable, relationship to film, rather than to prose fiction and not only in the obvious sense of usually sharing a "franchise."

The computer-generated animation movie *Toy Story 2* (1999) opens with a self-reflexive gaming theme that continues throughout. *Buzz Lightyear to the Rescue* is the PlayStation game adaptation both of this film, with Buzz being a character, and of the game in which the opening sequence of the film itself is supposed to be taking place (Ward 2002: 133). The *Die Hard* films (1988, 1990, 1995) spawned the games *Die Hard Trilogy* (1996) and *Die Hard Trilogy 2* (2000), and their narrative provides the frame for the gaming experience. But in the games, there is none of the films' security that the protagonist will prevail; that insecurity or tension is, of course, part of the fun for the player. As with the various forms of hypermedia, it is process, not final or finished product, that is important.

We saw in Chapter 1 that what is often most significant for videogames is the adapted heterocosm, the spectacular world of digital animation that a player enters. Our visceral responses to the immersive experience of both the visual and audio effects (sounds and music) create an "intensity of engagement" (King 2002: 63) unrivaled in most other media.

But interactivity also makes for different formal techniques: the sense of coherence is spatial and is created by the player within a game space that is not just imagined or even just perceived but also actively engaged (Tong and Tan 2002: 107). The heterocosm of film is experienced in a game in a more intense form of "vicarious kinesthesia" and with a feeling of sensory presence (Darley 2000: 152), whether it is the world of *Star Wars* or *The Blair Witch Project*. For this reason, perhaps, the game versions (by 2004, there were five), of the survival horror story, *Silent Hill*, are predicted to be much more nightmarish than anything Christophe Gans' forthcoming film adaptation could manage. In addition, game programming has an even more goal-directed logic than film, with fewer of the gaps that film spectators, like readers, fill in to make meaning. Digital games may draw on televisual, photographic, and cinematic devices, tropes, and associations, but they always have their own logic (King and Krzywinska 2002b: 2).

Equally interactive, though in different ways, are theme parks, where we can walk right into the world of a Disney film, and virtual reality experiences, where our own bodies are made to feel as if they are entering an adapted heterocosm. Much virtual art presents mythic contexts in an illusionistic manner through a polysensory interface (Grau 2003: 350). Less immersive but still more involving than most other media are CD-ROM and Web site kinds of "interactive storytelling." Although users here are actively involved in making plot choices at certain nodal points as they experience the narrative, it is also the case that the way they "navigate through scenery and scenes, 'interact' both with locations and, even more importantly, virtual actors, the perspectives from which they view events, the atmospheres and moods encountered and experienced: everything has to be consciously designed and must adhere to fixed rules. This might also be termed the 'staging of interactivity'" (Wand 2002: 166). This carefully designed electronic staging

is best for adapting certain kinds of narrative structures and therefore genres, namely those of thrillers, detective stories, and documentaries.

Throughout this section, in referring to a generic category of form when discussing adaptations and the question of medium specificity, I have obviously been including what Gérard Genette (1979) would separate out as "form" (prose, poetry, images, music, sounds), "genre" (novel, play [comedy, tragedy], opera), and "mode" (narrative, dramatic). My alternate choice of theoretical focus—on the shifts among telling, showing, and interacting modes of engagement—is what has motivated my seeming mixing of categories. To explore the complexities of these shifts in more detail, however, I select several formal areas that either have been the most contested or have spawned the most "givens" or accepted truisms and therefore need challenging. For instance, the teleological historical argument for film as the culminating development of other genres and media, or at least as the most absorptive of media, goes like this: "Historically, the novel succeeded the drama, but absorbed some of its qualities (character, dialogue) while adding possibilities of its own (interior monologue, point of view, reflection, comment, irony). Similarly, film initially followed the basic principles of narrative prose and copied stage drama" while developing its own techniques and forms, as well as its own means of production, distribution, and consumption (Giddings, Selby, and Wensley 1990: ix-x). Of this long list, it is precisely such elements as interior monologue, point of view, reflection, comment, and irony, along with such other issues as ambiguity and time, which have attracted the most attention in the critical and theoretical work on the move from the printed page to any form of performance and from there to the participatory. Therefore, they are my main focus in what follows as I test out some of the most common theoretical truisms or clichés against actual adaptation practice.

Cliché #1: Only the Telling Mode (Especially Prose Fiction) Has the Flexibility to Render Both Intimacy and Distance in Point of View.

As we have seen and as any basic book on storytelling or for that matter any advanced book on narratology will confirm, telling a story is not the same thing as showing a story. But the interrelationships between the novelistic and the cinematic alone suggest that such a

simple statement is not without problems. Joseph Conrad, in the preface to *The Nigger of the "Narcissus*," famously wrote: "My task which I am trying to achieve is, by the power of the written word to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, before all, to make you *see*" (1897/1968: 708). Critics differ on whether the modern novel owes a debt to film or vice versa in its use of multiple points of view, ellipses, fragmentation, and discontinuity (Elliott 2003: 113–14; Wagner 1975: 14–16). Novelist Claude Simon claimed, "I cannot write my novels other than by constantly defining the different positions that the narrator or narrators occupy in space (field of vision, distance, mobility in relation to the scene described—or, if you prefer, in another vocabulary: camera angle, close-up, medium shot, panoramic shot, motionless shot, etc.)" (qtd. in Morrissette 1985: 17).

But the early adaptation theorist, George Bluestone, had argued back in 1957/1971 that film adaptations actually arose when the novel underwent a crisis of identity in the early twentieth century, turning to "the drama of linguistic inadequacy" (11). Because film could represent visual and dramatic narrative so vividly, the novel retreated to interiority (Elliott 2003: 52). This theory makes film adaptations into the revenge of story, abandoned as the novel got all caught up with language. It is as if film versions were the response to that 1927 attempt at literary prognostication, *Scheherazade, or the Future of the English Novel*. Its author, John Carruthers, relegated the high modernists to the trash heap of the future in favor of "a fresh insistence on the story, plot" (1927: 92) by "reincarnations of Scheherazade, the Teller of STORIES" (95). But precisely how would these future Scheherazades tell their stories on film or on stage? Are performance media limited to a third-person point of view? Or can the intimacy of the first-person narrator be achieved in performance? Do techniques like voice-over or a soliloquy work? What about the power of the close-up and its ability to offer "the microdrama of the human countenance" (Bluestone 1957/1971: 27)?

If *Story* (1997), Robert McKee's bible for screenwriters, is to be trusted, films should *never* resort to "literary" devices or their equivalents, such as *deus ex machina* endings or voice-overs: that would be telling not showing. The splendid joke of McKee's "appearance" in the film *Adaptation*, of course, is that the film itself both enacts and

explodes his injunction. Linda Seger's popular adaptation manual, *The Art of Adaptation: Turning Fact and Fiction into Film*, calls devices like voice-over disruptive (1992: 25) for they make us focus on the words we are hearing and not on the action we are seeing. It is thus not surprising that Bapsi Sidhwa insisted on voice-overs in the film adaptation of her novel, *Cracking India* (1991), directed by Deepa Mehta (released as *Earth* [1999]), or that this insistence made the director distinctly uneasy (Sidhwa 1999: 21). Clint Eastwood's film of *Million Dollar Baby* (2004)—Paul Haggis' adaptation of F.X. Toole's (Jerry Boyd's pseudonym) *Rope Burns: Stories from the Corner* (2000)—effectively uses voice-over throughout to make one character (Eddie Scrap-Iron Dupris) the moral center of the work. But when Robert Bresson used an off-camera voice to represent the diary entries in his 1950 film adaptation of Georges Bernanos' *Journal d'un curé de campagne* (1936), the critics were immediately divided over its success.

Attempts to use the camera for first-person narration—to let the spectator see only what the protagonist sees—are infrequent. Despite the well-known example of Robert Montgomery's 1946 adaptation of Raymond Chandler's *Lady in the Lake* (1943), in which a camera was positioned on the protagonist's chest, first-person point-of-view films are often called "clumsy, ostentatiously and even pretentiously artistic" (Giddings, Selby, and Wensley 1990: 79). From the other direction, novelizers of films have to decide what point of view to take to replicate the eye of the camera, and their task can be just as difficult. Most films use the camera as a kind of moving third-person narrator to represent the point of view of a variety of characters at different moments (Stam 2000: 72). This is so much the norm that when specific points of view are used, the film stands out, as does Akira Kurosawa's famous *Rashomon* (1950), which provides four different characters' versions of events. When the BBC televised, in a studio, Benjamin Britten's 1951 opera of *Billy Budd* in 1966, the camera made Captain Vere central in a way that librettist E.M. Forster decried (Tambling 1987: 88); however, arguably the opera text itself, in adapting Melville's novel, had already made Vere into a central point-of-view character by having him narrate the beginning and the end of the story on stage.

I have been using the term "point of view," but there is a difference between what characters and therefore what we *see* and what they might actually *know* (Jost 2004: 73). In Anthony Minghella's 1996 film adaptation of Michael Ondaatje's narratively disorienting novel, *The English Patient* (1992), the titular character is the major focalizer: the one who determines what we know. However, in fact our perspective is much broader, thanks to voice-overs and other characters' information, conveyed often through flashbacks (B. Thomas 2000: 222).

In a multitrack medium, everything can convey point of view: camera angle, focal length, music, *mise-en-scène*, performance, or costume (Stam 2005b: 39). What is more important than thinking in terms of first- or third-person narration, argues Robert Stam, is "authorial control of intimacy and distance, the calibration of access to characters' knowledge and consciousness" (2005b: 35). An example is Gustav Hasford's 1983 autobiographical novel, *The Short-Timers*. It is narrated by a character named Joker, a writer for a Marine paper, and the story is told in an episodic, fragmented, disconnected style—ostensibly as an objective correlative to the character's and author's subjective experience of the "insanity" of the war in Vietnam. When Stanley Kubrick and Michael Herr adapted this novel into the film, *Full Metal Jacket* (1987), they substituted a more ironic, distanced journalist's perspective and offered a more self-reflexive showing of the construction of images of war and of war as morally absurd.

In the adaptation from film into videogame too, the use of point of view challenges the truism about prose fiction's unique flexibility. Even without the use of virtual reality, which really is an embodied first-person perspective, computer animation allows for more variety than is usually acknowledged. Games offer either a third-person or a first-person shooter position, with multiplayer options. There are also variants that combine both: we can *act* as first-person shooters, but *see* third-person shooters—from behind the character or avatar. In the first-person role, players do not so much passively watch as have "a proxy view of the gaming world from behind the eyes of their onscreen character" (Bryce and Rutter 2002: 71). This provides a more immediate relationship with the character and a greater immersion in the animated world of the game. Third-person shooter games use prerendered

camera angles to direct the attention of the player, much as the camera directs the film spectator's eyes.

However, this cliché about point of view in these different modes of engagement points toward the larger and much-debated issue of the ability of different media to present inner and outer worlds, subjectivity and materiality. Although the discussions of this issue in the critical literature are limited to telling and showing, they may relate as well to the participatory mode, which may not share what film and literature do: "a more or less highly developed use of dialogue, speech, and language" (Morrissette 1985: 13).

Cliché #2: Interiority is the Terrain of the Telling Mode; Exteriority is Best Handled by Showing and Especially by Interactive Modes.

In other words, language, especially literary fiction, with its visualizing, conceptualizing, and intellectualized apprehension, "does" interiority best; the performing arts, with their direct visual and aural perception, and the participatory ones, with their physical immersion, are more suited to representing exteriority. Arguably, modernist fiction exacerbated the division between print literature and cinema, in particular, by giving new significance to the inner life of characters, to psychic complexity, thoughts, and feelings. James Joyce may have claimed that his memory functioned like a "cinematograph," but his classic modernist works have also made him, in some eyes, into the precursor of the new media: "The process of thought itself now constitutes the topic and makes it possible to leave the linear, straightforward world of logic. Joyce … uses the stream of consciousness technique to express the merger of subject and world, of the internal and the external" (Dinkla 2002: 30). And, by this logic, the "rhizomatic networking" of *Finnegans Wake* found a worthy heir in hypertext as a narrative strategy (Dinkla 2002: 31).

That said, there has nonetheless always been a difference between what critics say about Joyce's use of stream of consciousness as cinematic or even new medial and their view that his verbally and structurally complex works are, in fact, unadaptable to the screen (Gibbons 2002: 127). Yet Joseph Strick's film adaptations of Joyce's novels have sought purely cinematic equivalents of such issues as the tension

between realism and abstraction by using, in *Ulysses* (1967) for example, a wide-angle lens, associative editing patterns, and a sound design that undermines logic and continuity (Pramaggiore 2001: 56). In short, he refuses the standard Hollywood conventions for representing subjectivity (shot/reverse shot, eye-line match) and uses avant-garde film techniques instead, including experimentations with sound and even trying out screens of total darkness. In his later (1978) adaptation of *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Strick uses sequential flashbacks and flashforwards to give a sense of Stephen's fractured subjectivity. In the film version of the story, internalized guilt, more than the birth of artistic creativity, becomes the central theme. The director expands on the text's line, "Tear out his eyes / apologise," and selects a visual motif of eyes, in close-up and symbolic montage, to embody and establish this theme in the opening minutes of the film.

Stephen's personal diary has less of a role in the film than in the novel, but in the scenes at the end where it is present, Strick uses voice-over and montage, refusing to let the aural and the visual cohere perfectly until the fourth journal representation as a sign of the diary's "presence"; then, the fifth time the diary is shown, the voice-over gives way to the actual enactment of the scene described (Armour 1981: 284). Presumably the audience has, by this time, been taught and learned this diary-code, even though the voice-over returns at the end just to make sure. It is true that the novel's emphasis on language—Stephen's obsession with words, written and oral—and on the other senses (smells, sounds, sensations) is sacrificed to the visual in the film adaptation. And one result is that the transformation of Stephen into an artist feels unmotivated, but the movie does find visual ways to allow us into Stephen's psyche and imagination.

Nevertheless, despite cinematic attempts like this, *New Yorker* film critic, Pauline Kael, could still confidently assert, "Movies are good at action; they're not good at reflective thought or conceptual thinking. They're good for immediate stimulus" (qtd. in Peary and Shatzkin 1977: 3). She is in good company in this assertion, of course: Bertolt Brecht too claimed that the film demands "external action and not introspective psychology" (1964: 50). Film is not supposed to be good at getting inside a character, for it can only show exteriors and never actually tell

what is going on beneath the visible surface. Seger's manual puts it this way: "Material that is internal and psychological, that concentrates on inner thoughts and motivations, will be difficult to express dramatically" (1992: 55). It is decidedly the case that elaborate interior monologues and analyses of inner states are difficult to represent visually in performance, but as Strick shows in *Portrait*, sound and avant-garde film devices can work to signal interiority nonetheless.

Virginia Woolf could not resist attacking the very idea of a film adaptation of *Anna Karenina,* with its heroine presented as a "voluptuous lady in black velvet wearing pearls." She simply refused to recognize her, because she insisted that, as a reader of the novel, she knew Anna "almost entirely by the inside of her mind—her charm, her passion, her despair" (1926: 309). Without that inside information, we would miss the essence of the character. Helen Schlegel's "Panic and emptiness!" moment of terror in *Howards End*, as we saw in Chapter 1, becomes a mere abstract description in a lecture on Beethoven in the Merchant/Ivory film adaptation. Therefore, the argument goes, film can show us characters experiencing and thinking, but can never reveal their experiences or thoughts, except through that "literary" device of the voice-over.

Yet film can and does find cinematic equivalents, as we have seen already. Certain scenes, for example, can be made to take on emblematic value, making what is going on inside a character comprehensible to the spectator. For example, the protagonist in Visconti's *Morte a Venezia*, an aging man, is transformed by a barber through the use of hair dye and cosmetics into a parody of the image of a young man capable of falling in love with a beautiful boy. This scene exists in Mann's novella of *Der Tod in Venedig,* but it has much greater significance and weight in Visconti's film version: given the power of the visual image itself and of Dirk Bogarde's subtle acting, the tension between Aschenbach's anguish and his desire, between his fear and his hope, is made manifest on screen in brutally tight close-up.

External appearances are made to mirror inner truths. In other words, visual and aural correlatives for interior events can be created, and in fact film has at its command many techniques that verbal texts do not. The power of that close-up, for example, to create psychological

intimacy is so obvious (think too of Ingmar Bergman's films) that directors can use it for powerful and revealing interior ironies: in the Stephen Frears film adaptation, *Dangerous Liaisons*, described earlier, Valmont watches a woman miscarrying his child in great pain, and the close-up on his face shows his frigid detachment.

Although it is a naturalistic medium in most of its uses, film can also create visual, externalized analogues to subjective elements—fantasy or magic realism—by such techniques as slow motion, rapid cutting, distortional lenses (fish-eye, telephoto), lighting, or the use of various kinds of film stocks (Jinks 1971: 36–37). Stam insists, "As a technology of representation, the cinema is ideally equipped to magically multiply times and spaces; it has the capacity to mingle very diverse temporalities and spatialities" (2005a: 13). Editing becomes what Susan Sontag once called "an equivalent to the magician's sleight of hand" (1999: 256), because unlike theater, film can represent *anything*. Flashbacks and flashforwards can contribute to a sense of unreality, as can sound effects and music, of course. The use of shadow and space in Orson Welles' 1962 adaptation of Franz Kafka's *Der Prozess* (1925) or the deployment of color in Roger Corman's 1964 version of Edgar Allan Poe's *The Masque of the Red Death* (1842) are other good examples of how film can represent the subjective cinematically.

Dream-like states, in fact, have come to have their own visual and auditory conventions in film. It is not for nothing, therefore, that the Dada and surrealist poets saw film as a privileged mode of conveying the unconscious. They were thinking of avant-garde expressionist film, no doubt, with its odd camera angles, unusual lighting, slow motion, and sequences repeated or presented in reverse (Morrissette 1985: 13), but even traditional narrative film has its accepted means of representing interiority, and they are often very sophisticated narratively. The separation of the sound and image tracks, for instance, can allow a character's inner state to be communicated to the audience while remaining unknown to the other characters on the screen. As early as 1916, Hugo Münsterberg had argued that, unlike a stage play, a "photoplay" or film could reproduce mental functions on screen: it "obeys the law of the mind rather than those of the outer world," shaping material to "approximate flashes of memory, imaginative visions,

time leaps" (1916/1970: 41). Many years later novelist and filmmaker Alain Robbe-Grillet would corroborate this notion from the reverse angle, arguing that the French New Novelists, as they were known, were not attracted to the objectivity of the camera as an analogy for their work, but rather to its possibilities in the domain of the subjective, of the imaginary (1963: 161).

Lawrence Kramer has argued that it is the music in films that "connects us to the spectacle on screen by invoking a dimension of depth, of interiority, borrowed from the responses of our own bodies as we listen to the insistent production of rhythms, tone colors, and changes in dynamics" (1991: 156). If this is the case for film music on a sound track, how much more so must it be for live opera, for which, it has been argued, music conveys the rhythm of the emotions at the same time as language names them: "The merger of music and words, the temporal and the spatial, the general and the particular, should theoretically result in a more satisfactory image of the mental universe than is furnished by either in isolation" (Weisstein 1961: 18). Although admittedly more often an ideal than a reality, such a merger does allow a consideration of interiority in even this incredibly "stagey" art form.

Characters in an opera or a musical may appear two-dimensional because of that necessary compression of their stories, but their music has been likened to their unverbalized subconscious. The words they sing may *address* the outer world, but their music *represents* their inner lives (Halliwell 1996: 89; Schmidgall 1977: 15; Weisstein 1961: 20). Why? Because the convention of opera is that characters on stage do not hear the music they sing, except when they self-consciously perform what are called "phenomenal songs" (lullabies, toasts, etc.). Only the audience hears the rest of the music; only the audience has access to its level of meaning (Abbate 1991: 119). This is why music can represent interiority. In fact, however, opera also has a fixed convention for representing interiority: the aria. Dramatic action and conversation stop during the aria, and we eavesdrop on a character's moment of introspection and reflection (Weisstein 1961: 18). In "through-composed" operas without arias, such as the music dramas of Richard Wagner, musical repetitions and variations—usually called leitmotifs—can bring to the audience's ears what the characters cannot consciously

face. Isolde may sing of her hatred for Tristan in Wagner's work named after the legendary lovers, but she does so to music we already associate with her love for him.

When operas are filmed, as we have seen, the conventions of realism seem to work against even the genre's conventionalized ability to convey interiority. Yet here too ways have been found to do so: Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's 1976 television version of Puccini's 1904 opera, *Madama Butterfly*, visualizes the idea that arias provide the internal thoughts and emotions of characters by not having the singers' lips move during the arias. We hear the arias, but do not see them physically sung. Franco Zeffirelli uses different means to externalize the internal in his 1983 film version of Verdi's opera, *La Traviata* (1853): drawing on the text that the opera had in fact adapted (*La Dame aux camélias* [1848] by Alexandre Dumas, *fils*), he has his Violetta repeatedly look at herself in a mirror. Although this action is cinematically realistic (she is checking to see if she is still beautiful or whether she looks ill), it is also a self-reflexive way of both letting us into her mind and also showing us how she has internalized the objectifying male gaze. The director had already established and underlined the specifically male view of her early in the film by adding the image of a young man's curious and desirous stare. Zeffirelli also allows his camera to get into Violetta's mind in a sense and to show us how she sees her lover, especially when she is ill and feverish (Tambling 1987: 182).

So far, I have been countering one half of the second cliché, suggesting the ability of performance media in the showing mode to "do" interiority, despite assertions to the contrary. However, it is also necessary to examine the other half of the cliché, which claims the reverse, that performance "does" exteriority better than print media. Siegfried Kracauer insisted that filmic adaptations make sense "only when the content of the novel is firmly rooted in objective reality, not in mental or spiritual experience" (in Andrew 1976: 121). So Emile Zola's *L'Assommoir* (1877) would be adaptable; Bernanos' *Le Journal d'un curé de campagne* (1936) would not. Yet Robert Bresson valiantly attempted the latter, as we have seen. But are film adaptations necessarily always better at conveying exteriority than the novels themselves? After all, prose description can go on at some length, but can also select

the details that are narratively significant; in a film all the items are concurrently present, of equal weight and thus significance—at least until the camera lingers or lighting cues our eye. Characters may be described once and in significantly selected detail in a novel, but are seen over and over in a movie, so the significant particularities of their appearances are lost with repetition and naturalization. Film is, in editor Walter Murch's terms, a "highly redundant" medium, whereas the novel is characterized by "story abundance," and if this difference is not taken into account by the adapters, it makes for "filmic trouble" (qtd. in Ondaatje 2002: 127). In a novel like *Great Expectations* (1860–61), Dickens was obsessed with both the naturalistic and symbolic value of dress and appearance, but he specifically chose not to describe Jaggers in any detail. Yet, "in the pictorially-naturalistic medium of the film, if we are to see a character, then the character must by necessity be described. But to describe, to visualize the character, destroys the very subtlety with which the novel creates this particular character in the first place" (Giddings, Selby, and Wensley 1990: 81).

With animation in film, video, interactive fiction, or videogames, exterior action is not captured at 24 frames per second by a camera, but is created frame by frame. This is how special effects can be created that make possible comic book adaptations to film—like the recent *Spider-Man* movies. Likewise the supernatural world of wizardry and monsters of the Harry Potter stories can be made visible—and realistic—through computerized media. But just as Eisenstein saw in montage the equivalent of dialectical reasoning, Lev Manovich argues, in "From the Externalization of the Psyche to the Implantation of Technology," that new visual technologies, from Galton's photography to the new media, have indeed been used to externalize and objectify the workings of the mind.

Is this the reason why the animated worlds of videogames can be used to create both interiority and exteriority, the latter either with uncanny naturalistic accuracy or as total fantasy? The use of perspectival space, the precise rendering of surface detail, and the ability to represent movement realistically in games like *Shrek* (2001) all work together to "offer a technological 'appropriation' of the real" (Ward 2002: 132). And although it may be true that the characters or avatars

have no real interiority, players do, and in manipulating the avatar's movements, they can attribute their own motives, desires, hopes, and fears in the context of the game, of course, to this character (Weinbren 2002: 186).

Representations of interiority and exteriority obviously involve this spatial dimension and not only in animation; however, the temporal is also relevant to the formal dimension of adaptation: both the time of the content and that of the "narration" (in whatever mode or medium). If Lessing were correct in calling literature an art of time (and painting an art of space), we might expect the telling mode, as in an extended narrative fiction, to be the best at depicting time, thus creating particular problems for adaptation to other modes. Again, however, the truisms of theory need testing against the realities of practice.

Cliché #3: The Showing and Interacting Modes Have Only One Tense: The Present; The Mode of Telling Alone can Show Relations among Past, Present, and Future.

The camera, like the stage, is said to be all presence and immediacy. The same is claimed for electronic technology. Prose fiction alone, by this logic, has the flexibility of time-lines and the ability to shift in a few words to the past or the future, and these abilities are always assumed to have no real equivalents in performance or interactive media. In a realist aesthetic, at any rate, stories in these media take place in the present tense; they are more interested in what is going to happen next than in what has already happened (Bluestone 1957/1971: 50; Seger 1992: 24): "In translating literature into moving pictures, once-upon-a-time collides with here-and-now" (Giddings, Selby, and Wensely 1990: xiii). This is why a film can tolerate less plot "retardation" (Abbott 2002: 109), even for suspense purposes, than can a novel. Yet, unlike the stage, the cinema is indeed capable of flashbacks and flashforwards, and its very immediacy can make the shifts potentially more effective than in prose fiction where the narrating voice stands between the characters immersed in time and the reader. Performance tropes do exist, in other words, to fuse and interrelate past, present, and future.

For instance, literature's "meanwhile," "elsewhere," and "later" find their equivalent in the filmic dissolve, as one image fades in as another

fades out and time merges with space in a more immediate way than is possible with words. With the time-lapse dissolve, not only time and space but also cause and effect are synthesized (Morrissette 1985: 18–19). This is one of the ways in which the modernist novel's stream of consciousness and interior monologue became adaptable. Likewise, visual and aural leitmotifs can function in a movie to suggest the past through memory—with the memory of the audience replicating that of the characters, though on another level of narration. Arguably Marcel Proust's externalized internal signs—the Madeleine cookie and the uneven pavement stone that provoke the protagonist's memory in *A la recherche du temps perdu* (1913–27)—prefigure cinema's techniques. And as Stam reminds us, there are in fact many ways in which the past or "pastness" can be represented in film: through décor and costumes, props, music, titles (e.g., London 1712), color (sepia tints), archaic recording devices, and artificially aged or real past footage (2005b: 21).

Another aspect of this temporal truism is that a novel's description of action, setting, or character can be long or short, detailed or vague, and that the reader judges significance from the time spent on it by the narrator. In film, people appear within a setting in action all at once, with no mediating assistance for the spectator. But the kind of shot (long, medium, close-up; angles; reverses), not to mention the duration of the shot, is in fact always dictated by the dramatic importance of what is being filmed, not by any naturalistic timing or pacing of the actual action. The director or editor or camera operator does indeed mediate and not only through the visual. Unlike a live performance on stage that occurs in real time and in which sounds and images are correlated exactly, in a film the relation between sound and image is a constructed one. Visual frames and different soundtracks (dialogue, voice-overs, music, noises) can be combined, as the film editor manipulates time and space relations.

Cinematic adapters, in other words, have at their disposal a veritable wealth of technical possibilities and now learned and accepted conventions to tackle the move from print to screen, even with texts that are temporally complex or resolutely interiorized. However, this does not mean that there will be no problems. Thomas Mann has and takes much time in his novella of *Der Tod in Venedig* to allow a young

boy's beauty to insinuate itself into the mind of both his protagonist, Aschenbach, and his reader. In the film adaptation, Visconti has to "throw the image at us, via the handsome Björn Andresen" to get the story going. Rather than gradually learning to see Tadzio through the learned Aschenbach's idealizing (indeed Hellenizing) eyes in the novella, we instead watch him and the boy "exchange lengthy glances, whose sexual explicitness turns Aschenbach into a foolish dirty old man, and the boy into a pretty little tease" (Paul Zimmerman, qtd. in Wagner 1975: 343). Time and timing clearly present a real challenge for the adapter to a different medium.

The stage has different and perhaps more limited means at its disposal for dealing with temporal issues because, as just noted, a live performance takes place in real time. An adaptation has to take into account not only changes in time in the story but also the technicalities of, for example, the time needed to change scenes. Kracauer points out that staged operas have added temporal problems: arias in effect stop time. Not only are arias conventionalized moments of interiority in a seemingly very exteriorized art form, as we have seen, but they also arrest the action: their "sung passions transfigure physical life instead of penetrating it" (Kracauer 1955: 19). For this reason, he argues, "[t]he world of opera is built upon premises which radically defy those of the cinematic approach" (19). The naturalism of television and film may seem alien to the artifice of this sung, staged form, but that has not prevented opera from having a second life in both media, thanks to what are more adaptations than recordings of productions.

Although the opera's drama does indeed go on in real time, its timing is not the timing of the stage play, and the reason is the music (Halliwell 1996: 87–88). As composer Virgil Thomson vividly puts it: "An opera is not a concert in costume. Neither is it just a play with music laid on. It is a dramatic action viewed through poetry and music, animated and controlled by its music, which is continuous. It owes to poetry much of its grandeur, to music all of its pacing" (1982: 6). The pulse of the music, in operas as in musicals, provides another temporal dimension—both an advantage and a constraint—that other art forms do not have. Directors and editors of video versions of operas often

derive the pacing of camera shots from the rhythm of the music—including its chord structures and harmonies (see Large 1992: 201).

A special adaptation problem occurs in all media: how to represent or thematize the unfolding of time—something that can be done so easily in prose fiction. Classical films resorted to images of calendar pages turning to cue spectators to time passing. In a novel, characters can *become* bored; we can read of time passing, of mounting boredom, yet not become bored ourselves. In a graphic novel we can actually see this numbing occur, without succumbing to it in our own right. On film, however, the process of becoming bored cannot really be represented so easily, given the amount of screen time in real viewing time it would take to do so naturalistically, as Claude Chabrol discovered when he attempted to dramatize Emma Bovary's boredom in his 1991 film adaptation of Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* (1857). Yet it is also the case that a leap forward (off-screen) is also a cinematic convention that spectators understand. And the repeated breakfast scenes in Orson Welles' *Citizen Kane* (1941) also convey time passing into boredom through the simple act of repetition.

Television adaptations usually have more time at their disposal, of course, and therefore more flexibility. Novels like David Lodge's *Nice Work* (1988) have been made into serials. But this move entails other temporal constraints, such as the need to divide the narrative into a specified number of blocks of equal duration. In the words of Lodge, who wrote the screenplay for his own novel, "No narrative medium is as precisely timed as an episode of a television series. When transmitted, it must fit a preordained slot measured in minutes and even seconds" (1993: 193). Although the writer needs to think about this precise timing, it is the editor, of course, who in the end must achieve it. But this is where another kind of time constraint appears: as a medium television is conventionally faster paced than film, for instance, and an adapter has to take this pace into account even when working with inevitably slower paced literary works. When classic novels are adapted for television, however, a textual resonance of the literary connection is often retained in both action and camera movement, recalling the idea that reading is a more "leisurely, measured and thoughtful pursuit" than television viewing (Cardwell 2002: 112).

The visual and aural immediacy of performance media may indeed create the sense of a continuous present, but time and timing are much more complex than this would suggest in the process of adaptation. The proof is in the parodies. In the 30-second classical movie versions created by animation artist Jennifer Shiman, the stories are deconstructed, reconstructed, and reshown, as acted out by serious, earnest bunny characters. At the other extreme, Douglas Gordon takes popular films and expands them—stretching Hitchcock's *Psycho* (1963) to 24 hours and Ford's *The Searchers* to 5 years (were we to want to play the whole thing). Both artists' parodic adaptations ironically place in the foreground the conventions of the cinematic manipulation of time. The "instantaneity" made technically possible by remote communications systems (telephone, radio, television) is new to the last century, and it is this that makes possible our acceptance of the illusion that a film is happening in the present and that we are present as it happens (LeGrice 2002: 232).

Videogames based on films, of course, go one step further and immerse us in the time and pace of real life while still maintaining this cinematic illusion. But electronic technology in general offers various new adaptation possibilities, not least when it comes to representing the temporal. Lev Manovich argues that in computerized films, for instance, time and memory can actually be spatialized through montage:

> The logic of replacement [of one image by another, filling the screen], characteristic of cinema, gives way to the logic of addition and coexistence. Time becomes spatialised, distributed over the surface of the screen. In spatial montage, nothing is potentially forgotten, nothing is erased. Just as we use computers to accumulate endless texts, messages, notes and data, and just as a person, going through life, accumulates more and more memories, with the past slowly acquiring more weight than the future, so spatial montage can accumulate events and images as it progresses through its narrative. In contrast to the cinema's screen, which primarily functioned as a record of perception, the computer screen functions as a recorder of memory. (2002b: 71)

Whether these possibilities will be exploited extensively by adapters remains to be seen, because most of the films being produced on this

model so far are not in fact adaptations at all. The new media, however, are available for use; indeed they offer very suggestive possibilities for adapting temporally and spatially complex works from other media. Hoss Gifford's (Screenbase Media and Canongate Books) production of an interactive Web site (http://hossgifford.com/pi/promo/life_of_pi.htm), "inspired by" Yann Martel's 2002 novel, *Life of Pi*, selects several scenes from the novel and presents them in a mix of animation and an interactive game, with engaging visual effects. The aural text, both words and sounds, enhances the visuals (in the form of computerized images and words). We experience time passing as in a film, but we also control time in the game parts, making for an intriguing hybrid temporal dimension.

Over the years, point of view, interiority/exteriority, and time have become major contentious issues, as well as a major source of theoretical truisms, about adaptation and medium specificity. But they are joined by another loose grouping of issues around verbal and narrative complexity, and these too need testing against actual practice.

Cliché #4: Only Telling (in Language) Can Do Justice to Such Elements as Ambiguity, Irony, Symbols, Metaphors, Silences, and Absences; These Remain "Untranslatable" in the Showing or Interacting Modes.

In 1898, Henry James published and in 1908 revised what he himself thought of as a "potboiler" called *The Turn of the Screw*. In 1934, Edmund Wilson provoked, even if he did not begin, what has proved to be a seemingly endless scholarly debate about how to interpret this enigmatic text. The fight over this text has always been over its resolute and deliberate ambiguities. Is the story's governess hallucinating the appearance of Quint and Jessel (said to be deceased) because of her own sexual repression? Are the children in the governess' care possessed by something supernatural and malevolent that the governess discovers, or is she herself possessed by some neurotic obsession? *The Turn of the Screw* would seem to be very recalcitrant to adaptation to a performance medium. Yet, it has proved quite the contrary. In one of the many film adaptations of it, Jack Clayton's 1961 *The Innocents* (screenplay by Truman Capote and William Archibald), the spectator is, in fact, given a chance to weigh the evidence for these different possible interpretations

of the text's ambiguities. The result is a constant flipping back and forth of our sympathies in response to the governess' imagination. The camera too sometimes alternates point of view, as in the final confrontation between the governess and her charge, Miles (J. Allen 1977: 136). The soundtrack is used not only to suggest interiority but also to reinforce ambiguity: are the eerie sounds we are hearing in the governess' mind, or do they signal supernatural presences? When what we hear does not match what we see, the resulting suggestiveness can be more potent than the actual appearances of the ghosts. But, in the end, James' narrative ambiguity is refused in the naturalistic medium of film, though in an interestingly inclusive way: Quint does exist and possesses Miles, and the governess is herself possessed and in the end also possesses the dead Miles (J. Allen 1977: 140).

When Myfanwy Piper and Benjamin Britten adapted James' story in 1954 to a chamber opera form, they faced an even greater challenge than that of the screenplay writers: how to represent this kind of ambiguity in *live sung stage* action. In fact, however, it is Britten's music that pulls it off. Each of the brief, separate scenes that compose the opera is linked to the one before by a repeated musical theme (with variations), whose intervals rotate in screw-like fashion (Whittall 1992: 847). These children do not *sound* musically like Clayton's "innocents," for even while looking guileless and singing "Tom, Tom, the piper's son," they manage to sound very sinister indeed. Here the ghosts do appear, but their eerie and exotic music makes clear they are from a different realm, even if their malign but seductive power over the children is palpable—and audible. Yet, the novella's famed ambiguity is retained to the very end, as the music underlines the doubt as to the real cause of Miles' death by having the governess' vocal line fade on a chromatic dissonance.

This example seems to contradict Patrick J. Smith's famous pronouncement that in operatic adaptation "any ambiguities or variant readings possible in any of the very great works of art … must necessarily be omitted or toned down, to the detriment not only of the original but also of the adaptation itself" (1970: 342–43). Verbal and narrative ambiguities do indeed need to be dramatized in performance media, but that task is far from impossible. And something can be gained as well as lost. The visual and aural immediacy of that dramatization

cannot be matched even by the prose of someone like Henry James. The price to pay? (There always is a trade-off in adaptation.) When a play or opera is staged, the director and performers make choices that inevitably reduce the "interpretive richness" of the written text (Scholes 1976: 285); in a movie or television adaptation, those choices are final, recorded forever. From a word-oriented writer's point of view, this is a serious limitation, as revealed by Patrick McGrath, who adapted his own novel *Spider* for David Cronenberg's 2002 film:

> The writer of prose fiction, when he first turns his hand to screenwriting, often does so with a condescending air. Surely this can't be so very difficult, he thinks; all that's required is to come up with the bare bones of a story. So he goes to work anticipating a quick job with easy money at the end of it, and possibly a bit of glory. He is soon disabused of these prideful assumptions. It becomes apparent to him that what he has at his disposal is merely an ordered succession of dramatic pictures. With these he must do the work he once did with all the infinite resources of the English language at his back. (2002: R1)

But for visually oriented filmmakers, the opposite is true. They can move from that single-track language to a multitrack medium and thereby not only make meaning possible on many levels but appeal to other physical senses as well.

However, the "infinite resources" of the English—or any other—language include symbols and metaphors, and if these are to be realized in a showing mode in performance media, they could simply be spoken by a character or else they must be physically materialized in an iconic form or otherwise translated into equivalents. Despite the feeling among critics that none of the over 100 adaptations to stage, screen, and radio of Dickens' *Great Expectations* ever managed to achieve the melding of the naturalistic and symbolic in the novel's verbal texture (see, for examples, Bolton 1987: 416–29; Giddings, Selby, and Wensley 1990: 86–87), performance media once again do have their own resources on which to draw. As we have seen, operas and musicals can deploy music to symbolic ends: just as Shakespeare's Othello gradually takes on Iago's imagery, Verdi and Boito's operatic Otello gradually takes on Iago's music (most audibly, its triplets and dotted rhythms),

as the protagonist in both the play and the opera is brought down to his antagonist's level. Even in film, with its naturalistic demands, editing can manage to suggest metaphoric comparison by linking disparate images together. The camera can isolate some element of a scene and bestow upon it not only meaning but also symbolic significance by its act of contextualizing. Thomas Hardy's image of his protagonist in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* (1891) with her "peony lips" is translated by Roman Polanski in his 1979 film *Tess* into an image of Natassia Kinski's full red lips opening to receive a strawberry from Alex (Elliott 2003: 234).

Verbal irony presents a particular challenge for adaptation to performance media, not in dialogue, obviously, but when used in the showing mode. To invoke a work mentioned earlier in another context, William Makepeace Thackeray's 1844 novel, *The Luck of Barry Lyndon*, is presented as intended by its first-person narrator to be the tale of "the triumphs and misfortunes of a sympathetic and resourceful eighteenth-century gentleman," or so we are told. Thanks to Thackeray's deft irony, however, it actually comes across as "the diary of a wicked and self-deceiving brute" (Sinyard 1986: 130). We have already seen that first-person narration is difficult for film, and indeed, Stanley Kubrick's omniscient narratorial camera in his 1975 *Barry Lyndon* rejects intimacy for distance, and what we lose of the sense of the voice of a crass, self-obsessed individual we gain in the feeling of that individual in the context of a snobbish society. The result, however, is that this Barry Lyndon is much more sympathetic than that of Thackeray's novel, despite the movie's use of an ironic voice-over narrator between scenes.

The difficulties of dramatizing such verbal elements as irony, ambiguity, metaphor, or symbolism pale in comparison with the problems faced by the adapter who has to dramatize what is *not* present. Absences and silences in prose narratives almost invariably get made into presences in performance media, or so this aspect of the cliché would have it, thereby losing their power and meaning. But is this necessarily the case? In the next section, I test this truism against an extended example of an adaptational practice that not only addresses this particular point but also engages en route almost all of the issues around mode and medium specificity that this chapter has been addressing. Therefore, it can function as a summary and conclusion.

Learning from Practice

In the late 1940s and early 1950s, Benjamin Britten, with the help of the then-elderly E.M. Forster and the younger, self-defined "man of the theatre," Eric Crozier, adapted for the operatic stage Herman Melville's last, unfinished, and resolutely ambiguous work, *Billy Budd*. Many scholars have written about the problems of the inaccurate and modified editions of the Melville text, but it is of both relevance and interest that Britten's librettists used the 1946 edition by William Plomer, who was the first to talk openly about the homosexual and homosocial themes of the novella. The story is set on a British navy ship in the eighteenth century, just after a series of mutinies that had left the authorities shaken and newly alert; it tells the tale of Billy, the "Handsome Sailor"—presented as a kind of naval stereotype—who is tried and executed for the decidedly provoked killing of the malicious master at arms, John Claggart, who was plotting Billy's own destruction. Although the killing could have been seen as an accident, the sole witness, Captain Vere, chooses not to save the popular and good young man, but rather to give into his professional fears that this act could be seen as the first step to a possible mutiny.

There are obvious difficulties in adapting this story. Most of the critical literature on this particular adaptation has focused on the character of Vere, for in Melville's text he dies shortly after Billy is hanged, whereas in the opera he lives on and in fact narrates the story's frame. This change potentially eliminates two of the immediate problems for the operatic adaptation of the novella: the loss of a narrative voice and the complexity of characterization because of compression, for this character sings of his motivations and worries. The operatic version is framed emotionally and formally by Vere's continuing anguish at his actions or lack thereof and then by his final sense of absolution achieved through Billy's forgiveness and love. Forster said these alterations were undertaken because he wanted to "rescue Vere from Melville" (qtd. in Brett 1984: 135).

But others have been less charitable, if more accurate, in their evaluation of these changes. Robert Martin charges that Vere is changed from the novella's "pompous and pretentious hypocrite" into an "intellectual caught up in a dilemma of conscience" (1986: 52). The effect, for

him, is that the opera depoliticizes and de-eroticizes Melville's text, taming his "subversive eros" into a "sentimental and domestic vision" (55). Yet by Eric Crozier's account, the librettists saw themselves as being very faithful to Melville's text and his intentions—at least as interpreted by them, working from Plomer's edition (Crozier 1986: 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 21). Yet in their alterations of the character of Captain Vere, they ended up changing much: Melville's Vere not only differs in terms of moral character and life expectancy from the opera's character but he is also able to offer rational reasons why Billy has to die: the ship was on a war footing and there was a fear of mutiny. In the opera, mutiny is a threat only *after* Billy, so beloved by the crew, is executed. Vere's motivations in the opera are presented as confused or ambiguous, a decision that has been read as a formal failure (Emslie 1992: 51).

But what if that confusion were intentional? Indeed, what if it were the whole point of the adaptation? Britten was a pacifist and spent the war years just before he wrote this opera in the United States. What if the appeal of the military tale for the opera's multiple creators was, in fact, its very ambivalence, its unfinished and indeterminate nature? The operatic scene that would suggest precisely this kind of reading is one that brings to the fore the questions we are dealing with in this chapter: how to represent in dramatized form such elements as interiority, point of view, and especially ambiguity, equivocation, and, even more radically, absence.

The scene in question comes after Claggart's death and after Billy has been put on trial before a drumhead court of officers that does not include Vere, for the captain must testify as the sole witness to the fatal event. In the section examined here, Vere must inform Billy, who has left the room, of the court's decision: he is to hang from the yardarm for his "crime." In the novella, Vere does so in a scene that is *not* narrated. Melville's garrulous and usually omniscient narrator suddenly changes course and claims, "Beyond the communication of the sentence what took place at this interview was never known" (1891/1958: 337). Nevertheless he remains in character enough to venture what he calls "some conjectures": he speculates that Vere kept nothing from Billy about his own role or motives and that Billy would have accepted his confession in the spirit in which it was tendered. The narrator adds:

> Even more may have been. Captain Vere in the end may have developed the passion sometimes latent under an exterior stoical or indifferent. He was old enough to have been Billy's father. The austere devotee of military duty, letting himself melt back into what remains primeval in our formalized humanity, may in the end have caught Billy to his heart even as Abraham may have caught the young Isaac. (337)

It is a challenge, to say the least, to dramatize in an opera a silenced scene or even one left to narratorial conjecture. The narrating figure of the opera version is Vere, not Melville's anonymous and only (obviously) partially omniscient narrator. But the equivocation and ambivalence that Melville achieves by his mix of silence and speculation are indeed recreated in the showing mode—and in a most imaginative way. In the libretto, Vere is said to disappear into the room in which Billy is being kept; there is no further action on stage. Instead, the audience hears only a sequence of 34 clear, triadic chords, each of them harmonizing on a note of the F major triad and each scored differently. The verbal silence and the lack of stage action are accompanied, in other words, by musical sound—but sound with no real melody and no rhythmic variation.

Other showing-mode adaptations of the story have not been this reticent. The Broadway play by Louis O. Coxe and R.H. Chapman, which opened less than a year before the opera, in 1950, dramatizes the narrator's speculations. Billy openly asks Vere to help him understand his sentence. Vere's answer—that the world is full of good and evil and that "most of us find out early and trim to a middle course"—seems enough to bring Billy to understand that "maybe there's a kind of cruelty in people that's just as much a part of them as kindness" (1951: 68). Although critics have argued for years about whether this scene in the novella works or not, what this stage version does is effectively eliminate its ambiguity. The film adaptation of this play mentioned earlier, directed by Peter Ustinov, who also plays Vere, dramatizes the scene as well, though differently. In the film Vere says there is no answer to Billy's question, but then asks the condemned man to hate him as a way of conquering his fear. Billy replies that he is not actually afraid: "I was only doing my duty. You are doing yours." Ustinov accompanies

this scene with melodramatic music by Antony Hopkins that could not be more different from the opera's strange and estranging chords.

Britten's silence-substituting music has been interpreted in many different ways. Some readings are resolutely mimetic ones, with critics imagining in the changing chords changes in the emotions of the two men behind the closed door; that is, with critics offering "some conjectures," not unlike those of Melville's narrator. The chords are therefore usually interpreted as articulating the shift from surprise to terror to resignation and composure. Others read the chords thematically as realizing musically the passions involved or as implying a positive or even idealized form of homosexual affection that, at the time, could not be spoken of openly for fear of legal prosecution. For still others the meaning is symbolic or metaphysical. The fact that the chords are heard in two later scenes of the opera determines some of these readings: they are heard right after this scene in the last aria of the condemned man, the piece known as "Billy in the Darbies," at the moment when Billy attains his greatest moral and psychological strength and accepts his death. The chords are heard again in the climax of Vere's Epilogue, as he sings Billy's melody and words (which he could never, realistically, have heard): "But I've sighted a sail in the storm, the far-shining sail, and I'm content." Is the implication of the replaying of some of these chords that Vere's redemption began behind the closed door? If so, did Billy's acceptance and strength begin there as well?

Arnold Whittall points out that composers "often use successions of slow-moving chords ranging widely across the tonal spectrum to represent the sublime, the monumental, but rarely if ever with the complete rejection of melody or significant linear motion involved here" (1990: 157). He goes on to suggest that the harmony may be used here as a way of expressing interiority. If so, this is another example of how music can supplement or replace what is lost when fiction's introspection and reflection are transposed into a performance medium. Thanks in part to the work of Carolyn Abbate (1991), who has brought the insights of literary narratology to musical studies, it has become common to say that the narrator of fiction is replaced by the orchestra in opera. In this scene in *Billy Budd*, the dialectic of chromatic and diatonic chords creates an uneasy, unstable F major tonality that is, to the ears that

can hear it, the musical equivalent of Melville's verbal equivocation (see Whittall 1990 for the extended argument). This also suggests that—despite the librettists' visionary *language* suggesting Vere's redemption and peace—the opera's *musical* ending is decidedly more ambiguous and complicated: "It is undoubtedly right that Britten's music should remain perfectly, precariously poised on the knife edge, challenging but not rejecting tonal syntax, challenging but not rejecting the great operatic theme of redemption through love" (Whittall 1990: 170).

The music's ambiguity, however, is mirrored in the very lack of action in the scene being discussed here. This is a supremely un-operatic operatic moment, one in which words and music do *not* interact, in which words do *not* help us interpret what we are hearing in the music. In fact, we are deprived of visual as well as verbal clues. Not surprisingly, audiences are often puzzled by this scene: they think it is a prelude to the encounter between Billy and Vere and so may become restless. They do not feel anything important is happening on stage, and they are right, of course: the action is all off-stage behind that door. But the impact of those chords is such that the un-represented can be made to be more powerful than the represented. It obviously depends on the individual director's ability to provoke our imaginations, to move us to fill in the gap.

Wolfgang Iser's theory of reading—of how readers fill in the narrative gaps that are part of any literary text (1971)—applies here as well (see Abbott 2002: 114–16 on narrative gaps in various media). As we watch and listen, we do not free associate; instead, we fill in the gaps, with the combined guidance of the dramatic set up of the encounter in the previous scene and those 34 chords in their ineffable and suggestive ambiguity.

Billy Budd's infamous closed-door scene is as good an example as any of the complexities involved in the transposition across modes and media. Like realist film, only perhaps more so, staged opera is not self-evidently a medium conducive to representing ambivalence, equivocation, and absence. However, the combination in this scene of a refusal to stage or to verbalize with the addition of the estranging music can render a version of that complexity. And in the process, it can provide an instance of artistic practice that contests a good number of the cli-

chés about the representational inadequacies of the performing media compared to prose fiction. These truisms are usually articulated, it must be said, not by adapters themselves, but by protective literary critics and self-protective writers like Virginia Woolf, writing vividly about her sense of the small worth of film adaptations of fiction: "So we lurch and lumber through the most famous novels of the world. So we spell them out in words of one syllable written, too, in the scrawl of an illiterate schoolboy" (1926: 309). Need we necessarily trust such a view? Should we perhaps listen to the adapter for a change?

3

Who? Why?
(Adapters)

Playwrights like to think that they're the sole author of everything that happens on stage. But in this case I knew that I would be sharing the driver's compartment with many others. Like the book-writer of a big musical, or the screenwriter of a film, I would be referring constantly to the designer, the movement director, the composer and every other member of the creative team. I would be working with the producer and the director, both united in the form of Nick Hytner. And I would be working with Philip Pullman.

—Dramatist Nicholas Wright, about adapting Philip Pullman's *His Dark Materials* for the stage

Do other screenwriters feel like this when they're adapting books? I'm aware of needing the approval of the director, producer, and funding bodies, as in getting the script "approved" for production, but this is a practical, political need, not a personal one. Such

> vanity—not only in wanting the work to measure up to the original creation, but in the desire to measure up to the original creator.
>
> **—Screenwriter Noel S. Baker, about adapting Michael Turner's *Hard Core Logo* for film**

Who Is the Adapter?

The answer to this question is simple for Noel Baker. But it is also easy when an author like Alexandre Dumas, *fils* transposes his own novel, *La dame aux camélias* (1848), to the stage (1852). The author and adapter here are one and the same person. The question can sometimes also be answered easily when the author and the adapter differ, as when Helen Edmundson does a stage dramatization (1994) of George Eliot's novel *The Mill on the Floss* (1860). In the case of a musical or an opera adaptation, however, matters become more complicated. Dumas' play was made into the opera *La Traviata* (1853), but was it the librettist, Francesco Maria Piave, who was the adapter, or was it the composer, Giuseppe Verdi? Or must it be both? The complexities of the new media also mean that adaptation there too is a collective process.

Obviously, the move to a performance or interactive mode entails a shift from a solo model of creation to a collaborative one. The transition from the one to the other is often fraught with difficulties: witness Arthur Miller's suit against the Wooster Group for adapting only the basic structure of his play *The Crucible* in their work, *L.S.D.*, in the early 1980s. Given that this group is known for its collaborative and improvisatory ethos and its challenge to theater as individual property, both the ironies and the problems of adaptation as a collaborative practice became evident in this legal encounter (see Savran 1985).

In interactive digital installations and Internet-connected work, a collective model of creation best describes the web of interlinkages that are constantly being reorganized by the various participants both before and during the interaction itself. This fluid collaboration is more like that of an ongoing stage play than a finished product like a film or video. Live stage and radio plays, dance, musicals, operas—all are forms of repeated performances by groups of people, and when they are the site

of adaptations from a prior work there is always contention over exactly who of the many artists involved should be called the actual adapter(s).

Film and television are perhaps the most complicated media of all from this point of view. Is the major adapter the often underrated screenwriter who "creates or (creatively adapts) a film's plot, characters, dialogue, and theme" (Corliss 1974: 542)? Although this seems the most obvious answer in one sense—as Noel Baker would agree—it is not the one most people would offer. One of the reasons why not is the possible complexity of a script's "authorship." In Steven Spielberg's 1987 film adaptation of J.G. Ballard's novel, *Empire of the Sun*, the first shooting script/adaptation was written by Tom Stoppard; it was subsequently reworked by Menno Meyjes and changed once again in the editing room (Reynolds 1993b: 7). Who then is the adapter?

The name of the music director/composer does not usually come to mind as a primary adapter, although he or she creates the music that reinforces emotions or provokes reactions in the audience and directs our interpretation of different characters, perhaps solo violins for sweet innocence or a snarling bass clarinet to make us uncomfortable around ambivalent characters. But it is also the case that, although the music is of obvious importance to the success of the adaptation, composers usually work from the script, not from the adapted text, because they have to write music specifically to fit the production's action, timing, and budget. Costume and set designers are other possibilities for the role of adapter, and many admit that they turn to the adapted text, especially if it is a novel, for inspiration; however, what they feel immediately responsible to is the *director*'s interpretation of the *film script* (see the interviews in Giddings, Selby, and Wensley 1990: 110–28, especially). The same sense of responsibility is often felt by cinematographers.

On the question of whether the actors can be considered as adapters, the case is no simpler. As in staged works, the performers are the ones who embody and give material existence to the adaptation. Although clearly having to follow the screenplay, some actors admit that they seek background and inspiration from the adapted text, especially if the characters they are to play are well-known literary ones. But does this make them conscious adapters? Certainly in interviews, novelists often comment on their surprise when actors—through gesture, tone

of voice, or facial expression—interpret through incarnating characters in ways the initial creator never envisaged (see Cunningham 2003: 1): actors can bring "their individual sense and senses to the characters and give them those glances and gestures that come from their own imaginations" (Ondaatje 1997: ix). But in a more literal sense, what actors actually adapt in this sense is the screenplay (Stam 2005b: 22).

There is yet another rarely considered candidate for the role of adapter: the film and television editor, whose craft, as Michael Ondaatje has insisted, is "mostly unimagined and certainly overlooked" (2002: xi). As editor Walter Murch puts it, "When it works, film edition—which could just as easily be called 'film construction'—identifies and exploits underlying patterns of sound and image that are not obvious on the surface" (qtd. in Ondaatje 2002: 10). The editor sees and creates the whole in a way no one else does. Yet none of these artists—screenwriter, composer, designer, cinematographer, actor, editor, and the list could go on—is usually considered the primary adapter of a film or television production:

> It is hard for any person who has been on the set of a movie to believe that only one man or woman makes a film. At times a film set resembles a beehive or daily life in Louis XIV's court—every kind of society is witnessed in action, and it seems every trade is busy at work. But as far as the public is concerned, there is always just one Sun-King who is sweepingly credited with responsibility for story, style, design, dramatic tension, taste, and even weather in connection with the finished product. When, of course, there are many hard-won professions at work. (Ondaatje 2002: xi)

That Sun-King, of course, is the director. Peter Wollen has argued that the director as *auteur* is never just another adapter: "The director does not subordinate himself to another author; his source is only a pretext, which provides catalysts, scenes which use his own preoccupations to produce a radically new work" (1969: 113). This is certainly the case with Peter Greenaway's 1991 adaptation of Shakespeare's *The Tempest,* which he renamed *Prospero's Books*, a work clearly marked by his own postmodern aesthetic of self-referentiality and citation. All that this Prospero knows, he has learned from books; therefore, the magic world he creates is a very bookish—and painterly—one. Like Prospero,

Greenaway literally creates his cinematic island world through books, inspired by those of Athanasius Kircher. This is a world that the audience members first hear about orally, then watch being written by a human hand in a visual pun on the idea of "digital," and finally see with their own eyes in digitally enhanced form. Using the Paint Box and Japanese Hi-Vision videotape technologies then available, Greenaway electronically manipulates images, animating the books of the title. But no matter how much he or she is the magus and controller, the director is also a manager, an organizer of other artists upon whom he or she must rely to produce that new work. Performance arts like film are, in fact, resolutely collaborative: as in the building of a Gothic cathedral, there are multiple makers and therefore arguably multiple adapters.

These various adapters, however, stand at different distances from the adapted text. Zadie Smith's response to the televising of her novel *White Teeth* gives a good sense of the complexity of this process: "Telly is watching a creative idea make its excruciatingly slow progress from script-writer to producer to actor to third and second assistant directors to the director himself to the camera man, to that poor maligned fellow who must hold the huge, furry gray Q-tip up in the air if anything is to be heard by anyone. Telly is group responsibility" (2003: 1). There is an increasing distance from the adapted novel as the process moves from the writing of the screenplay to the actual shooting (when the designers, actors, cinematographer, and director move in) and then to the editing when sound and music are added and the entire work as a whole is given shape. The script itself is often changed through interaction with the director and the actors, not to mention the editor. By the end the film may be very far from both the screenplay and the adapted text in focus and emphasis. William Goldman sees the finished film as the studio's adaptation of the editor's adaptation of the director's adaptation of the actors' adaptation of the screenwriter's adaptation of a novel that might itself be an adaptation of narrative or generic conventions (in Landon 1991: 96).

Adaptation for performance on stage can be almost as complex as this process, but without the structuring intervention of the film editor, it is the director who is held even more responsible for the form and impact of the whole. Because, in stage productions as in cinema,

the characteristic preoccupations, tastes, and stylistic trademarks of the director are what stand out and become identifiable, perhaps all directors should be considered at least potential adapters. Audiences come to learn that a Harry Kupfer production of an opera is one that self-reflexively places in the foreground the work's underlying violence and sexual tension. The same is true for film, of course: at one point, a Ridley Scott adaptation would have focused on the marginalized and the powerless, and a David Lean version of a classic novel, almost any classic novel, would stress the theme of romantic repression and sexual frustration (Sinyard 1986: 124). In these cases, the directors make the adaptation very much their own work: *Fellini Satyricon* (1969) is 80 percent Fellini and 20 percent Petronius, according to the director himself (qtd. in Dick 1981: 151).

The adapted text, therefore, is not something to be reproduced, but rather something to be interpreted and recreated, often in a new medium. It is what one theorist calls a reservoir of instructions, diegetic, narrative, and axiological, that the adapter can use or ignore (Gardies 1998: 68–71), for the adapter is an interpreter before becoming a creator. But the creative transposition of an adapted work's story and its heterocosm is subject not only to genre and medium demands, as explored in Chapter 2, but also to the temperament and talent of the adapter—and his or her individual intertexts through which are filtered the materials being adapted. French writer Michel Vinaver calls his own adapting process one of substitution—of his intentions for that of the prior text (1998: 84). When film director Bernardo Bertolucci and screenplay writer Gilbert Adair adapted Adair's novel, *The Holy Innocents* (1988), into the film, *The Dreamers* (2004), the romance's gay sex gave way to straight, as Bertolucci's intentions substituted for those of Adair.

The film and the opera made from Thomas Mann's *Der Tod in Venedig* differ for obvious reasons of medium and genre conventions, but they also differ because they are presented by their creators through what we might call different personal artistic filters. Visconti echoes not only Gustav Mahler's music but also paintings by Monet, Guardi, and Carrà, as well as his own film *Senso* (see Carcaud-Macaire and Clerc 1998: 160), thereby creating a lushly sensual visual and aural

film world. This has an utterly different impact than does the opera's more intellectualized and verbalized account of the Dionysian body's triumph over the Apollonian control of the mind. But the librettist, Myfanwy Piper, had gone back to Mann's text and been influenced, like him, by both Plato and Nietzsche. In addition, Britten's modern, Balinese-inspired music could hardly be more different from the late Romanticism of the *adagietto* from Mahler's Fifth Symphony, which is used repeatedly in the film version.

Films are like operas in that there are many and varied artists involved in the complex process of their creation. Nevertheless, it is evident from both studio press releases and critical response that the director is ultimately held responsible for the overall vision and therefore for the adaptation *as adaptation*. Yet someone else usually writes the screenplay that begins the process; someone else first interprets the adapted text and paraphrases it for a new medium before the director takes on the task of giving this new text embodied life. For this reason, as in a musical in which the composer and the book-writer share authorship (e.g., Rodgers and Hammerstein), in a film the director and the screenwriter share the primary task of adaptation. The other artists involved may be inspired by the adapted text, but their responsibility is more to the screenplay and thus to the film as an autonomous work of art.

Why Adapt?

Given the large number of adaptations in all media today, many artists appear to have chosen to take on this dual responsibility: to adapt another work and to make of it an autonomous creation. Giacomo Puccini and his librettists were expected to do so in their operas; Marius Petipa was lauded for doing so in his ballets. But when filmmakers and their scriptwriters adapt literary works, in particular, we have seen that a profoundly moralistic rhetoric often greets their endeavors. In Robert Stam's vivid terms: "*Infidelity* resonates with overtones of Victorian prudishness; *betrayal* evokes ethical perfidy; *deformation* implies aesthetic disgust; *violation* calls to mind sexual violence; *vulgarization* conjures up class degradation; and *desecration* intimates a kind of religious sacrilege toward the 'sacred word'" (2000: 54). Like Stam and

many others today, I too feel that the time has come to move away from this kind of negative view.

However, there is another even more important question that this use of pejorative terms poses for me: why would anyone willingly enter this moralistic fray and become an adapter? What motivates adapters, knowing that their efforts will be compared to competing imagined versions in people's heads and inevitably be found wanting? Why would they risk censure for monetary opportunism? For example, Jane Campion was attacked for ostensibly giving up her independent feminist and artistic vision to do a traditionally lavish heritage-film adaptation (1996) of Henry James' *Portrait of a Lady* (1881). Like jazz variations, adaptations point to individual creative decisions and actions, yet little of the respect accorded to the jazz improviser is given to most adapters. Need a prospective adapter therefore be a masochist, as well as having all the other qualities said to be ideal: humility, respect, compassion, wit, and a sharp razor (as listed by J.A. Hall 1984: 1 and Sheila Benson in Brady 1994: 2)? In adapting the opera *Aida* for the Broadway stage, Elton John did admit that "the fact that it had already been done by Verdi was playing with fire … . It appealed to my sense of masochism" (qtd. in Witchell 2000: 7).

Over 20 years ago Donald Larsson called for a "*theory* of adaptation based on an accurate history of the motivations and techniques of adaptations" (1982: 69), but few seem to have shared his interest in motivations, except to dismiss them as mercenary and opportunistic. Although the monetary appeal cannot be ignored, perhaps there are a few other attractions.

The Economic Lures

Despite the less moralistic but equally strongly held view among players that a superb computer game cannot be made from an adaptation, videogame adaptations of films proliferate and can be found on many platforms. It is obvious that on one level they are attempts to cash in on the success of certain movies and vice versa, as the popularity on film (2001; 2003) of the *Tomb Raiders* game character, Lara Croft, has shown. However, not all film adaptations of games have had as great commercial or critical success, despite the fact that the same

media corporations (e.g., Sony Corporation) control both film (Sony Pictures) and videogame (PlayStation) producers and distributors. We should remind ourselves that games are not alone in this commercial exploitation: films are often made of Pulitzer Prize-winning books like Alice Walker's 1982 *The Color Purple* (in 1985) or Toni Morrison's 1987 *Beloved* (in 1998) in part because, as one handbook for screenwriters claims, "an adaptation is an *original screenplay* and, as such, is the sole property of the screenwriter" and thus a source of financial gain (Brady 1994: xi; his italics).

From another economic angle, expensive collaborative art forms like operas, musicals, and films are going to look for safe bets with a ready audience—and that usually means adaptations. They are also going to seek ways to expand the audience for their "franchise," of course, though they have not been in the habit of thinking about it in quite those terms. Operas are usually commissioned by an opera company well in advance, but a Broadway musical has to survive in a commercial market. Producers raise money from outside investors, readings and workshops are held, out-of-town tryouts follow, and then there are previews before a paying public (see Lachiusa 2002: 15). Films and television series, likewise, have restricted budgets:

> When you are writing a TV script, it is like sitting in a taxi; the meter is always running, and everything has to be paid for. You can always see the price turning over everywhere you go, or the difficulties of performance and production; that is the art of writing for the medium. But the novel has the meter switched off; you can write what you like, have Buenos Aires, have the moon, have whatever you want. That is part of the wonder of the novel, the wonder of being a novelist. (Bradbury 1994: 101)

With film adaptations, the studio system has meant that there have been close allegiances between investment banking and corporate production from the start (Bluestone 1957/1971: 36): the law of the marketplace is at work for both investors and audiences. The star system and all its attendant glamor may not be enough, however, to guarantee a financial or artistic success: witness Guy Ritchie's unsuccessful 2002 remake of Lina Wertmüller's *Swept Away* (1974) as a vehicle for his wife, Madonna.

What does happen as a result of the particular economic structure of the film world—big money = big stars, and big directors—is that the screenwriter becomes a decidedly secondary or tertiary figure, but so does the often unknown writer of the adapted text. Film option fees for novels are small, because so few works are actually made into films. Well-known writers will make lots of money (often millions), however, because studios realize the name alone will sell the movie (Y'Barbo 1998: 378). By contrast, novelizers of films are considered inferior artists by many: working from a script is not seen as the same as inventing and writing a story from one's imagination. Walter Benjamin's judgment on translators echoes commonly held opinions about adapters: "The intention of the poet is spontaneous, primary, graphic; that of the translator is derivative, ultimate, ideational" (1992: 77).

It is no surprise that economic motivation affects all stages of the adaptation process. As comic artist Cameron Stewart has noted, "A lot of comic books are being made to appeal to Hollywood studios—they're being written and illustrated as a film pitch … . They're writing comic books in anticipation of what can be done on a film budget … as a result you get superhero comics that aren't quite as superhero any more" (Lackner 2004: R5). The entertainment industry is just that: an industry. Comic books become live-action movies, televised cartoons, videogames, and even action toys: "The goal is to have the child watching a Batman video while wearing a Batman cape, eating a fast-food meal with a Batman promotional wrapper, and playing with a Batman toy. The goal is literally to engage all of the child's senses" (Bolter and Grusin 1999: 68). This, of course, may give new meaning to the level of engagement I have been calling participatory.

The Legal Constraints

In considering undertaking an adaptation, adapters may find that the financial attractions are more than balanced in some cases by worries about legality. If it is true that adapters are "raiders"—"they don't copy, they steal what they want and leave the rest" (Abbott 2002: 105)—adaptation may have legal consequences. The unlikely survival of F.W. Murnau's adaptation of Bram Stoker's *Dracula* novel is the result of an interesting combination of money and the law. Because he did not want

to pay royalties to the English, the German director Murnau made changes to the novel's plot, introducing a love story between the vampire and Mina, cutting the character of Van Helsing, and changing how Dracula dies. However, he was also working with limited means in the economically depressed Germany of 1921–22. Stoker's wife, however, still sued for copyright infringement, and copies of the film in England were ordered to be destroyed. Pirated copies made their way to England and the United States anyway, and German copies continued to circulate, but no "original" or copyrighted print of *Nosferatu* exists for this reason (see Hensley 2002; Roth 1979).

Adaptations are not only *spawned by* the capitalist desire for gain; they are also *controlled by* the same in law, for they constitute a threat to the ownership of cultural and intellectual property. This is why contracts attempt to absolve publishers or studios of any legal consequences of an adaptation. The issues of control and self-protection are foremost from the perspective of those with power; at the other end, there is little of either. As screenwriter Baker puts it:

> The contract lets you know where you the writer stand in brutally frank legal language. You can be fired at any time. You are powerless and for the most part anonymous, unless you also happen to direct, produce, and/or act. Your credit can be taken away from you. Once your work is bought, it's like a house you've designed and sold. The new owners can do whatever they want to it, add mock-Tudor beams, Disneyland castle turrets, plastic fountains, pink flamingoes, garden gnomes, things that satisfy desires and contingencies that have nothing at all to do with you and your original intent for your material. (1997: 15)

There is clearly more than one reason why an adaptation is called, by law, a "derivative" work.

What does the law protect when it comes to adaptations? In U.S. law, literary copyright infringement standards really only cover the literal copying of words, as proved by the unsuccessful suits by the novelists upon whose novels were based such films as *Driving Miss Daisy* (1989) and *Groundhog Day* (1993). A group of dancers and martial artists lost their suit against the makers of the *Mortal Kombat* and *Mortal Kombat II* videogames, even though the company had videotaped their

performances and then digitized them for the games' arcade and home video versions. It seems that "substantial similarity" is harder to prove in court than one might think. In the case of a novel adapted to film, the courts study the plot, mood, characters and character development, pace, setting, and sequence of events, but because so much has to be cut from a novel and because so many adapting agents are involved in a collaboratively produced film, the adaptation is rarely ever close enough to warrant prosecution (see Y'Barbo 1998: 368–69). However, if a novelist can argue financial damage through unauthorized or unremunerated appropriation, there is some hope. But on the contrary, often a film version boosts sales of the novel, as publishers know. They even release new editions with photos from the film on the cover. This economic/legal complicity operates in other art forms as well. The 1990's techno adaptation of the "O Fortuna" chorus of Carl Orff's 1936 *Carmina Burana* by the Italian group FCB (called "Excalibur") raised the sales of the Orff recordings considerably (see Hutchings 1997: 391); no legal action was taken.

Parodies have legal access to an additional argument that adaptations cannot really invoke *as adaptations*: the right to comment critically on a prior work. This right was invoked by the publisher of Alice Randall's *The Wind Done Gone* (2000) when sued by the Margaret Mitchell estate for copyright infringement of *Gone with the Wind* (1936). The publisher argued that telling the story of Rhett and Scarlett from the point of view of a mixed-race slave constituted a critical commentary and not illegal copying.

From the perspective of the law, straightforward adaptation is closer to the work of postmodern appropriation artists like Hans Haacke and Sherrie Levine, who take the work of others and "re-function" it either by title changes or recontextualizing. But is this really any different from Claude Monet or Andy Warhol or Pablo Picasso appropriating images from other artists? The law today suggests it might be. In a famous case, Jeff Koons' "String of Puppies" adapted a black-and-white photograph entitled "Puppies" by Art Rogers from a heartwarming note card into the form of a three-dimensional wooden painted sculpture that was similar to, but thanks to considerable irony, different from Rogers' image. In the process Koons made these changes: the people

have a distinctly vacant look and have flowers in their hair, and the puppies are blue. And, of course, he showed this piece in the context of his *Banality* series. Not having asked permission to do the adaptation, Koons was sued and used as his defense the parodic argument based on appropriation with "critical purpose" through the concept of "fair use." The court proceedings (see Inde 1998) kept the art as well as the legal world buzzing for years, as the decision favored first one side and then the other (see *Rogers v. Koons*, 960 F.2d 301, 307 [2d Cir.], *cert. denied*, 506 U.S. 934, 121 L. Ed. 2d 278, 113 S. Ct. 365 [1992]).

When it comes to theme parks or even digital media, the law is ever vigilant about ownership: do not try to adapt anything from the Disney domain without permission. On the other hand, there are some companies that allow players to expand their videogames on their own (the first was *Doom* in 1993) and share their new constructions with others through a common library (e.g., *Sims* [2001]). As Lev Manovich shows in "Who Is the Author?" the Open Source model allows infinite modification of a software code because everyone is licensed to change the original. This model clearly offers a new legal model as well, as does the recent development of "Copyleftmedia" and Larry Lessig's *Creative Commons* project in which artists can choose a license that allows them to share their works and others to draw upon a shared artistic community or "commons."

Cultural Capital

There are still other motives for adaptation, however. Given the perceived hierarchy of the arts and therefore media examined in Chapter 1, one way to gain respectability or increase cultural capital is for an adaptation to be upwardly mobile. Film historians argue that this motivation explains the many early cinematic adaptations of Dante and Shakespeare. Today's television adaptations of British eighteenth- and nineteenth-century novels may also want to benefit from their adapted works' cultural cachet. Similarly, in a sort of reverse form of cultural accreditation, classical music performers sometimes aspire to become popular entertainers: Joshua Rifkin's *Baroque Beatles Book* rearranges the famous group's songs for baroque orchestra, including a cantata version of "Help" (see Gendron 2002: 172–73). Related to this desire

to shift cultural level is the pedagogical impulse behind much literary adaptation to both film and television. One of the largest markets for these works includes students of literature and their teachers, keen to appeal to the cinematic imaginations of those they teach. Check out the Web sites for just about any film or even stage adaptation that has educational "pretensions" today: there is now a secondary educational industry devoted to helping students and teachers "make the most" of the adaptations.

The existence of the Hollywood Production Code from the 1930s until the 1960s offers a different kind of argument regarding adaptations, cultural capital, and specifically mass audience reception. Even an adaptation of something as classic as *Anna Karenina* would have been suspect under the code's regulations because of its sexual content: seduction, corruption, and illicit love. "A basic premise of the code was that Hollywood did not have the same kind of freedom accorded book authors and Broadway playwrights to produce artistic works. Reformers feared that screening the 'modernism' that pervaded contemporary literature [through adapting it] would be far more corruptive on the mass audience of moviegoers than it was on 'readers'" (Black 1994: 84). Although adaptation remained common nonetheless, the choice of adapted works was more limited.

Personal and Political Motives

It is obvious that adapters must have their own personal reasons for deciding first to do an adaptation and then choosing which adapted work and what medium to do it in. They not only interpret that work but in so doing they also take a position on it. For instance, David Edgar's stage adaptation of Charles Dickens' *Nicholas Nickleby* (1838–39) for the Royal Shakespeare Company in 1980 has been called "a play about Dickens that critiqued his form of social morality, rather than a straight dramatization of the novel" (Innis 1993: 71). Some critics go so far as to insist that a "truly artistic" adaptation absolutely *must* "subvert its original, perform a double and paradoxical job of masking and unveiling its source" (Cohen 1977: 255). In contrast, Merchant/Ivory film adaptations of the novels of E.M. Forster, for example, are intended and received as almost reverential treatments. Sometimes homage is all

that is possible—or allowed. In 2005, RTE, Channel 4, Tyrone Productions, and the Irish Film Board sponsored 19 short film adaptations of the work of Samuel Beckett by directors either experienced with or influenced by the playwright. But in the name of fidelity, the Beckett estate would allow no changes to the texts whatsoever.

Some song covers are openly meant as tributes: Holly Cole's *Temptation* is a homage to Tom Waits. Others are meant to critique, however: when a female singer like Tori Amos covers male misogynist songs, the new vocal angle subverts the adapted works' sexist ideology: "'97 Bonnie & Clyde" is a cover of Eminem's song in which a man sings to his child that the two of them (no stepfather, no brothers) are going to the beach, where, we soon learn, he is about to dump the body of her murdered mother. These words are terrifying enough when sung by a male with the cooing of Eminem's little girl's voice sampled in, but when the very same words are sung by the mother, in a baby voice, to the daughter, they become a fiercely condemnatory quoting of the father. In a further adaptation, the daughter of this horror, as a young woman, then sings "Strange Little Girl" by the Stranglers (see Amos and Powers 2005: 288).

There are all kinds of reasons for wanting to adapt, in short. Adaptations of Shakespeare, in particular, may be intended as tributes or as a way to supplant canonical cultural authority. As Marjorie Garber has remarked, Shakespeare is for many adapters "a monument to be toppled" (1987: 7). As proof, witness the screenplay credits of director Franco Zeffirelli's 1966 film version of *The Taming of the Shrew*: "Paul Dehn, Suso Cecchi D'Amico, and Franco Zeffirelli, with acknowledgements to William Shakespeare, without whom they would have been at a loss for words." However, it was not only the Bard who was meant to be ironically displaced here, but also the earlier Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks film of the play. Hence the casting of the very marketable (at the time) pair, Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. In a more subdued vein, Gus Van Sant's 1991 *My Own Private Idaho* has the credit, "Additional dialogue by William Shakespeare." Other adapters prove to have even bolder intentions, however. Rainer Werner Fassbinder's cinematic adaptation of Jean Genet's *Querelle de Brest* (1947) as *Querelle* (1982) was meant by its adapter to be "an

unequivocal and single-minded questioning of the piece of literature and its language" (Fassbinder 1992: 168).

An adaptation can obviously be used to engage in a larger social or cultural critique. It can even be used to avoid it, of course: the attempt to sidestep imperialist politics in the 2002 version of A.E.W. Mason's oft-filmed 1902 novel, *The Four Feathers*, by director Shekhar Kapur and scriptwriters Hossein Amini and Michael Schaffer, is, however, much less common these days than are more direct forms of political engagement. Sally Potter's ideological motivation for doing a film version of Virginia Woolf's *Orlando*, as articulated in the introduction to the published screenplay, is different from Woolf's feminist aim, but equally political: Potter wanted to adapt—and therefore inevitably to alter—the text not only to tell a story she loved but also to permit "a more biting and satirical view of the English class system and the colonial attitudes arising from it" (Potter 1994: xi). Postcolonial dramatists and anti-war television producers have likewise used adaptations to articulate their political positions. This kind of political and historical intentionality is now of great interest in academic circles, despite a half-century of critical dismissal of the relevance of artistic intention to interpretation by formalists, New Critics, structuralists, and poststructuralists alike. What still remain suspect are other kinds of more personal and thus idiosyncratic motivations, despite the increased focus on individual agency in feminist, postcolonial, ethnic, and queer studies. Yet a handbook for screenwriters can confidently assert: "If the adapter is not significantly and measurably moved by the novel, for whatever reason, the play will suffer accordingly" (Brady 1994: 10).

Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein read, were moved by, and then adapted C.Y. Lee's 1957 novel, *The Flower Drum Song*, as a stage musical (1958) and then as a film (1961). The creators' stated progressive, liberal intentions did not prevent their representations of Chinese characters from looking patronizing and inauthentic to writer David Henry Hwang 40 years later. Hwang claimed that he was provoked into writing his own adaptation both by his own "guilty pleasure" (2002: 1) as a young man, enjoying the film because it presented a rarely seen love story between an Asian man and woman, and also by the changes he saw in the cultural issues facing Chinese Americans in the ensuing

decades (a shift from intergenerational conflict to assimilation). He kept the general story-line and most of the characters, jettisoned the text, respectfully retained the score, and claimed to return to and thus be "faithful" to the "spirit" of Lee's book. All this information seems to me to be of both interest and importance to our understanding of why and how an adaptation comes into being. Yet in literary studies, this dimension of response has been sidelined. However, adapters' deeply personal as well as culturally and historically conditioned reasons for selecting a certain work to adapt and the particular way to do so should be considered seriously by adaptation theory, even if this means rethinking the role of intentionality in our critical thinking about art in general.

The next section traces the changes in one particular narrative through a series of media and genres as one way to explore precisely all of these economic, legal, cultural, political, and personal complexities of motivation and intention in the process of adaptation. If I may myself adapt a theory from the work done on editing, adaptations are what have been called "fluid texts" that exist in more than one version; they are the "material evidence of *shifting* intentions" (Bryant 2002: 9; his italics). As such, they suggest the need to adopt a form of historical analysis that can accommodate "creative process and the forces that drive textual fluidity" (11).

Learning from Practice

I begin, therefore, with the "why?" question: Why would a whole series of very different twentieth-century European artists all choose to adapt one particular historical narrative: that of 16 Carmelite nuns from Compiègne, France, who faced the guillotine in 1794, just 10 days before the end of the Reign of Terror that followed the French Revolution? On the surface, this is hardly a modernist theme; it does not immediately appear to address anything very obvious in the twentieth-century *zeitgeist*—or at least not in the way that Oscar Wilde's *Salomé* captured the 1890's fearful fascination with the *femme fatale* or Richard Strauss' operatic adaptation of it a few years later translated the *femme fatale* into the terms of the new century, with its obsession with what Freud and Breuer had just labeled as hysteria. In contrast, this is a story

about 16 Catholic martyrs who went to the scaffold singing hymns, thereby silencing the mob's heckling by their music and their bravery. As a narrative, their story is certainly interesting, but not so obviously compelling or historically relevant as to have warranted being told and retold in the forms of the novella, film, stage play, and opera over a 30-year period of time.

In the historical account, the Carmelites of Compiègne were forced out of their convent in 1792, after the National Assembly confiscated all ecclesiastical goods and property and first urged and then forced all religious orders to give up what it called their superstition and return to the secular world. The nuns, who had continued to meet in secret to pray as a community, agreed to an act of consecration of their lives for their faith, as suggested by their Prioress, Madame Lidoine. This act, which they repeated daily, later became known as their vow of martyrdom. In June 1794, the nuns were arrested, appeared before the Tribunal, and were sentenced to death as "fanatics"—that is, as religious women, guilty of organizing "counter-revolutionary consultations and assemblies" (Gendre 1999: 277; see also Bush 1999: 201–13; S.M. Murray 1963: 62–65). Radiating joyous anticipation of martyrdom, they mounted the scaffold singing the "Veni Creator" hymn and renewed their vows. The youngest, Sister Constance, went first and Prioress Lidoine last. Constance began singing the "Laudate Dominum omnes gentes" psalm, and as the guillotine literally cut off her voice, the others took up the melody and continued it. The nuns' bodies were thrown into the common pit at Picpus Cemetery; 10 days later the Great Terror ended, as if, some said, in response to the martyrdom of the nuns who had explicitly offered their deaths for their country and their faith. We know all this from the testimony of one sister who survived, Marie de l'Incarnation, who was not with the others in Compiègne, but was in Paris when the arrests occurred. In fear, she then fled to eastern France and much later became the first of the story's many tellers (see Bruno de Jésus-Marie, and Bush's translation and edition of Marie de l'Incarnation).

The Carmelites' story was adapted in 1931 by a young German convert to Catholicism, the Baroness Gertrud von le Fort, who claimed to have discovered it first in a footnote to a religious text she was reading

(S.M. Murray 1963: 66). However, the story was well known in Catholic circles and indeed had come to form part of the mythology around the Revolution and especially the end of the Reign of Terror. This historical account became the frame for the Baroness' story of a fictional character named Blanche de la Force, a pathologically fearful young woman who joins the Carmelite order out of both a religious vocation and a generalized terror of both life and especially death. In the novella, called *Die Letzte am Schafott* (literally, *The Last on the Scaffold*), the writer later claimed that she had wanted to explore two matters: as her eponymous choice of surname for her character suggests, her own fears that her new-found faith would never be up to the kind of test demanded of the nuns and her terror about the rise of totalitarianism in her native country (see Gendre 1994: 283; S.M. Murray 1963: 61; Neuschaffer 1954–55: 35; O'Boyle 1964: 57). Yet history was not simply the backdrop for the story of the fearful young Blanche, as some have suggested (Bush 1999: xv). Instead, it offered the structural, intellectual, and spiritual skeleton on which le Fort could hang Blanche's existential terror. Through it she also could make the link to the (capital T) Terror and thus give historical resonance to an individual psychological response.

Die Letzte am Schafott, later translated into English as *The Song at the Scaffold*, is an epistolary novella, narrated in large part by M. de Villeroi, a French aristocrat who survived the Terror. Haunted by the excesses of the Revolution, he tries to find meaning in the horror of the past. He knows Blanche and her milieu well and so is particularly well positioned to recount her fate with sympathy. He tells of how, outside the convent, which Blanche has entered as a refuge, the forces of Revolution gather and gradually triumph, but inside she feels safe. However, as in the historical account, the nuns are soon cast out of their home, though not before they take a much more dramatic single (not daily repeated) vow of martyrdom; they are urged on this time not by their new Prioress, Madame Lidoine, who is instead absent from the convent at the time, but by Marie de l'Incarnation. In this version Marie is presented as a foil for the frightened Blanche: a natural daughter of a French aristocrat, she is noble in bearing as well as birth, brave, and

resolute—a woman much admired by the narrator, and, one senses, by the author herself.

In this novella, Blanche flees the convent after claiming that she too will take the vow. The sisters are arrested in Compiègne while Marie is in Paris, in part to look for Blanche. Despite being the instigator of the vow, Marie is ordered by her spiritual leader not to go back and thus sacrifice herself, but to live on. She witnesses the death of the martyrs, as does the narrator who hears the nuns begin the "Salve Regina"—a hymn sung when a nun is dying—and then the "Veni Creator"; as each woman dies, the sound of the singing becomes quieter. Suddenly, when only one voice is left (that of the oldest nun), Blanche appears and takes up the song. Pale but totally fearless, she sings the rest of the hymn before the mob of women kill her on the spot. The narrator continues the story past this climax though, ending it with the future of Marie, who would write up the nuns' history.

Blanche, however, is the real focus of the story, and Baroness von le Fort later made clear that this character had both personal and political significance for her:

> She never lived in the historical sense, but she took the breath of her trembling being exclusively from my own inner self and she will never be able to be freed from this, her origin. Born out of the deepest horror of a time that in Germany would be overshadowed by the anticipatory forebodings of the history to come, this figure stood before me as the "incarnation of the death anguish of an entire epoch going to its end" (Baroness Gertrud Von Le Fort 1956: 93, my translation).

In the mid-1940s, this version of the tale was adapted by Father Raymond Bruckberger, a "young, ardent, and attractive Dominican" priest who had fought in World War II, had been among the first to rally to the side of Charles de Gaulle, and had been principal chaplain to the Resistance (Speaight 1973: 261). Also seeing the nuns' fate and especially their bravery as allegorical, but this time, of the French Resistance, he wrote a film scenario with the aid of Philippe Agostini. This version of the narrative suppresses much, including the narrator, and changes the emphasis, in part driven by the aesthetic exigencies of the new medium. Because it is intended for the cinema, the scenario

is more visual and dramatic; it is based on action, not religious discussion, and reveals a desire for direct camera presentation, rather than narration. For what appear to be complicated interpersonal reasons, there is no copy of this scenario in the public domain, so I rely here on citations and outlines in S.M. Murray (1963: 43–92) and Gendre (1994: 284–86).

Father Bruckberger later claimed to have been attracted to the elements of what he saw as a great classical tragedy in the novella; specifically, he was attracted to what he called the insurmountable conflict between two universes and two irreconcilable mysticisms, that of Carmel and that of the Revolution (1980: 421–22). Nevertheless, when he came to write the scenario, it was the possibilities of spectacular action—and not mysticism—that really attracted him as a potential filmmaker, especially in presenting the scenes of the French Revolution. He cut what he felt were extraneous characters and scenes and freely invented others. But he too kept the focus always on Blanche, who was almost constantly on camera, and thus on her fear of death.

To this end, he made much of a scene that had taken up about ten lines in the novella and actually never took place: the deathbed of the first Prioress, Madame de Croissy. In actual fact, this nun died on the scaffold with the others; in the novella, she is said to be ill when Blanche joins the order and is reputed to be afraid of dying. For this reason she feels a certain sympathy for the always frightened Blanche. Soon after Blanche's arrival in the convent, the Prioress dies a painful death. Blanche, hearing her dying groans, is dismayed that God could let such a holy woman suffer so much. Understandably, the scenario writers could not resist the drama of this scene in their description: the doctor's hurried steps are heard in the hall, the dying woman's cries pierce the silence of the cloister, and Blanche stares at the closed infirmary door with great disquiet. Blanche is summoned to the Prioress' deathbed, but does not understand the confession of her spiritual leader's anguish that she hears. The other nuns are then called in; the Prioress kneels, says farewell and asks them to pray for her, as she humbly admits her fear of death and begs their pardon. This deathbed scene, as we shall see, is the one that changes most in subsequent adaptations.

Looking for someone to write the dialogues for this scenario, in 1947 Bruckberger and Agostini approached first the existentialist novelist, Albert Camus, who reminded them that he himself was not a believer, but suggested that they invite Georges Bernanos to be what in France is called the "dialoguiste" (see Vincendeau 2001: xi). This conservative Catholic writer had returned to France two years before, in 1945, after spending the war years in voluntary exile in Brazil (Béguin 1958: 127; Bush 1985: 2; Gendre 1994: 35). Bernanos was a most appropriate, indeed brilliant, suggestion. Not only was the theme of the story, as developed by both the novella and the scenario, totally consonant with that of his own novels, but Bruckberger had, in fact, himself given Bernanos a copy of the French translation of the novella in 1937 and the novelist had taken it with him to Brazil where he had reread it often (Kestner 1981: 14). But at the moment he was approached to write the film dialogues, the fiercely French, fiercely Royalist, and fiercely political Bernanos was fiercely depressed. Disappointed with the Fourth Republic and the technocratic and materialist society that he felt postwar France had become, he moved to North Africa in disgust. Even more significantly, however, at this moment in 1947, he knew that he was seriously ill—in fact, he was dying from cancer. For details on Bernanos' well-documented reaction to his illness, see Bush (1985: 2), Speaight (1973: 213–47), Béguin (1958: 93–94), S.M. Murray (1963: 17–19), Albouy (1980: 220–30), and Leclerc (1982: 109–71).

The dialogues that Bernanos agreed to write for the film scenario constitute in themselves an adaptation; that is, an appropriation of the story that results in a radically different work. Though of a deeply political and even polemical disposition, he personalizes the story, transforming the political allegory of the film scenario into an interior journey that is both spiritual and psychological, working out through the text his own fear of his coming death and his hopes for religious salvation (Bush 1988: 17).

Bernanos died just after finishing the dialogues; the film's producer decided that the script was unusable for the cinema because it was too long and did not have enough action (O'Boyle 1964: 58). The film, called (in the singular) *Dialogue des Carmélites* was finally made in 1960, but from a decidedly different script that used fewer than half

of Bernanos' lines. Albert Béguin, Bernanos' literary executor, found the original manuscript in a trunk after his death and edited it with an eye to publication as a stage play, which he in turn called *Dialogues des Carmélites* (in the plural). The play was published in 1949 and first performed in 1951. Clearly, yet another adapter had come forward, for editors can become adapters if they intervene in a major way, as occurred here; Béguin divided the work into acts, moved dialogue around, added historical decrees and hymns, and summarized mute scenes (Gendre 1999: 286–87; S.M. Murray 1963: 24–42, 125).

Bernanos' own changes to the death scenes in the scenario, however, are revealing in both personal and aesthetic terms. Less interested in external action than in the spiritual and psychological drama of the deathbed, he first makes the ailing Prioress his own age (59) and then calls attention to this added detail by having Blanche's young friend, the novice Constance, comment that, after all, at that age it is about time for one to die. Bernanos also gives to the Prioress a well-documented trait of his own spiritual and psychological makeup: he has her admit that she has meditated on death every hour of her life (Bernanos 1949: 43; see also S.M. Murray 1963: 129). Bernanos' letters and journals, not to mention his novels, are testimony to his life-long obsession with death and to his terror at its always seemingly imminent arrival. His obsession with death is clear from the memories of his friends (see Boly 1960: 15), but his own letters are also painfully explicit (see Béguin 1958: 31).

On her deathbed, Bernanos' Prioress, in great physical pain and equally great psychological and spiritual distress, scandalizes Marie de l'Incarnation by telling her that she feels abandoned by God. She then has a horrific vision of the persecution and destruction of her order. In this version of the story, only Blanche is then called to her side, and it is from her alone that the dying woman begs pardon for her fear. Her face disfigured with pain and despair, the Prioress dies a terrible death, one totally unsuited to her, as Constance later notes, asking whether God made an error in assigning this horrific death to this holy woman. Bernanos then puts in Constance's mouth the words that would mark his greatest thematic change in his adaptation of both the scenario and the novella: the words that express his personal extension of the Catholic

doctrine of the Communion of Saints. The logical conclusion of this doctrine, as Father Owen Lee has explained, is the idea that because the Prioress died such a hard death, someone else would have an easy one (1998: 177). In Constance's words: "On ne meurt pas chacun pour soi, mais les uns pour les autres, ou même à la place des autres, qui sait?" (57): "One doesn't die each for oneself, but each for the others, or even one in the place of another, who knows?" The meaning of these words is not clear until the final scene of the play. In that scene, Blanche steps out of the crowd, showing no fear, and goes serenely to her death on the scaffold. Blanche dies easily because she dies the death the Prioress deserved—and gave up for her.

That long and harrowing scene of the holy nun's death has been interpreted as Bernanos' means of coming to terms with his own death and with his fear of physical pain and spiritual desolation. Similarly, the representation of the death of Blanche, in full dignity and without fear for the first time, has been read as his wish-fulfilling projection of his own end. How can such a leap be justified from the textual traces? For one thing, this idea of a mystic exchange of deaths was purely Bernanos' addition. Bernanos scholars, in fact, are insistent that, despite the "debt" to the novella and the scenario, this is a purely Bernanosian text, shot through with all the themes of his entire oeuvre (Aaraas 1988–89: 16; Gendre 1994: 287–88; see also Hell 1978: 244). And they are not wrong, even if their insistence belies a post-Romantic need to assert precedence at all cost. No mere adapter, they suggest, Bernanos is a real creator. French writer Julien Green, called in at one point by the legal authorities to try to sort out the disputes about who "owned" this story, decreed that the invention and the creation of the principal characters belong to the Baroness, but that Bernanos interpreted the tale in his own manner. Because the task of making the characters come alive fell to him, in the arbiter's eyes, he remained the principal author. As Green put it, Bernanos took the scenario and made of it, very legitimately and as one might have expected, pure "Bernanos" (S.M. Murray 1963: 105–6). There is certainly little doubt that his version of the Carmelites' story was very different from what even Father Bruckberger had in mind.

It was Béguin's edition of Bernanos' stage play that the French composer Francis Poulenc saw in Paris, and it moved him deeply. But it was Guido Valcarenghi, of the publishing house of Ricordi, who suggested in 1953 that Poulenc write an opera based on the play. The composer's initial hesitation was based on the fact that there was no love story, and this was to be an opera after all. Poulenc's reluctance was overcome by a feeling that the text was perfect for him as a composer: the rhythm of the language seemed to fit his musical imagination (Poulenc 1954: 213). To most of his friends and acquaintances, however, this religious story would not have seemed at all like ideal Poulenc material. A fashionable and worldly man-about-town, Poulenc had been a member of the irreverent group of young French composers known as "Les Six" and was better known for composing profane than sacred music (see Ivry 1996: 12–34, 110–11). Yet, in 1926, after experiencing a reawakening of his Catholic faith, he composed his *Litanies à la Vierge noire*, in honor of the famous black Virgin whose statue is kept at Rocamadour in France, where he had gone on a pilgrimage after the sudden death of a friend and rival, Pierre-Octave Ferroud (Gagnebin 1987: 33; Ivry 1996: 91–113). From then on, Poulenc would compose both sacred and secular music, often turning to religious themes to commemorate the deaths of friends and acquaintances (Ivry 1996: 162).

According to the ample evidence of his letters, Poulenc's composing of the opera of *Dialogues des Carmélites* was entirely tied up with his hypochondria and nervous collapse caused by his failing relationship with his lover, Lucien Roubert. He came to suspect that he actually needed this anguished emotional climate in order to compose the opera (see his letters to Henri Hell, 14 February 1954 [Poulenc 1991: 216] and to Rose Dercourt-Plaut, 25 December 1955 [237]). But even more important is the fact that just as Poulenc had begun his work on the adaptation with Roubert by his side in 1953, so he wrote the music of the nuns' demise as Roubert met his end, dying of lung disease, with Poulenc by his side in 1955. The mystical exchange of deaths that Bernanos invented was *lived* by Poulenc, or so he believed, writing to a friend that he was haunted by the idea that Roubert had died for him (1991: 232).

However, aesthetic concerns also played their part in this adaptation, along with these intensely personal ones. The shift in medium from play to opera involved making serious cuts to the Bernanos text and therefore to the nuns' story. Despite his rededication to Catholicism, Poulenc chose to cut the play's religious debates, as well as all the class issues raised by the French Revolution. The resulting adaptation process made this into a spare story of individual choice in the face of human mortality. But after all, it was written in existentialist Paris in the 1950s and by a composer caring for a dying lover (Gendre 1994: 73; Ivry 1996: 75–78).

Not surprisingly, then, in the operatic version of the story, the death of the Prioress is the climax of Act I. Poulenc adds powerful music to Bernanos' moving drama, but deliberately keeps the text in the foreground of his audience's attention by very thin scoring, so that every word could be heard and understood (Poulenc 1991: 206). Singer Régine Crespin, who premiered the role of the Prioress at the Metropolitan Opera in 1977, called this a naked death, one experienced in total fear of both the spiritual void and the physical reality of pain. It is a death, she said, that forced her to come to terms with her own mortality (n.d.: 107). It is at one and the same time a normal human death, an extraordinarily intense one, and, for this woman, an utterly inappropriate one. Deathbed scenes are not usually this realistic in opera: they are most often aestheticized and even sanitized (see Hutcheon and Hutcheon 1996: 43–47, 56–57). This death, on the contrary, is horrifically endured, and the Prioress is instructed to sing her part in a very rough manner; the composer even notates her death rattle in the score. The text's words, the bodily sounds of pain, and the stage action as she repeatedly falls back, exhausted, onto her pillow all come together to offer a scene of horror that is intensified by dissonances in the music; that is, by the audible evidence of suffering and, especially, terror. But Poulenc too saw the theme of fear balanced and countered by the theme of the transfer of grace in the exchange of deaths (1954: 213). Perhaps due to this potent (because it is contradictory) combination, the ending of the opera is considerably more moving, in my experience, than that of any of the other versions. Its horrible and haunting

power answers that of the Prioress' deathbed scene, just as Blanche's death itself is redeemed by that earlier one.

At the opera's end, beneath the strident funeral march heard as the nuns descend from the carts to approach the scaffold, the musical motif associated with the Prioress' death is heard again, but it is in turn gradually dominated by the nuns' singing of the "Salve Regina" hymn. One after another, the Carmelites march to the guillotine. The sharp and discomfiting sound of the guillotine blade slashes through the music, but each time it does, the defiant nuns sing even louder. Soon, however, the number of voices heard is reduced to a single one, that of Constance, and in the music, that death motif is now suppressed. The scene is now set, both musically and dramatically, for the mystical exchange of deaths: Blanche steps out of the crowd, and as the stage directions announce, her face is free from every vestige of fear. Constance beams and goes happily to her death, as the guillotine silences forever the Prioress' death motif. A "luminous theme" (Lee 1998: 177) associated with the workings of grace in the opera enters the music. Blanche does not finish the "Salve Regina" hymn that Constance had been singing, as might be expected, but in her new solitary strength, she approaches the scaffold singing slowly the last stanza of "Veni Creator"—a song of glory to God, affirming both her life after death and the significance of the nuns' sacrifice in the context of the Communion of Saints. Then the guillotine cuts off her voice as well; silence ensues. The music of the opera as a whole may have been deliberately scored thinly, but in the final moments, Poulenc uses large and lavish orchestral forces to bring home the emotional message of both Blanche's existential choice to die and her redemption in and through death—the death of the Prioress.

Intentionality in Adaptations

The story of these eighteenth-century Carmelite martyrs—an unlikely narrative for an opera of any period, much less the twentieth century—was actually equally unlikely as the adapted subject of a modern novella, film, or play. Or rather, plays in the plural, for there was another (not very successful) one in 1949 by the American Catholic playwright Emmet Lavery, who managed to get the copyright for all dramatized versions, thus almost scuttling both the Bernanos play

and the Poulenc opera. In the final wording of the legal agreement, the "authorship" of *Dialogues des Carmélites* is therefore articulated in this bizarrely presented way: "*Les Dialogues des Carmélites* / Opera in three acts and twelve scenes / Based on the text of the play by Georges BERNA- / NOS, inspired by the novella of Gertrud Von Le / Fort and a scenario by Philippe Agostini and of the R.V. [*sic*] Bruckberger, / transposed into an Opera with the authorization of Monsieur Emmet LAVERY" (qtd. in Gendre 1999: 304).

Though tortured, this listing amply demonstrates Millicent Marcus' contention that the adaptive process is a total of the encounters among institutional cultures, signifying systems, and personal motivations (the adapter's "professional agenda at the time of production" [1993: x]). This particular story obviously resonated in complex ways for its various adapters. The motives for choosing the story in each case were also intensely private. The reasons for interpreting it as either a political allegory or a tale of spiritual and psychological redemption were deeply embedded in the individual histories of the adapters, as well as in the political moments in which they were writing. The specific aesthetic form each adaptation took also depended upon the particular abilities and interests of the new creators.

Yet, in academic literary circles, we stopped talking about these dimensions of the creative process some time in the twentieth century. In fact, the very idea of dealing with the creative process began to sound dated in North America shortly after W.K. Wimsatt and Monroe Beardsley's 1946 condemnation of the "intentional fallacy." A few decades later, Roland Barthes effectively entombed intentionality in his famous essay, "The Death of the Author," and Michel Foucault danced on its grave when he shifted critical attention to the anonymity of discourse, making the position of the "author," in his terms, "a particular, vacant space that may in fact be filled by different individuals" (1972: 96).

As H.L. Hix reminds us, in the wittily entitled *Morte d'Author*, Barthes' statement was less an obituary than "the vehicle of a metaphor whose tenor is, roughly, that there is no transcendent figure at the origin of the text's meaning" (1990: 3). What both the New Critics and the poststructuralists alike were protesting, in their very different ways, was having recourse to authorial intent as the *sole* arbiter and guarantee

of the meaning and value of a work of art. No one denies that creative artists have intentions; the disagreements have been over how those intentions should be deployed in the interpretation of meaning and the assignment of value. But it has been suggested that much of this debate has really been about critical fashion and academic or cultural politics: in 1990 Annabel Patterson argued that "much of the anti-intentionalism of the past four decades had its origins in local circumstances, in response to change in the cultural environment, and from the force of professional self-interest in the self-propagation of Modernism in the arts and of literary criticism as a professional discipline" (1990: 146). The New Critics broke with the Great Men theory of literature wherein literature's value "lies chiefly in allowing us intimate access to their souls" (Eagleton 1996: 41). Intentions, even if recoverable, therefore, were deemed irrelevant to interpretation. Even the phenomenologically oriented critics of the Geneva school resolutely turned away from biography to trace the registering of human consciousness in the text itself. In focusing primarily on the textual dimension, of course, it is the *critic* who has authority, not the author or the adapter.

The examination of the different versions of the nuns' tale, however, suggests that the political, aesthetic, and autobiographical intentions of the various adapters are potentially relevant to the audience's interpretation. They are often recoverable, and their traces are visible in the text. The political dimension—in, for instance, feminist, queer, postcolonial, race, or ethnic studies—has been rescued. But the general injunction against the personal and aesthetic dimensions of intentionality still holds for the other aspects of the creative process, except in overt genres like confession, autobiography, or *testimonio*. In what some call our "posthumanist" times, with our suspicions of and challenges to notions of coherent subjectivity, what I am proposing may at first appear to be a step backward in theoretical-historical terms. But adaptation teaches that if we cannot talk about the creative process, we cannot fully understand the urge to adapt and therefore perhaps the very process of adaptation. We need to know "why."

In the law, intention or motive determines such factors as the degree of a murder charge (first, second) or the very existence of a libel case. In the arts, by analogy, intention determines matters like why an artist

chooses to adapt a work and how it is to be done. Nevertheless, attention even to this kind of intent is in effect outlawed, for, it has been argued, considering the artist's life or intentions reduces literature to autobiography and reading to voyeurism. Yet it is arguably no easier to separate the creating agent from the creative act than it is to separate the ethical agent from the ethical act (Hix 1990: 81). *Auteurist* film critics, musicologists, and art historians usually see little problem with rooting the authority of meaning and value, not to mention motive, in artists' personal desires and creative needs, as well as in their conscious relations to the dominant artistic conventions of their age. Not so for literary critics, as R.W. Stallman's early articulation of the anathema against intentionalism makes clear: "Irrelevant to the objective status of the work of art are criteria which dissolve the work back into the historical or psychological or creative process from which it came" (qtd. in A. Patterson 1990: 140). In recent years, the historical along with the political has been rescued, with the help of New Historicist, feminist, Marxist, and postcolonial theory, and the Lacanians and trauma theorists have redeemed the psychological. However, the creative process itself in all its dimensions is still taboo or at least still out of critical fashion, considered too belletristic, journalistic, or simply Romantic.

Nevertheless, as we have seen with the adaptations of the Carmelites' story, adapters usually feel some "equivalence of sensibilities or form" (Schmidgall 1977: 6) or some "particular affinity with the artistic temperament or preoccupations" (Sinyard 2000: 147) of the creator of the work they decide to adapt; they then choose a particular medium in which to express that coincidence of concern. Of course, the result may not be as extreme as director David Cronenberg's description of his film adaptation of J.G. Ballard's *Crash* as "a lovely fusion of me and Ballard. We're so amazingly in synch" (Cronenberg 1996: vii). But some connection needs to exist. In the act of adapting, choices are made based on many factors, as we have seen, including genre or medium conventions, political engagement, and personal as well as public history. These decisions are made in a creative as well as an interpretive context that is ideological, social, historical, cultural, personal, and aesthetic. And that context is made accessible to us later in two ways. First, the text bears the marks of these choices, marks that betray the

assumptions of the creator—at the very least insofar as those assumptions can be inferred from the text. To return to my example, because the different versions of the Carmelites' story vary more than generic requirements or historical circumstances can explain, the variations function as indicators of the adapter's "voice," what James Phelan calls the "fusion of style, tone, and values" signaled not only by words but also by structural means (1996: 45). Second, and more obvious, is the fact that extratextual statements of intent and motive often do exist to round out our sense of the context of creation. Of course, these statements can and must be confronted with the actual textual results: as many have rightly insisted, intending to do something is not necessarily the same thing as actually achieving it (Nattiez 1990: 99; Wimsatt and Beardsley 1946: 480).

In a later revisiting of his position on intentionality, W.K. Wimsatt wrote:

> An art work is something which emerges from the private, individual, dynamic, and intentionalist realm of its maker's mind and personality; it is in a sense … made of intentions or intentionalistic material. But at the same time, in the moment it emerges, it enters a public and in a certain sense an objective realm; it claims and gets attention from an audience; it invites and receives discussion, about its meaning and value, in an idiom of inter-subjectivity and conceptualization. (1976: 11–12)

Although Wimsatt meant this to be an argument against taking authorial intent into consideration, I see it rather as exemplifying the need to rethink the function of adapter intention *for the audience* when it comes to understanding both the interpretive and creative dimensions of an adaptation. To use Wimsatt's own terms, in the public realm of "inter-subjectivity," knowledge about the "maker's mind and personality" can actually affect the audience members' interpretation: what they know about artists' desires and motivations, even about their life situations when they are creating, can influence the interpretation of any work's meaning, as well as the response to it. Like the adapter, the audience too interprets in a context. William Bush, a senior scholar of Bernanos' work, writes of being a 23-year-old graduate student

studying the play version of *Dialogues des Carmélites*, knowing that it was the writer's "last testament." He asks rhetorically: "How could I not be moved by the fact that he, in the last months before his death in 1948 at age 60, had written those dialogues for a film scenario about 16 nuns who, like him, were consciously preparing to appear before God?" (1999: xiii). Bush read the play as what Ross Chambers would call the testimony of someone "dying as an author" (1998: 23, 85); that is, the text bears witness to his death. It is a last dying gesture. Once known, this fact likely cannot be ignored by any reader.

Music semiotician Jean-Jacques Nattiez insists that an audience's knowledge about the creative process has a real impact upon interpretation, even if we could and should never reduce the explanation of a work to only that aspect (1990: ix). This level of analysis, which he names, borrowing from Etienne Gilson, the "poietic," is defined as "the determination of the conditions that make possible, and that underpin the creation of an artist's (or a producer's or an artisan's) work—thanks to which something now exists which would not have existed except for them" (13). The work of art is not just composed of formal structures, but of the "procedures that have engendered it" (ix) as well. For Nattiez, form results from a process of creation that can be described or reconstituted, at least in part, from textual traces (12). This process offers another context for understanding the motive to adapt. Claude Gendre argues that each new version of the story of the Carmelite martyrs appropriated "aspects of history to suit the author's particular spiritual beliefs" (1999: 274). Although this is demonstrably the case, we have seen that the spiritual is only one element of the context of creation of these works. Other elements play their part as well: the psychological, the political, the personal-historical (the place and time of composition), and the aesthetic (the choice of genre and medium). Armelle Guerne, Bernanos' secretary, claimed that the writer had articulated to her two very different reasons for wanting to write the dialogues for the film scenario: the subject of the Carmelites themselves, to whom he prayed each evening in order not to do something unworthy of them, and the desire to see if he could write for a performance medium (Gendre 1999: 284).

To bring such information into the interpretive and evaluative framework of an adaptation is to displace the adapter/author as "controller" in favor of what Phelan calls a rhetorical attention to "the recursive relationships among authorial agency, textual phenomena, and reader response" (1996: 19). When giving meaning and value to an adaptation *as an adaptation*, audiences operate in a context that includes their knowledge and their own interpretation of the adapted work. That context may also include information about the adapter, thanks to both journalistic curiosity and scholarly digging. In short, it may well matter—to an interpreting audience—whether the artist is working in Germany in 1931 or France in 1945 or Tunisia in 1947 or Paris in 1955, or whether the artist is creating a novella or a scenario or the dialogues for a film or an opera. But it may also matter that each one of the adapters of the Carmelites' historical story had deeply personal motives for being attracted to it. As readers, they interpreted the narrative in their own ways; as creators, they then made it their own.

By their very existence, adaptations remind us there is no such thing as an autonomous text or an original genius that can transcend history, either public or private. They also affirm, however, that this fact is not to be lamented. To use Benjamin's vivid image, "traces of the storyteller cling to the story the way the handprints of the potter cling to the clay vessel" (1968: 91). So too do the traces of the adapting interpreter-creator cling to the adaptation. The process of adapting should make us reconsider our sense of literary critical embarrassment about intention and the more personal and aesthetic dimensions of the creative process. In theoretical-historical terms, our resistance is perfectly understandable, but it has inhibited us from understanding why such a critically denigrated form as adaptation has proved as much of an attraction for artists as for audiences. In *Beginnings: Intention and Method*, Edward Said argues that literature is "an order of repetition, not of originality—but an eccentric order of repetition, not one of sameness" (1985: 12). So too is adaptation. Despite being temporally second, it is both an interpretive and a creative act; it is storytelling as both rereading and rerelating. Any answer to the question, "Why adapt?," needs to take into account the range of responses provided by adapters themselves.

4

How?
(Audiences)

Unlike Don Quixote's books, digital media take us to a place where we can act out our fantasies. With a telnet connection or a CD-Rom drive, we can kill our own dragons.

—Janet M. Murray, *Hamlet on the Holodeck*

Movies not only used different materials, they had different cooking times for their great soups, and had to be consumed in public alongside eight hundred other people as opposed to by one solitary diner. A film was closer to the simulated excitement of a soccer stadium while books were a meditative and private act—you sat down to read one or write one and the first thing you did was ignore the rest of the world. Whereas film had various sous-chefs and a studio and a market to deal with. A book could be secret as a canoe trip, the making of a film more like the voyage of *Lord Jim's* Patna—uncertain of ever reaching its destination with a thousand

> pilgrims on board and led by a morally dubious crew. But somehow, magically, it now and then got to a safe harbour.
>
> **—Michael Ondaatje on *The English Patient*, novel and film**

The Pleasures of Adaptation

Obviously, the creation and reception of adaptations are inevitably going to be intertwined—and not only in commercial terms. Because audiences react in different ways to different media—thanks to social and material differences, as Ondaatje imaginatively suggests—the possible response of the target audience to a story is always going to be a concern of the adapter(s). Radio, television, and film have radically increased our exposure to stories and therefore, some claim, our ability to comprehend them (K. Thompson 2003: 79). Arguably, these media have also increased our appetite for and delight in stories. But what is the real source of the pleasure derived from experiencing adaptations *as adaptations*?

In Chapter 1, I suggested that the appeal of adaptations for audiences lies in their mixture of repetition and difference, of familiarity and novelty. Novelist Julian Barnes satirizes part of this appeal in *England, England* when his French theorist character describes the joys of a theme park as its "*rivalisation* of reality": "We must demand the replica, since the reality, the truth, the authenticity of the replica is the one we can possess, colonize, reorder, find *jouissance* in" (1998: 35). While parodying various French theorists, Barnes also puts his finger on one of the sources of the pleasure of replication—and adaptation—for audiences. Freudians too might say we repeat as a way of making up for loss, as a means of control, or of coping with privation. But adaptation as repetition is arguably not a postponement of pleasure; it is in itself a pleasure. Think of a child's delight in hearing the same nursery rhymes or reading the same books over and over. Like ritual, this kind of repetition brings comfort, a fuller understanding, and the confidence that comes with the sense of knowing what is about to happen next.

But something else happens with adaptations in particular: there is inevitably difference as well as repetition. Consider the words of librettist, playwright, and adapter for musicals and films, Terrence McNally:

"The triumph of successful operas and musicals is how they reinvent the familiar and make it fresh" (2002: 19). The same could be said of any successful adaptation. To focus on repetition alone, in other words, is to suggest only the potentially conservative element in the audience response to adaptation. Noting that many modern operas (e.g., *The Great Gatsby* [1999]) have been based on novels that had earlier been made into films, Joel Honig has blamed the need for the adapting mediation of film on the opera audience's desire for "warmed-over comfort-food, prepackaged in Hollywood" (2001: 22). But perhaps the real comfort lies in the simple act of almost but not quite repeating, in the revisiting of a theme with variations.

Others argue, instead, that it is a particular kind of story that provides the comfort that explains the popularity of adaptations: the familiar linear and realist story-line "founded upon the principles of narration doubtlessly begun with Aesop, if not Moses, and polished by Walter Scott and Balzac" (Axelrod 1996: 201). Such a story-line has been seen as the appeal of formulaic genres of film adaptation, especially those that use what one critic refers to as Aristotle's notion of plot combined with Joseph Campbell's myth of the hero's quest (Axelrod 1996: 202). Adventure videogames clearly play with this same kind of story structure as well, but we have seen that the story itself is less important than the special effects universe to be entered and experienced or simply the gaming process itself—or at least this seems to be the case for male players.

Girls in the 7- to 12-year-old age range, it would appear, "tend to prefer narrative play and are attracted to narrative complexity" (Laurel 2005). Drawing upon interviews with 1,100 children and questionnaires completed by 10,000 children, Brenda Laurel notes that the vast majority of creators of fan fiction and video are female, suggesting that the fascination with story continues into adulthood. The stories that young women prefer to see adapted into game format, she shows, are those, like *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, that overlap somewhat with their own lives and their personal issues with parents and siblings and with being accepted at school. Boys of the same age are more likely to be embarrassed by things too close to their own lives and escape instead into superhero exotic action scenarios. It seems that 81 percent of the

more violent games are played by males, whereas females prefer role-playing games, like *Sims,* with more social interaction or else games that allow instant immersion in a story-line (e.g., an adaptation like *Nancy Drew*).

Another name for adaptation audiences here is obviously "fans," and the community they constitute is consciously nurtured by adapters, who realize that young women in particular need to be able to "appropriate cultural material to construct personal meaning" (Laurel 2005); this is why the interactive mode can be so attractive to them and why stories, in particular, are central to their pleasure in adaptations. From early childhood onward, as I can testify from experience, girls create imaginative worlds, complete with their own history, geography, people, and rules of behavior, and they inhabit these imaginatively. How different is sending e-mails to game characters, on bulletin boards set up by the adapting companies of course, from making up stories with and for their Barbie dolls? In 2004, Mattel, the Barbie doll's creators, decided to exploit this latter pastime and offered DVDs that are a kind of adaptation, for they bring the "Barbie world" to life "through storytelling," as explained on their Web site (http://www.yenra.com/barbie-dvds/): "Barbie will set the stage and then cue the girls' imaginations to take the story to the next level"—which turns out to be developing "a deeper connection with the Barbie brand." Given this, it is perhaps not surprising that experimental Irish composer Jennifer Walshe was driven to create her musical puppet opera for Barbie and her play friends: as its title (*XXX_LiveNude Girls*) suggests, this work explores the darker side of girls' narrative relationship to their dolls.

Although many of these theories and examples suggest pleasures tainted with a too conservative familiarity, not to mention commodification and commercialization, there are still other reasons for the positive reaction to the repetition with variation that is adaptation: what Leo Braudy, in discussing film remakes, calls "unfinished cultural business" or the "continuing historical relevance (economic, cultural, psychological) of a particular narrative" (1998: 331). Part of this ongoing dialogue with the past, for that is what adaptation means for audiences, creates the doubled pleasure of the palimpsest: more than one text is experienced—and knowingly so. In Tony Richardson's 1963

cinematic adaptation of Henry Fielding's *Tom Jones* (1749), we recognize the novel's manipulating and controlling narrator in the film's disembodied voice-over that ends scenes just in time to prevent indecency or ironically explicates character motivation.

This is the intertextual pleasure in adaptation that some call elitist and that others call enriching. Like classical imitation, adaptation appeals to the "intellectual and aesthetic pleasure" (DuQuesnay 1979: 68) of understanding the interplay between works, of opening up a text's possible meanings to intertextual echoing. The adaptation and the adapted work merge in the audience's understanding of their complex interrelations, as they might in the 1997 BBC television adaptation of *Tom Jones* when we see a character called "Henry Fielding" self-reflexively enacting the narrator's role, but being ironically cut off mid-sentence by the real controlling figure, the director, when he digresses from the story-line selected for that particular filmed version.

In direct contrast to this elitist or enriching appeal of adaptation is the pleasure of accessibility that drives not only adaptation's commercialization but also its role in education. As noted earlier, teachers and their students provide one of the largest audiences for adaptations. Many of us grew up with the *Classics Illustrated* comics or the animated cartoon versions of canonical literature. Today's young people are just as likely to interact with CD-ROM adaptations of either children's or adult literature. In 1992 *Shakespeare: The Animated Tales* offered half-hour versions of the major plays aimed at a 10- to 15-year-old audience and was accompanied by print texts published by Random House that differed, however, from the films. The films obviously made major cuts in the play texts, but retained their language. The style of animation was deliberately not Disney-like. Interestingly the stories seem to have been considered central, and so voice-overs were used to keep the action moving, thereby in a sense translating drama into narrative or showing into telling. There were, however, strong intertextual echoes of other Shakespearean films in the editing and in the appearances of characters and sets, prompting one critic to suggest that the animations prepared students for films of Shakespeare, not for the plays themselves (Osborne 1997: 106).

Adults, of course, often "censor" adaptations, deciding that some are appropriate for children and others not. Or else they change the stories in the process of adapting them to make them appropriate for a different audience. For instance, *Lemony Snicket's A Series of Unfortunate Events* (2004) is a film adaptation of part of three books by Daniel Handler about the Baudelaire orphans. Although the books are aimed at preteens and adolescents, the film wanted and knew it would attract a broader audience and so made the very dark tales considerably brighter, in part by using a narrating Lemony Snicket who can assure younger children that everything will be okay in the end.

Adaptations of books, however, are often considered educationally important for children, for an entertaining film or stage version might give them a taste for reading the book on which it is based. This is what novelist Philip Pullman calls the "worthiness argument" (2004). Although most of the fans of the Harry Potter films will already have read the books, Pullman is not wrong, and this get-them-to-read motivation is what fuels an entire new education industry. The new film adaptation of C.S. Lewis' *The Chronicles of Narnia: The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* is accompanied by elaborate teaching aids, from lesson plans to Web-based packages to material for after-school clubs. Today, hardly a book or a movie aimed at school-aged children does not have its own Web site, complete with advice and materials for teachers.

Novelizations of films, including what are called "junior" novelizations for younger viewers, are also often seen as having a kind of educational—or perhaps simply curiosity—value. If Internet postings are to be believed, fans of films enjoy their novelizations because they provide insights into the characters' thought processes and more details about their background. And, after all, that is what novels have always done well. Web site narratives (e.g., Max Payne) or even films (e.g., *Final Fantasy*) about videogames can offer the same kind of information in a different format. They all increase audience knowledge about and therefore engagement in the "back story" of the adaptation. These various supplements are sometimes released before the films or games and therefore generate anticipation. Not only do these kinds of adaptations provide more details, especially about adapted characters' inner lives, but in the process they also help foster audience/reader identification

with those characters. They might also add scenes that do not appear in the screenplay or film versions, perhaps offering a minor character's perspective on the action. The novel often explains plot and motivation elements that remain ambiguous in the film: in Arthur C. Clarke's novelization of *2001: A Space Odyssey* ("based on a screenplay by Stanley Kubrick and Arthur C. Clarke"), the author actually allows us into the consciousness of the computer Hal.

Not everyone approves of novelizations, of course: for many they are simply commercial grabs, unmitigated commodifications, or inflationary recyclings. As we have seen, gamers are equally suspicious of games with direct successful movie links, seeing them as "transparent attempts to cash in on successful movie franchises with products that lack much in the way of compelling gameplay of their own" (King and Krzywinska 2002b: 7). But economic diversification is the name of the game: to use White Wolf Publishing as one example, its pen-and-paper role-playing games have been licensed to videogames, television series, action figures, comic books, interactive media events, arcade games, and even professional wrestlers. Although all of these different incarnations feed audience curiosity and fan instincts, not all are fully adaptations as defined here and as explored further in the concluding chapter. All, however, make money; audiences exist or can be created for them all.

Adaptations have come under the scrutiny not only of money makers but also of the censors, for they too have audiences in mind. This was certainly true in earlier centuries for dramatic and operatic adaptations for the stage. We have also seen that the Hollywood Production Code (1930–66), drafted by Father Daniel Lord, S.J., and sponsored by Will Hayes of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, decreed that movies must not lower the audience's moral standards by showing any sympathetic representations of evil, crime, or sin. Sinclair Lewis, Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, John Dos Passos—all were deemed capable of corrupting the movie-going mass audience. Instead, it was decided, people should see edifying religious dramas and patriotic stories. When Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms* was adapted to the screen in 1929, it was already a hit on Broadway and a publishing success. But this was a story about an illegitimate birth,

illicit love, and an army desertion, and it was a critique of war. It portrayed the Italian army anything but favorably. Needless to say, many compromises needed to be made before *A Farewell to Arms* could come to the screen, including so many changes to the plot and the character motivation that Hemingway refused to endorse it.

Closely related to these moral and educational concerns for audiences is the idea that television adaptations of literature, in particular, can act as substitute vehicles for bringing literature to a larger public, cutting away the class differences inherent in access to literacy and literature. But this does not always work in practice: the BBC's *A TV Dante* (1990), co-directed by Peter Greenaway and artist Tom Philips, is a case in point. Although television implies an address to a mass audience, this show remained "recondite," incomprehensible without explanatory notes (Taylor 2004: 147). The other major danger involved in the motivation to adapt for a wider audience is that a certain responsibility is placed on the adapters to make the "substitute" experience "as good as, or better than (even if different from) that of reading original works" (Wober 1980: 10). Would this experience be the same, however, for the audience that knows the adapted text as it is for the one that does not? How, in short, are adaptations appreciated *as adaptations*?

Knowing and Unknowing Audiences

When either the voice-over narrator or the protagonist of Sally Potter's film, *Orlando* (1994), addresses the audience, a kind of negotiation is set up between Virginia Woolf's text and our knowledge of it and its garrulous narrating biographer (Shaughnessy 1996: 50). If we know the adapted text, I prefer to call us "knowing," rather than the more common descriptors of learned or competent (Conte 1986: 25). The term "knowing" suggests being savvy and street-smart, as well as knowledgeable, and undercuts some of the elitist associations of the other terms in favor of a more democratizing kind of straightforward awareness of the adaptation's enriching, palimpsestic doubleness. If we do not know that what we are experiencing actually *is* an adaptation or if we are not familiar with the particular work that it adapts, we simply experience the adaptation as we would any other work. To experience it *as an adaptation*, however, as we have seen, we need to recognize it as such and

to know its adapted text, thus allowing the latter to oscillate in our memories with what we are experiencing. In the process we inevitably fill in any gaps in the adaptation with information from the adapted text. Indeed, adapters rely on this ability to fill in the gaps when moving from the discursive expansion of telling to the performative time and space limitations of showing. Sometimes they rely too much, and the resulting adaptation makes no sense without reference to and foreknowledge of the adapted text. For an adaptation to be successful in its own right, it must be so for both knowing and unknowing audiences.

If we know the basic story outline of Shakespeare's play *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, for instance, we are likely to fill in the gaps necessitated by the distillation of the plot in the opera or ballet versions. When the complication of music is added, it certainly seems to help if the story is a familiar one. As Terrence McNally puts it, "Music adds such an enormously new dimension to a piece, it's enough for any audience (or critic) to absorb at one hearing. If the characters and situation are familiar, listeners can relax and let the music take them somewhere new and wonderful" (2002: 24). Nevertheless, it is probably easier for an adapter to forge a relationship with an audience that is not overly burdened with affection or nostalgia for the adapted text. Without foreknowledge, we are more likely to greet a film version simply as a new film, not as an adaptation at all. The director, therefore, will have greater freedom—and control.

Known adaptations obviously function similarly to genres: they set up audience expectations (Culler 1975: 136) through a set of norms that guide our encounter with the adapting work we are experiencing. Unlike plagiarism or even parody, adaptation usually signals its identity overtly: often for legal reasons, a work is openly announced to be "based on" or "adapted from" a specific prior work or works. If we know the work(s) in question, we become a knowing audience, and part of what hermeneutic theory calls our "horizon of expectation" involves that adapted text. What is intriguing is that, afterward, we often come to see the prior adapted work very differently as we compare it to the result of the adapter's creative and interpretive act. In the move from print to performance, in particular, characters (hobbits) and places (Middle Earth) become incarnate in a way that conditions how we

imagine them in a literary work like Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* when we return to reread it. Our imaginations are permanently colonized by the visual and aural world of the films. But what if we have never read the novels upon which they are based? Do the novels then effectively become the derivative and belated works, the ones we then experience second and secondarily? For unknowing audiences, adaptations have a way of upending sacrosanct elements like priority and originality.

If the adapted work is a canonical one, we may not actually have direct experience of it, but may rely on "a generally circulated cultural memory" (Ellis 1982: 3). Either way, we tend to experience the adaptation through the lenses of the adapted work, as a kind of palimpsest. It is said that producer David Selznick did not worry about adhering to the details of the novel *Jane Eyre* (1847) when adapting it in the 1940s because an audience survey determined that few had read it; however, he did worry about the details of *Gone with the Wind* (1939) and *Rebecca* (1940), because the novels had been recent best-sellers (in Naremore 2000b: 11–12). The disappointment of the fans of the DC comic book *Catwoman* was clear in the responses to Pitof's 2004 film, which kept only the name and added a new cast of characters in a new setting. Critics tended to blame the screenwriters (John Brancato, Michael Ferris, John Rogers, and Theresa Rebeck), calling them the "committee, the gang of four" who "declawed the poor creature" (Groen 2004: R1).

Knowing audiences have expectations—and demands. It may be less, as Béla Balázs tried to insist, that "a masterpiece is a work whose subject ideally suits its medium" and therefore cannot be adapted (qtd. in Andrew 1976: 87) than a case of a "masterpiece" being a work a particular audience cherishes and resists seeing changed. Different adaptations solicit different audiences or fan communities: Harry Potter fans may not be Tolkien fans. When a film or musical announces itself as an adaptation of a particular work, those who like that work turn out for the adaptation, often to discover that only the name remains and that there is little resemblance to anything treasured and thus expected. Here is an early (1928) description of the problems with this process from the other end:

> A favorite money-saving habit is to make a picture that is very like a well-known popular novel or play, and then grow timorous at this similarity when the picture is almost completed, and buy the story which was used as a model. The title of the bought and popular tale is then used, but it usually happens that the similarity is not really so great as the nervous producer, haunted by dreams of plagiarism suits, first thought. (Bauer 1928: 294)

The more rabid the fans, the more disappointed they can potentially be, however. As Christopher Columbus, director of *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone* (2001) put it: "People would have crucified me if I hadn't been faithful to the books" (qtd. in Whipp 2002: H4).

There are also other dimensions to this "knowingness" of the audience of adaptation, in addition to the awareness of the specific adapted text(s). One such dimension is treated in detail in the next chapter, and that is context—in cultural, social, intellectual, and aesthetic terms. But this dimension overlaps with another kind of knowing; that is, about what Chapter 2 called the form of the adaptation and therefore the expectations created by it. In terms of genre switching in adaptation, we need only think of the different implied "pacts" made with the reader of autobiography and the reader of comics or graphic novels. Philippe Lejeune's idea of the "autobiographical pact" between reader and author is that we accept that an autobiography is a retrospective narrative by a real person about his or her own life (1975: 14). This pact undergoes an odd twist when Harvey Pekar's own blue-collar life stories become the *American Splendor* comic books drawn by R. Crumb and others and from there get adapted to the stage and screen. In terms of medium, musicals and operas both offer "drama unfolding through song" (Lachiusa 2002: 14), but they have different artistic traditions and, often, different audiences. As musical composer Michael John Lachiusa put it, the musical genre is "the child of European opera tradition transplanted to America" (14), mixing high-brow and low-brow because of its cross-fertilization with ethnic immigrant theater, music, and dance (see Most 2004).

Medium change therefore involves the same kinds of expectation shifts. For example, the 2002 film version of Oscar Wilde's play, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, directed and adapted by Oliver Parker,

exchanges the restricted drawing-room sets of the staged version for the streets of London and a grand country estate. Why? Because movie audiences expect the film to have local color and to be shot on location, with characters moving through real space. After several decades, British televised versions of classic novels now generate in their viewers expectations about style, "sumptuous, beautiful, pictorial images, strung together smoothly, slowly and carefully" (Cardwell 2002: 80). These expectations are not really dictated by the adapted literary texts, but rather by the television medium's desire to signal "artistry" through specifically cinematic markers of "quality": "the use of long-take, extreme long shots of grand buildings … [,] the preference for slow, smooth tracking shots … [,] their use of a certain type of elegant, decorous or wistful orchestral music on their soundtracks" (Cardwell 2002: 80). The institutionalization of a medium, in other words, can in itself create expectations: a movie of an opera may be allowed to differ from the staged version simply because of the audience's knowledge of its popular or mass dissemination (Leicester 1994: 247).

Readers obviously have different expectations than do spectators at a play or film or interactive participants in the new media. Showing is as different from telling as it is from interacting with a story. But even within one of these modes—especially showing—there are, as we have already seen, important distinctions to be made. Knowing stage audiences have different expectations and demands than knowing film or television audiences, as the hybrid case of Ingmar Bergman's *Magic Flute* reveals. The Swedish Radio commissioned this "production" of Mozart's opera, which became an "adaptation," for its golden jubilee. It was shown on television on New Year's Day 1975 in Sweden and later released as a film. It is a self-reflexive presentation of a staged production in a studio reconstruction of the famous eighteenth-century Drottningholm Theatre. The camera records not only the stage action but also the audience responses and the actors' activities backstage. Arguably, fans of the opera, watching either on TV or on film, might respond differently from others, as they watch their own rapt attention and enjoyment being represented by the filmed audience. Swedes who watched it on television as a family show may have been pleased with the charm and humor of the opera itself and of the film of it. Fans

of Bergman's other films might have been disappointed at this existentialist director's rather sunny version of Mozart's most metaphysical opera, despite its clear citation of earlier Bergman motifs (Tambling 1987: 132–34). All "screen operas," however, have different viewing conditions and expectations than either staged operas or normal films, thanks to the guiding and controlling role of the camera and the differences in scale and level of distance/proximity (Citron 2000: 12–13).

Interactive art forms too involve distinct sets of expectations—at least for knowing audiences. To an audience mostly trained on private or public computers in the form of ATMs or information kiosks, being faced with an interactive electronic installation work in a public space like a museum may cause confusion and even alarm. Artist Ken Feingold admitted he was unhappy about how people engaged with one of his computerized works in a gallery because he had to accept that they expected "unambiguous" interaction: "It actually disappointed me tremendously, as I expected the audience, and the audience turned participants, to bring to interactive works the same capacity for abstraction, metaphor and ambiguity that is well-deployed and comfortable when viewing painting, or other artworks" (2002: 124). Audiences need to learn—that is, to be taught—how to be knowing audiences in terms of medium. The expectations of videogame players, on the contrary, certainly include being made participants, being allowed to enter the narrative and visual world of, usually, a film, and being able to enact its logic both physically and cognitively.

Differently knowing audiences bring different information to their interpretations of adaptations. For example, film buffs likely see new movies through the lenses of other ones. Watching Kenneth Branagh's 1989 film adaptation of *Henry V*, they are probably going to see it as much as an adaptation of Laurence Olivier's famous 1944 film as one of Shakespeare's plays, translating the early version's shining clean world, with its self-conscious and stylized theatricalism, into the dank and dirty one of filmic realism. From the dark days of the end of World War II to the time of post-Falklands postimperialism, the message to British audiences changed, or so the differing vision of the two adapting actor-directors would suggest. Similarly, audiences that are well versed in British cinema might argue that Sally Potter's *Orlando* (1994)

was adapting *that* tradition—the films of Derek Jarman, Peter Greenaway, and David Lean—as much as Virginia Woolf's literary work. Potter self-reflexively—and yet still realistically—suggests as much by having Orlando's daughter (not a son, as in the book) take a film camera in hand at the end and become both subject and object. There is yet another way of reading this scene: this female child may not possess any property (the purpose of having a son in the novel), but she, like Potter and her generation of female filmmakers, does possess the power of the male gaze that women were said to have lost with the medium of film (see Mulvey 1975). And, as Sophie Mayer (2005: 173–86) has explored at length, the filming girl and her film together solicit a female gaze from the audience: changing the adapted text here leads to a change in the adapting medium, defying audience expectations.

Similarly, although it is an American film, Philip Kaufman's adaptation of Milan Kundera's Czech novel, translated as *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* (1988) (screenplay by Jean-Claude Carrière), is arguably a response to Czech New Wave cinema as much as to the novel itself. But only a film expert might understand that level of intertextual reference. Or, to use a more straightforward example, how would we respond to an adaptation in the form of a contemporary musical, if we had only ever seen on the musical stage nineteenth-century European operas? What would we make of the amplified voices, the hyperactive choreography, the scaled-down musical resources? Genre and media "literacy," as it is often called, can be crucial to the understanding of adaptations *as adaptations*.

There are still other aspects to this knowingness to be considered in theorizing about the product and process of adaptation. If the audience knows that a certain director or actor has made other films of a particular kind, that intertextual knowledge too might well impinge on their interpretation of the adaptation they are watching. It can also make for amusing in-jokes and ironies. In the novelization of *Spider-Man* by Peter David (2002), Mary Jane finds Harry reading *Interview with a Vampire*. She tells him she has not read it, but she saw the movie and the little girl in it "creeped" her out. The joke here is that Mary Jane is played in the film by Kirsten Dunst, who played that creepy little girl, Claudia, in the movie adaptation of Anne Rice's novel. Sometimes, of

course, an audience member may know too much: as an instance, Alan Sinyard found himself irritated, while watching the film *Morte a Venezia,* by Visconti's use of Mahler's *adagietto* from the Fifth Symphony, instead of the more obvious and appropriate choice of the Ninth Symphony, which is about death. His argument was that in moving from tragedy to triumph, the Fifth offers musical associations that run "contrary to the drift of the film": "Its inappropriateness is crippling to a film that prides itself on its cultural refinement" (1986: 129), he asserted.

But what if we do not know Mahler's music this well? What if we see a film or play a game without even knowing the work from which it is adapted or even that such a work exists? What if we are utterly new to the artistic conventions of the adaptation, say, of opera? What if we are unknowing audiences, in other words? I have been arguing that, in these instances, we simply experience the work without the palimpsestic doubleness that comes with knowing. From one perspective, this is a loss. From another, it is simply experiencing the work for itself, and all agree that even adaptations must stand on their own. After all, it was only in France that *films noirs* were actually seen *as adaptations* (of *romans noirs*; Cattrysse 1992: 58). If we do not know Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin* (1878), we cannot be bothered by the fact that it satirizes what Tchaikovsky's 1881 opera adaptation of it offers seriously as deep emotions. But if we do … .

Failure in conveying vision or tone in adaptations of classic works of science fiction seems particularly problematic for fans. The 2004 film of Isaac Asimov's *I, Robot* (1950) by director Alex Proyas and screenwriter Michael Cassutt came under just such attack, but it is only one example of many. The more popular and beloved the novel, the more likely the discontent: witness the negative fan reaction to Paul Verhoeven's 1997 adaptation (screenplay by Edward Neumeier) of Robert A. Heinlein's *Starship Troopers* (1959). Science fiction, however, may be particularly difficult to adapt. As Cassutt has suggested, things of the future in the earlier written narrative are now often things of the past, so setting, characters, and action inevitably have to shift and change (2004). As an adapter himself, he says that he would prefer the opening credits to warn the audience of the inevitable changes. Instead of "based on,"

they could read "suggested by" or "freely adapted from" to forestall the objections of knowing audiences.

Of course, all these complications of possible reception mean that adapters must satisfy the expectations and demands of both the knowing and the unknowing audience. But there are still other differences in audience experience that adaptations bring to our attention, and these involve such factors as the differences caused by the various media's diverse modes of audience involvement and of their degrees and kinds of immersion.

Modes of Engagement Revisited

As shown in Chapter 2, telling, showing, and interacting with stories differ in the kind and manner of engagement of the reader (spectator, player). Adapters know this; so too do those who market adaptations. The relatively small "graduate" audience who bought most of the 10,000 hardback copies of Malcolm Bradbury's 1975 ironic campus novel, *The History Man*, was not the same in size or makeup as the 10 million viewers of the BBC television adaptation a few years later (Bradbury 1994: 99). When television buys the rights for this kind of fiction, it knows it can build upon a "preconstructed and preselected audience" (Elsaesser 1994: 93), but that it must also expand that audience considerably and must use all the available persuasive means at its disposal to do so.

Even within a single mode of engagement, however, there are once again major distinctions to be made, especially with performance media. When director Peter Brook filmed Peter Weiss' baroquely entitled play *Die Verfolgung und Ermordung Jean Paul Marats, dargestellt durch die Schauspielgruppe des Hospizes zu Charenton unter Anleitung des Herrn de Sade* (1964) as the more simply named *Marat/Sade* (1966), he sought a totally cinematic translation of what he had previously done on stage, knowing that spectators of live drama are free to choose at any moment, in any scene, what to look at, whereas with the film he would only be able to show one thing at a time with the camera—what *he* wanted to show. He attempted to break down this limitation by deploying three or four cameras, using twists, advances, and retreats and "trying to behave like what goes on in a spectator's head and

simulate his experience" (Brook 1987: 189–90). But even this camera work, he realized, would not do what a stage production does: engage the viewer's *imagination* in a way that film, because of its realism, cannot. Noting the "excessive importance of an image, which is intrusive and whose details stay in the frame long after their need is over," Brook finally accepted that the reality of the image is what gives to film "its power and its limitation" (1987: 192). Or, as another critic has put the difference: "In theatre, the conflict of the hard, undeniable presence of actors together with the conventional artifice of scenery and stage required a suspension of disbelief. On the other hand, narrative cinema, with its flow of action, naturalistic acting, and photographic realism, increasingly involved not so much a suspension as a suppression of disbelief" (LeGrice 2002: 230). A young friend recently admitted to me that, although he loves adaptations, he cannot bear going to stage play versions: they seem so "stagey" and unrealistic to him because he is part of a generation raised on film and television, with their conventions of naturalism and immediacy. Curiously, the three-dimensional world of the stage is far less engaging for him than the two-dimensional screen world.

The human-computer interface offers yet another kind of engagement in a feedback loop between our body and its extensions—the monitor, the keyboard, the joystick, and the mouse, and the processing computer. Katherine Hayles describes this relationship in this way: "We are the medium and the medium is us" (2001: 37). Shelley Jackson's 1995 interactive art work called *Patchwork Girl* is an adaptation of both L. Frank Baum's *Patchwork Girl of Oz* (1913) and Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* (1818/1831), and it involves us, through our clicking of the mouse, in the kind of activity that is like sewing a patchwork quilt from different fragments of cloth. Our physical acts also allow us to simulate the acts of two female figures: "the heroine Mary Shelley (a fictional counterpart of the author of *Frankenstein*), who assembles a female monster by sewing together body parts collected from different women; and the author, Shelley Jackson, who constructs a narrative identity for the monster from the stories of these women" (Ryan 2005: 524). The creating of mixed media hypertexts like *Patchwork Girl* is the direct result of cutting and suturing, just as is monster-making in the novel:

> The first page to come up on screen is the image of a woman pieced together and crossed by a dotted line. The next link is a title page with collaborative authors: Mary Shelley, Shelley Jackson, and presumably the monster herself. Links from its table of contents take you to rearrangements of the first image … [from which] various sequences of narrative and metafictional texts follow. (LeClair 2000/2003: 8)

Each mode of engagement therefore also involves what we might call a different "mental act" for its audience, and this too is something that the adapter must take into account in transcoding. Different modes, like different media, act dissimilarly on our consciousness (M. Marcus 1993: 17). Telling requires of its audience conceptual work; showing calls on its perceptual decoding abilities. In the first, we imagine and visualize a world from black marks on white pages as we read; in the second, our imaginations are preempted as we perceive and then give meaning to a world of images, sounds, and words seen and heard on the stage or screen. Kamilla Elliott calls this a reciprocal relationship between mental imaging and mental verbalizing (2003: 210–12), but more than words are at stake here. Psychoanalytic film theorists argue that audiences are more deeply involved consciously and unconsciously when watching a movie because of the processes of identification, projection, and integration (M. Marcus 1993: 18). In playing a videogame, of course, we are involved even more directly, physically and mentally, as we concentrate intensely and respond physiologically. Each of these different modes demands of its audiences, in turn, its own decoding processes. In reading, we gather details of narrative, character, context, and the like gradually and sequentially; in seeing a film or play or musical, we perceive multiple objects, relations, and significant signs simultaneously, even if the script or music or soundtrack is resolutely linear. In interactive media, both the simultaneity of film and the sequentiality of texted narrative come together in the game world and its rules/conventions.

Bruce Morrissette noted another important aspect of the mode of engagement involved in audience response when he posed what he thought of as a rhetorical question: "Has the novel ever evoked, even in its most intense action sequence, the physical empathy affecting the

muscles, the glands, the pulse, and breathing rate that chase, suspense, and other extremely dynamic sequences in film bring about in most, if not all, viewers?" (1985: 26). But what about the *frisson* of which opera lovers speak, when the hair on the back of the neck stands up in ecstatic response to a soprano's high note? Has any film or novel ever managed *that*? And none of the telling or performing media can likely beat the degree of the active physical involvement of interactive art and especially videogames. The *Die Hard* films (1988, 1989, 1995), no matter how intense their "extremely dynamic sequences," would find it hard to beat the game versions' participatory excitement, intense concentration, engagement of kinesthetic skills, competitive energy, and provoking of often involuntary physical reactions (see Bryce and Rutter 2002: 78).

Part of this difference in physical response is a result of a difference in the audience's experience of space and time in each of these modes. When playing a computer game, we may be part of a multiplayer group, but we play, often at home, as solitary individuals, much as we read. We often have a dedicated space where we can concentrate and will not be bothered. We are alone with our computer, sitting close to the screen so that the game's world takes up our visual field, and the sound (thanks to earphones, often) dominates all, immersing us completely. This kind of gaming is a private mode; although gaming with a group of friends or in arcades is more public, it is still individualized.

With performance media, on the contrary, we frequently sit in the dark in a collectivity and respond to what we are all seeing and hearing (being shown) at the same time. Walter Benjamin saw this as a mass response, the opposite of the contemplative individual response to viewing a painting (1968: 231). Peter Brook agreed, arguing that film in particular engulfs its audience with the image in all its immediacy: "When the image is there in all its power, at the precise moment when it is being received, one can neither think, nor feel, nor imagine anything else" (1987: 190). The theater audience, in contrast, is more distanced from the action; indeed it is at a fixed distance physically, even if actors can create intimacy through their "presence." Brook noted that "the degree of involvement is always varying … . This is why theatre permits one to experience something in an incredibly powerful way, and at the same time to retain a certain freedom. This double illusion

is the very foundation both of the theatre experience and of dramatic form. The cinema follows this principle with their close-up and the long shot, but the effect is very different" (190)—in part because of the difference between live and mediated action. For this reason, Christian Metz sees the film viewer as an isolated and distanced voyeur with no relation to the actors whom he or she regards with "unauthorized scopophilia" (1974: 185). In film, of course, our distance from the characters whose story we watch changes, depending on camera angle and type of shot. But in first-person new media art, we actually become the character and travel through an animated version of their world. Space is now something to navigate interactively: "being there" is as important to the pleasure of gaming as is "doing things" (Ryan 2001: 309).

Television too presents spatial challenges for the adapter: like the film spectator, the TV viewer does not share a space with the dramatic events the way a theater audience does, but is "reduced to a pair of eyes" (J. Miller 1986: 207) that look at a *picture* of actual objects that represent a world, rather than at the objects themselves (as on stage). And, like film, television is a representational and realist medium: "A television or film screen provides a window onto a world that is supposed to extend beyond the visible screen, and has the optics of reality. The audience sitting in the theatre knows perfectly well that however realistic the world on the stage appears to be it does not extend beyond the proscenium arch" (J. Miller 1986: 206). When films were watched in the once customary dark, silent, large movie theaters, with "intense light beams … projected from behind toward luminous surfaces in front" (Flitterman-Lewis 1992: 217), there was a cocoon-like feeling of both anonymous collectivity and immersive enclosure that we cannot experience watching film DVDs at home on the television set.

It is not only space, however, but also time that is experienced differently by audiences in the various media; this difference creates new problems for adaptations across media. The much-discussed "presentness" of television (Cardwell 2002: 83–92), for instance, is both real and yet belied by the fact that, as we watch it at home, we are interrupted by advertisements, by family members and friends, and by telephone calls in a way that we rarely are when watching a film in a cinema or a musical in a theater (at least if all the cell phones are actually turned

off). But the privacy and domesticity of TV when we are watching film videos or DVDs are related to those of reading and game playing. In all these modes, we control how much we experience and when. Most obviously, readers are always in control of the process of solitary reading. But novels take time and often lots of it to consume; films must be shorter, in part because of the audience's inability to halt the process, except by leaving the theater.

Artist Stan Douglas rather sadistically plays with precisely this idea of time and the movie audience's entrapment in his 16-mm film installation called *Journey into Fear* (2001). As its title suggests, it is an adaptation, not only of the 1940 Eric Ambler novel but also of the 1942 and 1975 film adaptations and of Melville's *The Confidence Man* (1857) too, in fact. The viewer is caught watching an unending loop of film that works through all possible permutations of dialogue dubbed and synched to talking heads. There is no escape, no exit for 157 hours from this particular "journey into fear." What these distinctions among media and modes point to is an obvious difference in how we become immersed in an adapted story—physically, intellectually, and psychologically.

Kinds and Degrees of Immersion

In Chapter 1, I suggested that all three modes of engagement can be considered immersive: the act of reading a print text immerses us through imagination in another world, seeing a play or film immerses us visually and aurally, and interacting with a story in a videogame or in a theme park adds a physical, enacted dimension. In each there is a sense of being "transported" (Gerrig 1993: 12), in psychological and emotional terms. The recent advent of interactive electronic media has engendered more talk about the desirability of this immersive experience. Yet surely the experimentation undertaken decades ago with works like the early 3-D films and "Aromarama," when perfumes and other odors were dispersed in cinemas to match the content of the screen images, betrays an even earlier desire for at least physical immersion. With that desire, however, comes a certain suspicion that intense engagement of any kind will limit the critical sense: "Movies don't help you to develop independence of mind," according to Pauline Kael (qtd.

in Peary and Shatzkin 1977: 3). Nor do videogames, say others (Grau 2003: 10). But each medium and each mode of engagement brings with it not only different possible kinds (imaginative, visual, physical) and degrees of immersion, identification, and distance but also different critical traditions that have valued one extreme or the other.

Reader-response theory, which flourished in Europe and North America in the 1980s, may be partly responsible for the change in the way we think about reception in the mode of telling. Thanks to the work of theorists like Wolfgang Iser, Stanley Fish, and Michael Riffaterre, readers are no longer considered passive recipients of textual meaning but active contributors to the aesthetic process, working with the text to decode signs and then to create meaning. To these theorists, it was not simply the "ambiguities and semantic resistances" of a difficult modernist writer like Joyce that demanded "a restless, active reader" (Dinkla 2002: 30); for them, *all* readers are engaged in the active making of textual meaning. Stage audiences, argued theater semioticians in the same years, are an active dimension of the meaning-making of any play, not only in their interpretive work but also in their physical and emotional responses at the time of viewing. Stage conventions distance audiences, even as the live presence of actors on stage makes for more intense identification. In operas and musicals, the unrealistic conventions of singing act to distance us, but the music counters that by provoking identification and a strong affective response. Clearly the adapter working from one mode to another has to take into account these different ways of involving the audience.

This may be no easy task, however, thanks to other critical traditions. When adapting to film, should an adapter believe the theory that the spectator is going to be self-consciously "*all-perceiving*" and all-powerful (Metz 1974: 173–74) or the rather different view that the spectator will always be in collusion, desiring "magic transport" and so resisting "recognition of the artifice in favor of immersion in the illusion" (LeGrice 2002: 230)? Can this involvement be controlled by camera movement, for instance? Take any one of the "heritage" British adaptations for film or television of a classic novel like Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*. Their common long takes, combined with beautiful images, might well "elicit a contemplative appreciative gaze, giving us

time both to look and to experience emotion" along with the character whose eyes the camera follows (Cardwell 2002: 141).

Given that the influential early media guru, Marshall McLuhan, felt that "hot media" like television were "low in participation" and "cool media" like literature were "high in participation or completion by the audience" (1996: 162), we can only imagine what he would have made of this description of the audience experience in the scenario for first-person shooters in a certain kind of videogame: "You find yourself, usually unintentionally, in a strange, hostile place, unarmed and vulnerable … . You must explore the place to find weapons and other useful items, moving through the many game arenas or levels on some form of quest. In the process you must fight and/or avoid many enemies or monsters" (Morris 2002: 82–83). We move—and control our own movement—through a 3-D fictional world, with a sense of embodiment in the game space, a heterocosm we may already know in a non-animated version through the film from which the game is adapted. Our primary identification is directly through "the constant first-person point of view, the player's own sense of agency and experience of interactivity" (Morris 2002: 89). The player becomes at once protagonist and director in a way no performance spectator or reader ever can (Grau 2003: 8–9; Tong and Tan 2002: 101). Instead of just interpreting, the player intervenes in a kind of "frenetic virtual world" (Mactavish 2002: 34). Interactivity brings a greater degree of immersion, both mentally and physically, in the here and now. Response must be rapid: successful hand-eye coordination and puzzle solving involve learned skills and moves (King and Krzywinska 2002a: 22–23). And players play to win. The aim of any game is to keep the player on the verge of mastery but also on the verge of losing control, just like the avatars or characters *in* the game (Weinbren 2002: 183).

In videogames, therefore, there are aural (music, sound effects), visual, and kinesthetic provocations to response in the active gaming portion that make the mode of engagement one of real participation and thus the degree of immersion intense: we feel physically present in the mediated environment, rather than in our real world (Ryan 2001: 66). Anything that reminds us that we are only gaming destroys this illusion, for immersion in this mode relies on the transparency of the

medium; effective games, like theme parks and rituals, must eschew the metafictional or the self-reflexive (Ryan 2001: 284). In the cinematic cut-scenes that frame the gaming, the narrative is both set up and brought to closure, but in them the player is transformed into a spectator, with all the formal and interpretive expectations of any film viewer (Howells 2002: 118). This bringing together of showing and interacting challenges any neat compartmentalization of modes of engagement, but the videogame player has more of an active role in shaping the story than does the audience for a film, play, or even novel (Mactavish 2002: 33). Multiplayer role-playing games involve participants in still other ways through player interaction. Tolkien's novels spawned *Dungeons and Dragons* board and computer games, which in turn became MUDs, narrative worlds in which participants can insert themselves. The programming system allows users in different places to communicate within the same virtual space, becoming characters and creating a collective narrative.

Similar things can happen in interactive fiction. Here too the viewer is not a voyeur and is connected to the story more than by means of emotional identification with a character, as in the telling and showing modes. Instead, "[t]he former audience is lifted out of their seat of distanced contemplation and placed in the limelight of subjective physical involvement: addressed as a storyboard controller, co-author, actor or self-performer" (Zapp 2002: 77). We can now become active participants in a heterocosm—either a fantastic or a realistic one (Ryan 2005: 527). Back in 1926 Virginia Woolf had seen that were it possible to capture the "exactitude of reality and its surprising power of suggestion,"

> we should see violent changes of emotion produced by their collision. The most fantastic contrasts could be flashed before us with a speed which the writer can only toil after in vain; the dream architecture of arches and battlements, of cascades falling and fountains rising, which sometimes visits us in sleep or shapes itself in half-darkened rooms, could be realized before our waking eyes. No fantasy could be too far-fetched or insubstantial. The past could be unrolled, distances annihilated. (1926: 309–10)

She was, of course, writing about cinema, however, and not interactive fiction.

Although again less immersive than videogames, what has been called "expanded cinema" using "multimedia data, visualization and manipulation" (Blunck 2002: 54) does allow members of the audience to become an integral part of the experience by controlling the way in which the story unfolds. If we think back to how important the soliciting of audience participation was for those classical theoreticians of rhetoric or for oral storytellers, we might get a clearer sense of how the audience can figure in the thinking of the adapter working in these emergent forms called "interactive storytelling" that are made possible by broadband and virtual technologies: "Interactive stories are certainly ideal for people who like things like thinking about how to resolve a conflict (in thrillers or courtroom films, for instance), or for people who are not just good listeners, but also like posing investigative questions" (Wand 2002: 177). Audiences have to learn new navigational strategies and accept a new and altered relationship with the creator of the work; in return they are given new kinds of encounters with virtual and fictional worlds that might inspire technological awe as much as increased physical and cognitive immersion. But someone creates those encounter possibilities beforehand. Hypertext fiction, for example, like *afternoon*, a story (1987) by Michael Joyce, one of the founding writers of this mode, offers the reader a variety of narrative threads to choose from, but all have been written by the author in advance. The form may be reader controlled, but the content is not. This is "selective interactivity" (Ryan 2001: 206), and the text is as much a database to be searched as a world in which to be immersed (Ryan 2004c: 342)—which may explain why there have been so few adaptations to or from this medium.

For this and other reasons, the new media are not without their detractors, who often suggest that it may not only be the difficulty of access or mastery that prevents adapters from rushing to use these new forms to attract new audiences. Paul Willeman has articulated many of the ideological arguments against these interactive forms. He points out that their mode of address—imperative or vocative (file, cut, paste, move)—is conducive to "authoritarian and advertising discourses,"

belying that rhetoric of immersion and freedom: in actual fact, he says we can only obey or ignore orders (2002: 15). He sees this as a reduction in the scope of action "which now has to be conducted according to rigorously policed protocols, by a trivialization of the fields where interaction is encouraged, such as games and bulletin boards, and by increasing isolation of the allegedly interacting individuals" (14–15). The so-called interactivity allowed—that is, with specific, preformatted templates—is less truly interactive, he argues, than other representational media "from religious rituals to painting, novels and cinema" (14). According to this argument, pen and paper and the call and response of gospel and jazz music are more interactive than the electronic media today that only "allow" audiences to interact with the story.

Nevertheless, there are manifest differences in the kind and degree of immersion in the three modes of engagement. The sorts of changes and interventions by users/audiences differ. We may be as much controlled as controllers, but we are still immersed differently in a world with which we interact than with one we are either told about or shown. Think of the difference between simply sitting in a theater and seeing the film of *Pirates of the Caribbean* and going on either the original theme park ride from which the movie is adapted or DisneyQuest's interactive version of it at Disney World. As we plunge into the dark, in both versions, we are told that "Dead men tell no tales!" Neither do rides like this, at least not in the conventional narrative sense: enacting or participating replaces telling. Because people go to theme parks in groups and want to share experiences, the designers of the indoor interactive version have created what they call a virtual reality "overwhelming immersive experience on the high seas" (Schell and Shocket 2001) through a simple physical interface. One person steers at a real helm and controls the direction of the "trip"; three others man six cannons. Together they try to defeat virtual enemy pirate ships and sea monsters while collecting and defending as much gold as they can in 5 minutes. The designers admit to controlling the pace to make sure that, in the space of 5 minutes, excitement will grow to a climax. The wraparound 3-D screens and surround sound, plus the motion platform of

the boat, guarantee a sensory experience of considerable intensity that no videogame, much less novel or film can match.

Knowing or unknowing, we experience adaptations across media differently than we do adaptations within the same medium. But even in the latter case, adaptation *as adaptation* involves, for its knowing audience, an interpretive doubling, a conceptual flipping back and forth between the work we know and the work we are experiencing. As if this were not complex enough, the context in which we experience the adaptation—cultural, social, historical—is another important factor in the meaning and significance we grant to this ubiquitous palimpsestic form. When Peter Brooks and Jean-Claude Carrière adapted the *Mahabharata* in 1975, they not only moved from storytelling to film but also from an Indian into a French context. In the process, they realized that they needed some way to bridge cultures and chose to add a French narrator to connect the two worlds. They were not alone in facing this kind of challenge.

5

Where? When?

(Contexts)

The History Man is a story about the dying of the liberationist culture of the Sixties, the fading of the era of student revolution, and the book was set, appropriately, in 1972. It was published in 1975, just, as it were, on the cusp between the end of the Sixties radical culture and the emergence of the Seventies—a very contemporary work. But by the time it appeared on British television in 1981, Mrs. Thatcher had been elected to office. We were in the era of Thatcherismus, of the new conservatism. Under Thatcherismus, the entire cultural and political attitude toward the Sixties had been transformed; it was an adversary that had to be overcome. So where the novel version of *The History Man* in 1975 was a kind of half-tragic and half-ironic version of a generation that was dying, the television version of *The History Man* is really a commentary from a later era on what was wrong with an earlier one. So the values of the story, the

> myth and meaning of the story, had also been adapted in the process of translation from novel to screen.
>
> **—Malcolm Bradbury, on the adaptation of his novel**

The Vastness of Context

As Malcolm Bradbury suggests, even without any temporal updating or any alterations to national or cultural setting, it can take very little time for context to change how a story is received. Not only what is (re)accentuated but more importantly how a story can be (re)interpreted can alter radically. An adaptation, like the work it adapts, is always framed in a context—a time and a place, a society and a culture; it does not exist in a vacuum. Fashions, not to mention value systems, are context-dependent. Many adapters deal with this reality of reception by updating the time of the story in an attempt to find contemporary resonance for their audiences: when *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* (1941) was remade in 1978 as *Heaven Can Wait*, relevant anti-nuclear and environmental themes of the day were inserted (Seger 1992: 65).

I have been arguing that adaptation—that is, as a *product*—has a kind of "theme and variation" formal structure or repetition with difference. This means not only that change is inevitable but that there will also be multiple possible causes of change in the *process* of adapting made by the demands of form, the individual adapter, the particular audience, and now the contexts of reception and creation. This context is vast and variegated. It includes, for instance, material considerations:

> Just as a painting changes when it is moved from the Eastern [*sic*] end of a church and placed in an art gallery, so a play by Shakespeare, or an opera by Mozart, changes its character according to the physical format in which it is presented. A play that started its theatrical life on the unfurnished platform of the Globe and then went on to be pictorially represented in the Victorian theater, with further alterations in physical format when thrust on to the apron stages that developed after the 1950s, has undergone changes that are just as far reaching as the ones that result from reinterpretations of the spoken lines. (J. Miller 1986: 60)

Likewise, the materiality involved in the adaptation's medium and mode of engagement—the kind of print in a book, the size of the television screen, the particular platform upon which a game is played—is part of the context of reception and often of creation as well. Max Horkheimer and Theodor Adorno famously argued, in *Dialectic of Enlightenment,* that the sound film had blurred the difference between reality and its representation, leaving "no room for imagination or reflection on the part of the audience" (1947/1972: 126). But even they would not have predicted the ontologically bizarre phenomenon of Reality TV. With its mix of fact and fiction, a show like *Survivor* is arguably an adaptation not only of "reality" but also of the ethos, as well as the story of Robinson Crusoe (Stam 2005: 99).

What I am calling context also includes elements of presentation and reception, such as the amount and kind of "hype" an adaptation gets: its advertising, press coverage, and reviews. The celebrity status of the director or stars is also an important element of its reception context. Jonathan Demme's 1998 film adaptation of Toni Morrison's novel, *Beloved* (1987), starred Oprah Winfrey; just as significantly for another arts community, however, *Margaret Garner* (2005), the opera adaptation of part of the novel by Morrison (music by Richard Danielpour) was the vehicle for two major African American singers, Denyce Graves and Jessye Norman. It is not that the larger social and racial issues are *not* also part of the audience's context here, but the fact that they are incarnated in the particular stars conditions the work's meaning and impact.

As this example might suggest, the time is clearly right, in the United States, as elsewhere, for adaptations of works on the timely topic of race. Readiness to reception and to production can depend on the "rightness" of the historical moment. In Italy, for instance, during the Libyan War (1911–12), film adaptations of epics like *El Cid* and *Gerusalemma liberata* abounded—apt expressions of Italy's nationalist-imperialist ambitions. Because epic adaptations continued to flourish through the Fascist years, it is not too surprising that there was an anti-adaptation move by the postwar neo-realists (M. Marcus 1993: 5). It may be no accident, some argue, that "heritage cinema" adaptations flourished in Thatcher's aesthetically and ideologically conservative

Britain (Vincendeau 2001: xix). This wider context of creation and reception must therefore be of interest to any theory of adaptation that defines the term as process, as well as product.

Whether an adapted story is told, shown, or interacted with, it always happens in a particular time and space in a society. Therefore, the videogame adaptation of *The Godfather* will be experienced differently today by an Italian American player than by a Korean one. And adapters know this and take it into consideration. Byron's fragment of a vampire tale was expanded by his doctor, John Polidori, into *The Vampyre* in 1819, and within a year the story had been adapted into a three-act melodrama (by Pierre Carmouche, Achille Jouffrey, and Charles Nodier). But the French adapters changed the Byronic Lord Ruthven's vampiric lust into the passion of a dedicated womanizer. In the same year (1820), this play was adapted, not simply translated, for the English stage by James Robinson Planché; in this national context, the villain was made sympathetic for British audiences because, even though his vampirism was made into the curse for his crimes, he has appropriate moral qualms about his bloody deeds. When both Peter Joseph von Lindpaintner and Heinrich August Marschner created their different German Romantic opera adaptations of the vampire's story, the demonic returned—and so on, throughout the many cinematic adaptations of the last century undertaken by adapters of many different national cultures.

Nations and media are not the only relevant contexts to be considered. Time, often very short stretches of it, can change the context even within the same place and culture. In 1815, Franz Schubert adapted—in this case, set to music for piano and solo voice—a well-known earlier (1782) ballad by Goethe, "Erlkönig" (though the song was not published until 1821). Richard Taruskin sees Schubert's *Lied* as decidedly different in musical emphasis and significance from the other adaptation done three years later (1818) by Carl Loewe. These Romantic composers were contemporaries and thus shared much of the general national musical ideology that had led to the development of the *Lied* genre, especially the link between personal expression and the collective ("das Volk"). But Loewe's setting reveals, among many other things, his "greater nature mysticism" (Taruskin 2005: 3.158), a

difference that is not only individual but also reflects subtle changes that Taruskin sees happening in German culture at large. To move to an example closer to home, after Bruce Springsteen's celebratory rock song "Born in the USA" was appropriated by the American Right, he chose to rerecord it alone, on a dark stage, with only an acoustic guitar. His self-cover became an adaptation in that the new context of protest transformed the piece into a somber dirge. Time too changes meaning and always has.

Time also has the ability to make us forget, of course, but we may not ever have known things like details from a temporal context that could be relevant to issues of power. Michael Radford's 2005 film adaptation of *The Merchant of Venice* historicizes, through visual imagery, things of which Shakespeare's audiences (or today's) might or might not have been aware. By having his Venetian Jews wear identifying red hats and his prostitutes appear bare-breasted—as both had to by law at the time of the play's setting—the director makes this a play *about* both anti-Semitism and the role of women. The camera narrates and interprets for us as we move through the labyrinthine streets and canals of historical Venice, watching Antonio spit at Shylock as he passes him on the Rialto bridge.

Transcultural Adaptation

Where is as important a question to ask about adaptation, however, as *when*. Adapting from one culture to another is nothing new: the Romans adapted Greek theater, after all. But what has been called "cultural globalization" (Cuddy-Keane 2003: 544) has increased the attention paid to such transfers in recent years. Often, a change of language is involved; almost always, there is a change of place or time period. Akira Kurosawa's *Throne of Blood* (1957) is a famous Japanese film adaptation and major cultural transposition of *Macbeth*, for instance, just as *The Magnificent Seven* (1960) is a Hollywood remake of Kurosawa's *Seven Samurai* (1954). Almost always, there is an accompanying shift in the political valence from the adapted text to the "transculturated" adaptation. Context conditions meaning, in short.

It seems logical that time and place shifts should bring about alterations in cultural associations; however, there is no guarantee

that adapters will necessarily take into account cultural changes that may have occurred over time. When Alain Boublil, Richard Maltby, Jr., and Claude-Michel Schönberg brought Giacomo Puccini's early twentieth-century operatic story of American sexual imperialism in Japan (*Madama Butterfly* [1904]) into the 1970s world of American political imperialism in Vietnam in *Miss Saigon*, they left intact what was, by the musical's premiere in 1989, a dated and much contested stereotype of the Asian woman.

Sometimes, as we saw in an earlier chapter, changes are made to avoid legal repercussions. F.W. Murnau's 1922 *Nosferatu* changed Bram Stoker's *Dracula* in terms of time (dating it back 50 years), place (moving it from Transylvania to Germany and from London to Bremen), and even names (Dracula became Count Orlock). Today those changes would likely be enough to escape copyright infringement suits, but they were not sufficient at the time. Most often adaptations are not backdated but rather are updated to shorten the gap between works created earlier and contemporary audiences: in adapting Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, Franco Zeffirelli made his lovers' affection more physical and cut out parts that slowed down the action to satisfy what he perceived as the demands of his film audience in 1968. By 1996, when Baz Luhrmann adapted the same play, the young audience targeted was one attuned to MTV music videos and Hollywood action movies, and this change motivated his gangland setting and frenetic pace. In other words, the reception context determined the changes in setting and style. Just as the psychological novel of the eighteenth century (Sterne) is not like that of the twentieth (Proust), adaptations of the same play that are even decades apart can and should differ: cultures change over time. In the name of relevance, adapters seek the "right" resetting or recontextualizing. This too is a form of transculturation.

For Hollywood, however, transculturating usually means Americanizing a work: the Canadian novel, *Shoeless Joe* (1982) by W.P. Kinsella, may have been named after an American figure, but Phil Robinson's 1989 film of it, *Field of Dreams*, was even more focused south of the 49th parallel. Similarly the characters in A.S. Byatt's very bookish English novel *Possession* (1990) were changed to give American audiences someone to identify with in Neil LaBute's 2002 cinematic adaptation:

the novel's quiet, articulate British Roland became the film's brash and sardonic American Roland. Because Hollywood films are increasingly being made for international audiences, the adaptation might end up not only altering characters' nationalities, but on the contrary, actually deemphasizing any national, regional, or historical specificities.

What happens when a film like the very Italian *Profumo di donna* (1974) is adapted into *Scent of a Woman* a decade later or when *Le Retour de Martin Guerre* (1982) becomes the American Civil War story, *Sommersby* (1993)? David Edelstein argues that the pace gets changed; the life is "streamlined out of the narrative" as temporal tricks and any possible plot ambiguities are eliminated. In addition family values have to be respected while at the same time the story must be "dopily" overromanticized (2001: 20). Obviously no fan of Americanizations, Edelstein asserts, "It would be terrific to report that Hollywood does not, contrary to popular belief, have a coarsening effect on the foreign properties it remakes. Terrific, but wrong. In this area, as in few others, studios live up to their reputation as titanic forces of philistinism" (3). But wit aside, is Hollywood really alone in this kind of changing? When, in 2005, French director Jacques Audiard adapted James Toback's *Fingers* (1978) into *The Beat That My Heart Skipped*, the dark tale of psychic contradictions against a backdrop of 1970s New York became a more realistic but considerably less anguished story set in twenty-first-century Paris. Context can modify meaning, no matter where or when.

Transcultural adaptations often mean changes in racial and gender politics. Sometimes adapters purge an earlier text of elements that their particular cultures in time or place might find difficult or controversial; at other times, the adaptation "de-represses" an earlier adapted text's politics (Stam 2005b: 42–44). Even within a single culture, the changes can be so great that they can in fact be considered transcultural, on a micro- rather than macrolevel. In the same society, political issues can change with time, as we have seen in the example of David Henry Hwang's new version of Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein's *Flower Drum Song*. Perhaps not surprisingly, Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew* has been adapted time and time again for the movie and television screen—but differently each time—from the suffragette years of the early twentieth century right up to the 1980s feminist

backlash. Similarly it has been argued that Bram Stoker's *Dracula* deployed a myth about the sacred role of women that was particularly appropriate to his time, but that myth seems to be one that can be adapted readily to a new social reality with each of its frequent adaptations (McDonald 1993: 102).

Of course, the politics of transcultural adaptations can shift in unpredictable directions too. When Arthur Schnitzler's sexually and dramatically radical 1900 play *Der Reigen* (or *La Ronde*) was transculturated into Eric Bentley's *Round Two* (1990), there was no banning and no obscenity trial, despite the translation of the straight Austrian sex into the gay American context (see Schechter 1986: 8). Once again, this same temporally induced deradicalizing shift can happen with adaptations within the same culture: the 1928 edgy comedy called *The Front Page* and written by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur was adapted often to film, but the best-known adaptation is likely the 1940 *His Girl Friday* (director Howard Hawks; script by Charles Lederer). Although the male ace reporter was transformed into a woman, the gain in women's visibility was matched by the loss of that edge to sentimentality. In 2003, John Guare adapted the play and the film together into a new play, *His Girl Friday*, which added lines from the play that the somewhat sanitizing film had removed, but somehow the new play managed to be even less edgy than the film had been.

Indigenization

As we have seen in Chapter 3, the adapter works in one context, but the meaning he or she establishes within that frame of reference can change over time. Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, adapted the true story of his relationship with his former beloved, Alphonsine Duplessis, into a novel (1848) and then a play (1852) called *La Dame aux camélias*. What began as a warning about the "pernicious threat of prostitution to decent bourgeois family life in Paris in the middle of the nineteenth century" (Redmond 1989: 72) changed considerably with each subsequent adaptation. Giuseppe Verdi's operatic version, *La Traviata* (1853), scandalized audiences, in part because it made its courtesan heroine sympathetic—not a surprising shift, given Verdi's relationship at the time with an unmarried mother, the singer Giuseppina Strepponi. The

1936 Greta Garbo film *Camille,* however, traded on its star's glamor to allow the love story to overtake any social argument. But when Pam Gems adapted the film back to the stage in her 1985 *Camille* for the Royal Shakespeare Company, politics returned, but a different politics this time. The feminist writer introduced themes that the earlier works by men had silenced: sexual and physical abuse and abortion. This is adaptation: repetition without replication.

The context of reception, however, is just as important as the context of creation when it comes to adapting. Imagine an audience watching any of the new adaptations of *Othello* during the O.J. Simpson trial: the fall of a hero, the theme of spousal abuse, and the issue of racial difference would inevitably take on a different inflection and even force than Shakespeare could ever have imagined. Contemporary events or dominant images condition our perception as well as interpretation, as they do those of the adapter. There is a kind of dialogue between the society in which the works, both the adapted text and adaptation, are produced and that in which they are received, and both are in dialogue with the works themselves. Economic and legal considerations play a part in these contexts, as do evolving technologies, as we have seen. So too do things like religion. Canadian First Nations playwright Tomson Highway has spoken revealingly of the adaptation of his plays to the Japanese stage. In North American stage productions of *Dry Lips Oughta Move to Kapuskasing* (1987), one actor plays a trinity of female goddesses (Aphrodite, Pregnant Earth Mother, and Athena) in an echo of Christian imagery; in contrast, when the play was transculturated to polytheistic Japan, three women were used and dance and silence replaced dialogue as the major modes of communication.

As this example suggests, performance media present the greatest challenges for adaptations across cultures and not only because of the presence of paying audiences—on site and ready to respond with incomprehension or anger. Adapting across cultures is not simply a matter of translating words. For audiences experiencing an adaptation in the showing or interacting modes of engagement, cultural and social meaning has to be conveyed and adapted to a new environment through what Patrice Pavis calls the "language-body" (1989: 30). The intercultural, he says, is the "intergestural": the visual is as important

as the aural. In transfers from a telling to a performance mode, differences of philosophy, religion, national culture, gender, or race can create gaps that need filling by dramaturgical considerations that are as likely to be kinetic and physical as linguistic. Facial expressions, dress, and gestures take their place along with architecture and sets to convey cultural information that is both verisimilar and an "index of the ideologies, values, and conventions by which we order experience and predicate activity" (Klein 1981: 4).

When stories travel—as they do when they are adapted in this way across media, time, and place—they end up bringing together what Edward Said called different "processes of representation and institutionalization" (1983: 226). According to Said, ideas or theories that travel involve four elements: a set of initial circumstances, a distance traversed, a set of conditions of acceptance (or resistance), and a transformation of the idea in its new time and place (1983: 226–27). Adaptations too constitute transformations of previous works in new contexts. Local particularities become transplanted to new ground, and something new and hybrid results.

Susan Stanford Friedman has used the anthropological term "indigenization" to refer to this kind of intercultural encounter and accommodation (2004). In political discourse, indigenization is used within a national setting to refer to the forming of a national discourse different from the dominant; in a religious context, as in mission church discourse, it refers to a nativized church and a recontextualized Christianity. But the advantage of the more general anthropological usage in thinking about adaptation is that it implies agency: people pick and choose what they want to transplant to their own soil. Adapters of traveling stories exert power over what they adapt.

For most of us there are two small devices that enable ease of travel—the adapter plug and the electrical converter—and for me these offer the best (punning) metaphor I can think of to explain how this aspect of adaptation works. Power comes in different forms, in addition to AC/DC and 120v/220v, of course, and it can be adapted *for use* in different contexts (different countries); the adapter plug and the converter allow the transformation of power to a useable form for a particular place or context. This is how indigenization functions as well.

The cultural power that has accrued to the works of Shakespeare can be adapted and adopted by the British in the name of patriotism and national culture. But for Americans, Australians, New Zealanders, Indians, South Africans, or Canadians, that power must be adapted into differently historically colonized contexts before being transformed into something new. And neither of these kinds of adaptation will resemble the Chinese indigenization in which Shakespeare's work is transformed through cultural transcoding into a "celebration of individuality, the awakening of self-consciousness and competitive individualism, a moral principle against obscurantism, and the concepts of freedom, equality, and universal love" (Zhang 1996: 242)—in short, the ideology and values of a democratic society offered in opposition or contrast to those of a totalitarian state.

Indigenizing can lead to strangely hybrid works. The 2003 American musical adaptation of the thirteenth-century Chinese play, *The Orphan of Zhao,* ended up being a kind of "country and eastern" in both form and content. Director Chen Shi-Zheng asked David Greenspan to write new English dialogue and the eclectic songwriter Stephin Merritt to compose the lyrics and music, to be played on an autoharp and two Chinese instruments, the *jinghu* and the *pipa*. Sometimes conventions clash rather than merge, however. When *King Lear* was adapted to the Indian performance tradition of *kathakali*, a classical improvised dance form, two reciters offered part of the verbal text, but in this new aesthetic context, it was the conventions of the dance form that were significant, not the story in itself. Neither novelty nor naturalism has importance in this dance tradition. The adapters, Australian playwright and director David McRovie and actor-dancer Annette Leday, knew these conventions, but it seems not all of their audience did, leaving mystification and not fascination as the result.

In contrast, Gustave Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* (1857) was reworked more successfully by Ketan Mehta in Hindi as *Maya Memsaab* (1992). This story seemed to translate more effectively across cultures because Emma's novel-inspired romanticism found an analogue in the illusions provoked by Bombay musicals. Framed in an investigation over whether the protagonist was a murder victim or a suicide, Mehta's adaptation is a mixture of mystery, erotic film, and musical (for the fantasy and

dream parts). Except for the latter parts, the rest is relatively realistically presented, transcoding well Flaubert's own mix of the romantic and realist (see Stam 2000: 63; 2005a: 183).

Adapters across cultures probably cannot avoid thinking about power. Muhammad 'Uthmān Jalāl's *al-Shaykh Matlūf* is an 1873 Egyptian adaptation of Molière's seventeenth-century French play *Tartuffe,* which freely translated characters and customs as well as language (dialects) into Egyptian contexts. This work is a deliberate and deliberately selective borrowing from the West, a canonical European work fully indigenized into Arabic culture (Bardenstein 1989: 150). A different power differential between colonized and colonizer, however, often plays a role in the adapting process. As mentioned at the end of Chapter 4, Jean-Claude Carrière, who adapted *Mahabharata* for the screen, recognized the "possibility of unconscious colonization by way of vocabulary, since the action of translating Indian words translates our relationship to an entire civilization. To say that we could find an equivalent for every Indian word implies that French culture can in a word appropriate the most profoundly reflected notions of Indian thought" (1985: 14).

Some adaptations tackle the politics of empire from a decidedly postcolonial perspective, thereby changing the context of the adapted work considerably. Patricia Rozema's 1999 film adaptation of Jane Austen's *Mansfield Park* (1814) adds both a feminist and a postcolonial critique of slavery. Similarly, Mira Nair's 2004 version of *Vanity Fair* (1848; script by Julian Fellowes) picks up on the fact that the novel's author, Thackeray, was born in Calcutta to highlight India as the source of a character's wealth. In other words, these adaptations offer a modern rereading of the past that not everyone has found acceptable. For Kamilla Elliott,

> Film adapters build on a hypercorrect historical material realism to usher in a host of anachronistic ideological "corrections" of novels. Quite inconsistently, while adaptations pursue a hyperfidelity to nineteenth-century material culture, they reject and correct Victorian psychology, ethics, and politics. When filmmakers set modern politically correct views against historically correct backdrops, the effect is to authorize these modern ideologies as historically authentic. (2003: 177)

This rereading of the past is obviously not the same as adapting Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* (1813) to Bollywood conventions and a contemporary setting and calling it *Bride and Prejudice*, as did Gurinder Chadha (2004). The postcolonial adaptations are, by definition, willful reinterpretations for a different context, even if the historical accuracy of the time and setting is retained. In other words, this is not unlike a writer and director in 2004 adding women to an adaptation of Plato's famous dialogue on the topic of love, the *Symposium,* because he or she feels that in the twenty-first century women too have important perspectives to offer on the subject. So, in Michael Wirth's film version, Aristophanes and Eryximachus are allowed to cross gender lines.

With indigenizing come accusations of a failure of political nerve or even of less "correctly" changing the politics of adapted works. Steven Spielberg was said to have "repatriarchized" Alice Walker's feminist 1982 novel in his 1985 film of *The Color Purple*. John Ford was accused of shying away from the "socialist drift of the Steinbeck novel" in his 1940 adaptation of *The Grapes of Wrath* (1939; Stam 2000: 73). The possible number and kind of complexities when adapting across cultures are such that another "learning from practice" exercise seems in order in the next section. I have once again chosen an adapted text that has had multiple adaptations across time and place, as well as across medium and genre. It is also a story whose political meaning has changed with those context shifts: it is the story of a woman named Carmen.

Learning from Practice

Why Carmen?

Other viable candidates for this exercise clearly exist, the vampire narrative and *Hamlet* foremost among them. They too revolve around a single protean figure, culturally stereotyped yet retrofitted in ideological terms for adaptation to different times and places. But the narrative of the gypsy woman, Carmen, adds to these significant characteristics a confusing range of political reinterpretations right from the start: is she a dangerous *femme fatale* or an admirable independent woman? These conflicting stereotypes, I argue, have made for the story's continuing

fascination for adapters and audiences alike (see Collier 1994; Maingueneau 1984). As Susan McClary explains, the power of her story lies not in its "ability to inspire consensus, but rather in its success at provoking and sustaining debate along the central fault lines of nineteenth- and twentieth-century culture" (1992: 129). Whether the adaptation portrays Carmen as victim or victimizer, in short, depends on the politics of the particular contexts of creation and reception.

On the surface, this story would not seem to be a prime candidate for multiple adaptations. It does not appear to be an accepted classic with some universal truth at its core; it does not in any obvious way manage to transcend its time and place of creation. The narrative about the misbegotten love of a gypsy woman and a Spanish-Basque soldier is very nineteenth century and very French, even if it is about gypsies and Spain. In 1845, Prosper Mérimée wrote a novella version of a story he had heard from a friend; within a year Marius Petipa had choreographed a concert ballet from it (*Carmen and Her Bullfighter*). But it was not until 30 years later that Georges Bizet adapted it into an opera, and the rest is history—or, as one critic has wittily put it, the rest is discourse: "To a degree unparalleled by any other opera, *Carmen* has become a *discourse,* a multiply-authored, historically developing tangle of bits and pieces from Bizet, Mérimée, high-art criticism, the folk imagination and the movies: of stock images of Spain, opera, melodrama, *femmes fatales* and doomed lovers, and heaven knows what else" (Leicester 1994: 250). If we needed proof of her iconic status, the 2002 "Carmen Conference" at the University of Newcastle upon Tyne would have offered it, in its examination of some of the 77 film adaptations of this story—a sampling of both affirmations and contestations of received notions of gender and ethnicity that constitute the appeal of *Carmen*.

The Carmen Story—and Stereotype

Prosper Mérimée traveled to Spain in the 1830s and wrote about his voyages in the *Revue de Paris*. In the December 29, 1833 issue, he told of a young woman he called "Carmencita" who served him fresh water and gazpacho by the side of a road. She was one of the bewitching Spanish sorceresses, the "sorcières espagnoles" of the title of his article. In 1840, a friend, Mme Eugénie de Montijo, told him the

story of a brigand who killed his mistress; in 1844, he wrote to her that he had just read George Borrow's *The Zincali* (1841) and *The Bible in Spain* (1843). In 1845, in the travel biweekly specializing in exotic Third World travel journals, the *Revue des deux mondes* (October 1), Mérimée brought these various influences together to tell the Spanish story of a fierce and jealous bandit and his devious and dangerous fortune-telling gypsy woman. But the narrative frame is scholarly, controlled, and complete with footnotes, as if the foreign world here is a threat to be contained. So too is Carmen.

The fictional narrator is a pedantic French scholar, and it is he who first describes Carmen: she is smoking, an act that is definitely transgressive, even for a tobacco factory worker—indeed, smoking was an identifying signal used by French prostitutes. She is beautiful but not conventionally so; her eyes are fierce and voluptuous. He thinks she might be Moorish, but that is because he cannot bring himself to say "Jewish"; she enlightens him as to her gypsy blood. This woman is a thief and perhaps a murderer; she is petulant and demanding. We later read a second description of Carmen from Don José, the man who loved and killed her. In his eyes, she is sexy, scandalously so in dress and behavior; she has a sharp tongue; she is a liar but she is paradoxically honest in paying her "debts"; and she is extravagant and capricious. Where the narrator called her a sorceress, her lover calls her diabolical. It is her fault that he is jealous; it is her fault that he must kill her.

There is a third view of Carmen in Mérimée's story: that of the author himself. In later years, he added to the text an ethnographic treatise on gypsies, in which the race is presented as animalistic, unprincipled, and unattractive in all respects. In this view it becomes the gypsies' fault that Carmen must die. This orientalized construction of the European "other" is typical of the time and place: Victor Hugo, Théophile Gautier, Alexandre Dumas, and Gustave Flaubert all had traveled to Spain and had exoticized it as oriental in their writings. For each, the Spanish gypsy was like the Jew: both domestic and yet foreign, the other on nearby, if not home, turf.

Bizet's librettists, Henri Meilhac and the Jewish Ludovic Halévy, would have been sensitive to these associations and eager, given the expensive performance medium that is opera, to call up the positive

rather than the negative ones. An *opéra comique*, this first version of *Carmen* consisted of alternating spoken dialogue and song; characters break into song, often at moments of emotional excess. But the bourgeois family audience of the theater known as the Opéra Comique in 1875 Paris was not ready for such excess—or for a woman dying on the stage, killed by her jealous lover. The popular failure of the opera is said to have hastened Bizet's death. Ernest Guiraud prepared a more conventionally operatic version with recitatives for the Vienna opening the next year, adding a chorus and a ballet with music from other works by Bizet. Both versions are decidedly products of the French musical as well as social culture, however.

What is striking is that neither operatic Carmen is the vicious and devious woman of Mérimée's text. The three narrative voices disappear as we move from a telling mode to a showing one. We see and hear Carmen, unmediated by overt male intervention; she speaks/sings for herself. But the librettists too clearly felt some need to contain Carmen: they invented Micäela as a maternally approved rival for Don José's affection and as a pure and innocent foil for Carmen. The opera's gypsy, however, is not a thief, though she is a smuggler; she has not been previously married, and above all, she is independent and feisty. In short, she has been somewhat sanitized for the family-oriented Opéra Comique audience. Halévy admitted that she was a "softer, tamer Carmen," writing to the anxious co-director Adolphe de Leuven that the gypsies would all be made into "comedians" and Carmen's death would be "glossed over"—"in a holiday atmosphere, with a parade, a ballet, a joyful fanfare" (1905/1987: 36). He was not lying, but the contrast between her death and that festive atmosphere actually makes her murder all the more chilling.

Taking only one part of Carmen's story from Mérimée (the Don José part), the librettists made her into a liberated woman, who takes her future into her own hands as only men were allowed to do at the time. This independence is obviously what has attracted modern adapters and audiences alike. But the context of creation was nineteenth-century France, and there such independence was deemed something diabolical to be curbed. Don José repeatedly asks: "Tu est le diable, Carmen?" Fate was called upon to take care of this "problem": dramatized

in Carmen's reading of the cards and rendered audible as a motif in her music, Carmen's fate is to die for her independence in love and life. The opera's shortening and condensing of the novella's plot mean that detail and subtlety are lost, but what is gained is a sense of fated inevitability as the compressed plot hurries to its end.

There is yet another reason why the opera's Carmen differs from that of the novella: she sings. But it is as much how and what she sings as the fact of her vocalizing that make the difference. Just as Mérimée's Carmen was linguistically talented, so Bizet's is a musical virtuoso, but she is also as unpredictable in her music as she is in her behavior. Deemed a triple alien—by her gender, her race, and her class—Carmen proudly sings her identity as other. As McClary has shown, her slippery chromatic music, most of it to sensuous dance tunes, signals her sexuality; ethnic markers of orientalized Spanish music, which differs from the European norm, point us to her racial background; and her most famous songs are based on popular Paris cabaret versions of Spanish and Cuban dance music, the music of the night life of the lower classes (1992: 26–52).

It is this operatic Carmen who would become the stereotype—and the challenge—for interpreters and therefore adapters from then on. For Catherine Clément, in her controversial feminist study *Opera, or the Undoing of Woman*, Carmen is "somewhat whore, somewhat Jewess, somewhat Arab, entirely illegal, always on the margins of life" (1989: 49) and that otherness is what makes her great. But she is also "the image, foreseen and doomed, of a woman who refuses masculine yokes and who must pay for it with her life" (1989: 48). Carmen must die because she acts like a man—or as a feminist *avant la lettre*. For Mario Praz, in contrast, Carmen stands for a "diabolical feminine fascination" that causes men to lose all control and all regard for their social position (1970: 207). In the same vein, Michel Leiris sees Don José as "the wretch whom she has forced to desert" and whom she ridicules "until he kills her": "a bloodthirsty goddess … the lovely Carmencita, before being murdered, is indeed a murderess" (1963: 54). The battle lines are as clear as the double stereotype: *femme fatale* or liberated woman?

Indigenizing Carmen

Carmen has been called a nomadic, mobile work, one that is an example of geographic and social "transculturality" (Bertrand 1983: 104). The story has certainly circulated widely and displayed a decidedly dynamic and fluid rather than static and fixed meaning. Different cultures at different moments have indigenized this traveling story in their own ways. Depending on the mode and medium selected, of course, different aspects of that story are foregrounded. Paintings of Carmen—such as those of Franz von Stuck in the early twentieth century—inevitably de-narrativize somewhat in adapting, but retain as a result a strong sense of the body and personality of the character. Instrumental adaptations of Bizet's opera music sometimes retain the narrative line, but more often do not, as in Pablo de Sarasate's 1883 *Carmen Fantasy*. Sometimes the plot, in being updated, puts a strain on the very definition of adaptation developed here. Jean-Luc Godard's self-reflexive film *Prénom Carmen* (1983) substitutes Beethoven string quartets for Bizet's music and turns Carmen into a bank-robbing terrorist who knows of her operatic namesake only through the American film *Carmen Jones*. Yet the opera is more than just another intertext; from the film's title on, it haunts the work as a palimpsest.

There are as many ways to indigenize a story as there are ways to tell or show it again. To give a sense of the kind of range in this particular case, I divide the transformations into three dichotomous types: (1) historicizing/dehistoricizing, (2) racializing/deracializing, and (3) embodying/disembodying.

Historicizings/Dehistoricizings Given that the opera *Carmen*, although it is French, is about a gypsy woman in nineteenth-century Spain, its story would seem to be a difficult one to dehistoricize (or to "de-ethnicize"). But adaptations have aimed at doing so and have managed to achieve precisely such a feat. On stage in 1981 and in 1983 on the screen, Peter Brook presented his pared-down adaptation, *La Tragédie de Carmen*. He reworked the libretto with Jean-Claude Carrière and rearranged Bizet's score, with the aid of Marius Constant, recontextualizing tunes so that we interpret them differently, hearing them in their new contexts. He removed his Carmen from her social contexts—she is neither a tobacco factory worker nor a smuggler. An

austere, round, dusty space replaced particularized Spanish sets. He also stripped away the trappings of the *opéra comique* genre, cutting out characters, eliminating the chorus, and excising a variety of comic and exotic details, thereby reducing the work to one act, lasting just over 80 minutes. Four characters remain in what is now a tragedy of four people in two love triangles; two speaking actors supply the rest of the altered narrative action. In Brook's view:

> Carmen has … the greatest marriage—perhaps of all the operas—between being musically marvelous and having absolutely true human content. These two go hand in hand. The opera is totally accessible. Being in the theater, I'm most interested in what can speak most directly to the most widely assorted people. The music can appeal to anyone without any difficulty, any effort. There are no cultural barriers. (Qtd. in Loney 1983: 12)

For Brook, this spare version captures the universalized story of fate—the human condition: for this adapter, *Carmen* is not about sexual politics, ethnic otherness, or historical specificity.

The contrast with Neapolitan director Francesco Rosi's filmed adaptation of the opera (1984) could not be more striking. Rosi replaces this idea of universalized fate with specific issues of power and human responsibility; instead of removing the social and historical context, he places the story's nineteenth-century Spanish ethnic and class realities in the foreground. Known as a director with a strong interest in social issues, Rosi was attracted to the culture of southern Spain in which the opera is set in part because of its resemblances to his own southern Italian background, with its related poverty, machismo, earthiness, and fondness for song and dance (Citron 2000: 164). This story was not a cultural cliché for him; it was real. So his Carmen is no *femme fatale*, but an uninhibited and life-affirming woman who is in control of her own fate. There is nothing sinister about her sexuality here; it is fully enjoyed. Filming on location and researching everything historical carefully in advance, Rosi places her in the real material culture of Spain, including the oldest Spanish bullring in Ronda; with her, we move right into the tobacco factory and witness working women at their jobs, their babies by their sides. From the start, he plunges the

spectator into a nineteenth-century, hispanized, ethnic world that is not so much picturesque as dark and menacing.

In short, Rosi did not update or rewrite anything; instead, he rehistoricized and in the process "re-ethnicized" the opera, removing the nineteenth-century French context of creation and substituting for it a nineteenth-century Spanish one. In the process, he implicitly played his version of an independent Carmen against the other stereotype of the dangerous seductress. His protagonist does not make a dashing star entrance; we almost miss her as she emerges from the group of workers. In fact, the camera is focused more on an old man, Enrique El Cojio, who is dancing with the women. Rosi uses medium-high-angle traveling shots in which the camera pans (pointedly following the binoculars—and the gaze—of the military commander) to show Carmen moving within a bustling social context: this Carmen is obviously part of a community (Leicester 1994: 269, n.42). But that means that her independence has limits: just as the old man catches our eye before Carmen does and indeed literally leads us, along with the village men, to find her, so Don José controls—or desires to control—the free woman who in fact exerts control over him through her sexuality. He makes her pay for her defiance, aided and abetted by a particular culture's celebration of machismo (in the film's opening bullfight) and its religious cult of women's suffering (the macabre Mater Dolorosa procession of penitents that follows it).

Traveling stories, then, are told—and shown—differently at different times in different places. The very French and very nineteenth-century *Carmen* has been indigenized in radically diverse ways in different contexts of adaptation. But ethnic and national historical identities are not the only variants on this theme. Carmen is not only Spanish; she is a gypsy.

Racializings/Deracializings Nietzsche famously declared that the source of *Carmen*'s cheerfulness was "African"—a "southern, brown, burnt sensibility" (1888/1967: 158); the music's "subtlety belongs to a race, not to an individual" (157), he asserted. The racial identity of Carmen the gypsy was clearly central to Mérimée's ethnographic portrait, but it was arguably just as important to Bizet's equally orientalized version. When Oscar Hammerstein II adapted the opera in its original

opéra comique version as *Carmen Jones* for the Broadway musical stage in 1943 and later for the screen (1954; directed by Otto Preminger, screenplay by Harry Kleiner), race was on his mind as well. His intentions were progressive, even if they might sound patronizing and essentializing today: "The nearest thing in our modern American life to an equivalent of the gypsies in Spain is the Negro. Like the gypsy, he expresses his feelings simply, honestly, graphically. Also as with the gypsy there is rhythm in his body, and music in his heart" (1945: xviii). The music of Spain, he continued, in a Nietzschean vein, had been influenced by the "Moors from Africa." Indigenizing *Carmen* in the United States meant changing genres—from elitist European opera to populist American musical. More surprisingly, in this case it meant changing race, for not only was this Carmen African American, but the entire cast was as well. We need to remind ourselves that this was a time when the mainstream stage and screen were not necessarily open to black performers, though all-black theater for black audiences flourished. This adaptation was made before the Civil Rights movement, though after *Showboat* (1927) and *Porgy and Bess* (1935). On the other hand, what might have been even less acceptable at that moment than blacks on the American Broadway stage would have been the presentation of a mixed-race love relationship on stage—for that was what Carmen's story originally had been, in part, about.

As James Baldwin pointed out in his attack on the film version of *Carmen Jones*, making everyone black removed Carmen's otherness, as a gypsy among Spaniards, and placed the focus on sexual rather than racial politics. Yet Baldwin noted, it also managed to reinforce African American stereotypes of female promiscuity, male violence, rural ignorance, and athletic prowess (1955/1975: 91). Not only was this adaptation a translation—into what he called "Negro speech"—but it was also a transculturation at the same time. Carmen's famous Habañera became "Dat's Love": "If I love you dat's de end of you!" In the process, the flighty "oiseau rebelle" (rebellious bird) became the earthy "baby dat grows up wild." Although the operatic Carmen accepts her fate as she reads it in the cards, with an aria that opens "En vain" (in vain), the musical's heroine faces death boldly, calling it "dat ol' boy" and declaring defiantly that she wants to live life to the full "up to de day I

die." And she does. The racial politics become even more complicated, however, because Dorothy Dandridge's singing voice belongs to a white mezzo-soprano, the young Marilyn Horne.

Not only the language is transformed in this adaptation, however. *Carmen Jones* is reset during the Second World War in the southern United States. The soldier Don José becomes Joe, a serviceman who wants to be a pilot; this Carmen works making parachutes, not cigars or cigarettes. The toreador Escamillo translates as Husky Miller, boxing champion; Lillas Pastia's gypsy cabaret is transformed into Billy Pastor's juke joint. When Joe goes AWOL, he hides in a Chicago hotel room as Carmen goes out to the pawn shop to get money to support them; mad with jealousy, Joe feels emasculated and dependent, reflecting, it has been argued, "wartime and postwar anxieties about the decay of masculine power and authority when women are allowed to work" (Leicester 1994: 250). In Americanizing and updating the story of Carmen, *Carmen Jones* indigenizes it in radical ways. Although Bizet's family felt the adaptation was irreverent and managed to get it banned in France (Collier 1994: 1), it likely would not have spoken to a European audience at any rate, or at least not in the same way as it did to Americans in the middle of the twentieth century. When Joe sings at the end, after murdering Carmen, "String me high on a tree / so that soon I'll be / with my darling, my baby, my Carmen," the inevitable echoes of lynchings and other forms of racial violence would have resonated with the U.S. audience.

Because of its gypsy protagonist, then, *Carmen* is an opera that has frequently attracted racialized adaptations, even if not this extreme. In 2000, director Mark Dornford-May and conductor Charles Hazlewood first presented their pared-down version of the opera's story at the South African Academy of Performing Arts in Cape Town. Set totally among the gypsies of Seville this time, it was updated to the 1970s, but the dialogue was in the Xhosa language and the singing in English (in Rory Bremner's translation). Using both amateur and professional black performers and a small stage band, the production was praised for its energy, its earthiness, and thus its assumed proximity to the spirit that Bizet was trying to capture with his music (see, e.g., P. Citron 2002: R3). A film version, *U-Carmen e-Khayelitsha*, again in

Xhosa, is set this time in a modern-day South African township with its particular issues and problems (e.g., smuggling is transculturated into drug trafficking). This film opened first in the township in which it was filmed before going on to win the Golden Bear Award at the 2005 Berlin International Film Festival.

The 2001 film *Karmen Geï* similarly retains the opera's basic plot, but this version chooses to forego Bizet's score in favor of indigenous Senegalese music and choreography. Here, the toreador Escamillo becomes the singer-bard Massigi. Director Joseph Gaï Ramaka moves to this particular African urban environment the theme of "love and freedom" or the conflict between that freedom and the laws and conventions that inevitably constrain that desire (as he explains at http://www.newsreel.org/films/karmen.htm). Freedom necessarily has a political dimension in this African context, and the film opens in a women's prison. But Ramaka changes the sexual politics (Karmen is bisexual) more radically than he does the racial politics. And in this realistic film, almost all singing is "motivated" as "phenomenal song": that is, it is part of a performed show or is done in a club. The exception is Karmen's seductive Habañera, which is sung twice only to Lamine/Don José—when she first seduces him and just before he kills her. Here the words from the opera are pointedly translated into the African language, not the French of some of the dialogue. As in *Carmen Jones*, the whole cast is black, so racial distinctions and conflicts that exist in the opera are not replicated here either.

These various indigenizings, with their all-black casting, are appropriations that in effect deracialize some of the opera's tensions. But changes in time and place have other political repercussions. MTV's 2001 *Carmen: A Hip-Hopera* is as much an adaptation of *Carmen Jones* as of *Carmen*. With a mostly black cast (Carmen is played by Beyoncé Knowles of the pop band Destiny's Child) and a black director (Robert Townsend), this adaptation uses bits of Bizet's score, but mostly creates new rap music to update the story to modern-day inner-city Philadelphia and Los Angeles. The cultural heroes are not toreadors here, but rap singers; this modern Carmen has an ambition—to be an actor.

Interestingly, unlike these versions, even some of the most benign of Hollywood's *Carmen* adaptations to film over the years retain some

sense of racial or ethnic difference within the plot. Carmen was often played by stars who were or seemed exotically ethnic—Theda Bara, Pola Negri, Dolores del Rio, and Rita Hayworth. Some were sinister; others were sultry. But all were different in some way, and all were versions of the *femme fatale*. On the contrary, the other side of the stereotype, the defiant and liberated woman, has been celebrated and appropriated by performers like Madonna and Nina Hagen with rather different gender politics in mind.

Embodyings/Disembodyings Almost all adaptations of the Carmen story—no matter what the medium—inevitably focus on her singing and dancing body. So it is not surprising that the dance stage should have become a site of choice for adaptations. In 1967 the Soviet composer Rodion Shchedrin reworked and reassembled Bizet's themes into a modernist, almost abstract narrative for his wife, Maya Plisetskaya, the grand ballerina of the Bolshoi Ballet. Though this Carmen negotiates her fate in a symbolic bullring, she is curiously disembodied through her translation into the body language and gestural conventions of classical ballet. In contrast, Roland Petit's earlier (1949) version returned Carmen and *Carmen* to their French roots, but updated both in the sense that realism and eroticism now replaced exoticism. This Carmen is not racially different: she is simply beautiful and sexy. The lovers' choreographed interactions are decidedly risqué for the time. What the adaptation gains in erotic energy, however, it loses in psychological motivation: bodies cannot convey inner worlds as well as words can. We only know characters in dance by their movement and their music. Interestingly, this ballet version reassigns and thus refocuses the music, giving Don José the fate theme that is Carmen's in the opera and letting him dance a solo to her "Habañera"; Carmen dies to the strains of her earlier seduction ("Je vais danser en votre honneur"), kissing her murderer. French audiences would likely have noticed these deliberate transgressions, even if they might not have noticed the excision of most of Carmen's chromatic and orientalized music. This Carmen is differently embodied, but still very much controlled by the classical ballet movements, as she is given no distinctive dance steps of her own (see Collier 1994: 94).

Matthew Bourne's "auto-erotic thriller" *The Car Man* (2001) took the embodied and sexualized body of the Carmen of the opera and divided her into a male character (Luca) and a female (Lana), both of whom seduce the Don José character (Angelo). Seville has here been transformed into Harmony, U.S.A. in the 1950s; the tobacco factory becomes an auto repair shop and a diner. *Carmen*'s sex outside of marriage may have been shocking to the 1875 bourgeois audience at the Opéra Comique in Paris, but today (or even in the 1950s?) the drifter Luca may well have to be bisexual (as he is) to get anything like the same transgressive thrill from a ballet audience.

The best-known dance adaptation-embodiment of Carmen is likely Spanish director Carlos Saura's hispanizing and "gypsifying" flamenco dance film of 1983. The late Antonio Gades choreographed and starred as Antonio in Saura's self-reflexive film about a choreographer seeking the perfect Carmen for his flamenco version of Mérimée's story. (Gades had already produced a ballet of Act II of the opera before working on the film, and afterward, he put together a suite of the dances created for the movie and toured with that show.) The film traces the development of the dance version in workshop, but we soon realize that the plot of *Carmen* is being acted out by the dancers not only on stage but also off stage. The film's most gripping moments occur when the audience cannot tell in which narrative frame the action is taking place. French critics lamented this dispersion of the narrative over two parallel plot lines: this was not *their Carmen* (see Bertrand 1983: 106). And they were right; it isn't their *Carmen* at all.

Bizet's music is present here, reworked and reinterpreted, but it is displaced from the center by music composed and played in the film by the flamenco guitarist, Paco de Lucia. Yet the operatic music reappears whenever Antonio is obsessed with the mythic creature that is Carmen. The real woman he casts is not initially a particularly good dancer, nor is she really interested in the role. In this version, she is not so much a dangerous and conniving *femme fatale* as an indifferent, sexually liberated woman. But that change determines her final fate, as she is stabbed to the rhythm of the music of the end of the opera. The real woman is as far from Antonio's obsession/illusion as Bizet's French-exotic "Spanish" music is from Spain's actual ethnic music:

as Paco points out in the film, it is impossible to dance flamenco to Carmen's "Seguidilla" until he changes the rhythm, improvising on its themes on his guitar. Yet, the often violent, always confrontational flamenco scenes could also be said to reinscribe the opera's French clichés of Spanishness: jealousy, passion, male honor, aggressive violence, and revenge. These may be somewhat different images than those offered by the French exoticism of the Gustave Doré engravings of Spain that we see Antonio examining at the start of the film, but clichés they potentially remain nonetheless.

Yet Spanish critics saw the film as removing the French excrescences from an essentially Spanish character and making dance the perfect articulation of Carmen's passion (see Bertrand 1983: 106). It may be no accident that the year 1983 saw Spain enter the European Community, moving from its exoticized nineteenth-century role as alien to becoming an integral part of European culture. José Colmeiro has recently argued that Spain internalized the French or European orientalized image of itself, but reappropriated it (or indigenized it, in my terms) for the purposes of national identification. Like the gypsy in Spain, Spain in Europe could be seen as the internal other.

Of course, the renewal of interest in adapting Carmen's story in the 1980s was in large part the result of the fortuitous end of Bizet's copyright, but it may well also have had something to do with this context of European identity-seeking, as has been suggested (Gould 1996: 13). Yet Carmen's story has traveled widely and has therefore been indigenized ever since it was first *told* and, even more importantly, first *shown* in performance. When this narrative changes context—of time or place—it is both different and the same. Recognizably either the *femme fatale* or the liberated woman or sometimes both, Carmen is created again, but created anew each time. Her doubled stereotypical identification likely contributes to the ubiquity and power of her story—and its ability to survive major shifts in gender, ethnic, and racial politics. But it is also likely true that we cannot experience any adaptation of Carmen's story today without seeing it through the lenses of such contemporary themes as violence to women and ethnic or racial "othering." Evolutionary psychologists might be right that there is something biological about stories of male jealousy in terms of the theory of sexual

competition (Barash and Barash 2005: 14–37), but responses to these stories are culture-specific.

That is why this particular story has changed over time and with new contexts. To return to a different use of a biological analogy, the one I began to develop at the end of Chapter 1, perhaps traveling stories can be thought of in terms of cultural selection. Like evolutionary natural selection, cultural selection is a way to account for the adaptive organization, in this case, of narratives. Like living beings, stories that adapt better than others (through mutation) to an environment survive: those of Carmen, Don Juan, Don Quijote, Robinson Crusoe, Dracula, Hamlet, and so on. In Richard Dawkins' terms, "some memes are more successful in the meme-pool than others" (1976/1989: 194). Though he is thinking of memes (his cultural parallel to genes) as ideas, I argue in the first chapter that stories qualify as well. If so, his list of the three qualities needed for high survival value is of interest to a theory of cultural adaptation. The first is clearly longevity, though it is the least significant; what is more important is fecundity. For adaptations, the sheer number of them or the proven appeal across cultures might qualify as evidence of this quality. The third is "copying-fidelity" (194), but even Dawkins admits that in a cultural context copying means changing with each repetition, whether deliberate or not (194–95). For an adaptation to be experienced *as an adaptation*, recognition of the story has to be possible: some copying-fidelity is needed, in fact, precisely because of the changes across media and contexts.

Natural selection is both conservative and dynamic; it involves both stabilizing and mutating. In short, it is all about propagating genes into future generations, identical in part, yet different. So too with cultural selection in the form of narrative adaptation—defined as theme and variation, repetition with modification. Also significant for the cultural adaptation of stories is the fact that "[s]election favours memes that exploit their cultural environment to their own advantage" (199). Each newly indigenized version of a story competes—as do genes—but this time for audience attention, for time on radio or television or for space on bookshelves. But each adapts to its new environment and exploits it, and the story lives on, through its "offspring"—the same and yet not.

6

Final Questions

> [L]ovingly ripped off from the motion picture, *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*.
>
> **—Mike Nichols, about *Monty Python's Spamalot***

I begin the end of this book with two words from this epigraph: "lovingly" and "ripped off." Their mixture of affection and sense of transgression or even guilt captures well the dichotomy about adaptation with which *A Theory of Adaptation* opened: familiarity and contempt, ubiquity and denigration. Yet, as we have seen, multiple versions of a story in fact exist laterally, not vertically: adaptations are derived from, ripped off from, but are not derivative or second-rate. In offering some answers to the basic questions of the *what, who, why, how, where,* and

when of both adaptation and this ambivalent evaluation of it as product and as process, this book invariably has provoked many new questions in turn. By way of conclusion, this chapter explores two questions that it raises for me.

What Is *Not* an Adaptation?

In answer to this question, defining an adaptation as an extended, deliberate, announced revisitation of a particular work of art does manage to provide some limits: short intertextual allusions to other works or bits of sampled music would not be included. But parodies would, and indeed parody is an ironic subset of adaptation, whether a change in medium is involved or not. After all, not every adaptation is necessarily a remediation, as we have seen. Robert Lepage's *Elsinore* (1995), an adaptation of part of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, is still a stage play, even though a one-man, technologically driven performance. In *Foe* (1986) J.M. Coetzee adapts Daniel Defoe's 1719 novel about Robinson Crusoe, but again it is in novel form. Rex Ingram's 1921 film about the First World War, *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, was remade by Vincente Minelli in 1961, substituting the Second World War, but both were films. Remakes are invariably adaptations because of changes in context. So not all adaptations necessarily involve a shift of medium or mode of engagement, though many do.

In his book, *The Fluid Text: A Theory of Revision and Editing for Book and Screen* (2002), John Bryant argues that no text is a fixed thing: there are always a variety of manuscript versions, revisions, and different print editions (1–2). In a parallel sense, live performance works are likewise fluid in that no two productions of one printed play text or musical score, or even two performances of the same production, will be alike. But there is a break between the kinds of fluidity determined by (a) the production process (writing, editing, publishing, and performing) and (b) those created by reception, by people who "materially alter texts" (7), who censor, translate, bowdlerize (3), and adapt them further. Although Bryant is interested in these latter changes primarily as "part of the energy" of the initial text (62), I am more intrigued both by the process of "cultural revision" (93) itself and by where these

reception-generated changes fit along a continuum of fluid relationships between prior works and later—and lateral—revisitations of them.

The production-oriented elements of fluidity are clear in all three modes of engagement: Bryant's manuscripts, revisions, and editions are examples in the mode of telling; in a showing mode, we find those different productions of a play or musical; in the participatory mode, there are the various hypertextual possibilities created by interactive fiction creators. As we move along the reception continuum itself, however, we move from this production focus to a re-production one, as receivers begin to refashion the initial works.

At one end, we find those forms in which fidelity to the prior work is a theoretical ideal, even if a practical impossibility: (1) literary translations, which are, in fact, inevitably refractions of the aesthetic and even ideological expectations of their new audience (Lefevre 1982: 17), or (2) transcriptions of orchestral music for piano, which cannot help altering the relationship between the public and the private (T. Christensen 1999: 256). Next come forms like condensations and bowdlerizations or censorings in which the changes are obvious, deliberate, and in some way restrictive. Next along the continuum we find what Peter Rabinowitz calls "retellings" of familiar tales and "revisions" of popular ones (1980: 247–48). This is the realm of adaptation proper in all three modes of engagement, but parodies too find a place here as ironic adaptations. Here stories are both reinterpreted and rerelated.

At the other end of the continuum, but still part of this system of relations among works and thus part of a system of diffusion, are a whole series of spin-offs—and not only in the commercial sense of the term. A film like *Play It Again, Sam* (1972) that offers an overt and critical commentary on another prior film (in this case, *Casablanca* [1942]) finds a place here, but so too do academic criticism and reviews of a work. This is also the space of sequels and prequels, what Rabinowitz calls "expansions" (1980: 248–49), and of fan zines and slash fiction. There are some hybrid cases, of course. The television series of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* (first aired in 1997) is ostensibly a sequel to the 1992 film written by Joss Whedon and directed by Fran Rubel Kuzui. But its first season, in fact, adapts parts of the film, adding new characters but keeping the same story elements. This "expansions" end of the

continuum is not where videogames based on films appear—for they are adaptations in their own right. But it is where we find the Titania, Queen of Fairies, Barbie doll, inspired by the ballet of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, or the Galadriel Barbie and Legolas Ken, inspired by *The Lord of the Rings* movies.

A continuum model has the advantage of offering a way to think about various responses to a prior story; it positions adaptations specifically as (re-) interpretations and (re-) creations. Because I have included historical accounts as possible prior stories, however, I am left with still other questions: for instance, would a museum exhibit be an adaptation? Museum professionals variously see themselves as collectors, scholar-researchers, educators, conservators, money-making entertainers, or consultants with stakeholders in a community. But are they also adapters? A museum exhibit takes material objects from the past and recontextualizes them within a historical narrative. Arguably, it is an extended interpretive and creative engagement with a past history. But does the audience experience it as such; that is, in a palimpsestic way? Or to use another metaphor developed for adaptation by Katie Kodat, does a museum exhibit provide the doubled experience of the "eidetic image," that after-image that is a kind of mental reviewing of an image that has passed (2005: 487): "The retained image is often experienced as something of a complementary 'negative' of the original image, in that there are common properties shared by both the original and its ghost (usually shape), but also clear differences (usually color)" (486). By analogy, adaptations do allow this kind of retention, but do museum exhibits? I am not convinced that the pleasure of the audience in this case relies on the "palimpsestuousness" of the experience, on the oscillation between a past image and a present one. And, in the end, it is the audience who must experience the adaptation *as an adaptation*.

What Is the Appeal of Adaptations?

I come back to this question after raising it in a number of contexts in this book, for it continues to fascinate me, especially in light of all the negative rhetoric expended on adaptation as both a product and a process. Obviously the audience for adaptations is enormous: it is not made up only of preschoolers who adore going to see mega-adaptations

of children's books (*Noddy Live!* [2004]) in vast arenas. Adults are just as addicted to what have been called "sagas"—narratives like *Star Wars* or *Star Trek* that span several media (film, TV, comics, novels) and both retell and extend popular stories. George Steiner may be correct when he says that "economy of invention" is a human trait, and thus that it is "distinctly possible that the mechanics of theme and variation, essential to music, are incised also in language and representation" (1995: 14). We find a story we like and then do variations on it through adaptation. But because each adaptation must also stand on its own, separate from the palimpsestic pleasures of doubled experience, it does not lose its Benjaminian aura. It is not a copy in any mode of reproduction, mechanical or otherwise. It is repetition but without replication, bringing together the comfort of ritual and recognition with the delight of surprise and novelty. *As adaptation*, it involves both memory and change, persistence and variation.

In *The Shape of Time: Remarks on the History of Things*, George Kubler remarks that the "antipodes of the human experience of time are exact repetition, which is onerous, and unfettered variation, which is chaotic" (1962: 63). It strikes me that the combination of the two extremes in adaptations may explain part of their appeal. Kubler claims that "[h]uman desires in every present instance are torn between the replica and the invention, between the desire to return to the known pattern, and the desire to escape it by a new variation" (1962: 72). Adaptations fulfill both desires at once. Although Kubler does not address adaptations directly, he does talk about something he calls a relay: "The relay transmits a composite signal, composed only in part of the message as it was received, and in part of impulses contributed by the relay itself" (22). This is why replications—like adaptations—are never without variations.

On an experiential level as well, the conservative comfort of familiarity is countered by the unpredictable pleasure in difference—for both creator and audience. Building upon Walter Benjamin's 1933 essay, "On the Mimetic Faculty," Michael Taussig has argued that the human compulsion to behave *like* something or someone else marks a paradoxical capacity to be Other (1993: 19). His anthropological study of the power of replication is focused on how a society can maintain sameness through alterity (129). He defines the mimetic faculty as "the

faculty to copy, imitate, make models, explore difference, yield into and become Other" (xiii).

What we might, by analogy, call the adaptive faculty is the ability to repeat without copying, to embed difference in similarity, to be at once both self and Other. Adapters choose to use this ability for any number of complicated reasons, as we have seen. Sometimes their cultural contexts make exercising this adaptive faculty easy: Ousmane Sembène is respected as a filmmaker in Africa because he is considered a modern-day *griot* or oral storyteller, using film to retell traditional stories (Cham 2005: 297–98). Sometimes, on the contrary, context can create real challenges: how does one adapt a written text into film images in a culture where "the very act of visual representation has been enmeshed in taboos and prohibition" (Shohat 2004: 23)? It is not that adaptations are not made within the Judeo-Islamic traditions, but in dealing especially with religious texts or figures, complications obviously do arise. Witness the aftermath of the publication of Salman Rushdie's *The Satanic Verses* (1988) or Danish cartoons (2005–2006).

We have seen that adaptations disrupt elements like priority and authority (e.g., if we experience the adapted text *after* the adaptation). But they can also destabilize both formal and cultural identity and thereby shift power relations. Could that subversive potential also be part of the appeal of adapting for adapters and audiences alike? In 1818, Percy Bysshe Shelley was attracted to a historical story told in a manuscript he found about a Roman woman, Beatrice Cenci, who was raped by her wicked father, conspired to have him killed, and, when she succeeded, was arrested and then beheaded in 1599 by papal decree. The next year, on a visit to Rome, Shelley saw a portrait of Beatrice at the Palazzo Colonna. Haunted by both the gloomy architecture of the building and the image of the young woman, he wrote his verse play *The Cenci*—a kind of historical protest play against both a private tragedy (incest and murder) and a public scandal (gender inequities, despotic authority). Several hundred years later, while studying for his doctoral examinations in English literature, a young African Canadian poet read this adaptation, responded to its themes of gendered injustice, and decided to adapt it anew, as it turned out, into both a verse play and an opera libretto. But he filtered it through another text: an abolitionist

slave narrative called *Celia, a Slave*. Like the story of Beatrice Cenci, this slave narrative was a true story of an oppressed woman brutalized, in this case, by a slave master, whom she kills. With this added layer of adaptation, race was added to the gender politics of Shelley's play.

Beatrice Chancy, the adaptation by George Elliott Clarke (published in 1999), willfully grafts together history and literature, on the one hand, and an American slave narrative and a British play, on the other. It performs this graft in order to show on stage a story about the often ignored history of slavery in Canada. It breaks the conventions of both its adapted genres: there is none of their shared linguistic decorum or off-stage violence. The language of Clarke's adaptation ranges from the brutal and frank to the biblical and soaring; its dramatic action includes powerfully enacted on-stage scenes of rape and torture. The text is set to music (by James Rolfe) that adapts the spirituals sung by slaves in eastern Canada at the time (1802), eighteenth-century Scottish reels, and also blues and gospel songs. The music in fact fuses black and white traditions in a way the text refuses: in the adaptation, as in real life, Beatrice is hanged for killing her abusive father and we are not allowed to forget that fact. Power too can be adapted—that is, destabilized, disrupted—and again both memory and mutation, theme and variation are at work. Return need not be regression.

Adapters are obviously attracted to their task for all kinds of reasons, as we have seen. In other words, the appeal of adaptation cannot simply be explained or explained away by economic gain, however real that may be as a motive for some adapters. For audiences, that is the *result* of the appeal, not the cause. Because adaptations usually revisit stories, however, perhaps we should look to theories of narrative to explain the popularity of adaptations. There are basically two different ways of thinking here: either stories are considered forms of representation and thus vary with period and culture, or they are what theorists like Marie-Laure Ryan identify as timeless cognitive models by which we make sense of our world and of human action in it (2001: 242–43). If we ask what kind of "work" adaptations do as they circulate stories among media and around the world, indigenizing them anew each time, we may find ourselves agreeing that narrative is indeed some kind of human universal: "Building shape and meaning is what we do

in our stories and songs" (Chamberlin 2003: 8). But that explains the *creating* of stories, not necessarily their *repeating*—especially when we already know the ordering resolution they each offer.

J. Hillis Miller offers us one possible explanation for the repetition of stories. They affirm and reinforce basic cultural assumptions, he claims: "We need the 'same' stories over and over, then, as one of the most powerful, perhaps the most powerful, of ways to assert the basic ideology of our culture" (1995: 72). But adaptations are not simply repetition; there is always change. Of course, the desire for change, as Kubler suggests, may itself be a human universal. As Prior Walter, Tony Kushner's protagonist in *Angels in America, Part Two: Perestroika,* puts it, change is life: "We're not rocks—progress, migration, motion is … modernity. It's animate, it's what living things do. We desire. Even if all we desire is stillness, it's still desire *for.* Even if we go faster than we should. We can't wait. And wait for what?" (1992, 1994: 132). Perhaps, then, adaptations as repetitions without replication point us simultaneously to *both* possible ways of defining narrative: as a specific cultural representation of a "basic ideology" *and* as a general human universal. In this doubling may lie yet another clue to their popularity, for popular they remain.

An adaptation is not vampiric: it does not draw the life-blood from its source and leave it dying or dead, nor is it paler than the adapted work. It may, on the contrary, keep that prior work alive, giving it an afterlife it would never have had otherwise. Yet Richard Dawkins argues that because ideas propagate themselves by imitation, they are like either malign or benign parasites. When we plant a fertile idea in someone's mind, he says, we turn it into a vehicle for the idea's propagation "in just the way that a virus may parasitize the genetic mechanism of a host cell" (1976/1989: 192). Is this how some stories propagate? Adaptations reveal that stories do seem to have what he calls either high or low "infective power" (193).

Suggestive as this parasitic analogy can be (see Stam 2005b: 3), I prefer to return instead to the other biological parallel I have been suggesting throughout this book: adaptation is how stories evolve and mutate to fit new times and different places. Dawkins' postulating of the existence of those units of imitation or cultural transmission he calls

"memes" seems to me to be potentially very productive. Memes are not high-fidelity replicators: they change with time, for meme transmission is subject to constant mutation. Stories too propagate themselves when they catch on; adaptations—as both repetition and variation—are their form of replication. Evolving by cultural selection, traveling stories adapt to local cultures, just as populations of organisms adapt to local environments.

We retell—and show again and interact anew with—stories over and over; in the process, they change with each repetition, and yet they are recognizably the same. What they are not is necessarily inferior or second-rate—or they would not have survived. Temporal precedence does not mean anything more than temporal priority. Sometimes we are willing to accept this fact, such as when it is Shakespeare who adapts Arthur Brooke's versification of Matteo Bandello's adaptation of Luigi da Porto's version of Masuccio Salernitano's story of two very young, star-crossed Italian lovers (who changed names and place of birth along the way). That awkwardly long lineage points not only to the instability of narrative identity but also to the simple but significant fact that there are precious few stories around that have not been "lovingly ripped off" from others. In the workings of the human imagination, adaptation is the norm, not the exception.

Epilogue

In order to understand how adaptation is perceived and practiced today—that is, since the 2006 publication of this book—we need to examine the forces that have changed culture—and more importantly, entertainment—in the intervening years. Since 2006, the global entertainment and media industries have seen seismic shifts with the emergence of new platforms, modes of interaction, and the changing production design of entertainment properties.

Prominent amongst these changes has been the rise of the social web with the increasing popularity of participatory media, blogs, and wikis, the increase in smart mobile devices that support these interactions, the viral dissemination of DIY content online through platforms such as YouTube, Facebook and Twitter, and the revolution of touch-screen interfaces. Because of these online and mobile platforms, audiences no longer function as regional markets; instead, audiences are potentially global, connected, and responsive, as demonstrated in the speed of transmission of viral or, as media scholar Henry Jenkins

recast it, spreadable content (2009). Consider that an adaptation like the Volkswagen *Darth Vader Super Bow*l (2011) advertisement, *The Force*, has at the time of writing been viewed over 51 million times, not on television, but on YouTube, a free online platform. Or that Patrick Boivin's (2010) short video adaptation of *Iron Man*, *Iron Baby*, has been viewed over 11 million times on YouTube. While the first is the product of a global brand, the latter is not and the phenomenal reach and rapid spread of online content remains a wild card for studios and marketers. As adaptations are often undertaken to capitalize on an existing fan base (the readers of the *Harry Potter* books are a guaranteed audience for the films; the boys who play with *Transformers* will likely see the movies), tapping into the marketing potential of existing fan communities on free online platforms is a pivotal goal of industry today. The connectivity of the web has fostered a paradigm shift in the mobilization of global communities of interest, able to act and react instantly and en masse to shared delights and perceived injustices. The availability and low cost of high quality video and editing tools, combined with participatory media has fostered a shift from DIY to DIO (Do It with Others), and has had an impact on how adaptations are produced, controlled, and distributed.

Just to give a sense of the scale of what a networked fan community means in 2012, consider the following:

- Facebook's 2012 "population" of 800+ million makes it the third largest "nation" behind China and India at 1,314 billion and 1,224 billion respectively;
- People on Facebook install 20 million "apps" every day;
- Launched 2006, Twitter has over 300 million users in 2012;
- Google+ was the fastest social network to reach 10 million users at 16 days; Twitter took 780 days and Facebook 852 days.

(Bullas 2011).

Because of the rapid rate of adoption of social networking platforms, media conglomerates are scrambling to utilize these new modes of communication and to monetize content wherever possible. Instead of controlling the channels of production and distribution, industry giants operate in a space where the platforms of communication

change in rapid cycles of adoption and obsolescence, where audiences remix and extend given properties creating new forms of intermedial adaptation, and where disruptive innovations launched by unknowns can alter existing business models without warning (see the scramble to use Pinterest.com). According to *Business Insider Magazine* (Davis 2011), Facebook is the most important tool in movie marketing, and major studios' forays onto this social platform lack templates for success. In today's hybrid media landscape, where fans expect films and TV series to have online components, Hutcheon's closing question of "What Is Not an Adaptation?" is even more relevant now. As her work demonstrates, if we understand adaptation as a transcoding process that encompasses recreations, remakes, remediations, revisions, parodies, reinventions, reinterpretations, expansions, and extensions (Hutcheon 2006: 171), adaptation considered on a continuum has been further complicated by the emergence of transmedia as a media conglomerate production strategy.

To clarify at the outset, although there are relatively clear definitions of adaptation and transmedia and their difference, in practice untangling where the distinction lies is often difficult. In March 2010, the Producers Guild of America created the Transmedia Producers Credit and provided this statement:

> A Transmedia Narrative project or franchise must consist of three (or more) narrative storylines existing within the same fictional universe on any of the following platforms: Film, Television, Short Film, Broadband, Publishing, Comics, Animation, Mobile, Special Venues, DVD/Blu-ray/CD-ROM, Narrative Commercial and Marketing rollouts, and other technologies that may or may not currently exist. These narrative extensions are NOT the same as repurposing material from one platform to be cut or repurposed to different platforms.
>
> **(http://www.producersguild.org/?page=coc_nm#transmedia.)**

A transmedia production exists across multiple platforms and discrete components understood together comprise an integrated, interconnected narrative whole, though they are encountered separately. As a design strategy, transmedia productions have to date been

primarily designed as extensions of films, TV series and console games that function as the central "tent-pole" production. Oft-cited examples are *The Blair Witch Project* (1999) and the Wachowskis' *Matrix* film trilogy (1991–2003), with video games and anime shorts, and Tim Kring and NBC's series *Heroes* (2006–2010), with supplemental storylines told via graphic novels, online games, and websites.

Alternatively, transmedia projects can be designed to extend tent-pole film or TV adaptations of prior existing content where the content is recognizable from one property to the next. The new BBC version of *Sherlock Holmes* is a recent example where each episode reworked elements drawn from various Conan Doyle stories, and other online content, including blogs for Watson, Sherlock, and other characters, was created to extend the story into the digital sphere. Watson's blogging was mentioned repeatedly throughout the two seasons, as was the content posted there; shots of Watson writing his blog and of the blog website with the number of visitors were included. In addition, official Twitter accounts posted messages, though much more interesting and equally convincing are the multiple unverified as BBC accounts seemingly tweeting as characters, who have been highly active on Twitter since January 2012, exchanging witty ripostes with each other and the interested public (see Figure 1).

A purported fan video made by the BBC about Holmes (BBC 2012a; BBC 2012b) was posted on YouTube and reposted on Watson's blog. Two other videos posted by Watson, one of Moriarty's break-in to Holmes' apartment and a BBC report on the Moriarty trial and Holmes' death, were cross-posted by fans to YouTube. In breaking the fourth wall, the strategy of many alternate reality games, the BBC *Sherlock* transmedia adaptation offers an example of how Web 2.0 platforms are being used to transcode existing projects, as characters interact in real-time with users of Twitter from potentially around the globe (see Figure 2).

Arguably, if fans are behind the current active Twitter accounts (see on Twitter: @The_Whip_Hand, @_JMoriarty, @Genius_Holmes and Irene Adler's blog 2012) and not the show's writer, Steven Moffat, fans

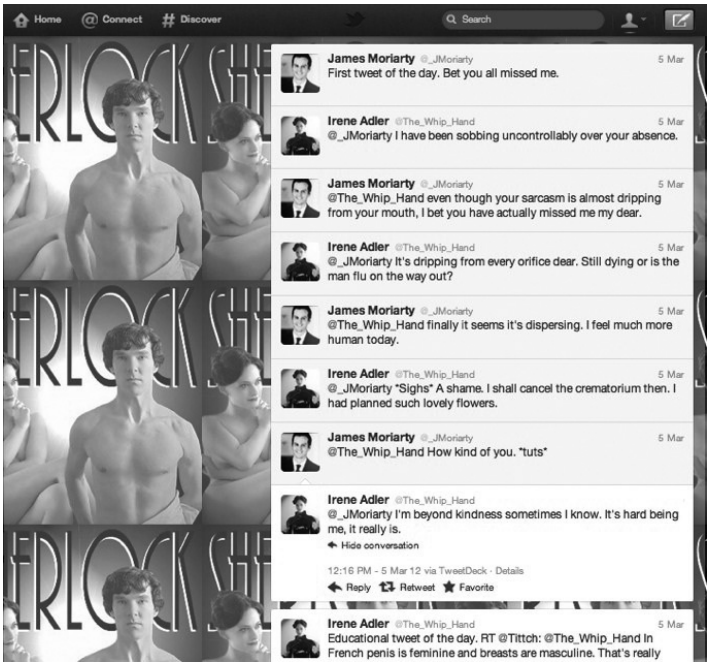


Figure 1 Exchange via @The_Whip_Hand's Twitter page. Reproduced with permission from the account holder



Figure 2 Exchange via @_JMoriarty Twitter page. Reproduced with permission from the account holder

have claimed and extended the current adaptation onto other platforms (http://thewhiphand.webs.com/). The BBC transmedia adaptation of the Sherlock Holmes stories models a compelling and effective use of platforms, audience engagement, and layered integrated content, in contrast to the shallow adaptations that drive the franchise marketing of brands.

Within this context, a mobile game or app can adapt some aspect of the tent-pole project for the affordances of a new medium. Showtime partnered with game developer Ecko Code to create *Weeds Social Club,* where your task is growing marijuana (Jackson 2011). While producer Curt Mavis (also head of digital media at Lionsgate) has suggested that the app might serve as a platform to introduce new characters or stories for the TV series, *Weeds*, the site is currently closed after a beta run. To date then, *Weeds Social Club* has been an adaptation functioning as a marketing extension.

Transmedia adaptations also exist as reworkings of the mythos and content of a given story and storyworld (see *Transformers* and *The Dark Knight: Why So Serious* viral marketing campaign). A film adaptation such as Lionsgate's *The Hunger Games* (2012) exists as the tent-pole property supporting a wider transmedia campaign currently running live on Facebook (with now over two million global fans) and other websites (http://www.thehungergamesmovie.com/index2.html). Both transmedia adaptation strategies are being used by major American production studios to connect with audiences in new ways and to monetize new content where possible. The same is true in the UK and Australia.

What further complicates the overlapping between adaptation and transmedia storytelling as distinct processes is that where unauthorized adaptation, recreation, and remixing were once viewed as infringements of copyright, a number of key players in the field of convergent media and transmedia production, Jeff Gomez and Tim Kring most prominently, have championed fan participation and fan-generated content as a welcome demonstration of fan loyalty to a given storyworld and brand. Jeff Gomez, CEO of Starlight Runner and a pivotal contributor to the establishment of the PGA Transmedia Producer credit, was promoting transmedia in 2010 as a form that would

allow for the development of "robust 'story worlds' that play out across multiple media platforms" (Humphrey 2011) and that would someday soon allow fans to "touch the canon" (Gomez 2011). Less than two years later, Lionsgate announced, in February 2012, that the Cafepress online store for *The Hunger Games* merchandise would include official and fan-created designs (Sibayan 2012). Arguably, Lionsgate's inclusion of fan designs is, however, a reactive measure to the enthusiastic sharing of fan-generated content online (see Figure 3).

While the official Facebook page was launched January 2011, hardcore fans launched their own alternate reality game, PanemOctober.com, in October 2011 and registered over 55,000



Figure 3 Hunger Games fan creations – Shylah Addante on Facebook. Reproduced with permission from the account holder

players. When Lionsgate issued a cease and desist letter, the game creators changed the site name, prominently disavowed any connection to Lionsgate (Nemiroff 2011), and carried on for a number of months until the ARG shut down before completion for a variety of reasons outlined by the Gamemaster, Rowan, on Facebook (Rowan 2011). On the official site, tensions are now emerging because although the fan community is global, competitions for key roles within the fictional adapted world running on Facebook are only open to US residents (see Figure 4). Fan outrage at restricted participation is an indicator of how Lionsgate's legal protocols exist in conflict with the ethos of a Web 2.0 fan community.

What this tension reveals is that media conglomerates are now unwillingly positioned as *reactive* to the rapid ebb and flow of changing social phenomena, enabled by new technologies and platforms. Fans expect to be able to play with and adapt content and arguably, in the digital era, being a fan is demonstrated by the extent to which one

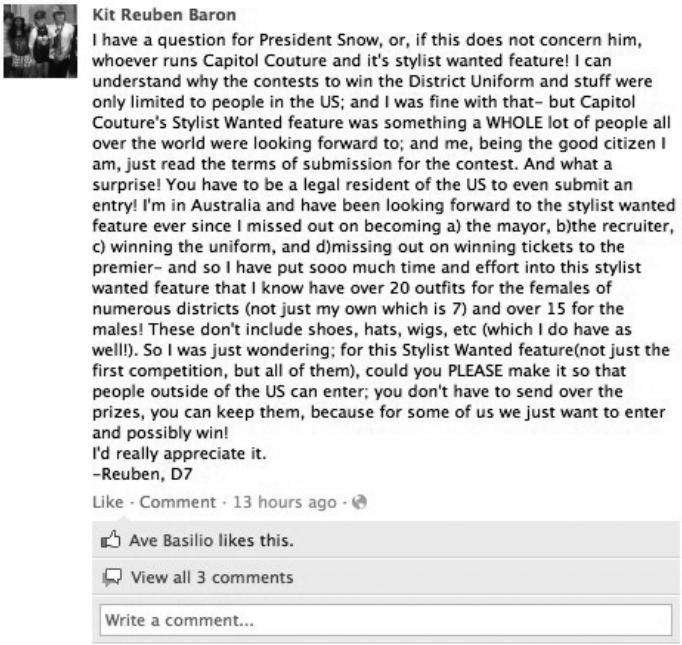


Figure 4 Hunger Games Outraged Fan posted February 18 2012 by Kit Reuben Baron. Reproduced with permission from the account holder

adapts and generates adapted/adaptive content. Although this participatory adaptation has a long history in fan culture, the reach and connectivity of the Internet have given fans today leverage as collaborators against those whom Jenkins terms the "prohibitionists" (2006: 134). What was once a one-way conversation controlled by authorized producers of content is now a multi-channel networked exchange between communities of fans and content producers where the expectation is that producers will respond to and accommodate fans.

An examination of the characteristics of adaptation and transmedia projects of the past six years demonstrates more overlaps and blurrings than distinctions, and while there are clear instances of different practice and design at either end of the spectrum, there are many projects that resist easy categorization. Fan-generated adaptations further complicate the spectrum, as some transmedia producers push for participatory content and others claim a model of authorial control. That the distinction matters is clear within the American context because the recognition of the Transmedia Producer credit vs. Film Producer is vital for many industry professionals and stakeholders. Because of the economic and professional consequences, the distinction is being debated intensely by industry professionals who are pioneering and developing transmedia practice, by academics, and in some instances, by academics who are also top tier industry professionals, such as Christy Dena, Ivan Askwith, and Geoffrey Long.

A survey of the variant interdynamics of adaptation and transmedia as design strategies extending narrative projects/brands across media strongly supports Hutcheon's argument that adaptation can be thought of as a "system of relations among works" and "a system of diffusion" (2006: 171). Hutcheon's final questions provide a prescient framework for considering how adaptation as product and process continues to evolve due to the pressure to innovate that is now demanded of global entertainment industries. This pressure is amplified because in the world of convergent media, the proven templates of traditional media are no longer adequate (screenplay, production, marketing, distribution). The bind for traditional media producers is that even if there were a reliable template for multi-platform production, the repetition of any established or well-known model would be perceived as a failure

to innovate. Within this context, innovation and change are givens in that industries are forced to respond to new platforms, technologies and new social networking phenomena and to an audience that is consistently described as suffering from attention deficit disorder.

This Epilogue challenges that assertion, as the number of examples of audiences devoted to ongoing multi-platform adaptive projects such as *Star Wars*, *Harry Potter*, and now *The Hunger Games* suggests that the flaw is not in technology-induced ADHD but rather in the quality of the content and the experience designed around that content. What a survey of the last six years reveals is a pattern of intermedial and intra-medial adaptation of beloved projects through authorized or intellectual property-protected iterations and the parallel claiming, co-optation, and adaptation of content by fans, regardless of copyright. Jenkins' 2006 work, *Convergence Culture: Where Old and New Media Collide*, examined fan activities in the context of convergent culture and mapped in great detail fan engagement with the *Star Wars* brand through fan fiction and fan films. In order to understand how radical recent industry shifts actually are, the story of *Raiders: The Adaptation* illustrates what was once the status quo.

In 1982, three twelve-year-old boys set out to make a shot-by-shot remake/adaptation of Steven Spielberg's *Raiders of the Lost Ark* (produced by Lucasfilm). It took them seven years to complete and $5,000 to make. *Raiders: The Adaptation* was screened once to 200 friends and family in "an auditorium at a local Coca-Cola plant in 1989" (Silverman 2007; Windolf 2004; *TheRaider.net).* The film was shelved for almost fifteen years, until *Ain't It Cool News* guru, Harry Knowles, screened it as his *Butt-numb-a-thon* festival where it was an instant hit (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Butt-numb-a-thon; Silverman 2007; Windolf 2004). The filmmakers were suddenly on Spielberg's radar and invited to his ranch. Because of the film's "peculiar legal situation involving copyright" (Verschuere 2005) and despite Spielberg's favorable response, the film has had only a handful of screenings since, and finding a DVD or viewing it legally is still a challenge. Although remarkable in terms of the seven-year effort on the part of the filmmakers, the disappearance of the fan film because of possible legal prosecution is entirely typical of fan-film and -video adaptations in the

last century. From then to now, however, fans have claimed the web and YouTube as distribution platforms to connect with a global community of like-minded passionate devotees.

Star Wars' rollercoaster relationship with fans provides one of the longest examples of the tension between what Lawrence Lessig (2008) has termed commercial and sharing economies, a tension that repeatedly crystallizes as a fight between fans and George Lucas (and Lucasfilm) for ownership of the content and as a struggle over the issue of fidelity to the original content (that is, as it was released). Adaptation as a process and product factors in at different moments and in different ways. What fans of *Star Wars* have claimed is a right to play with the content, adapt it via fan-fiction and fan-film remakes; they also expect that Lucas will respect fan loyalty to the brand. In this tale of contested rereleases, adaptations, and extensions, questions of intellectual property (IP) have been complicated by the perceived and demonstrated investment of fans in an immersive story world that has been at issue for over 30 years (Ryan 2011).

Lucas's early decision to trade a sizable director's fee for all sequel rights and merchandizing rights was a stroke of genius in terms of retaining commercial IP for a franchise brand. What Lucas hadn't envisioned (and why should he have?) was how proprietorial fans would become (and remain) over the storyworld, its characters, and the films as artifacts. As a mother of two boys and wife of a long-time *Star Wars* fan said to me recently, "You outgrow *Sponge Bob*. You don't outgrow *Star Wars*." In 1981, tensions peaked over fan fiction that depicted *Star Wars* characters in "X-Rated pornographic situations," an understandable hot spot for a PG brand (the original letter is archived on *Fanlore*: n.d.). As digital cameras made film production more accessible, fans created numerous homage and parody films, the history of which Henry Jenkins details in *Convergence Culture*. The merchandising generated by the *Star Wars* franchise maintained a constant brand presence and acted as a bridge between film releases and as Jenkins notes, often provided the materials used in fan films (146). In 2000, with fan remakes and extensions now in the digital sphere, Lucasfilm set up a web space offering to host fan pages. Contained within the Terms of Service was this notification:

> The creation of derivative works based on or derived from the Star Wars Properties, including, but not limited to, products, services, fonts, icons, link buttons, wallpaper, desktop themes, online postcards and greeting cards and unlicensed merchandise (whether sold, bartered or given away) is expressly prohibited. If despite these Terms of Service you do create any derivative works based on or derived from the Star Wars Properties, such derivative works shall be deemed and shall remain the property of Lucasfilm Ltd. in perpetuity.
>
> **(quoted in Lessig 2008: 245)**

As one blogger pointed out at the time (Durack 2000), Lucasfilm refrained from including fan fiction explicitly as a mode of transcoding, likely avoiding a greater firestorm. In 2007, Lucasfilm launched a mash-up site to host the ongoing stream of fan-generated content and again claimed IP over all content uploaded to the site (Parrish 2011; Murphy 2009). Lessig (2008) has repeatedly called for a revamping of copyright laws to reflect the hybrid sharing and commercial economy that propels much of consumer culture today. His harshest criticism in his detailing of the *Star Wars* saga is for Lucasfilm's IP claim over all original content, music, and images that fans might include with their video remakes. Ironically, tension again erupted over changes made by Lucas to the original films when rereleased, first on DVD and then in 2011 on Blu-Ray. In *Return of the Jedi*, at the moment in which the Emperor electrocutes Luke, Darth Vader's original ambiguous silence was replaced by his cry "Nooooo," transferred from *Revenge of the Sith*. Online fans debated at length the impact of this addition, with one fan stating that this change "*genuinely lessened the movies*" (Bricken 2011, italics in original; see also Faraci 2011; Miller 2011; Anders 2011). While Lucas's alterations of the original do not constitute adaptation, what is most striking about the extreme negative responses by fans to his changes (which are extensively catalogued online: Starwars.wikia.com; M. Mitchell n.d.) is that they reveal the depth of fan loyalty to the original releases and the perceived value of a fidelity to that original content and experience that Lucas, though the creator, is seen as having betrayed. Yet, as Lucas points out (Block 2012), there are numerous versions of Ridley Scott's *Bladerunner* that exist unproblematically:

"most movies when they release them they make changes. But somehow, when I make the slightest change, everybody thinks it's the end of the world." (Block 2012; see Lucas' statement to Congress archived on the website, *Saving* Star Wars 2010.)

Where this story of fan devotion/fidelity intersects again with questions of adaptation is in the phenomenon of fan remakes of *Star Wars*, where paradoxically, fidelity is desired and simultaneously unimportant. While there are now decades of fan-film remakes, parodies, and extensions, one recent remake is noteworthy for the global crowdsourcing of the content and for the recognition the production achieved in the mainstream. This collaborative adaptation marks a key break between the past, as illustrated by the fate of *Raiders: The Adaptation*, and the contemporary empowerment of fans via the social web and Web 2.0 technologies.

In July 2009, Casey Pugh invited a global audience to help remake the original *Star Wars Episode IV: A New Hope* in the form of 473 15-second clips to be posted to the film adaptation's website (http://www.starwarsuncut.com/). Pugh's project was not the first shot-by-shot remake of *Star Wars: A New Hope*, for *Toy Wars* (2002) remade the film with movie action figures (Jenkins 2006: 147). Fans from roughly 20 countries remade clips in a wide range of styles, including live action, multiple styles of animation and anime, puppets, LEGO, grindhouse, Yellow Submarine-style, stop motion—the list goes on. There was no attempt at continuity in style, location, or actors and as multiple versions were uploaded for individual clips, fans voted on what version would make the final cut. The result is a glorious, hilarious testimony to fan devotion and enthusiasm for playing with the "original" content, and to adaptation as an act of communal ownership of a story deeply embedded in the consciousnesses of multiple generations across the globe. Pugh's crowdsourced adaptation, "an official, perfectly imperfect shadow version of the original film" (Lloyd 2010), was posted live online as *Star Wars Uncut* in August 2010, and then went on to receive an Emmy for "outstanding creative achievement in interactive media" (Stelter 2010). Although restricted by an NDA, Pugh has stated that Lucasfilm supports the project and there appears to be the potential for future cinema release. The film can be viewed in full on YouTube

and on the website (http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7ezeYJUz-84; http://www.starwarsuncut.com/watch).

What the easy accessibility of Pugh and his collaborators' adaptation demonstrates is that media conglomerates no longer own the channels of production and distribution in the way that they did in the last century. Further, control of IP and thus adaptation is no longer a straightforward legal cease and desist affair, leading to prosecution. Instead, fans can and do mobilize in response to what they perceive as betrayals of their loyalty. Unlike *Raiders: The Adaptation*, *Star Wars Uncut* was made in the very public space of the Internet; production and editing were crowdsourced, meaning that the community was interconnected throughout the process. Pugh intentionally took advantage of the connectivity of the web to create an aggregate work that is the logical extension of fan-generated content posted on YouTube since its 2005 launch. The connectivity of the net has circumvented what fifteen years ago would have been a cease and desist action against copyright infringement. What *Star Wars Uncut* has achieved is a middle ground between what Grant McCracken (2010) defines as the economies of scarcity and plenitude. In the first, the corporation retains complete control (he cites Disney), believing value and revenue depend on the scarcity of content, and in the second, corporations realize they "have a right to retain copyright but they have an interest in releasing it" (McCracken 2010; quoted in Jenkins 2006: 158).

The award of the Emmy to *Star Wars Uncut* acknowledges two important shifts: the significance of participatory media in the production of what has been called the "greatest viral video ever" (Seitz 2012) and thus the profound shift to an increasingly connected and participatory global audience of "prosumers" (Suciu 2007; Gunelius 2010) and, second, the value of a phenomenon called "sweding" as a promotional strategy for mainstream brands. While *Star Wars Uncut* has been called the most extensive collaborative example of "sweding" to date (Drumb 2008), as *Raiders: An Adaptation* shows, examples exist well before the era of digital cameras and the social web. "Sweding" offers another kind of fan adaptation defined by filmmaker Michel Gondry as remaking a feature film on zero budget. In these instances, the replication of and adherence to the model of a pre-existing work in the same medium

is an obvious goal. In this space, fan adaptations are no longer usefully viewed as copyright infraction, as they are more rightfully understood as engagement with and promotion of a prior project. To whit, if your production has not generated fan adaptations, what are you doing wrong?

One other example demonstrates how digital technologies are empowering fans and how disruptive of industry fans now are. David Brisbin (2009), production designer on *The Twilight Saga: New Moon*, described how fans were posting images and mash-up trailers of real footage being shot on location in Rome and Montepulciano on YouTube, often within 24 hours of scenes being shot (xXAliceinthe darkXx: 2009; NASIONAL002: 2009; TWILIGHTxx00xx: 2009). As he notes, "before our negative was processed in Rome, the Art Department in Vancouver watched a version of the scene on YouTube. Someone had edited a montage of still photos, shot through hidden windows, between extras and from nooks and crannies of the piazza, into a rather effective little movie scene" (57). Recognizing the deep emotional investment fans had with the *Twilight* brand, and that leaked images and videos were a promotional boost to greater fan excitement about the upcoming film adaptation, the studios chose not to try to restrict the release of content.

Transmedia designer and scholar Christy Dena (2009) offers one of the few sustained critical inquiries into the relationship of adaptation and transmedia practices to date. She traces the impact of Jenkins' statement that "a simple adaptation may be 'transmedia' but it is not 'transmedia storytelling' because it is simply re-presenting an existing story rather than expanding and annotating the fictional world" (Jenkins 2009b; quoted in Dena 95). In her reading via Hutcheon, a more complex understanding of adaptations as both products and process complicate this simplistic binary, as any adaptation that adds backstory, character- or world-development has added something new to a prior version(s) (Hutcheon 2006: 18–21; 118–19; cited in Dena 2009: 151). Drawing on Hutcheon's thinking on "the desire for repetition," Dena views this impulse as comparable to the motivations of transmedia creators with the distinction that transmedia producers may transmediate content from one platform or medium to others with very different

audiences in mind (155). For Dena, the paradigm shift of designing transmedia works is that new projects are conceived as having multiple points of entry via unique elements of interconnected content, rather than one channel of access, as in a movie, graphic novel, or TV series. In illuminating transmedia practices, Dena's emphasis is on the fact that adaptation is not to be usefully "understood by an end-product trait such as expansion" (160). Rather, adaptation is one of a number of skills to be employed in the development of transmedia content across platforms.

Dena's perceptive understanding of the complex relationship of adaptation and transmedia is not as fully realized in contemporary debates by industry leaders. An April 2011 blog post by transmedia and experience designer, Brooke Thomson, generated a discussion thread that reveals the dissensus amongst key transmedia producers on the distinctions between adaptive practices and transmedia production. Her initiating post responded to a rant against Hollywood's upcoming franchised adaptations, and the promotion of rehashing known "rubberized action figure[s]" (Harris 2011) as transmedia storytelling in the summer's latest blockbusters. At issue was how to separate existing brand-building practices from transmedia campaigns? Steve Peters, of No Mimes Media and 4th Wall Entertainment (the agency behind the *Why So Serious?* viral campaign), made a distinction between "franchising, stunt marketing, brand building or adaptations," in contrast to transmedia as "the *new* types of *real* storytelling that we're seeing now." Responding next was Mike Monello, co-producer of *The Blair Witch Trials* (which Forbes named the Best Ever Social Media campaign in 2010) and co-founder of the marketing agency, Campfire NYC, which has received international recognition and won numerous awards for designing transmedia extensions of content for the TV series adaptations of *Trueblood* and *Game of Thrones*. For *Trueblood*, Campfire NYC set up vending machines around Manhattan, selling bottles purporting to be of Trueblood, the vampire substitute beverage. Monello challenged Peters' distinction: "Above you claim that Transmedia is being used to describe franchising, brand-building, and stunt marketing. If 'transmedia' is the movement of story across all kinds of media, then can you specifically explain the differences? Was *The Dark Knight*

'transmdia' [sic] or was it brand building, or perhaps more accurately an extensive 'advergame?' ... How thin is the line?" Campfire NYC's adaptations for HBO'S *Game of Thrones* foregrounded the distinctive characteristics of the physical world of Westeros in creating promotional wooden cases filled with vials of Westeros scents (see Figure 5) and during SXSW, food carts with a uniquely created menu of dishes purporting to be from the world's different regions (Anderson 2011). Brian Clark, founder and CEO of GMD Studios, added a further spin arguing that "[i]f it [transmedia] was developed AFTER the original IP, it's something else. It might be adaptation. It might be an extension. And it might use transmedia methods. But it isn't transmedia storytelling." Clarke's distinction recategorized many "canonical" transmedia projects and alternate reality games as "marketing utilizing transmedia tactics."

At issue throughout this long discussion thread are a series of perceived oppositions: adaptation vs. transmedia storytelling; franchise transmedia vs. transmedia storytelling (also parsed by Carrie Cutfort-Young as merchandising/objects vs. experience, which becomes problematic with game adaptations); original authorial/intentional transmedia productions vs. later add-on extensions; and in one response, franchising transmedia vs. participatory transmedia, where users/consumers are invited to participate in the story. Adaptation is



Figure 5 Campfire NYC photos of Westeros scent boxes. Reproduced under Creative Commons license

(still) positioned consistently as a lesser, more simplistic mode of reworking content, and Hollywood's ongoing catalogue of big budget adaptations of prior works with slim or juvenile content would certainly support this view.

More recently, Claire Parody's "Franchising/Adaptation" (2011) offers insights on the "particularities of adaptation in the context of the modern fictional franchise" (212). Building on what she terms Hutcheon's notion of "adaptive intertextuality," Parody teases out the logic whereby an adaptation of a franchise brand can function as a "specific franchise installment," yet exist in an intertextual relationship with other content generated within "the entire franchise multitext." Franchise adaptation across platforms can produce "chains of remediation" linked by tenuous though recognizable adaptations of "its most immediate predecessor," re-visioning the source content (212). Parody's articulation of the problems encountered in franchise adaptations accords with the criticism noted above: "Where franchise production is diasporic and development un-coordinated, canonicity, continuity, and authority become problematic concepts, constantly re-negotiated; many franchise multitexts come together as an 'array' (Collins 1991: 164; quoted in Parody 2011: 212) of versions, origin points, co-existing, overlapping, and contradictory narrative realities, rather than a master narrative and stable textual corpus". The strong expert consensus on transmedia design is that all components are narratively connected in an intentional way, and many, as noted above, would likely take issue with Parody's statement that "[f]ranchise storytelling is first and foremost transmedia practice" (213).

Parody positions world building and brand building as separate components of franchise adaptations, yet the trend in conferences, festivals, and symposia, from 2010–2012, is that these components are now viewed as inseparable, largely because of the promotion of world building as an essential component of developing a brand identity that can be extended across platforms (Gomez 2010). World (or what Hutcheon calls "heterocosm") adaptation is arguably one of the most powerful immersive adaptation strategies in use today, as the ongoing enthusiasm over J.K. Rowling's *Pottermore*, the online multi-player game and world extension, demonstrates. As *Pottermore* is still in invitation-only

beta mode, the details of how the world of Harry Potter has been adapted have not been widely disseminated, though it's known that new text will be made available through the site and that those playing work their way both through the books, as interactive experiences, and through a virtual Hogwarts education in wizardry. Considered in the context of adaptation studies, *Pottermore* is an adaptation as remediation and extension, a transmedia world-building experience, and a franchise that will sell more books and merchandise, as the Pottermore Shop is slated to open soon for eBook sales (*Pottermore Insider* 2011).

While *Pottermore* exists within the canon of Rowling's imagined world, The Harry Potter Alliance is a unique example of fan adaptation for social change in the real world. Founded in 2005 by Andrew Slack, the HPA is a global activist organization committed to fighting "the Dark Arts in the real world" through interventions based on the values expressed by Rowling's characters (DeCanio 2012). The HPA has worked to raise awareness of the crisis in Darfur and partnered with Oxfam to fundraise for Haiti after the 2010 earthquake. An ongoing campaign calls on Warner Bros to use Fair Trade cocoa beans for the Potter branded chocolates it sells. As a counter move, the HPA has now created its own line of fair trade chocolate frogs (see Figure 6).



Figure 6 HPA Chocolate Frogs. Reproduced with permission from The Harry Potter Alliance

The HPA response to Warner Bros' cease and desist letters (posted online) is a testimony to the perceived changed relationship fans have with proprietorial content:

> **Now the tables have turned.** Warner Brothers may legally own the copyright to Harry Potter but we have something better – we own the love and bravery of Harry's name. Because we have loved and been changed by these stories, because we used their inspiration to change the world, Harry's name belongs to us.
>
> **SEND WARNER BROTHERS A CEASE AND DESIST LETTER.**
>
> Use our letter or fill in text on your own to remind them that without our love of Harry and our dedication to the stories, they would not have movies or theme parks. Their empire is built on our love of Harry Potter and it's time that we take a stand in the name of our hero.
>
> **(http://thehpalliance.org/action/campaigns/nihn/cease-and-desist-letter/, bold in the original)**

The HPA's identification and transcoding of essential values as a basis for adaptation aligns with the practice of one of the leading transmedia producers today. Jeff Gomez has described the process his company, Starlight Runner, takes to creating a transmedia story-bible and adapting a known brand. Speaking of his company's contributions to the adaptation and redevelopment of *Transformers* for transmedia development, Gomez's team started with a thorough survey of all media components produced as part of the *Transformers* franchise for the duration of its nearly 30-year history. Through this process, they identified key recurrent patterns and storylines and considered these in terms of their derivation from archetypal myths across cultures. In the end, Starlight Runner worked with brand owner Hasbro to recognize the essence of the *Transformers* narrative as being aligned with the kind of duality found in such transformational belief systems as Taoism. The narrative journey found in the best of this wealth of content, and perhaps most importantly in the toy-play itself (small-to-big, ignorance-to-enlightenment, novice-to-mastery), then became the

foundation upon which the transmedia bible was written, mapping potential transmedia story arcs into the future (Gomez email exchange with author, 24 February 2012).

The affordances of the web and social networking platforms for viewing, remixing, sharing, and interacting with content include, in the examples of official and fan adaptations discussed so far, numerous successful examples, if one bases success on popularity, longevity, and reach of dissemination. The adaptation of almost anything else into a game is, as previously discussed by Hutcheon, much more challenging. A scan of the top 10 console games, from year to year or of all time, consistently shows original titles rather than adaptations (http://www.filibustercartoons.com/games.htm). The handful of best-selling game adaptations for console and portable systems includes Atari's *ET the Extraterrestrial*, various *Star Wars* games for different platforms, *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers*, *Jurassic Park* and *Marvel Comics X-Men*. That said, there have been hundreds of film-to-game adaptations, and Alexis Blanchet's (2011) research into film-to-video game adaptations from 1975–2010 in Western and Japanese markets reveals that this adaptive practice is overwhelmingly an American one. In this 25-year span, 547 films have generated over 2,000 games and "out of 547 films, 373 are American." The six *Star Wars* films alone have generated over 120 games. The proportional failure of game adaptations to reach the top ten in sales foregrounds the very different goals of stories in non-game media and the difficulty of transcoding non-games advantageously within the affordances of gaming platforms. Perhaps not surprisingly in terms of rights and revenue, the majority of games adapted from films are based on original screenplays—46%—with literary adaptations second, at 30%. Blanchet also notes that 90% of film adaptations to video games occur as simultaneous releases, or movie tie-in games, and the statistics indicate that most games are viewed as merchandising.

Arguably though, Hollywood's assumption that games are ancillary satellite merchandise for films that serve as promotion for game properties does a marked disservice to the fan interest in immersive console games, as the opening weekend sales of new stand-alone video games repeatedly demonstrate. For example, In 2011, Activism's 2011 console game, *Call of Duty, Modern Warfare 3* hit $1 billion in sales in

16 days (Ivan 2011), breaking the 2010 record of James Cameron's 3D feature *Avatar*, which hit $1 billion in ticket sales in 17 days (Arrington 2010). As Blanchet notes though, his study did not track adaptations to mobile and app games or, I would add, games for the iPad. Yet, media conglomerates are also acutely aware of the volume of sales in casual games, which again will drive apps as adaptation extensions for mobile platforms. Rovio's casual game *Angry Birds* had surpassed 500 million downloads on iTunes by November 2011, reaching that figure in just under two years. Currently, Rovio has just launched the Facebook app and has plans to adapt the massive global brand into a feature film adaptation (Gaudioso 2011).

The last area of innovation in adaptations to be discussed here is the impact of Apple's iPad (launched in April 2010) on adaptation as a practice and a design process with the emergence of the iBook. In the best examples, iPad book adaptations play with the material form of the book, integrating elements of film animation and touch-screen gaming with the conventions of the material book. A survey of the best reviewed and best selling iBooks since the iPad's launch maps an evolution in form and interactive design and indicates a likely trend in the future intermedial adaptations of books to interactive tablets. App designers at Atomic Antelope developed an interactive version of Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* in March 2010, before the release of the platform, making it the first notable and innovative iBook created specifically for the iPad; it quickly became the number one app in the iTunes store. This adaptation supplemented the text with dynamic elements in the color illustrations that respond via the touch-screen interface to the tapping and swiping of objects such as the Drink Me bottle, and the comfits awarded after the Caucus Race. These objects and others can be further manipulated by tilting the iPad from side to side as if sliding the object across a surface and bouncing it off the edges of the iPad screen, an effect made possible by the gyroscope embedded as part of the iPad's programming. The critical reception and immersive satisfaction of the iPad adaptation immediately created a rich media benchmark that later iBook adaptations have been measured against.

The affordances of the iPad's touch screen, gyroscope, video and audio support make it an extremely rich platform for adapting children's books, which can be easily oriented towards exploratory play and educational learning or edutainment. The best adaptations often combine much-beloved illustrations with dynamic interaction and audio elements, including voice-over Read to Me modes, clickable words triggering the reading of that word or sentence, and Easter Egg sounds to be discovered. App adaptations of Beatrix Potter's *The Tale of Peter Rabbit,* redesigned as *Pop Out! The Tale of Peter Rabbit* (November 2010), and Charles M. Schulz's *A Charlie Brown Christmas* (November 2011), both by Loud Crow Interactive Inc., create immersive experiences with innovative, layered audio elements and distinctively responsive cut-out figures "mounted" on the illustrated backgrounds. *Pop Out! The Tale of Peter Rabbit* uses a recording of Debussy's *Suite Bergamasque/Clair de Lune* as a constant audio element layered with bird songs. Interactive elements are linked with distinct sounds so that swiping the illustration of Peter eating Farmer McGregor's carrots triggers both the movement of Peter and the carrots he's holding, as well as satisfying crunching sounds. On the following page, a now distressed Peter, when touched, wobbles with gurgling upset tummy sounds. *A Charlie Brown Christmas* integrates original recorded dialogue, targeting potential nostalgia in parents, and a short interactive piano tutorial on an interactive keyboard that triggers the piano piece, *Linus and Lucy (Peanuts Theme).*

The Three Little Pigs and the Secret of a Pop-Up Book (December 2010) adapts British artist L. Leslie Brookes' 1904 children's book and provides an x-ray function that purportedly reveals the mechanisms behind the screen: pulleys, gears, ropes, and springs that control the movements of the interactive objects. Of course, what we don't see here is the code that enables the dynamic interaction and the x-ray mode then reinforces the illusion of this iBook as a material object.

Numerous other titles have been successful adapted, including many of Sandra Boynton's works and those by Dr. Seuss. One last notable use of a touch-screen interface is found in Auryn Ink's iBook adaptation of Hans Christian Anderson's *The Little Mermaid* (March 2011), in which many of the full-page illustrations appear as if under water.

Swiping across the screen produces complicated ripple effects that change the physics of how the underwater world appears, according with our understanding of how our perception of focus, depth and form changes with the intervening distortion and movement of water. The convention in all of these works is to play with objects drawn from the illustrations as if they were physical cut-outs or objects in a fairly limited spatial plane that is usually structured as a single dynamic panel or page, rather than the multiple panels used in comics and graphic novels. The pre-existing stories, either in text alone or as illustrated texts, remain close to the originating work and the innovation in adaptation occurs in the innovations in form and interactivity.

Atomic Antelope's iOS adaptation *Alice in New York* (March 2011) does something different in adapting and adding to Carroll's *Through the Looking Glass* by recontextualizing the tale in the illustrations as if Alice were transposed to a 1940s or 1950s New York, though the text remains the same. Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee appear on the Brooklyn Bridge and Humpty Dumpty bounces off the construction girders of skyscrapers. Individual illustrations are designed as mini-games and shaking the Red Queen at the end causes a metamorphosing from Queen to kitten and back again.

The iBook adaptation of Crockett Johnson's *Harold and the Purple Crayon (*August 2011) remains very close to the 1955 original yet engages the reader/player in a different way. The illustrations are designed to invite interactivity by having elements appear in half-opacity and sometimes as unfinished, signaling the opportunity to complete the image. Swiping and tapping trigger distinct elements: swiping reveals stars and a tinkling sound, and tapping sends the stars shooting off the edge of the screen with a swooshing sound. The app also includes a "Read To Me" mode, a "Read Alone" mode, and portions of the audio are often delayed, waiting to be triggered by touch-screen interactivity. The iBook also has a tutorial on use, though the app is designed to be an exploratory and intuitive experience for small children.

Novels for a slightly older audience have also been adapted, more often those whose copyright has expired and that now exist in the public domain. *Padworx Digital Studios* have released a number of

eBook titles, including *Dracula: The Official Stoker Family Edition*, which is marketed to tweens and teens, adding 600+ illustrations to the abridged text, original music and songs, and a range of interactive elements. *Pride and Prejudice and Zombies: The Interactive eBook* delivers an interactive version of the 2009 parody novel and provides Austen's original text as a running companion work. Both works play on the popularity of zombies and gore in contemporary mainstream culture, and the interactive elements are designed to be gruesome and fun. Padworx's *Alice: Madness Returns* is a more complex layered adaptation in that the iPad app is a cross-platform adaptation of a game designed for PS3 and XBox and, arguably, the free release of the iPad app is a trailer promoting the EA console game. Further, in its narrative adaptation it borrows from both Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass*, and it is also a sequel to the popular and very dark adaptation, *American McGee's Alice*. Originally created as a game for PC and released in 2000, *American McGee's Alice* depicted an older, much more traumatized Alice who has spent her teen years incarcerated in an asylum after losing her family in a house fire. The latent violence in Carroll's world is brought to the foreground in what is reworked as a horror adaptation of the world of Alice, renegotiating again the landscape and denizens of Wonderland. The very big difference resulting from the design of the interactivity is that in order to move the story forward, trigger new pages, and the release of content, the player repeatedly has to enact violence upon Alice, shaving her hair, force-feeding her, and setting the electro-shock input at higher and higher levels. The effect is calculated to make most players feel uncomfortable at participating in the brutalization of the protagonist to whom their sympathies are directed.

The exciting potential of the iPad as an educational tool for adapting existing works as rich media or intermedial iBooks is demonstrated in a very different mode of adaptation provided by the iBook version of T.S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*. This multi-media app adds layers of supplemental content with multiple audio readings of the poem, including Eliot in two recordings, Ted Hughes, Sir Alec Guinness, and Fiona Shaw. The interface design allows one to shift on each line through varied recordings, juxtaposing the nuances of different readings. Video

clips offer interpretations and responses to Eliot by Seamus Heaney, Jeanette Winterson, and others. A facsimile of Eliot's manuscript, with editing notations by Ezra Pound, gives readers insight into the process behind Eliot's published work. The adaptation of Richard Dawkins' *The Magic of Reality* further demonstrates the flexibility of the iPad as a platform for learning, as this too contains all of the text of the original book, enriched by illustrations with small animated elements (though not a high degree of interactivity), embedded audio and video clips, games that involve touch screen physics and that in one instance, use the microphone as a input device to "blow" turtles to shore. The iBook also plays with the physical layout of the page, allowing readers to pull down the main screen revealing a horizontal slider panel with each chapter's first page as an access point, and a second slider panel showing the individual pages of the book.

Here, the app designers begin to break away from the convention of the book as a material object of bound pages and utilize the affordances of the iPad as a screen that can display multiple content zones simultaneously. These rich media components can make what exist in the material book as footnotes, for example, dynamic elements that can deepen the experience of a work through audio, visual, and video stimuli and source material. These additional layers could provide a means to design book adaptations to engage more kinaesthetic, visual, and audio learners in new ways in the classroom and at home.

Al Gore's *Our Choice* iBook adaptation models the innovation possible in the adaptation and supplementation of a given text with rich media content. The iBook adds a wealth of interactive content to the book's text and images, adding zoom in/out features to photos, embedded videos and documentary content, infographics, and a further integration of geolocated content linking to Google maps. The iBook was released in May 2011, and following the immediate and widespread critical acclaim for the sophistication of the interface and content design, the design company PushPop Press was acquired by Facebook in August 2011. Although *Our Choice* received the 2011 Apple Design Award in September, as a company now integrated into Facebook's global "book" platform, PushPop Press have stated they will have no future books in development. The integration of rich media content,

connectivity with the web, varied interactivity, and an innovative use of the screen space similar to that of *The Magic of Reality* established *Our Choice* as the most advanced iBook experience to date and again, established a benchmark of innovation that will impact the production design of future eBook adaptations.

The other most exciting iBook design studio to appear since the launch of the iPad is Moonbot Studios, co-founded by ex-Pixar animator and successful children's author/illustrator, William Joyce (creator of the nostalgically retro book and animated series, *Rolie Polie Olie* and *George Shrinks*), whose animated short, *The Flying Books of Mr. Morris Lessmore*, won the 2012 Academy Award for animated short. With a visual aesthetic reminiscent of the 1930s and a Wizard of Oz style tornado as an inciting incident, *The Flying Books* combines exquisite animation with casual game mechanics, responsive text, and a narrative voiceover to tell a story about the love of books through the immersive experience of an eBook. A printed book adaptation is rumored to be in production (J. Mitchell 2012). Because of the cinematic quality of Moonbot's animation, visual aesthetics, and interface design, *The Flying Books* models a new achievement in intermedial practice or media fusion in that film, text and game elements exist as equally integrated and expressive within the narrative experience. The success of Moonbot's approach to integrated design is also evident in its latest iBook, *The Numberlys*. And, although this work has not yet been adapted (a print book is projected; see J. Mitchell 2012), it too redefines what an eBook can be. Its visual aesthetic echoes the cinematic world of Fritz Lang's *Metropolis* in the scale and breadth of the cityscape depicted and its text interstitials of dialogue and narration recall those of silent films. The interaction design of *The Numberlys* supports visually seamless shifts from the black and white animated sequences to the interactive games which result in the creation of new letters, all contained within a beautifully realized immersive world. The fusion of different media in *The Flying Books of Morris Lessmore* and *The Numberlys* arguably creates a new model of practice for interactive adaptations that raises the question of whether the categorization via older models of siloed or distinct production industries (games vs. films vs. books) is still relevant, particularly in terms of how a work makes meaning as an

adaptation. Although each of the eBooks discussed here refers knowingly back to a material book, the rapid evolution of interactive forms and practices and the variants of intermedial experiences of these adaptations foreground how accelerated innovations in future adaptations to digital platforms will likely be.

The rapidity of shifts and the rapid evolution of form in adaptations for the iPad to date have been contained and controlled because of the programming requirements of the platform and the required approval of Apple for entry in the iTunes store; this is obviously in contrast to the rambunctious and disruptive progress and evolution of adaptations in and between other industries and platforms. As the examples detailed in this Epilogue demonstrate, how adaptation is conceived and practiced continues to be debated, as does the value of adaptation as a practice, particularly in the context of what some are calling transmedia's messy practices. What is probably the most significant shift since the 2006 publication of *A Theory of Adaptation* is that where media conglomerates and IP holders once controlled the production and distribution of adaptations, with limited temporal, geographic or product releases, audiences now claim all aspects of ownership over content that they identify with, immerse themselves in, adapt, remix, reuse, and share. The digital world in which these practices take place is driven by "variation and repetition" (Hutcheon 2006: 177), by porousness, instability, collaboration, and participation on a global scale; the tools of production, distribution, and communication are easily accessible, networked and ubiquitous.

If this Epilogue is convincing in the evolution of adaptive practices and products it has traced, again to adapt Hutcheon, in the workings of human imagination evident in the remediation and intermedial production that define our Web 2.0 world, adaptations as remakes, swedings, memes, mash-ups, cosplay, and fan-run MMORPGs, will be recognized by media conglomerates as the most valuable form of fan investment with and extension of any given work.

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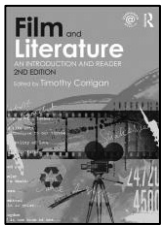
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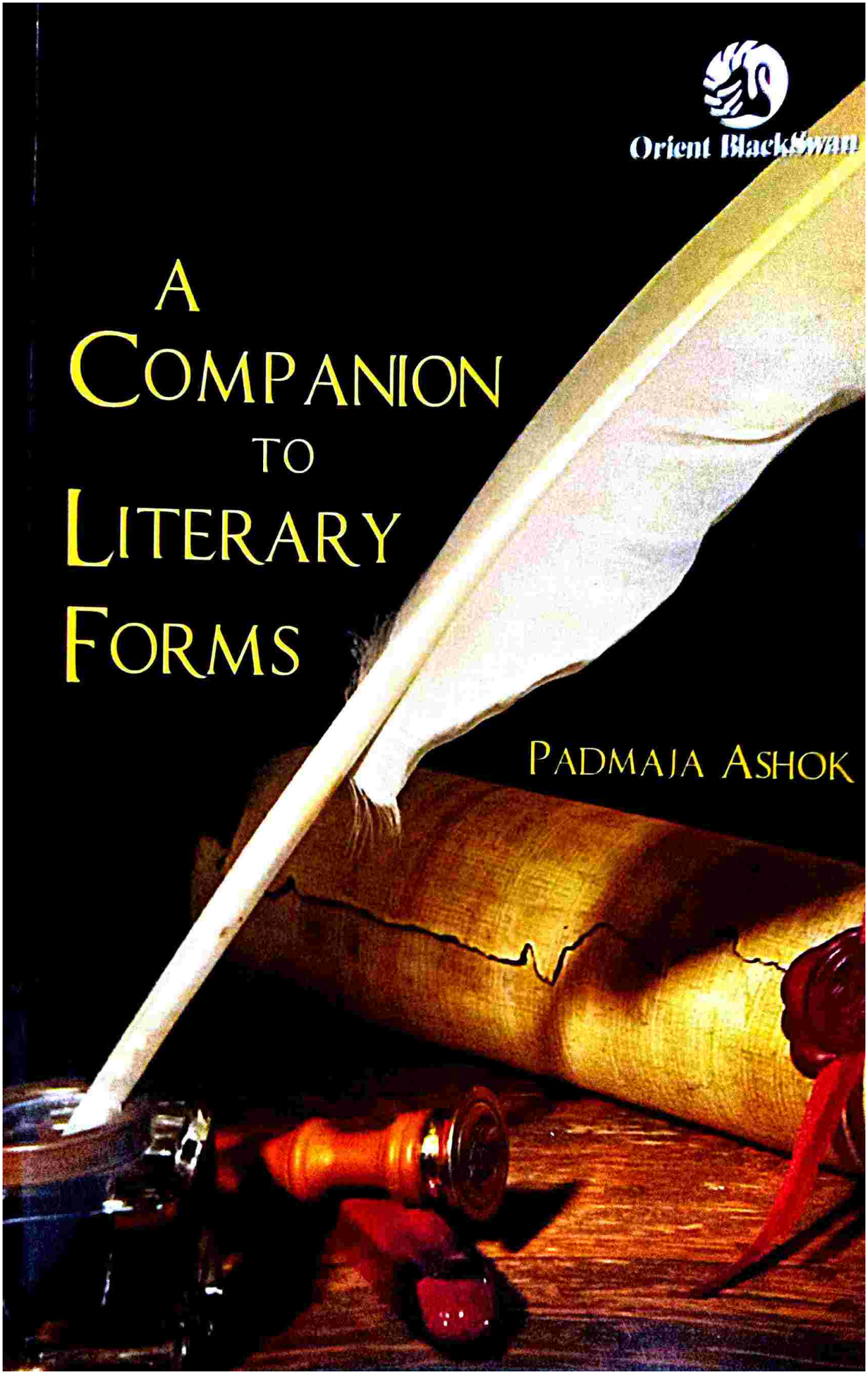
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Preface

Literature may be defined as the best thoughts of an author, presented in the best manner. From this description of literature, one can easily understand that it is made up of two parts—content and form. When asked to talk about literature, one often immediately enumerates its various forms, such as poetry, drama, fiction and nonfiction. It is clear that the forms in which literature finds its expression are as important as the content that they convey. It is therefore essential for a student of literature to have a thorough knowledge of the various forms of literature in order to enhance his/her appreciation of the subject.

The study of literary forms is a highly interesting one, as one gets to learn how human thought gradually evolved. It is fascinating to trace the incredible journey of literature from its crude, early beginnings, when songs and stories were passed on from one generation to another orally, to the sophisticated, complex and erudite works of contemporary authors.

A study of literary genres and forms plays a key role in sensitising the student of literature to the nuances of a work of art. For example, when we learn about the absence of the drop curtain in the Elizabethan stage, we begin to notice the unique manner in which each scene is concluded and how the characters exit the stage. We then understand the practical reason why, at the end of Shakespeare's play *Hamlet*, Horatio gives detailed instructions to take away the dead bodies of Hamlet and the others. Our attention is also drawn towards the rhyming couplet at the end of each scene. All these features were a direct consequence of the absence of the drop curtain! To give another example, learning about the features and conventions of an epic would definitely enhance our understanding and appreciation of Milton's great work,

Paradise Lost. No course in literature can be complete without an adequate knowledge of literary forms.

This book is designed to cater to the needs of the students of English literature. Each form is first defined in a simple manner; its features are then listed, and suitable examples are given. In addition to examining the chief forms, the book discusses the innovations undergone by each, and also looks at various trends in literary criticism.

A Companion to Literary Forms is the result of more than two decades of teaching literary forms by the author. It will prove to be a useful guide to not only undergraduate students, but also to postgraduate students and research scholars as a ready reckoner of several useful terms. It is sincerely hoped that both students and teachers will find the book a helpful companion in their study of literary forms.

1

Poetry

Poetry is one of the earliest literary forms to have evolved. It has its origins in prehistoric times, when people made use of poetic language, singing to the accompaniment of musical instruments. Thus, poetry existed in the oral form long before the invention of writing. The ancient Sumerian poem *Epic of Gilgamesh* is one of the earliest poems in existence. It is said to have been composed around 1800BCE. The ancient Indian *Vedas*, dating back to about 1700–1100BCE, are another example of early literature. These texts were passed down orally, from one generation to another, till the gradual development of writing.

As a form of art, poetry has evolved through the centuries, spawning many literary forms in cultures around the world. Poetry has adapted itself to the rapid developments in both language and technology, and continues to be a major form of human artistic expression.

How may one define poetry? British author William Henry Hudson said that poetry is 'an interpretation of life through imagination and feeling'. Thomas Carlyle believed that poetry was 'musical thought', while Edgar Allan Poe called it 'the rhythmic creation of beauty'. The word is derived from the ancient Greek word *ποιητής* ('poiētēs') meaning 'creator'. A poet is therefore a creator, who, through his imagination, interprets life and arouses feelings of delight, sorrow, amusement or introspection in the reader. The ultimate aim of poetry is to give pleasure.

Poetry is distinct from prose in that it is literature in metrical form. The presence of **metre**, **rhythm** and **rhyme** distinguishes poetry from prose. Some critics have questioned the necessity

of metre and rhyme for poetry, and indeed there do exist very good poems that do not have metre and rhyme. However, it is the sound and rhythm of poetry that first attracts people to a poem. The use of metre lifts us from the ordinary world of everyday experience. Rhyme and metre contribute greatly to the aesthetic pleasure that we derive from poetry. Further, when words are arranged in a certain rhythmical order, they gain new meaning and power, and appeal to our emotions in a magical way. The presence of rhythm, rhyme and metre played an important part in preserving ancient poetry, since these techniques helped our ancestors to remember the lines better, and thus allowed them to pass their poetry down the centuries before it could be written down.

Poetry (and art in general) differs from subjects like science in its treatment of truth. While the poet and the scientist may both deal with nature, their approaches are different. The poet awakens a sense of wonder at the mystery of the world around us; the scientist tries to explain the mystery to us. While science (and its related fields) concerns itself with factual accuracy and literal truth, poetry often uses the imagination to transcend reality. This does not mean that poetry perpetuates lies. The truth that the poet presents to the world is called '**poetic truth**'. The poet's feelings are genuine and sincere, and he looks beyond the surface level of truth (such as scientific or historical fact) in order to reveal important patterns and connections, and thus to interpret life.

The poet enjoys what is called '**poetic licence**'. In its most narrow sense, it is the freedom taken by a poet to bend the conventions of diction. It is the liberty given to poets to manipulate language, distort syntax and use archaisms to suit his needs. Gerard Manley Hopkins, for example, makes use of several archaic dialect words in his poems and also coins words of his own, such as 'twinsles', which is a combination of

'twines' and 'dwindles'. He also creates compound adjectives with a hyphen—'dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon'—or sometimes without a hyphen—'rolling level underneath him steady air'. In a broader sense, poetic licence is the freedom given to all artists to violate the literal truth in order to present poetic truth. The poet may change historical fact (Shakespeare did it frequently in his history plays), use anachronisms (see page 117), or ask his readers for a willing suspension of disbelief. However, such distortions of fact do not reduce our enjoyment of the work of art. Indeed, poetic licence is often employed to enhance either the aesthetic beauty or the poetic truth of a work of art.

Classification of poetry

The vast body of poetry may be classified under two broad headings for the sake of convenience—objective and subjective. In **objective poetry**, the poet is a detached from what he is writing. He describes, in an impersonal manner, the actions and passions of other people with little reference to his own self and personal feelings. **Subjective poetry**, on the other hand, is a reflection of the poet's own personal feelings and experiences.

Objective poetry is much older than subjective poetry. It is believed to have originated among the primitive people of prehistoric times, when mankind had not yet learnt to read and write. These people were more interested in the physical world around them, and in the deeds and objects that were a part of their lives. There was little room for deep thinking, emotions and feelings. Poetry, as it existed then, was more of a communal affair than a personal one.

Subjective poetry came into existence much later, when people began to give importance to their thoughts, feelings and emotions, and to the growing need to share them.

This broad categorisation is useful when one wishes to study the different forms of poetry. However, it cannot be followed strictly as there is often an overlapping of the two.

Objective poetry	Subjective poetry
Ballad	Lyric
Epic	Ode
Metrical romance	Elegy
Dramatic monologue	Idyll
Limerick	Sonnet
	Epistle

Ballad

A ballad may be defined as a song that narrates a story. The word 'ballad' is derived from the Latin *ballare* which means 'to dance'. Ballads could be said to have been in existence thousands of years ago when people had still not learnt to read or write. They were songs sung by wandering minstrels to the accompaniment of musical instruments and dance. Often one person sang, while the others danced and joined in on the refrain.

Features of a ballad

- A ballad often narrates stories of love, adventure, war and bravery. The theme may be tragic or comic. Often, there is a touch of the supernatural. Basic emotions, such as love, hatred and pity, are prominently dealt with in ballads.
- A ballad usually deals with a single episode. The story is told through both dialogue and action.
- The language used is very simple as the poet wished to be understood easily by all his listeners.
- The ballad often begins abruptly. Sometimes an unknown person asks a question and the answer forms the rest of the ballad.
- For example, these are the opening lines of the Scottish ballad 'The Demon Lover'—

Oh, where have you been, long, long love,
This seven years and more?
Oh, I've come to seek my former vows
Ye granted me before.

- A ballad has stock epithets such as 'blood-red wine' and 'merry men'.
- A characteristic feature of ballads is repetition, usually in the form of **refrains**—lines that are repeated at intervals in a poem or a song, especially at the end of a stanza. The word 'refrain' originated from the Old French word *refraindre*, which means 'to repeat'. An example of a refrain is the line 'Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song' which ends every stanza of Edmund Spenser's *Prothalamion*. The refrain may be in the form of a phrase or even a single word; for example, the repetition of the words 'Nevermore' in Edgar Allan Poe's poem, 'The Raven'.
- The ballad verse consists of a quatrain with alternating iambic tetrameter (four foot) and trimeter (three foot) lines. The rhyme scheme is usually ABCB or ABAB. The following lines are from the Scottish ballad 'The Wife of Usher's Well'—

There lived | a wife | at Ush | er's well,	a
And a weal | thy wife | was she;	b
She had | three stout | and stal | wart sons,	c
And sent | them o'er | the sea.	b

POPULAR BALLAD, FOLK BALLAD

This type of ballad, also known as the **traditional ballad**, is anonymous and is passed on from generation to generation by word of mouth. It belongs to the oral tradition and is still in existence among the illiterate people of northern Greece, Sicily and the Balkans. Since these ballads were never written,

each singer who learnt the ballad introduced his own changes. The popular ballad therefore exists in many forms.

British ballads have been collected by several people since the eighteenth century. The most well-known of these anthologies is Francis J. Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* (1882–98), which contains 305 ballads, including 'Sir Patrick Spens', 'Clerk Saunders', 'The Twa Corbies' and 'The Ballad of Chevy Chase'.

The stories and legends of the twelfth-century English outlaw Robin Hood, who robbed the rich to help the poor, inspired several ballads that are known as the '**Robin Hood ballads**'. Child collected about thirty-eight ballads in which Robin Hood was featured. These ballads are believed to have been composed over hundreds of years. Robin Hood Ballads are known for their merry nature and belong to the popular or folk tradition.

BROADSIDE BALLAD

This type of a ballad is printed on one side of a single sheet of poor quality paper. These were sold in bulk on the streets from the sixteenth century onwards by wandering peddlers. Most broadsides are sentimental in subject matter, containing stories of murder, execution or adventure. Public events were often published in broadsides and printers earned a lot of money through them. Only the growth of the newspaper put an end to the broadside.

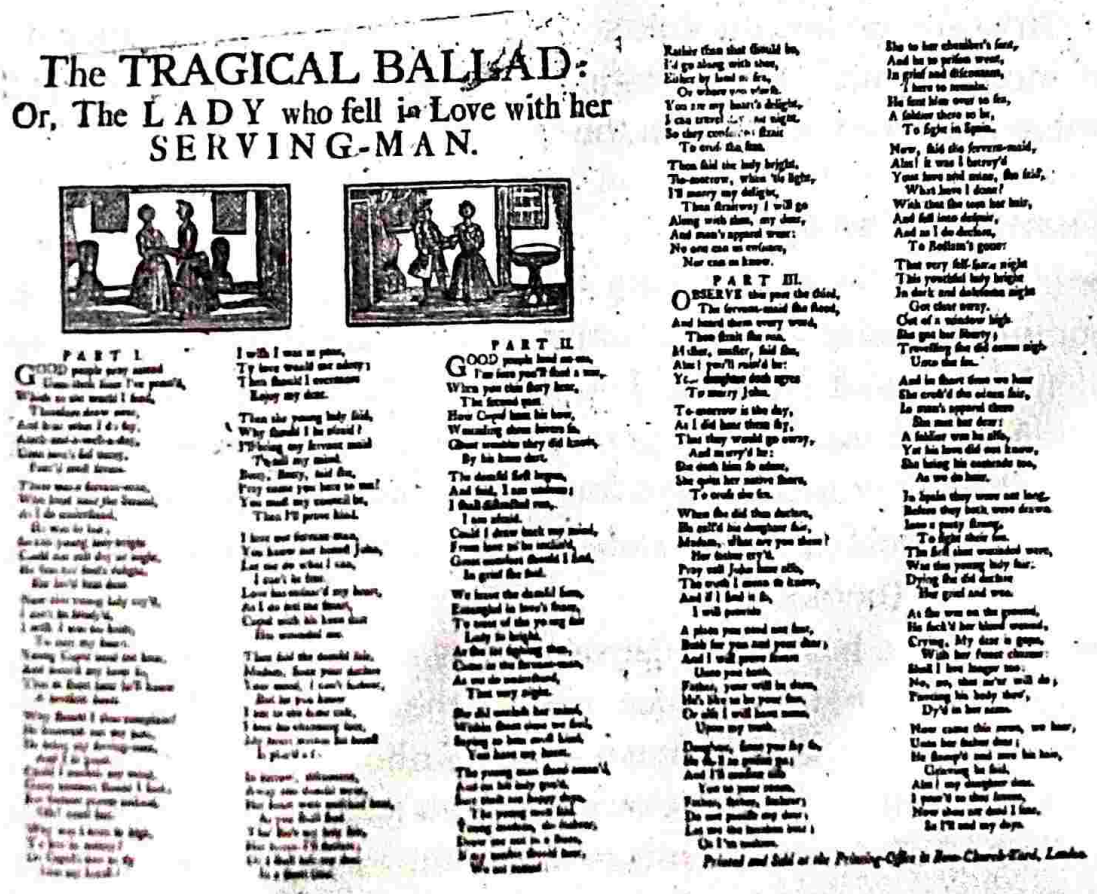
LITERARY BALLAD

Literary or **lyrical ballads** are narrative poems written by poets in deliberate imitation of the form of the traditional ballad. These were particularly popular in the late eighteenth century, during the Romantic period. The Scottish literary giants Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott collected and wrote their

own ballads, using the form to create an artistic product. In England, William Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge produced a collection titled *Lyrical Ballads* (1798), which included Coleridge's 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner'. John Keats's 'La Belle Dame sans Merci' (1819) is another example of the literary ballad.

MOCK BALLAD

This form mocks the seriousness of the literary ballad, and the theme is comic rather than tragic. It has all the features of a literary ballad, but everything is given a humorous twist. Excellent examples of mock ballads are William Maginn's 'The Rime of the Ancient Waggoner' and William Cowper's 'The Diverting History of John Gilpin' (1782).



The TRAGICAL BALLAD:
Or, The LADY who fell in Love with her SERVING-MAN.

PART I

PART II

PART III

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in Bow-Church-Yard, London.

IMAGE A: An eighteenth-century broadside ballad

Epic

An epic is a long narrative poem on the exploits of great heroes, told in a grand and elevated style. **Traditional** or **primary epics** combine myth, legend, folk tales and history, and are thus part of a nation's cultural history. These developed from an oral tradition. Important examples of such epics are Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* (both composed circa eighth century BCE), the Indian *Ramayana* (attributed to Valmiki, circa fifth century BCE) and *Mahabharata* (attributed to Vyasa, circa fourth century BCE), and the Anglo-Saxon epic *Beowulf* (circa eighth century CE). **Literary** or **secondary epics** were written by poets who imitated the traditional form. To this category belong Virgil's *Aeneid* (first century BCE) and John Milton's *Paradise Lost* (1667).

Aristotle ranked the epic second to tragedy in importance. It is most definitely a challenging form for a poet to attempt and there are very few epics in the world.

Features of an epic

- An epic is a very long piece of work, usually running into several books. Homer's epics run into twenty-four books, and *Paradise Lost* consists of twelve books. The *Mahabharata* is ten times the length of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* combined and four times that of the *Ramayana*. It consists of 1,00,000 *slokas* (verses) and runs into eighteen *parvas* (books).
- The epic has a vast canvas for its setting. In the *Odyssey*, the action takes place across the Mediterranean basin (the whole world known to the author). In *Paradise Lost*, Milton uses the entire cosmos as his setting—earth, heaven and hell. In the *Ramayana*, too, the sweep of the action is immense, ranging from Ayodhya in northern India to Sri Lanka.

- The action depicted in an epic is also on a gigantic scale, often involving supernatural deeds and perilous journeys. The adventures of Achilles and Odysseus, and the latter's long journey back to his home; the mighty war in heaven and Satan's journey to the newly created world; the wanderings of the banished Pandavas and the terrible war at Kurukshetra; and Rama's quest across the country for Sita and his war against the forces of Ravana, are all examples of the magnificent scale of action in an epic.
- The time of action in an epic is also on a large scale. In Homer's epics, the action covers a period of more than ten years. In the Indian epics, too, the period of time is long. In *Paradise Lost*, the story ranges from before the creation of the universe to the end of the world.
- The epic is centred on a hero who is of great importance. In the *Iliad*, Achilles is the greatest of Greek warriors; in Milton's *Paradise Lost,* Adam is the first man and is a representative of the entire human race; and in the *Mahabharata,* the Pandavas are superhuman heroes who fight alongside gods.
- An epic shows gods and other supernatural beings taking part in the action. Homer makes use of the Olympian gods in his epics, while archangels, Christ and Satan appear in *Paradise Lost*. In the Indian epics, Krishna and Rama are the incarnations of Vishnu. Such actions of deities and supernatural beings were called the '**machinery**' in the eighteenth century.
- The language used in an epic is always elevated and formal to suit the grandeur of the theme. Milton uses Latinate diction and complex syntax to narrate the story of the fall of man. The grand style of epic poetry includes the usage of several classical allusions and epic similes. An **epic simile** is a long simile, running into more than twenty lines at times, in which the poet makes a detailed

comparison. This was first used by Homer in his epics to enhance the ceremonial quality of the narration. Hence they are also known as **Homeric similes**. The following is an example of an epic simile from *Paradise Lost*, Book IV. Here, Milton compares the Garden of Eden to several mythological gardens.

> Not that fair field
> Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flowers,
> Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
> Was gathered—which cost Ceres all that pain
> To seek her through the world—nor that sweet grove
> Of Daphne, by Orontes and the inspired
> Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
> Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle,
> Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
> Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
> Hid Amalthea, and her florid son,
> Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye;
> Nor, where Abassin kings their issue guard,
> Mount Amara (though this by some supposed
> True Paradise) under the Ethiop line
> By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock,
> A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
> From this Assyrian garden, where the Fiend
> Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
> Of living creatures, new to sight and strange.

Epic conventions

The writers of epics often imitated Homer to the extent that certain narrative elements have become conventions. These include the following—

- The poet begins the work with a **proposition** followed by an **invocation** to a muse. In the proposition, the author states his purpose, or his theme or 'argument'. In the invocation, the poet appeals to the muse for inspiration.

The following lines from Milton's *Paradise Lost* suitably illustrate both the proposition and the invocation.

> Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the World, and all our woe,
> With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
> Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,
> Sing, Heavenly Muse, ...

- The narration in an epic typically begins **in medias res**, that is 'in the middle of the things'. *Paradise Lost* begins in Hell with Satan gathering forces and trying to organise his revenge. It is only after Book V that we learn about the war in Heaven which led to the banishment of Satan to Hell.
- Another important epic convention is the cataloguing of important characters. Milton gives a detailed description of the fallen angels in Book I of his epic. These characters are given set speeches to suit their particular character.
- In an epic, the characters are depicted playing some games. The game of dice in the *Mahabharata* is a very well-known example of this convention. In *Paradise Lost*, the fallen angels indulge in competitive games to while away the time till Satan returned from his visit to Paradise.

Mock-epic

A **mock-epic** or a **mock-heroic poem** is a parody of the serious epic. It has all the features and conventions of a serious epic but the intention is comic and usually satirical. The classical example of a mock-epic is the *Battle of the Frogs and Mice* (circa seventh century BCE), which is a parody of the Greek epic *Iliad*. Alexander Pope's *The Rape of the Lock* (1712) is an excellent example of a mock-epic in English.

Pope's poem narrates the incident of the cutting off of a lock of hair from a girl's head by an infatuated lover. The trivial incident is treated in an epic manner which gives rise to great

humour. As a master of the classics, Pope was very familiar with epic conventions and features, and he included each and every aspect of the epic in his poem. The result is hilarious and delightful. The work has an invocation, a proposition, supernatural machinery, long speeches, epic similes, and the depiction of epic journeys, games and battles.

Metrical Romance

The metrical romance is another form of narrative poetry that resembles the epic. This genre includes verse stories told in the **Romance languages** (languages that descended from Latin, such as Spanish, Portuguese, French, Italian, Romanian and Catalan) which dealt with chivalry, knight-errantry, fighting, adventure, magic, and love. Later, the genre began to include similar stories written in English too. This form was popular from the Middle Ages to the nineteenth century.

Geoffrey Chaucer's 'The Knight's Tale' (from *The Canterbury Tales*, late fourteenth century), Ludovico Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* (1532), Edmund Spenser's *The Faerie Queene* (1590–96), Walter Scott's 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' (1805) and 'The Lady of the Lake' (1810) and Alfred Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* (1859–85) could be called metrical romances.

Dramatic Monologue

A dramatic monologue is the name given to a particular type of poem in which a single person, who is not the poet, narrates his experiences or shares his inner-most feelings. It is an objective poetic analysis of a subjective point of view. It was most popular during the Victorian era and Robert Browning was its chief exponent.

In such a poem, the speaker reveals his character through his monologue. It is not to be confused with the **soliloquy** of drama. In a soliloquy, a character gives voice to his inner

thoughts and feelings. It is a device used by the dramatist in order to make the audience understand a complex character like Hamlet or Iago. The soliloquy is not meant to be heard by the other characters in the play. In a dramatic monologue, the speaker addresses one or more auditors whose presence is indicated to us through the poem.

Features of a dramatic monologue

- A dramatic monologue has all the elements of drama such as plot, character, dialogue and setting. Yet, it is a form of poetry and not drama as it is meant to be read and not performed on stage.
- A single person—who is not the poet—utters the whole poem.
- The speech is uttered by the speaker at some critical moment. For example, in Browning's 'Fra Lippo Lippi' (1855), the truant monk is caught by a watchman and the monologue is the monk's explanation. The Duke in Browning's 'My Last Duchess' (1842) is negotiating with an emissary for another bride after having killed his last wife. In Alfred Tennyson's 'Ulysses' (published 1842), the aged hero utters the monologue just before he embarks upon his last voyage.
- The presence of other characters (whom the speaker addresses) is indicated only through the words of the speaker. For example, in 'My Last Duchess', the Duke says, 'That's my last Duchess painted on the wall ... / Will't please you sit and look at her?'. In 'Ulysses', the presence of the sailors is indicated when Ulysses utters, 'Come, my friends, / 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.'
- The setting and background are also indicated by the speaker. Thus we know we are in the palace of the Duke in Browning's poem. In Tennyson's dramatic monologue, Ulysses evokes a vivid picture of his kingdom, and later we

know we are at the seashore when he declares, 'There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail: / There gloom the dark broad seas.'

- The chief purpose of a dramatic monologue is to reveal the character of the speaker. We understand the proud and cruel nature of the Duke in 'My Last Duchess' and Ulysses' insatiable thirst for adventure in Tennyson's poem.

Limerick

A limerick is a short and humorous (sometimes bawdy) poem consisting of five anapaestic (see page 27) lines. The rhyme scheme is AABBA.

The oldest recorded limerick is a thirteenth-century Latin prayer by Thomas Aquinas, while the oldest English ones date to the early eighteenth century. The origin of the name of this form is obscure and there are several theories about the same, one being that it is a reference to the Irish town of Limerick. The English poet Edward Lear popularised the form in his collection *A Book of Nonsense* (1846).

Two examples are given below. The authorship of the first is unknown; the second is by Edward Lear.

There once was a man from Nantucket — A
Who kept all his cash in a bucket. — A
But his daughter, named Nan, — B
Ran away with a man — B
And as for the bucket, Nantucket. — A

There was a Young Lady whose chin — A
Resembled the point of a pin: — A
So she had it made sharp, — B
And purchased a harp, — B
And played several tunes with her chin. — A

Lyric

The lyric is a short non-narrative poem which is a brief expression of mood or feeling. The term originally referred to Greek poetry composed to be sung to the accompaniment of the lyre or harp. The lyric was sung by a single person, unlike the choric song that was by a group of singers. In modern usage, a song is still often called a lyric; but in literature, the term is used to describe a poem that is not narrative in nature, and in which the poet is principally preoccupied with his thoughts or feelings. Used in a wider sense, the lyric includes different forms of poetry like the sonnet, elegy, ode and hymn.

Structure of a lyric

The lyric has three well-defined parts. In the first part, the poet states his emotion or the subject matter of the poem. In the second part, which forms the main body of the poem, the poet develops the emotion more fully. In the final part, the poet finds a balance in his emotions and reaches a reasonable conclusion. There is a lesson learnt or some comfort found. Usually, the final part of the poem tends to be philosophical or intellectual. The poem may end either with a smile or a sigh.

There are several examples to illustrate this three-fold structure of the lyric. John Milton begins 'On His Blindness' (circa 1655) with the emotion of deep sorrow at losing his eyesight and ends with the philosophical thought that 'They also serve who only stand and wait'. Percy Bysshe Shelley's 'Ode to the West Wind' (1820), which begins in pain and anguish ends with the consoling thought 'If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?', after exploring the initial emotion through the middle verses.

Features of a lyric

- It is a short poem that does not tell a story, but makes a direct expression of emotion.
- It is essentially musical in nature.
- It is very subjective and expresses the varying emotions of the poet.
- It is well-structured, with the poet taking us through the different stages of his emotion.

Ode

An ode is a lyric poem of some length, usually of a serious or meditative nature, having an elevated style and formal stanzaic structure, and addressed to someone or something. It is of Greek origin. Originally it was a poem set to music and sung by a group of singers. The Greek ode had two forms, the Dorian ode and the Lesbian ode, with distinct structural differences. In England, the ode developed relatively free from classical influences.

Features of an ode

- It is lofty in subject matter and has an elevated tone and style. The subject is treated in a serious manner by the poet.
- The ode is a longer and more formal type of poem in comparison with the spontaneous lyric. The emotions in an ode are elaborately developed.
- The ode is addressed directly to a person, an object, or an abstract concept. Shelley's 'Ode to the West Wind' (published 1820) begins 'O wild West Wind …'. Keats's 'Ode on a Grecian Urn' (published 1820) is addressed thus: 'Thou still unravished bride of quietness …'
- The ode may also be written to commemorate an important public event, like victory in a war, the death of

an important person, or the inauguration of some large institution. Examples of such odes include Marvell's 'Upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland' and Tennyson's 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington' (1852).

DORIAN ODE

The Dorian ode is named after the district and dialect from which it originated. It was choric in nature and was sung to the accompaniment of dance. The structure of the poem was based on the movement of the dancers and had three distinct parts—the strophe, during the recitation of which the dancers moved from right to left; the antistrophe, when they turned from left to right; and the epode, in which the dancers stood still. This three-fold sequence could be repeated any number of times in the ode. The ancient Greek poet Pindar wrote so brilliantly in this particular form that it is also known as the **Pindaric ode**. Examples of this type of ode in English are Thomas Gray's 'The Bard' (1757) and 'The Progress of Poesy' (published 1759).

LESBIAN ODE

The Lesbian ode is named after the island of Lesbos, where it originated. It has a simpler form when compared to the Pindaric ode. Horace, the Latin poet, wrote odes in this form that were private and personal. His odes were homostrophic—that is, they were written in a single, repeated stanza form. Unlike the passionate Pindaric odes, **Horatian odes** are calmer and meditative in nature. The Horatian ode was very popular with English poets. Andrew Marvell's 'Upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland' (circa 1650), written in short four-lined stanzas having similar rhyme and metre, is the best example of this type of ode.

ENGLISH ODE

The English ode followed its own course, ignoring the classical models. The English ode has two forms: the regular and the irregular. The **regular ode** consists of similar stanzas and examples of this type of ode are those of Shelley and Keats. The **irregular ode** was introduced by Abraham Cowley in 1656. He imitated Pindar's style of writing odes but not the strophic form. Each stanza had its own length and rhyme scheme. The flexible nature of the irregular ode became very popular with the Romantics, and poets such as Wordsworth wrote in this form. His 'Ode: Intimations of Immortality' (published 1807) is an excellent example of an irregular ode.

Elegy

Originally, an elegy was a poem composed of **elegiac distiches** or **elegiac metre**. An elegiac distich was a pair of metrical lines of different lengths that expressed a complete idea. It consisted of a dactylic hexameter followed by a dactylic pentameter (see page 27 for a note on these terms). An elegy could be on any subject matter as long as it was written in this elegiac measure. In ancient Greece, the place of its origin, the term elegy covered themes such as love, war, politics, lamentations for the dead, and other subjects both sad and happy.

In present usage, an elegy is a poem of lament, written to mourn the death of an individual or to express grief at a tragic event. The English elegy does not use the ancient elegiac measure. Popular examples of an elegy include Thomas Gray's 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard' (1751) and Oliver Goldsmith's 'The Deserted Village' (1770).

Features of an elegy

- It is a poem of lament, mourning the death of a person, or the end of an era or way of life.

- It is not limited by form: the poet has the freedom to write in any form that he chooses.
- The tone adopted by the poet is dignified and solemn.
- The elegy is suitable for serious reflections on heavy topics such as life and death. Some poets use this form to digress and express their views on other subjects. In 'Lycidas' (1638), for example, Milton digresses to talk about the degradation of poetry and religion.
- Although the elegy is a poem of grief, it changes by the end to one of resignation, peace, or even joy, as the poet comes to terms with his loss.

Pastoral Elegy

It is a form of the elegy, in which the mourner and the one whose death is being mourning are represented as shepherds. (The Latin word for shepherd is *pastor*). The pastoral elegy originated in the work of the Sicilian Greek poet Theocritus (third century BCE). His *Idylls* and his *Epigrams* are the earliest known pastoral elegies. His 'Lament of Daphnis' is a well-known classical pastoral elegy, in which he mourns the death of the shepherd, Daphnis. Later, the Latin poet Virgil (70–19BCE) wrote his *Eclogues* and *Georgics* in this form. It was forgotten for several years until it was revived in Italy during the Renaissance. From there, it spread to Europe and England. Edmund Spenser's *The Shepherd's Calendar* (1579) is the first English pastoral elegy. His *Astrophel* (1595) is another important work in the same genre, written to mourn the death of his friend Sir Philip Sidney. Other important examples of this form include John Milton's 'Lycidas' (1638) and Matthew Arnold's *Thyrsis* (1865).

Features of a pastoral elegy

- The poet begins with an invocation to the muses, and frequently refers to various characters from mythology.

- All nature is shown as mourning the dead shepherd.
- The poet questions the guardian angels of the dead person and blames them for their negligence.
- There is a procession of mourners.
- The poet ponders on divine justice and reflects upon the evils of his own times.
- There is an elaborately descriptive passage which describes the flowers that are used to deck the hearse.
- The elegy concludes with a philosophic acceptance of death and the hope of meeting the departed again in heaven.

Idyll

An idyll is a short poem or an episode in a larger poem which describes a beautiful, rural scene or incident. It is not a poetic genre in the strictest sense: it is a brief poetic images (or a set of such images) and has no fixed form (they are usually passages within a larger lyric). The term is derived from the Greek word meaning 'little form' or 'little picture'.

The idyll is a vivid visual description of an idealised or serene environment. It often creates an impression of beauty, simplicity and harmony in nature and presents rural life in an idealised manner. The pastorals of Theocritus and Virgil (see page 19) may be considered idylls. Other examples include Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's 'The Village Blacksmith' (1840), Alfred Tennyson's *English Idylls, And Other Poems* (1874), and Robert Browning's Dramatic Idylls (1879).

Sonnet

A sonnet is a poem of fourteen iambic pentameter lines arranged in a specific rhyme scheme. The sonnet form originated in Italy in the thirteenth century. The word is derived from the

Italian *sonetto* meaning 'a little sound'. The sonnet has been an extremely popular form throughout English literary history, even to the modern day.

The Italian poet Petrarch (1304–74) wrote several sonnets in which he expressed his love for an idealised lady, Laura. Petrarch's poems were such a major influence on European literature that the classical form of the sonnet is known as the Petrarchan sonnet.

Petrarch ordered his poems into a sonnet cycle, *Il Canzoniere* (mid-fourteenth century). A **sonnet cycle** or a **sonnet sequence** is a collection of sonnets that are thematically linked and often show a progression in thought. The first major English sonnet cycle was Sir Philip Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* (published 1591). Love was the most dominant theme of the sonnet during the Elizabethan age, but later practitioners such as John Donne and John Milton used the form to write on a variety of subjects, and ever since then the sonnet has been used for diverse subjects. Form and not theme is what defines a sonnet.

PETRARCHAN SONNET

The **Italian sonnet** or **Petrarchan sonnet** has two distinct parts—the 'octave' (the first eight lines) and the 'sestet' (the last six lines). The octave usually raises a question or poses a problem and the sestet serves as an answer or resolution to it. There is a well-marked pause between the octave and the sestet, which is known as the 'caesura'. The turn of thought after the caesura known as the 'volta'.The octave rhymes *abbaabba*; the sestet rhymes *cdecde* (or a variant of it, such as *cdccdc*). The Petrarchan form was used by John Milton and Christina Rossetti, among others. Milton's poem 'On His Blindness' is an example of a Petrarchan sonnet.

I	When I consider how my light is spent	a
	E're half my days, in this dark world and wide,	b
	And that one Talent which is death to hide,	b
	Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul more bent	a
	To serve therewith my Maker, and present	a
	My true account, least he returning chide,	b
	Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,	b
	I fondly ask; But patience to prevent	a
II	That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need	c
	Either man's work or his own gifts, who best	d
	Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best, his State	e
III	Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed	c
	And post o're Land and Ocean without rest:	d
	They also serve who only stand and wait.	e

I: octave (raises a question)
II: caesura (a pause) followed by volta (turn in thought)
III: sestet (resolution)

ENGLISH SONNET

In the first half of the sixteenth century, two Englishmen, Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey, introduced the form to England. Surrey, and others after him, experimented with the classical Italian sonnet form till the structure became uniquely English. The English sonnet features three quatrains (four lines) and a concluding rhyming couplet: *abab cdcd efef gg*. This form was used so effectively by William Shakespeare that it is known today as the **Shakespearean sonnet**. Sonnet 129 from Shakespeare's sonnet sequence is a good example.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame	a
Is lust in action; and till action, lust	b
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,	a
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;	b
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;	c

Past reason hunted; and no sooner had, d
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait, c
On purpose laid to make the taker mad: d
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so; e
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme; f
A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe; e
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream. f
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well g
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell. g

An important variation of the English form was used by Edmund Spenser in his famous sonnet sequence *Amoretti* (published 1595). The **Spenserian sonnet**, too, has three quatrains and a rhyming couplet, but the quatrains are cleverly linked to each other with a connecting rhyme: *abab bcbc cdcd ee*. An example is Sonnet 75 from *Amoretti.*

One day I wrote her name upon the strand, a
But came the waves and washèd it away: b
Again I wrote it with a second hand, a
But came the tide and made my pains his prey. b
Vain man (said she) that dost in vain assay b
A mortal thing so to immortalise; c
For I myself shall like to this decay, b
And eke my name be wipèd out likewise. c
Not so (quod I); let baser things devise c
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame; d
My verse your virtues rare shall eternise, c
And in the heavens write your glorious name: d
Where, when as Death shall all the world subdue, e
Our love shall live, and later life renew. e

Epistle

An epistle is a letter in verse that is addressed to a friend or a patron. There are two types of epistles—on moral and

philosophical themes, and on romantic themes. The classical model for the moral epistle is Horace's *Epistles*, and for the romantic epistle, Ovid's *Heroides*. During the Middle Ages, the Ovidian type was very popular. After the Renaissance, the Horatian kind had a greater impact. In England, Ben Jonson was the first to use the Horatian epistle in 'The Forest'. Alexander Pope was the greatest exponent of the form. His *Moral Essays* and 'Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot' are excellent examples of the epistle.

Satire

Satire could be defined as a work whose principal aim is to ridicule folly or vice. It has no definite literary form—it can exist in poetry, drama or prose. Samuel Johnson defined it as a mode 'in which wickedness and folly is censured'. The purpose of satire may be didactic; at times, however, it could be used to give vent to personal grievance. Some of the best examples of satire in English are Ben Jonson's *Volpone* (1606), John Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel* (1681–82) and *Mac Flecknoe* (1682), Samuel Butler's *Hudibras* (1684) and Alexander Pope's *Dunciad* (1728–43). Examples of satire in the novel form are Miguel de Cervantes's *Don Quixote* (1605–15) and Jonathan Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* (1726). While Jonson satirised certain types of people in society, Swift pointed out the defects of all mankind. Dryden made use of satire to mock at his political opponents, and Pope mainly used it to make fun of his critics and rivals.

The plays of the fourth century BCE Greek playwright Aristophanes are the earliest known satires. Satire was quite popular in Latin literature too, with writers like Horace, Persius and Juvenal excelling in it. These writers served as models to the satirists of the Renaissance and later periods. Satire became very popular during the neoclassical period in England.

Satire may be broadly divided into two categories: Horatian satire and the Juvenalian satire. **Horatian satire** is relaxed and more tolerant. Horace used satire as a vehicle to gently laugh at human weaknesses. On the other hand, Juvenal used satire as a weapon to attack his adversaries and to condemn vice. Consequently, **Juvenalian satire** is harsh and cynical.

The Elements of Poetry

RHYME

We may define rhyme as the sameness of sound, especially in the endings of verse lines (for example: may, day; bright, might). Such matching sounds in lines of verse create a melodic pattern. Rhyme is pleasing to the human ear. It is also a mnemonic device that can help people learn and remember things easily. For example, in order to help us remember the number of days in any month, the following rhyme is very useful—

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November.
All the rest have thirty-one
Except February alone,
And that has twenty-eight days clear,
And twenty-nine in a leap year.

There are many different kinds of rhyme. Look at the following lines of verse.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the *lea*,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to *me*.

Jack and *Jill* went up a *hill*,
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell *down* and broke his *crown*
And Jill came tumbling after.

A **masculine rhyme** consists of a single stressed syllable that bears the rhyme. For example, in the above lines, 'day' and 'way' are masculine rhymes, as are 'lea' and 'me'.

A **feminine rhyme** consists of a stressed syllable followed by an unstressed syllable, with the latter bearing the rhyming sound. For example, 'water' and 'after' are feminine rhymes.

End rhyme occurs when the rhyming words are placed at the ends of lines; for example, 'day' and 'way', and 'water' and 'after'. (The **rhyme scheme** of a poem is the pattern of end rhymes in it.)

Internal rhyme occurs when the rhyming words fall within a line; for example, 'Jill' and 'hill', and 'down' and 'crown'.

Exact rhyme is the use of identical rhyming sounds, as in 'Jill' and 'hill', and 'down' and 'crown'.

Approximate rhyme or **slant rhyme** is the use of sounds that are similar but not identical; for example, the pair 'prove' and 'glove'.

Eye rhymes appeal to the eye, not the ear. They are words that are spelt similarly but pronounced differently. For example, 'flow' and 'now', 'home' and 'come'. Another example is 'thirty-one' and 'alone' in the poem above about the days in a month.

Metre

The term 'metre' refers to the pattern of stresses in a line of verse. In English, every syllable in a word is either stressed or unstressed. A **metrical foot** is a combination of a strong stress and an associated weak stress or stresses. An iambic foot, for example, will contain an unstressed syllable followed by a stressed syllable. Take a look at the iambic units in the following line—

The cur | few tolls | the knell | of par | ting day

In the English language, there are five standard feet.

Foot	Adjective	Stress pattern
iamb	iambic	unstressed-stressed
anapaest	anapaestic	unstressed-unstressed-stressed
trochee	trochaic	stressed-unstressed
dactyl	dactylic	stressed-unstressed-unstressed
spondee	spondaic	stressed-stressed

Examples of each are as follows—

Foot	Example
iamb	I **wand** | ered **lone** | ly **as** | a **cloud**
anapaest	I am **mon** | arch of **all** | I survey
trochee	**Ty**ger, | **Ty**ger, | **burn**ing | **bright**
dactyl	**Can**non to | **right** of them
spondee	**Break, break,** | **break**

A metrical line is named after the number of feet in it.

monometer	one foot	dimeter	two feet
trimeter	three feet	tetrameter	four feet
pentameter	five feet	hexameter	six feet
heptameter	seven feet	octameter	eight feet

Hence, the following line

The cur | few tolls | the knell | of par | ting day

is said to be in 'iambic pentameter', since it has five feet, each of which is an iamb (an unstressed syllable followed by a stressed syllable).

An **alexandrine** is a line of poetry written in iambic hexameter. The line is made up of six feet, each containing one weakly stressed syllable followed by one strongly stressed syllable. It gets its name from old French poems about Alexander the Great. Alexandrines never became popular in England. Edmund Spenser used them as the concluding line of each stanza of *The Faerie Queene*. The best example of an

alexandrine is by Alexander Pope, who illustrates its potential to slow down the flow of a poem—

A needless alexandrine ends the song
That like|a woun|ded snake,|drags its|slow length|along.

STANZA FORMS

A stanza is a group of lines that form a unit in verse. The stanza in a poem is similar to a paragraph in prose. Each new stanza deals with a fresh turn of thought.

Various types of stanzas are differentiated by the number of lines in them, the number of feet in each line, or by their metrical pattern. Some of the most well-known stanza forms are listed below.

A **couplet** is a stanza of two lines. The **heroic couplet** is a stanza of two iambic pentameter lines that rhyme together. It is called 'heroic' as the couplet (whether it rhymed or not) was used extensively in heroic literature (see page 59). The following is an example from Pope's *The Rape of the Lock*.

The Fair ones feel such Maladies as these,
When each new Night-Dress gives a new Disease.

The **tercet** is a stanza of three lines. The **terza rima** is a series of interlocking tercets with the following rhyme scheme: *aba bcb cdc*. This measure was adopted by Dante in his *Divine Comedy*. The following example is from Shelley's 'Ode to the West Wind'.

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being a
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead b
Are driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing, a
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red, b
Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou c
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed b
The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low, c
Each like a corpse within its grave, until d
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow c

A **quatrain** is a stanza of four lines. Gray's 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard' is written in quatrains. Another example of this stanza form may be seen in Edward FitzGerald's *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*, a quatrain from which is given below.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

A **pentastich** is a stanza of five lines.

A **sestet** is a stanza of six lines. The second part of a Petrarchan sonnet (see page 21) is known as a sestet. It can have various rhyme schemes such as *cde cde, dcd cdc*, and so on.

A **septet** is a stanza of seven lines. The **rhyme royal** is a stanza form of seven lines of iambic pentameter with the rhyme scheme *ababbcc*. It is so named due to its use by King James I of England. It is also known as a **Chaucerian stanza** since it was Chaucer who popularised it. The following rhyme royal is taken from Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde*.

The double sorwe of Troilus to tellen,	a
That was the king Priamus sone of Troye,	b
In lovinge, how his aventures fellen	a
Fro wo to wele, and after out of Ioye,	b
My purpos is, er that I parte fro ye.	b
Thesiphone, thou help me for tendyte	c
Thise woful vers, that wepen as I wryte!	c

An **octastich** is a stanza of eight lines. The **ottava rima** is an eight-line iambic pentameter stanza rhyming *abababcc*. This stanza is of Italian origin and was originally used for long poems dealing with heroic subjects. One of the earliest poets who used this was Boccaccio. The following example is from Byron's *Don Juan*.

'Go, little book, from this my solitude! a
I cast thee on the waters—go thy ways! b
And if, as I believe, thy vein be good, a
The world will find thee after many days.' b
When Southey's read, and Wordsworth understood, a
I can't help putting in my claim to praise— b
The four first rhymes are Southey's every line: c
For God's sake, reader! take them not for mine. c

The **Spenserian stanza** is a stanza of nine iambic lines, in which the first eight are pentameters and the last is a hexameter (that is, an alexandrine, see page 27). This verse form was created by Edmund Spenser for his epic poem *The Faerie Queene*. The rhyme scheme of these lines is *ababbcbcc*. The following lines constitute the first verse of the poem.

Lo I the man, whose Muse whilome did maske, a
As time her taught, in lowly Shepheards weeds, b
Am now enforst a far vnfitter taske, a
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine Oaten reeds, b
And sing of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds; b
Whose prayses hauing slept in silence long, c
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds b
To blazon broad emongst her learned throng: c
Fierce warres and faithfull loues shall moralize my song. c

TYPES OF VERSE

Verse is metrical writing, as opposed to prose which does not follow metrical patterns. Verse could also refer to a single metrical line in a poetic composition. A stanza is made up of lines of verse, of which there are several types.

Blank verse is poetry written in unrhymed iambic pentameter lines. As it sounds very much like ordinary spoken English, it is often used in drama. Some of the great poets who have used blank verse in poetry are William Wordsworth, Robert Browning and W.H. Auden.

Free verse is poetry which is not written in a regular metrical pattern. Instead of having metrical feet, free verse has a rhythm that suits its meaning and uses the sounds of spoken language in lines of different lengths. This type of versification was very popular in the twentieth century. Notable practitioners include Walt Whitman and Allen Ginsberg.

The **villanelle** is a nineteen-line French verse form, consisting of five tercets followed by a quatrain. The three lines in each of the first five stanzas rhyme *aba*. The final quatrain rhymes *abaa*. In addition to this, it has two refrains formed by repeating line 1 in lines 6, 12 and 18, and by repeating line 3 in lines 9, 15 and 19. An example of a villanelle is Dylan Thomas's 'Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night'.

Figures of Speech

IMAGERY

Imagery is descriptive language that produces pictures in a person's mind. It is one of the elements that gives poetry its forcefulness. Poets use words to help us see the things they are describing from a fresh point of view. Images in poetry can appeal to more than one of our senses. An image can help us see colour or movement. At times it can help us hear a sound, smell an odour, feel texture or even taste a flavour.

Keats's 'Ode to a Nightingale' is full of sensuous images—

O for a draught of vintage! that hath been
  Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
  Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South!
  Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
    With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
      And purple-stainèd mouth;

In the above lines, Keats uses an image that mixes two different senses—that of sight and taste. This is known as '**synaesthesia**' which is derived from a word of Greek origin meaning 'feel together'. Keats makes use of an image that appeals to our sense of sight in order to describe the taste of wine. He describes the taste of wine in terms of colour, action, song, sensation and feeling.

An image can appeal to our feelings too. A poet can use images in such a way as to make us feel the joy, grief, wonder or disgust that he is talking about. See how the following lines—the first from Wordsworth, the next by Shelley—arouses our emotions through an image.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.

I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

SIMILE AND METAPHOR

Similes and metaphors are common figures of speech used by a poet to embellish his work. A **simile** is a figure of speech in which two objects are compared by using the words 'like' or 'as'. See, for example, these lines by Byron and Burns, respectively.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies

My love is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June

In a **metaphor**, the connective 'like' or 'as' is omitted. For example in the sentence 'She has a heart of stone', the author wishes to state that the two objects being compared (heart, stone) have the same qualities.

PERSONIFICATION

Personification is the attribution of human qualities to something that is not human. For example, Keats compares the Grecian urn to a bride and personifies it by addressing it thus—

> Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
> Thou foster child of silence and slow time

Here is another example from Shakespeare's *As You Like It*.

> Blow, blow thou winter wind.
> Thou art not so unkind
> As man's ingratitude.
> Thy tooth is not so keen,
> Because thou art not seen,
> Although thy breath be rude.

The wind, which is not human, is given human attributes such as teeth and breath and the characteristic of being rude.

ONOMATOPOEIA

Onomatopoeia is a figure of speech in which words contain the sounds they describe; for example, 'hiss' or 'bang'. Here is an excellent example from 'The Highwayman' by Alfred Noyes—

> Over the cobbles he *clattered* and *clashed* in the dark inn-yard …
>
> *Tlot-tlot*, in the frosty silence! *Tlot-tlot*, in the echoing night!

ALLITERATION

Alliteration is the repetition of similar sounds in several words. The repetition of the /k/ sound in the line 'Over the **c**obbles he **c**lattered and **c**lashed …' is an example of alliteration. Alliteration may also be seen in Edgar Allan Poe's 'The Raven'—

> The **s**ilken **s**ad un**c**ertain rustling of each purple curtain.

Another example of alliteration is from the short story 'The Dead' by James Joyce—

> ***H**is **s**oul **s**wooned **s**lowly a**s** ***h**e ***h**eard the **s**now ***f**alling*
> ***f**aintly through the univer**s**e and ***f**aintly ***f**alling ...*

APOSTROPHE

An apostrophe is a figure of speech in which a speaker directly addresses an absent person or a personified quality, object or idea. Keats opens his poem 'Ode on a Grecian Urn' with an apostrophe that addresses the urn: 'Thou still unravished bride of quietness ...'. This figure of speech is often used in poetry and speeches to add emotional intensity.

HYPERBOLE

A hyperbole is an exaggeration or overstatement. It is often used either for heightened seriousness or for comic effect. Here is an example from Pope's *The Rape of the Lock*.

> Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
> And op'd those *eyes that* must *eclipse the day*

OXYMORON

An oxymoron is a figure of speech that fuses two contradictory or opposing ideas; for example, 'freezing fire' or 'happy grief'. In Book I of *Paradise Lost*, Milton uses the oxymoron 'darkness visible' when describing Hell.

ALLEGORY

An allegory is a story which has layers of meaning—the characters and events of the surface story suggest a deeper level of meaning or represent other things by way of an extended metaphor. The characters, settings and events in an allegory may stand for abstract or moral concepts, or may parallel other characters (people), settings and events.

It is similar to a **fable** and a **parable** which are moral stories that are used to illustrate truths. The word 'allegory' is derived from the Greek *ἀλληγορία* ('*allēgoría*') which means 'speaking otherwise'. Examples of an allegories are John Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress*, John Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel* and *Mac Flecknoe*, Jonathan Swift's *The Battle of the Books*, and George Orwell's *Animal Farm*.

Allusion

An allusion is a reference to another literary work or person or event. An author uses allusions to enrich his work and give it a more profound meaning. Allusions may include references to people or events, references to the author's own life, or references to other literary works. For example, when one calls a person a 'Scrooge', one is referring to Ebenezer Scrooge, a miserly character from *A Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens (and thereby implying that the person is stingy). Pope and Dryden make use of several allusions to events and people of their age in their works. The title of William Faulkner's novel *The Sound and the Fury* is an allusion to a line from William Shakespeare's *Macbeth* ('Life's … / … a tale / Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, / Signifying nothing.').

Anticlimax

An anticlimax could be defined as a disappointing or ludicrous conclusion to a series of noble or serious events. Somerset Maugham's short stories (for example, 'The Man with the Scar') usually end in an anticlimax.

Cliché

A cliché is an expression or word that is overused; for example, 'selling like hotcakes', 'avoid like the plague', 'with flying colours', or 'another feather in his cap'. Writing that uses too many idiomatic expressions may be said to be clichéd.

EUPHEMISM

A euphemism may be defined as an inoffensive or indirect word or expression used in place of one that is considered unpleasant or shocking. For example, one says 'he passed away' instead of 'he died'.

The term originally referred to the elaborate and ornate style of writing which was introduced by John Lyly in his works *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wyt* (1578) and *Euphues and his England* (1580).

IRONY

Irony is a literary device that refers to the contrast between the surface meaning and the underlying meaning of what is being said. Irony may be of the verbal, dramatic or situational kind.

Example of **verbal irony**: All the characters in the play *Othello* (especially the protagonist) use the epithet 'honest' to describe the lying, dishonest Iago.

Example of **dramatic irony**: This is a situation created when the audience knows the truth about something which the character does not know. In *Romeo and Juliet*, Romeo kills himself thinking that Juliet is dead, while the audience knows that she is merely unconscious.

Example of **situational irony**: In Coleridge's 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner', the protagonist is surrounded by water on all four sides, yet he cannot quench his overpowering thirst as the water is not potable.

METONYMY

It is a figure of speech in which an attribute of a thing or a name is used to substitute the thing itself. For example, 'the Crown' is used to refer to the king, and 'Shakespeare' is used to refer to Shakespeare's works.

PARADOX

A paradox is a statement that apparently contradicts itself. An example of a paradox may be found in George Orwell's novel *Animal Farm*, in which the animals adopt the law 'All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others'. Yet another example of paradox is when Hamlet states 'I must be cruel to be kind'.

SYNECDOCHE

It is a figure of speech in which a part of a thing is used to denote the entire object or the whole is used to denote a part. For example, when one says 'India lost the match', one means that the Indian team lost the match. Here, a whole (India) is used to denote a part (a small group of Indians who constitute a sports team). Again, when one says 'I need more hands for this task', one means that more workers are needed. A part (hand) is used to denote a whole (a person). Another example of synecdoche from everyday life is using the word 'plastic' for credit card (substituting the material from which the card is made for the card itself). In *The Rape of the Lock*, when Pope says 'all Arabia breathes from yonder box', he is using synecdoche to mean 'the perfumes of Arabia'.

It is common to confuse synecdoche with metonymy. The difference lies in the fact that in a synecdoche, a part is used to represent the whole, or a whole used for a part, whereas in metonymy, there is a substitution of a word or a phrase for another word or phrase that is loosely associated with it. The statement 'Rashtrapati Bhavan issued a statement' means that the office of the President of India issued a statement, and is an example of metonymy—Rashtrapati Bhavan is associated with the President of India, but is not a part of the actual person. 'She has the best set of wheels' and 'She has the best ride' both mean 'She has the best car', but the first is an example of

synecdoche (wheels, part, for car, whole) while the second is an example of metonymy (ride, associated idea, for car).

TRANSFERRED EPITHET

Also known as **hypallage**, which is derived from a Greek word meaning 'exchange', a transferred epithet is a figure of speech in which the epithet is transferred from the noun it actually describes to another noun that is closely associated with it in the sentence.

In Thomas Gray's 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard', the poet writes 'The plowman homeward plods his weary way'. The way is not weary; it is the plowman who is weary. Thus, the application of the word 'weary' to way is a transferred epithet.

PUN

A pun is a play on the multiple meanings of a word, or the use of two words that sound alike but have different meanings. Shakespeare's plays are rich in puns. In *Hamlet*, when King Claudius, (who murdered Hamlet's father, married his mother, and crowned himself king) addresses Hamlet as 'my cousin … and my son', Hamlet remarks, 'A little more than kin, and less than kind' (meaning, 'I am more kin to you now than before—as both nephew and stepson—but I am no kin to you with regard to our temperaments, or in my emotions towards you'). The opening lines of Richard III is another famous example—

> Now is the winter of our discontent
> Made glorious summer by this sun of York

The new king is the son of the Duke of York, and his emblem is the sun.

2

Drama

Drama is a form of literature that has plot, characters, dialogue and action, and is meant to be performed on the stage. It is one of the oldest literary forms, along with poetry. Although no one knows exactly how drama originated, there is evidence of its existence in almost every civilisation.

Western drama originated in ancient Greece. Invariably, the earliest forms of drama have a deep connection with religious ceremonies. Greek drama had its origin in the festivals held in honour of Dionysus (the god of fertility, revelry and wine). In ancient Rome too, drama formed a part of religious ceremonies. English drama (which came into existence much later), too, had its origin in the church.

Drama differs from other literary forms in that it depends on the stage for its true existence. Therefore, the dramatist's art has always been shaped by the theatrical conditions of his times. As a result, the study of drama is interwoven with the study of theatre.

Traditionally, drama has been broadly classified under two main headings—tragedy and comedy. From the beginning of the modern age, various forms and subtypes of drama that transcended these two categories came into existence. However, these two broad categories still influence the way we study and attempt to classify drama.

Tragedy

The term 'tragedy' is broadly applied to dramatic representations of serious actions which have a disastrous end for the protagonist, who is of noble birth or high rank. Greek tragedy is one of the earliest forms of drama. The earliest known

tragedies in Western art are the Greek plays of Aeschylus (circa 525–455BCE), Sophocles (circa 497–405BCE), and Euripides (circa 480–406BCE), and the later Roman tragedies of Seneca (circa 4BCE–65CE). In English literature, the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods witnessed the production of the finest works of English tragedy by dramatists such as Christopher Marlowe (1564–93), William Shakespeare (1564–1616), and John Webster (circa 1580–1634).

Numerous writers, critics and philosophers have focused on tragedy as a form and on its themes. The distinctive features of early Greek plays are familiar to us through the Greek philosopher Aristotle's *Poetics* (circa 335BCE). With the passage of time, there was a change in the concept of tragedy. In the twentieth century, tragedy has captured the attention of people by concentrating on the fate of ordinary people.

Comedy

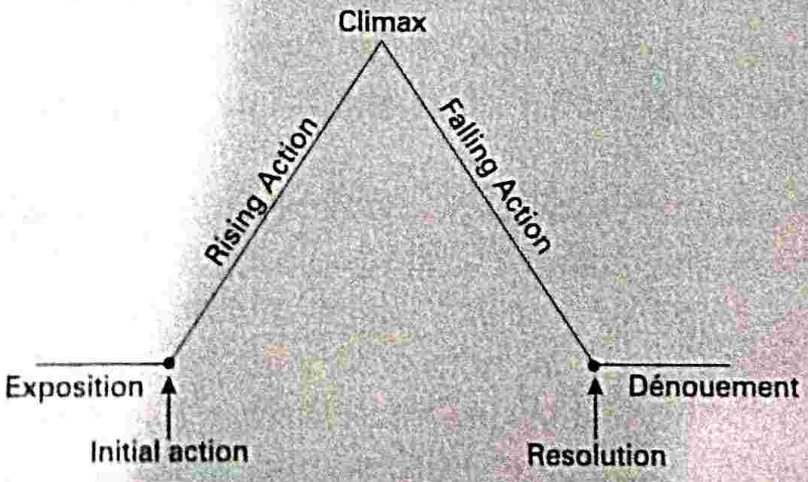
The word 'comedy' is derived from the Greek word κῶμος ('*komos*'), meaning 'revel' or 'merrymaking'. Like tragedy, comedy too has been associated with religion and Dionysus. According to Aristotle, comedy deals with the everyday activities of ordinary people. There is no serious or dangerous action, and the story concludes happily for the protagonists. Comedy deals with some defect or ugliness that is not serious or destructive. The concept of comedy, too, has undergone changes with the passage of time.

There are three distinct periods in classical Greek comedy—old, middle and new. Aristophanes (circa 446–386BCE) belonged to the old period and his comedies were marked by buffoonery, satire and social commentaries. The most important writer of the middle period was Antiphanes (circa 408–334BCE). During that period, the plays were noted for burlesque. Menander (circa 341–290BCE) belonged to the new period and was the most influential of the Greek

comedy writers. The new comedy focused on the amorous intrigues of young lovers and did not bother with social issues. Though Menander was not an excellent playwright, he had a great impact upon the Roman comedy writers Plautus (circa 254–184BCE) and Terence (circa 195–159BCE), who in turn influenced the English writers of the Middle Ages. In England, comedy began by imitating the classical style of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Nicholas Udall's *Ralph Roister Doister* (written circa 1553) is considered to be the first English comedy.

Dramatic design

Before examining the different types of drama, a look at some of its technical aspects would be useful. Every dramatic narrative arises out of some **conflict** (an opposition between persons, ideas or interests). This conflict leads to the development of the plot. The German novelist and playwright Gustav Freytag (1816–95) pointed out that the plot of a play may be represented as a pyramidal structure containing five main divisions.



The play begins with **exposition**, which conveys essential background information to the audience or the readers. Such information may introduce characters, set the scene and talk about the incidents that have occurred immediately

prior to the beginning of the main plot. An initial incident, either a physical or a mental action, sets off the conflict of the drama. Sometimes the initial incident is rolled into the exposition and it becomes difficult to separate the two. For instance, in *Hamlet*, the appearance of the ghost on the battlements of the castle kick-starts the entire action of the play.

The plot thickens in the **rising action** stage. In both tragedy and comedy, there is conflict, and the audience is in a state of suspense as to its ultimate outcome. The **climax** is the point of greatest interest in the play, and is often the turning point of the play with regard to the fate of the protagonist. In a tragedy, the climax determines that the protagonist will have an unhappy ending, while in a comedy it is the opposite. In modern drama, the climax usually appears only towards the end of the play. In Shakespearean drama, however, the climax is usually placed somewhere close to the middle of the play. For example, in *Julius Caesar,* the climax is the assassination scene (act III, scene i); in *Othello,* it occurs when Othello is finally convinced of his wife's infidelity (act IV, scene i), and in *The Merchant of Venice,* it is the trial scene (act IV, scene i).

Once the climax is over, it is a challenge for the dramatist to sustain the interest of the audience. This is the **falling action** stage. In a tragedy, the dramatist might introduce events that give hope to the characters; in a comedy, fresh obstacles might be placed before them. These incidents help revive uncertainty and suspense once again. For example, in *King Lear,* when Edmund revokes his command that Lear and Cordelia should be put to death, we are filled with fresh hope for the protagonists. Similarly, when the Friar in *Romeo and Juliet* gives a new plan to Juliet for her successful union with Romeo, the audience begins to hope

for the best. In *The Merchant of Venice*, the quarrel over the rings creates new interest.

The final section of the dramatic design is the **dénouement**. Here, all the lines of the story are gathered together and tied up neatly. The resolution solves the protagonist's main problem or source of conflict. A tragedy often ends in a catastrophe; for example, the death of all the major characters in the final scene of *Hamlet*. In comedy, the protagonist's situation improves significantly from what it was at the beginning; for example, in *Twelfth Night*, Viola is able to shed her disguise and marry Orsino.

The conclusion should be a natural outcome of the previous events. In this context, Aristotle had written: 'It is ... evident that the unravelling of the plot, no less than its complication, must arise out of the plot itself; it must not be brought about by the *deus ex machina*'. A ***deus ex machina*** was a device used in Greek drama through which the character of a god was lowered on the stage by a machine, in order to get the protagonist out of difficulties or to untangle the plot. In modern drama, this could refer to any form of contrived ending, such as the death of the antagonist by a timely accident or the appearance of a lost will.

Freytag's analysis of dramatic design applies primarily to classical and Shakespearean drama. Modern drama usually does not fit into neat patterns like the above.

Classical Greek Tragedy

Greek tragedy flourished during the fifth century BCE, which is regarded as the 'Golden Age' of Greek literature. Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides were the three great dramatists who wrote during this period. The plays were performed in huge amphitheatres, the largest ones having a seating capacity

of more than 15,000 people. The performers had to enact the plays in a shallow 'speaking place' at the centre of the semicircular theatre. The shallowness of the speaking place did not give much scope for any mass scenes. The dramatist had to keep these restrictions in mind when writing his plays, which resulted in certain features peculiar to Greek tragedy.

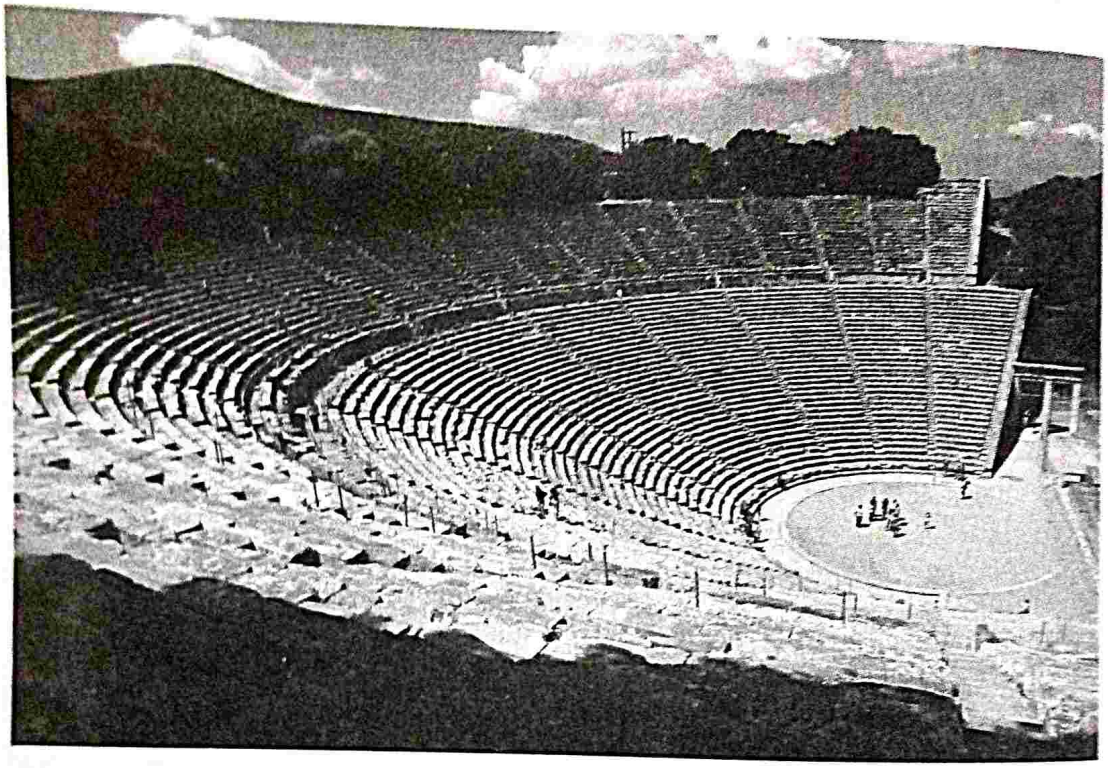


IMAGE B: This amphitheater, located in Epidaurus (Greece), was built in the fourth century BCE, and can seat up to 14,000 people.

Features of a Greek tragedy

- The subject matter was limited by the religious angle of drama. The theme of a Greek tragedy had to be familiar to the audience, as any unknown story would have been difficult to understand due to the vastness of the theatres. As a result, the dramatist had to choose his stories from Greek mythology, which was well known to all citizens. The audience could then easily follow the main storyline of the play.

- The characters wore padded costumes, platform heels and large masks (depicting a character's state of mind) in order to make themselves more visible to the huge audience. The masks placed a severe restriction on the dramatist as there was absolutely no scope for any quick changes in disposition. The costume also prevented any abrupt action. This led to the creation of stereotypes.
- The distance of the actors from the audience prevented rapid exchanges of dialogue, low tones and changing inflections. Dialogue, as a result, had to be rhetorical and not conversational in nature.
- Since action was restricted, all scenes that required action (such as battles) were narrated.
- A unique feature of Greek tragedy is the **chorus**. The chorus was a group of men, wearing masks, who sang and performed dancelike movements. They served as commentators on the action and reflected the moral, social and religious attitudes of the age.
- Since the action of the drama was carried on from the beginning to the end in the presence of the chorus—who served as witnesses—the dramatist had to follow the **three unities** of time, place and action. Unity of time requires that the time represented in the play should be limited to the two or three hours taken to enact the play, or, at the most, not more than a single day of either twelve or twenty-four hours. The unity of place dictated that the entire action should take place in one location, and the unity of action necessitated the restriction of the action to one single plot.
- As the story was known to the audience, there was no scope for suspense in Greek tragedy. But what it lost by way of suspense was amply made up by the presence of **dramatic irony**. Dramatic irony could be defined as the

gap between the characters' ignorance of future events and the audience's knowledge of the same.

Any study of classical Greek tragedy is incomplete without Aristotle's definition of tragedy as being 'the imitation of an action that is serious and also, as having magnitude, complete in itself ... incorporating incidents arousing pity and fear, wherewith to accomplish the catharsis of such emotions'. The tragic hero, who would be able to evoke pity and fear, could only be one who is of noble birth or high rank. He should be a virtuous character, who makes an error in judgment (referred to by the Greek term **hamartia**) which is responsible for a reversal in his fortunes (the Greek term for this reversal being **peripeteia**). This is accompanied by **anagnorisis**, or the moment when a critical truth is discovered or some insight is gained by the protagonist. The effect of the resolution of tragic drama on the audience is one of **catharsis** (the purging of emotional tensions). Tragedy, by arousing powerful emotions in people, has a therapeutic effect by causing a purgation of such emotions.

Aeschylus' *Agamemnon* and *The Eumenides* (both 458BCE), Euripides' *Medea* (431BCE), and Sophocles' *Oedipus the King* (429BCE) are some of the best surviving Greek tragedies.

Senecan or Revenge Tragedy

Senecan tragedy refers to a set of plays of the classical Roman writer Seneca, a first century CE Stoic Roman philosopher and dramatist. Seneca adapted tragedies from the Greeks, the most well-known among them being *Phaedra*, *Thyestes*, and *Oedipus*. The plays feature bloody revenge and supernatural elements. Senecan tragedy greatly influenced Elizabethan revenge tragedy as well as French neoclassical tragedy.

In a revenge tragedy, the protagonist concentrates on taking revenge upon those who wronged him. It was made very

popular during the Elizabethan Age by Thomas Kyd (circa 1558–94), whose play *The Spanish Tragedy* (circa 1587) is the best example of the revenge tradition in English drama.

Features of a revenge tragedy

- The theme of these plays is usually revenge, and the morally upright protagonist is pitted against cunning antagonists who have committed an unpunished crime.
- Revenge tragedies often feature declamatory and emotionally charged speeches. Soliloquies are also very common.
- Although these plays feature murder, torture and other horrific incidents, most scenes of violence are either only reported (not enacted on the stage) or depicted through a 'dumb show'.
- Another common feature of this type of drama is **stichomythia**, the rapid exchange of dialogue, giving a sense of argument. Here is an example from *Hamlet* (act III, scene iv)—

  Queen: Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
  Hamlet: Mother, you have my father much offended.
  Queen: Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
  Hamlet: Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
- Madness (real or feigned), murder, disguise and ghosts of murder victims are common elements.

These plays, when they were introduced into England, had a strong influence on English drama. Nearly all of the above features can be seen in the first English tragedy, *Gorboduc* (1561), by Thomas Norton and Thomas Sackville. Thomas Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy* deviated from Seneca in that Kyd presented all the violence on the stage. William Shakespeare's *Hamlet* (1603) and John Webster's *The White Devil* (1612) and *The Duchess of Malfi* (1612–13), too, were influenced by the Senecan revenge tradition.

Neoclassical Tragedy

In the sixteenth century, Italian and French dramatists modified the ancient Greek and the Senecan models and established a form of neoclassical tragedy, which differed from classical tragedy in a few points.

Features of neoclassical tragedy

- Like the classicists, the neoclassicists also dealt with the great legends of the past. The chief characters belonged to an elevated background and were far above ordinary human beings.
- In neoclassical tragedy, prominent place is given to romantic love between a hero and a heroine. This was conspicuously absent in the tragedies of ancient Greece and Rome. The classical writers were of the opinion that the introduction of romantic love would mar the dignity of the hero and the high seriousness of the narrative.
- The neoclassical writers dropped the chorus from their plays as they felt it was awkward and clumsy. Instead, they introduced the concept of the confidant who had little to do with the action except to listen to the confessions of the protagonists and offer sympathy.
- The language used is elevated and poetic.
- The playwrights made no attempt to mirror daily life in their plays.

Pierre Corneille's *Medée* (1635) and *Le Cid* (1636) and Jean Racine's *Andromaque* (circa 1667) and *Phèdre* (circa 1677) are the best examples of neoclassical tragedy.

The origin and growth of drama in England

The cradle of British drama is said to be the altar. Priests, in order to reach out to their congregations, began to perform plays in Latin called **mystery plays** and **miracle**

plays. This form of religious drama was popular in the Middle Ages. While mystery plays dramatised Biblical events, miracle plays depicted the lives of saints. These plays were presented as a part of the Roman Catholic church service. Gradually, they lost the approval of the church and were taken up by various guilds of tradesmen, who performed the plays on the streets or in public squares. The plays were now written in English and the verses were rough and vigorous. By the fourteenth century, these plays were developed into elaborate cycles representing various Biblical episodes, from the creation of the world to the crucifixion of Christ. At times, comic scenes (for example, exchanges between Noah and his wife) were included.

Morality plays represented yet another type of didactic drama which reflected medieval philosophy. Morality plays were essentially sermons that were dramatised. The theme of these plays was the conflict between good and evil. Since the theme was abstract, the treatment was allegorical, with characters representing Virtue, Poverty, Knowledge or Ignorance. *Everyman* (late fifteenth century) is the best surviving example of a morality play. In it, the character Everyman is summoned by Death and is deserted by his friends, Goods, Knowledge, Strength and Beauty. Only one friend—Good Deeds—is prepared to take the journey with him.

The **interlude** was a short entertainment put on between the courses of a feast or between the acts of a longer play. These were mostly sketches that were non-religious in nature. Interludes were popular in England in the medieval and early modern periods. A well-known example is *The Play of the Weather* (1533) by John Heywood.

Romantic Tragedy

In England, an independent type of drama began to develop, which was free from the influence of Seneca and neoclassicism. This is known as Romantic drama. Shakespeare's great tragedies, such as *Othello* (circa 1603), *Macbeth* (circa 1605), and *King Lear* (circa 1606), are all examples of Romantic tragedies.

Features of a romantic tragedy

- Like neoclassical tragedy, romantic tragedy, too, has men of high birth or rank as its protagonists. But these men are shown to interact with and move amidst common characters of lower social rank.
- The dialogue is predominantly poetical, although it sometimes lapses into the colloquial and the familiar. Romantic tragedy thus combines the idealistic with the realistic.
- The unities of time and place were totally abandoned, and the unity of action was interpreted very differently. The action usually contains a main plot and one or more subplots—the unity of action lies in the clever interweaving of all the plots by the dramatist.
- In Elizabethan tragedy, a lot of violence and movement is shown on the stage. While neoclassical tragedy is mostly narrative, the romantic is a drama of action.
- Humorous scenes are included, both to relieve the intensity of the tragic scenes and to provide a sharp ironical contrast.
- Neoclassical tragedy deviated from classical tragedy by including romantic love as a part of its subject. This is continued in romantic tragedy.

Romantic Comedy

Romantic comedies are lighthearted plays that deal with the follies of young lovers or the misunderstandings between them. Shakespeare is closely associated with the romantic comedy, and his plays *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (circa 1596), *As You Like It* (circa 1600), and *Twelfth Night* (circa 1602) are examples of this form.

Features of a romantic comedy

- Romantic comedy features young lovers who are kept apart by some obstacles to their union. These obstacles may be brought about by parents and guardians, or could be the result of unique circumstances.
- The course of the love affair is not smooth. However, the couple eventually overcome all obstacles and the play ends happily (usually in marriage).
- Stock characters, such as the witty fool, the drunk, the beautiful heroine, the clever servant, etc., regularly appear in romantic comedies.
- There is sometimes a movement away from the everyday world to an unfamiliar location, or to a forest which is removed from the problems of the civilised world (for example, the forest outside Athens in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the forest of Arden in *As You Like It*, and the land of Illyria in *Twelfth Night*).
- The heroine is beautiful, witty, resourceful, and is sometimes forced by circumstances to disguise herself as a man (for example, Rosalind in *As You Like It* and Viola in *Twelfth Night*).
- Cross-dressing and mistaken identities are common plot elements in these plays. These plays also feature wordplay, puns and bawdy jokes.

With the coming of cinema, the romantic comedy form was successfully adapted for the screen and remains a very popular genre in film.

Tragicomedy

As the word implies, tragicomedy is tragedy and comedy mingled harmoniously together. It is distinct from tragedy that has comic scenes, and from comedies that include tragic episodes. The function of the porter's scene in *Macbeth* and the gravedigger's scene in *Hamlet* is not to evoke pure laughter, but to add to the intensity of the tragic tone of the plays. Similarly, the tragic background in a comedy such as *As You Like It* only makes us happy that all the wrongs done to the chief characters have been righted at the end. The tragicomedy, on the other hand, is an entirely individual form with its own set of features.

Features of a tragicomedy

- A tragicomedy blends the plot elements, character types, and subject matter of tragedy and comedy. Such a blend provides the audience with both a comic and a tragic view of life.
- The protagonist of a tragicomedy is usually under the threat of some impending disaster, but this danger is suddenly averted and the play ends happily.
- There is a mingling of upper and lower class characters in a tragicomedy—a feature that was strictly avoided by purists of classical forms.
- The characters often undergo some form of transformation before the play closes.

Notable examples of tragicomedy are William Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice* (circa 1597) and *The Winter's Tale*

(circa 1611), and Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher's *Philaster* (circa 1610).

Chronicle Plays

After the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, English nationalistic feelings were very high. This resulted in a revisiting of history by dramatists. English playwrights turned to Raphael Holinshed's *Chronicles of England*, first published in 1577, for their material. The term chronicle play is often used to describe plays dealing with historical facts, rather than with legends, myths, or fictitious events. Such plays are also known as **history plays**. Examples of chronicle plays include Christopher Marlowe's *Edward II* (1593) and William Shakespeare's *Richard III* (circa 1591) and *Henry V* (circa 1599).

Features of a chronicle play

- The subject of the play is the life of a king or a national hero.
- The play may feature both real historical characters (usually the major characters in the main plot) and invented characters (usually minor characters in the subplot, or composites of various historical characters).
- Although minor episodes were invented by the dramatist for dramatic or thematic purposes, the playwrights usually stuck to history with regard to more important events. Sometimes, historical events were telescoped to suit the narrative.
- Common themes and storylines include ambition, responsibility, succession to the throne, power and morality, and civil war.

Features of Elizabethan theatre and drama

Similar to the manner in which the peculiar features of Greek theatre affected the style and presentation of Greek plays, so too did Elizabethan theatre, with its own unique qualities, shape the drama of its time.

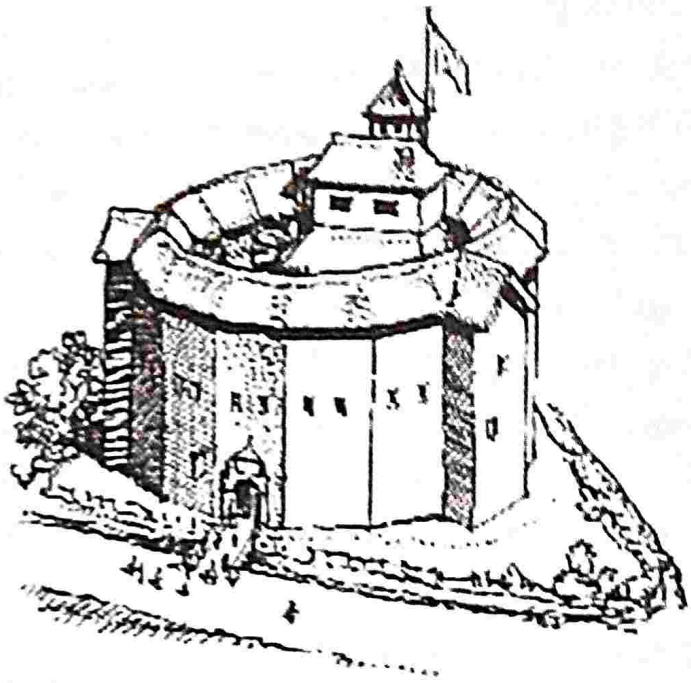


IMAGE C: The Globe theatre, where most of Shakespeare's plays were staged.

- The typical Elizabethan theatre house consisted of a large unroofed area called the 'yard'. This was enclosed by a three-storied, gallery type structure, which was usually round, square or octagonal in shape.
- The stage was an elevated platform that projected into the yard. This was divided into three parts—the front stage, the back stage and the upper stage. The front stage was used for depicting open spaces (such as a street scene). The back stage, with probably a few pieces of furniture, would represent a room in a palace or any other interior space. The upper stage was used for enacting a scene on the battlements or a balcony.

- There was no movable scenery. This proved to be both a blessing as well as a hurdle for the dramatist. Since there was no scenery depicting the setting, the playwright experienced limitless freedom as far as the setting of his plays was concerned. He could place his characters on stormy seas or in the dungeon of a castle. One scene could be set in Venice and the next in Belmont.
- The absence of a drop curtain posed certain difficulties. There was no way to let the audience know when a scene was completed. Dramatists usually overcame this hurdle by using a rhyming couplet to signal the end of a scene. The disposal of characters from the stage at the end of every scene had to be handled carefully. At the end of every scene, the characters gave instructions to each other as to where they should go or meet again, so that their exit from the stage did not appear awkward. When there was a death on the stage, actors would carry away the 'corpse' at the end of the scene.
- Women did not act on the stage. Acting was not considered a respectable profession, and it was considered immoral for a woman to perform in front of men. Female characters were played by young boys whose voices had not broken. The fact that boys played women in these plays allowed the dramatists opportunities for great dramatic irony, especially when female characters would disguise themselves as men.
- The main characters of Renaissance plays belonged to the upper class and the themes of these plays reflected their concerns—class mobility, wealth, war, religion, sex, and universal emotions such as love, hate, greed, ambition and jealousy.

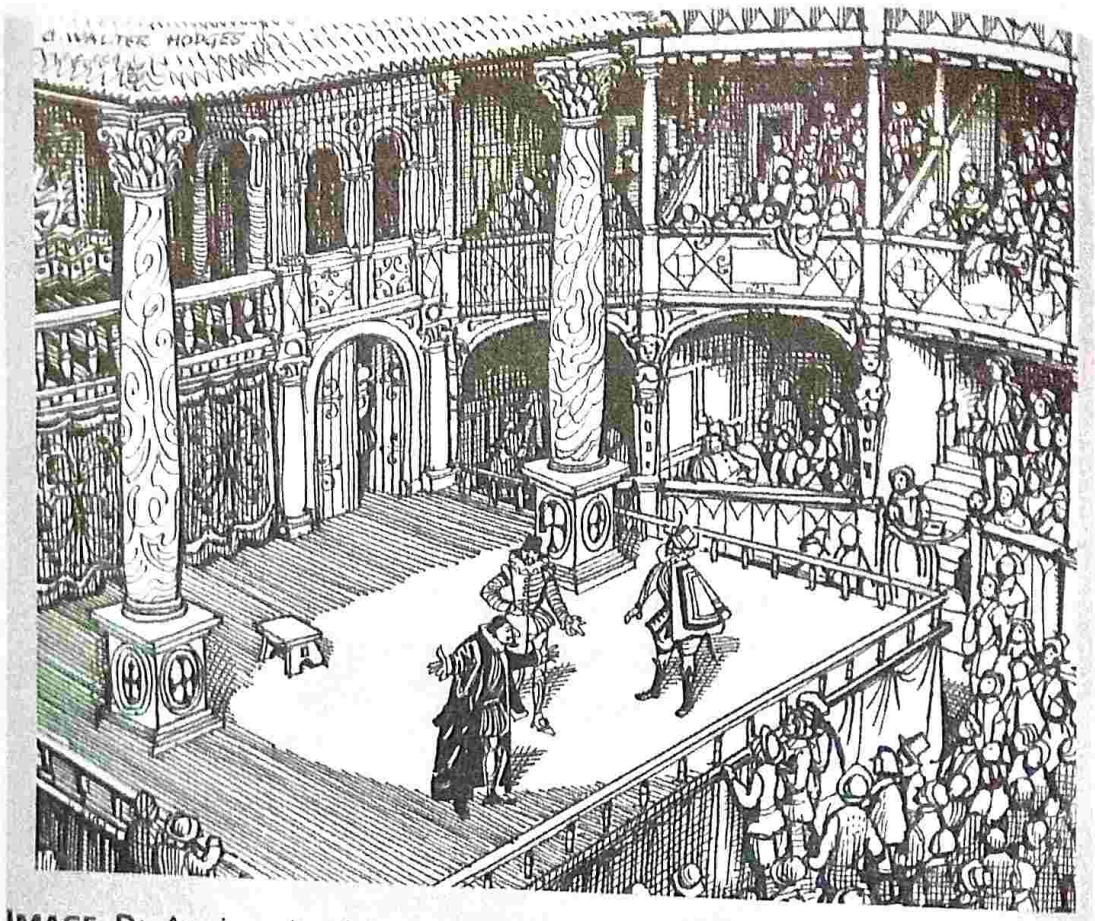


IMAGE D: An imaginative reconstruction of Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice being performed in an Elizabethan theatre. The groundlings watched from the 'pit', while those who could afford it sat in the gallery.

- Renaissance plays were, for the most part, written in blank verse. Prose lines were usually assigned only to commoners, servants, and other characters of low social status.
- All plays were performed during the day (usually at noon). Since the stage was exposed to daylight, night was indicated using simple props (such as torches) or dialogue.
- With regard to the audience, most commoners stood surrounding the front and sides of the stage, while the nobility (or those who could afford it) sat in reserved seats in the gallery. The audience mostly comprised uneducated folk who would boo and respond loudly to show approval or displeasure.

- Playscripts usually had no stage directions, and actors freely improvised, changing their performance—and even the dramatist's lines—based on immediate audience reaction.
- Renaissance acting companies had multiple plays in their repertory. Each day a different play was performed. Plays ran on the stage in a cyclical manner, sometimes for months on end.

Masque

The masque was a form of courtly dramatic entertainment that flourished in Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It originated in Italy and was very popular during the Stuart period.

Features of a masque

- The plot of a masque is slight, and is usually taken from mythology.
- The masque combined poetry, music, song and dance.
- It conveyed a moral message.
- The characters were ladies and gentlemen of the court. They wore elaborate masks while performing.
- Costly stage decor and extravagant costumes were produced for each play. The whole production was very spectacular.
- Masques were presented as a part of banquets or as a part of celebrations, such as a wedding, a coronation or a birthday. They were performed in courts or at the mansions of aristocrats.
- At the conclusion of a masque, the characters removed their masks and danced with partners from the audience.

Ben Jonson wrote some masques in the seventeenth century, featuring stage design by the famous architect Inigo Jones.

The best surviving example of a masque in English is Milton's *Comus* (1634).

Antimasque

Occasionally, the presentation of a masque was preceded by an antimasque. An antimasque was an allegory in song and dance, and involved fantastic and comic characters. The antimasque presented an episode of buffoonery or a grotesque dance, performed by professional actors. It served as a contrast to the masque and was often farcical. This was followed by the masque proper (performed by members of the court), which depicted the triumph of good over evil, and the restoration of order and harmony.

Comedy of Humours

The comedy of humours focused on certain characters with very distinct personality traits. This type of comedy, popular in the late sixteenth and the early seventeenth centuries, was based on the medieval theory of humours.

According to this theory, the body was believed to have been made up of four primary fluids or 'humours'—blood, yellow bile, black bile, and phlegm. The combination of these fluids determined a man's physical state and his character type. An imbalance of any one or the other fluids was thought to produce a distinct kind of disposition, as shown below.

Fluid	Personality type	Character traits
blood	sanguine	kindly, joyful, amorous
yellow bile	choleric	impatient, short-tempered
black bile	melancholic	brooding, affected, satiric
phlegm	phlegmatic	cowardly, obstinate, vengeful

Features of a comedy of humours

- This genre was developed primarily by Ben Jonson (1572–1637).
- The major characters in these plays, instead of being well-balanced individuals, are depicted as possessing a predominant humour that makes them appear distorted and eccentric.
- The names of the characters reveal their typical nature; for example, Wellbred, Knowall and Brainworm.
- The comedy of humours greatly influenced the later Restoration comedy of manners (see page 60).

Examples of this genre include Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour* (1598), *Every Man out of His Humour* (1599) and *Volpone* (1606).

Heroic Tragedy

Heroic tragedy, written mostly during the Restoration period, aspired to epic splendour. It was influenced by the French neoclassical drama of Corneille. Sir William Davenant (circa 1606–68) helped to establish this type of drama in England. John Dryden (1631–1700) is considered the best exponent of this form.

Features of a heroic tragedy

- The subject of a heroic tragedy is the conflict between love and honour/duty. The events depicted (such as war) affect an entire nation. The theme is thus on an epic or heroic magnitude.
- Heroic tragedy is usually set in exotic, faraway lands, such as Mexico or India.
- The hero of this type of tragedy is depicted as a man of great strength or moral character. The heroine possesses unmatched beauty and unattainable virtues. These

characters are often caught in a situation in which they have to choose between their passionate love and their duty towards their country or family.

- The language is declamatory, bombastic and artificial.
- These tragedies are usually written in closed rhyming pairs of iambic pentameter lines. Due to its association with heroic tragedy, this verse form has come to be known as **heroic verse** or **heroic couplets**.

Examples of heroic tragedy include Dryden's *The Conquest of Granada* (1670) and *Love Triumphant* (1694). His *All for Love* (1677) is the best example of a heroic tragedy, although he did not use heroic couplets in it. The conventions of heroic drama were satirised in the play *The Rehearsal* (1671) by George Villiers, the Duke of Buckingham.

Comedy of Manners

This type of comedy was very popular during the Restoration period. After eleven years of strict Puritanical rule, with the theatres being closed and little other entertainment, the Restoration brought with it a wave of amoral behaviour and an excess of enjoyment. This newfound freedom is accurately reflected in the comedy of manners.

The earliest examples of the form may be seen in the plays of the ancient Greek playwright Menander, and later in the comedies of the Roman playwrights Plautus and Terence. Ben Jonson's comedy of humours and the plays of the French playwright Molière (such as *Tartuffe*, 1664, and *The Misanthrope*, 1666) were major influences on the genre.

Features of a comedy of manners

- It has as its theme the relations and intrigues of upper middle class ladies and gentlemen.

- The comedy of manners is known for its sparkling wit and repartee. **Repartee** is the quick give and take of witty dialogue that is sometimes mildly insulting.
- The characters are usually stock types such as charming rakes, jealous husbands, flirtatious women and foppish dandies.
- Since these plays reflected the immoral behaviour of the upper class, there was a lot of obscenity and licentiousness.
- The plots are elaborate and artificial, and the scenes are loosely constructed.
- There is usually a bedroom scene, with one or more characters hiding behind curtains or screens in order to eavesdrop on other characters.

The best examples of the comedy of manners from the Restoration period are William Wycherley's *The Country Wife* (1675) and William Congreve's *The Way of the World* (1700). The form continued to be popular in later years as evidenced by the popularity of such plays as Oliver Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* (1773), Richard Sheridan's *The School for Scandal* (1777), and Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest* (1895).

Genteel Comedy

The genteel comedy was a subgenre of the comedy of manners which developed in the middle of the eighteenth century. The term was first popularised by the English essayist and playwright Joseph Addison (1672–1719), who used it to describe comedies that portray the most artificial style of eighteenth-century drama. The best example of genteel comedy is Colley Cibber's *The Careless Husband* (1704).

Features of genteel comedy

- Genteel comedies faithfully reproduced the affectations of the upper class who lived during and after the reign of Queen Anne.
- Compared with the comedy of manners, the moral tone here is higher. Most of the indecencies of the earlier type of comedy are absent here.
- Genteel comedy is characterised by artificiality and sentimentality.
- The brilliant wit that was characteristic of the comedy of manners is missing in genteel comedy. The laughter arises out of the affectations of an artificial society, and not out of verbal fencing.

Sentimental Comedy

This type of comedy was a reaction to the comedy of manners (see page 60) and was popular in the mid-eighteenth century. The aim of sentimental comedy was to depict upon the stage ordinary men and women overwhelmed by misfortune and caught up in distressful situations, but ultimately triumphing over them. Although this type of comedy continued well into the nineteenth century, it began to decline in popularity from the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

Features of sentimental comedy

- Sentimental comedy is seemingly opposed to the spirit of true comedy, as they present a bleak view of life. There is no humour and the characters are shown to be suffering throughout the play. Only the contrived happy ending justifies calling it a comedy.
- The plays are extremely didactic and rely heavily upon the concept of poetic justice.

- They reflect the virtues of private life, rather than its vices.
- The hero is portrayed as being highly magnanimous and good-natured. The heroine is virtuous and pitiable, and the servants are honest.
- The distresses of the middle class are highlighted in order to evoke the sympathy of the audience.
- There is no wit or brilliance in these comedies.
- The dramatist's aim was to impart a moral to make up for the amorality of the comedy of manners.

The best examples of sentimental comedies are Colley Cibber's *Love's Last Shift* (1696), George Farquhar's *The Constant Couple* (1699), and Richard Steele's *The Conscious Lovers* (1722).

Domestic Tragedy

Domestic tragedy is a play about middle or lower class people and their problems. George Lillo's *The London Merchant* (1731) and the German poet Christian Friedrich Hebbel's *Maria Magdalena* (1844) are examples of domestic tragedies. The term is also used to describe the plays of the Norwegian playwright Henrik Ibsen and some modern playwrights.

Features of a domestic tragedy

- The play is serious and generally realistic in style.
- The subject matter is drawn from the concerns of middle or lower class society. The action revolves around personal or domestic matters, rather than matters of state or national importance.
- The characters are common people with whom the audience is able to easily identify.
- They arouse pity and sympathy, rather than the sublime effect of grand tragedy.

- The domestic tragedies of the eighteenth century and later were written mostly in prose.

Closet Drama

Closet drama is a play which is not intended to be staged in a theatre; it is meant only for private reading. John Milton's *Samson Agonistes* (1671) and Percy Bysshe Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* (1820) are notable examples. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's *Faust, Part I* (1808) and *Faust, Part II* (1832) were originally closet dramas, but are now being performed on the stage. Many closet dramas were written in the Victorian Age.

Features of closet drama

- The popularity of closet drama among writers in Western Europe in the 1800s may be seen as a reaction to the decline of verse tragedy in the nineteenth century. Audiences were more interested in melodrama and comedy. Since the staging of plays in verse was becoming commercially unprofitable, dramatists had to content themselves with reaching out to readers instead of an audience.
- Since these plays are designed especially for reading, they do not concern themselves with stage technique.
- These plays usually have little action, and feature long, philosophical passages.
- Closet drama was often composed in verse, inspired by classical models.

Farce

Farce is a type of low comedy intended to provoke laughter. It is associated with burlesque, clowning and buffoonery. Farce has no other intention other than entertainment and a good-

natured depiction of folly. Unlike satire, it does not aim at correcting or criticising society.

One could trace the origin of farce to the ancient Greek comedian Aristophanes. The Latin term *farsa* (derived from *farcire*, meaning 'to stuff') was first used to refer to passages of medieval French that were inserted in the Latin text of the Mass. Later, it was used to describe the insertions to religious plays in England—more popularly known as interludes (see page 49). It is from this use that the modern meaning of farce has developed. As a separate form of entertainment, it came into vogue towards the close of the seventeenth century.

Features of a farce

- Farce is lowbrow comedy.
- There is exaggerated physical action and slapstick.
- The characters are exaggerated types, rather than true to life.
- It is full of absurd situations and improbable (even nonsensical) actions.
- There are several surprises and disclosures in a farce.
- Character and dialogue are subservient to plot and situation.
- The plot is complex and intricate.

The best example of a farce is the English playwright Brandon Thomas's *Charley's Aunt* (1892). There are strong farcical elements in William Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (circa 1596) and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (circa 1597). Farces were also used in tragedies for comic relief—for example, in Christopher Marlowe's *Dr Faustus* (circa 1592).

Melodrama

Just as farce is exaggerated comedy, melodrama is exaggerated tragedy. Originally, the term was applied to all musical plays,

including operas. In the early part of the nineteenth century, popular theatres in London put up plays that were accompanied by music. In modern usage, the term is used to describe any kind of writing that relies heavily upon sensationalism and improbable events.

Features of a melodrama

- A melodrama has sensational themes and plots full of intrigue.
- The characters are flat (see page 104)—perfect heroes, virtuous maidens, dastardly villains, helpless aged parents, faithful servants, and other stereotypical characters. Good and evil characters are easily distinguishable.
- The action may be violent and bloody. The plots feature murders, abductions, drowning, fires, etc.
- The language is overwrought and full of heightened emotion. Intense emotions and exaggerated gestures were common in melodrama.
- The protagonists suffer or are endangered due to the machinations of the antagonists; however, they triumph in the end thanks to their endurance and virtue (or due to pure luck).
- Very often, novels were adapted for the stage in the form of melodrama.

Examples of melodrama include *The Red Rover* (1829) by Edward Fitzball; *The Streets of London* (1864) by Dion Boucicault; and dramatisations of sensational stories, such as those of Sweeney Todd, 'the Demon Barber of Fleet Street'.

Cup-and-Saucer Drama

This name was given to a type of drama, popular in the nineteenth century, which focused on realistic, domestic actions of the upper class. Since the action was often set in the

drawing room of a house and the script included the serving of tea, these plays were referred to as cup-and-saucer drama. The English dramatist Thomas William Robertson's plays *Society* (1865) and *Caste* (1867) are examples of this genre.

Features of cup-and-saucer drama

- These plays often tackled serious contemporary issues such as class and social prejudices.
- The style of presentation was naturalistic. Stage settings and props were made as realistic as possible.
- There are no exaggerated, declamatory speeches. The characters behaved like ordinary people in real-life situations.

Problem Play

The problem play, also known as a **comedy of ideas**, is one in which the problems of society are presented with an unconventional slant. This genre developed in the nineteenth century in France. It was perfected by the Norwegian dramatist Henrik Ibsen (1828–1906), whose play *The Doll's House* (1879), highlighting the lack of social opportunities for women, is an outstanding example of the form. Inspired by Ibsen, the English playwright George Bernard Shaw (1856–1950) wrote many problem plays, such as *Mrs Warren's Profession* (1893), which talks about prostitution. Other problem plays include Ibsen's *Ghosts* (1882) and *An Enemy of the People* (1882), Harley Granville-Barker's *The Voysey Inheritance* (1905), and John Galsworthy's *Strife* (1909).

Features of a problem play

- The problem play deals with contemporary social issues.
- The theatre is used by the dramatist as a forum for social, political and moral discussions. The playwright's aim is to sensitise the audience towards the issues depicted.

- The characters in the play typically represent conflicting points of view.
- The dramatist often exhibits his own point of view through one or more of the characters.
- The mode of presentation is realistic.
- A variation of the problem play is the **discussion play**. Instead of incorporating the theme into the plot, the playwright makes his characters discuss the social issue on stage in the form of extended debates. An example is Shaw's *Misalliance* (1910).

Well-made Play

The term 'well-made play' is used to describe a play based on a fixed formula of a complex and highly artificial plot, and an ending in which all the problems are neatly resolved and everyone is happy. It was made popular in the 1820s by the French playwright Eugène Scribe (1791–1861), who wrote many plays using this formula. Victorien Sardou (1831–1908) was another French dramatist who specialised in writing such plays. In England, Wilkie Collins wrote plays that could be classified under this category.

Features of a well-made play

- The well-made play is very tightly plotted. A large and essential portion of the story, told through exposition, has usually taken place in the past, before the action of the play. The on-stage action consists of a series of complications that are the natural result of the backstory.
- The dramatist usually places the climax of the action as close to the end of the play as possible.
- The plot often turns on a secret that is revealed to the audience, but which most of the characters in the play are not aware of.

- Such plays often featured suffering protagonists, romantic conflicts, suspense arising due to misunderstandings between characters, mistaken identities, and secret information.
- A characteristic feature of the well-made play is that of important papers or letters falling into wrong hands. Such documents are also used to bring about a twist in the plot.
- The revelation of the hitherto unknown secret causes a reversal of fortune.

Later playwrights such as Émile Zola and George Bernard Shaw denounced the artificial mode of the well-made play, and the term began to be used mostly in a derogatory manner. Although he criticised the conventions of the well-made play, Shaw often used its techniques in several of his plays. Other playwrights too adapted the techniques of the well-made play to suit their dramatic purpose, for example, Henrik Ibsen in *A Doll's House* (1879) and Oscar Wilde in *The Importance of Being Earnest* (1895).

Expressionist Drama

Expressionism was an early twentieth-century art movement in which inner experiences were emphasised and subjectively expressed through a distorted rendition of reality. Expressionist playwrights were strongly influenced by the dramatic forms and stage techniques popularised by the Swedish dramatist August Strindberg (1849–1912). Expressionist drama began in Germany and spread across Europe, and later to the USA.

Features of expressionist drama

- The mode of presentation is non-realistic.
- Characters in these plays are one-sided, often representing a single idea or attitude.

- The characters are placed in situations in which the objects of the outer world are distorted in order to reflect the tortured minds of the characters or the dramatist. The expressionists believed that the human spirit was the real shaper of reality and that the surface appearance was important only because it was a reflection of the inner vision. Expressionist drama thus made use of distorted sets, lighting, and costumes to portray disturbed psyches.
- The speeches are short and jerky, and the movements, machine-like.

Strindberg's *A Dream Play* (1901), *To Damascus* (1898–1904), and *The Ghost Sonata* (1907) pioneered the form. In these plays, time and place shift freely. Characters multiply and merge. Objects change their appearances frequently. The genre found full expression in such German plays as Oskar Kokoschka's *Murderer, the Hope of Women* (1909) and Walter Hasenclever's *The Son* (1914), and in the American plays *The Hairy Ape* (1922) by Eugene O'Neill and *The Adding Machine* (1923) by Elmer Rice.

Epic Theatre

Epic theatre developed in Germany in the 1920s. This type of drama was founded by the German theatre director Erwin Piscator (1893–1966) and popularised by the German dramatist Bertolt Brecht (1898–1956). Brecht used the name 'epic' to distinguish his mode of writing from the traditional 'dramatic' theatre. Later in his career, Brecht preferred the label **dialectical theatre** to refer to the kind of plays he produced.

Features of epic theatre

- This type of drama was devoted to the expression of political ideas and ideals.

- Epic theatre was a reaction against contemporary forms of theatre such as the well-made play (see page 68), with its neat and manipulative plots, and melodrama (see page 65), with its extreme and insincere emotions. Epic theatre also reacted against surrealism and the Theatre of Cruelty (see below).
- Brecht was also critical of the naturalistic approach of the Russian actor and theatre director Constantin Stanislavski (1863–1938), in which the latter tried to absorb the audience completely into the fictional world of the drama through a realistic and natural portrayal of life. Brecht believed that this would result in a form of escapism. He wanted his audience to be fully present in the moment.
- One of the chief aims of epic theatre is to make sure that the audience is always conscious of the fact that they are watching a play, so that they could reflect on the action critically. Brecht developed what he called the 'alienation effect', which created a sense of detachment in the audience from the action of the play. Unlike traditional drama, epic theatre does not wish its audience to empathise with the characters. In order to achieve this, Brecht used tactics such as flooding the entire theatre with bright lights, 'breaking the fourth wall' by making his characters directly address the audience, and making the actors move the sets in full view of the audience.
- Notable features of such plays include a chorus-like narrator, slide projection, music, and placards.

Examples of epic theatre include Brecht's *The Threepenny Opera* (1928) and *Mother Courage and her Children* (1939).

Theatre of Cruelty

The term 'Theatre of Cruelty' was coined by the French poet and playwright Antonin Artaud (1896–1948). According to

his theory of drama, a play should shock the audience in order to release subconscious and hidden truths.

Features of the Theatre of Cruelty

- Artaud wanted to do away with the stage, sets and props.
- He envisioned actors as performing all around an audience.
- This type of theatre included vivid lighting effects, mime, and sensational (even horrific) action.
- Artaud's ideas greatly influenced important avant-garde playwrights such as Jean Genet (1910–86), Jerzy Grotowski (1933–99), and Peter Brook (born 1925).

In 1935, Artaud produced an adaptation of Percy Bysshe Shelley's play *The Cenci*, based on his principles of the Theatre of Cruelty. A more prominent example of this type of drama is the German playwright Peter Weiss's *Marat/Sade* (1963).

Artaud's theories have been influential in creating an offshoot of modern drama known as 'a **happening**'. A happening could be defined as any action (or actions) which affects the senses—sight, sound, smell or touch. It need not necessarily be performed on the stage. It could be enacted in any public place such as a street, a circus ring or the market place. The audience could even participate in the action if they so desire.

Absurd Drama

The Theatre of the Absurd emerged in France during the 1950s and is an important movement in twentieth-century drama. This type of drama is based on twentieth-century ideas like **existentialism**, which looked upon man as an isolated creature in a world that had no inherent value or meaning. The human condition is seen as an absurd and meaningless one that is full of angst.

The term 'Absurd drama' is applied to the work of certain dramatists who were active in the 1950s, including Samuel Beckett (1906–89), Arthur Adamov (1908–70), Eugène Ionesco (1909–94), Jean Genet (1910–86), and Harold Pinter (1930–2008). The term was coined by the English critic Martin Esslin in the essay 'Theatre of the Absurd' (1960).

These plays reject the traditional elements of drama, such as a linear plot, realistic dialogue, and a recognisable setting. As Esslin pointed out, Absurd drama expects the viewer to 'draw his own conclusions, make his own errors'. Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* (1953) presents two tramps in a wasteland, waiting in vain for an unidentified person, Godot, whose very existence is questioned by them every now and then.

Features of Absurd drama

- Absurd drama represents the disorientation of living in an unfriendly and hostile universe.
- It is a theatre of situation as against a theatre of sequential events.
- The action in an absurd drama does not tell a story, but presents a pattern of images designed to reflect the perplexity of man's existence in an incomprehensible world.
- There is no plot or story in the traditional sense in such plays. They lack formal logic and conventional structure.
- The plays often depict the emptiness and nothingness of life. For example, Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* revolves around the nonappearance of a character named Godot. In Ionesco's *The Chairs* (1952), an 'Old Man' and an 'Old Woman', apparently the last two human beings on earth, arrange chairs to seat 'everyone'. They are expecting a speaker, who turns out to be a deaf-mute. Ionesco notes that, 'The last decisive moment of the play should be the expression of ... absence.' At times the plot may focus

on some inexplicable metamorphosis or inconceivable happening. For example, in Ionesco's *Amédée, or How to Get Rid of It* (1954), a playwright and his wife are faced with the problem of trying to get rid of a steadily growing corpse.

- The characters are depicted as being aimless and lost in a world that is beyond their comprehension. They are incapable of rational thought and action and are often portrayed as automatons who can speak only in clichés. They are usually flat characters.
- Sometimes the characters are depicted as being terrorised by some external force or person. For instance, in Pinter's *The Birthday Party* (1957), Stanley is intimidated by Goldberg and McCann. In some Absurd plays, characters are shown against the backdrop of a world threatened by science. An excellent example of this is Ionesco's *Rhinoceros* (1959), in which Berenger finds himself the only surviving human being in a world full of rhinoceroses.
- The dialogue is pointless and at times funny. Absurdists revel in making use of technological jargon, clichés, triteness and baby talk. Mere prattle is employed to reveal the futility of communication. Dramatists like Pinter often use ellipses or dashes for important parts of dialogue. See, for instance, these lines from his play *The Caretaker* (1960)—

  Aston: More or less exactly what you …
  Davies: You see, what I mean to say … what I'm getting at is … I mean, what sort of jobs … *(Pause)*
  Aston: Well, there's things like the stairs … and the … the bells …
  Davies: But it'd be a matter … wouldn't it … it'd be a matter of a broom … isn't it?

- Slapstick is often a part of absurd drama.

Kitchen Sink Drama

This was a term applied to certain British plays of the 1950s and 1960s which focused on the lives of working class protagonists in a realistic manner. Kitchen sink drama was associated with the **Angry Young Men** movement in English literature.

In the 1950s, a group of British novelists and dramatists from middle class and working class backgrounds became known for their anti-establishment works. Their plays and novels expressed great dissatisfaction with the socioeconomic and political conditions of the time, and gave vent to the disillusionment and discontent they felt at the failure of the welfare state to live up to its promises. The mood of anger and frustration in their works led to them being labelled 'Angry Young Men'. The plays of the dramatists in this group were referred to as 'kitchen sink drama', the term being a reference to the increasing interest among contemporary artists in themes centred around domestic scenes.

Features of kitchen sink drama

- Kitchen sink drama portrays the lives of the ordinary, educated, lower class youth, who often worked unsatisfying menial jobs and lived in cramped homes.
- The characters are often from poor, industrial parts of the country, and the dialogue reflects the colloquial language of these regions.
- The protagonist is typically an intelligent young man from the lower-middle or working class (quite like most of the 'Angry Young Men' writers), who rails at the established social order.
- These plays attack the stifling traditions and attitudes of the rigid class system of their time.
- Kitchen sink drama, with its focus on a realistic portrayal of working class life, could be seen as a reaction to the

well-made play (see page 68), which was known for its artificiality, and also as a reaction against the working-class stereotypes portrayed in plays by upper-middle class writers.

John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* (1956) is a classic example of this type of drama. It represents a whole generation's resentment against the establishment. Jimmy Porter, the antihero of the play, is the prototype of the 'angry young man'. Other plays in this mode include *The Hamlet of Stepney Green* (1957) by Bernard Kops and *Chicken Soup with Barley* (1958) by Arnold Wesker.

Poor Theatre

This was also known as Laboratory Theatre and is associated with the Polish theatre director Jerzy Grotowski (1933–99). He referred to his style of theatre as 'poor' since he avoided the usual trappings and expensive technology of regular ('rich') theatre. It is experimental and noncommercial in nature.

Features of poor theatre

- Poor Theatre can be performed in any bare space. It does not require a traditional stage.
- This form of theatre depends heavily on the actor's voice, body movement, and skill.
- The actors perform in and around the audience. The space between the performers and the audience is reduced to allow maximum communication between the two.
- Minimal props are used. The lights were stationary. The costumes are plain. Vocal effects are often used in place of instrumental music.

Poor theatre proved to be very influential in art theatre and in alternative theatre. Grotowski's ideas paved the way for **third theatre**. This involved street plays which were performed

without much emphasis on lighting, costumes or make-up. The formal bindings of the proscenium theatre were given up. The Indian dramatist Badal Sircar's plays, such as *Bhoma* and *Stale News*, were written and performed according to the principles of third theatre.

Bread and Puppet Theatre

'Bread and puppet theatre' is a form of puppet theatre founded by Peter Schumann (born 1934) in 1963 in New York. It is currently based in Vermont, in northeastern United States.

Features of bread and puppet theatre

- Bread and puppet theatre is a form of politically radical activist theatre.
- It features enormous puppets (somtimes ten to fifteen feet tall).
- It owes its name to the practice of sharing bread (with a certain dipping sauce) with the audience. This was done in order to create a sense of community and also to establish the fact that art was as basic to life as bread.
- Bread and puppet theatre has played a politically active part in many demonstrations since the 1960s, and is especially remembered for its anti-war protests during the Vietnam War (1955–75).

Its performances are common during parades, including Fourth of July celebrations (during which tall effigies of Uncle Sam on stilts may be seen). Two notable shows of this troupe include *Nativity 1992* and *The Divine Reality Comedy*.

One-act Play

The one act play is a dramatic performance that has only one act. The one act play is to drama what the short story is to the novel. One may trace its antecedents to the religious plays of

medieval England (see page 48). Mystery plays, miracle plays, morality plays, and interludes were all short plays dealing with a single theme. With the passage of time, these plays gave way to the more elaborate five-act play. It reappeared as the after-piece that was popular with eighteenth-century audiences. The close of the nineteenth century, which saw an upsurge in experimental theatre, witnessed the growth of this genre. The one-act play was often used as a curtain-raiser, before the commencement of the main play. Nowadays, the form has become popular in its own right.

Features of a one-act play

- It has only one act. It may or may not be divided into short scenes.
- It has all the elements that are found in full-length drama—plot, dialogue, characters and setting—but it focuses only upon a single episode or situation.
- The subject matter of a one act play may vary from the serious to the comic.
- The number of characters is usually limited.
- Like the longer play, the one-act play also has an exposition and rising action. However, the dramatist is forced to be economical in his delineation of characters and in the development of the plot. The climax often forms the conclusion of the play.
- Like the short story, the one act play also thrives on a twist or surprise ending. For example, in Stanley Houghton's *The Dear Departed* (1908), as the daughters fight over the possessions of their 'dead' father, the father himself appears on the scene and announces that he plans to marry.

Some well-known one-act plays include Anton Chekhov's *A Marriage Proposal* (1890) and Samuel Beckett's *Krapp's Last Tape* (1958). One should not underestimate the one-act play

as being less profound in comparison to full-length drama. In the hands of a good dramatist, this form is capable of great complexity; for example, W.B. Yeats's *The Pot of Broth* (1902) and J.M. Synge's *Riders to the Sea* (1904).

Types of Theatre Spaces

PROSCENIUM THEATRE

In a proscenium theatre, the stage is located at one end of the auditorium, and is separated from the rest of the auditorium by a proscenium arch. The audience is seated facing the stage. The proscenium arch acts as a 'picture frame' through which the audience can view the action on the stage. The actors perform facing the audience, who are able to see only one side of the scene being performed (as though through an invisible fourth wall of the room in the scene). The actors need to focus

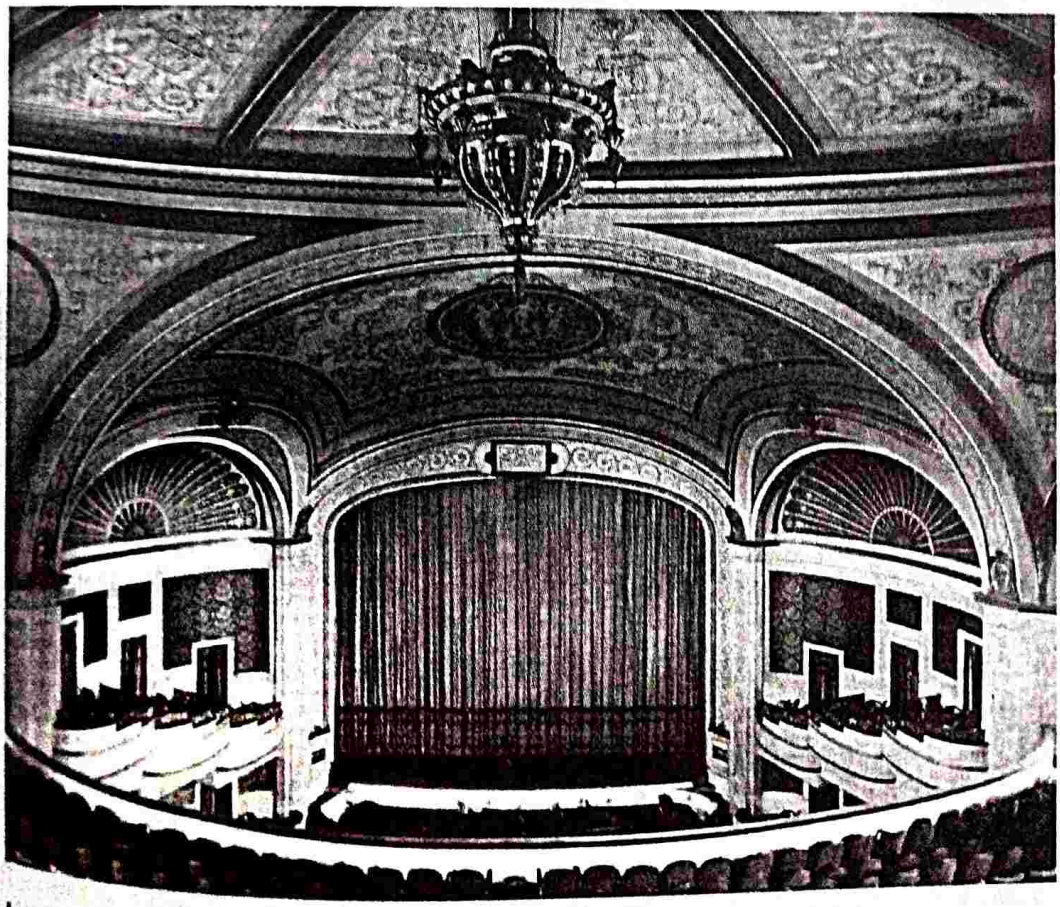


IMAGE E: A proscenium theatre

only in one direction, and the scenery too needs only be one-dimensional or two-dimensional as the audience can have only a frontal view.

This type of theatre was very popular for staging plays in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. In modern theatre, actors 'break the proscenium' (or 'break the fourth wall') when they directly address the audience or when they walk out of the stage and mingle with the audience.

THEATRE IN THE ROUND

Theatre in the round, also known as an **arena theatre** or an **island stage**, is a type of theatre arranged so as to allow the audience to surround the actors on all sides. Actors enter and exit from different directions through gaps in the seating arrangement. The stage is usually on an even level with the seats, or lowered below the audience in a 'pit' or 'arena'. Such a configuration removes the fourth wall: the actor and the audience share the same space.

It is probable that mystery and miracle plays were performed in a similar stage configuration. It was much later that the central stage gave way to the thrust stage of Elizabethan times (see IMAGE D on page 56) and the later proscenium stage. This



IMAGE F: A theatre in the round stage configuration. The audience surrounds the stage on all four sides.

type of theatre was not uncommon in the experimental theatre of the twentieth century.

THRUST STAGE

This is a type of stage that projects out and extends into the audience, which surrounds it on three sides. There may or may not be a proscenium arch in the backstage area. Many modern dramatists prefer the thrust stage, though directors need to ensure that actors, props and scenery do not block the view of any member of the audience.



IMAGE G: A thrust stage. The audience surrounds the stage on three sides.

SITE-SPECIFIC THEATRE

This refers to the production of plays in an unconventional location that was not originally conceived for staging plays; for example, a hotel or a park. This type of theatre makes use of the site's unique features, is flexible, and is more interactive than conventional theatre.

Environmental theatre refers to situating a play in an environment similar to the one in which the play is set; for example, performing *Hamlet* in a Danish castle.

In **promenade theatre**, the audience watches the action happening among them as they stand or move about (instead of sitting). They can even follow the performers around the performance space.

BLACK BOX THEATRE

This is a more recent innovation in theatre. It consists of a huge, empty, rectangular room (often with plain black walls). There is no fixed seating and all furniture (like chairs for the audience) is movable and optional.

3

Prose: Nonfiction

Prose is one of the two major forms of literary expression, the other being poetry. If asked to distinguish between prose and poetry, one could say prose is like walking, that is to say, it is functional, while poetry is like dancing, which is decorative or ornamental. Prose is the medium that is regularly used in spoken language, letters, articles, newspapers and short stories. The word 'prose' is derived from the Latin 'prosa', meaning 'straightforward'. It is thus a direct and plain form of language that is used in everyday communication.

There are several artistic manifestations of prose too. Generally, a prose writer does not make use of rhyme and metre, which are the chief characteristics of poetry. This is not to say that prose cannot be artistic and pleasing. A skilful writer makes use of several devices like puns, paradox, alliteration and metaphors to adorn her/his work.

There is no prescribed style for writing prose. There are as many styles as there are writers, and these may range from the most simple to the very complex. Francis Bacon, one of the early exponents of this form in modern English, preferred to write in simple, short sentences. John Milton, on the other hand, wrote extremely long and complicated sentences that were Latinate in style. In the twentieth century, people preferred a fast-paced and lucid style which avoided the use of bombastic and high-sounding words.

Since the term 'prose' is used to cover a vast variety of writing, from the ordinary, personal letter to the highly artistic novel, it may be studied under different headings such as nonfiction, fiction and literary criticism. There are several

forms of nonfiction prose writing. We will examine three chief forms in this section—

Biography
Autobiography
Essay

The two other major categories of prose writing—fiction and literary criticism—will be examined in the following sections.

Biography

A biography is an account of a person's life written by someone else. The word 'biography' comes from the Greek words 'bios', meaning 'life', and 'graphein', meaning 'to write'. As a genre, it rose in prominence from the second half of the seventeenth century. It differs from history in that it is a record of one individual. Two definite events are included in almost every biography—birth and death.

Origin and growth

There were very few biographies in the Early Middle Ages. The only works which came close to biography were **hagiographies**, or the lives of saints. These works idealised their subjects and followed a set style. Hagiographies were written not to describe the subject's career or personality, but to set before the readers examples of pious living.

In the Late Middle Ages, the biography became more secular, and books on the lives of kings, knights and soldiers began to appear. We can trace the origin of such biographies to Plutarch's *Lives*, in which he described the lives of twenty-three Greeks and twenty-three Romans in pairs. This work (written in the latter half of the first century) later became an important source of plots for dramatists like Shakespeare. Giovanni Boccaccio's *Life of Dante* (c. 1355) is another important work.

The most popular among these was *Morte d'Arthur* (1485) by Sir Thomas Malory. During the Elizabethan Age, there were several translations of classical biographies.

These works inspired the humanists of the Renaissance, who focused on secular subjects and wrote about artists and poets. Giorgio Vasari's *Lives of the Painters* (1550), William Roper's *Life of Sir Thomas More* (1626), and Thomas Cavendish's *Life of Cardinal Wolsey* (1641) are some of the important works that belong to this period. An influential biography of this age was Francis Bacon's *History of Henry VII* (1622), which was significant because of the way the author juxtaposed a psychological analysis of his subject against the historical context of his reign.

In the seventeenth century, the biography became popular. John Aubrey's *Brief Lives* belongs to this period, but was not published till 1813. He focused on the personal details of the subject's life and often failed to distinguish between fact and gossip. The word 'biography' was used for the first time by John Dryden who defined it as 'the history of particular men's lives'. At that stage, it did not have any particular form. It was just a loose collection of random incidents lacking the artistic principle of selection and arrangement.

In the eighteenth century, biography became an art form and authors used the tools of the novelist to make their work readable and interesting. Dr Samuel Johnson was one of the greatest biographers of this period and was also the subject of one of the most famous biographies ever written—*The Life of Samuel Johnson* (1791) by James Boswell. Boswell was an acquaintance of Johnson, and he combined his firsthand knowledge of his subject with the information he gathered from various other sources.

The biography underwent a change in the nineteenth century, in that it glossed over the unsavoury aspects of the subject's life in order to appear respectable. The prudishness

and gentility of the Victorian Age was responsible for this change in approach.

'Debunking' is a modern trend in biography, in which the biographer ruthlessly dissects his subject. Lytton Strachey made this popular through his work *Eminent Victorians* (1918). In it, he exposed the shortcomings of his subjects in an irreverent manner.

Biographers today focus upon research and objectivity, and make use of their literary skills as prose writers. In the twentieth century, the biography remains a highly respectable form and a source of information.

Features of a biography

- A biography is the story of an individual; the focus is on this individual, and other characters, even if they are greater in some way, play only a subsidiary role.
- A good biography traces not only the achievements of the subject, but also highlights her/his personality and character.
- A biography is not a mere compilation of dry facts. A biographer takes care to arrange and present her/his material in a pleasing and artistic manner. A well-written biography brings the personality of the subject to life.

Problems faced by a biographer

- It is quite difficult for a biographer who has not lived constantly with her/his subject to give an accurate picture of the person. Some of the best biographies have been written by those who have known their subjects intimately. For example, Boswell was a very close friend of Samuel Johnson. Similarly, John Gibson Lockhart, who wrote a biography of Sir Walter Scott, was the latter's son-in-law and had firsthand knowledge of his subject.

- It is not possible for a biographer to always know his subject personally. In such cases, the task of gathering, sifting and presenting information about a person becomes very challenging. The biographer is forced to piece together the life of her/his subject from sources like records, letters and journals.
- Another difficulty in writing a biography is trying to compress the different facets of a life in all its complexity—physical, intellectual, psychological and moral. A person's life is composed of thoughts and feelings which she/he may have suppressed or left unexpressed, and the biographer can only guess at these.
- Great skill and discretion is to be exercised in selecting the events and incidents in the life of the subject. If too much importance is given to personal details, there exists the danger of slipping into mere gossip. At the same time, a biographer should give enough insight into the subject's personality to satisfy the reader's desire to know about the person.

In spite of all these obstacles, English literature has a rich collection of biographies.

Qualities of an ideal biographer

- An ideal biographer is generally expected to be detached from her/his subject and to reveal only a professional interest, while refraining from offering her/his own views or opinions. She/he is expected to be impartial in analysing the life of her/his subject, and objectively present both the vices and the virtues of the person.
- A biographer is expected to refrain from attributing a moral or any other utilitarian motive to his work. It is inadvisable to use the life of the subject to illustrate any theory that might be close to the biographer's heart.

- A biographer should guard against the temptation to exaggerate the virtues of her/his subject as it would result in a biased eulogy. This was a common feature of biographies written by the Victorians.

Autobiography

An autobiography is a kind of biography in which the author tells the story of his or her own life. The term is believed to have been first used in its present sense by Robert Southey in 1809. According to the American poet H.W. Longfellow, 'Autobiography is a product of firsthand experience; biography, of secondhand knowledge.'

Dr Johnson was of the firm opinion that no man was better qualified to write about his life than himself. This is debatable, as a person's memory could be unreliable. It is difficult for a person to accurately recall all the details of his or her early life, and one may be forced to depend on other people for information. Yet another issue is that one might share only those details that one wishes to. So, an autobiography becomes unreliable as a source of information since disagreeable facts could be misrepresented, glossed over, or completely ignored.

Origin and growth

The first autobiography of note is St Augustine's *Confessions*, written in the fourth century. Similar examples of autobiographical works may be found in classical and medieval literature, especially in the form of the **apology** (a formal written defence of one's life and work, or of something one believes in) and confessional writing. However, it was only after the sixteenth century that the autobiography as a form became popular. During the Renaissance, there was a growing interest in the human being, which resulted in people focusing on the exploration of character and personality. The

growing trend of subjectivity proved to be the right climate for the development of the autobiography. *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners* (1666) by John Bunyan is an early modern example of autobiographical writing. In the seventeenth century, maintaining journals and diaries became fashionable and this practice paved the way for compiling **memoirs** (an account of the author's personal experiences, memories and feelings). The French philosopher Jean-Jacques Rousseau's *Confessions* (1782–89) was an influential model for others attempting to write their own biographies. The next century witnessed the rise of the novel. Since then, there have been many novels with thinly disguised autobiographical protagonists and narratives, such as Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* (1847), Charles Dickens's *David Copperfield* (1850), and George Eliot's *The Mill on the Floss* (1860). An example of an autobiographical poem is Wordsworth's *The Prelude* (1850). In the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, several autobiographies were published. Some well-known autobiographies include *Up from Slavery* (1901) by Booker T. Washington, *The Story of My Life* (1903) by Helen Keller, and *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings* (1969) by Maya Angelou. Today, we have autobiographies written by people from all walks of life—actors, sportsmen, politicians, social workers, doctors and spiritual gurus.

Features of an autobiography

- An autobiography is not a mere narration of events. It is a reflection of the author's inner life as well as her/his public achievements, set in the context of the time.
- An autobiography is made interesting to read by presenting details in an artistic and engaging manner while remaining truthful.

Problems faced by an autobiographer

- An autobiographer might set out to give the reader a truthful account of her/his life. However, it is not always

easy to recapture accurately all the details of an event in one's past. It is almost impossible to recreate authentically all the impressions and emotions experienced in the distant past. Therefore one has to depend on the impressions and memories of others, especially to recreate incidents from one's childhood and early life.

- Another difficulty that an autobiographer faces is in the recounting of episodes that involve other people. Care has to be taken to avoid showing them in a bad light as that could cause embarrassment and ill will.
- Yet another difficulty is related to the artistic nature of an autobiography. Herbert Spencer, the nineteenth-century English philosopher, pointed out that the biography and the autobiography omitted details of daily life that are natural to all humans, and focused only on the exceptional and the extraordinary. This might lead the reader into believing that the subjects of such works led extraordinary lives.

Qualities of an ideal autobiographer

- While being as lively and engaging as possible, the author must guard against sounding pompous and boastful. One must also not stray into exaggeration and embellishment when writing about one's achievements.
- She/he should give due credit to those who played important roles in her/his life.

Biography and autobiography compared

What we look for in a biography is objectivity and factual accuracy. In an autobiography, we look for subjectivity: we want the writer to give us the little, personal details about her/his life. Compare, for example, D.G. Tendulkar's biography of M.K. Gandhi, *Mahatma* (1951), with Gandhi's autobiography *The Story of My Experiments with Truth* (1927). A good

biography succeeds in giving us perspective. That is, we get an objective view of the background, history, and influences that had an impact upon the life of the subject (as in Tendulkar's biography). The advantage of an autobiography, on the other hand, is that we can learn about the motives, emotions, hopes, fears, doubts and joys that only the writer can know (as we do in Gandhi's autobiography).

Essay

An essay could be defined as a short piece of writing that reveals the writer's views or analysis of a particular subject. As a literary form, it is difficult to study systematically since it varies greatly in style, treatment and method. It could range in length from Francis Bacon's brief pieces of concentrated wisdom, running into a page or two, to the book-length pieces by John Locke, Lord Macaulay and Herbert Spencer. The essay could vary in subject matter too. For example, Bacon shared his views on various subjects ranging from love, death and atheism to travel, marriage and gardens. The essays of the French Renaissance philosopher Michel de Montaigne are an assortment of random thoughts, quotations and anecdotes. Even with regard to treatment, each writer has his or her own style in approaching the subject. Charles Lamb employed a conversational style, taking the reader through a gamut of emotions, while Jonathan Swift used biting satire to attack his opponents in his essays. So, a definition of the essay form cannot be made based upon its length, subject matter or treatment.

Some definitions of an essay

The word 'essay' has been applied to nearly every kind of writing except poems, plays and stories. For the sake of convenience, we could define the essay as a brief composition in prose on any

particular subject or branch of a subject. According to Samuel Johnson, an essay is 'a loose sally of the mind; an irregular, undigested piece; not a regular and orderly composition'. 'A good essay', said E.V. Lucas, 'more than a novel, a poem, a play, or a treatise, is personality translated into print.' Aldous Huxley defined the essay as 'a literary device for saying almost everything about almost anything'.

Montaigne (1533–92) could be considered the father of the modern essay. It was he who first used the term 'essais', meaning 'attempt', 'experiment' or 'endeavour', for this type of writing (in 1580). His essays were informal in nature and had a warmth and grace about them. In 1597, Francis Bacon (following Montaigne) applied the word 'essay' to this genre for the first time in English. Bacon is considered to be a pioneer of this form.

Origin and growth of the essay

In Bacon's view, the letters of the Roman writers Cicero and Seneca could be considered essays rather than mere letters as these contained their thoughts on various matters. Plutarch, another classical writer, could also be seen as a forerunner of this form. The personal essay, however, owes its existence to Montaigne, who first used the word 'essai' to describe such writing.

Francis Bacon, who wrote several essays in English, followed a style of his own, favouring concentrated, business-like prose. This was very different from Montaigne's leisurely style and amused tone. Abraham Cowley, who wrote in the 1660s, followed the personal and informal style of Montaigne. Other writers who wrote in this form were Sir William Temple and John Dryden. Temple and Dryden were responsible for paving the way for the development of the essay in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. They had a great impact on the essayists Joseph Addison and Richard Steele. In the hands of

Addison and Steele, a sub-genre called the 'periodical essay' became very popular.

The essay has been flourishing since then thanks to writers such as Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, Thomas de Quincey, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Lord Macaulay, Leigh Hunt, Thomas Carlyle, John Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Walter Pater, R.L. Stevenson, G.K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, E.V. Lucas, Robert Lynd, and several others.

Features of the essay

- The modern essay tends to limit its length and range as far as the treatment of the subject goes. When the essay grows too long and attempts an exhaustive view of the subject, it ceases to be an essay and the term 'dissertation' or 'thesis' could be applied to it. The difference between the essay and the dissertation is that the essay is addressed to the lay person while the latter is for the consumption of the specialist.
- An essay does not attempt to give the reader an exhaustive or comprehensive understanding of its subject. According to the British author William Henry Hudson, 'selection and the proper distribution of emphasis will ... be found among the elementary principles of essay writing'. A good essay does not attempt too much.
- In spite of being only about a part of a subject, a good essay nevertheless gives the reader a sense of completeness in its treatment.
- The subject matter of the essay is unlimited and the form could cover a vast range of topics.

Let us now take a look at some well-known types of literary essays.

APHORISTIC ESSAY

It was Francis Bacon who was responsible for making the essay popular in England. In his hands, the subjective and self-revealing essays of Montaigne (which were his inspiration) underwent a sea change. Bacon's essays were highly objective and impersonal. In them, Bacon does not reveal himself, but offers counsel in short, crisp sentences that sound like aphorisms (sayings or maxims). Some examples of his aphorisms are: 'Imagination was given to compensate him for what he is not; a sense of humour to console him for what he is'; 'Reading maketh a full man; and writing an exact man'.

His essays contain a series of sentences like the ones quoted above. They fall like the strokes of a hammer without any literary frills and flounces. As a result, Bacon has been criticised as being abrupt and rugged. Some of his best essays are 'Of Truth', 'Of Friendship' and 'Of Revenge'.

PERSONAL ESSAY

The style is informal in such essays, and the author shares his views with the reader in an intimate manner. The subjects of such essays are usually everyday happenings rather than heavy matters like politics or spirituality. One could compare the personal essay to the lyric, which is another expression of personal feelings and emotions. The personal essay is autobiographical in nature, reflecting the author's inner thoughts and feelings.

Montaigne was the father of the personal essay. He wrote two volumes of essays that talk about his experiences in life and reflect his views on topics such as 'idleness' and 'lying'. In the hands of Charles Lamb, the personal essay scaled new heights. He wrote about the people he knew and about events from his own life. He had an excellent style of writing,

taking his readers through a roller coaster ride of emotions. He combined humour, sentiment and common sense in an inimitable style. Some of the best examples of the personal essay can be found in the two collections by Lamb—*Essays of Elia* and *The Last Essays of Elia*. Other writers who wrote in a similar style include Leigh Hunt, Thomas De Quincey and William Hazlitt.

CHARACTER SKETCH

The character sketch is a brief but detailed description of the appearance and habits of either an individual or a generalised type. The intention is to amuse readers and to praise or satirise the person or type being described. This kind of writing became very popular in the earlier part of the seventeenth century. Examples of the 'character' (as such essays was called) include Thomas Overbury's 'A Good Wife' and 'A Drunken Dutchman Resident in England', and Joseph Hall's 'The Witless Gallant' and 'Of the Flatterer'. The vogue for such descriptions even extended to places and institutions; for example, John Milton's 'Character of the Long Parliament'.

The classical Greek writer Theophrastus (371–287BCE) pioneered this form. During the Renaissance, classical writers were rediscovered and imitated. The development of drama (which depicted various types of characters) was influenced by character writing. This close connection between character writers and dramatists is obvious when we study the plays of Ben Jonson, whose plays depict the vices and virtues of men and women. In the seventeenth century, character sketches, with their detailed descriptions of various types of personalities, suited the growing taste for satire. In the eighteenth century, many essays by Addison and Steele may be seen as extended character sketches, and count as among the last popular examples of this form.

CRITICAL ESSAY

A critical essay is an essay that evaluates, discusses and interprets literary works. It was John Dryden who made this type of essay popular. His critical writing began as early as 1664, when he wrote a preface to his first play, *The Rival Ladies*. Many of Dryden's prefaces, as well as his *Essay on Dramatic Poesy* (which is in the form of a dialogue), are excellent examples of the critical essay. He could be considered the first literary critic in the English language. (Philip Sidney's *Apology* was not strictly literary criticism, as it focused more on defending poets and poetry.) In the seventeenth century, literary works were discussed and reviewed in coffee houses. During the Neoclassical period, several critical essays were written. Samuel Johnson was another eminent man of letters who wrote critical essays.

PERIODICAL ESSAY

A periodical essay is an essay that appears in a journal or a periodical. This form rose to prominence in the early eighteenth century, which witnessed the growth of journalism. It was very well suited for social and literary criticism and for character studies.

Daniel Defoe's *Review* was the earliest periodical featuring essays, although the periodical essay form was made popular by the journals *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, managed by Richard Steele and Joseph Addison. These journals contained essays that held up a mirror to the vanities, vices and foibles of contemporary society. The essays were intended 'to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality' (Addison). George Saintsbury, in his *Short History of English Literature*, pointed out that 'they taught the eighteenth century how it should, and especially how it should not, behave in public places, from churches to theatres; what books it should like,

and how it should like them; how it should treat its lovers, mistresses, husbands, wives, parents, and friends'. Other famous essayists who employed this form include Dr Johnson (who contributed regularly to *The Rambler* and *The Idler*) and Oliver Goldsmith (whose series 'Citizen of the World' appeared in *The Public Ledger*).

4

Prose: Fiction

The Elements of Fiction

The novel and the short story are made of the same elements as drama—plot, characters, dialogue, setting, and so on. The nineteenth-century American writer Francis Marion Crawford called the novel 'pocket theatre'. However, unlike drama, the novel and the short story are pure literary forms that are not dependent upon the conditions of the stage and the performance of the actors.

PLOT

Loose plot and organic plot

Plot could be defined as a series of events developed in a meaningful manner. Based on the structure of the plot, one may categorise it as either a 'loose plot' or an 'organic plot'. In a story with a loose plot, a series of separate incidents are strung together. Often, when setting out to write the story, the author herself/himself is not aware of the direction it might eventually take. Loose plots are often seen in picaresque novels (see page 114). The main reason a novel of loose plot is regarded a 'novel', and not a collection of short stories, is the protagonist, whose presence is the common factor in all the incidents that form the plot of the story. Examples of novels with loose plots are Daniel Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* (1719), Charles Dickens's *The Pickwick Papers* (1836), and William Makepeace Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* (1848).

In a story with an organic plot, the incidents are connected to each other and there is a gradual development of the story by

the author. A good example of this would be the short stories of P.G. Wodehouse. In order to write such a story, the author should have a clear idea of the plot at the beginning itself. Examples of novels with organic plots are Henry Fielding's *Tom Jones* (1749) and Charles Dickens's *Bleak House* (1853). One cannot, however, apply such distinctions too rigidly and compartmentalise novels accordingly. There could be a lot of overlapping in a novelist's treatment of her/his story. For instance, there could be a lot of episodic material in an organic novel. In the very novels given as examples above, there are many incidents that do not form a part of the organic design of the story.

One should not conclude that a story with an organic plot is superior to one with a loose plot. In fact, there are two significant drawbacks to a story with a highly organised plot. First, the various twists and turns of the story could be too mechanically put together, leaving the reader with a slight sense of dissatisfaction at the laborious perfectness with which the story is narrated. The second drawback is the artificial manner in which all the threads of the narrative are tied up in the end. A novelist might often resort to highly contrived means such as coincidence, the death of one of the characters in a love triangle, the discovery of wills, or the reuniting of long-separated twins/siblings. A good plot should unravel the story naturally and the narrative should be free from artifice as much as possible.

Simple plot and compound plot

Another important aspect of plot is the study of the unity in its structure. The plot of a novel may be simple or compound. In a simple plot, there is one story only, whereas a compound (or multiple) plot features several stories woven together. This is true of plot in drama too. An example of a novel with a simple plot could be Chetan Baghat's *Two States* (2009).

Other examples of stories with simple plots would include fairy tales (such as 'Red Riding Hood') or detective fiction (such as Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes stories or Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot stories). Novels such as Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, George Eliot's *Middlemarch* (1874) and Leo Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* (1877) have multiple plots that are not fused together. The different strands seem to exist independently with little effect upon one another. An excellent example of a novel of compound plot is Rohinton Mistry's *A Fine Balance* (1995), in which the individual stories of four diverse characters are fused together to form a most absorbing story.

NARRATIVE TECHNIQUE

The method of narration is another significant element of fiction. The word 'narrative' is derived from a Latin word meaning 'to tell'. How a story is told is an important way of studying fiction. To create a good narrative, the author needs to select the incidents carefully and create some connection between a series of events. A narrative is made up of dramatised incidents, descriptions of people and places, dialogue, reporting of past events, philosophical ruminations of the author or of one of the characters, and commentaries on society. It is the narrator who weaves all these things together. When we read a story, our attention is focused by the narrator's manner of presenting the story. This is known as **point of view**. The analysis and identification of point of view is the key to the discussion of the different methods of narration. There are three modes of narration—the first-person, the second-person, and the third-person.

First-person narrative

In a narrative told from a first-person perspective, the author tells the story through a character who refers to herself or himself as 'I'. This person is generally a character in the story.

See, for example, the following extract from Herman Melville's *Moby-Dick* (1851):

> Call me Ishmael. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world.

When a character in the story is the narrator, we can know only what this person observes and hears about the other characters. The entire story is unfolded to us from what this one character chooses to tell us. An example of this type of narrative is Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights* (1847), where the entire story is narrated as seen from the point of view of the housekeeper, Nellie Dean. She is able to narrate only those incidents that occurred while she was present, or which she knows about through others. Thus we do not know anything about how Hindley Earnshaw met his wife or about his wedding, since Nellie knows nothing about it. We learn about Isabella Linton's troubled marriage with Heathcliff only through the letter she writes to Nellie.

Second-person narrative

In the second-person narrative, the narrator addresses the protagonist or another important character by the second-person pronoun, 'you'. See, for example, the opening lines of Jay McInerney's *Bright Lights, Big City* (1984), the most famous example of this mode in English literature:

> You are not the kind of guy who would be at a place like this at this time of the morning. But here you are, and you cannot say the terrain is entirely unfamiliar, although the details are fuzzy.

The second-person point of view is extremely rare when compared to the first-person and the third-person modes. (This mode is more common to song lyrics or to nonfiction manuals such as self-help books, cookbooks or guidebooks.) The French novel *Second Thoughts* (1957) by Michel Butor is another example of a novel written from the second-person point of view. Other novelists have attempted the mode in limited sections of their novels, for example, Italo Calvino in his Italian postmodern narrative *If on a Winter's Night a Traveller* (1979) and the Scottish writer Iain Banks in *A Song of Stone* (1997).

Third-person narrative

In a third-person narrative, the narrator refers to the characters as 'he', 'she', 'they', or by name. In other words, the narrator is not a character. Take a look at this extract from George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (1949) which aptly demonstrates the mode:

> It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen. Winston Smith, his chin nuzzled into his breast in an effort to escape the vile wind, slipped quickly through the glass doors of Victory Mansions, though not quickly enough to prevent a swirl of gritty dust from entering along with him.

The novels of Jane Austen are good examples of third-person narratives. The third-person narrative mode could be studied under two headings: omniscient and limited.

An author who adopts the role of a **third-person omniscient** narrator assumes a vantage point, and is not only able to recount the action thoroughly and reliably but is also able to enter the mind of any character in the work in order to reveal his or her thoughts, feelings, and beliefs directly to the reader.

The novels of Leo Tolstoy, such as *War and Peace* (1869), are good examples of this.

An author using the **third-person limited** point of view recounts the story through the eyes of a single character or a few of his characters and presents the story as seen from their point of view. In this mode of storytelling, we usually learn a great deal about the private history and the thoughts of one character in the story. Henry James called such a character the 'focus' or the 'centre of consciousness'. In James's novel *What Maisie Knew* (1897), the story is recounted solely from the point of view of a child. The limited point of view gradually developed into the sophisticated stream of consciousness technique (see page 127) in the twentieth century.

CHARACTERISATION

A character is a person or animal who takes part in the action of a literary work. Creating life-like characters is vital to the craft of fiction. Characters that are realistically delineated remain in our memory long after the book is read. One can never forget characters like Sydney Carton in *A Tale of Two Cities*, or Darcy and Mrs Bennet in Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, or Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler in Margaret Mitchell's *Gone with the Wind*.

Types of characters

In terms of the importance of their roles, a character who plays an important role in a story is called a **major character**, while a character who does not play a significant role is called a **minor character**. For example, in Mark Twain's *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* (1876), Tom Sawyer and the antagonist (see below) Injun Joe are major characters, while Widow Douglas and Judge Thatcher are minor characters.

In terms of their roles, a character who plays the central role in a story is called the **protagonist** and the one who opposes

her/him is called the **antagonist**. Dorothy is the protagonist of L. Frank Baum's children's novel *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* (1900), while the Wicked Witch of the West is the main antagonist. A story may have more than just one protagonist or antagonist; for example, J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings* (1954).

In terms of their complexity, the English novelist E.M. Forster distinguished between flat and round characters. A character who remains uncomplicated and unchanging from the beginning to the end of a work is known as a **flat character** or a **static character**. These characters are predictable and there is no development or growth in their behaviour. Examples of such characters are Mrs Bennet from Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* (1813) and Mrs Micawber from Dickens's *David Copperfield* (1850). A character who changes and develops in the course of the novel is known as a **round character** or a **dynamic character**. Examples of round characters are Mr Darcy (*Pride and Prejudice*) and David Copperfield (*David Copperfield*).

Direct and indirect method of characterisation

The presentation and delineation of characters may be done either directly or indirectly. In the **direct** method, the writer *tells* us directly what a character is like or what a person's motives are. For example, in her novel *The Mill on the Floss* (1860), George Eliot tells us directly what kind of person Mrs Tulliver is:

> Mrs Tulliver was what is called a good-tempered person,—never cried, when she was a baby, on any slighter ground than hunger and pins; and from the cradle upward had been healthy, fair, plump, and dull-witted; in short, the flower of her family for beauty and amiability.

This method is not favoured by modern writers, who prefer the **indirect** method where readers discover for themselves the nature of the characters (the writer *shows*, as opposed to telling us). The writer stands apart and allows his characters to reveal themselves through speech, appearance, thoughts, or actions. The readers interpret for themselves the kind of person they are meeting in the novel. In the indirect method, characterisation is mainly done through dialogue and action. What a character says and the manner of saying it reveal her/his nature. Another way of interpreting a character through dialogue is from what other characters say about the given character. Apart from dialogue, a character reveals herself/himself through her/his actions too. Examples of indirect characterisation abound in modern novels and short stories, such as those by James Joyce, John Steinbeck and Katherine Mansfield.

SETTING

The next important element in fiction is setting, that is, the time and place of action. Setting is the combination of place, historical time, and social milieu. It provides the context and the general background for the characters and the plot. Setting greatly adds to the attractiveness and literary value of a work of fiction. The general setting of a work may differ from the specific setting of an individual scene or event.

The author provides a geographical location in which the story takes place. The action of the plot could happen in a bygone age or in the distant future. It is through the setting that the reader learns about the men, manners and climate of the place being described. A novel may faithfully reflect the peculiar customs of a particular class or society, if relevant to the story. A setting can create expectations in the reader, be a source of conflict for the characters, and add layers to the themes of a work. Some authors do thorough research before describing the setting of a work.

The setting of a literary work could be real, as in James Joyce's *Ulysses* (1922), which is set in contemporary Dublin, or imaginary, as in the countries of Lilliput and Brobdingnag in Jonathan Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* (1726). A story may be set in the past, present, future, or in an alternate history. *Midnight's Children* (1981) by Salman Rushdie is set in the Indian subcontinent immediately before and after the independence and partition of India, while *The Hunger Games* (2008) by Suzanne Collins is set in a dystopian North America many years into the future.

Functions of setting

Setting as background

Setting provides a background and tells us where and when the story takes place. A good setting helps to make the story real and believable. John Fowles opens his novel *The French Lieutenant's Woman* (1969) with the following words:

> An easterly is the most disagreeable wind in Lyme Bay—Lyme Bay being that largest bite from the underside of England's outstretched southwestern leg—and a person of curiosity could at once have deduced several strong probabilities about the pair who began to walk down the quay at Lyme Regis, the small but ancient eponym of the inbite, one incisively sharp and blustery morning in the late March of 1867.

This opening line immediately tells us that the story is set in the mid-nineteenth century in an old port town on the southwestern coast of Victorian England.

Setting and character

The setting can be used to tell us something about the people who belong to it, and can even act as symbols for characters. In Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights* (1847), we are given

a detailed description of the drawing room in Thrushcross Grange, the Linton residence:

> ... it was a beautiful—a splendid place carpeted with crimson, and crimson-covered chairs and tables, and a pure white ceiling bordered by gold, shower of glass-drops hanging in silver chains from the centre, and shimmering with little soft tapers.

The affluent setting of the Linton household reflects the nature, moods and attitude of the Lintons—cultured, a little spoilt, calm and moral. Contrast this with the residence of the Earnshaws and of Heathcliff, which is located on a barren moor:

> Wuthering Heights is the name of Mr Heathcliff's dwelling ... descriptive of the atmospheric tumult to which [it] is exposed in stormy weather ... One may guess the power of the north wind blowing over the edge by the excessive slant of a few stunted firs at the end of the house, and by a range of gaunt thorns all stretching their limbs one way, as if craving alms of the sun ... the architect [built] it strong. The narrow windows are deeply set in the wall, and the corners defended with large jutting stones ... grotesque carving lavished over the front ...

The wild, strong, harsh and uninviting setting reflects the passionate, amoral, cruel, selfish and malevolent nature of Heathcliff. The two settings symbolise the conflict between the main characters. Fittingly, Catherine Earnshaw, who moves from one setting to the other, is at the centre of this conflict.

Setting and atmosphere

Setting can also be used to affect our feelings. Some settings can make us feel uneasy or afraid. When an author describes

a haunted house on a lonely night, descriptions such as that of a branch scraping a window or a dog howling can make a chill creep up the spine of the reader. The setting can also be used to create a happy mood, through descriptions of bright sunshine and birds chirping on the trees. In the short story 'The Fall of the House of Usher' (1839), Edgar Allan Poe brilliantly uses the setting to create an atmosphere of vague uneasiness and the dread of imminent doom.

Setting and conflict

In some stories, the setting even performs the function of providing the conflict. For instance, there are stories in which the protagonist fights against a physical attribute of the world around her/him, such as a drought, the heat of a desert, or a calamity like a shipwreck or an earthquake. In *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* (1864) by Jules Verne, the narrative focuses on the adventures of a group of people trying to survive the natural hazards of the novel's setting.

Setting and emotion

An interesting use of setting is to indicate the mood of the characters: when they are sad, the weather is gloomy; when they experience inner turmoil, there is a storm; when they are happy, it is bright and sunny. Writers use rhetorical devices like **pathetic fallacy** (attributing human feelings to inanimate objects) to achieve this. Depicting nature as sympathising with man or reflecting the emotions of characters is a common dramatic device, and can be seen, for example, in the novels of Charles Dickens. Sometimes, instead of symbolically paralleling human emotion, the author may create an effect of contrast by showing nature as being uncaring or indifferent to the sufferings of man, as in Thomas Hardy's *The Return of the Native* (1878).

DIALOGUE

The well-managed use of dialogue is vital to the success of a novel or a short story, for it serves many functions. The author can use dialogue instead of narration to relate the action. It can advance the story by moving the plot forward. A story gains dramatic interest when the narrative is interspersed with dialogue. In the hands of a skilful author, well-written dialogue can be used to provide exposition, create conflict, change the pace of the narrative, establish mood, indicate the passage of time, and illuminate themes.

Good dialogue helps to bring characters to life. Characters reveal themselves through speech. Hence, dialogue is used extensively by an author in the delineation of character. It is not only the words uttered by a particular character, but also what other characters say about her/him, that helps us in understanding that character. A writer could simply tell us about a character's emotions and motivations; but when these are revealed through the character's speech, it connects the reader directly with that character. Thus, dialogue helps to establish a deeper bond between reader and character. The idiosyncratic speech rhythms peculiar to certain individuals, if captured accurately by the author, can make them come alive. We are able to immediately identify characters like Miss Bates in Austen's *Emma* (1815), Jim in Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* (1884), and Waterfall Venkamma in Raja Rao's *Kanthapura* (1938). Charles Dickens was particularly good at revealing a character's socioeconomic background simply through the character's manner of speaking.

Short Story

A short story could be defined as a short piece of fiction that concentrates on a single incident, a single character (or very few characters), or the creation of a single effect or impression.

It is marked by an economy of expression and tightness of form, and can be read in one sitting. The defining factor of the short story is that it should be short. With the growth of various periodicals, the short story has become the most widely read literary form.

Origin and growth

Short prose fiction is one of the oldest forms of literature. The earliest examples of the short story can be seen in the stories written in 3000BCE in ancient Egypt. The parables of the Bible are other early examples of short prose fiction. These impart moral lessons to the reader. Yet another example of this genre is the Sanskrit collection *Panchatantra* from India (circa third century BCE). Other examples from the East include the Arabic collections *Thousand and One Nights* (from the eighth century CE onwards) and *The Book of Sindbad* (circa tenth century CE). Two of the most well-known collections of early short stories from the West are the *Decameron*, a collection of a hundred tales by the Italian writer Giovanni Boccaccio, and *The Canterbury Tales,* a book containing twenty-four stories by the English poet Geoffrey Chaucer. Both were written in the fourteenth century.

There were several early forms of the short story such as the **fable** (a short story conveying a moral, in which the characters are animals with human qualities; for example, the Greek fables of Aesop and the Sanskrit collection *Hitopadesha*), the **fabliau** (a short, satirical or comic tale in verse, known for its bawdiness; for example, the medieval French tales 'Gombert and the Two Clerks' and 'The Snow Baby'), and the **folktale** (short stories of unknown origin which exist mostly in the oral form; for example, English folklore related to Robin Hood, and Indian tales of the cleverness of Birbal or the wit of Tenali Raman). An **exemplum** is an anecdote with a moral. In the Middle Ages, there were many books of exempla, which priests

used in their sermons. A literary example of an exemplum is Chaucer's 'The Pardoner's Tale' (from *The Canterbury Tales*) which illustrates the moral that 'love of wealth is the root of all evil'.

The short story was recognised as a major literary form in the nineteenth century. The form first became popular not in England, but in America. Even there, the term 'short story' was used only in the 1880s. Edgar Allan Poe was the first important author to analyse this form and discuss the various effects that a short story could have, such as surprise and fear. Other American writers include Nathaniel Hawthorne, Herman Melville and O. Henry. Some examples of well-known short stories are 'The Legend of Sleepy Hollow' by Washington Irving, 'The Gift of the Magi' by O. Henry, 'The Necklace' by Guy de Maupassant, and 'The Secret Life of Walter Mitty' by James Thurber. Famous collections of short stories include Poe's *Tales of Mystery and Imagination* (published posthumously in 1902), *Dubliners* (1914) by James Joyce, and *Interpreter of Maladies* (1999) by Jhumpa Lahiri .

Today, the short story is a very popular form all over the world and appears in almost every language. Famous writers of short stories include Anton Chekhov, Arthur Conan Doyle, D.H. Lawrence, Leo Tolstoy, Ernest Hemingway, Flannery O'Connor, Franz Kafka, R.K. Narayan, Ray Bradbury, Saadat Hasan Manto, Isaac Asimov, Khushwant Singh, and Alice Munroe, to name just a few.

Features of the short story

- The short story is a distinct literary form. It must not be regarded as a shortened novel.
- The short story contains all the major elements of fiction, such as plot, characters, dialogue and setting.
- The short story tends to focus on a single plot. It concentrates on one character or a very small set of

characters, in a single setting (or, at the most, two or three), and the main action covers a short period of time.

- While the plot is usually not as complicated as that of a novel, the short story form can handle as wide a range of simple to heavy themes as the novel.
- The short story is a concentrated form of prose narrative. The writing is economical and dense. There are no leisurely descriptions as found in the novel (unless it serves a specific purpose). Writers whittle down anything that does not contribute to the overall effect that they intend to produce in the reader.
- The denouement (the final unfolding of the plot, see page 43) is swift, and the ending is usually abrupt and open to interpretation. The short story can end in suspense, with a surprise, an anticlimax, an epiphany, or in many other ways.

Novel

A novel could be defined as a long work of prose fiction containing characters, incidents and a plot. The word 'novel' comes from the Italian 'novella' meaning a 'piece of news' or 'tale', and was first applied to tales like Boccaccio's *Decameron*, which were very popular in the fourteenth century. Though it originated much after other genres like poetry and drama, it is one of the most popular forms of literature today.

Origin and growth

The roots of the novel form may be traced to ancient Greece and Rome. The Greeks wrote stories called 'romances' that described tales of adventure and love. Roman examples of this form include the Latin works *Satyricon* (first century CE) by Gaius Petronius and *Metamorphoses* (also known as *The Golden Ass*, first century CE) by Lucius Apuleius. Other forerunners of the form are Thomas Malory's Middle English

prose romance, *Morte d'Arthur* (published posthumously in 1485); Philip Sidney's pastoral romance, *Arcadia* (written in the late sixteenth century); Thomas Nashe's picaresque narrative, *The Unfortunate Traveller* (1594); and Miguel de Cervantes's Spanish masterpiece, *Don Quixote* (early seventeenth century).

Critics are divided in their opinion as to which work could be credited as being the first novel in English. Many consider Daniel Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* (1719) as the first English novel. Others dismiss the claim as they feel it is not a proper novel, but just a series of episodes, as is Defoe's next work, *Moll Flanders* (1722). Some critics believe the distinction should go to Samuel Richardson's *Pamela* (1740), as it contains a well-developed plot. The popularity of *Pamela* paved the way for other novelists. Henry Fielding, Tobias Smollett and Laurence Sterne number among the great novelists of the eighteenth century.

The popularity of the novel grew with the passing of every century. In the nineteenth century, many great novels were written by authors such as Walter Scott, Jane Austen, the Brontë sisters, George Eliot, William Makepeace Thackeray, Charles Dickens, Anthony Trollope, Thomas Hardy, and Henry James, to name just a few. In the twentieth century, the novel saw tremendous changes and became a highly sophisticated art form in the hands of writers such as Joseph Conrad, Virginia Woolf, James Joyce, John Fowles, Graham Greene, and William Golding. In the twenty-first century, novels are being written in almost every corner of the globe, and novelists continue to experiment with various styles, plots and techniques.

Features of the novel

There are many different kinds and genres of novels. However, four main features distinguish the novel as a unique literary form.

- The novel is a narrative. It essentially tells a story that is narrated by one of the characters or by an omniscient narrator (the author). In this it differs from the drama, in which the story is unfolded through dialogue on the stage.
- The novel is written in prose rather than in verse (though there are very rare exceptions, such as Vikram Seth's *The Golden Gate*, which is written entirely in verse). The fact that a novel is almost always in prose distinguishes it as a form from long narrative poems.
- The novel is a work of fiction, which differentiates it from other forms of prose such as biographies, autobiographies and histories.
- The novel is an extended prose narrative, unlike the short story which is much smaller in scope and length. The novel typically runs into several hundred pages and covers a larger period of time, with more action and characters than a short story.

PICARESQUE NOVEL

The word 'picaresque' is derived from the Spanish word 'pícaro' meaning 'rogue' or 'rascal'. This type of novel originated in the sixteenth century and became very popular in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Features of a picaresque novel

- In a picaresque novel, a travelling hero usually finds herself/himself in different kinds of situations, meets a variety of characters, and has several extraordinary experiences.
- There is little or no plot, and the novel has a simple, loose, episodic structure.
- The protagonist is clever, likeable and usually someone from the middle or lower class. The author takes the hero through several ups and downs in life.

- Though characters are prominently drawn, there is little character development. The story (action) is given more importance.
- The novel is narrated in a satirical and humorous manner, often in the first-person mode.

In Tobias Smollett's *The Adventures of Roderick Random* (1748), the hero, Roderick, meets a variety of odd people on his long journey to London, and has a series of misadventures along the way. He later joins the navy and has further escapades. Roderick has far too many adventures than is possible for any person to have in one life, but the author does not bother about the credibility of such incidents. Smollett is only interested in giving his readers a broad picture of the life of his times. Other examples of picaresque narratives include Henry Fielding's *Tom Jones* (1749), Voltaire's *Candide* (1759), and Saul Bellow's *The Adventures of Augie March* (1953).

EPISTOLARY NOVEL

This was one of the earliest types of novel and was very popular in the eighteenth century. In this type of fiction, the story is told entirely through letters sent by the characters involved in the action or by those who are observing it.

Features of an epistolary novel

- The plot unfolds as the characters write letters to each other (or to the reader) to narrate the events that have taken place.
- Multiple points of view can be revealed directly to the reader without any third-person authorial intervention.
- The letters, apart from being the means of narrating the story, also help in reflecting the psychological and moral conflicts of their writers.

- Since the letters provide an intimate look into a character's thoughts and feelings, the epistolary novel is often seen as the forerunner of the psychological novel (see page 126).
- This form of the novel also depends on other documents like diary entries, telegrams and newspaper clippings to develop the plot. An excellent example of this is Bram Stoker's *Dracula* (1897).
- The drawback of this type of novel is that it suffers from a certain amount of artificiality. In addition to this, some sense of immediacy is lost when describing action.

Samuel Richardson's *Pamela* (1740) and *Clarissa* (1748) are good examples of the epistolary novel. The epistolary novel has been revived throughout English literary history by writers who recognised its potential. Prominent examples include Jean Webster's *Daddy-Long-Legs* (1912), C.S. Lewis's *The Screwtape Letters* (1942), Saul Bellow's *Herzog* (1964), Alice Walker's *The Color Purple* (1982), and Aravind Adiga's *The White Tiger* (2008). The epistolary form has also been parodied, most notably in Henry Fielding's *Shamela* (1741), which mocks Richardson's *Pamela*.

HISTORICAL NOVEL

In this form of fiction, the author attempts to reconstruct history imaginatively, and sometimes romantically.

Features of a historical novel

- This novel is set in a past historical period, and describes the events and manners of that period. Through the imaginative recreation of a bygone age, historical novels add colour to the events of the past and bring them to life.
- It may be peopled by both real and imaginary characters. Historical personalities may play either a major or a minor part in the action.

- Authors of historical novels extensively research the period they intend to depict. They pay attention to minute details regarding dress, manner of speaking, food habits, customs, and other social aspects that were prevalent during that age.
- Close attention is paid to the historical events of that time, which are usually incorporated into the plot.
- Writers try to avoid **anachronisms** (the inclusion of some action or object in a work which could not have existed or occurred in the historical period being depicted; a famous example is Shakespeare's reference to a clock in his play *Julius Caesar*). Sir Walter Scott (who made the historical novel popular), although an excellent storyteller, is guilty of several anachronisms in his novels.

Walter Scott's *Waverley* (1814), *Rob Roy* (1817), and *Ivanhoe* (1820) are some of the most memorable novels in this genre. The popularity of the historical novel, even in the present day, may be seen in the several examples we have of this form—*The Three Musketeers* (1844) by Alexandre Dumas, *A Tale of Two Cities* (1859) by Charles Dickens, *War and Peace* (1869) by Leo Tolstoy, *I, Claudius* (1934) by Robert Graves, *Flashman* (1969) by George MacDonald Fraser, *The Other Boleyn Girl* (2001) by Philippa Gregory, and the 'Empire of the Moghul' series (2009–13) by Alex Rutherford, to name a few.

SENTIMENTAL NOVEL

In the eighteenth century, the word 'sentimental' meant having refined or elevated feelings. It is this meaning that we must keep in mind while studying this genre. The sentimental novel is also known as the **novel of sensibility**.

Features of a sentimental novel

- As a literary genre, it celebrates the intellectual and emotional aspects of **sentimentalism** (giving importance

to feelings over reason) and **sensibility** (being acutely aware of and responsive towards stimuli and emotions). These were fashionable attitudes in eighteenth-century poetry and fiction, and may be seen as a reaction to the rationalism of the Augustan Age.

- The novel relies on an emotional response from both the characters and the readers by depicting scenes of suffering and tenderness.
- The focus is more on furthering emotional feelings rather than the action. As a result, the readers are presented with characters who serve as models of patience and endurance.
- The novels often shone a spotlight on the weaker sections of society, such as orphans and the poor, or on the terrible conditions of the prison system of the time.
- The sentimental novel played an important role in creating awareness towards the downtrodden section of society and helped pave the way for the humanitarian movements of the eighteenth century.

Samuel Richardson's *Pamela* (1740) depicts the importance of a love that transcends the physical. Other important examples of sentimental novels include Oliver Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* (1766), Laurence Sterne's *A Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy* (1768), Henry Mackenzie's *The Man of Feeling* (1771), and Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's German novel *The Sorrows of Young Werther* (1774).

DOMESTIC NOVEL

The domestic novel or the **conduct novel** is a subgenre of the sentimental novel that became popular in the early nineteenth century. This novel made use of sentimentalism to convey its message to the readers.

Features of a domestic novel

- The plot centres on a female protagonist who is the embodiment of either the sacrificing angel or the simple practical woman. This woman is contrasted with a passive or an ignorant woman.
- The heroine goes through several trials and tribulations, suffering abuse from powerful people, before she discovers herself and gains some measure of independence or self-sufficiency.
- The heroine has to strike a balance between society's expectations of sacrifice from a woman and the fulfilment of her own desires, while trying her best not to succumb to the pressures all around her.
- The novel usually ends with a wedding. The heroine either reforms the rakish male or marries a dependable man who is equal to her.
- The language is usually sentimental in order to evoke the sympathy of the readers.

Examples of domestic novels include *A New-England Tale* (1822) by Catharine Sedgwick, *The Lamplighter* (1854) by Maria Cummins, and *The Old Homestead* (1855) by Ann Stephens.

GOTHIC NOVEL

The term 'Gothic' originally referred to the Goths, an early medieval Germanic tribe, and later came to signify 'Germanic' and 'medieval'. The Gothic novel is a type of **romance** (a prose narrative dealing with events remote from everyday life) that was popular in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. It is a very distinct form with interesting features and has been a great influence upon fiction.

Features of a gothic novel

- Gothic novels narrate tales of mystery and horror aimed at startling the readers.
- The setting usually includes haunted castles with secret passages, winding staircases, dungeons, and caves. American writers of Gothic fiction often set the story in a distant place and in a bygone age, such as medieval Europe.
- The atmosphere is threatening or gloomy. The novelists created a mood of suspense and evoked the fear of the unknown.
- It includes supernatural elements (such as ghosts) and strange, eerie happenings. Other common features are disturbing visions, frightening dreams and foreboding omens.
- The heroine is beautiful and virtuous. She is often oppressed by a powerful male figure.
- The mode of narration is sentimental or melodramatic, and the characters often display strong emotions.
- The feelings of pity and terror aroused by this novel do not have a cathartic effect, but are to be enjoyed for their own sake.

This type of fiction was made popular by Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto* (1764). Ann Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794) and Matthew Gregory Lewis's *The Monk* (1796) were important formative influences on the genre. Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* (1818) is a popular example of the form. Edgar Allan Poe developed this style in the United States. Other famous Gothic novels include Robert Louis Stevenson's *Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* (1886), Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1891), Bram Stoker's *Dracula* (1897), and Gaston Leroux's *The Phantom of the Opera* (1909–10).

SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL

Science fiction is a genre in which elements of science and technology play an integral part in the story. It is often shortened to 'SF'. Science fiction novels blend fantasy with science to create the sense of an alternate reality which seems quite possible.

Features of a science fiction novel

- By basing the plot and other story elements on actual scientific facts, principles and technology, science fiction creates an illusion of reality. However, the stories also often involve plausible laws or theories that are partly fictitious or speculative.
- The stories are usually set in the future, in space, on a different planet, in a different universe, in an alternate dimension, or in an alternate history.
- The novels depict situations that are different from the present or from the known past or the conceivable future.
- Science fiction narratives may involve elements such as dystopia, advanced technology, time travel, space travel, and extraterrestrial life.
- Science fiction novels often depict the effect of new scientific discoveries and advances in technology upon human beings.
- Novelists often use science fiction to comment on social and cultural issues such as class inequality, greed, war, political authoritarianism, the misuse of technology, the dangers of environmental exploitation, the ill effects of acquiring knowledge irrespective of consequences, and so on.

Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* (1818) is one of the earliest novels to belong to this genre. The French writer Jules Verne and the English author H.G. Wells made this form very popular.

Verne authored *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* (1864), *From the Earth to the Moon* (1865) and *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea* (1869), while Wells's famous novels are *The Time Machine* (1895), *The Invisible Man* (1897), and *The War of the Worlds* (1898). These are regarded as the classic works of science fiction. Other prominent writers of science fiction are Isaac Asimov (*Foundation*, 1951), Ray Bradbury (*Fahrenheit 451*, 1953), Robert A. Heinlein (*Stranger in a Strange Land*, 1961), Philip K. Dick (*Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*, 1968) and Arthur C. Clarke (*Rendezvous with Rama*, 1973).

New Wave science fiction

This term, applied to certain works of science fiction written in the 1960s and 1970s, was borrowed from the French film movement known as the 'nouvelle vague'. The New Wave was a reaction to traditional science fiction, which was regarded as pulp fiction. The writers of the New Wave deliberately broke away from the traditions of popular science fiction. Importance was given to a high degree of stylistic experimentation and artistic merit, while scientific accuracy took a backseat. The writers' focus on literary experimentation with regard to both form and content was intended to 'elevate' science fiction as a serious literary form. Much of New Wave science fiction appeared in the English magazine *New Worlds*, edited by Michael Moorcock.

J.G. Ballard (*The Drowned World*, 1962), Philip José Farmer ('World of Tiers' series, 1965–93), and John Brunner (*Stand on Zanzibar*, 1968) are some of the prominent writers who belong to this genre. The New Wave also witnessed the emergence of several female writers such as Ursula K. Le Guin (*The Left Hand of Darkness*, 1969) and Joanna Russ (*The Female Man*, 1975).

REGIONAL NOVEL

A regional novel depicts a particular geographical area, and uses it and the people belonging to it as the basis for the plot.

Features of a regional novel

- The setting is an important feature in a regional novel. It is usually set in a rural or provincial area having a distinguishable life style.
- Such a novel emphasises and documents the culture, history, customs and speech of the region it is set in, with more focus than for mere background.

Maria Edgeworth's *Castle Rackrent* (1800) is believed to be the first regional novel in English. Famous regional novelists include Thomas Hardy, who recreated western England in many of his novels and revived the name 'Wessex'; the American novelist William Faulkner, who based his fictional region Yoknapatawpha County on the American South; the Indian writer R.K. Narayan, whose Malgudi was the setting of almost all his work; and the Canadian author Margaret Laurence, who set her stories in the fictional town of Manawaka.

DETECTIVE NOVEL

Detective fiction has been a popular genre in the novel form ever since the nineteenth century. It is a distinct subgenre of **crime fiction**—stories that deal with crime, criminals, and their apprehension. (Other subgenres of crime fiction include the hardboiled novel, the police procedural, and the courtroom thriller.)

In detective fiction, the detective (along with the reader) is presented with an apparently insoluble crime and the case is slowly cracked. In the crime novel, on the other hand, the author shares with the reader the identity of the criminal at the very beginning, and the interest lies in following the detective's

progress in identifying the culprit and in observing the culprit's attempts to escape from her/him.

Features of a detective novel

- An apparently perfect crime or murder is committed, which leaves the police baffled. The unsolvable nature of the crime keeps the reader interested. A sense of mystery is created, sometimes accompanied by tension or a sense of danger.
- The novel takes the reader through the process of the investigation of the crime by the protagonist, who eventually zeroes in on the culprit.
- The protagonist may be a professional or an amateur detective. Very often, the detective is an eccentric character with idiosyncratic mannerisms.
- The detective may have a confidant, who acts as a sounding board (and is usually a stand-in for the reader).
- The police and other authority figures are sometimes depicted as being either uncooperative or dim-witted.
- Multiple probable suspects, red herrings, and unsavoury characters are common features of such novels.
- The resolution is usually startling and unexpected. The detective explains how she/he logically arrived at the right solution.

Edgar Allan Poe, the American novelist, is considered to be the pioneer of this genre. His short story 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue' (1841) is considered to be the first modern detective story. Wilkie Collins's *The Moonstone* (1868) is usually considered to be the first English detective novel. The most famous detective to be created is, of course, Sherlock Holmes, who appeared for the first time in 1887 in the novel, *A Study in Scarlet* by Arthur Conan Doyle. G.K. Chesterton's Father Brown is another famous detective. Agatha Christie wrote several novels in this genre and created the detective,

Hercule Poirot. *Murder on the Orient Express* (1934) is one of her most widely read books.

SOCIAL NOVEL

A social novel is one which focuses on a social, political or religious problem. It is also referred to as a **sociological novel**, **thesis novel**, **propaganda novel**, or **problem novel**.

Features of a social novel

- The social novel is didactic in purpose. The author's aim in such novels is to draw the attention of the public to the issue being discussed.
- The issues dealt with include social inequality (gender, race, or class prejudice), poverty, the problems of rapid industrialisation, child labour, violence against women, and so on.
- The protagonists of such novels are from the oppressed classes of society, and are shown in a sympathetic light.
- The novelist tries to move the reader by dramatising the effect of the above issues on the characters in the novel.

One of the earliest examples of such a novel is Charles Kingsley's *Alton Locke* (1850) in which he turned the spotlight on the nineteenth-century sweatshops where clothes were manufactured. Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1852) is another example. This novel was so successful in attracting the attention of the people to the savage practice of slavery, that it paved the way for the Civil War in America. Some other famous sociological novels are Charles Dickens's *Hard Times* (1854), Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle* (1906), Mulk Raj Anand's *Untouchable* (1935) and *Coolie* (1936), John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath* (1939), and Alan Paton's *Cry, the Beloved Country* (1948).

Proletarian novel

The **proletarian** is a member of the working class, the lowest economic class in society. The proletarian novel (also known as the **working class novel**) is a type of social novel which focuses on the problems of the working classes and is usually written by authors who are themselves from the working class. Its features are similar to that of the sociological novel. These novels usually have a strong anti-capitalist, political bent, and are often regarded as promoting political revolution.

Proletarian novels are often written by authors with socialist, communist or anarchist leanings. Proletarian fiction is prominent in Russian and Japanese literature. The best English example is Walter Greenwood's *Love on the Dole* (1933). Robert Cantwell's *Land of Plenty* (1934) is an American example.

PSYCHOLOGICAL NOVEL

The psychological novel is primarily concerned with the analysis of the spiritual, emotional and mental lives of the characters rather than with the plot. This type of novel came into vogue after the discoveries of Sigmund Freud and Carl Jung.

Features of a psychological novel

- The novelist's interest in human nature leads her/him into making an in-depth study of human relationships, thus giving a psychological slant to the story.
- The novel focuses on analysing the characters' motives which drive the action forward.
- Devices such as interior monologues and flashbacks are often used to explain the inner workings of the minds of the characters.

Henry James's novels display an ultrasensitive flair for analysing complex personalities. His work *The Portrait of a*

Lady (1881) is a psychological novel about a spirited American woman.

STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS NOVEL

Stream of consciousness is a narrative technique which attempts to capture all the emotions and thoughts which flow through a character's mind in a random manner. The term 'stream of consciousness' was coined by the American psychologist William James (brother of novelist Henry James) in his book *The Principles of Psychology* (1890). In literature, it is often used interchangeably with the term 'interior monologue'. Many modernist novels use this device to present before the reader the unfiltered thought processes of a character.

Features of a stream of consciousness novel

- The traditional concepts of plot and characterisation are given up.
- The standard techniques of description, narrative and dialogue are replaced with interior monologues.
- The author emphasises memory, intuition, sense perceptions and feelings, along with a character's thoughts.
- The focus is on capturing the fluidity of the inner life and depicting the myriad feelings and thoughts passing through a character's mind.
- These novels are often **anti-romantic** (a story featuring an unsure or indifferent protagonist who fails in her/his quest/journey).
- There is a great degree of artistic aloofness and impersonality on the part of the author.

Dorothy Richardson was among the first modernist writers to employ this technique. James Joyce's *Ulysses* (1922) and *Finnegans Wake* (1939), Virginia Woolf's *Mrs Dalloway*

(1925) and *To the Lighthouse* (1927), and William Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury* (1929) are well-known examples of the stream of consciousness novel.

ANTINOVEL

The antinovel is an experimental form which breaks away from the traditional methods of storytelling. In it, the author makes no attempt to create the illusion of realism. The reader is not able to identify with the characters as in a traditional novel. The term was coined by the French philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre in 1948.

Features of an antinovel

- There is no well-defined plot. A number of diffused episodes are put together.
- There is little attempt at character development. The personality of a character may change abruptly.
- There is a great deal of detailed descriptions of objects.
- The author experiments with vocabulary, punctuation and syntax. There is a lot of repetition.
- There are variations in the sequence of time, and incidents may not be presented in chronological order.
- There are multiple endings and beginnings.
- Some extreme examples of this genre feature detachable pages, pages that can be shuffled like a pack of cards, blank pages, and coloured pages.

Laurence Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* (1759–67) may justifiably be regarded as a precursor to the antinovel. Notable examples of the antinovel form include are Jean-Paul Sartre's *Nausea* (1938), Albert Camus's *The Outsider* (1942), Philip Toynbee's *Tea with Mrs Goodman* (1947) and Alain Robbe-Grillet's *Jealousy* (1957).

NOUVEAU ROMAN

The *nouveau roman* (French for '**new novel**') was a French genre that emerged in the 1950s. There is very little difference between the antinovel and the new novel, and many works of *nouveau roman* could be classified as antinovels. The term '*nouveau roman*' became a part of critical jargon in the 1950s in France, after Alain Robbe-Grillet published his essays on the future of the novel form.

Nouveau roman novels concentrate on presenting precise, condensed physical descriptions of their subject, avoiding metaphors and similes. Plot, characterisation, and traditional narrative techniques and elements are rejected. Readers are challenged to interpret the story from the descriptions. These novels exhibit no fixed or consistent style: authors create a new style in each new novel. Prominent exponents of the form included Marguerite Duras, Alain Robbe-Grillet, Nathalie Sarraute, Claude Simon, Philippe Sollers, and Michel Butor. They had little in common besides an interest in avant-garde experimentation and the rejection of traditional modes of literary expression.

BILDUNGSROMAN

Bildungsroman is a genre in which the plot revolves around the psychological and moral growth of the protagonist from youth to adulthood. It is also known as the **novel of education** or the **novel of formation**, and is a type of the coming-of-age story. Coined by the philologist Karl Morgenstern in 1819, the German term '*Bildungsroman*' literally translates as 'formation novel'.

Features of a *Bildungsroman*

- The *Bildungsroman* narrates the story of the development of a sensitive person who goes in search of the meaning of life and of her/his place in society.

- A *Bildungsroman* generally begins with an emotional loss which compels the protagonist to set off on her/his journey.
- The protagonist faces several hurdles and failures along the way, and is often shown in conflict with the values of society.
- Eventually, and very gradually, the protagonist transforms from an inexperienced person to an emotionally mature individual.
- In the end, the protagonist accepts the values of society and is accepted into society.

This genre could be said to have evolved from folk tales in which a simple young man goes out into the world to seek his fortune. As a literary genre, the *Bildungsroman* came into being with the publication of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* (1795–96). This German novel had a great impact upon Europe and the rest of the world, and Goethe's translated work inspired several authors who began to write novels that traced the evolution of the protagonist. Examples of this genre are *Tom Jones* (1749) by Henry Fielding, *Jane Eyre* (1847) by Charlotte Brontë, *Great Expectations* (1861) by Charles Dickens, *The Catcher in the Rye* (1951) by J.D. Salinger, and *The Kite* Runner (2003) by Khaled Hosseini.

A variation of the *Bildungsroman* is the ***Künstlerroman*** (German for 'artist's novel') which traces the development of an artist or a writer. Charles Dickens's *David Copperfield* (1850) and James Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916) are examples of this subgenre.

5

Literary Criticism

In the words of Lee T. Lemon, author and professor of English, literary criticism 'is a disciplined attempt to understand and to evaluate works of literature'. As it can achieve the above only through a close reading of texts, criticism is a result of a detailed examination of a literary work. The English critic Walter Pater defined criticism as 'the art of interpreting art'.

The word 'criticism' is derived from the Greek *κριτής* (*krités*) meaning 'judge', and that is the broadest sense in which it is used. A literary critic is therefore an expert who shares his knowledge and learning with the reader. Thus, as Thomas Carlyle says, 'criticism stands like an interpreter between the inspired and the uninspired; between the prophet and those who hear the melody of his words and catch some glimpse of their material meaning but understand not their deeper import'. The subtle nuances of an excellent piece of literature would remain unexplored without the critic's insightful remarks. Literature, in its various forms such as poetry, drama and fiction, is a reflection of life and the world we live in. Literary criticism interprets this reflection of life for us.

Functions of criticism

According to T.S. Eliot, 'criticism … must always profess an end in view, which, roughly speaking, appears to be the elucidation of works of art and the correction of taste'. From this definition, we understand that the two functions of criticism are **interpretation** and **judgement**.

Criticism plays an important role in enhancing our appreciation of a literary text by interpreting the various subtle shades of meaning within it. The critic as interpreter acts as

a pathfinder, helping the uninitiated reader gain a deeper understanding of the text. She/he analyses and penetrates into the heart of a book and helps to make explicit that which is implicit. In doing so, the critic is like a friendly companion who points out things that could go unnoticed. An example of such a critic is A.C. Bradley, as evidenced in his criticism of Shakespeare.

The other function of criticism, namely judgement, is an older concept and does not enjoy much favour now. Plato became the first 'judicial' critic when he banished poets from his ideal state. For centuries, judgement was seen as the sole function of criticism. The English academic Helen Gardner's metaphor of the sceptre and the torch, in her famous 1953 talk on criticism, aptly describes the twin functions of a critic—the sceptre symbolising judgement, and the torch, interpretation.

Although it is good for a reader to go to a secondary source in order to have a better understanding of an author or a text, she/he should not depend solely on the views of the critic. It is vital for a reader to have firsthand knowledge of the work in question. Criticism can never be used as a shortcut to knowledge as it is being done increasingly today. It can never take the place of literature and a reader should not satisfy herself/himself by merely reading what others have said about a work.

Qualities of an ideal critic

- A good critic should be knowledgeable. He should have read not only the book that he is critiquing, but should also have excellent knowledge about the genre, the age to which it belongs, and the background to its composition. He should be very familiar with the views and ideas of the author.
- A critic should be sensitive and perceptive.

- He should be unbiased and unprejudiced, and should approach the author and his work with an open mind. He should avoid all political and religious biases.
- A critic should be wary of succumbing to the temptation of exhibiting his own knowledge at the expense of sidelining the work that is being examined.
- A good critic should not engage in nitpicking. He should focus on what is good in the work.

Legislative Criticism

Legislative criticism is one of the earliest forms of criticism. The critic acts as a lawgiver. The ancient Greeks and Romans endeavoured to lay down rules for writers, who were expected to follow them without any questions. The works of these critics were based on the standard works of literature of their time. The Greeks Plato (circa 429–347BCE) and Aristotle (384–322BCE) were two of the earliest critics who attempted to systematically study works of art. Aristotle's *Poetics* is the first important critical treatise and it was written as early as the fourth century BCE. The writings of these critics were directed towards writers rather than readers. This type of criticism is archaic and is now seen only in books on composition or creative writing.

Pragmatic Criticism

This is another ancient form of criticism that can be traced back to the Roman poet–critic, Horace. The aim of pragmatic critics is to study the effect of a literary work on the audience (the receiver of the work). They believe that an author structures his work in such a way as to achieve a particular effect on the reader/audience. The pragmatic critic's job is to study and evaluate a work based on their observation of the success

or failure of the work in achieving the desired effect. Horace (65–8BCE), in his *Ars Poetica* (*The Art of Poetry*, circa 19BCE), highlighted the effect of a literary work on its audience. This type of criticism was in vogue till the eighteenth century, after which it lost its popularity.

Judicial Criticism

This school of criticism is based firmly on the belief that a critic has to perform the role of a judge. Accordingly, the judicial critic attempts to analyse and elucidate a work of art by thoroughly dissecting it. He examines the work under several headings such as subject, style, organisation of ideas, and techniques. This method of criticism seeks to pronounce judgement on works of literature on the basis of certain rules. Only if the work is found to comply with the rules is it considered to be good. These rules were derived from the classical Greek and Roman critics like Aristotle and Horace.

This type of criticism was popular in the classical age. In the modern period, Samuel Johnson (1709–84) could be called a judicial critic, as he approached a poet and his works with the aim of passing verdict. His assessment of writers was not based on their individual merit, but upon their adherence to the classical rules of literary composition. His judgement, thus, was dogmatic and traditional.

Judicial criticism is frowned upon by modern scholars, as they feel that one cannot judge a contemporary work by standards set in a bygone age.

Biographical Criticism

This form of criticism analyses the biography of the writer and demonstrates the impact his life has had upon the work in question. This method dates back to the Renaissance

period. One of its chief practitioners was Samuel Johnson, and his work *Lives of the Poets* (1779–81) is an example of biographical criticism.

This type of criticism has its advantages and disadvantages. If employed with discretion, the study of a writer's life can help us to appreciate some of the nuances of the work which we might otherwise have missed. At the same time, one should avoid making unnecessary connections and reading between the lines when there is nothing to be read. The biographical method must not be misused as a shortcut to understanding a text.

Biographical criticism remained popular throughout the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. It was attacked by the New Critics of the 1920s, who coined the term, 'biographical fallacy' to describe the process of interpreting a literary work based solely on biography.

Historical Criticism

This school of criticism is based on the hypothesis that true appreciation of a work is possible only when we place it against the background in which it was conceived. All works of art are seen as historical objects, written at a certain time in the past. Historical critics firmly believe that one cannot consider a work as an autonomous entity that can stand by itself. It can be truly appreciated only when the various factors that had influenced the author at the time of writing are taken into account and explained.

The chief aim of the historical critic is to determine the text's original meaning in its historical context. The time and place of the text's composition, its sources, and the important events, persons and customs depicted in it or associated with it are all thoroughly examined.

Comparative Criticism

This approach to the critical study of literature was popularised by the English poet and critic Matthew Arnold (1822–88). Arnold was a classicist in ideology and he upheld the works of the ancient Greek and Roman writers. He also admired certain English writers such as Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton. Arnold used certain select passages from them as touchstones to compare and judge the merit of contemporary literary works. This method of comparing modern works with ancient and classical works is known as the '**touchstone method**'.

The method has its limitations, as one cannot pick out random passages from texts, compare them, and arrive at a conclusion. A literary work has to be studied in its entirety. However, the comparative method is useful since it helps to set standards by which one can judge the merit of a work of art.

Inductive Criticism

Inductive criticism is based on the scientific investigation of a literary work. It believes that the laws of each author's work are to be discovered within the work itself. Hence, the laws of one work cannot be applied to another. In this, inductive criticism is diametrically opposite to judicial criticism, which bases its conclusions on the concept of literary standards.

This approach stresses the importance of scientific accuracy and impartiality. The inductive critic does not praise or blame a work, nor does he try to evaluate its merit. He merely reviews the work and does not indulge in sharing any personal opinions. The critic who is most commonly associated with inductive criticism is Richard Green Moulton (1849–1924), who extols its merits in the preface to his book, *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist* (1885).

Ecocriticism

Ecocriticism is the name given to the study literature from an ecological or environmental perspective. It is a study of the relationship between literature and the physical environment, between culture and nature. Just as feminist criticism examines language and literature from a gender-conscious perspective, and Marxist criticism brings an awareness of the modes of production and economic class to its reading of texts, ecocriticism takes an earth-centred approach to literary studies.

Other schools of criticism deal with the relations between writers, texts and the world. According to the ecocritics, the word 'world' includes the entire ecosphere, and not just human society. Literature is seen by them as part of a vastly complex global system. In this system, there is an interaction between matter, energy and ideas. Ecocritics focus upon issues such as how nature is represented in a poem, the role of the physical setting in the development of the plot of a novel, or the extent of ecological awareness in a play.

Ecocritics have sensitised readers into considering nature as an equally important critical category, along with considerations such as race, class and gender. They also raise questions about the role played by literature with regard to the global environmental crisis. Ecocritics try to draw our attention to the crisis towards which the modern world is racing. They firmly believe that literature can play a significant role in curbing it.

Some of the names associated with this school of thought are Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–82), Margaret Fuller (1810–50), Henry David Thoreau (1817–62), and Mahasweta Devi (born 1926).

Psychoanalytic Criticism

Psychoanalytic criticism is a form of literary criticism which employs the techniques of **psychoanalysis** (exploring underlying motives in order to treat mental disorders) to interpret texts. It became popular in the 1920s. Its origin can be traced to the work of the Austrian psychoanalyst Sigmund Freud (1856–1939), who first used the term 'psychoanalysis' to describe his method of mental therapy. His book *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1900), which discusses his analytic interpretive process, became a model for this school of critics.

According to Freud and the psychoanalytic critics, the unconscious mind is a storehouse of desires, fears and inner conflicts. The unconscious is very powerful and plays an important role in shaping our personality and controlling our actions. Freud explained that the mind makes short visits to the unconscious when we dream. The events represented in dreams are compared to the events described in a literary text. Psychoanalytic critics interpret a literary text from this point of view in order to analyse the author or a particularly interesting character. Fictional characters are seen as case studies, and various Freudian concepts (such as the Oedipus complex, id, ego and super-ego) are identified in texts and their influence is studied. Freud himself has analysed some of Shakespeare's characters, most famously Hamlet, Macbeth and Lear.

The French psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan (1901–81) gave psychoanalysis a new twist by pointing out that the unconscious was rooted in language and, in turn, influenced it. He focused on language-related issues like symbols, metonymy and displacement.

Psychoanalytic criticism is very useful in unlocking perplexing symbols and actions in a literary work. However, one must guard against depending completely on a psychoanalytic reading of literature, as one may miss the wider significance of

the work. Some of the best examples of this type of criticism are Marie Bonaparte's *Life and Works of Edgar Allan Poe: A Psycho-analytical Interpretation* (1933) and Ernest Jones's *Hamlet and Oedipus* (1949).

Sociological Criticism

This school of criticism focuses on the social environment to which the work belongs. The Russian political theorist Vladimir Lenin (1870–1924) believed that literature and society affected each other. Writers can be deeply influenced by the society they live in and by contemporary events; at the same time they can change society's way of thinking through their words. Sociological critics are of the opinion that an investigation of the relationship between the writer and society could greatly enrich one's understanding of a book. Since literature is rooted in society, it reflects the *zeitgeist* or the spirit of the age. As Wilbur Scott, professor of English, has put it, 'art is not created in a vacuum; it is the work not simply of a person, but of an author fixed in time and space, answering to a community of which he is an important member'. Sociological critics do not consider literature to be the expression of an individual mind, but rather a reflection of the entire society.

Hippolyte Taine (1828–93) was an important French sociological critic who taught scholars to approach literature scientifically. He is well-known for his formula of 'race, milieu and moment'. In this, 'race' stands for hereditary disposition; 'milieu' represents the writer's surroundings, which includes features such as climate, politics, topography and social conditions; and 'moment' refers to the immediate political or social development at the time of writing a work of literature. Taine strongly felt that it was vital for a reader to familiarise himself to all three of the above for a true and deep understanding of literature. Such an approach to literature

is not without drawbacks. Taine makes it appear as if all the people living at a particular time are just samples of the age, without any individuality of their own. Another defect is that he ignores the effect that the author has upon the age. His attention is only upon how society has shaped an author.

Important sociological critics include Edmund Wilson (1895–1972), Kenneth Burke (1897–1993), Cecil Day-Lewis (1904–72), Stephen Spender (1909–95), and David Daiches (1912–2005).

Marxist Criticism

Marxist criticism is a special branch of sociological criticism which believes that the form and content of literature are closely related to historical, social and economic forces. This school of criticism is influenced by the theories of the German philosopher Karl Marx (1818–83).

Marx believed that all history was a struggle between the ruling class (or the capitalists) and the working class. This conflict impacted society which tried to device ingenious ways of preventing the exploited classes from rebelling. The methods to keep the downtrodden under check included laws, customs, traditions, religions and rituals. All these in turn had a deep influence on the personality, belief and action of the people. Marx urged the public to overcome this injustice by bringing about a revolution. Marx and his friend Friedrich Engels (1820–95) believed that the result of such a revolution would be the creation of a classless society.

Marx and Engels did not, however, develop any systematic aesthetic theory. Their ideas on literature and art were reflected in their philosophical, economic or political works and letters. Marx believed even literature to be just another social institution with a specific ideological function that was based on the background of the author. Marxist critics view literary works as reflections of the social institutions to which

they belong, and analyse the class constructs demonstrated in them.

The ideas of Marx and Engels were developed by several other writers, the most notable of them being the Hungarian philosopher and critic Georg Lukács (1885–1971). Lukács had a lot of followers in Western Europe. The first British Marxist critic was Christopher Caudwell (1907–37), who studied Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Coleridge and other writers against the background of sociological and economic changes.

Marxist critics often disagreed among themselves. What is regarded as 'vulgar Marxism' sought to replace all canonical works of literature with works of **social realism**, an art movement which portrayed the lives of the poor and the oppressed. Critics such as Lukács were opposed to this, believing that nineteenth-century realist writers often captured social realities accurately in their works. However, Lukács was in turn opposed to modernist experiments, which he considered self-indulgent. The German Marxists Walter Benjamin (1892–1940), Bertolt Brecht (1898–1956), and Theodor Adorno (1903–69), on the other hand, praised modernist movements and non-realist modes of expression as being bold critiques of society. Marxist criticism has continued to evolve as a result of such dissension. Other important Marxist critics include Louis Althusser (1918–90), Fredric Jameson (born 1934) and Terry Eagleton (born 1943). Along with feminism and postcolonialism, Marxist criticism takes its place in history as a major twentieth-century mode of critical thought.

Russian Formalism

This school of criticism enjoyed its heydays in Russia from the 1910s to the 1930s.The chief scholars associated with this branch of criticism are Viktor Shklovsky (1893–1984), Yuri Tynyanov (1894–1943), Roman Jakobson (1896–1982)

and Victor Erlich (1914–2007). They were critical of the biographical, historical, sociological and other extrinsic methods of studying a literary text. Instead, they focused on the functional role of literary devices and advocated a scientific method of analysing language.

The Russian formalists did not have any unified doctrine; however, they were united in agreeing on the autonomous nature of poetic language. They believed that the features of literature are unique and that it is distinct from other human activities. It therefore requires a specialised method of study focusing only on the analysis of its form, instead of emphasising philosophical, psychological, historical or other issues. They firmly believed that art was a matter of style and technique, and so they concentrated on formal patterns and technical devices, rather than on the subject of a work or the values it espouses. Russian formalism was a major influence on structuralism and the poststructuralism.

New Criticism

This refers to a school of literary criticism that became popular in America and England from the 1920s. The term 'New Criticism' was applied to the new wave in critical thought after the American scholar John Crowe Ransom (1888–1974) published a book entitled *The New Criticism* in 1941.

The New Critics believed that the meaning of a work of literature was inseparable from its structure. They, therefore, strongly advocated a close reading of texts. A literary piece was examined as a linguistic structure in which all the parts are held together by tension, paradox, irony or ambiguity. They focused on elements such as plot, metre, symbols, images, and so on. The New Critics rejected the historical, biographical, and comparative approaches, as they felt that these methods erroneously look at factors that are external to a text. They

also pointed out that an author's intended meaning or aim is irrelevant to literary analysis; the only meaning that mattered was that which the text itself provided. Similarly, a work cannot be judged based on a reader's response to it, as that, too, is extraneous to the text.

New Criticism shared many common features with Russian formalism. Both kinds of criticism focused on exploring the specifically literary aspects of a text. Both also vehemently rejected the subjective and spiritual interpretation that the Romantics gave to reading. They differed only in their approach. The formalists believed that form was more important than content; to them, content was merely the means to create organised, literary forms. However, to the New Critics, form and content were inseparable. As a result of their differing principles, the formalists tended to focus on genres and general literary devices, while the New Critics preferred to examine individual texts.

Some of the important critics who belonged to this group were Allen Tate (1899–1979), R.P. Blackmur (1904–65), Robert Penn Warren (1905–89), Cleanth Brooks (1906–94), W.K. Wimsatt (1907–75), and Monroe Beardsley (1915–85). New Criticism had a very big impact upon critical attitudes and played an important role in doing away with amateurish studies of literature that were based on historical and biographical approaches.

Feminist Criticism

Feminist criticism is a re-examination of the misrepresentation of women in literature down the ages. It is the contention of feminist critics that women have been constantly marginalised and treated as the 'other' in a male-dominated world. They look at how our culture is essentially patriarchal and try to expose the misogynistic representation of women in male

writing about women. Feminist criticism also concerns itself with issues such as the exclusion of women writers from the traditional literary cannon, the prejudice of male critics and publishers, and women's economic condition as authors. The goal of these critics is to bring about a global change in the attitude towards women and to establish equality of the sexes.

Feminist criticism can be looked at from two angles—women as readers and women as writers. The first category is a revisiting of popular and classical literary works from a feminist point of view and re-evaluating them. The second tries to foreground forgotten or neglected women writers of the past and to compile a body of literature by and about women.

Some of the important thinkers who revolutionised literary criticism into including space for women and their writings are Virginia Woolf (*A Room of One's Own*, 1929), Simone de Beauvoir (*The Second Sex*, 1949), Mary Ellmann (*Thinking about Women*, 1968) and Elaine Showalter (*A Literature of their Own*, 1977).

Archetypal Criticism

Archetype means a basic prototype or original pattern from which copies are made. It is derived from the Greek words *ἀρχή* (*archē*), which means 'beginning', and *τύπος* (*tupos*), which means 'imprint'. Archetypal criticism is a branch of literary criticism that interprets a literary text by focusing on the recurring myths and patterns in the narrative, imagery, characters and symbols. These critics made extensive use of James Frazer's *The Golden Bough* (1890), which is a comprehensive guide to the myths, rituals and primitive religious practices of different societies of the world.

The Swiss psychotherapist Carl Jung's contribution to the development of archetypal criticism is significant for it was he who pointed out the presence of what he referred to as

the 'collective unconscious'. He theorised that the experiences of all our ancestors gets collected and is stored in some unconscious recess of the human mind. Therefore, when we create, we unconsciously go back to these archetypes. All human lives go through archetypal functions like birth, death, conflict, love and other issues which can be grouped into fixed patterns. Similarly, certain character or personality types too are archetypal. For example, the hero, the rebel, the Don Juan (the philanderer), the snob, the damsel in distress, the wicked stepmother, etc., are all archetypal figures.

An archetypal critic devotes himself to detecting archetypal figures and patterns in literature. The origin of this school of criticism can be traced to Maud Bodkin's *Archetypal Patterns in Poetry* published in 1934. It reached the pinnacle of its popularity in the 1940s and 1950s. The Canadian critic Northrop Frye (1912–91) is one of the most prominent figures of this school of criticism.

Structuralist Criticism

Structuralist criticism, which appeared in the 1960s, is a study of language that focuses not on the communicative function of language, but on examining the conditions that allow language and meaning to arise. Structuralist criticism questions how the elements of language are organised in order to yield the effect it has.

The principles of structuralism can be traced to work of the Swiss linguist Ferdinand de Saussure (1857–1913), who pointed out that language was not a random collection of words, but one that contained a structured system of relationships. Saussure showed that a word was a linguistic sign and has two interrelated sides to it—the **signifier** and the **signified**. The signifier refers to the sound image or the word (for example, the word 'dog'); the signified is the concept which is being

referred to by the signifier (that is, the actual dog itself). The relationship between the signifier and the signified is very arbitrary (the letters that form the written word 'dog' or the sounds that constitute the spoken word 'dog' have no real connection to the living animal they represent), but they work together to create meaning. But the meaning of a signifier can only be understood in relation to other signifiers (we know what 'spoon' signifies, because we can differentiate it from a 'fork' or a 'knife'). Signs are often understood in terms of **binary opposites** such as light–dark, strong–weak, realist–romantic, and capitalist–socialist. Thus we see that there exists a vast and complex system of interrelated signs which derive their meaning based on their differences from and relation to one another. Language consists of artificial constructs—a system of structures—that mediates between us and external reality.

Discovering the system of structures that create meaning in literature was the main focus of the structuralist school of criticism. Structuralist critics try to examine how these artificial constructs work. They do not try to interpret the meaning of an individual work or judge it. They are more interested in language and grammar, and focus on the narrative structures. They preferred the word 'text' to 'work', to emphasise their point that all literature was subject to a set of codes rather than being a unique product of the author's mind. They also questioned the belief that the text was a representation of reality, as they believed that all signification was arbitrary.

The most important figures connected with this school of thought are Claude Lévi-Strauss (1908–2009), Lucien Goldmann (1913–70), Roland Barthes (1915–80), Louis Althusser (1918–90), and Jonathan Culler (born 1944).

Poststructuralist Criticism

Poststructuralism, which arose in the late 1960s, could be understood as a blanket term used to represent those radical

theories which opposed structuralism. Structuralism posits that there is a structure of meaning below the surface level of signs; poststructuralists reject the possibility of any single determinate meaning.

Influenced by the concept of **deconstruction** (exposing deep-seated contradictions in a work by delving below its surface meaning), poststructuralism tried to formulate new theories concerning interpretation and meaning. The notion of deconstruction was based on three books *Speech and Phenomena*, *Of Grammatology*, and *Writing and Difference* (all three first published in 1967) by the French philosopher Jacques Derrida (1930–2004).

According to Derrida, all notions of the existence of an absolute meaning in language are incorrect. Both the author and the reader of a text are influenced by unconscious biases. These inherent biases affect the examination of the underlying structure of any cultural product. Besides, signifiers often do not point to a signified, but to other signifiers. Even binary oppositions cannot yield fixed meanings, only relative ones: since both terms are dependent on the other for meaning, neither term can claim greater significance or establish a single point of reference or meaning. We can only 'de-construct' artificial constructs and analyse how various factors contribute to multiple meanings and the contradictory nature of texts.

Thus, while structuralism looks upon structures and patterns as providing the key to meaning, poststructuralism looks upon all structures with deep mistrust and declares the quest for a fixed meaning as illusory and misleading. Apart from Derrida, other poststructuralist critics include Jacques Lacan (1901–81), Gilles Deleuze (1925–95), Michel Foucault (1926–84), Jean Baudrillard (1929–2007), and Judith Butler (born 1956).

Reader-response Criticism

This school of criticism focuses on the reader and his response to a work of literature rather than on the author or on the work itself. It sees the reader as an active agent who completes the work of the author by making it come alive through his own interpretation. It is in complete opposition to the tenets of formalism and New Criticism, which ignore the psychology of the reader and the reader's role in recreating a text.

Reader-response critics examine the numerous responses of various readers to a given work and try to see if the responses are similar to the meaning(s). They also try to observe if a work can have as many meanings as there are responses and if some responses are more valid than others. Reader-response critics do not see the reader as a passive recipient of a literary work but as an active co-creator of the work.

This school of criticism became popular in the United States in the 1970s, although its attitudes can be traced in several critics long before that. For example, the English critic I.A. Richards (1893–1979), in his *Practical Criticism* (1929), argued that readers' feelings and experiences acted as a way of authenticating the representation of emotions and events in a literary text.

The origin of reader-response criticism could be traced to the American theorist Stanley Fish (born 1938), who argued that any school of criticism that looks at a work of literature as an artefact to simply be analysed is doing gross injustice to the work. He attacked the formalists for looking at a work as a mere object and not taking into consideration that it might appear differently to different readers. The German critic Wolfgang Iser (1926–2007) pointed out that there are gaps in a text that have a great impact upon the reader. The reader is forced to make the necessary connections and create for himself what is not directly seen in the text, but what is

implicitly implied by the author. The reader thus becomes an active meaning-maker. Another important critic of this school was Louise M. Rosenblatt (1904–2005).

Phenomenological criticism

The word 'phenomenology' is derived from the Greek terms φαινόμενον ('*phainómenon*') meaning 'that which appears' and λόγος ('lógos') meaning 'study'. The German philosopher Edmund Husserl (1859–1938) is considered to be the founder of this school of thought. He believed that experience was the source of all knowledge. The chief aim of this school of thought was to directly investigate and describe the structures of experience and consciousness, without tying them down to any theories or trying to discover a cause.

The term 'phenomenology' is much older and can be traced to the works of earlier philosophers. The German philosopher Georg Friedrich Hegel (1770–1831) was preoccupied with this concept. In his book *Phenomenology of Mind* (1807), Hegel traced the journey of the human spirit from mere experience to complete knowledge. He used the term to describe the study of the appearance of consciousness.

The Geneva School of critics—a group of critics associated with the University of Geneva in the 1950s and 1960s—used the phenomenological method in their analysis of works of literature. Some of the prominent names associated with this school were the Belgian Georges Poulet (1902–91), the French Jean-Pierre Richard (born 1922), the Swiss critics Marcel Raymond (1897–1981), Albert Béguin (1901–57) and Jean Rousset (1910–2002). They examined literature as being representations of the deep structures of an author's consciousness and his or her relationship with the world outside. They were not concerned with biographical criticism and instead focused primarily on the work itself. They studied

such aspects of a literary work as the recurrent themes and images and the communication between the self and the others.

Postcolonial Criticism

Postcolonial criticism is concerned with the literature produced by the coloniser and the colonised. Postcolonial theory examines issues such as politics, religion and culture, and how they were eclipsed by colonial **hegemony** (the domination of one social group or nation over others).

Postcolonial critics look at classics such as Daniel Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* from a postcolonial perspective. In a postcolonial interpretation, Crusoe's gradual possession of the island and his condescending attitude toward the native man (whom he calls 'Friday') are foregrounded. Similarly, in a postcolonial interpretation of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, Prospero's relationship with Caliban is severely criticised. Caliban, one of the antagonists of the play, is seen as a typical symbol of exploited peoples everywhere—treated as a slave in his own land.

Postcolonial criticism is also interested in questioning the western literary canon and the western version of history. Terms such as 'First World', 'Second World', 'Third World' and 'Fourth World' are rejected and critiqued by postcolonial critics. Since all history has been written by the so-called First World nations, historical narratives are seen as being highly prejudiced. They also question the exclusion of works by non-western writers from the so-called canon of literature (the body of art that is regarded as the most important in culture).

The Palestinian American intellectual Edward Said's *Orientalism* (1978) is seen as the pioneering work of postcolonial criticism. In it, he pointed out how the First World painted false images and myths about the Third World

in order to justify their exploitation and domination over those countries. Another example of postcolonial criticism is the essay 'Postcolonial Criticism' (1992) by Homi K.Bhabha. He, too, points out how certain cultures expand their domination by misrepresenting other cultures. Other influential postcolonial critics include Frantz Fanon (1925–61) and Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak (born 1942).

Cognitive Criticism

This school of criticism makes use of the principles of **cognitive psychology** (the study of mental processes concerned with activities that involve language usage such as memory, problem-solving and creativity). Cognitive criticism is closely related to reader-response criticism and **stylistics** (the study of texts based on their linguistic style; it links literary criticism to linguistics). Critics practising this method of criticism engage in a close reading of the text and try to highlight the importance of context in the creation of meaning.

Cognitive criticism emerged in the 1980s, when critics took reader-response theory a step further. They argued that questions of literary interpretation are not dependent on just the reader, but that they are firmly rooted in their bodies and minds. By expanding the range of tools available for literary analysis, cognitive critics hope to open up new pathways for literary criticism and critical theory. The focus is on how readers process the language.

One of the primary concerns of this school of criticism is the idea of conceptual metaphor, which was explored by George Lakoff and Mark Johnson in their work *Metaphors We Live By* (1980). Conceptual metaphors refer to the understanding of one idea in terms of another. For example, the metaphor 'life is a journey' shapes our language in such a way as to make us view life as a journey that has to be undertaken, one in

which we meet several co-travellers, etc. According to Lakoff and Johnson, metaphors are not mere decorative figures of speech, but important aspects of language that help us in understanding how the conceptual origins of such metaphors are interrelated to the text as a whole.

Critics who are associated with this school include Reuven Tsur (born 1932), Ronald Langacker (born 1942), and Mark Turner (born 1954)—all eminent linguists.

New Historicism

This school of criticism, influenced by structuralist and poststructuralist theories, aims at reconnecting a work with the age or time period in which it was produced. It attempts to interpret a work by identifying it with the political and cultural movements of the age to which it belongs. The assumption of the New Historicists is that every work is a product of the historic moment in which it was created.

The approach of the New Historicist is different from that of the traditional historian. The traditional historian is interested in a linear representation of history as a series of events based on the principle of cause and effect. The New Historicist, on the other hand, is more interested in studying how a particular event in history has been interpreted, and in examining how the interpretation reflects the sociopolitical leanings of the interpreter. According to the New Historicists, history can never be objective, as it depends on the person who is recording an event.

A New Historicist therefore studies a text against the background of the historical age to which it belongs. Equal importance is given to literary and non-literary texts, and both are studied together. The American critic Stephen Greenblatt (born 1943) popularised New Historicism.

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Acknowledgements

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Image A (Page 7): 'The tragical ballad: or, the lady who fell in love with her serving-man' (Source: Eighteenth Century Collections Online).

Image B (Page 44): 'Amphitheater in Epidaurus' (7 June 2007) by Fingalo, used under a Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 2.0 Germany license (http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/2.0/de/deed.en). Desaturated from original.

Image C (Page 54): Conjectural reconstruction of the Globe theatre by C. Walter Hodges, 1958 (Source: Folger Shakespeare Library http://goo.gl/5S1gIz), used under a Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 International license (http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/4.0/deed.en). Cropped from original.

Image D (Page 56): C. Walter Hodges' imagined reconstruction of Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice, act 1, scene 3, being performed in an Elizabethan theatre. Drawn for *The Globe Restored*, published by Ernest Benn, 1953. (source: Folger Shakespeare Library http://luna.folger.edu/luna/servlet/s/5b1ps6), used under a Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 International license (http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/4.0/deed.en). Desaturated from original.

Image E (Page 79): Fordham Theatre, Fordham Road and Valentine Avenue, Bronx, New York. William. H. McElfatrick, architect. Unknown photographer. (Source: *Architecture and Building*. Vol. 53 No. 5 (May 1921) Plate 75.

Image F (Page 80): 'Cockpit Theatre (Marylebone), Auditorium view from upstage-left' by Onthemat (September 2006). Cockpit Theatre, Gateforth Street, London NW8 8EH, UK. Used under a Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 3.0license (http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/3.0/). Desaturated from original.

Image G (Page 81): Pasant Theatre thrust stage from seats (10 January 2007). Wharton Center. Used under a Creative Commons Attribution-Share Alike 3.0 Unported license (http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/3.0/deed.en). Desaturated from original.

The forms in which literature finds its expression are as important as their content. The study of literary genres and forms plays a key role in sensitising the student of literature to the nuances of a work of art. No course in literature can be complete without adequate coverage of literary forms.

A Companion to Literary Forms will be useful to both students and teachers of English literature. The book defines each literary form in simple and clear language, explains its features, and provides numerous examples. In addition to examining all the major forms of poetry, drama and prose, this essential handbook also surveys literary criticism down the ages, from the ancient Greeks to the present day.

Padmaja Ashok has been teaching literature to undergraduates and postgraduates for almost thirty years. She has co-edited an anthology of prose, poetry and grammar, and has researched in the area of Canadian literature.

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Pygmalion

By

George Bernard Shaw



PREFACE TO PYGMALION.

A Professor of Phonetics.

As will be seen later on, Pygmalion needs, not a preface, but a sequel, which I have supplied in its due place. The English have no respect for their language, and will not teach their children to speak it. They spell it so abominably that no man can teach himself what it sounds like. It is impossible for an Englishman to open his mouth without making some other Englishman hate or despise him. German and Spanish are accessible to foreigners: English is not accessible even to Englishmen. The reformer England needs today is an energetic phonetic enthusiast: that is why I have made such a one the hero of a popular play. There have been heroes of that kind crying in the wilderness for many years past. When I became interested in the subject towards the end of the eighteen-seventies, Melville Bell was dead; but Alexander J. Ellis was still a living patriarch, with an impressive head always covered by a velvet skull cap, for which he would apologize to public meetings in a very courtly manner. He and Tito Pagliardini, another phonetic veteran, were men whom it was impossible to dislike. Henry Sweet, then a young man, lacked their sweetness of character: he was about as conciliatory to conventional mortals as Ibsen or Samuel Butler. His great ability as a phonetician (he was, I think, the best of them all at his job) would have entitled him to high official recognition, and perhaps enabled him to popularize his subject, but for his Satanic contempt for all academic dignitaries and persons in general who thought more of Greek than of phonetics. Once, in the days when the Imperial Institute rose in South Kensington, and Joseph Chamberlain was booming the Empire, I induced the editor of a leading monthly review to commission an article from Sweet on the imperial importance of his subject. When it arrived, it contained nothing but a savagely derisive attack on a professor of language and literature whose chair Sweet regarded as proper to a phonetic expert only. The article, being libelous, had to be returned as impossible; and I had to renounce my dream of dragging its author into the limelight. When I met him afterwards, for the first time for many years, I found to my astonishment that he, who had been a quite tolerably presentable young man, had actually managed by sheer scorn to alter his personal appearance until he had become a sort of walking repudiation of Oxford and all its traditions. It must have been largely in his own despite that he was squeezed into something called a Readership of phonetics there. The future of phonetics rests probably with his pupils, who all swore by him; but nothing could bring the man himself into any sort of compliance with the university, to which he nevertheless clung by divine right in an intensely Oxonian way. I daresay his papers, if he has left

any, include some satires that may be published without too destructive results fifty years hence. He was, I believe, not in the least an ill-natured man: very much the opposite, I should say; but he would not suffer fools gladly.

Those who knew him will recognize in my third act the allusion to the patent Shorthand in which he used to write postcards, and which may be acquired from a four and six-penny manual published by the Clarendon Press. The postcards which Mrs. Higgins describes are such as I have received from Sweet. I would decipher a sound which a cockney would represent by zerr, and a Frenchman by seu, and then write demanding with some heat what on earth it meant. Sweet, with boundless contempt for my stupidity, would reply that it not only meant but obviously was the word Result, as no other Word containing that sound, and capable of making sense with the context, existed in any language spoken on earth. That less expert mortals should require fuller indications was beyond Sweet's patience. Therefore, though the whole point of his "Current Shorthand" is that it can express every sound in the language perfectly, vowels as well as consonants, and that your hand has to make no stroke except the easy and current ones with which you write m, n, and u, l, p, and q, scribbling them at whatever angle comes easiest to you, his unfortunate determination to make this remarkable and quite legible script serve also as a Shorthand reduced it in his own practice to the most inscrutable of cryptograms. His true objective was the provision of a full, accurate, legible script for our noble but ill-dressed language; but he was led past that by his contempt for the popular Pitman system of Shorthand, which he called the Pitfall system. The triumph of Pitman was a triumph of business organization: there was a weekly paper to persuade you to learn Pitman: there were cheap textbooks and exercise books and transcripts of speeches for you to copy, and schools where experienced teachers coached you up to the necessary proficiency. Sweet could not organize his market in that fashion. He might as well have been the Sybil who tore up the leaves of prophecy that nobody would attend to. The four and six-penny manual, mostly in his lithographed handwriting, that was never vulgarly advertized, may perhaps some day be taken up by a syndicate and pushed upon the public as The Times pushed the Encyclopaedia Britannica; but until then it will certainly not prevail against Pitman. I have bought three copies of it during my lifetime; and I am informed by the publishers that its cloistered existence is still a steady and healthy one. I actually learned the system two several times; and yet the shorthand in which I am writing these lines is Pitman's. And the reason is, that my secretary cannot transcribe Sweet, having been perforce taught in the schools of Pitman. Therefore, Sweet railed at Pitman as vainly as Thersites railed at Ajax: his raillery, however it may have eased his soul, gave no popular vogue to Current Shorthand. Pygmalion Higgins is not a portrait of Sweet, to whom the adventure of Eliza Doolittle would have been impossible; still, as will be seen,

there are touches of Sweet in the play. With Higgins's physique and temperament Sweet might have set the Thames on fire. As it was, he impressed himself professionally on Europe to an extent that made his comparative personal obscurity, and the failure of Oxford to do justice to his eminence, a puzzle to foreign specialists in his subject. I do not blame Oxford, because I think Oxford is quite right in demanding a certain social amenity from its nurslings (heaven knows it is not exorbitant in its requirements!); for although I well know how hard it is for a man of genius with a seriously underrated subject to maintain serene and kindly relations with the men who underrate it, and who keep all the best places for less important subjects which they profess without originality and sometimes without much capacity for them, still, if he overwhelms them with wrath and disdain, he cannot expect them to heap honors on him.

Of the later generations of phoneticians I know little. Among them towers the Poet Laureate, to whom perhaps Higgins may owe his Miltonic sympathies, though here again I must disclaim all portraiture. But if the play makes the public aware that there are such people as phoneticians, and that they are among the most important people in England at present, it will serve its turn.

I wish to boast that Pygmalion has been an extremely successful play all over Europe and North America as well as at home. It is so intensely and deliberately didactic, and its subject is esteemed so dry, that I delight in throwing it at the heads of the wiseacres who repeat the parrot cry that art should never be didactic. It goes to prove my contention that art should never be anything else.

Finally, and for the encouragement of people troubled with accents that cut them off from all high employment, I may add that the change wrought by Professor Higgins in the flower girl is neither impossible nor uncommon. The modern concierge's daughter who fulfils her ambition by playing the Queen of Spain in Ruy Blas at the Theatre Francais is only one of many thousands of men and women who have sloughed off their native dialects and acquired a new tongue. But the thing has to be done scientifically, or the last state of the aspirant may be worse than the first. An honest and natural slum dialect is more tolerable than the attempt of a phonetically untaught person to imitate the vulgar dialect of the golf club; and I am sorry to say that in spite of the efforts of our Academy of Dramatic Art, there is still too much sham golfing English on our stage, and too little of the noble English of Forbes Robertson.

ACT I

Covent Garden at 11.15 p.m. Torrents of heavy summer rain. Cab whistles blowing frantically in all directions. Pedestrians running for shelter into the market and under the portico of St. Paul's Church, where there are already several people, among them a lady and her daughter in evening dress. They are all peering out gloomily at the rain, except one man with his back turned to the rest, who seems wholly preoccupied with a notebook in which he is writing busily.

The church clock strikes the first quarter.

THE DAUGHTER [in the space between the central pillars, close to the one on her left] I'm getting chilled to the bone. What can Freddy be doing all this time? He's been gone twenty minutes.

THE MOTHER [on her daughter's right] Not so long. But he ought to have got us a cab by this.

A BYSTANDER [on the lady's right] He won't get no cab not until half-past eleven, missus, when they come back after dropping their theatre fares.

THE MOTHER. But we must have a cab. We can't stand here until half-past eleven. It's too bad.

THE BYSTANDER. Well, it ain't my fault, missus.

THE DAUGHTER. If Freddy had a bit of gumption, he would have got one at the theatre door.

THE MOTHER. What could he have done, poor boy?

THE DAUGHTER. Other people got cabs. Why couldn't he?

Freddy rushes in out of the rain from the Southampton Street side, and comes between them closing a dripping umbrella. He is a young man of twenty, in evening dress, very wet around the ankles.

THE DAUGHTER. Well, haven't you got a cab?

FREDDY. There's not one to be had for love or money.

THE MOTHER. Oh, Freddy, there must be one. You can't have tried.

THE DAUGHTER. It's too tiresome. Do you expect us to go and get one ourselves?

FREDDY. I tell you they're all engaged. The rain was so sudden: nobody was prepared; and everybody had to take a cab. I've been to Charing Cross one way and nearly to Ludgate Circus the other; and they were all engaged.

THE MOTHER. Did you try Trafalgar Square?

FREDDY. There wasn't one at Trafalgar Square.

THE DAUGHTER. Did you try?

FREDDY. I tried as far as Charing Cross Station. Did you expect me to walk to Hammersmith?

THE DAUGHTER. You haven't tried at all.

THE MOTHER. You really are very helpless, Freddy. Go again; and don't come back until you have found a cab.

FREDDY. I shall simply get soaked for nothing.

THE DAUGHTER. And what about us? Are we to stay here all night in this draught, with next to nothing on. You selfish pig—

FREDDY. Oh, very well: I'll go, I'll go. [He opens his umbrella and dashes off Strandwards, but comes into collision with a flower girl, who is hurrying in for shelter, knocking her basket out of her hands. A blinding flash of lightning, followed instantly by a rattling peal of thunder, orchestrates the incident]

THE FLOWER GIRL. Nah then, Freddy: look wh' y' gowin, deah.

FREDDY. Sorry [he rushes off].

THE FLOWER GIRL [picking up her scattered flowers and replacing them in the basket] There's menners f' yer! Te-oo banches o voylets trod into the mad. [She sits down on the plinth of the column, sorting her flowers, on the lady's right. She is not at all an attractive person. She is perhaps eighteen, perhaps twenty, hardly older. She wears a little sailor hat of black straw that has long been exposed to the dust and soot of London and has seldom if ever been brushed. Her hair needs washing rather badly: its mousy color can hardly be natural. She wears a shoddy black coat that reaches nearly to her knees and is shaped to her waist. She has a brown skirt with a coarse apron. Her boots are much the worse for wear. She is no doubt as clean as she can afford to be; but compared to the ladies she is very dirty. Her features are no worse than theirs; but their condition leaves something to be desired; and she needs the services of a dentist].

THE MOTHER. How do you know that my son's name is Freddy, pray?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Ow, eez ye-ooa san, is e? Wal, fewd dan y' de-ooty bawmz a mather should, eed now bettern to spawl a pore gel's flahrzn than ran awy atbaht pyin. Will ye-oo py me f'them? [Here, with apologies, this desperate attempt to represent her dialect without a phonetic alphabet must be abandoned as unintelligible outside London.]

THE DAUGHTER. Do nothing of the sort, mother. The idea!

THE MOTHER. Please allow me, Clara. Have you any pennies?

THE DAUGHTER. No. I've nothing smaller than sixpence.

THE FLOWER GIRL [hopefully] I can give you change for a tanner, kind lady.

THE MOTHER [to Clara] Give it to me. [Clara parts reluctantly]. Now [to the girl] This is for your flowers.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Thank you kindly, lady.

THE DAUGHTER. Make her give you the change. These things are only a penny a bunch.

THE MOTHER. Do hold your tongue, Clara. [To the girl]. You can keep the change.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Oh, thank you, lady.

THE MOTHER. Now tell me how you know that young gentleman's name.

THE FLOWER GIRL. I didn't.

THE MOTHER. I heard you call him by it. Don't try to deceive me.

THE FLOWER GIRL [protesting] Who's trying to deceive you? I called him Freddy or Charlie same as you might yourself if you was talking to a stranger and wished to be pleasant. [She sits down beside her basket].

THE DAUGHTER. Sixpence thrown away! Really, mamma, you might have spared Freddy that. [She retreats in disgust behind the pillar].

An elderly gentleman of the amiable military type rushes into shelter, and closes a dripping umbrella. He is in the same plight as Freddy, very wet about the ankles. He is in evening dress, with a light overcoat. He takes the place left vacant by the daughter's retirement.

THE GENTLEMAN. Phew!

THE MOTHER [to the gentleman] Oh, sir, is there any sign of its stopping?

THE GENTLEMAN. I'm afraid not. It started worse than ever about two minutes ago. [He goes to the plinth beside the flower girl; puts up his foot on it; and stoops to turn down his trouser ends].

THE MOTHER. Oh, dear! [She retires sadly and joins her daughter].

THE FLOWER GIRL [taking advantage of the military gentleman's proximity to establish friendly relations with him]. If it's worse it's a sign it's

nearly over. So cheer up, Captain; and buy a flower off a poor girl.

THE GENTLEMAN. I'm sorry, I haven't any change.

THE FLOWER GIRL. I can give you change, Captain,

THE GENTLEMEN. For a sovereign? I've nothing less.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Garn! Oh do buy a flower off me, Captain. I can change half-a-crown. Take this for tuppence.

THE GENTLEMAN. Now don't be troublesome: there's a good girl. [Trying his pockets] I really haven't any change—Stop: here's three hapence, if that's any use to you [he retreats to the other pillar].

THE FLOWER GIRL [disappointed, but thinking three halfpence better than nothing] Thank you, sir.

THE BYSTANDER [to the girl] You be careful: give him a flower for it. There's a bloke here behind taking down every blessed word you're saying. [All turn to the man who is taking notes].

THE FLOWER GIRL [springing up terrified] I ain't done nothing wrong by speaking to the gentleman. I've a right to sell flowers if I keep off the kerb. [Hysterically] I'm a respectable girl: so help me, I never spoke to him except to ask him to buy a flower off me. [General hubbub, mostly sympathetic to the flower girl, but deprecating her excessive sensibility. Cries of Don't start hollerin. Who's hurting you? Nobody's going to touch you. What's the good of fussing? Steady on. Easy, easy, etc., come from the elderly staid spectators, who pat her comfortingly. Less patient ones bid her shut her head, or ask her roughly what is wrong with her. A remoter group, not knowing what the matter is, crowd in and increase the noise with question and answer: What's the row? What she do? Where is he? A tec taking her down. What! him? Yes: him over there: Took money off the gentleman, etc. The flower girl, distraught and mobbed, breaks through them to the gentleman, crying mildly] Oh, sir, don't let him charge me. You dunno what it means to me. They'll take away my character and drive me on the streets for speaking to gentlemen. They—

THE NOTE TAKER [coming forward on her right, the rest crowding after him] There, there, there, there! Who's hurting you, you silly girl? What do you take me for?

THE BYSTANDER. It's all right: he's a gentleman: look at his boots. [Explaining to the note taker] She thought you was a copper's nark, sir.

THE NOTE TAKER [with quick interest] What's a copper's nark?

THE BYSTANDER [inept at definition] It's a—well, it's a copper's nark, as you might say. What else would you call it? A sort of informer.

THE FLOWER GIRL [still hysterical] I take my Bible oath I never said a word—

THE NOTE TAKER [overbearing but good-humored] Oh, shut up, shut up. Do I look like a policeman?

THE FLOWER GIRL [far from reassured] Then what did you take down my words for? How do I know whether you took me down right? You just show me what you've wrote about me. [The note taker opens his book and holds it steadily under her nose, though the pressure of the mob trying to read it over his shoulders would upset a weaker man]. What's that? That ain't proper writing. I can't read that.

THE NOTE TAKER. I can. [Reads, reproducing her pronunciation exactly] "Cheer ap, Keptin; n' haw ya flahr orf a pore gel."

THE FLOWER GIRL [much distressed] It's because I called him Captain. I meant no harm. [To the gentleman] Oh, sir, don't let him lay a charge agen me for a word like that. You—

THE GENTLEMAN. Charge! I make no charge. [To the note taker] Really, sir, if you are a detective, you need not begin protecting me against molestation by young women until I ask you. Anybody could see that the girl meant no harm.

THE BYSTANDERS GENERALLY [demonstrating against police espionage] Course they could. What business is it of yours? You mind your own affairs. He wants promotion, he does. Taking down people's words! Girl never said a word to him. What harm if she did? Nice thing a girl can't shelter from the rain without being insulted, etc., etc., etc. [She is conducted by the more sympathetic demonstrators back to her plinth, where she resumes her seat and struggles with her emotion].

THE BYSTANDER. He ain't a tec. He's a blooming busybody: that's what he is. I tell you, look at his boots.

THE NOTE TAKER [turning on him genially] And how are all your people down at Selsey?

THE BYSTANDER [suspiciously] Who told you my people come from Selsey?

THE NOTE TAKER. Never you mind. They did. [To the girl] How do you come to be up so far east? You were born in Lisson Grove.

THE FLOWER GIRL [appalled] Oh, what harm is there in my leaving Lisson Grove? It wasn't fit for a pig to live in; and I had to pay four-and-six a week. [In tears] Oh, boo—hoo—oo—

THE NOTE TAKER. Live where you like; but stop that noise.

THE GENTLEMAN [to the girl] Come, come! he can't touch you: you have a right to live where you please.

A SARCASTIC BYSTANDER [thrusting himself between the note taker and the gentleman] Park Lane, for instance. I'd like to go into the Housing Question with you, I would.

THE FLOWER GIRL [subsiding into a brooding melancholy over her basket, and talking very low-spiritedly to herself] I'm a good girl, I am.

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER [not attending to her] Do you know where I come from?

THE NOTE TAKER [promptly] Hoxton.

Titterings. Popular interest in the note taker's performance increases.

THE SARCASTIC ONE [amazed] Well, who said I didn't? Bly me! You know everything, you do.

THE FLOWER GIRL [still nursing her sense of injury] Ain't no call to meddle with me, he ain't.

THE BYSTANDER [to her] Of course he ain't. Don't you stand it from him. [To the note taker] See here: what call have you to know about people what never offered to meddle with you? Where's your warrant?

SEVERAL BYSTANDERS [encouraged by this seeming point of law] Yes: where's your warrant?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Let him say what he likes. I don't want to have no truck with him.

THE BYSTANDER. You take us for dirt under your feet, don't you? Catch you taking liberties with a gentleman!

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER. Yes: tell HIM where he come from if you want to go fortune-telling.

THE NOTE TAKER. Cheltenham, Harrow, Cambridge, and India.

THE GENTLEMAN. Quite right. [Great laughter. Reaction in the note taker's favor. Exclamations of He knows all about it. Told him proper. Hear him tell the toff where he come from? etc.]. May I ask, sir, do you do this for your living at a music hall?

THE NOTE TAKER. I've thought of that. Perhaps I shall some day.

The rain has stopped; and the persons on the outside of the crowd begin to drop off.

THE FLOWER GIRL [resenting the reaction] He's no gentleman, he ain't, to interfere with a poor girl.

THE DAUGHTER [out of patience, pushing her way rudely to the front and displacing the gentleman, who politely retires to the other side of the pillar] What on earth is Freddy doing? I shall get pneumonia if I stay in this draught any longer.

THE NOTE TAKER [to himself, hastily making a note of her pronunciation of "monia"] Earlscourt.

THE DAUGHTER [violently] Will you please keep your impertinent remarks to yourself?

THE NOTE TAKER. Did I say that out loud? I didn't mean to. I beg your pardon. Your mother's Epsom, unmistakeably.

THE MOTHER [advancing between her daughter and the note taker] How very curious! I was brought up in Largelady Park, near Epsom.

THE NOTE TAKER [uproariously amused] Ha! ha! What a devil of a name! Excuse me. [To the daughter] You want a cab, do you?

THE DAUGHTER. Don't dare speak to me.

THE MOTHER. Oh, please, please Clara. [Her daughter repudiates her with an angry shrug and retires haughtily.] We should be so grateful to you, sir, if you found us a cab. [The note taker produces a whistle]. Oh, thank you. [She joins her daughter]. The note taker blows a piercing blast.

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER. There! I knowed he was a plain-clothes copper.

THE BYSTANDER. That ain't a police whistle: that's a sporting whistle.

THE FLOWER GIRL [still preoccupied with her wounded feelings] He's no right to take away my character. My character is the same to me as any lady's.

THE NOTE TAKER. I don't know whether you've noticed it; but the rain stopped about two minutes ago.

THE BYSTANDER. So it has. Why didn't you say so before? and us losing our time listening to your silliness. [He walks off towards the Strand].

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER. I can tell where you come from. You come from Anwell. Go back there.

THE NOTE TAKER [helpfully] Hanwell.

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER [affecting great distinction of speech]

Thenk you, teacher. Haw haw! So long [he touches his hat with mock respect and strolls off].

THE FLOWER GIRL. Frightening people like that! How would he like it himself.

THE MOTHER. It's quite fine now, Clara. We can walk to a motor bus. Come. [She gathers her skirts above her ankles and hurries off towards the Strand].

THE DAUGHTER. But the cab—[her mother is out of hearing]. Oh, how tiresome! [She follows angrily].

All the rest have gone except the note taker, the gentleman, and the flower girl, who sits arranging her basket, and still pitying herself in murmurs.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Poor girl! Hard enough for her to live without being worrited and chivied.

THE GENTLEMAN [returning to his former place on the note taker's left] How do you do it, if I may ask?

THE NOTE TAKER. Simply phonetics. The science of speech. That's my profession; also my hobby. Happy is the man who can make a living by his hobby! You can spot an Irishman or a Yorkshireman by his brogue. I can place any man within six miles. I can place him within two miles in London. Sometimes within two streets.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Ought to be ashamed of himself, unmanly coward!

THE GENTLEMAN. But is there a living in that?

THE NOTE TAKER. Oh yes. Quite a fat one. This is an age of upstarts. Men begin in Kentish Town with 80 pounds a year, and end in Park Lane with a hundred thousand. They want to drop Kentish Town; but they give themselves away every time they open their mouths. Now I can teach them—

THE FLOWER GIRL. Let him mind his own business and leave a poor girl—

THE NOTE TAKER [explosively] Woman: cease this detestable boohooing instantly; or else seek the shelter of some other place of worship.

THE FLOWER GIRL [with feeble defiance] I've a right to be here if I like, same as you.

THE NOTE TAKER. A woman who utters such depressing and disgusting sounds has no right to be anywhere—no right to live. Remember that you are a human being with a soul and the divine gift of articulate speech: that your native language is the language of Shakespear and Milton and The Bible; and

don't sit there crooning like a bilious pigeon.

THE FLOWER GIRL [quite overwhelmed, and looking up at him in mingled wonder and deprecation without daring to raise her head] Ah—ah—ah—ow—ow—oo!

THE NOTE TAKER [whipping out his book] Heavens! what a sound! [He writes; then holds out the book and reads, reproducing her vowels exactly] Ah—ah—ah—ow—ow—ow—oo!

THE FLOWER GIRL [tickled by the performance, and laughing in spite of herself] Garn!

THE NOTE TAKER. You see this creature with her kerbstone English: the English that will keep her in the gutter to the end of her days. Well, sir, in three months I could pass that girl off as a duchess at an ambassador's garden party. I could even get her a place as lady's maid or shop assistant, which requires better English. That's the sort of thing I do for commercial millionaires. And on the profits of it I do genuine scientific work in phonetics, and a little as a poet on Miltonic lines.

THE GENTLEMAN. I am myself a student of Indian dialects; and—

THE NOTE TAKER [eagerly] Are you? Do you know Colonel Pickering, the author of Spoken Sanscrit?

THE GENTLEMAN. I am Colonel Pickering. Who are you?

THE NOTE TAKER. Henry Higgins, author of Higgins's Universal Alphabet.

PICKERING [with enthusiasm] I came from India to meet you.

HIGGINS. I was going to India to meet you.

PICKERING. Where do you live?

HIGGINS. 27A Wimpole Street. Come and see me tomorrow.

PICKERING. I'm at the Carlton. Come with me now and let's have a jaw over some supper.

HIGGINS. Right you are.

THE FLOWER GIRL [to Pickering, as he passes her] Buy a flower, kind gentleman. I'm short for my lodging.

PICKERING. I really haven't any change. I'm sorry [he goes away].

HIGGINS [shocked at girl's mendacity] Liar. You said you could change half-a-crown.

THE FLOWER GIRL [rising in desperation] You ought to be stuffed with nails, you ought. [Flinging the basket at his feet] Take the whole blooming basket for sixpence.

The church clock strikes the second quarter.

HIGGINS [hearing in it the voice of God, rebuking him for his Pharisaic want of charity to the poor girl] A reminder. [He raises his hat solemnly; then throws a handful of money into the basket and follows Pickering].

THE FLOWER GIRL [picking up a half-crown] Ah—ow—ooh! [Picking up a couple of florins] Aaah—ow—ooh! [Picking up several coins] Aaaaaah—ow—ooh! [Picking up a half-sovereign] Aasaaaaaaaaah—ow—ooh!!!

FREDDY [springing out of a taxicab] Got one at last. Hallo! [To the girl] Where are the two ladies that were here?

THE FLOWER GIRL. They walked to the bus when the rain stopped.

FREDDY. And left me with a cab on my hands. Damnation!

THE FLOWER GIRL [with grandeur] Never you mind, young man. I'm going home in a taxi. [She sails off to the cab. The driver puts his hand behind him and holds the door firmly shut against her. Quite understanding his mistrust, she shows him her handful of money]. Eightpence ain't no object to me, Charlie. [He grins and opens the door]. Angel Court, Drury Lane, round the corner of Micklejohn's oil shop. Let's see how fast you can make her hop it. [She gets in and pulls the door to with a slam as the taxicab starts].

FREDDY. Well, I'm dashed!

ACT II

Next day at 11 a.m. Higgins's laboratory in Wimpole Street. It is a room on the first floor, looking on the street, and was meant for the drawing-room. The double doors are in the middle of the back hall; and persons entering find in the corner to their right two tall file cabinets at right angles to one another against the walls. In this corner stands a flat writing-table, on which are a phonograph, a laryngoscope, a row of tiny organ pipes with a bellows, a set of lamp chimneys for singing flames with burners attached to a gas plug in the wall by an indiarubber tube, several tuning-forks of different sizes, a life-size image of half a human head, showing in section the vocal organs, and a box containing a supply of wax cylinders for the phonograph.

Further down the room, on the same side, is a fireplace, with a comfortable

leather-covered easy-chair at the side of the hearth nearest the door, and a coal-scuttle. There is a clock on the mantelpiece. Between the fireplace and the phonograph table is a stand for newspapers.

On the other side of the central door, to the left of the visitor, is a cabinet of shallow drawers. On it is a telephone and the telephone directory. The corner beyond, and most of the side wall, is occupied by a grand piano, with the keyboard at the end furthest from the door, and a bench for the player extending the full length of the keyboard. On the piano is a dessert dish heaped with fruit and sweets, mostly chocolates.

The middle of the room is clear. Besides the easy chair, the piano bench, and two chairs at the phonograph table, there is one stray chair. It stands near the fireplace. On the walls, engravings; mostly Piranesis and mezzotint portraits. No paintings.

Pickering is seated at the table, putting down some cards and a tuning-fork which he has been using. Higgins is standing up near him, closing two or three file drawers which are hanging out. He appears in the morning light as a robust, vital, appetizing sort of man of forty or thereabouts, dressed in a professional-looking black frock-coat with a white linen collar and black silk tie. He is of the energetic, scientific type, heartily, even violently interested in everything that can be studied as a scientific subject, and careless about himself and other people, including their feelings. He is, in fact, but for his years and size, rather like a very impetuous baby "taking notice" eagerly and loudly, and requiring almost as much watching to keep him out of unintended mischief. His manner varies from genial bullying when he is in a good humor to stormy petulance when anything goes wrong; but he is so entirely frank and void of malice that he remains likeable even in his least reasonable moments.

HIGGINS [as he shuts the last drawer] Well, I think that's the whole show.

PICKERING. It's really amazing. I haven't taken half of it in, you know.

HIGGINS. Would you like to go over any of it again?

PICKERING [rising and coming to the fireplace, where he plants himself with his back to the fire] No, thank you; not now. I'm quite done up for this morning.

HIGGINS [following him, and standing beside him on his left] Tired of listening to sounds?

PICKERING. Yes. It's a fearful strain. I rather fancied myself because I can pronounce twenty-four distinct vowel sounds; but your hundred and thirty beat me. I can't hear a bit of difference between most of them.

HIGGINS [chuckling, and going over to the piano to eat sweets] Oh, that

comes with practice. You hear no difference at first; but you keep on listening, and presently you find they're all as different as A from B. [Mrs. Pearce looks in: she is Higgins's housekeeper] What's the matter?

MRS. PEARCE [hesitating, evidently perplexed] A young woman wants to see you, sir.

HIGGINS. A young woman! What does she want?

MRS. PEARCE. Well, sir, she says you'll be glad to see her when you know what she's come about. She's quite a common girl, sir. Very common indeed. I should have sent her away, only I thought perhaps you wanted her to talk into your machines. I hope I've not done wrong; but really you see such queer people sometimes—you'll excuse me, I'm sure, sir—

HIGGINS. Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Pearce. Has she an interesting accent?

MRS. PEARCE. Oh, something dreadful, sir, really. I don't know how you can take an interest in it.

HIGGINS [to Pickering] Let's have her up. Show her up, Mrs. Pearce [he rushes across to his working table and picks out a cylinder to use on the phonograph].

MRS. PEARCE [only half resigned to it] Very well, sir. It's for you to say. [She goes downstairs].

HIGGINS. This is rather a bit of luck. I'll show you how I make records. We'll set her talking; and I'll take it down first in Bell's visible Speech; then in broad Romic; and then we'll get her on the phonograph so that you can turn her on as often as you like with the written transcript before you.

MRS. PEARCE [returning] This is the young woman, sir.

The flower girl enters in state. She has a hat with three ostrich feathers, orange, sky-blue, and red. She has a nearly clean apron, and the shoddy coat has been tidied a little. The pathos of this deplorable figure, with its innocent vanity and consequential air, touches Pickering, who has already straightened himself in the presence of Mrs. Pearce. But as to Higgins, the only distinction he makes between men and women is that when he is neither bullying nor exclaiming to the heavens against some featherweight cross, he coaxes women as a child coaxes its nurse when it wants to get anything out of her.

HIGGINS [brusquely, recognizing her with unconcealed disappointment, and at once, baby-like, making an intolerable grievance of it] Why, this is the girl I jotted down last night. She's no use: I've got all the records I want of the Lisson Grove lingo; and I'm not going to waste another cylinder on it. [To the girl] Be off with you: I don't want you.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Don't you be so saucy. You ain't heard what I come for yet. [To Mrs. Pearce, who is waiting at the door for further instruction] Did you tell him I come in a taxi?

MRS. PEARCE. Nonsense, girl! what do you think a gentleman like Mr. Higgins cares what you came in?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Oh, we are proud! He ain't above giving lessons, not him: I heard him say so. Well, I ain't come here to ask for any compliment; and if my money's not good enough I can go elsewhere.

HIGGINS. Good enough for what?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Good enough for ye—oo. Now you know, don't you? I'm come to have lessons, I am. And to pay for em too: make no mistake.

HIGGINS [stupent] WELL!!! [Recovering his breath with a gasp] What do you expect me to say to you?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Well, if you was a gentleman, you might ask me to sit down, I think. Don't I tell you I'm bringing you business?

HIGGINS. Pickering: shall we ask this baggage to sit down or shall we throw her out of the window?

THE FLOWER GIRL [running away in terror to the piano, where she turns at bay] Ah—ah—ah—ow—ow—ow—oo! [Wounded and whimpering] I won't be called a baggage when I've offered to pay like any lady.

Motionless, the two men stare at her from the other side of the room, amazed.

PICKERING [gently] What is it you want, my girl?

THE FLOWER GIRL. I want to be a lady in a flower shop stead of selling at the corner of Tottenham Court Road. But they won't take me unless I can talk more genteel. He said he could teach me. Well, here I am ready to pay him —not asking any favor—and he treats me as if I was dirt.

MRS. PEARCE. How can you be such a foolish ignorant girl as to think you could afford to pay Mr. Higgins?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Why shouldn't I? I know what lessons cost as well as you do; and I'm ready to pay.

HIGGINS. How much?

THE FLOWER GIRL [coming back to him, triumphant] Now you're talking! I thought you'd come off it when you saw a chance of getting back a bit of what you chucked at me last night. [Confidentially] You'd had a drop in, hadn't you?

HIGGINS [peremptorily] Sit down.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Oh, if you're going to make a compliment of it—

HIGGINS [thundering at her] Sit down.

MRS. PEARCE [severely] Sit down, girl. Do as you're told. [She places the stray chair near the hearthrug between Higgins and Pickering, and stands behind it waiting for the girl to sit down].

THE FLOWER GIRL. Ah—ah—ah—ow—ow—oo! [She stands, half rebellious, half bewildered].

PICKERING [very courteous] Won't you sit down?

LIZA [coyly] Don't mind if I do. [She sits down. Pickering returns to the hearthrug].

HIGGINS. What's your name?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Liza Doolittle.

HIGGINS [declaiming gravely] Eliza, Elizabeth, Betsy and Bess, They went to the woods to get a bird's nes':

PICKERING. They found a nest with four eggs in it:

HIGGINS. They took one apiece, and left three in it.

They laugh heartily at their own wit.

LIZA. Oh, don't be silly.

MRS. PEARCE. You mustn't speak to the gentleman like that.

LIZA. Well, why won't he speak sensible to me?

HIGGINS. Come back to business. How much do you propose to pay me for the lessons?

LIZA. Oh, I know what's right. A lady friend of mine gets French lessons for eighteenpence an hour from a real French gentleman. Well, you wouldn't have the face to ask me the same for teaching me my own language as you would for French; so I won't give more than a shilling. Take it or leave it.

HIGGINS [walking up and down the room, rattling his keys and his cash in his pockets] You know, Pickering, if you consider a shilling, not as a simple shilling, but as a percentage of this girl's income, it works out as fully equivalent to sixty or seventy guineas from a millionaire.

PICKERING. How so?

HIGGINS. Figure it out. A millionaire has about 150 pounds a day. She earns about half-a-crown.

LIZA [haughtily] Who told you I only—

HIGGINS [continuing] She offers me two-fifths of her day's income for a lesson. Two-fifths of a millionaire's income for a day would be somewhere about 60 pounds. It's handsome. By George, it's enormous! it's the biggest offer I ever had.

LIZA [rising, terrified] Sixty pounds! What are you talking about? I never offered you sixty pounds. Where would I get—

HIGGINS. Hold your tongue.

LIZA [weeping] But I ain't got sixty pounds. Oh—

MRS. PEARCE. Don't cry, you silly girl. Sit down. Nobody is going to touch your money.

HIGGINS. Somebody is going to touch you, with a broomstick, if you don't stop snivelling. Sit down.

LIZA [obeying slowly] Ah—ah—ah—ow—oo—o! One would think you was my father.

HIGGINS. If I decide to teach you, I'll be worse than two fathers to you. Here [he offers her his silk handkerchief]!

LIZA. What's this for?

HIGGINS. To wipe your eyes. To wipe any part of your face that feels moist. Remember: that's your handkerchief; and that's your sleeve. Don't mistake the one for the other if you wish to become a lady in a shop.

Liza, utterly bewildered, stares helplessly at him.

MRS. PEARCE. It's no use talking to her like that, Mr. Higgins: she doesn't understand you. Besides, you're quite wrong: she doesn't do it that way at all [she takes the handkerchief].

LIZA [snatching it] Here! You give me that handkerchief. He give it to me, not to you.

PICKERING [laughing] He did. I think it must be regarded as her property, Mrs. Pearce.

MRS. PEARCE [resigning herself] Serve you right, Mr. Higgins.

PICKERING. Higgins: I'm interested. What about the ambassador's garden party? I'll say you're the greatest teacher alive if you make that good. I'll bet you all the expenses of the experiment you can't do it. And I'll pay for the lessons.

LIZA. Oh, you are real good. Thank you, Captain.

HIGGINS [tempted, looking at her] It's almost irresistible. She's so deliciously low—so horribly dirty—

LIZA [protesting extremely] Ah—ah—ah—ah—ow—ow—oooo!!! I ain't dirty: I washed my face and hands afore I come, I did.

PICKERING. You're certainly not going to turn her head with flattery, Higgins.

MRS. PEARCE [uneasy] Oh, don't say that, sir: there's more ways than one of turning a girl's head; and nobody can do it better than Mr. Higgins, though he may not always mean it. I do hope, sir, you won't encourage him to do anything foolish.

HIGGINS [becoming excited as the idea grows on him] What is life but a series of inspired follies? The difficulty is to find them to do. Never lose a chance: it doesn't come every day. I shall make a duchess of this draggletailed guttersnipe.

LIZA [strongly deprecating this view of her] Ah—ah—ah—ow—ow—oo!

HIGGINS [carried away] Yes: in six months—in three if she has a good ear and a quick tongue—I'll take her anywhere and pass her off as anything. We'll start today: now! this moment! Take her away and clean her, Mrs. Pearce. Monkey Brand, if it won't come off any other way. Is there a good fire in the kitchen?

MRS. PEARCE [protesting]. Yes; but—

HIGGINS [storming on] Take all her clothes off and burn them. Ring up Whiteley or somebody for new ones. Wrap her up in brown paper till they come.

LIZA. You're no gentleman, you're not, to talk of such things. I'm a good girl, I am; and I know what the like of you are, I do.

HIGGINS. We want none of your Lisson Grove prudery here, young woman. You've got to learn to behave like a duchess. Take her away, Mrs. Pearce. If she gives you any trouble wallop her.

LIZA [springing up and running between Pickering and Mrs. Pearce for protection] No! I'll call the police, I will.

MRS. PEARCE. But I've no place to put her.

HIGGINS. Put her in the dustbin.

LIZA. Ah—ah—ah—ow—ow—oo!

PICKERING. Oh come, Higgins! be reasonable.

MRS. PEARCE [resolutely] You must be reasonable, Mr. Higgins: really you must. You can't walk over everybody like this.

Higgins, thus scolded, subsides. The hurricane is succeeded by a zephyr of amiable surprise.

HIGGINS [with professional exquisiteness of modulation] I walk over everybody! My dear Mrs. Pearce, my dear Pickering, I never had the slightest intention of walking over anyone. All I propose is that we should be kind to this poor girl. We must help her to prepare and fit herself for her new station in life. If I did not express myself clearly it was because I did not wish to hurt her delicacy, or yours.

Liza, reassured, steals back to her chair.

MRS. PEARCE [to Pickering] Well, did you ever hear anything like that, sir?

PICKERING [laughing heartily] Never, Mrs. Pearce: never.

HIGGINS [patiently] What's the matter?

MRS. PEARCE. Well, the matter is, sir, that you can't take a girl up like that as if you were picking up a pebble on the beach.

HIGGINS. Why not?

MRS. PEARCE. Why not! But you don't know anything about her. What about her parents? She may be married.

LIZA. Garn!

HIGGINS. There! As the girl very properly says, Garn! Married indeed! Don't you know that a woman of that class looks a worn out drudge of fifty a year after she's married.

LIZA. Who'd marry me?

HIGGINS [suddenly resorting to the most thrillingly beautiful low tones in his best elocutionary style] By George, Eliza, the streets will be strewn with the bodies of men shooting themselves for your sake before I've done with you.

MRS. PEARCE. Nonsense, sir. You mustn't talk like that to her.

LIZA [rising and squaring herself determinedly] I'm going away. He's off his chump, he is. I don't want no balmies teaching me.

HIGGINS [wounded in his tenderest point by her insensibility to his elocution] Oh, indeed! I'm mad, am I? Very well, Mrs. Pearce: you needn't order the new clothes for her. Throw her out.

LIZA [whimpering] Nah—ow. You got no right to touch me.

MRS. PEARCE. You see now what comes of being saucy. [Indicating the door] This way, please.

LIZA [almost in tears] I didn't want no clothes. I wouldn't have taken them [she throws away the handkerchief]. I can buy my own clothes.

HIGGINS [deftly retrieving the handkerchief and intercepting her on her reluctant way to the door] You're an ungrateful wicked girl. This is my return for offering to take you out of the gutter and dress you beautifully and make a lady of you.

MRS. PEARCE. Stop, Mr. Higgins. I won't allow it. It's you that are wicked. Go home to your parents, girl; and tell them to take better care of you.

LIZA. I ain't got no parents. They told me I was big enough to earn my own living and turned me out.

MRS. PEARCE. Where's your mother?

LIZA. I ain't got no mother. Her that turned me out was my sixth stepmother. But I done without them. And I'm a good girl, I am.

HIGGINS. Very well, then, what on earth is all this fuss about? The girl doesn't belong to anybody—is no use to anybody but me. [He goes to Mrs. Pearce and begins coaxing]. You can adopt her, Mrs. Pearce: I'm sure a daughter would be a great amusement to you. Now don't make any more fuss. Take her downstairs; and—

MRS. PEARCE. But what's to become of her? Is she to be paid anything? Do be sensible, sir.

HIGGINS. Oh, pay her whatever is necessary: put it down in the housekeeping book. [Impatiently] What on earth will she want with money? She'll have her food and her clothes. She'll only drink if you give her money.

LIZA [turning on him] Oh you are a brute. It's a lie: nobody ever saw the sign of liquor on me. [She goes back to her chair and plants herself there defiantly].

PICKERING [in good-humored remonstrance] Does it occur to you, Higgins, that the girl has some feelings?

HIGGINS [looking critically at her] Oh no, I don't think so. Not any feelings that we need bother about. [Cheerily] Have you, Eliza?

LIZA. I got my feelings same as anyone else.

HIGGINS [to Pickering, reflectively] You see the difficulty?

PICKERING. Eh? What difficulty?

HIGGINS. To get her to talk grammar. The mere pronunciation is easy enough.

LIZA. I don't want to talk grammar. I want to talk like a lady.

MRS. PEARCE. Will you please keep to the point, Mr. Higgins. I want to know on what terms the girl is to be here. Is she to have any wages? And what is to become of her when you've finished your teaching? You must look ahead a little.

HIGGINS [impatiently] What's to become of her if I leave her in the gutter? Tell me that, Mrs. Pearce.

MRS. PEARCE. That's her own business, not yours, Mr. Higgins.

HIGGINS. Well, when I've done with her, we can throw her back into the gutter; and then it will be her own business again; so that's all right.

LIZA. Oh, you've no feeling heart in you: you don't care for nothing but yourself [she rises and takes the floor resolutely]. Here! I've had enough of this. I'm going [making for the door]. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you ought.

HIGGINS [snatching a chocolate cream from the piano, his eyes suddenly beginning to twinkle with mischief] Have some chocolates, Eliza.

LIZA [halting, tempted] How do I know what might be in them? I've heard of girls being drugged by the like of you.

Higgins whips out his penknife; cuts a chocolate in two; puts one half into his mouth and bolts it; and offers her the other half.

HIGGINS. Pledge of good faith, Eliza. I eat one half you eat the other.

[Liza opens her mouth to retort: he pops the half chocolate into it]. You shall have boxes of them, barrels of them, every day. You shall live on them. Eh?

LIZA [who has disposed of the chocolate after being nearly choked by it] I wouldn't have ate it, only I'm too ladylike to take it out of my mouth.

HIGGINS. Listen, Eliza. I think you said you came in a taxi.

LIZA. Well, what if I did? I've as good a right to take a taxi as anyone else.

HIGGINS. You have, Eliza; and in future you shall have as many taxis as you want. You shall go up and down and round the town in a taxi every day. Think of that, Eliza.

MRS. PEARCE. Mr. Higgins: you're tempting the girl. It's not right. She

should think of the future.

HIGGINS. At her age! Nonsense! Time enough to think of the future when you haven't any future to think of. No, Eliza: do as this lady does: think of other people's futures; but never think of your own. Think of chocolates, and taxis, and gold, and diamonds.

LIZA. No: I don't want no gold and no diamonds. I'm a good girl, I am. [She sits down again, with an attempt at dignity].

HIGGINS. You shall remain so, Eliza, under the care of Mrs. Pearce. And you shall marry an officer in the Guards, with a beautiful moustache: the son of a marquis, who will disinherit him for marrying you, but will relent when he sees your beauty and goodness—

PICKERING. Excuse me, Higgins; but I really must interfere. Mrs. Pearce is quite right. If this girl is to put herself in your hands for six months for an experiment in teaching, she must understand thoroughly what she's doing.

HIGGINS. How can she? She's incapable of understanding anything. Besides, do any of us understand what we are doing? If we did, would we ever do it?

PICKERING. Very clever, Higgins; but not sound sense. [To Eliza] Miss Doolittle—

LIZA [overwhelmed] Ah—ah—ow—oo!

HIGGINS. There! That's all you get out of Eliza. Ah—ah—ow—oo! No use explaining. As a military man you ought to know that. Give her her orders: that's what she wants. Eliza: you are to live here for the next six months, learning how to speak beautifully, like a lady in a florist's shop. If you're good and do whatever you're told, you shall sleep in a proper bedroom, and have lots to eat, and money to buy chocolates and take rides in taxis. If you're naughty and idle you will sleep in the back kitchen among the black beetles, and be walloped by Mrs. Pearce with a broomstick. At the end of six months you shall go to Buckingham Palace in a carriage, beautifully dressed. If the King finds out you're not a lady, you will be taken by the police to the Tower of London, where your head will be cut off as a warning to other presumptuous flower girls. If you are not found out, you shall have a present of seven-and-sixpence to start life with as a lady in a shop. If you refuse this offer you will be a most ungrateful and wicked girl; and the angels will weep for you. [To Pickering] Now are you satisfied, Pickering? [To Mrs. Pearce] Can I put it more plainly and fairly, Mrs. Pearce?

MRS. PEARCE [patiently] I think you'd better let me speak to the girl properly in private. I don't know that I can take charge of her or consent to the

arrangement at all. Of course I know you don't mean her any harm; but when you get what you call interested in people's accents, you never think or care what may happen to them or you. Come with me, Eliza.

HIGGINS. That's all right. Thank you, Mrs. Pearce. Bundle her off to the bath-room.

LIZA [rising reluctantly and suspiciously] You're a great bully, you are. I won't stay here if I don't like. I won't let nobody wallop me. I never asked to go to Bucknam Palace, I didn't. I was never in trouble with the police, not me. I'm a good girl—

MRS. PEARCE. Don't answer back, girl. You don't understand the gentleman. Come with me. [She leads the way to the door, and holds it open for Eliza].

LIZA [as she goes out] Well, what I say is right. I won't go near the king, not if I'm going to have my head cut off. If I'd known what I was letting myself in for, I wouldn't have come here. I always been a good girl; and I never offered to say a word to him; and I don't owe him nothing; and I don't care; and I won't be put upon; and I have my feelings the same as anyone else —

Mrs. Pearce shuts the door; and Eliza's plaints are no longer audible. Pickering comes from the hearth to the chair and sits astride it with his arms on the back.

PICKERING. Excuse the straight question, Higgins. Are you a man of good character where women are concerned?

HIGGINS [moodily] Have you ever met a man of good character where women are concerned?

PICKERING. Yes: very frequently.

HIGGINS [dogmatically, lifting himself on his hands to the level of the piano, and sitting on it with a bounce] Well, I haven't. I find that the moment I let a woman make friends with me, she becomes jealous, exacting, suspicious, and a damned nuisance. I find that the moment I let myself make friends with a woman, I become selfish and tyrannical. Women upset everything. When you let them into your life, you find that the woman is driving at one thing and you're driving at another.

PICKERING. At what, for example?

HIGGINS [coming off the piano restlessly] Oh, Lord knows! I suppose the woman wants to live her own life; and the man wants to live his; and each tries to drag the other on to the wrong track. One wants to go north and the other south; and the result is that both have to go east, though they both hate the east

wind. [He sits down on the bench at the keyboard]. So here I am, a confirmed old bachelor, and likely to remain so.

PICKERING [rising and standing over him gravely] Come, Higgins! You know what I mean. If I'm to be in this business I shall feel responsible for that girl. I hope it's understood that no advantage is to be taken of her position.

HIGGINS. What! That thing! Sacred, I assure you. [Rising to explain] You see, she'll be a pupil; and teaching would be impossible unless pupils were sacred. I've taught scores of American millionairesses how to speak English: the best looking women in the world. I'm seasoned. They might as well be blocks of wood. I might as well be a block of wood. It's—

Mrs. Pearce opens the door. She has Eliza's hat in her hand. Pickering retires to the easy-chair at the hearth and sits down.

HIGGINS [eagerly] Well, Mrs. Pearce: is it all right?

MRS. PEARCE [at the door] I just wish to trouble you with a word, if I may, Mr. Higgins.

HIGGINS. Yes, certainly. Come in. [She comes forward]. Don't burn that, Mrs. Pearce. I'll keep it as a curiosity. [He takes the hat].

MRS. PEARCE. Handle it carefully, sir, please. I had to promise her not to burn it; but I had better put it in the oven for a while.

HIGGINS [putting it down hastily on the piano] Oh! thank you. Well, what have you to say to me?

PICKERING. Am I in the way?

MRS. PEARCE. Not at all, sir. Mr. Higgins: will you please be very particular what you say before the girl?

HIGGINS [sternly] Of course. I'm always particular about what I say. Why do you say this to me?

MRS. PEARCE [unmoved] No, sir: you're not at all particular when you've mislaid anything or when you get a little impatient. Now it doesn't matter before me: I'm used to it. But you really must not swear before the girl.

HIGGINS [indignantly] I swear! [Most emphatically] I never swear. I detest the habit. What the devil do you mean?

MRS. PEARCE [stolidly] That's what I mean, sir. You swear a great deal too much. I don't mind your damning and blasting, and what the devil and where the devil and who the devil—

HIGGINS. Really! Mrs. Pearce: this language from your lips!

MRS. PEARCE [not to be put off]—but there is a certain word I must ask you not to use. The girl has just used it herself because the bath was too hot. It begins with the same letter as bath. She knows no better: she learnt it at her mother's knee. But she must not hear it from your lips.

HIGGINS [loftily] I cannot charge myself with having ever uttered it, Mrs. Pearce. [She looks at him steadfastly. He adds, hiding an uneasy conscience with a judicial air] Except perhaps in a moment of extreme and justifiable excitement.

MRS. PEARCE. Only this morning, sir, you applied it to your boots, to the butter, and to the brown bread.

HIGGINS. Oh, that! Mere alliteration, Mrs. Pearce, natural to a poet.

MRS. PEARCE. Well, sir, whatever you choose to call it, I beg you not to let the girl hear you repeat it.

HIGGINS. Oh, very well, very well. Is that all?

MRS. PEARCE. No, sir. We shall have to be very particular with this girl as to personal cleanliness.

HIGGINS. Certainly. Quite right. Most important.

MRS. PEARCE. I mean not to be slovenly about her dress or untidy in leaving things about.

HIGGINS [going to her solemnly] Just so. I intended to call your attention to that [He passes on to Pickering, who is enjoying the conversation immensely]. It is these little things that matter, Pickering. Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves is as true of personal habits as of money. [He comes to anchor on the hearthrug, with the air of a man in an unassailable position].

MRS. PEARCE. Yes, sir. Then might I ask you not to come down to breakfast in your dressing-gown, or at any rate not to use it as a napkin to the extent you do, sir. And if you would be so good as not to eat everything off the same plate, and to remember not to put the porridge saucepan out of your hand on the clean tablecloth, it would be a better example to the girl. You know you nearly choked yourself with a fishbone in the jam only last week.

HIGGINS [routed from the hearthrug and drifting back to the piano] I may do these things sometimes in absence of mind; but surely I don't do them habitually. [Angrily] By the way: my dressing-gown smells most damnably of benzine.

MRS. PEARCE. No doubt it does, Mr. Higgins. But if you will wipe your fingers—

HIGGINS [yelling] Oh very well, very well: I'll wipe them in my hair in future.

MRS. PEARCE. I hope you're not offended, Mr. Higgins.

HIGGINS [shocked at finding himself thought capable of an unamiable sentiment] Not at all, not at all. You're quite right, Mrs. Pearce: I shall be particularly careful before the girl. Is that all?

MRS. PEARCE. No, sir. Might she use some of those Japanese dresses you brought from abroad? I really can't put her back into her old things.

HIGGINS. Certainly. Anything you like. Is that all?

MRS. PEARCE. Thank you, sir. That's all. [She goes out].

HIGGINS. You know, Pickering, that woman has the most extraordinary ideas about me. Here I am, a shy, diffident sort of man. I've never been able to feel really grown-up and tremendous, like other chaps. And yet she's firmly persuaded that I'm an arbitrary overbearing bossing kind of person. I can't account for it.

Mrs. Pearce returns.

MRS. PEARCE. If you please, sir, the trouble's beginning already. There's a dustman downstairs, Alfred Doolittle, wants to see you. He says you have his daughter here.

PICKERING [rising] Phew! I say! [He retreats to the hearthrug].

HIGGINS [promptly] Send the blackguard up.

MRS. PEARCE. Oh, very well, sir. [She goes out].

PICKERING. He may not be a blackguard, Higgins.

HIGGINS. Nonsense. Of course he's a blackguard.

PICKERING. Whether he is or not, I'm afraid we shall have some trouble with him.

HIGGINS [confidently] Oh no: I think not. If there's any trouble he shall have it with me, not I with him. And we are sure to get something interesting out of him.

PICKERING. About the girl?

HIGGINS. No. I mean his dialect.

PICKERING. Oh!

MRS. PEARCE [at the door] Doolittle, sir. [She admits Doolittle and retires].

Alfred Doolittle is an elderly but vigorous dustman, clad in the costume of his profession, including a hat with a back brim covering his neck and shoulders. He has well marked and rather interesting features, and seems equally free from fear and conscience. He has a remarkably expressive voice, the result of a habit of giving vent to his feelings without reserve. His present pose is that of wounded honor and stern resolution.

DOOLITTLE [at the door, uncertain which of the two gentlemen is his man] Professor Higgins?

HIGGINS. Here. Good morning. Sit down.

DOOLITTLE. Morning, Governor. [He sits down magisterially] I come about a very serious matter, Governor.

HIGGINS [to Pickering] Brought up in Hounslow. Mother Welsh, I should think. [Doolittle opens his mouth, amazed. Higgins continues] What do you want, Doolittle?

DOOLITTLE [menacingly] I want my daughter: that's what I want. See?

HIGGINS. Of course you do. You're her father, aren't you? You don't suppose anyone else wants her, do you? I'm glad to see you have some spark of family feeling left. She's upstairs. Take her away at once.

DOOLITTLE [rising, fearfully taken aback] What!

HIGGINS. Take her away. Do you suppose I'm going to keep your daughter for you?

DOOLITTLE [remonstrating] Now, now, look here, Governor. Is this reasonable? Is it fair to take advantage of a man like this? The girl belongs to me. You got her. Where do I come in? [He sits down again].

HIGGINS. Your daughter had the audacity to come to my house and ask me to teach her how to speak properly so that she could get a place in a flower-shop. This gentleman and my housekeeper have been here all the time. [Bullying him] How dare you come here and attempt to blackmail me? You sent her here on purpose.

DOOLITTLE [protesting] No, Governor.

HIGGINS. You must have. How else could you possibly know that she is here?

DOOLITTLE. Don't take a man up like that, Governor.

HIGGINS. The police shall take you up. This is a plant—a plot to extort money by threats. I shall telephone for the police [he goes resolutely to the telephone and opens the directory].

DOOLITTLE. Have I asked you for a brass farthing? I leave it to the gentleman here: have I said a word about money?

HIGGINS [throwing the book aside and marching down on Doolittle with a poser] What else did you come for?

DOOLITTLE [sweetly] Well, what would a man come for? Be human, governor.

HIGGINS [disarmed] Alfred: did you put her up to it?

DOOLITTLE. So help me, Governor, I never did. I take my Bible oath I ain't seen the girl these two months past.

HIGGINS. Then how did you know she was here?

DOOLITTLE ["most musical, most melancholy"] I'll tell you, Governor, if you'll only let me get a word in. I'm willing to tell you. I'm wanting to tell you. I'm waiting to tell you.

HIGGINS. Pickering: this chap has a certain natural gift of rhetoric. Observe the rhythm of his native woodnotes wild. "I'm willing to tell you: I'm wanting to tell you: I'm waiting to tell you." Sentimental rhetoric! That's the Welsh strain in him. It also accounts for his mendacity and dishonesty.

PICKERING. Oh, PLEASE, Higgins: I'm west country myself. [To Doolittle] How did you know the girl was here if you didn't send her?

DOOLITTLE. It was like this, Governor. The girl took a boy in the taxi to give him a jaunt. Son of her landlady, he is. He hung about on the chance of her giving him another ride home. Well, she sent him back for her luggage when she heard you was willing for her to stop here. I met the boy at the corner of Long Acre and Endell Street.

HIGGINS. Public house. Yes?

DOOLITTLE. The poor man's club, Governor: why shouldn't I?

PICKERING. Do let him tell his story, Higgins.

DOOLITTLE. He told me what was up. And I ask you, what was my feelings and my duty as a father? I says to the boy, "You bring me the luggage," I says—

PICKERING. Why didn't you go for it yourself?

DOOLITTLE. Landlady wouldn't have trusted me with it, Governor. She's that kind of woman: you know. I had to give the boy a penny afore he trusted me with it, the little swine. I brought it to her just to oblige you like, and make myself agreeable. That's all.

HIGGINS. How much luggage?

DOOLITTLE. Musical instrument, Governor. A few pictures, a trifle of jewelry, and a bird-cage. She said she didn't want no clothes. What was I to think from that, Governor? I ask you as a parent what was I to think?

HIGGINS. So you came to rescue her from worse than death, eh?

DOOLITTLE [appreciatively: relieved at being understood] Just so, Governor. That's right.

PICKERING. But why did you bring her luggage if you intended to take her away?

DOOLITTLE. Have I said a word about taking her away? Have I now?

HIGGINS [determinedly] You're going to take her away, double quick. [He crosses to the hearth and rings the bell].

DOOLITTLE [rising] No, Governor. Don't say that. I'm not the man to stand in my girl's light. Here's a career opening for her, as you might say; and —

Mrs. Pearce opens the door and awaits orders.

HIGGINS. Mrs. Pearce: this is Eliza's father. He has come to take her away. Give her to him. [He goes back to the piano, with an air of washing his hands of the whole affair].

DOOLITTLE. No. This is a misunderstanding. Listen here—

MRS. PEARCE. He can't take her away, Mr. Higgins: how can he? You told me to burn her clothes.

DOOLITTLE. That's right. I can't carry the girl through the streets like a blooming monkey, can I? I put it to you.

HIGGINS. You have put it to me that you want your daughter. Take your daughter. If she has no clothes go out and buy her some.

DOOLITTLE [desperate] Where's the clothes she come in? Did I burn them or did your missus here?

MRS. PEARCE. I am the housekeeper, if you please. I have sent for some clothes for your girl. When they come you can take her away. You can wait in the kitchen. This way, please.

Doolittle, much troubled, accompanies her to the door; then hesitates; finally turns confidentially to Higgins.

DOOLITTLE. Listen here, Governor. You and me is men of the world, ain't we?

HIGGINS. Oh! Men of the world, are we? You'd better go, Mrs. Pearce.

MRS. PEARCE. I think so, indeed, sir. [She goes, with dignity].

PICKERING. The floor is yours, Mr. Doolittle.

DOOLITTLE [to Pickering] I thank you, Governor. [To Higgins, who takes refuge on the piano bench, a little overwhelmed by the proximity of his visitor; for Doolittle has a professional flavor of dust about him]. Well, the truth is, I've taken a sort of fancy to you, Governor; and if you want the girl, I'm not so set on having her back home again but what I might be open to an arrangement. Regarded in the light of a young woman, she's a fine handsome girl. As a daughter she's not worth her keep; and so I tell you straight. All I ask is my rights as a father; and you're the last man alive to expect me to let her go for nothing; for I can see you're one of the straight sort, Governor. Well, what's a five pound note to you? And what's Eliza to me? [He returns to his chair and sits down judicially].

PICKERING. I think you ought to know, Doolittle, that Mr. Higgins's intentions are entirely honorable.

DOOLITTLE. Course they are, Governor. If I thought they wasn't, I'd ask fifty.

HIGGINS [revolted] Do you mean to say, you callous rascal, that you would sell your daughter for 50 pounds?

DOOLITTLE. Not in a general way I wouldn't; but to oblige a gentleman like you I'd do a good deal, I do assure you.

PICKERING. Have you no morals, man?

DOOLITTLE [unabashed] Can't afford them, Governor. Neither could you if you was as poor as me. Not that I mean any harm, you know. But if Liza is going to have a bit out of this, why not me too?

HIGGINS [troubled] I don't know what to do, Pickering. There can be no question that as a matter of morals it's a positive crime to give this chap a farthing. And yet I feel a sort of rough justice in his claim.

DOOLITTLE. That's it, Governor. That's all I say. A father's heart, as it were.

PICKERING. Well, I know the feeling; but really it seems hardly right—

DOOLITTLE. Don't say that, Governor. Don't look at it that way. What am I, Governors both? I ask you, what am I? I'm one of the undeserving poor: that's what I am. Think of what that means to a man. It means that he's up agen middle class morality all the time. If there's anything going, and I put in for a bit of it, it's always the same story: "You're undeserving; so you can't have it."

But my needs is as great as the most deserving widow's that ever got money out of six different charities in one week for the death of the same husband. I don't need less than a deserving man: I need more. I don't eat less hearty than him; and I drink a lot more. I want a bit of amusement, cause I'm a thinking man. I want cheerfulness and a song and a band when I feel low. Well, they charge me just the same for everything as they charge the deserving. What is middle class morality? Just an excuse for never giving me anything. Therefore, I ask you, as two gentlemen, not to play that game on me. I'm playing straight with you. I ain't pretending to be deserving. I'm undeserving; and I mean to go on being undeserving. I like it; and that's the truth. Will you take advantage of a man's nature to do him out of the price of his own daughter what he's brought up and fed and clothed by the sweat of his brow until she's growed big enough to be interesting to you two gentlemen? Is five pounds unreasonable? I put it to you; and I leave it to you.

HIGGINS [rising, and going over to Pickering] Pickering: if we were to take this man in hand for three months, he could choose between a seat in the Cabinet and a popular pulpit in Wales.

PICKERING. What do you say to that, Doolittle?

DOOLITTLE. Not me, Governor, thank you kindly. I've heard all the preachers and all the prime ministers—for I'm a thinking man and game for politics or religion or social reform same as all the other amusements—and I tell you it's a dog's life anyway you look at it. Undeserving poverty is my line. Taking one station in society with another, it's—it's—well, it's the only one that has any ginger in it, to my taste.

HIGGINS. I suppose we must give him a fiver.

PICKERING. He'll make a bad use of it, I'm afraid.

DOOLITTLE. Not me, Governor, so help me I won't. Don't you be afraid that I'll save it and spare it and live idle on it. There won't be a penny of it left by Monday: I'll have to go to work same as if I'd never had it. It won't pauperize me, you bet. Just one good spree for myself and the missus, giving pleasure to ourselves and employment to others, and satisfaction to you to think it's not been throwed away. You couldn't spend it better.

HIGGINS [taking out his pocket book and coming between Doolittle and the piano] This is irresistible. Let's give him ten. [He offers two notes to the dustman].

DOOLITTLE. No, Governor. She wouldn't have the heart to spend ten; and perhaps I shouldn't neither. Ten pounds is a lot of money: it makes a man feel prudent like; and then goodbye to happiness. You give me what I ask you, Governor: not a penny more, and not a penny less.

PICKERING. Why don't you marry that missus of yours? I rather draw the line at encouraging that sort of immorality.

DOOLITTLE. Tell her so, Governor: tell her so. I'm willing. It's me that suffers by it. I've no hold on her. I got to be agreeable to her. I got to give her presents. I got to buy her clothes something sinful. I'm a slave to that woman, Governor, just because I'm not her lawful husband. And she knows it too. Catch her marrying me! Take my advice, Governor: marry Eliza while she's young and don't know no better. If you don't you'll be sorry for it after. If you do, she'll be sorry for it after; but better you than her, because you're a man, and she's only a woman and don't know how to be happy anyhow.

HIGGINS. Pickering: if we listen to this man another minute, we shall have no convictions left. [To Doolittle] Five pounds I think you said.

DOOLITTLE. Thank you kindly, Governor.

HIGGINS. You're sure you won't take ten?

DOOLITTLE. Not now. Another time, Governor.

HIGGINS [handing him a five-pound note] Here you are.

DOOLITTLE. Thank you, Governor. Good morning.

[He hurries to the door, anxious to get away with his booty. When he opens it he is confronted with a dainty and exquisitely clean young Japanese lady in a simple blue cotton kimono printed cunningly with small white jasmine blossoms. Mrs. Pearce is with her. He gets out of her way deferentially and apologizes]. Beg pardon, miss.

THE JAPANESE LADY. Garn! Don't you know your own daughter?

DOOLITTLE {exclaiming Bly me! it's Eliza!

HIGGINS {simul- What's that! This!

PICKERING {taneously By Jove!

LIZA. Don't I look silly?

HIGGINS. Silly?

MRS. PEARCE [at the door] Now, Mr. Higgins, please don't say anything to make the girl conceited about herself.

HIGGINS [conscientiously] Oh! Quite right, Mrs. Pearce. [To Eliza] Yes: damned silly.

MRS. PEARCE. Please, sir.

HIGGINS [correcting himself] I mean extremely silly.

LIZA. I should look all right with my hat on. [She takes up her hat; puts it on; and walks across the room to the fireplace with a fashionable air].

HIGGINS. A new fashion, by George! And it ought to look horrible!

DOOLITTLE [with fatherly pride] Well, I never thought she'd clean up as good looking as that, Governor. She's a credit to me, ain't she?

LIZA. I tell you, it's easy to clean up here. Hot and cold water on tap, just as much as you like, there is. Woolly towels, there is; and a towel horse so hot, it burns your fingers. Soft brushes to scrub yourself, and a wooden bowl of soap smelling like primroses. Now I know why ladies is so clean. Washing's a treat for them. Wish they saw what it is for the like of me!

HIGGINS. I'm glad the bath-room met with your approval.

LIZA. It didn't: not all of it; and I don't care who hears me say it. Mrs. Pearce knows.

HIGGINS. What was wrong, Mrs. Pearce?

MRS. PEARCE [blandly] Oh, nothing, sir. It doesn't matter.

LIZA. I had a good mind to break it. I didn't know which way to look. But I hung a towel over it, I did.

HIGGINS. Over what?

MRS. PEARCE. Over the looking-glass, sir.

HIGGINS. Doolittle: you have brought your daughter up too strictly.

DOOLITTLE. Me! I never brought her up at all, except to give her a lick of a strap now and again. Don't put it on me, Governor. She ain't accustomed to it, you see: that's all. But she'll soon pick up your free-and-easy ways.

LIZA. I'm a good girl, I am; and I won't pick up no free and easy ways.

HIGGINS. Eliza: if you say again that you're a good girl, your father shall take you home.

LIZA. Not him. You don't know my father. All he come here for was to touch you for some money to get drunk on.

DOOLITTLE. Well, what else would I want money for? To put into the plate in church, I suppose. [She puts out her tongue at him. He is so incensed by this that Pickering presently finds it necessary to step between them]. Don't you give me none of your lip; and don't let me hear you giving this gentleman any of it neither, or you'll hear from me about it. See?

HIGGINS. Have you any further advice to give her before you go, Doolittle? Your blessing, for instance.

DOOLITTLE. No, Governor: I ain't such a mug as to put up my children to all I know myself. Hard enough to hold them in without that. If you want Eliza's mind improved, Governor, you do it yourself with a strap. So long, gentlemen. [He turns to go].

HIGGINS [impressively] Stop. You'll come regularly to see your daughter. It's your duty, you know. My brother is a clergyman; and he could help you in your talks with her.

DOOLITTLE [evasively] Certainly. I'll come, Governor. Not just this week, because I have a job at a distance. But later on you may depend on me. Afternoon, gentlemen. Afternoon, ma'am. [He takes off his hat to Mrs. Pearce, who disdains the salutation and goes out. He winks at Higgins, thinking him probably a fellow sufferer from Mrs. Pearce's difficult disposition, and follows her].

LIZA. Don't you believe the old liar. He'd as soon you set a bull-dog on him as a clergyman. You won't see him again in a hurry.

HIGGINS. I don't want to, Eliza. Do you?

LIZA. Not me. I don't want never to see him again, I don't. He's a disgrace to me, he is, collecting dust, instead of working at his trade.

PICKERING. What is his trade, Eliza?

LIZA. Talking money out of other people's pockets into his own. His proper trade's a navvy; and he works at it sometimes too—for exercise—and earns good money at it. Ain't you going to call me Miss Doolittle any more?

PICKERING. I beg your pardon, Miss Doolittle. It was a slip of the tongue.

LIZA. Oh, I don't mind; only it sounded so genteel. I should just like to take a taxi to the corner of Tottenham Court Road and get out there and tell it to wait for me, just to put the girls in their place a bit. I wouldn't speak to them, you know.

PICKERING. Better wait til we get you something really fashionable.

HIGGINS. Besides, you shouldn't cut your old friends now that you have risen in the world. That's what we call snobbery.

LIZA. You don't call the like of them my friends now, I should hope. They've took it out of me often enough with their ridicule when they had the chance; and now I mean to get a bit of my own back. But if I'm to have fashionable clothes, I'll wait. I should like to have some. Mrs. Pearce says you're going to give me some to wear in bed at night different to what I wear in the daytime; but it do seem a waste of money when you could get

something to show. Besides, I never could fancy changing into cold things on a winter night.

MRS. PEARCE [coming back] Now, Eliza. The new things have come for you to try on.

LIZA. Ah—ow—oo—ooh! [She rushes out].

MRS. PEARCE [following her] Oh, don't rush about like that, girl [She shuts the door behind her].

HIGGINS. Pickering: we have taken on a stiff job.

PICKERING [with conviction] Higgins: we have.

ACT III

It is Mrs. Higgins's at-home day. Nobody has yet arrived. Her drawing-room, in a flat on Chelsea embankment, has three windows looking on the river; and the ceiling is not so lofty as it would be in an older house of the same pretension. The windows are open, giving access to a balcony with flowers in pots. If you stand with your face to the windows, you have the fireplace on your left and the door in the right-hand wall close to the corner nearest the windows.

Mrs. Higgins was brought up on Morris and Burne Jones; and her room, which is very unlike her son's room in Wimpole Street, is not crowded with furniture and little tables and nicknacks. In the middle of the room there is a big ottoman; and this, with the carpet, the Morris wall-papers, and the Morris chintz window curtains and brocade covers of the ottoman and its cushions, supply all the ornament, and are much too handsome to be hidden by odds and ends of useless things. A few good oil-paintings from the exhibitions in the Grosvenor Gallery thirty years ago (the Burne Jones, not the Whistler side of them) are on the walls. The only landscape is a Cecil Lawson on the scale of a Rubens. There is a portrait of Mrs. Higgins as she was when she defied fashion in her youth in one of the beautiful Rossettian costumes which, when caricatured by people who did not understand, led to the absurdities of popular estheticism in the eighteen-seventies.

In the corner diagonally opposite the door Mrs. Higgins, now over sixty and long past taking the trouble to dress out of the fashion, sits writing at an elegantly simple writing-table with a bell button within reach of her hand. There is a Chippendale chair further back in the room between her and the window nearest her side. At the other side of the room, further forward, is an

Elizabethan chair roughly carved in the taste of Inigo Jones. On the same side a piano in a decorated case. The corner between the fireplace and the window is occupied by a divan cushioned in Morris chintz.

It is between four and five in the afternoon.

The door is opened violently; and Higgins enters with his hat on.

MRS. HIGGINS [dismayed] Henry! [scolding him] What are you doing here to-day? It is my at home day: you promised not to come. [As he bends to kiss her, she takes his hat off, and presents it to him].

HIGGINS. Oh bother! [He throws the hat down on the table].

MRS. HIGGINS. Go home at once.

HIGGINS [kissing her] I know, mother. I came on purpose.

MRS. HIGGINS. But you mustn't. I'm serious, Henry. You offend all my friends: they stop coming whenever they meet you.

HIGGINS. Nonsense! I know I have no small talk; but people don't mind. [He sits on the settee].

MRS. HIGGINS. Oh! don't they? Small talk indeed! What about your large talk? Really, dear, you mustn't stay.

HIGGINS. I must. I've a job for you. A phonetic job.

MRS. HIGGINS. No use, dear. I'm sorry; but I can't get round your vowels; and though I like to get pretty postcards in your patent shorthand, I always have to read the copies in ordinary writing you so thoughtfully send me.

HIGGINS. Well, this isn't a phonetic job.

MRS. HIGGINS. You said it was.

HIGGINS. Not your part of it. I've picked up a girl.

MRS. HIGGINS. Does that mean that some girl has picked you up?

HIGGINS. Not at all. I don't mean a love affair.

MRS. HIGGINS. What a pity!

HIGGINS. Why?

MRS. HIGGINS. Well, you never fall in love with anyone under forty-five. When will you discover that there are some rather nice-looking young women about?

HIGGINS. Oh, I can't be bothered with young women. My idea of a loveable woman is something as like you as possible. I shall never get into the

way of seriously liking young women: some habits lie too deep to be changed. [Rising abruptly and walking about, jingling his money and his keys in his trouser pockets] Besides, they're all idiots.

MRS. HIGGINS. Do you know what you would do if you really loved me, Henry?

HIGGINS. Oh bother! What? Marry, I suppose?

MRS. HIGGINS. No. Stop fidgeting and take your hands out of your pockets. [With a gesture of despair, he obeys and sits down again]. That's a good boy. Now tell me about the girl.

HIGGINS. She's coming to see you.

MRS. HIGGINS. I don't remember asking her.

HIGGINS. You didn't. I asked her. If you'd known her you wouldn't have asked her.

MRS. HIGGINS. Indeed! Why?

HIGGINS. Well, it's like this. She's a common flower girl. I picked her off the kerbstone.

MRS. HIGGINS. And invited her to my at-home!

HIGGINS [rising and coming to her to coax her] Oh, that'll be all right. I've taught her to speak properly; and she has strict orders as to her behavior. She's to keep to two subjects: the weather and everybody's health—Fine day and How do you do, you know—and not to let herself go on things in general. That will be safe.

MRS. HIGGINS. Safe! To talk about our health! about our insides! perhaps about our outsides! How could you be so silly, Henry?

HIGGINS [impatiently] Well, she must talk about something. [He controls himself and sits down again]. Oh, she'll be all right: don't you fuss. Pickering is in it with me. I've a sort of bet on that I'll pass her off as a duchess in six months. I started on her some months ago; and she's getting on like a house on fire. I shall win my bet. She has a quick ear; and she's been easier to teach than my middle-class pupils because she's had to learn a complete new language. She talks English almost as you talk French.

MRS. HIGGINS. That's satisfactory, at all events.

HIGGINS. Well, it is and it isn't.

MRS. HIGGINS. What does that mean?

HIGGINS. You see, I've got her pronunciation all right; but you have to

consider not only how a girl pronounces, but what she pronounces; and that's where—

They are interrupted by the parlor-maid, announcing guests.

THE PARLOR-MAID. Mrs. and Miss Eynsford Hill. [She withdraws].

HIGGINS. Oh Lord! [He rises; snatches his hat from the table; and makes for the door; but before he reaches it his mother introduces him].

Mrs. and Miss Eynsford Hill are the mother and daughter who sheltered from the rain in Covent Garden. The mother is well bred, quiet, and has the habitual anxiety of straitened means. The daughter has acquired a gay air of being very much at home in society: the bravado of genteel poverty.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [to Mrs. Higgins] How do you do? [They shake hands].

MISS EYNSFORD HILL. How d'you do? [She shakes].

MRS. HIGGINS [introducing] My son Henry.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. Your celebrated son! I have so longed to meet you, Professor Higgins.

HIGGINS [glumly, making no movement in her direction] Delighted. [He backs against the piano and bows brusquely].

Miss EYNSFORD HILL [going to him with confident familiarity] How do you do?

HIGGINS [staring at her] I've seen you before somewhere. I haven't the ghost of a notion where; but I've heard your voice. [Drearily] It doesn't matter. You'd better sit down.

MRS. HIGGINS. I'm sorry to say that my celebrated son has no manners. You mustn't mind him.

MISS EYNSFORD HILL [gaily] I don't. [She sits in the Elizabethan chair].

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [a little bewildered] Not at all. [She sits on the ottoman between her daughter and Mrs. Higgins, who has turned her chair away from the writing-table].

HIGGINS. Oh, have I been rude? I didn't mean to be. [He goes to the central window, through which, with his back to the company, he contemplates the river and the flowers in Battersea Park on the opposite bank as if they were a frozen dessert.]

The parlor-maid returns, ushering in Pickering.

THE PARLOR-MAID. Colonel Pickering [She withdraws].

PICKERING. How do you do, Mrs. Higgins?

MRS. HIGGINS. So glad you've come. Do you know Mrs. Eynsford Hill —Miss Eynsford Hill? [Exchange of bows. The Colonel brings the Chippendale chair a little forward between Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Higgins, and sits down].

PICKERING. Has Henry told you what we've come for?

HIGGINS [over his shoulder] We were interrupted: damn it!

MRS. HIGGINS. Oh Henry, Henry, really!

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [half rising] Are we in the way?

MRS. HIGGINS [rising and making her sit down again] No, no. You couldn't have come more fortunately: we want you to meet a friend of ours.

HIGGINS [turning hopefully] Yes, by George! We want two or three people. You'll do as well as anybody else.

The parlor-maid returns, ushering Freddy.

THE PARLOR-MAID. Mr. Eynsford Hill.

HIGGINS [almost audibly, past endurance] God of Heaven! another of them.

FREDDY [shaking hands with Mrs. Higgins] Ahdedo?

MRS. HIGGINS. Very good of you to come. [Introducing] Colonel Pickering.

FREDDY [bowing] Ahdedo?

MRS. HIGGINS. I don't think you know my son, Professor Higgins.

FREDDY [going to Higgins] Ahdedo?

HIGGINS [looking at him much as if he were a pickpocket] I'll take my oath I've met you before somewhere. Where was it?

FREDDY. I don't think so.

HIGGINS [resignedly] It don't matter, anyhow. Sit down. He shakes Freddy's hand, and almost slings him on the ottoman with his face to the windows; then comes round to the other side of it.

HIGGINS. Well, here we are, anyhow! [He sits down on the ottoman next Mrs. Eynsford Hill, on her left.] And now, what the devil are we going to talk about until Eliza comes?

MRS. HIGGINS. Henry: you are the life and soul of the Royal Society's soirees; but really you're rather trying on more commonplace occasions.

HIGGINS. Am I? Very sorry. [Beaming suddenly] I suppose I am, you know. [Uproariously] Ha, ha!

MISS EYNSFORD HILL [who considers Higgins quite eligible matrimonially] I sympathize. I haven't any small talk. If people would only be frank and say what they really think!

HIGGINS [relapsing into gloom] Lord forbid!

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [taking up her daughter's cue] But why?

HIGGINS. What they think they ought to think is bad enough, Lord knows; but what they really think would break up the whole show. Do you suppose it would be really agreeable if I were to come out now with what I really think?

MISS EYNSFORD HILL [gaily] Is it so very cynical?

HIGGINS. Cynical! Who the dickens said it was cynical? I mean it wouldn't be decent.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [seriously] Oh! I'm sure you don't mean that, Mr. Higgins.

HIGGINS. You see, we're all savages, more or less. We're supposed to be civilized and cultured—to know all about poetry and philosophy and art and science, and so on; but how many of us know even the meanings of these names? [To Miss Hill] What do you know of poetry? [To Mrs. Hill] What do you know of science? [Indicating Freddy] What does he know of art or science or anything else? What the devil do you imagine I know of philosophy?

MRS. HIGGINS [warningly] Or of manners, Henry?

THE PARLOR-MAID [opening the door] Miss Doolittle. [She withdraws].

HIGGINS [rising hastily and running to Mrs. Higgins] Here she is, mother. [He stands on tiptoe and makes signs over his mother's head to Eliza to indicate to her which lady is her hostess].

Eliza, who is exquisitely dressed, produces an impression of such remarkable distinction and beauty as she enters that they all rise, quite flustered. Guided by Higgins's signals, she comes to Mrs. Higgins with studied grace.

LIZA [speaking with pedantic correctness of pronunciation and great beauty of tone] How do you do, Mrs. Higgins? [She gasps slightly in making sure of the H in Higgins, but is quite successful]. Mr. Higgins told me I might

come.

MRS. HIGGINS [cordially] Quite right: I'm very glad indeed to see you.

PICKERING. How do you do, Miss Doolittle?

LIZA [shaking hands with him] Colonel Pickering, is it not?

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. I feel sure we have met before, Miss Doolittle. I remember your eyes.

LIZA. How do you do? [She sits down on the ottoman gracefully in the place just left vacant by Higgins].

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [introducing] My daughter Clara.

LIZA. How do you do?

CLARA [impulsively] How do you do? [She sits down on the ottoman beside Eliza, devouring her with her eyes].

FREDDY [coming to their side of the ottoman] I've certainly had the pleasure.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [introducing] My son Freddy.

LIZA. How do you do?

Freddy bows and sits down in the Elizabethan chair, infatuated.

HIGGINS [suddenly] By George, yes: it all comes back to me! [They stare at him]. Covent Garden! [Lamentably] What a damned thing!

MRS. HIGGINS. Henry, please! [He is about to sit on the edge of the table]. Don't sit on my writing-table: you'll break it.

HIGGINS [sulkily] Sorry.

He goes to the divan, stumbling into the fender and over the fire-irons on his way; extricating himself with muttered imprecations; and finishing his disastrous journey by throwing himself so impatiently on the divan that he almost breaks it. Mrs. Higgins looks at him, but controls herself and says nothing.

A long and painful pause ensues.

MRS. HIGGINS [at last, conversationally] Will it rain, do you think?

LIZA. The shallow depression in the west of these islands is likely to move slowly in an easterly direction. There are no indications of any great change in the barometrical situation.

FREDDY. Ha! ha! how awfully funny!

LIZA. What is wrong with that, young man? I bet I got it right.

FREDDY. Killing!

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. I'm sure I hope it won't turn cold. There's so much influenza about. It runs right through our whole family regularly every spring.

LIZA [darkly] My aunt died of influenza: so they said.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [clicks her tongue sympathetically]!!!

LIZA [in the same tragic tone] But it's my belief they done the old woman in.

MRS. HIGGINS [puzzled] Done her in?

LIZA. Y-e-e-e-es, Lord love you! Why should she die of influenza? She come through diphtheria right enough the year before. I saw her with my own eyes. Fairly blue with it, she was. They all thought she was dead; but my father he kept ladling gin down her throat til she came to so sudden that she bit the bowl off the spoon.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [startled] Dear me!

LIZA [piling up the indictment] What call would a woman with that strength in her have to die of influenza? What become of her new straw hat that should have come to me? Somebody pinched it; and what I say is, them as pinched it done her in.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. What does doing her in mean?

HIGGINS [hastily] Oh, that's the new small talk. To do a person in means to kill them.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [to Eliza, horrified] You surely don't believe that your aunt was killed?

LIZA. Do I not! Them she lived with would have killed her for a hat-pin, let alone a hat.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. But it can't have been right for your father to pour spirits down her throat like that. It might have killed her.

LIZA. Not her. Gin was mother's milk to her. Besides, he'd poured so much down his own throat that he knew the good of it.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. Do you mean that he drank?

LIZA. Drank! My word! Something chronic.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. How dreadful for you!

LIZA. Not a bit. It never did him no harm what I could see. But then he did not keep it up regular. [Cheerfully] On the burst, as you might say, from time to time. And always more agreeable when he had a drop in. When he was out of work, my mother used to give him fourpence and tell him to go out and not come back until he'd drunk himself cheerful and loving-like. There's lots of women has to make their husbands drunk to make them fit to live with. [Now quite at her ease] You see, it's like this. If a man has a bit of a conscience, it always takes him when he's sober; and then it makes him low-spirited. A drop of booze just takes that off and makes him happy. [To Freddy, who is in convulsions of suppressed laughter] Here! what are you sniggering at?

FREDDY. The new small talk. You do it so awfully well.

LIZA. If I was doing it proper, what was you laughing at? [To Higgins] Have I said anything I oughtn't?

MRS. HIGGINS [interposing] Not at all, Miss Doolittle.

LIZA. Well, that's a mercy, anyhow. [Expansively] What I always say is—

HIGGINS [rising and looking at his watch] Ahem!

LIZA [looking round at him; taking the hint; and rising] Well: I must go. [They all rise. Freddy goes to the door]. So pleased to have met you. Good-bye. [She shakes hands with Mrs. Higgins].

MRS. HIGGINS. Good-bye.

LIZA. Good-bye, Colonel Pickering.

PICKERING. Good-bye, Miss Doolittle. [They shake hands].

LIZA [nodding to the others] Good-bye, all.

FREDDY [opening the door for her] Are you walking across the Park, Miss Doolittle? If so—

LIZA. Walk! Not bloody likely. [Sensation]. I am going in a taxi. [She goes out].

Pickering gasps and sits down. Freddy goes out on the balcony to catch another glimpse of Eliza.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [suffering from shock] Well, I really can't get used to the new ways.

CLARA [throwing herself discontentedly into the Elizabethan chair]. Oh, it's all right, mamma, quite right. People will think we never go anywhere or see anybody if you are so old-fashioned.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. I daresay I am very old-fashioned; but I do

hope you won't begin using that expression, Clara. I have got accustomed to hear you talking about men as rotters, and calling everything filthy and beastly; though I do think it horrible and unladylike. But this last is really too much. Don't you think so, Colonel Pickering?

PICKERING. Don't ask me. I've been away in India for several years; and manners have changed so much that I sometimes don't know whether I'm at a respectable dinner-table or in a ship's forecastle.

CLARA. It's all a matter of habit. There's no right or wrong in it. Nobody means anything by it. And it's so quaint, and gives such a smart emphasis to things that are not in themselves very witty. I find the new small talk delightful and quite innocent.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [rising] Well, after that, I think it's time for us to go.

Pickering and Higgins rise.

CLARA [rising] Oh yes: we have three at homes to go to still. Good-bye, Mrs. Higgins. Good-bye, Colonel Pickering. Good-bye, Professor Higgins.

HIGGINS [coming grimly at her from the divan, and accompanying her to the door] Good-bye. Be sure you try on that small talk at the three at-homes. Don't be nervous about it. Pitch it in strong.

CLARA [all smiles] I will. Good-bye. Such nonsense, all this early Victorian prudery!

HIGGINS [tempting her] Such damned nonsense!

CLARA. Such bloody nonsense!

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [convulsively] Clara!

CLARA. Ha! ha! [She goes out radiant, conscious of being thoroughly up to date, and is heard descending the stairs in a stream of silvery laughter].

FREDDY [to the heavens at large] Well, I ask you [He gives it up, and comes to Mrs. Higgins]. Good-bye.

MRS. HIGGINS [shaking hands] Good-bye. Would you like to meet Miss Doolittle again?

FREDDY [eagerly] Yes, I should, most awfully.

MRS. HIGGINS. Well, you know my days.

FREDDY. Yes. Thanks awfully. Good-bye. [He goes out].

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. Good-bye, Mr. Higgins.

HIGGINS. Good-bye. Good-bye.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [to Pickering] It's no use. I shall never be able to bring myself to use that word.

PICKERING. Don't. It's not compulsory, you know. You'll get on quite well without it.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. Only, Clara is so down on me if I am not positively reeking with the latest slang. Good-bye.

PICKERING. Good-bye [They shake hands].

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [to Mrs. Higgins] You mustn't mind Clara. [Pickering, catching from her lowered tone that this is not meant for him to hear, discreetly joins Higgins at the window]. We're so poor! and she gets so few parties, poor child! She doesn't quite know. [Mrs. Higgins, seeing that her eyes are moist, takes her hand sympathetically and goes with her to the door]. But the boy is nice. Don't you think so?

MRS. HIGGINS. Oh, quite nice. I shall always be delighted to see him.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. Thank you, dear. Good-bye. [She goes out].

HIGGINS [eagerly] Well? Is Eliza presentable [he swoops on his mother and drags her to the ottoman, where she sits down in Eliza's place with her son on her left]?

Pickering returns to his chair on her right.

MRS. HIGGINS. You silly boy, of course she's not presentable. She's a triumph of your art and of her dressmaker's; but if you suppose for a moment that she doesn't give herself away in every sentence she utters, you must be perfectly cracked about her.

PICKERING. But don't you think something might be done? I mean something to eliminate the sanguinary element from her conversation.

MRS. HIGGINS. Not as long as she is in Henry's hands.

HIGGINS [aggrieved] Do you mean that my language is improper?

MRS. HIGGINS. No, dearest: it would be quite proper—say on a canal barge; but it would not be proper for her at a garden party.

HIGGINS [deeply injured] Well I must say—

PICKERING [interrupting him] Come, Higgins: you must learn to know yourself. I haven't heard such language as yours since we used to review the volunteers in Hyde Park twenty years ago.

HIGGINS [sulkily] Oh, well, if you say so, I suppose I don't always talk

like a bishop.

MRS. HIGGINS [quieting Henry with a touch] Colonel Pickering: will you tell me what is the exact state of things in Wimpole Street?

PICKERING [cheerfully: as if this completely changed the subject] Well, I have come to live there with Henry. We work together at my Indian Dialects; and we think it more convenient—

MRS. HIGGINS. Quite so. I know all about that: it's an excellent arrangement. But where does this girl live?

HIGGINS. With us, of course. Where would she live?

MRS. HIGGINS. But on what terms? Is she a servant? If not, what is she?

PICKERING [slowly] I think I know what you mean, Mrs. Higgins.

HIGGINS. Well, dash me if I do! I've had to work at the girl every day for months to get her to her present pitch. Besides, she's useful. She knows where my things are, and remembers my appointments and so forth.

MRS. HIGGINS. How does your housekeeper get on with her?

HIGGINS. Mrs. Pearce? Oh, she's jolly glad to get so much taken off her hands; for before Eliza came, she had to have to find things and remind me of my appointments. But she's got some silly bee in her bonnet about Eliza. She keeps saying "You don't think, sir": doesn't she, Pick?

PICKERING. Yes: that's the formula. "You don't think, sir." That's the end of every conversation about Eliza.

HIGGINS. As if I ever stop thinking about the girl and her confounded vowels and consonants. I'm worn out, thinking about her, and watching her lips and her teeth and her tongue, not to mention her soul, which is the quaintest of the lot.

MRS. HIGGINS. You certainly are a pretty pair of babies, playing with your live doll.

HIGGINS. Playing! The hardest job I ever tackled: make no mistake about that, mother. But you have no idea how frightfully interesting it is to take a human being and change her into a quite different human being by creating a new speech for her. It's filling up the deepest gulf that separates class from class and soul from soul.

PICKERING [drawing his chair closer to Mrs. Higgins and bending over to her eagerly] Yes: it's enormously interesting. I assure you, Mrs. Higgins, we take Eliza very seriously. Every week—every day almost—there is some new change. [Closer again] We keep records of every stage—dozens of

gramophone disks and photographs—

HIGGINS [assailing her at the other ear] Yes, by George: it's the most absorbing experiment I ever tackled. She regularly fills our lives up; doesn't she, Pick?

PICKERING. We're always talking Eliza.

HIGGINS. Teaching Eliza.

PICKERING. Dressing Eliza.

MRS. HIGGINS. What!

HIGGINS. Inventing new Elizas.

Higgins and Pickering, speaking together:

HIGGINS. You know, she has the most extraordinary quickness of ear:

PICKERING. I assure you, my dear Mrs. Higgins, that girl

HIGGINS. just like a parrot. I've tried her with every

PICKERING. is a genius. She can play the piano quite beautifully

HIGGINS. possible sort of sound that a human being can make—

PICKERING. We have taken her to classical concerts and to music

HIGGINS. Continental dialects, African dialects, Hottentot

PICKERING. halls; and it's all the same to her: she plays everything

HIGGINS. clicks, things it took me years to get hold of; and

PICKERING. she hears right off when she comes home, whether it's

HIGGINS. she picks them up like a shot, right away, as if she had

PICKERING. Beethoven and Brahms or Lehar and Lionel Morickton;

HIGGINS. been at it all her life.

PICKERING. though six months ago, she'd never as much as touched a piano.

MRS. HIGGINS [putting her fingers in her ears, as they are by this time shouting one another down with an intolerable noise] Sh—sh—sh—sh! [They stop].

PICKERING. I beg your pardon. [He draws his chair back apologetically].

HIGGINS. Sorry. When Pickering starts shouting nobody can get a word in edgeways.

MRS. HIGGINS. Be quiet, Henry. Colonel Pickering: don't you realize that when Eliza walked into Wimpole Street, something walked in with her?

PICKERING. Her father did. But Henry soon got rid of him.

MRS. HIGGINS. It would have been more to the point if her mother had. But as her mother didn't something else did.

PICKERING. But what?

MRS. HIGGINS [unconsciously dating herself by the word] A problem.

PICKERING. Oh, I see. The problem of how to pass her off as a lady.

HIGGINS. I'll solve that problem. I've half solved it already.

MRS. HIGGINS. No, you two infinitely stupid male creatures: the problem of what is to be done with her afterwards.

HIGGINS. I don't see anything in that. She can go her own way, with all the advantages I have given her.

MRS. HIGGINS. The advantages of that poor woman who was here just now! The manners and habits that disqualify a fine lady from earning her own living without giving her a fine lady's income! Is that what you mean?

PICKERING [indulgently, being rather bored] Oh, that will be all right, Mrs. Higgins. [He rises to go].

HIGGINS [rising also] We'll find her some light employment.

PICKERING. She's happy enough. Don't you worry about her. Good-bye. [He shakes hands as if he were consoling a frightened child, and makes for the door].

HIGGINS. Anyhow, there's no good bothering now. The thing's done. Good-bye, mother. [He kisses her, and follows Pickering].

PICKERING [turning for a final consolation] There are plenty of openings. We'll do what's right. Good-bye.

HIGGINS [to Pickering as they go out together] Let's take her to the Shakespear exhibition at Earls Court.

PICKERING. Yes: let's. Her remarks will be delicious.

HIGGINS. She'll mimic all the people for us when we get home.

PICKERING. Ripping. [Both are heard laughing as they go downstairs].

MRS. HIGGINS [rises with an impatient bounce, and returns to her work at the writing-table. She sweeps a litter of disarranged papers out of her way; snatches a sheet of paper from her stationery case; and tries resolutely to write.

At the third line she gives it up; flings down her pen; grips the table angrily and exclaims] Oh, men! men!! men!!!

ACT IV

The Wimpole Street laboratory. Midnight. Nobody in the room. The clock on the mantelpiece strikes twelve. The fire is not alight: it is a summer night.

Presently Higgins and Pickering are heard on the stairs.

HIGGINS [calling down to Pickering] I say, Pick: lock up, will you. I shan't be going out again.

PICKERING. Right. Can Mrs. Pearce go to bed? We don't want anything more, do we?

HIGGINS. Lord, no!

Eliza opens the door and is seen on the lighted landing in opera cloak, brilliant evening dress, and diamonds, with fan, flowers, and all accessories. She comes to the hearth, and switches on the electric lights there. She is tired: her pallor contrasts strongly with her dark eyes and hair; and her expression is almost tragic. She takes off her cloak; puts her fan and flowers on the piano; and sits down on the bench, brooding and silent. Higgins, in evening dress, with overcoat and hat, comes in, carrying a smoking jacket which he has picked up downstairs. He takes off the hat and overcoat; throws them carelessly on the newspaper stand; disposes of his coat in the same way; puts on the smoking jacket; and throws himself wearily into the easy-chair at the hearth. Pickering, similarly attired, comes in. He also takes off his hat and overcoat, and is about to throw them on Higgins's when he hesitates.

PICKERING. I say: Mrs. Pearce will row if we leave these things lying about in the drawing-room.

HIGGINS. Oh, chuck them over the bannisters into the hall. She'll find them there in the morning and put them away all right. She'll think we were drunk.

PICKERING. We are, slightly. Are there any letters?

HIGGINS. I didn't look. [Pickering takes the overcoats and hats and goes down stairs. Higgins begins half singing half yawning an air from La Fanciulla del Golden West. Suddenly he stops and exclaims] I wonder where the devil my slippers are!

Eliza looks at him darkly; then leaves the room.

Higgins yawns again, and resumes his song. Pickering returns, with the contents of the letter-box in his hand.

PICKERING. Only circulars, and this coroneted billet-doux for you. [He throws the circulars into the fender, and posts himself on the hearthrug, with his back to the grate].

HIGGINS [glancing at the billet-doux] Money-lender. [He throws the letter after the circulars].

Eliza returns with a pair of large down-at-heel slippers. She places them on the carpet before Higgins, and sits as before without a word.

HIGGINS [yawning again] Oh Lord! What an evening! What a crew! What a silly tomfoollery! [He raises his shoe to unlace it, and catches sight of the slippers. He stops unlacing and looks at them as if they had appeared there of their own accord]. Oh! they're there, are they?

PICKERING [stretching himself] Well, I feel a bit tired. It's been a long day. The garden party, a dinner party, and the opera! Rather too much of a good thing. But you've won your bet, Higgins. Eliza did the trick, and something to spare, eh?

HIGGINS [fervently] Thank God it's over!

Eliza flinches violently; but they take no notice of her; and she recovers herself and sits stonily as before.

PICKERING. Were you nervous at the garden party? I was. Eliza didn't seem a bit nervous.

HIGGINS. Oh, she wasn't nervous. I knew she'd be all right. No, it's the strain of putting the job through all these months that has told on me. It was interesting enough at first, while we were at the phonetics; but after that I got deadly sick of it. If I hadn't backed myself to do it I should have chucked the whole thing up two months ago. It was a silly notion: the whole thing has been a bore.

PICKERING. Oh come! the garden party was frightfully exciting. My heart began beating like anything.

HIGGINS. Yes, for the first three minutes. But when I saw we were going to win hands down, I felt like a bear in a cage, hanging about doing nothing. The dinner was worse: sitting gorging there for over an hour, with nobody but a damned fool of a fashionable woman to talk to! I tell you, Pickering, never again for me. No more artificial duchesses. The whole thing has been simple purgatory.

PICKERING. You've never been broken in properly to the social routine.

[Strolling over to the piano] I rather enjoy dipping into it occasionally myself: it makes me feel young again. Anyhow, it was a great success: an immense success. I was quite frightened once or twice because Eliza was doing it so well. You see, lots of the real people can't do it at all: they're such fools that they think style comes by nature to people in their position; and so they never learn. There's always something professional about doing a thing superlatively well.

HIGGINS. Yes: that's what drives me mad: the silly people don't know their own silly business. [Rising] However, it's over and done with; and now I can go to bed at last without dreading tomorrow.

Eliza's beauty becomes murderous.

PICKERING. I think I shall turn in too. Still, it's been a great occasion: a triumph for you. Good-night. [He goes].

HIGGINS [following him] Good-night. [Over his shoulder, at the door] Put out the lights, Eliza; and tell Mrs. Pearce not to make coffee for me in the morning: I'll take tea. [He goes out].

Eliza tries to control herself and feel indifferent as she rises and walks across to the hearth to switch off the lights. By the time she gets there she is on the point of screaming. She sits down in Higgins's chair and holds on hard to the arms. Finally she gives way and flings herself furiously on the floor raging.

HIGGINS [in despairing wrath outside] What the devil have I done with my slippers? [He appears at the door].

LIZA [snatching up the slippers, and hurling them at him one after the other with all her force] There are your slippers. And there. Take your slippers; and may you never have a day's luck with them!

HIGGINS [astounded] What on earth—! [He comes to her]. What's the matter? Get up. [He pulls her up]. Anything wrong?

LIZA [breathless] Nothing wrong—with YOU. I've won your bet for you, haven't I? That's enough for you. I don't matter, I suppose.

HIGGINS. YOU won my bet! You! Presumptuous insect! I won it. What did you throw those slippers at me for?

LIZA. Because I wanted to smash your face. I'd like to kill you, you selfish brute. Why didn't you leave me where you picked me out of—in the gutter? You thank God it's all over, and that now you can throw me back again there, do you? [She crisps her fingers, frantically].

HIGGINS [looking at her in cool wonder] The creature IS nervous, after

all.

LIZA [gives a suffocated scream of fury, and instinctively darts her nails at his face]!!

HIGGINS [catching her wrists] Ah! would you? Claws in, you cat. How dare you show your temper to me? Sit down and be quiet. [He throws her roughly into the easy-chair].

LIZA [crushed by superior strength and weight] What's to become of me? What's to become of me?

HIGGINS. How the devil do I know what's to become of you? What does it matter what becomes of you?

LIZA. You don't care. I know you don't care. You wouldn't care if I was dead. I'm nothing to you—not so much as them slippers.

HIGGINS [thundering] THOSE slippers.

LIZA [with bitter submission] Those slippers. I didn't think it made any difference now.

A pause. Eliza hopeless and crushed. Higgins a little uneasy.

HIGGINS [in his loftiest manner] Why have you begun going on like this? May I ask whether you complain of your treatment here?

LIZA. No.

HIGGINS. Has anybody behaved badly to you? Colonel Pickering? Mrs. Pearce? Any of the servants?

LIZA. No.

HIGGINS. I presume you don't pretend that I have treated you badly.

LIZA. No.

HIGGINS. I am glad to hear it. [He moderates his tone]. Perhaps you're tired after the strain of the day. Will you have a glass of champagne? [He moves towards the door].

LIZA. No. [Recollecting her manners] Thank you.

HIGGINS [good-humored again] This has been coming on you for some days. I suppose it was natural for you to be anxious about the garden party. But that's all over now. [He pats her kindly on the shoulder. She writhes]. There's nothing more to worry about.

LIZA. No. Nothing more for you to worry about. [She suddenly rises and gets away from him by going to the piano bench, where she sits and hides her

face]. Oh God! I wish I was dead.

HIGGINS [staring after her in sincere surprise] Why? in heaven's name, why? [Reasonably, going to her] Listen to me, Eliza. All this irritation is purely subjective.

LIZA. I don't understand. I'm too ignorant.

HIGGINS. It's only imagination. Low spirits and nothing else. Nobody's hurting you. Nothing's wrong. You go to bed like a good girl and sleep it off. Have a little cry and say your prayers: that will make you comfortable.

LIZA. I heard YOUR prayers. "Thank God it's all over!"

HIGGINS [impatiently] Well, don't you thank God it's all over? Now you are free and can do what you like.

LIZA [pulling herself together in desperation] What am I fit for? What have you left me fit for? Where am I to go? What am I to do? What's to become of me?

HIGGINS [enlightened, but not at all impressed] Oh, that's what's worrying you, is it? [He thrusts his hands into his pockets, and walks about in his usual manner, rattling the contents of his pockets, as if condescending to a trivial subject out of pure kindness]. I shouldn't bother about it if I were you. I should imagine you won't have much difficulty in settling yourself, somewhere or other, though I hadn't quite realized that you were going away. [She looks quickly at him: he does not look at her, but examines the dessert stand on the piano and decides that he will eat an apple]. You might marry, you know. [He bites a large piece out of the apple, and munches it noisily]. You see, Eliza, all men are not confirmed old bachelors like me and the Colonel. Most men are the marrying sort (poor devils!); and you're not bad-looking; it's quite a pleasure to look at you sometimes—not now, of course, because you're crying and looking as ugly as the very devil; but when you're all right and quite yourself, you're what I should call attractive. That is, to the people in the marrying line, you understand. You go to bed and have a good nice rest; and then get up and look at yourself in the glass; and you won't feel so cheap.

Eliza again looks at him, speechless, and does not stir.

The look is quite lost on him: he eats his apple with a dreamy expression of happiness, as it is quite a good one.

HIGGINS [a genial afterthought occurring to him] I daresay my mother could find some chap or other who would do very well—

LIZA. We were above that at the corner of Tottenham Court Road.

HIGGINS [waking up] What do you mean?

LIZA. I sold flowers. I didn't sell myself. Now you've made a lady of me I'm not fit to sell anything else. I wish you'd left me where you found me.

HIGGINS [slinging the core of the apple decisively into the grate] Tosh, Eliza. Don't you insult human relations by dragging all this cant about buying and selling into it. You needn't marry the fellow if you don't like him.

LIZA. What else am I to do?

HIGGINS. Oh, lots of things. What about your old idea of a florist's shop? Pickering could set you up in one: he's lots of money. [Chuckling] He'll have to pay for all those togs you have been wearing today; and that, with the hire of the jewellery, will make a big hole in two hundred pounds. Why, six months ago you would have thought it the millennium to have a flower shop of your own. Come! you'll be all right. I must clear off to bed: I'm devilish sleepy. By the way, I came down for something: I forget what it was.

LIZA. Your slippers.

HIGGINS. Oh yes, of course. You shied them at me. [He picks them up, and is going out when she rises and speaks to him].

LIZA. Before you go, sir—

HIGGINS [dropping the slippers in his surprise at her calling him sir] Eh?

LIZA. Do my clothes belong to me or to Colonel Pickering?

HIGGINS [coming back into the room as if her question were the very climax of unreason] What the devil use would they be to Pickering?

LIZA. He might want them for the next girl you pick up to experiment on.

HIGGINS [shocked and hurt] Is THAT the way you feel towards us?

LIZA. I don't want to hear anything more about that. All I want to know is whether anything belongs to me. My own clothes were burnt.

HIGGINS. But what does it matter? Why need you start bothering about that in the middle of the night?

LIZA. I want to know what I may take away with me. I don't want to be accused of stealing.

HIGGINS [now deeply wounded] Stealing! You shouldn't have said that, Eliza. That shows a want of feeling.

LIZA. I'm sorry. I'm only a common ignorant girl; and in my station I have to be careful. There can't be any feelings between the like of you and the like of me. Please will you tell me what belongs to me and what doesn't?

HIGGINS [very sulky] You may take the whole damned houseful if you like. Except the jewels. They're hired. Will that satisfy you? [He turns on his heel and is about to go in extreme dudgeon].

LIZA [drinking in his emotion like nectar, and nagging him to provoke a further supply] Stop, please. [She takes off her jewels]. Will you take these to your room and keep them safe? I don't want to run the risk of their being missing.

HIGGINS [furious] Hand them over. [She puts them into his hands]. If these belonged to me instead of to the jeweler, I'd ram them down your ungrateful throat. [He perfunctorily thrusts them into his pockets, unconsciously decorating himself with the protruding ends of the chains].

LIZA [taking a ring off] This ring isn't the jeweler's: it's the one you bought me in Brighton. I don't want it now. [Higgins dashes the ring violently into the fireplace, and turns on her so threateningly that she crouches over the piano with her hands over her face, and exclaims] Don't you hit me.

HIGGINS. Hit you! You infamous creature, how dare you accuse me of such a thing? It is you who have hit me. You have wounded me to the heart.

LIZA [thrilling with hidden joy] I'm glad. I've got a little of my own back, anyhow.

HIGGINS [with dignity, in his finest professional style] You have caused me to lose my temper: a thing that has hardly ever happened to me before. I prefer to say nothing more tonight. I am going to bed.

LIZA [pertly] You'd better leave a note for Mrs. Pearce about the coffee; for she won't be told by me.

HIGGINS [formally] Damn Mrs. Pearce; and damn the coffee; and damn you; and damn my own folly in having lavished MY hard-earned knowledge and the treasure of my regard and intimacy on a heartless guttersnipe. [He goes out with impressive decorum, and spoils it by slamming the door savagely].

Eliza smiles for the first time; expresses her feelings by a wild pantomime in which an imitation of Higgins's exit is confused with her own triumph; and finally goes down on her knees on the hearthrug to look for the ring.

ACT V

Mrs. Higgins's drawing-room. She is at her writing-table as before. The

parlor-maid comes in.

THE PARLOR-MAID [at the door] Mr. Henry, mam, is downstairs with Colonel Pickering.

MRS. HIGGINS. Well, show them up.

THE PARLOR-MAID. They're using the telephone, mam. Telephoning to the police, I think.

MRS. HIGGINS. What!

THE PARLOR-MAID [coming further in and lowering her voice] Mr. Henry's in a state, mam. I thought I'd better tell you.

MRS. HIGGINS. If you had told me that Mr. Henry was not in a state it would have been more surprising. Tell them to come up when they've finished with the police. I suppose he's lost something.

THE PARLOR-MAID. Yes, maam [going].

MRS. HIGGINS. Go upstairs and tell Miss Doolittle that Mr. Henry and the Colonel are here. Ask her not to come down till I send for her.

THE PARLOR-MAID. Yes, mam.

Higgins bursts in. He is, as the parlor-maid has said, in a state.

HIGGINS. Look here, mother: here's a confounded thing!

MRS. HIGGINS. Yes, dear. Good-morning. [He checks his impatience and kisses her, whilst the parlor-maid goes out]. What is it?

HIGGINS. Eliza's bolted.

MRS. HIGGINS [calmly continuing her writing] You must have frightened her.

HIGGINS. Frightened her! nonsense! She was left last night, as usual, to turn out the lights and all that; and instead of going to bed she changed her clothes and went right off: her bed wasn't slept in. She came in a cab for her things before seven this morning; and that fool Mrs. Pearce let her have them without telling me a word about it. What am I to do?

MRS. HIGGINS. Do without, I'm afraid, Henry. The girl has a perfect right to leave if she chooses.

HIGGINS [wandering distractedly across the room] But I can't find anything. I don't know what appointments I've got. I'm— [Pickering comes in. Mrs. Higgins puts down her pen and turns away from the writing-table].

PICKERING [shaking hands] Good-morning, Mrs. Higgins. Has Henry

told you? [He sits down on the ottoman].

HIGGINS. What does that ass of an inspector say? Have you offered a reward?

MRS. HIGGINS [rising in indignant amazement] You don't mean to say you have set the police after Eliza?

HIGGINS. Of course. What are the police for? What else could we do? [He sits in the Elizabethan chair].

PICKERING. The inspector made a lot of difficulties. I really think he suspected us of some improper purpose.

MRS. HIGGINS. Well, of course he did. What right have you to go to the police and give the girl's name as if she were a thief, or a lost umbrella, or something? Really! [She sits down again, deeply vexed].

HIGGINS. But we want to find her.

PICKERING. We can't let her go like this, you know, Mrs. Higgins. What were we to do?

MRS. HIGGINS. You have no more sense, either of you, than two children. Why—

The parlor-maid comes in and breaks off the conversation.

THE PARLOR-MAID. Mr. Henry: a gentleman wants to see you very particular. He's been sent on from Wimpole Street.

HIGGINS. Oh, bother! I can't see anyone now. Who is it?

THE PARLOR-MAID. A Mr. Doolittle, Sir.

PICKERING. Doolittle! Do you mean the dustman?

THE PARLOR-MAID. Dustman! Oh no, sir: a gentleman.

HIGGINS [springing up excitedly] By George, Pick, it's some relative of hers that she's gone to. Somebody we know nothing about. [To the parlor-maid] Send him up, quick.

THE PARLOR-MAID. Yes, Sir. [She goes].

HIGGINS [eagerly, going to his mother] Genteel relatives! now we shall hear something. [He sits down in the Chippendale chair].

MRS. HIGGINS. Do you know any of her people?

PICKERING. Only her father: the fellow we told you about.

THE PARLOR-MAID [announcing] Mr. Doolittle. [She withdraws].

Doolittle enters. He is brilliantly dressed in a new fashionable frock-coat, with white waistcoat and grey trousers. A flower in his buttonhole, a dazzling silk hat, and patent leather shoes complete the effect. He is too concerned with the business he has come on to notice Mrs. Higgins. He walks straight to Higgins, and accosts him with vehement reproach.

DOOLITTLE [indicating his own person] See here! Do you see this? You done this.

HIGGINS. Done what, man?

DOOLITTLE. This, I tell you. Look at it. Look at this hat. Look at this coat.

PICKERING. Has Eliza been buying you clothes?

DOOLITTLE. Eliza! not she. Not half. Why would she buy me clothes?

MRS. HIGGINS. Good-morning, Mr. Doolittle. Won't you sit down?

DOOLITTLE [taken aback as he becomes conscious that he has forgotten his hostess] Asking your pardon, ma'am. [He approaches her and shakes her proffered hand]. Thank you. [He sits down on the ottoman, on Pickering's right]. I am that full of what has happened to me that I can't think of anything else.

HIGGINS. What the dickens has happened to you?

DOOLITTLE. I shouldn't mind if it had only happened to me: anything might happen to anybody and nobody to blame but Providence, as you might say. But this is something that you done to me: yes, you, Henry Higgins.

HIGGINS. Have you found Eliza? That's the point.

DOOLITTLE. Have you lost her?

HIGGINS. Yes.

DOOLITTLE. You have all the luck, you have. I ain't found her; but she'll find me quick enough now after what you done to me.

MRS. HIGGINS. But what has my son done to you, Mr. Doolittle?

DOOLITTLE. Done to me! Ruined me. Destroyed my happiness. Tied me up and delivered me into the hands of middle class morality.

HIGGINS [rising intolerantly and standing over Doolittle] You're raving. You're drunk. You're mad. I gave you five pounds. After that I had two conversations with you, at half-a-crown an hour. I've never seen you since.

DOOLITTLE. Oh! Drunk! am I? Mad! am I? Tell me this. Did you or did you not write a letter to an old blighter in America that was giving five

millions to found Moral Reform Societies all over the world, and that wanted you to invent a universal language for him?

HIGGINS. What! Ezra D. Wannafeller! He's dead. [He sits down again carelessly].

DOOLITTLE. Yes: he's dead; and I'm done for. Now did you or did you not write a letter to him to say that the most original moralist at present in England, to the best of your knowledge, was Alfred Doolittle, a common dustman.

HIGGINS. Oh, after your last visit I remember making some silly joke of the kind.

DOOLITTLE. Ah! you may well call it a silly joke. It put the lid on me right enough. Just give him the chance he wanted to show that Americans is not like us: that they recognize and respect merit in every class of life, however humble. Them words is in his blooming will, in which, Henry Higgins, thanks to your silly joking, he leaves me a share in his Pre-digested Cheese Trust worth three thousand a year on condition that I lecture for his Wannafeller Moral Reform World League as often as they ask me up to six times a year.

HIGGINS. The devil he does! Whew! [Brightening suddenly] What a lark!

PICKERING. A safe thing for you, Doolittle. They won't ask you twice.

DOOLITTLE. It ain't the lecturing I mind. I'll lecture them blue in the face, I will, and not turn a hair. It's making a gentleman of me that I object to. Who asked him to make a gentleman of me? I was happy. I was free. I touched pretty nigh everybody for money when I wanted it, same as I touched you, Henry Higgins. Now I am worrited; tied neck and heels; and everybody touches me for money. It's a fine thing for you, says my solicitor. Is it? says I. You mean it's a good thing for you, I says. When I was a poor man and had a solicitor once when they found a pram in the dust cart, he got me off, and got shut of me and got me shut of him as quick as he could. Same with the doctors: used to shove me out of the hospital before I could hardly stand on my legs, and nothing to pay. Now they finds out that I'm not a healthy man and can't live unless they looks after me twice a day. In the house I'm not let do a hand's turn for myself: somebody else must do it and touch me for it. A year ago I hadn't a relative in the world except two or three that wouldn't speak to me. Now I've fifty, and not a decent week's wages among the lot of them. I have to live for others and not for myself: that's middle class morality. You talk of losing Eliza. Don't you be anxious: I bet she's on my doorstep by this: she that could support herself easy by selling flowers if I wasn't respectable. And the next one to touch me will be you, Henry Higgins. I'll have to learn to

speak middle class language from you, instead of speaking proper English. That's where you'll come in; and I daresay that's what you done it for.

MRS. HIGGINS. But, my dear Mr. Doolittle, you need not suffer all this if you are really in earnest. Nobody can force you to accept this bequest. You can repudiate it. Isn't that so, Colonel Pickering?

PICKERING. I believe so.

DOOLITTLE [softening his manner in deference to her sex] That's the tragedy of it, ma'am. It's easy to say chuck it; but I haven't the nerve. Which one of us has? We're all intimidated. Intimidated, ma'am: that's what we are. What is there for me if I chuck it but the workhouse in my old age? I have to dye my hair already to keep my job as a dustman. If I was one of the deserving poor, and had put by a bit, I could chuck it; but then why should I, acause the deserving poor might as well be millionaires for all the happiness they ever has. They don't know what happiness is. But I, as one of the undeserving poor, have nothing between me and the pauper's uniform but this here blasted three thousand a year that shoves me into the middle class. (Excuse the expression, ma'am: you'd use it yourself if you had my provocation). They've got you every way you turn: it's a choice between the Skilly of the workhouse and the Char Bydis of the middle class; and I haven't the nerve for the workhouse. Intimidated: that's what I am. Broke. Bought up. Happier men than me will call for my dust, and touch me for their tip; and I'll look on helpless, and envy them. And that's what your son has brought me to. [He is overcome by emotion].

MRS. HIGGINS. Well, I'm very glad you're not going to do anything foolish, Mr. Doolittle. For this solves the problem of Eliza's future. You can provide for her now.

DOOLITTLE [with melancholy resignation] Yes, ma'am; I'm expected to provide for everyone now, out of three thousand a year.

HIGGINS [jumping up] Nonsense! he can't provide for her. He shan't provide for her. She doesn't belong to him. I paid him five pounds for her. Doolittle: either you're an honest man or a rogue.

DOOLITTLE [tolerantly] A little of both, Henry, like the rest of us: a little of both.

HIGGINS. Well, you took that money for the girl; and you have no right to take her as well.

MRS. HIGGINS. Henry: don't be absurd. If you really want to know where Eliza is, she is upstairs.

HIGGINS [amazed] Upstairs!!! Then I shall jolly soon fetch her

downstairs. [He makes resolutely for the door].

MRS. HIGGINS [rising and following him] Be quiet, Henry. Sit down.

HIGGINS. I—

MRS. HIGGINS. Sit down, dear; and listen to me.

HIGGINS. Oh very well, very well, very well. [He throws himself ungraciously on the ottoman, with his face towards the windows]. But I think you might have told me this half an hour ago.

MRS. HIGGINS. Eliza came to me this morning. She passed the night partly walking about in a rage, partly trying to throw herself into the river and being afraid to, and partly in the Carlton Hotel. She told me of the brutal way you two treated her.

HIGGINS [bounding up again] What!

PICKERING [rising also] My dear Mrs. Higgins, she's been telling you stories. We didn't treat her brutally. We hardly said a word to her; and we parted on particularly good terms. [Turning on Higgins]. Higgins: did you bully her after I went to bed?

HIGGINS. Just the other way about. She threw my slippers in my face. She behaved in the most outrageous way. I never gave her the slightest provocation. The slippers came bang into my face the moment I entered the room—before I had uttered a word. And used perfectly awful language.

PICKERING [astonished] But why? What did we do to her?

MRS. HIGGINS. I think I know pretty well what you did. The girl is naturally rather affectionate, I think. Isn't she, Mr. Doolittle?

DOOLITTLE. Very tender-hearted, ma'am. Takes after me.

MRS. HIGGINS. Just so. She had become attached to you both. She worked very hard for you, Henry! I don't think you quite realize what anything in the nature of brain work means to a girl like that. Well, it seems that when the great day of trial came, and she did this wonderful thing for you without making a single mistake, you two sat there and never said a word to her, but talked together of how glad you were that it was all over and how you had been bored with the whole thing. And then you were surprised because she threw your slippers at you! I should have thrown the fire-irons at you.

HIGGINS. We said nothing except that we were tired and wanted to go to bed. Did we, Pick?

PICKERING [shrugging his shoulders] That was all.

MRS. HIGGINS [ironically] Quite sure?

PICKERING. Absolutely. Really, that was all.

MRS. HIGGINS. You didn't thank her, or pet her, or admire her, or tell her how splendid she'd been.

HIGGINS [impatiently] But she knew all about that. We didn't make speeches to her, if that's what you mean.

PICKERING [conscience stricken] Perhaps we were a little inconsiderate. Is she very angry?

MRS. HIGGINS [returning to her place at the writing-table] Well, I'm afraid she won't go back to Wimpole Street, especially now that Mr. Doolittle is able to keep up the position you have thrust on her; but she says she is quite willing to meet you on friendly terms and to let bygones be bygones.

HIGGINS [furious] Is she, by George? Ho!

MRS. HIGGINS. If you promise to behave yourself, Henry, I'll ask her to come down. If not, go home; for you have taken up quite enough of my time.

HIGGINS. Oh, all right. Very well. Pick: you behave yourself. Let us put on our best Sunday manners for this creature that we picked out of the mud. [He flings himself sulkily into the Elizabethan chair].

DOOLITTLE [remonstrating] Now, now, Henry Higgins! have some consideration for my feelings as a middle class man.

MRS. HIGGINS. Remember your promise, Henry. [She presses the bell-button on the writing-table]. Mr. Doolittle: will you be so good as to step out on the balcony for a moment. I don't want Eliza to have the shock of your news until she has made it up with these two gentlemen. Would you mind?

DOOLITTLE. As you wish, lady. Anything to help Henry to keep her off my hands. [He disappears through the window].

The parlor-maid answers the bell. Pickering sits down in Doolittle's place.

MRS. HIGGINS. Ask Miss Doolittle to come down, please.

THE PARLOR-MAID. Yes, mam. [She goes out].

MRS. HIGGINS. Now, Henry: be good.

HIGGINS. I am behaving myself perfectly.

PICKERING. He is doing his best, Mrs. Higgins.

A pause. Higgins throws back his head; stretches out his legs; and begins to whistle.

MRS. HIGGINS. Henry, dearest, you don't look at all nice in that attitude.

HIGGINS [pulling himself together] I was not trying to look nice, mother.

MRS. HIGGINS. It doesn't matter, dear. I only wanted to make you speak.

HIGGINS. Why?

MRS. HIGGINS. Because you can't speak and whistle at the same time.

Higgins groans. Another very trying pause.

HIGGINS [springing up, out of patience] Where the devil is that girl? Are we to wait here all day?

Eliza enters, sunny, self-possessed, and giving a staggeringly convincing exhibition of ease of manner. She carries a little work-basket, and is very much at home. Pickering is too much taken aback to rise.

LIZA. How do you do, Professor Higgins? Are you quite well?

HIGGINS [choking] Am I— [He can say no more].

LIZA. But of course you are: you are never ill. So glad to see you again, Colonel Pickering. [He rises hastily; and they shake hands]. Quite chilly this morning, isn't it? [She sits down on his left. He sits beside her].

HIGGINS. Don't you dare try this game on me. I taught it to you; and it doesn't take me in. Get up and come home; and don't be a fool.

Eliza takes a piece of needlework from her basket, and begins to stitch at it, without taking the least notice of this outburst.

MRS. HIGGINS. Very nicely put, indeed, Henry. No woman could resist such an invitation.

HIGGINS. You let her alone, mother. Let her speak for herself. You will jolly soon see whether she has an idea that I haven't put into her head or a word that I haven't put into her mouth. I tell you I have created this thing out of the squashed cabbage leaves of Covent Garden; and now she pretends to play the fine lady with me.

MRS. HIGGINS [placidly] Yes, dear; but you'll sit down, won't you?

Higgins sits down again, savagely.

LIZA [to Pickering, taking no apparent notice of Higgins, and working away deftly] Will you drop me altogether now that the experiment is over, Colonel Pickering?

PICKERING. Oh don't. You mustn't think of it as an experiment. It shocks me, somehow.

LIZA. Oh, I'm only a squashed cabbage leaf.

PICKERING [impulsively] No.

LIZA [continuing quietly]—but I owe so much to you that I should be very unhappy if you forgot me.

PICKERING. It's very kind of you to say so, Miss Doolittle.

LIZA. It's not because you paid for my dresses. I know you are generous to everybody with money. But it was from you that I learnt really nice manners; and that is what makes one a lady, isn't it? You see it was so very difficult for me with the example of Professor Higgins always before me. I was brought up to be just like him, unable to control myself, and using bad language on the slightest provocation. And I should never have known that ladies and gentlemen didn't behave like that if you hadn't been there.

HIGGINS. Well!!

PICKERING. Oh, that's only his way, you know. He doesn't mean it.

LIZA. Oh, I didn't mean it either, when I was a flower girl. It was only my way. But you see I did it; and that's what makes the difference after all.

PICKERING. No doubt. Still, he taught you to speak; and I couldn't have done that, you know.

LIZA [trivially] Of course: that is his profession.

HIGGINS. Damnation!

LIZA [continuing] It was just like learning to dance in the fashionable way: there was nothing more than that in it. But do you know what began my real education?

PICKERING. What?

LIZA [stopping her work for a moment] Your calling me Miss Doolittle that day when I first came to Wimpole Street. That was the beginning of self-respect for me. [She resumes her stitching]. And there were a hundred little things you never noticed, because they came naturally to you. Things about standing up and taking off your hat and opening doors—

PICKERING. Oh, that was nothing.

LIZA. Yes: things that showed you thought and felt about me as if I were something better than a scullerymaid; though of course I know you would have been just the same to a scullery-maid if she had been let in the drawing-room. You never took off your boots in the dining room when I was there.

PICKERING. You mustn't mind that. Higgins takes off his boots all over the place.

LIZA. I know. I am not blaming him. It is his way, isn't it? But it made such a difference to me that you didn't do it. You see, really and truly, apart from the things anyone can pick up (the dressing and the proper way of speaking, and so on), the difference between a lady and a flower girl is not how she behaves, but how she's treated. I shall always be a flower girl to Professor Higgins, because he always treats me as a flower girl, and always will; but I know I can be a lady to you, because you always treat me as a lady, and always will.

MRS. HIGGINS. Please don't grind your teeth, Henry.

PICKERING. Well, this is really very nice of you, Miss Doolittle.

LIZA. I should like you to call me Eliza, now, if you would.

PICKERING. Thank you. Eliza, of course.

LIZA. And I should like Professor Higgins to call me Miss Doolittle.

HIGGINS. I'll see you damned first.

MRS. HIGGINS. Henry! Henry!

PICKERING [laughing] Why don't you slang back at him? Don't stand it. It would do him a lot of good.

LIZA. I can't. I could have done it once; but now I can't go back to it. Last night, when I was wandering about, a girl spoke to me; and I tried to get back into the old way with her; but it was no use. You told me, you know, that when a child is brought to a foreign country, it picks up the language in a few weeks, and forgets its own. Well, I am a child in your country. I have forgotten my own language, and can speak nothing but yours. That's the real break-off with the corner of Tottenham Court Road. Leaving Wimpole Street finishes it.

PICKERING [much alarmed] Oh! but you're coming back to Wimpole Street, aren't you? You'll forgive Higgins?

HIGGINS [rising] Forgive! Will she, by George! Let her go. Let her find out how she can get on without us. She will relapse into the gutter in three weeks without me at her elbow.

Doolittle appears at the centre window. With a look of dignified reproach at Higgins, he comes slowly and silently to his daughter, who, with her back to the window, is unconscious of his approach.

PICKERING. He's incorrigible, Eliza. You won't relapse, will you?

LIZA. No: Not now. Never again. I have learnt my lesson. I don't believe I could utter one of the old sounds if I tried. [Doolittle touches her on her left shoulder. She drops her work, losing her self-possession utterly at the

spectacle of her father's splendor] A—a—a—a—a—ah—ow—ooh!

HIGGINS [with a crow of triumph] Aha! Just so. A—a—a—a—ahowooh! A—a—a—a—ahowooh ! A—a—a—a—ahowooh! Victory! Victory! [He throws himself on the divan, folding his arms, and spraddling arrogantly].

DOOLITTLE. Can you blame the girl? Don't look at me like that, Eliza. It ain't my fault. I've come into money.

LIZA. You must have touched a millionaire this time, dad.

DOOLITTLE. I have. But I'm dressed something special today. I'm going to St. George's, Hanover Square. Your stepmother is going to marry me.

LIZA [angrily] You're going to let yourself down to marry that low common woman!

PICKERING [quietly] He ought to, Eliza. [To Doolittle] Why has she changed her mind?

DOOLITTLE [sadly] Intimidated, Governor. Intimidated. Middle class morality claims its victim. Won't you put on your hat, Liza, and come and see me turned off?

LIZA. If the Colonel says I must, I—I'll [almost sobbing] I'll demean myself. And get insulted for my pains, like enough.

DOOLITTLE. Don't be afraid: she never comes to words with anyone now, poor woman! respectability has broke all the spirit out of her.

PICKERING [squeezing Eliza's elbow gently] Be kind to them, Eliza. Make the best of it.

LIZA [forcing a little smile for him through her vexation] Oh well, just to show there's no ill feeling. I'll be back in a moment. [She goes out].

DOOLITTLE [sitting down beside Pickering] I feel uncommon nervous about the ceremony, Colonel. I wish you'd come and see me through it.

PICKERING. But you've been through it before, man. You were married to Eliza's mother.

DOOLITTLE. Who told you that, Colonel?

PICKERING. Well, nobody told me. But I concluded naturally—

DOOLITTLE. No: that ain't the natural way, Colonel: it's only the middle class way. My way was always the undeserving way. But don't say nothing to Eliza. She don't know: I always had a delicacy about telling her.

PICKERING. Quite right. We'll leave it so, if you don't mind.

DOOLITTLE. And you'll come to the church, Colonel, and put me through straight?

PICKERING. With pleasure. As far as a bachelor can.

MRS. HIGGINS. May I come, Mr. Doolittle? I should be very sorry to miss your wedding.

DOOLITTLE. I should indeed be honored by your condescension, ma'am; and my poor old woman would take it as a tremenjous compliment. She's been very low, thinking of the happy days that are no more.

MRS. HIGGINS [rising] I'll order the carriage and get ready. [The men rise, except Higgins]. I shan't be more than fifteen minutes. [As she goes to the door Eliza comes in, hatted and buttoning her gloves]. I'm going to the church to see your father married, Eliza. You had better come in the brougham with me. Colonel Pickering can go on with the bridegroom.

Mrs. Higgins goes out. Eliza comes to the middle of the room between the centre window and the ottoman. Pickering joins her.

DOOLITTLE. Bridegroom! What a word! It makes a man realize his position, somehow. [He takes up his hat and goes towards the door].

PICKERING. Before I go, Eliza, do forgive him and come back to us.

LIZA. I don't think papa would allow me. Would you, dad?

DOOLITTLE [sad but magnanimous] They played you off very cunning, Eliza, them two sportsmen. If it had been only one of them, you could have nailed him. But you see, there was two; and one of them chaperoned the other, as you might say. [To Pickering] It was artful of you, Colonel; but I bear no malice: I should have done the same myself. I been the victim of one woman after another all my life; and I don't grudge you two getting the better of Eliza. I shan't interfere. It's time for us to go, Colonel. So long, Henry. See you in St. George's, Eliza. [He goes out].

PICKERING [coaxing] Do stay with us, Eliza. [He follows Doolittle].

Eliza goes out on the balcony to avoid being alone with Higgins. He rises and joins her there. She immediately comes back into the room and makes for the door; but he goes along the balcony quickly and gets his back to the door before she reaches it.

HIGGINS. Well, Eliza, you've had a bit of your own back, as you call it. Have you had enough? and are you going to be reasonable? Or do you want any more?

LIZA. You want me back only to pick up your slippers and put up with your tempers and fetch and carry for you.

HIGGINS. I haven't said I wanted you back at all.

LIZA. Oh, indeed. Then what are we talking about?

HIGGINS. About you, not about me. If you come back I shall treat you just as I have always treated you. I can't change my nature; and I don't intend to change my manners. My manners are exactly the same as Colonel Pickering's.

LIZA. That's not true. He treats a flower girl as if she was a duchess.

HIGGINS. And I treat a duchess as if she was a flower girl.

LIZA. I see. [She turns away composedly, and sits on the ottoman, facing the window]. The same to everybody.

HIGGINS. Just so.

LIZA. Like father.

HIGGINS [grinning, a little taken down] Without accepting the comparison at all points, Eliza, it's quite true that your father is not a snob, and that he will be quite at home in any station of life to which his eccentric destiny may call him. [Seriously] The great secret, Eliza, is not having bad manners or good manners or any other particular sort of manners, but having the same manner for all human souls: in short, behaving as if you were in Heaven, where there are no third-class carriages, and one soul is as good as another.

LIZA. Amen. You are a born preacher.

HIGGINS [irritated] The question is not whether I treat you rudely, but whether you ever heard me treat anyone else better.

LIZA [with sudden sincerity] I don't care how you treat me. I don't mind your swearing at me. I don't mind a black eye: I've had one before this. But [standing up and facing him] I won't be passed over.

HIGGINS. Then get out of my way; for I won't stop for you. You talk about me as if I were a motor bus.

LIZA. So you are a motor bus: all bounce and go, and no consideration for anyone. But I can do without you: don't think I can't.

HIGGINS. I know you can. I told you you could.

LIZA [wounded, getting away from him to the other side of the ottoman with her face to the hearth] I know you did, you brute. You wanted to get rid of me.

HIGGINS. Liar.

LIZA. Thank you. [She sits down with dignity].

HIGGINS. You never asked yourself, I suppose, whether I could do without YOU.

LIZA [earnestly] Don't you try to get round me. You'll HAVE to do without me.

HIGGINS [arrogant] I can do without anybody. I have my own soul: my own spark of divine fire. But [with sudden humility] I shall miss you, Eliza. [He sits down near her on the ottoman]. I have learnt something from your idiotic notions: I confess that humbly and gratefully. And I have grown accustomed to your voice and appearance. I like them, rather.

LIZA. Well, you have both of them on your gramophone and in your book of photographs. When you feel lonely without me, you can turn the machine on. It's got no feelings to hurt.

HIGGINS. I can't turn your soul on. Leave me those feelings; and you can take away the voice and the face. They are not you.

LIZA. Oh, you ARE a devil. You can twist the heart in a girl as easy as some could twist her arms to hurt her. Mrs. Pearce warned me. Time and again she has wanted to leave you; and you always got round her at the last minute. And you don't care a bit for her. And you don't care a bit for me.

HIGGINS. I care for life, for humanity; and you are a part of it that has come my way and been built into my house. What more can you or anyone ask?

LIZA. I won't care for anybody that doesn't care for me.

HIGGINS. Commercial principles, Eliza. Like [reproducing her Covent Garden pronunciation with professional exactness] s'yollin voylets [selling violets], isn't it?

LIZA. Don't sneer at me. It's mean to sneer at me.

HIGGINS. I have never sneered in my life. Sneering doesn't become either the human face or the human soul. I am expressing my righteous contempt for Commercialism. I don't and won't trade in affection. You call me a brute because you couldn't buy a claim on me by fetching my slippers and finding my spectacles. You were a fool: I think a woman fetching a man's slippers is a disgusting sight: did I ever fetch YOUR slippers? I think a good deal more of you for throwing them in my face. No use slaving for me and then saying you want to be cared for: who cares for a slave? If you come back, come back for the sake of good fellowship; for you'll get nothing else. You've had a thousand times as much out of me as I have out of you; and if you dare to set up your little dog's tricks of fetching and carrying slippers against my creation of a

Duchess Eliza, I'll slam the door in your silly face.

LIZA. What did you do it for if you didn't care for me?

HIGGINS [heartily] Why, because it was my job.

LIZA. You never thought of the trouble it would make for me.

HIGGINS. Would the world ever have been made if its maker had been afraid of making trouble? Making life means making trouble. There's only one way of escaping trouble; and that's killing things. Cowards, you notice, are always shrieking to have troublesome people killed.

LIZA. I'm no preacher: I don't notice things like that. I notice that you don't notice me.

HIGGINS [jumping up and walking about intolerantly] Eliza: you're an idiot. I waste the treasures of my Miltonic mind by spreading them before you. Once for all, understand that I go my way and do my work without caring twopence what happens to either of us. I am not intimidated, like your father and your stepmother. So you can come back or go to the devil: which you please.

LIZA. What am I to come back for?

HIGGINS [bouncing up on his knees on the ottoman and leaning over it to her] For the fun of it. That's why I took you on.

LIZA [with averted face] And you may throw me out tomorrow if I don't do everything you want me to?

HIGGINS. Yes; and you may walk out tomorrow if I don't do everything YOU want me to.

LIZA. And live with my stepmother?

HIGGINS. Yes, or sell flowers.

LIZA. Oh! if I only COULD go back to my flower basket! I should be independent of both you and father and all the world! Why did you take my independence from me? Why did I give it up? I'm a slave now, for all my fine clothes.

HIGGINS. Not a bit. I'll adopt you as my daughter and settle money on you if you like. Or would you rather marry Pickering?

LIZA [looking fiercely round at him] I wouldn't marry YOU if you asked me; and you're nearer my age than what he is.

HIGGINS [gently] Than he is: not "than what he is."

LIZA [losing her temper and rising] I'll talk as I like. You're not my teacher

now.

HIGGINS [reflectively] I don't suppose Pickering would, though. He's as confirmed an old bachelor as I am.

LIZA. That's not what I want; and don't you think it. I've always had chaps enough wanting me that way. Freddy Hill writes to me twice and three times a day, sheets and sheets.

HIGGINS [disagreeably surprised] Damn his impudence! [He recoils and finds himself sitting on his heels].

LIZA. He has a right to if he likes, poor lad. And he does love me.

HIGGINS [getting off the ottoman] You have no right to encourage him.

LIZA. Every girl has a right to be loved.

HIGGINS. What! By fools like that?

LIZA. Freddy's not a fool. And if he's weak and poor and wants me, may be he'd make me happier than my betters that bully me and don't want me.

HIGGINS. Can he MAKE anything of you? That's the point.

LIZA. Perhaps I could make something of him. But I never thought of us making anything of one another; and you never think of anything else. I only want to be natural.

HIGGINS. In short, you want me to be as infatuated about you as Freddy? Is that it?

LIZA. No I don't. That's not the sort of feeling I want from you. And don't you be too sure of yourself or of me. I could have been a bad girl if I'd liked. I've seen more of some things than you, for all your learning. Girls like me can drag gentlemen down to make love to them easy enough. And they wish each other dead the next minute.

HIGGINS. Of course they do. Then what in thunder are we quarrelling about?

LIZA [much troubled] I want a little kindness. I know I'm a common ignorant girl, and you a book-learned gentleman; but I'm not dirt under your feet. What I done [correcting herself] what I did was not for the dresses and the taxis: I did it because we were pleasant together and I come—came—to care for you; not to want you to make love to me, and not forgetting the difference between us, but more friendly like.

HIGGINS. Well, of course. That's just how I feel. And how Pickering feels. Eliza: you're a fool.

LIZA. That's not a proper answer to give me [she sinks on the chair at the writing-table in tears].

HIGGINS. It's all you'll get until you stop being a common idiot. If you're going to be a lady, you'll have to give up feeling neglected if the men you know don't spend half their time snivelling over you and the other half giving you black eyes. If you can't stand the coldness of my sort of life, and the strain of it, go back to the gutter. Work til you are more a brute than a human being; and then cuddle and squabble and drink til you fall asleep. Oh, it's a fine life, the life of the gutter. It's real: it's warm: it's violent: you can feel it through the thickest skin: you can taste it and smell it without any training or any work. Not like Science and Literature and Classical Music and Philosophy and Art. You find me cold, unfeeling, selfish, don't you? Very well: be off with you to the sort of people you like. Marry some sentimental hog or other with lots of money, and a thick pair of lips to kiss you with and a thick pair of boots to kick you with. If you can't appreciate what you've got, you'd better get what you can appreciate.

LIZA [desperate] Oh, you are a cruel tyrant. I can't talk to you: you turn everything against me: I'm always in the wrong. But you know very well all the time that you're nothing but a bully. You know I can't go back to the gutter, as you call it, and that I have no real friends in the world but you and the Colonel. You know well I couldn't bear to live with a low common man after you two; and it's wicked and cruel of you to insult me by pretending I could. You think I must go back to Wimpole Street because I have nowhere else to go but father's. But don't you be too sure that you have me under your feet to be trampled on and talked down. I'll marry Freddy, I will, as soon as he's able to support me.

HIGGINS [sitting down beside her] Rubbish! you shall marry an ambassador. You shall marry the Governor-General of India or the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, or somebody who wants a deputy-queen. I'm not going to have my masterpiece thrown away on Freddy.

LIZA. You think I like you to say that. But I haven't forgot what you said a minute ago; and I won't be coaxed round as if I was a baby or a puppy. If I can't have kindness, I'll have independence.

HIGGINS. Independence? That's middle class blasphemy. We are all dependent on one another, every soul of us on earth.

LIZA [rising determinedly] I'll let you see whether I'm dependent on you. If you can preach, I can teach. I'll go and be a teacher.

HIGGINS. What'll you teach, in heaven's name?

LIZA. What you taught me. I'll teach phonetics.

HIGGINS. Ha! Ha! Ha!

LIZA. I'll offer myself as an assistant to Professor Nepean.

HIGGINS [rising in a fury] What! That impostor! that humbug! that toadying ignoramus! Teach him my methods! my discoveries! You take one step in his direction and I'll wring your neck. [He lays hands on her]. Do you hear?

LIZA [defiantly non-resistant] Wring away. What do I care? I knew you'd strike me some day. [He lets her go, stamping with rage at having forgotten himself, and recoils so hastily that he stumbles back into his seat on the ottoman]. Aha! Now I know how to deal with you. What a fool I was not to think of it before! You can't take away the knowledge you gave me. You said I had a finer ear than you. And I can be civil and kind to people, which is more than you can. Aha! That's done you, Henry Higgins, it has. Now I don't care that [snapping her fingers] for your bullying and your big talk. I'll advertize it in the papers that your duchess is only a flower girl that you taught, and that she'll teach anybody to be a duchess just the same in six months for a thousand guineas. Oh, when I think of myself crawling under your feet and being trampled on and called names, when all the time I had only to lift up my finger to be as good as you, I could just kick myself.

HIGGINS [wondering at her] You damned impudent slut, you! But it's better than snivelling; better than fetching slippers and finding spectacles, isn't it? [Rising] By George, Eliza, I said I'd make a woman of you; and I have. I like you like this.

LIZA. Yes: you turn round and make up to me now that I'm not afraid of you, and can do without you.

HIGGINS. Of course I do, you little fool. Five minutes ago you were like a millstone round my neck. Now you're a tower of strength: a consort battleship. You and I and Pickering will be three old bachelors together instead of only two men and a silly girl.

Mrs. Higgins returns, dressed for the wedding. Eliza instantly becomes cool and elegant.

MRS. HIGGINS. The carriage is waiting, Eliza. Are you ready?

LIZA. Quite. Is the Professor coming?

MRS. HIGGINS. Certainly not. He can't behave himself in church. He makes remarks out loud all the time on the clergyman's pronunciation.

LIZA. Then I shall not see you again, Professor. Good bye. [She goes to the door].

MRS. HIGGINS [coming to Higgins] Good-bye, dear.

HIGGINS. Good-bye, mother. [He is about to kiss her, when he recollects something]. Oh, by the way, Eliza, order a ham and a Stilton cheese, will you? And buy me a pair of reindeer gloves, number eights, and a tie to match that new suit of mine, at Eale & Binman's. You can choose the color. [His cheerful, careless, vigorous voice shows that he is incorrigible].

LIZA [disdainfully] Buy them yourself. [She sweeps out].

MRS. HIGGINS. I'm afraid you've spoiled that girl, Henry. But never mind, dear: I'll buy you the tie and gloves.

HIGGINS [sunnily] Oh, don't bother. She'll buy em all right enough. Good-bye.

They kiss. Mrs. Higgins runs out. Higgins, left alone, rattles his cash in his pocket; chuckles; and disports himself in a highly self-satisfied manner.

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The rest of the story need not be shown in action, and indeed, would hardly need telling if our imaginations were not so enfeebled by their lazy dependence on the ready-makes and reach-me-downs of the ragshop in which Romance keeps its stock of "happy endings" to misfit all stories. Now, the history of Eliza Doolittle, though called a romance because of the transfiguration it records seems exceedingly improbable, is common enough. Such transfigurations have been achieved by hundreds of resolutely ambitious young women since Nell Gwynne set them the example by playing queens and fascinating kings in the theatre in which she began by selling oranges. Nevertheless, people in all directions have assumed, for no other reason than that she became the heroine of a romance, that she must have married the hero of it. This is unbearable, not only because her little drama, if acted on such a thoughtless assumption, must be spoiled, but because the true sequel is patent to anyone with a sense of human nature in general, and of feminine instinct in particular.

Eliza, in telling Higgins she would not marry him if he asked her, was not coquetting: she was announcing a well-considered decision. When a bachelor interests, and dominates, and teaches, and becomes important to a spinster, as Higgins with Eliza, she always, if she has character enough to be capable of it, considers very seriously indeed whether she will play for becoming that bachelor's wife, especially if he is so little interested in marriage that a determined and devoted woman might capture him if she set herself resolutely to do it. Her decision will depend a good deal on whether she is really free to choose; and that, again, will depend on her age and income. If she is at the end of her youth, and has no security for her livelihood, she will marry him

because she must marry anybody who will provide for her. But at Eliza's age a good-looking girl does not feel that pressure; she feels free to pick and choose. She is therefore guided by her instinct in the matter. Eliza's instinct tells her not to marry Higgins. It does not tell her to give him up. It is not in the slightest doubt as to his remaining one of the strongest personal interests in her life. It would be very sorely strained if there was another woman likely to supplant her with him. But as she feels sure of him on that last point, she has no doubt at all as to her course, and would not have any, even if the difference of twenty years in age, which seems so great to youth, did not exist between them.

As our own instincts are not appealed to by her conclusion, let us see whether we cannot discover some reason in it. When Higgins excused his indifference to young women on the ground that they had an irresistible rival in his mother, he gave the clue to his inveterate old-bachelordom. The case is uncommon only to the extent that remarkable mothers are uncommon. If an imaginative boy has a sufficiently rich mother who has intelligence, personal grace, dignity of character without harshness, and a cultivated sense of the best art of her time to enable her to make her house beautiful, she sets a standard for him against which very few women can struggle, besides effecting for him a disengagement of his affections, his sense of beauty, and his idealism from his specifically sexual impulses. This makes him a standing puzzle to the huge number of uncultivated people who have been brought up in tasteless homes by commonplace or disagreeable parents, and to whom, consequently, literature, painting, sculpture, music, and affectionate personal relations come as modes of sex if they come at all. The word passion means nothing else to them; and that Higgins could have a passion for phonetics and idealize his mother instead of Eliza, would seem to them absurd and unnatural. Nevertheless, when we look round and see that hardly anyone is too ugly or disagreeable to find a wife or a husband if he or she wants one, whilst many old maids and bachelors are above the average in quality and culture, we cannot help suspecting that the disentanglement of sex from the associations with which it is so commonly confused, a disentanglement which persons of genius achieve by sheer intellectual analysis, is sometimes produced or aided by parental fascination.

Now, though Eliza was incapable of thus explaining to herself Higgins's formidable powers of resistance to the charm that prostrated Freddy at the first glance, she was instinctively aware that she could never obtain a complete grip of him, or come between him and his mother (the first necessity of the married woman). To put it shortly, she knew that for some mysterious reason he had not the makings of a married man in him, according to her conception of a husband as one to whom she would be his nearest and fondest and warmest interest. Even had there been no mother-rival, she would still have refused to

accept an interest in herself that was secondary to philosophic interests. Had Mrs. Higgins died, there would still have been Milton and the Universal Alphabet. Landor's remark that to those who have the greatest power of loving, love is a secondary affair, would not have recommended Landor to Eliza. Put that along with her resentment of Higgins's domineering superiority, and her mistrust of his coaxing cleverness in getting round her and evading her wrath when he had gone too far with his impetuous bullying, and you will see that Eliza's instinct had good grounds for warning her not to marry her Pygmalion.

And now, whom did Eliza marry? For if Higgins was a predestinate old bachelor, she was most certainly not a predestinate old maid. Well, that can be told very shortly to those who have not guessed it from the indications she has herself given them.

Almost immediately after Eliza is stung into proclaiming her considered determination not to marry Higgins, she mentions the fact that young Mr. Frederick Eynsford Hill is pouring out his love for her daily through the post. Now Freddy is young, practically twenty years younger than Higgins: he is a gentleman (or, as Eliza would qualify him, a toff), and speaks like one; he is nicely dressed, is treated by the Colonel as an equal, loves her unaffectedly, and is not her master, nor ever likely to dominate her in spite of his advantage of social standing. Eliza has no use for the foolish romantic tradition that all women love to be mastered, if not actually bullied and beaten. "When you go to women," says Nietzsche, "take your whip with you." Sensible despots have never confined that precaution to women: they have taken their whips with them when they have dealt with men, and been slavishly idealized by the men over whom they have flourished the whip much more than by women. No doubt there are slavish women as well as slavish men; and women, like men, admire those that are stronger than themselves. But to admire a strong person and to live under that strong person's thumb are two different things. The weak may not be admired and hero-worshipped; but they are by no means disliked or shunned; and they never seem to have the least difficulty in marrying people who are too good for them. They may fail in emergencies; but life is not one long emergency: it is mostly a string of situations for which no exceptional strength is needed, and with which even rather weak people can cope if they have a stronger partner to help them out. Accordingly, it is a truth everywhere in evidence that strong people, masculine or feminine, not only do not marry stronger people, but do not show any preference for them in selecting their friends. When a lion meets another with a louder roar "the first lion thinks the last a bore." The man or woman who feels strong enough for two, seeks for every other quality in a partner than strength.

The converse is also true. Weak people want to marry strong people who

do not frighten them too much; and this often leads them to make the mistake we describe metaphorically as "biting off more than they can chew." They want too much for too little; and when the bargain is unreasonable beyond all bearing, the union becomes impossible: it ends in the weaker party being either discarded or borne as a cross, which is worse. People who are not only weak, but silly or obtuse as well, are often in these difficulties.

This being the state of human affairs, what is Eliza fairly sure to do when she is placed between Freddy and Higgins? Will she look forward to a lifetime of fetching Higgins's slippers or to a lifetime of Freddy fetching hers? There can be no doubt about the answer. Unless Freddy is biologically repulsive to her, and Higgins biologically attractive to a degree that overwhelms all her other instincts, she will, if she marries either of them, marry Freddy.

And that is just what Eliza did.

Complications ensued; but they were economic, not romantic. Freddy had no money and no occupation. His mother's jointure, a last relic of the opulence of Largelady Park, had enabled her to struggle along in Earlscourt with an air of gentility, but not to procure any serious secondary education for her children, much less give the boy a profession. A clerkship at thirty shillings a week was beneath Freddy's dignity, and extremely distasteful to him besides. His prospects consisted of a hope that if he kept up appearances somebody would do something for him. The something appeared vaguely to his imagination as a private secretaryship or a sinecure of some sort. To his mother it perhaps appeared as a marriage to some lady of means who could not resist her boy's niceness. Fancy her feelings when he married a flower girl who had become declassee under extraordinary circumstances which were now notorious!

It is true that Eliza's situation did not seem wholly ineligible. Her father, though formerly a dustman, and now fantastically disclassed, had become extremely popular in the smartest society by a social talent which triumphed over every prejudice and every disadvantage. Rejected by the middle class, which he loathed, he had shot up at once into the highest circles by his wit, his dustmanship (which he carried like a banner), and his Nietzschean transcendence of good and evil. At intimate ducal dinners he sat on the right hand of the Duchess; and in country houses he smoked in the pantry and was made much of by the butler when he was not feeding in the dining-room and being consulted by cabinet ministers. But he found it almost as hard to do all this on four thousand a year as Mrs. Eynsford Hill to live in Earlscourt on an income so pitiably smaller that I have not the heart to disclose its exact figure. He absolutely refused to add the last straw to his burden by contributing to Eliza's support.

Thus Freddy and Eliza, now Mr. and Mrs. Eynsford Hill, would have spent a penniless honeymoon but for a wedding present of 500 pounds from the Colonel to Eliza. It lasted a long time because Freddy did not know how to spend money, never having had any to spend, and Eliza, socially trained by a pair of old bachelors, wore her clothes as long as they held together and looked pretty, without the least regard to their being many months out of fashion. Still, 500 pounds will not last two young people for ever; and they both knew, and Eliza felt as well, that they must shift for themselves in the end. She could quarter herself on Wimpole Street because it had come to be her home; but she was quite aware that she ought not to quarter Freddy there, and that it would not be good for his character if she did.

Not that the Wimpole Street bachelors objected. When she consulted them, Higgins declined to be bothered about her housing problem when that solution was so simple. Eliza's desire to have Freddy in the house with her seemed of no more importance than if she had wanted an extra piece of bedroom furniture. Pleas as to Freddy's character, and the moral obligation on him to earn his own living, were lost on Higgins. He denied that Freddy had any character, and declared that if he tried to do any useful work some competent person would have the trouble of undoing it: a procedure involving a net loss to the community, and great unhappiness to Freddy himself, who was obviously intended by Nature for such light work as amusing Eliza, which, Higgins declared, was a much more useful and honorable occupation than working in the city. When Eliza referred again to her project of teaching phonetics, Higgins abated not a jot of his violent opposition to it. He said she was not within ten years of being qualified to meddle with his pet subject; and as it was evident that the Colonel agreed with him, she felt she could not go against them in this grave matter, and that she had no right, without Higgins's consent, to exploit the knowledge he had given her; for his knowledge seemed to her as much his private property as his watch: Eliza was no communist. Besides, she was superstitiously devoted to them both, more entirely and frankly after her marriage than before it.

It was the Colonel who finally solved the problem, which had cost him much perplexed cogitation. He one day asked Eliza, rather shyly, whether she had quite given up her notion of keeping a flower shop. She replied that she had thought of it, but had put it out of her head, because the Colonel had said, that day at Mrs. Higgins's, that it would never do. The Colonel confessed that when he said that, he had not quite recovered from the dazzling impression of the day before. They broke the matter to Higgins that evening. The sole comment vouchsafed by him very nearly led to a serious quarrel with Eliza. It was to the effect that she would have in Freddy an ideal errand boy.

Freddy himself was next sounded on the subject. He said he had been

thinking of a shop himself; though it had presented itself to his pennilessness as a small place in which Eliza should sell tobacco at one counter whilst he sold newspapers at the opposite one. But he agreed that it would be extraordinarily jolly to go early every morning with Eliza to Covent Garden and buy flowers on the scene of their first meeting: a sentiment which earned him many kisses from his wife. He added that he had always been afraid to propose anything of the sort, because Clara would make an awful row about a step that must damage her matrimonial chances, and his mother could not be expected to like it after clinging for so many years to that step of the social ladder on which retail trade is impossible.

This difficulty was removed by an event highly unexpected by Freddy's mother. Clara, in the course of her incursions into those artistic circles which were the highest within her reach, discovered that her conversational qualifications were expected to include a grounding in the novels of Mr. H.G. Wells. She borrowed them in various directions so energetically that she swallowed them all within two months. The result was a conversion of a kind quite common today. A modern Acts of the Apostles would fill fifty whole Bibles if anyone were capable of writing it.

Poor Clara, who appeared to Higgins and his mother as a disagreeable and ridiculous person, and to her own mother as in some inexplicable way a social failure, had never seen herself in either light; for, though to some extent ridiculed and mimicked in West Kensington like everybody else there, she was accepted as a rational and normal—or shall we say inevitable?—sort of human being. At worst they called her The Pusher; but to them no more than to herself had it ever occurred that she was pushing the air, and pushing it in a wrong direction. Still, she was not happy. She was growing desperate. Her one asset, the fact that her mother was what the Epsom greengrocer called a carriage lady had no exchange value, apparently. It had prevented her from getting educated, because the only education she could have afforded was education with the Earlscourt green grocer's daughter. It had led her to seek the society of her mother's class; and that class simply would not have her, because she was much poorer than the greengrocer, and, far from being able to afford a maid, could not afford even a housemaid, and had to scrape along at home with an illiberally treated general servant. Under such circumstances nothing could give her an air of being a genuine product of Largelady Park. And yet its tradition made her regard a marriage with anyone within her reach as an unbearable humiliation. Commercial people and professional people in a small way were odious to her. She ran after painters and novelists; but she did not charm them; and her bold attempts to pick up and practise artistic and literary talk irritated them. She was, in short, an utter failure, an ignorant, incompetent, pretentious, unwelcome, penniless, useless little snob; and though she did not admit these disqualifications (for nobody ever faces

unpleasant truths of this kind until the possibility of a way out dawns on them) she felt their effects too keenly to be satisfied with her position.

Clara had a startling eyeopener when, on being suddenly wakened to enthusiasm by a girl of her own age who dazzled her and produced in her a gushing desire to take her for a model, and gain her friendship, she discovered that this exquisite apparition had graduated from the gutter in a few months' time. It shook her so violently, that when Mr. H. G. Wells lifted her on the point of his puissant pen, and placed her at the angle of view from which the life she was leading and the society to which she clung appeared in its true relation to real human needs and worthy social structure, he effected a conversion and a conviction of sin comparable to the most sensational feats of General Booth or Gypsy Smith. Clara's snobbery went bang. Life suddenly began to move with her. Without knowing how or why, she began to make friends and enemies. Some of the acquaintances to whom she had been a tedious or indifferent or ridiculous affliction, dropped her: others became cordial. To her amazement she found that some "quite nice" people were saturated with Wells, and that this accessibility to ideas was the secret of their niceness. People she had thought deeply religious, and had tried to conciliate on that tack with disastrous results, suddenly took an interest in her, and revealed a hostility to conventional religion which she had never conceived possible except among the most desperate characters. They made her read Galsworthy; and Galsworthy exposed the vanity of Largelady Park and finished her. It exasperated her to think that the dungeon in which she had languished for so many unhappy years had been unlocked all the time, and that the impulses she had so carefully struggled with and stifled for the sake of keeping well with society, were precisely those by which alone she could have come into any sort of sincere human contact. In the radiance of these discoveries, and the tumult of their reaction, she made a fool of herself as freely and conspicuously as when she so rashly adopted Eliza's expletive in Mrs. Higgins's drawing-room; for the new-born Wellsian had to find her bearings almost as ridiculously as a baby; but nobody hates a baby for its ineptitudes, or thinks the worse of it for trying to eat the matches; and Clara lost no friends by her follies. They laughed at her to her face this time; and she had to defend herself and fight it out as best she could.

When Freddy paid a visit to Earlscourt (which he never did when he could possibly help it) to make the desolating announcement that he and his Eliza were thinking of blackening the Largelady scutcheon by opening a shop, he found the little household already convulsed by a prior announcement from Clara that she also was going to work in an old furniture shop in Dover Street, which had been started by a fellow Wellsian. This appointment Clara owed, after all, to her old social accomplishment of Push. She had made up her mind that, cost what it might, she would see Mr. Wells in the flesh; and she had

achieved her end at a garden party. She had better luck than so rash an enterprise deserved. Mr. Wells came up to her expectations. Age had not withered him, nor could custom stale his infinite variety in half an hour. His pleasant neatness and compactness, his small hands and feet, his teeming ready brain, his unaffected accessibility, and a certain fine apprehensiveness which stamped him as susceptible from his topmost hair to his tipmost toe, proved irresistible. Clara talked of nothing else for weeks and weeks afterwards. And as she happened to talk to the lady of the furniture shop, and that lady also desired above all things to know Mr. Wells and sell pretty things to him, she offered Clara a job on the chance of achieving that end through her.

And so it came about that Eliza's luck held, and the expected opposition to the flower shop melted away. The shop is in the arcade of a railway station not very far from the Victoria and Albert Museum; and if you live in that neighborhood you may go there any day and buy a buttonhole from Eliza.

Now here is a last opportunity for romance. Would you not like to be assured that the shop was an immense success, thanks to Eliza's charms and her early business experience in Covent Garden? Alas! the truth is the truth: the shop did not pay for a long time, simply because Eliza and her Freddy did not know how to keep it. True, Eliza had not to begin at the very beginning: she knew the names and prices of the cheaper flowers; and her elation was unbounded when she found that Freddy, like all youths educated at cheap, pretentious, and thoroughly inefficient schools, knew a little Latin. It was very little, but enough to make him appear to her a Porson or Bentley, and to put him at his ease with botanical nomenclature. Unfortunately he knew nothing else; and Eliza, though she could count money up to eighteen shillings or so, and had acquired a certain familiarity with the language of Milton from her struggles to qualify herself for winning Higgins's bet, could not write out a bill without utterly disgracing the establishment. Freddy's power of stating in Latin that Balbus built a wall and that Gaul was divided into three parts did not carry with it the slightest knowledge of accounts or business: Colonel Pickering had to explain to him what a cheque book and a bank account meant. And the pair were by no means easily teachable. Freddy backed up Eliza in her obstinate refusal to believe that they could save money by engaging a bookkeeper with some knowledge of the business. How, they argued, could you possibly save money by going to extra expense when you already could not make both ends meet? But the Colonel, after making the ends meet over and over again, at last gently insisted; and Eliza, humbled to the dust by having to beg from him so often, and stung by the uproarious derision of Higgins, to whom the notion of Freddy succeeding at anything was a joke that never palled, grasped the fact that business, like phonetics, has to be learned.

On the piteous spectacle of the pair spending their evenings in shorthand schools and polytechnic classes, learning bookkeeping and typewriting with incipient junior clerks, male and female, from the elementary schools, let me not dwell. There were even classes at the London School of Economics, and a humble personal appeal to the director of that institution to recommend a course bearing on the flower business. He, being a humorist, explained to them the method of the celebrated Dickensian essay on Chinese Metaphysics by the gentleman who read an article on China and an article on Metaphysics and combined the information. He suggested that they should combine the London School with Kew Gardens. Eliza, to whom the procedure of the Dickensian gentleman seemed perfectly correct (as in fact it was) and not in the least funny (which was only her ignorance) took his advice with entire gravity. But the effort that cost her the deepest humiliation was a request to Higgins, whose pet artistic fancy, next to Milton's verse, was calligraphy, and who himself wrote a most beautiful Italian hand, that he would teach her to write. He declared that she was congenitally incapable of forming a single letter worthy of the least of Milton's words; but she persisted; and again he suddenly threw himself into the task of teaching her with a combination of stormy intensity, concentrated patience, and occasional bursts of interesting disquisition on the beauty and nobility, the august mission and destiny, of human handwriting. Eliza ended by acquiring an extremely uncommercial script which was a positive extension of her personal beauty, and spending three times as much on stationery as anyone else because certain qualities and shapes of paper became indispensable to her. She could not even address an envelope in the usual way because it made the margins all wrong.

Their commercial school days were a period of disgrace and despair for the young couple. They seemed to be learning nothing about flower shops. At last they gave it up as hopeless, and shook the dust of the shorthand schools, and the polytechnics, and the London School of Economics from their feet for ever. Besides, the business was in some mysterious way beginning to take care of itself. They had somehow forgotten their objections to employing other people. They came to the conclusion that their own way was the best, and that they had really a remarkable talent for business. The Colonel, who had been compelled for some years to keep a sufficient sum on current account at his bankers to make up their deficits, found that the provision was unnecessary: the young people were prospering. It is true that there was not quite fair play between them and their competitors in trade. Their week-ends in the country cost them nothing, and saved them the price of their Sunday dinners; for the motor car was the Colonel's; and he and Higgins paid the hotel bills. Mr. F. Hill, florist and greengrocer (they soon discovered that there was money in asparagus; and asparagus led to other vegetables), had an air which stamped the business as classy; and in private life he was still Frederick Eynsford Hill,

Esquire. Not that there was any swank about him: nobody but Eliza knew that he had been christened Frederick Challoner. Eliza herself swanked like anything.

That is all. That is how it has turned out. It is astonishing how much Eliza still manages to meddle in the housekeeping at Wimpole Street in spite of the shop and her own family. And it is notable that though she never nags her husband, and frankly loves the Colonel as if she were his favorite daughter, she has never got out of the habit of nagging Higgins that was established on the fatal night when she won his bet for him. She snaps his head off on the faintest provocation, or on none. He no longer dares to tease her by assuming an abysmal inferiority of Freddy's mind to his own. He storms and bullies and derides; but she stands up to him so ruthlessly that the Colonel has to ask her from time to time to be kinder to Higgins; and it is the only request of his that brings a mulish expression into her face. Nothing but some emergency or calamity great enough to break down all likes and dislikes, and throw them both back on their common humanity—and may they be spared any such trial! —will ever alter this. She knows that Higgins does not need her, just as her father did not need her. The very scrupulousness with which he told her that day that he had become used to having her there, and dependent on her for all sorts of little services, and that he should miss her if she went away (it would never have occurred to Freddy or the Colonel to say anything of the sort) deepens her inner certainty that she is "no more to him than them slippers", yet she has a sense, too, that his indifference is deeper than the infatuation of commoner souls. She is immensely interested in him. She has even secret mischievous moments in which she wishes she could get him alone, on a desert island, away from all ties and with nobody else in the world to consider, and just drag him off his pedestal and see him making love like any common man. We all have private imaginations of that sort. But when it comes to business, to the life that she really leads as distinguished from the life of dreams and fancies, she likes Freddy and she likes the Colonel; and she does not like Higgins and Mr. Doolittle. Galatea never does quite like Pygmalion: his relation to her is too godlike to be altogether agreeable.

Freeditorial

English Literature

An Introduction for Foreign Readers

R. J. Rees

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Preface

This book is intended chiefly for those readers to whom English is a foreign language. I have therefore tried to write as simply as possible without using a vocabulary so reduced as to appear odd to those whose mother tongue is English. Indeed I hope that English students, as well as friends from other countries, will find this book readable, and useful as an introduction to the literature of Britain.

The plan of this book is similar to the one I have followed in my *Introduction to English Literature* (Macmillan, 1966), and I have used some of the same material. However references to Greek and Latin literature have been generally excluded, and more attention has been paid to modern writers.

I hope the foreign reader will not think that he ought to read this book carefully from beginning to end in a few days, or even weeks. The best way for him to use it is to read the parts that interest him at any given time, and then to put the book away to be returned to when his interests have changed. If the reader wants information about a particular writer he will probably be able to find it by using the index. Of course I have not been able to include *every* well-known English writer, but I have tried to mention the most important ones.

Since it may be difficult for the foreign reader to obtain as many English books as he would like, I have given as many examples and extracts as possible, including a number of complete poems. I am very grateful to the authors (and their agents or publishers) who have given permission for me to do this. I am also grateful to Miss Ann Hoffmann of Authors' Research Services for compiling the index, and to the editorial staff of Macmillan Education for helping me with good advice and for correcting my mistakes. For the mistakes which remain, the blame is entirely mine.

Crowborough
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R.J.R.

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CHAPTER ONE

Why We Study Literature

The study of science has become so important in the modern world that we sometimes find ourselves wondering whether other studies are not a waste of time. No knowledge of Greek or Latin literature for example will help us to feed millions of hungry children in Bengal, or to lighten the sufferings in our great cities of people who are old and poor and sick. No reading of poems and plays and novels (many of them written hundreds of years ago) will save the life of a single soldier on the world's latest battlefield. It is quite right that the student of the arts, and in particular the student of literature, should ask himself the difficult question, what use is it? There are many possible answers, and I shall try to set out a few of them in this chapter. First however let us think about an equally difficult question, what is literature?

In English we use the word in at least two different ways. Very often it simply means anything that is written: time-tables, catalogues, text-books, travel brochures and so on. If you are thinking of buying a bicycle or a motor car or a washing machine, you will probably want to see the literature about it. If you are a medical student you will have to read the literature about surgery. In this broad sense an account of yesterday's football match or an advertisement for soap powder is as much literature as the *Dialogues* of Plato or the novels of Graham Greene. But when we talk about English literature as we do in this book we are using the word in a different, and perhaps more serious, sense. Let us try to define it more carefully.

We shall start by comparing two pieces of writing about London. The first is taken from a popular encyclopaedia:

> *London:* capital city of England and a port on the River Thames. It includes twenty-eight metropolitan boroughs. It is a cultural and industrial centre, and an important centre of international trade and finance. It has a university and many buildings of historic importance, including the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, St Paul's Cathedral, and the Tower of London.

The population of Greater London in 1961 was eight million, one hundred and seventy-one thousand, nine hundred and two.

Let us compare this with a very different piece of writing about London—Wordsworth's famous sonnet *Upon Westminster Bridge*, written early in the nineteenth century:

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

We shall forget for a moment that one piece is prose and the other verse: much more important is the difference in purpose. The writer in the encyclopaedia had a very simple purpose, which was to give us as many facts about London as he could in a small space. He did not want to tell us about himself or his feelings, or to make us feel any particular emotion about London. Wordsworth's purpose was quite different. He wanted to communicate feelings, not facts; emotion, not information. The sudden intense pleasure he felt in the beauty of the man-made landscape, and the strange silence of a city not yet awake, was too good to keep to himself. He wanted the reader to feel what he felt, just as you or I, seeing some magnificent building or splendid landscape, might be moved to exclaim, 'Look! Isn't that wonderful?' The piece from the encyclopaedia might be called literature in the broad sense I have mentioned (anything written); but the Wordsworth poem is literature in the fuller and deeper sense—the sense in which critics or students, the sort of people likely to be reading this book, will understand the word.

Literature, we may now agree, is writing which expresses and communicates thoughts, feelings and attitudes towards life. But

(someone may say) what about advertisements? What about the travel booklet that urges us to spend our holiday in ' colourful, swinging London—the world's liveliest city, where all the girls are dolly-girls and the most fashionable men turn out to be dukes and lords with roots deep in Old England's history?' This certainly seems to be expressing thoughts and feelings and attitudes; yet it is not literature in the sense in which we have now decided to use the word. This, I think, is because it lacks one of the qualities that make serious literature—the kind we are thinking about in this book—so different from advertising or journalism. The quality I have in mind is permanence.

The journalist (who is often a writer of great brilliance) writes pieces to be read tomorrow or next week, not a hundred or a thousand years from now. He might be worried at the thought of people reading them even a year or two later for he knows that there is nothing so dead as an old newspaper with its forgotten personalities and old-fashioned views of the world. The advertisement-writer, like the journalist, is concerned only with the people of his own time. It is they, not their great-grandchildren, who must be persuaded to eat Mr X's potato crisps or vote for Mr Y's Progressive Democratic Party. He would be unhappy to think of his work, which now seems so up to date, being read in future years, when the motor car or the movie-camera which is the subject of his present enthusiasm has become sadly, or even comically, out of date. The novelist, on the other hand, or the poet, hopes that his work will be permanent. It is true that some modern writers (and a number of modern painters and sculptors) talk about disposable art—that is to say art or literature which is intended to be destroyed and forgotten. Most writers however still want their work to last for future generations. The most hopeful of them indeed aim at nothing less than immortality for themselves and those they write about.

Shakespeare, in one of those sonnets which he addressed to a mysterious young man-friend, had this to say about the permanence of poetry and the way it can give a kind of immortality both to the writer and his subject:

> ...But thy eternal Summer shall not fade
> Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
> Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
> When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
> So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
> So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

The Roman poet Catullus (about 87–54 B.C.) wrote a charming little poem on the death of a sparrow which his girl-friend Lesbia kept as a pet. The poem is still very much alive, and both Lesbia and her sparrow remain as real in the minds of modern readers as they were in the minds of Catullus's friends. But most writers, however much they long for permanence or immortality, fail to achieve it. There were plenty of good dramatists working at the same time as Shakespeare, but most of them are now forgotten except by a few scholars and research students; and no one can say which of the contemporary English writers will be remembered in the year 2070. Future readers may decide that the greatest poetry of the twentieth century is not to be found in the work of T. S. Eliot but in the lyrics of the Beatles. Time indeed can make some critics look very foolish; and one is astonished at the self-confidence of those who do not hesitate to place authors in classes and grades as though they were high-school pupils. None of us can say of course whether a work of literature is going to be permanent or not; but the fact that its author intended it to be permanent is, I think, one thing that marks it off from things like journalism, advertising, and even works of information. Such things are ' here today and gone tomorrow ' but literature is intended to last.

To define literature is a difficult task which we do not need to attempt: yet it is generally easy to recognise literature when we come across it. In the same way it might be very difficult to define or describe a dog, but not at all difficult to recognise a dog when we see one. The shapes of literature are as various as the shapes of dogs, yet we have no hesitation in saying that *King Lear* is literature. *Animal Farm* is literature too; and so is Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind.* But yesterday's *Times* and the *Guide Michelin* and the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* are not literature except in the loosest and most general sense of the word. Some people, in order to exclude this loose and general sense, use phrases like ' creative literature ' or ' serious literature ' or ' imaginative literature '. Such phrases may sometimes help us to understand what we are talking about, but each is open to objection—especially perhaps the first, since ' creative ' has now become a fashionable and almost meaningless word in England.

Another problem which must not be forgotten, even though we may not be able to find an answer to it, is the problem of explaining the difference between ' good ' and ' bad ' literature. Some people, when talking about a book or a poem which is bad (or weak or ineffective or unsuccessful) simply say, ' This is not literature at all '; but I think this is a careless and incorrect use of language. It is more intelligent simply to say ' I don't like this poem,' or even ' This is a bad poem,' and to give one's reasons for so judging it: to deny that it

is a poem at all is to use words in a confusing, private way. Most of the literature produced in the world is mediocre; some is bad, some is good, and a very, very little is great. But all of it is literature. Let us go on however to think about a few of the qualities we expect to find in good literature. We shall probably not find all of them in any one work, but some, at least, must be present before we can call it good.

It has generally been thought that there is some sense in which literature should (to use Hamlet's phrase) 'hold the mirror up to nature'. It should be 'life-enhancing' or (as Matthew Arnold said of poetry) 'a criticism of life'. This means, I think, that we expect a writer, whether he be a poet, novelist or dramatist, to pass on to us some feeling or idea which we at once recognise as being, either actually or potentially, a part of our own experience. Almost every human being has had the experience, at some time or other, of quarrelling and parting in anger from someone he loves. Injured feelings or hurt pride seem to make friendship or love no longer possible, and we turn away in anger, saying (or thinking) 'I never want to see you again'. Yet we know, even at the moment of parting, that one little word or sign of love from the other person would be enough to soften us and bring about a reconciliation. This is the feeling expressed in a sonnet by Michael Drayton (1563–1631). As soon as we read it we feel that it is, in some sense, 'real'; it describes an emotion which, even if we have not actually felt it, we recognise as the kind of thing we would feel in certain circumstances; it does, in fact, 'hold the mirror up to nature'.

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part—
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
—Now if thou wouldst when all have given him over,
From death to life thou mightst him yet recover.

If, as I think, the kind of closeness to life which we find in this sonnet

is one of the distinguishing qualities of good literature, it follows that good writing can only come out of actual human experience. It is not, of course, the *quantity* of the writer's experience that counts; if this were so, young writers would necessarily be less good than old writers—a clear absurdity when we compare the best work of Shelley and Keats with that of older but less good writers. It is the *quality* of the experience, its strength and vitality, from which good writing comes.

As another example of the way good literature ' holds the mirror up to nature ' (reflecting some thought or feeling which we immediately recognise as being ' true to life '), let us look at a modern poem—one which seems at first sight to be utterly different from Drayton's sonnet. *Fingers in the Door*, by David Holbrook (born 1923), is also about a feeling which most human beings have had at some time or another: the feeling of helplessness and separation when someone we love is suffering grief or pain which we are powerless to relieve. At such times we have an almost frightening sense of the fact that every human being is separate from every other. Even those who might be expected to feel close to each other, like the parents and child in Holbrook's poem, remain in some ways infinitely far apart, as though ' dispersed among dead bright stars '. *Fingers in the Door*, like much modern poetry, has no formal pattern of verse or rhyme. In this respect it is as different from *Since there's no help* as it could possibly be, for this latter uses the strict and difficult form of the ' English ' sonnet (see page 87). Yet both poems are alike in possessing a quality which, I think, is essential in good literature, namely a concern with thoughts and feelings which we all recognise as belonging to real life.

Fingers in the Door

Careless for an instant I closed my child's fingers in the jamb. She
Held her breath, contorted the whole of her being, foetus-wise, against the
Burning fact of the pain. And for a moment
I wished myself dispersed in a hundred thousand pieces
Among the dead bright stars. The child's cry broke,
She clung to me, and it crowded in to me how she and I were
Light-years from any mutual help or comfort. For her I cast seed
Into her mother's womb; cells grew and launched itself as a being:
Nothing restores her to my being, or ours, even to the mother who within her
Carried and quickened, bore, and sobbed at her separation, despite all my envy,

Nothing can restore. She, I, mother, sister, dwell dispersed among
dead bright stars:
We are there in our hundred thousand pieces!

Another quality one may expect to find in good literature is originality. There is in modern times a great deal of talk about originality, whether in literature or any other form of art, and much of it is foolish. Of course no work of art can be original through and through. To find an original subject for a novel for example would be an almost impossible task, since writers have already dealt in one way or another with almost every imaginable human story or situation; but the novelist may nevertheless see an old story or an old idea in some quite new light. None of Shakespeare's plays was original in the sense that the stories and characters were created, so to speak, out of nothing. Hamlet and Macbeth were real historical characters; Othello was in all probability a character invented by an Italian novel-writer; but the plays Shakespeare made out of these figures were truly original in the sense that they showed old characters and stories and situations in a new and fascinating light. Most good literature is traditional and original at the same time.

There was nothing new in the story of Thomas Becket and his quarrel with Henry II in the twelfth century, and certainly nothing new in the idea of a play written in verse, though poetic drama had been almost dead in England since the time of Dryden. Yet in *Murder in the Cathedral* T. S. Eliot created a work which was in many ways strikingly original, while having roots deep in the traditions of the past. It must be remembered that the central themes of all literature—life, love and death—are in themselves unchanging; so are most of our ideas about these great subjects. Yet writers continue to discover new ways of looking at them, and will continue to do so as long as mankind exists. Originality, then, onsists not of inventing new themes, but of seeing and expressing the old unalterable themes in a new way. This is what Pope meant in the well-known couplet:

> True Wit is Nature to advantage drest;
> What oft was thought, but ne'er so well exprest.

If, as I believe, there is now a tendency to overvalue originality in literature and the other arts, there is an equal tendency to undervalue the quality I want to discuss next, namely technical skill or craftsmanship. Writing is not only a matter of ideas and inspiration, but

also of practice and technique. Pope, from whose *Essay on Criticism* I have just quoted, reminds us in another couplet from the same poem that

> True ease in writing comes from Art, not Chance;
> As those move easiest who have learned to dance.

Unlike doctors and lawyers and engineers, poets and novelists do not have to go through any recognised and official course of training. Nevertheless their art cannot be mastered without effort and practice. Ideally a prose-writer should be an expert in the grammar and usage of his own language. If he is English he should have control of a large vocabulary selected from the half-million words of the *Oxford Dictionary*; he should be familiar with the great literary works of the past in his own and other languages; and he should be absolute master of a style suitable to whatever subject matter he chooses. A poet should have the same equipment, with the additional advantages of an ear sensitive to the sound of words, an understanding of verse techniques in several languages, and a perfect knowledge of all the possible forms of English poetry from the heroic couplet to the limerick!

It is clear of course that a man of such learning and skill (if he could be found) would not necessarily be a good writer. Literature can only come alive through the creative imagination; without this all the technical skill in the world is useless. Yet it is equally true that without some technical knowledge and craftsmanship no good writing is possible. Indeed it is a simple absence of language skills which prevents many sensitive and imaginative writers from becoming good writers. On the other hand there are writers of such imaginative power that we simply forget any weaknesses in their technique. Dickens and D. H. Lawrence, to quote only two examples, certainly did not always write prose to satisfy a perfectionist; but few critics would deny that they were very great novelists. Samuel Johnson on the other hand wrote prose and verse which are technically faultless; yet few would describe him as a great creative writer. In short, technical skill or craftsmanship—the art of 'the right word in the right place'—is something we expect to find in most good literature; but it would be foolish to think that good literature is made by technique alone.

Another, and very important, feature which I think is to be found in almost all good literature is what I shall call 'moral consciousness'. By this I mean a feeling on the part of the writer, and conveyed by him to the reader, that the words 'good' and 'evil' have a real

meaning—a meaning which lies beyond the ideas of right and wrong that happen to be accepted at one particular time or place. Like Shakespeare, many of the world's great writers seem to have accepted the orthodox religious and moral opinions of their own times. Others, like D. H. Lawrence, have rejected traditional beliefs, yet seem to have been inspired with a moral and religious fervour of their own. I am not saying that these great writers intended to moralise, or to impress upon us their own ideas of right and wrong: this would be far from the truth. What I am saying is that their works continually remind us that good and evil are real, and that we cannot be neutral towards them. There are a few writers (the nineteenth-century French poet Baudelaire is perhaps the best-known example) who seem to see themselves as supporters of evil and enemies of good: such writers (sometimes called Satanists) are no less aware of moral reality than those who write from the opposite side. Indeed it is impossible to see how serious literature could exist at all without this moral consciousness.

Sophocles, Dante, Milton, Goethe, Ibsen and Hardy at once spring to mind as writers strongly conscious of the everlasting war of good against evil. Even at the lowest level we find that literature is concerned in some way with morality. A look at any bookstall which sells ' colourful ' paperbacks will persuade the reader that this is true. Only this morning I saw on the station bookstall a novel whose cover showed a naked lady pointing a revolver at an equally naked gentleman against a background of red curtains and disarranged bed: ' She left husband, child, and home for a life of crime and squalor ', it said. Another showed a young priest looking doubtfully at a semi-naked lady with a hypodermic syringe: ' He loved London's wickedest woman!' announced the advertisement. It may be said that the writers and publishers of these books, and of millions like them, are taking commercial advantage of the evil of human nature. In fact however it is not so much that we find evil attractive as that we are deeply interested in the eternal war between evil and good. We only find ' bad ' people interesting because we believe that most people are ' good '. Satan in *Paradise Lost* and Iago in *Othello* can only have meaning if we accept the idea of moral good to which they are opposed.

To summarise what has been said, we may now say that literature (as we are using the word in this book) is a permanent expression in words of some thought or feeling or idea about life and the world. Literature may be good, bad or indifferent; but good literature will have some, if not all, of the following qualities: (i) psychological truth or holding the mirror up to nature '; (ii) originality; (iii) craftsmanship; and (iv) a consciousness of moral values.

Now that we have thought a little about what literature is, it is time to go back to the question I asked at the beginning: what is the use of it? Are there any good reasons in the second half of the twentieth century for studying the literature of our own country or of any other country—especially when so many of the books we shall read will be old? Are there not more urgent and important matters to which we ought to give our attention?

There are many ways in which these questions might be answered. The one I shall begin with is not the most important, but it is one which will be well understood by those readers to whom England is a foreign country, and English a foreign language.

When one is interested in a country and its people and its language—a country perhaps that one has not yet visited—there are few better ways of getting to know it than through its literature, and I do not mean literature in the sense of guide books and travel booklets, useful as these may be. If for example you are interested in England, you may be surprised to find how many English people are keen supporters of the Monarchy. The newspapers and magazines seem always to be publishing news and features about the Queen and the Royal Family. It seems strange that such an ancient system of government should be so popular in a country which is proud of being democratic and which has about fourteen million Labour and Socialist voters. Why should factory-workers and farm labourers, no less than millionaires and aristocrats, believe in anything so seemingly undemocratic?

There is of course no simple explanation of this; but one can begin to understand it by reading some of Shakespeare's historical plays, and especially *King Henry V*. Here one sees not only the conception of a king as *primus inter pares* (the nobles are all the king's ' cousins '), but also an actual king who is not only the friend and protector of his poorest subjects, but also in a certain sense their equal. The same play also helps us to understand the strange relationship, sometimes quarrelsome, sometimes friendly, often comical, which binds the people of the British Isles together in spite of their differences and difficulties. The secondary characters of the four captains—English, Scots, Welsh and Irish—are typical of the comic folklore of the four ' nations '.

Turning to modern English literature, the foreign student will find few better ways of learning about English life than through novels. It is important of course to understand that people in novels are not always like people in real life. One must always remember too that a great many contemporary novelists like to write about people who are ' intellectuals '—university teachers, highbrow journalists, artists or even novelists like themselves. It would be a serious mistake to imagine that the characters in Iris Murdoch's novels (for example)

are in any way typically English. The novels of Margaret Drabble on the other hand (I am certainly not saying they are 'better' novels) are about the sort of people one might meet almost anywhere in England. It is also important to remember that things change rapidly, even in England, and that the social conditions described by Dickens no longer exist. Provided that one understands this, there is much to be learned about English life as it was forty or fifty years ago by reading for example D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers* or John Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga*. The first gives a true and lively picture of working-class life; the second an equally true and lively view of the rich and comfortable *bourgeoisie*—and the 'class' habits and opinions described are not altogether dead even in the 1970s.

Apart from the light it throws on our character and social life, English literature can be helpful to the foreign student or visitor who wishes to learn something about a particular region, and to understand how human character and emotion are influenced by natural surroundings. Some of the best novelists have been 'regional' novelists, like Thomas Hardy (see page 124) who wrote about the south-western part of England, to which he gave the old name of Wessex; or Arnold Bennett (1867–1931) whose novels are set in a part of England which the ordinary foreign visitor never sees—namely the midland area known as 'The Potteries' or 'The Five Towns'. Poetry, too, can teach us something about a place: it is impossible fully to enjoy a visit to the Lake District without some knowledge of Wordsworth and the other 'Lake Poets', just as it is impossible fully to understand Wordsworth without knowing something of the Lake District. (The Lake District is a very beautiful part of north-west England where Wordsworth spent most of his life.) The fact that literature helps us to understand a country and its people is, I think, especially true of England. (It will be helpful if I explain at this point that I shall generally write 'England' when I mean the whole of Britain. This will make my Scottish friends and my Welsh compatriots angry, but it will make things easier for foreign readers who are in the habit of saying England when they really mean The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.)

So much for the special reasons which a student may have for studying the literature of another country. Let us now go on to consider more general reasons. One such reason (though not a very good one) is the desire to appear 'cultured' or 'well read.' In most civilised countries people are proud of being well educated and knowledgeable. They like (to use a popular colloquial phrase) to 'keep up with the Joneses'. In some English and American social circles a knowledge of the names of fashionable writers, if not actually of their works, is

socially necessary: indeed it may be smarter to talk knowingly about McLuhan and Timothy Leary than to possess a Rolls-Royce car and a private secretary. Readers of this book, however, probably have a more solid reason for studying literature, namely the desire to pass an examination.

They will of course have other and better reasons, which we shall be coming to later; but it is very probable that the passing of examinations is their immediate goal, and that they originally chose English literature as one of their subjects for no better reason than that it seemed easier or less disagreeable than chemistry or applied mathematics. In many ways it is unfortunate that literature has now become a subject for study and examination in schools and colleges. That young people should be helped and encouraged and guided in their reading is good, but that they should study literature *only* in order to pass examinations is certainly bad. If anything could make William Shakespeare turn in his much-visited grave at Stratford it would be the thought of millions of English schoolchildren and foreign students painfully reading through his plays, memorising set speeches, and making careful notes on ' characters '—all so that they can pass an Oxford examination, win a Cambridge certificate, or by some other means prove to the world that they are people of education and culture. Yet there is at least one good thing to be said for studying literature in order to pass examinations: it trains students to pay close attention to the printed word, and encourages them to think deeply about the meaning of what is written. In the past, in Europe at least, this was done through the study of Greek and Latin literature. In our own time the student of modern languages needs to learn the same kind of careful attention to detail. It is all too easy, in a world dominated by radio and television, to lose the habit of thoughtful and careful reading.

In spite of television however, reading still remains one of the cheapest and easiest forms of enjoyment for literate people. Strangely enough indeed it has been found that the sale of books and the use of libraries has been increasing more rapidly than ever before. It would be pleasant to think that this is a result of more education and better teaching of literature in schools; whatever the cause, the fact remains that there are far more readers of books now than there were in the days before television. So it seems that millions of people get a great deal of pleasure from reading, and that the student of literature can expect to enjoy his studies. Indeed, if he is the right kind of student, he is going to be in the same happy position as the creative artist: most of his work will not be labour, but pleasure.

It is important though that those who teach literature and set

examinations in it should use more intelligence than they sometimes do in choosing suitable texts for students. Many novels, many plays and a few poems are of a kind which will give direct and immediate pleasure; others (especially if they were written a century or two ago) may at first seem less attractive because they demand concentrated reading—perhaps two or three readings—before they can be understood. The really great writers of the past (Shakespeare and Milton for example) require a great deal of study before the ordinary modern reader can enjoy them; and this is specially true of course if the reader is one whose mother tongue is not English. But any efforts that have to be made will bring rich rewards in the end; for there is no doubt that the pleasure we get from any great work of art—sculpture, painting, symphony or poem—will depend very much on the time we are willing to spend in studying it. This may not be true for all those unwilling children who set out to study English Literature for elementary examinations, but it is certainly true for older and more serious students. In fact there must be a great many teachers of literature who, like myself, have read through some of the great English works hundreds of times with different generations of students, discovering new pleasures and new problems at each reading. (Whether the pleasures have been communicated to the students is a different question.) In the same way anyone who loves music, and who hears some famous work like the *Eroica* symphony for the twentieth time, will probably enjoy it much more than he did at first hearing. On the other hand there are many books, and they are not all bad books, which are scarcely worth reading more than once: Francis Bacon (see page 229) expressed this cleverly in a well-known sentence from his essay *Of Books*: ' Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some few to be chewed and digested.' It is certain however that most of the world's greatest literature can only be enjoyed fully after repeated reading and much thought.

To learn about another country, to appear well educated, to pass examinations or simply to enjoy oneself—all these are reasons (good or bad) for studying literature. The best reason however is quite different, and at first sight it may appear strange and out of date. It is however a reason which has been given by many great men in the past, including Plato, namely that by studying literature we are in some sense making ourselves better people: literature in fact is something from which we get moral education. Sir Philip Sidney (1554–86) in his *Apologie for Poetrie* explains that by reading of the deeds of good and heroic men we ourselves are led towards goodness and heroism. The great eighteenth-century critic Samuel Johnson (see page 234) liked to say that the purpose of literature was to instruct.

At first sight it may seem that Sidney and Johnson were thinking of literature as nothing more than a collection of moral stories like Aesop's fables, and that they would disapprove for example of Chaucer's *Miller's Tale* and most of Somerset Maugham's short stories simply because they showed the bad side of human nature rather than the good. But it would be foolish to imagine that men as intelligent as Plato and Sidney and Johnson would hold such an opinion. Let me try to explain what they meant by saying that the purpose of literature is to instruct.

A famous man (I have forgotten who) once said, 'We learn history so that we may go over the road of progress once, and not a thousand times.' For the politician, therefore, or the soldier or the diplomat or the businessman, history is an extremely important subject. It may or may not be true that Field Marshals Montgomery and Rommel learned much about warfare by studying the lives of Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar and Napoleon: it is at least reasonable to suppose that they did. In the same way people who have been responsible for ruling distant colonies have certainly been able to learn what not to do by studying the history of colonialism during the early part of this century. And in all other activities it is clear that the reading of books is a means of getting much more knowledge than we could ever hope to get through our own personal experience. The lady who quarrelled with her doctor and said, 'What do you know about childbirth? You've never had a single baby, and I've had *four*!' was not really very intelligent. The doctor was quite right when he replied, 'True, Madam; but I have *watched* four hundred and thirty-seven births, and studied detailed reports of ten times as many.' When a single person is asked by a married friend, 'What can you know of the problems of marriage? You have never experienced them,' he may reasonably reply, 'No, but I have read about Chaucer's 'Wife of Bath'; and I have also read *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, *Madame Bovary*, *The Father*, *David Copperfield*, *Women in Love*, *Jude the Obscure* and a great many other works in which some of the world's most intelligent men and women have passed on to me their thought and experience about this difficult subject.' And anyone old or middle-aged, who has forgotten what it feels like to be young, can relive the experience through the work of numberless good writers—writers as various as J. D. Salinger (an American) in *The Catcher in the Rye*, Wordsworth in *The Prelude* and Proust (who was French) in *Remembrance of Things Past*. Incidentally the English translation of this last by Scott-Moncrieff must be one of the masterpieces of the difficult art of turning a great book from one language into another.

It is often said by practical people that books cannot replace the

experience of real life, and this is certainly true. To shut oneself up in a small and windowless room, seeing the world only through books, is a very poor way of living. Even Milton, one of the most bookish of all great writers, played an active part in the life and politics of his time: ' I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue,' he wrote. But the total knowledge of life which any one person can get through his own experience is extremely small. Through literature he can use the experience of other people as well, so becoming what Bacon called ' a full man '—tolerant, understanding and perhaps even wise.

Although we may feel a little doubtful about the idea of ourselves becoming good by imitating the great and good characters we read about, we must surely admit that the opposite is true: namely that we can learn what *not* to do by seeing the common faults and weaknesses of mankind exposed in imaginative literature. We read *Don Quixote* (by Cervantes, a Spaniard) and learn that it is foolish to mistake dreams for reality; we read *Hamlet* and learn that a failure to make decisions can be dangerous; we read *The Wild Duck* (by Ibsen, a Norwegian) and learn that idealists can sometimes cause more unhappiness than the worst criminals; we read Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* or George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* and learn that some modern ideas about progress and civilisation can be terribly wrong. In short the belief that literature has a *moral* purpose is not nearly as foolish or old fashioned as may at first be thought.

The use of literature is therefore very much the same as the use of history or philosophy: it helps us toward a better understanding of ourselves and our fellow human beings. That is why in English we use the phrase ' the Humanities ' to describe studies of this kind and to mark them off from scientific and technical studies. Subjects like psychology and the social sciences stand halfway between the true sciences (physics, chemistry, etc.) and the Humanities: they are sometimes described, not without reason, as being pseudo-sciences. It may be true, as I suggested at the beginning of this chapter, that studying literature and the Humanities will not help us to feed the hungry today or to save one human life tomorrow. Taking a longer view however it is possible to see this kind of study as almost the most important of all: for by studying good literature we learn more about human problems and difficulties; by studying the literature of other countries we begin to understand that these problems are shared by all mankind. This is surely an important step towards international understanding and world peace.

I hope, after what has been said, that the reader will not think of the study of English literature (or any other serious literature) as being

useless or a waste of time. It is important however to warn him of two dangers into which this study can lead: the first is the habit of thinking too much about the literature of the past, and the second the habit (even more unhealthy) of spending too much time with ' books about books ' (like this one!), and not enough with original books (the works of the great novelists and poets and dramatists who have written in English).

The first of these dangers is probably less real than it seems because it would be unwise for students to give more than (let us say) one third of their time to reading the works of living writers. This is not to say that some living writers may not be as good as the best writers of the past. Most people would agree however that it takes fifty years (and perhaps much longer) for any work of art to find its proper level in the judgement of mankind. As I have said, it is possible though not very probable that readers in the twenty-first century will think that the best English poetry of our time has been produced by the Beatles rather than by T. S. Eliot or Robert Frost. Most critics in Shakespeare's time would have thought his plays greatly inferior to those of Ben Jonson (see page 184). It is in fact well known that the judgements of one period are likely to be reversed by those of the next. It often takes a century or more for the pendulum to stop swinging so that we can see the true position.

In a period like our own when a few critics have the power, through cultural journals and cultural television programmes, to influence public opinion, it becomes more and more difficult to make cool judgements about the work of our contemporaries. If we are not careful we find ourselves believing without question that the plays and films which happen to please Mr A., who writes in *The Observer*, or the novels and poems which draw praise from Dr B. and Miss C. in *The Spectator* are necessarily ' better ' than those we choose for ourselves. I am not suggesting that the opinions of critics are valueless, only that they should be received with caution, especially when they are about contemporaries.

Our view of contemporary literature can be clouded too by all sorts of personal likes and dislikes. If our political opinions happen to be ' leftish ' we shall admire the German dramatist Brecht and dislike Eliot; if we happen to be Catholic we shall admire Graham Greene and dislike Bertrand Russell. Also (and this is especially true if we are critics or academic writers on literature) we have read of the terrible mistakes made by critics in the past—the misunderstanding of Wagner, the destruction of Keats, the attack on the early impressionist painters—and we are determined not to make the same sort of mistakes ourselves. And so when a new composer or poet or painter appears, we hail him

as a genius, just in case he should prove, in spite of appearances, to be another Wagner or Keats or Cézanne.

Since it is so difficult to make a true judgement of the value and importance of the literature of our own time, we must not be disappointed if we find our studies concentrated mainly on the literature of the past—on those works which have, as we say, 'stood the test of time' and are now accepted by almost all intelligent and educated people as 'great'. But (and this is most important) we must never forget that English literature is a living and growing thing, and not, like Greek and Latin literature, a body incapable of further growth or development.

The habit of reading too many 'books about books' is one which the student of literature should do his best to avoid. The production of such books, especially in America, is now almost a major industry; and for every one reputable poet or novelist or dramatist there are probably a hundred research students, lecturers, professors or critics, all busily interpreting the *real* writers, and of course writing books about each other's books. One is reminded of the incident in Spenser's *Faerie Queene* (see page 29) where the evil Dragon named Error is resisting the brave attack of the Red Cross Knight (I have modernised Spenser's odd spelling):

> Therewith she spewed out of her filthy maw
> A flood of poison horrible and black,
> Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
> Which stank so vilely, that it forced him slack
> His grasping hold, and from her turn him back.
> Her vomit full of *books and papers* was,
> With loathly frogs and toads, which eyes did lack.

In Spenser's time the books and papers so plentifully and horribly vomited by the Dragon Error were religious and theological; in our time they deal with a wider variety of subjects, many of them, I am sorry to say, being literary criticism of the kind which serves to divert our attention from the real works of literature we ought to be studying and enjoying. Of course we need the help of good scholars and critics if we are to get the most out of the texts we study; of course we shall understand Shakespeare better if we have read for example Samuel Johnson's preface to his great edition of the plays, or Professor Wilson Knight's studies in *The Wheel of Fire*; but let us not spend so much time with the critics and scholars that we have no time for Shakespeare himself.

In spite of what I have been saying against them, ' books about books ' can be very useful to an intelligent reader who wishes to get a wide general knowledge of literature. Most of us simply do not have time to read more than a very few of the world's great books: in fact it is impossible in a lifetime to know more than a small part even of the literature of one's own country. When a critic tells us (as one critic did in my Sunday newspaper last week) that Miss Y's new book is ' the most powerful novel about rural England since *The Return of the Native* ' one can only wonder whether he has really read every such novel published since 1878. Most of us know only too well that our reading is sadly limited; and if we have neither the time nor the skill to read for example the whole of Dante or Goethe we need not be ashamed of reading shortened and simplified versions of the *Divina Commedia* or *Faust*. It is not as good as reading the originals, but it is better than nothing.

Yet some years ago when Somerset Maugham published a book called *Ten Novels and Their Authors*, he was attacked by many critics and academics for being an enemy of culture and a ' populariser '. What he had done was to write the fascinating life stories of ten great writers along with short descriptions of their greatest works. He believed, I suppose, that a little knowledge about, for example, the Russian novelists Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky was better than no knowledge at all; and people who lack the time or the energy to read *War and Peace* or *The Brothers Karamazov* must surely be grateful to him. The effect of his book, like that of television serials such as *The Forsyte Saga* and modern films of Shakespeare's plays, was not to make the public too lazy to read the works for themselves: on the contrary, it encouraged them to do so. If ' books about books ' can do this, we have no reason to complain about them. After all, the continents of literature are so vast that no single traveller can explore more than a few small parts of them. On the shores of such continents we are like those little, doll-like figures in great landscape paintings: busy with our own little affairs in the foreground, while behind us stretches an enchanted country whose cities we shall never visit, whose mountains we shall never climb. Such small journeys as we can make for ourselves will demand thought and preparation if they are to be fully enjoyed; and because our time is short we shall need to make good use of the maps and reports prepared by other, earlier travellers. A few such maps and reports are to be found in the pages that follow, and I hope they will help the student to find his way about some parts of the great continent of English literature.

Since the meaning of this last phrase is a little uncertain (it can mean either ' literature written in the English language ' or ' literature

produced in England ') I had better explain that generally, though not always, I shall be using it in the second sense. This of course is not because I imagine the literature of America or English-speaking India or Africa to be less important or less good, but only because I prefer to write about what I happen to know best.



CHAPTER TWO

Ballad, Epic and Other Narrative Poetry

I said at the beginning that literature is writing which expresses and communicates thoughts, feelings and attitudes towards life. Yet many of the things which we now call literature began life without being written at all. Even today we find folk songs and comic verses passing from person to person by word of mouth. This, as we shall see later, is how most of the old ballads came into existence.

The English word ' ballad ' is used in a number of different ways, as anyone can see by looking it up in a dictionary. When it is used in connection with literature it nearly always means (in the words of the *Shorter Oxford Dictionary*) ' a simple, spirited poem in short stanzas, narrating some popular story '. The old English ballads include some of the best and most exciting poetry in the language. They have had a very great influence on later poetry, and indeed on English literature in general. Most of them seem to have been composed at some time between 1350 and 1550, which means that their language differs a little from modern English. It also happens that the best ballads came from northern England and southern Scotland, so many of them are composed in a dialect which the foreign reader will find a little strange. Indeed many of the words are strange even to a modern Englishman, but this does not make a ballads difficult to read; in some ways it actually adds to their charm:

The king sits in Dunfermline town,
  Drinking the blude-red wine:
' O where will I get a skeely skipper
  To sail this new ship o' mine?'

O up and spak an eldern knight,
  Sat at the king's right knee;
' Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
  That ever sailed the sea.'

The important thing about a ballad is that it is a narrative poem: it tells a story. After reading a number of ballads you will begin to see that there are certain subjects which appear over and over again. Much the most popular subjects are those old favourites, sex and violence. Anybody who is shocked or distressed by the amount of sex and violence shown on television or in the modern cinema had better avoid reading the old ballads altogether; for in them he will find children thrown from castle walls on to the sharp spears of besieging soldiers, guilty lovers surprised in their beds and bloodily murdered, women who poison their husbands and sell their children, men butchered in family quarrels and left on the road to be eaten by dogs and crows, girls seduced and cruelly murdered. Even little boys playing football are not safe: in *Hugh of Lincoln* the boy, having accidentally kicked his ball into the Jew's Garden, is enticed by the Jew's daughter, who offers him a beautiful apple, then

She's led him in through one dark door,
  And so has she through nine;
She's laid him on a dressing table
  And stabbed him like a swine.

And first came out the thick, thick blood,
  And syne came out the thin,
And syne came out the bonny heart's blood;
  There was no more within.

She's wrapped him in a sheet o' lead,
  Bade him lie still and sleep;
She's thrown him into Our Lady's well,
  Was fifty fathom deep.

Nastiness of this kind is not unusual in the old ballads. Many of them came, as I have said, from the English-Scottish border country where the violence of guerilla war was a part of everyday life at the time they were composed. *Edom o' Gordon* for example is a terrible story of Gordon's attack on the castle of the Rodes. In the absence of Lord Rodes the castle is defended only by his wife, who has her small children with her. Because she will not surrender, Gordon sets fire to it—helped by one of Rodes's servants. Frightened by the flames and the smoke, the little girl begs her mother to wrap her up in sheets and throw her over the castle wall:

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They wrapped her in a pair o' sheets,
And tow'd her owre the wall;
But on the point o' Gordon's spear
She gat a deadly fall.

O bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks,
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon the red blood dreeps.

Then with his spear he turn'd her owre;
O gin her face was wane!
He said, 'Ye are the first that e'er
I wished alive again.'

Lady Rodes and the other children die in the flames as Gordon and his men ride away. The story ends with the return of Lord Rodes and an assurance from the poet that he went on to avenge the death of his family in Gordon's 'foul heart's blood'.

Another favourite subject in the old ballads is the supernatural—ghosts, magic, witchcraft, superstition—for it must be remembered that men and women in those days not only lived in fear of war and violence, but also of unseen supernatural dangers. Many ballads for example use the subject which was so well used by the German romantic Bürger (1747-94) in his *Lenore*. Bürger of course was a 'sophisticated' poet who was consciously imitating the subjects (and to some extent the style) of the old 'primitive' ballads. The subject of *Lenore*, which is the return of the dead lover to claim his bride, is found in many of the Anglo-Scottish ballads—*Clerk Saunders* for example and *The Daemon Lover*. In the *Wife of Usher's Well* it is not a lover but the three sons of a widow who return to her after being drowned at sea. They are allowed only one night at home; at dawn they must return to the country of the dead:

'The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin' worm doth chide:
Gin we be missed out of our place,
Sair pain we maun abide.'

These lines, though difficult or perhaps impossible for anyone unfamiliar with the language of English poetry, have the true sound and feeling of the ballad.

In England at least, the Robin Hood ballads are better known than any others. Children hear them at school, and they are still seen in film and television versions. Like King Arthur, Robin is one of the great English folk heroes. He was probably a real historical character who lived in the English north-midlands in the twelfth century. In most of the stories he is described as living in Sherwood Forest, near Nottingham, as leader of a group of outlaws with the familiar names of Little John, Friar Tuck, Much the Miller's Son and Maid Marian. Although outlawed and feared by the authorities (generally represented by the Sheriff of Nottingham), Robin and his friends were helpers of the poor and the weak; brave, generous and humorous; defenders of ' true ' justice against the ' official ' justice of the king and the laws. Robin, in short, is the typical romantic hero. Perhaps because they come from central England and not, like most of the other ballads, from the Scottish border, the Robin Hood ballads are less tragic and more humorous. They have a life and gaiety which make them particularly attractive to young readers; but (to me at least) they never reach the high poetic quality of the Scottish border ballads.

' But perhaps ', someone may say ' you are making too much of the poetic value of these old ballads. Is it not possible that we find them interesting only because they are old? How can the poems of unknown and half-civilised men be as good as the work of Goethe or Rilke or Wordsworth or T. S. Eliot?' I am not sure that this is a very intelligent question—especially at a time when popular (or ' pop ') culture exists so happily side by side with the other sort of culture. We did not after all ask whether the music of the Beatles was as *good* as the music of Mahler: we simply accepted that it was different. We must not forget that the ballads were part of the pop culture of their time. It would be unfair to compare them with more sophisticated poetry, but they have a strange poetic quality of their own. It is perhaps not easy to convey this to a foreign reader, but he might well see something of it in these lines from Thomas the Rhymer:

> O they rade on and farther on,
> And they waded rivers abune the knee;
> And they saw neither sun nor moon,
> But they heard the roaring of the sea.

Or the last stanza of *The Queen's Marie*, where Marie Hamilton, the lady-in-waiting whom the king has seduced, is about to be hanged for the murder of her baby:

O little did my mother ken
The day she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in
Or the death I was to die!

Or the end of *Sir Patrick Spens* with its sudden swing from the almost humorous snapshot of the smart courtiers in the sinking ship, through the vividly descriptive piece about the 'feather beds', to the tragic conclusion:

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To wet their cork-heel'd shoon;
But lang or a' the play was played
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather bed
That flatter'd on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam hame.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
With their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Pattick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
Wi' their gowd kames in their hair,
A-waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathom deep;
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet!

One thing which the unknown author of *Sir Patrick Spens* could not have foreseen was the renewal of interest in ballad-making during the present century. Oscar Wilde (1854-1900), better known as a writer of brilliant comedies, wrote the tragic and magnificent *Ballad of Reading Gaol* while he himself was imprisoned in Reading Gaol in 1896. Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936) used the old forms and styles in *Barrack*

Room Ballads and much of his other poetry. Among living poets, W. H. Auden has written in the tradition of the ballad, notably in *Victor* and *Miss Gee*; both these poems have the tragedy and horror of some of the old ballads, though their simplicity hides a Freudian sophistication which would have seemed strange to the writer of *Sir Patrick Spens* or *Edom o' Gordon.*

It is however during the last ten or fifteen years that we have seen the most striking re-awakening of the ballad spirit—not so much in the work of well-known poets and writers as among young people—the young people who make folk songs or calypsos (spontaneous, topical, West Indian songs) and sing them to the accompaniment of the guitar; or who compose protest songs and other poetry to be read aloud in public houses and coffee bars. Many of the songs made famous by the pop groups of the 1960s might be called modern ballads. Like the ballads of the late Middle Ages they are passed from person to person by word of mouth and not by the printed page, and their subjects are often found in everyday life or the news of the day.

The ballad is probably the simplest form of narrative poetry, and the epic the most complicated. Yet the two are closely related. The difference between them is like the difference between two sisters both born in the same quiet, country place. One of them has stayed there and kept all the charm of her natural simplicity while the other has gone to the big city to find sophistication and money for expensive clothes. Let us see how this happened.

We have already seen that it is quite possible for poetry (like the ballad) to exist without being written down. More than a thousand years ago there existed in many parts of Europe a great mass of stories, part history and part legend, about the gods and heroes of the past. As the separate nations began to appear, each nation began to attach importance to its own special stories, and these were sometimes put together by unknown men—poets or bards or minstrels—to make heroic poems. The phrase ' heroic poetry ' means something half-way between ballad and epic. There is no need to consider the details here, but anyone who is interested should read Sir Maurice Bowra's *Heroic Poetry* (1952) which is probably the fullest and most important work on the subject (in English).

The heroic poem differs from the ballad in being longer, in having more characters, and in having a nationalistic or tribal feeling. It differs also in its form: for while ballads are almost always in the typical ballad metre, heroic poems have the line (rather than the stanza) as their metrical unit. Ballads can be sung to a simple repeated tune, while heroic poems cannot. The difference between the heroic poem

and the epic is equally hard to define: indeed many writers use the phrase 'primitive epic' or 'folk epic' to describe works like the Anglo-Saxon *Beowulf*, the Finnish *Kalevala* and the German *Nibelungenlied*, which others would call simply heroic poems.

For the ordinary modern reader the old heroic poems have little interest. Indeed they are extremely difficult to read even when translated into modern language. The Anglo-Saxon (or Old English) of *Beowulf* for example is as different from modern English as modern English is different from German. Heroic or folk epic poetry is mentioned here only because it is the soil out of which the classical epic grew; and the classical epic cannot be neglected by any serious student of English literature, because it was the form chosen by one of England's greatest poets for one of the greatest poems in the English language, *Paradise Lost*. We shall come to Milton and *Paradise Lost* later but first let us see how the typically European form which we call the literary or classical epic grew from the old heroic poetry. To do so we shall have to go back as far as Homer (some time between 1000 and 800 B.C.).

The legend of the old, blind poet who composed the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* is well known. No one is sure who he was, or even whether he actually existed; but it might be argued that the *Iliad* has had more influence on the culture of Europe than any other single work of literature except the Bible. It consists, modern scholars believe, of a mixture of history and legend which was old even in Homer's time—old songs and bits of old heroic poetry which Homer (whoever he was) collected and mixed together with poetry he himself had composed. The story of the ten-year siege of Troy (Ilium) is too well known to need retelling here. Few people now can read it in Homer's Greek, but there are good modern translations in almost every European language. But it was the Roman poet Virgil (70-19 B.C.) who set the example which European epic poets were to follow for almost two thousand years. Homer had given the epic its power and grandeur; Virgil in the *Aeneid* gave it its permanent shape and its strange conventions. Before looking at Milton and the other English epic poets, let us see what those conventions were. (The reader who wishes to study this subject in more detail should read *The English Epic* by E. M. W. Tillyard, and *From Virgil to Milton* by Sir Maurice Bowra.)

Perhaps the easiest way of answering the question, 'What is an epic?' would be to say, 'It is a poem like Virgil's *Aeneid* or Milton's *Paradise Lost*'; but this would not be very helpful to those of us who have read neither. Let us begin therefore by saying that it is a long poem (at least half as long as this book, and often longer) about the doings of one or more character from history or legend. These doings

are usually war-like, and involve a large number of secondary characters, as well as a background of gods and spirits who join in the action from time to time. Because the epic is long, the poet has plenty of time for digressions and descriptions. In this he resembles the novelist, and is very different from the dramatist who must say what he wishes to say in two or three short hours of stage-time. So Homer gives us a description of the armour of Achilles which runs to several pages, and Milton does the same in describing the shield and spear of Satan.

Another characteristic of the epic is what Professor Tillyard calls its ' choric ' nature. By this he means that epic poetry is in a sense public poetry—generally nationalistic or tribal. The poet is not only writing to express his own thoughts and feelings, but the thoughts and feelings of some large group or community. So Dante in the *Divina Commedia* was in many senses a spokesman for the whole of medieval Christianity, and Milton for English and European Protestantism in his own time.

Above all perhaps the epic is marked by what has been called its ' high seriousness '. The poet, like Milton and Virgil planning their great works, knowingly sets out to make something which will be the best of which he is capable—something of real importance which his fellow men ' will not willingly let die '. Milton in particular had this high sense of duty and dedication. He led a busy life in the politics of his time, yet he always felt himself to be a man chosen by God to do a great work: to write a poem which would place England among the greatest cultural nations of Europe.

Unlike the ballad, which remains very much alive in the popular culture of Britain and America (and, no doubt, in most other countries too), the epic as a form of literature is now dead. By this I mean that no modern poet would set out to write a serious epic today: I certainly do not mean that the great European epics of the past are dead in any other sense, though they are difficult for the modern reader who is unwilling to make the necessary effort. We live at a time when most people believe in artistic freedom, and feel that the poet or the artist should not be tied by rules from the past. Such a feeling would have seemed strange to the authors of *Paradise Lost* and the *Divina Commedia*, who believed in following as closely as possible the example set by Homer and Virgil. Indeed this example was followed so closely that every true epic was expected to include certain features for no better reason than that they were included in the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid*. I shall give a list of these features (more or less in order of importance) to assist any reader who wants to attempt *Paradise Lost* or (a less formidable task) Pope's *The Rape of the Lock* (see page 160).

1. A prayer or ' invocation ' in which the poet asks some god or muse to help him in his great work. Milton for example begins *Paradise Lost* by calling upon the Holy Spirit:

> ...thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
> Before all temples the upright heart and pure
> Instruct me, for thou knowst: thou from the first
> Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread
> Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
> and mad'st it pregnant; what in me is dark
> Illumine, what is low raise and support
> That to the highth of this great argument
> I may assert eternal Providence,
> And justify the ways of God to men.

2. The so-called ' Homeric simile ': an ordinary simile might describe a young man as ' tall and dark and straight, like a young cypress tree ', but a Homeric simile enlarges the comparison so that it becomes a little ' poem-within-a-poem ':

> Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,
> Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
> Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf
> By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound—
> So slender Sohrab seem'd, so softly reared.

This example (which is short compared with Homer's own similes) is taken from *Sohrab and Rustum*, a nineteenth-century narrative poem in which Matthew Arnold (1822-88) successfully used the epic style (see page 45 below).

3. A description of some kind of athletic contest or ' games '; this rather surprising feature is found in most ' sophisticated ' epics simply because Homer tells us how Achilles arranged a day of athletic competitions in honour of his dead friend, Patroclus. Virgil followed with his account of Anchises's funeral games in the *Aeneid*. After this poets seemed to think that no epic was complete without such games. In Book II of *Paradise Lost* even the fallen angels arrange an athletic meeting.

4. A long and dangerous journey made by the hero: Aeneas's journey to the underworld to seek the spirit of Anchises; a journey to the moon in the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto (1474-1533); and Satan's journey through space in *Paradise Lost*.

5. Beginning the story in the middle of the action—*in medias res* as the Roman critic and poet, Horace, called it. The *Aeneid* begins with the arrival of Aeneas at Carthage, but this is followed by the long story which he tells about the fall of Troy, his own escape, and his voyage to the Carthaginian shore. The same technique is of course common in modern novels and films.

Besides the five features I have described there are many other tricks of style which, simply because they had been used by Homer and Virgil, were regarded by later epic poets as necessary in any epic poem: but there is no need to say anything about them here. From what has been said it will be clear that the literary epic is something entirely different from the simple and unwritten ballads out of which it grew. It is very different too from anything the ordinary modern reader is familiar with. Yet it was in this form that some of the greatest minds of Europe chose to express themselves. In England Milton was perhaps the only poet who could certainly be included in their number. I shall say more about him soon, but it may be useful first to offer a few notes on lesser English poets who have attempted the epic style.

There are several Old English (Anglo-Saxon) heroic poems dating from the eighth to the eleventh centuries. These include *The Battle of Maldon*, *Brunanburh* and *Beowulf*. The last is the longest and most important.

Beowulf was probably composed during the ninth century A.D. by a poet whose name we do not know. The hero, Beowulf, comes with his fourteen warrior-companions to the palace of Heorot (the setting is in Denmark). He finds the Lord of Heorot, Hrothgar, terrorised by a monster called Grendel. Eventually Beowulf kills Grendel, finds his home beneath a great lake, and kills Grendel's mother—an equally terrible monster. He then returns to his own country, where he becomes king, ruling for fifty years before he dies of wounds received in combat with a dragon. There are elements of historical fact in the narrative.

From the tenth to the sixteenth centuries there is no English poem which can be called a true epic. If we were to include prose works however we should probably be obliged to regard the *Morte d'Arthur* of Sir Thomas Malory (died 1471) as an epic of the unsophisticated kind. Certainly it contains epic material; indeed it was this material which Milton at first thought of using for his own epic attempt. Had he done so we might have had an 'Arthuriad' instead of *Paradise Lost*.

The Faerie Queene of Edmund Spenser (1552-99) began as perhaps the most ambitious of all English poems, and if Spenser had shown

the control and stamina of the successful epic poet it might have stood beside *Paradise Lost* as a great national epic. There should have been twelve books, but Spenser completed only six of them. He explained his ' grand design ' in an introductory letter addressed to his friend, Sir Walter Raleigh. Each book was to deal with the adventures of a single knight of the Faerie Queene's court, and each knight was to represent a single virtue (holiness, temperance, chastity, justice, etc.). The whole was to be united by the character of Prince Arthur, who was to appear in each book, and who represents magnanimity or great-heartedness, the supreme virtue which binds together all the others. Spenser was much influenced by the Italian epic poet Ariosto, and probably also by Tasso.

As an epic *The Faerie Queene* is a failure, but it is a magnificent failure. The modern reader often finds the pace too slow, and is irritated by Spenser's strange and pseudo-antique language. Most of all, he is confused by the complications of the allegory, which cannot be understood without a knowledge of neo-Platonic philosophy, and of the actual politics of Spenser's time. Any particular character is likely to exist on at least three levels: first as a person in the story, then as the personification of some moral or spiritual idea, then as an actual personality of Spenser's time. Thus the wicked enchantress Duessa represents not only Spiritual Pride, but also the Roman Catholic Church and Mary Queen of Scots.

The reader who has not yet attempted Spenser, but would like to do so, is advised to start by reading a single book (preferably Book I) at his leisure, then reading it again, and perhaps a third time. He may then find it possible to adjust his mind to Spenser's strange world, and to enjoy it as one enjoys some great piece of Renaissance tapestry, woven all over with strange figures and landscapes. The effort is well worth making, though, as I have said, it is not certain that *The Faerie Queene* could properly be called an epic, even if Spenser had finished it.

The *Davideis* of Abraham Cowley (1618-67) appeared in 1656, eleven years before *Paradise Lost*, though Cowley was ten years younger than Milton. It is an unfinished epic in four books on the Biblical stories of King David, and was apparently written while Cowley was still a young man at Cambridge. Cowley had an interesting life, and was active in the politics of the time (on the royalist side). He was a busy writer, of prose, poetry and drama; and Milton is said to have considered him as third only to Shakespeare and Spenser.

In *Paradise Lost* Milton (1608-74) created the one undoubtedly great English epic—great in the sense that it can be compared with almost all the great epics of classical and post-classical Europe (though not,

I think, with Virgil or Homer). All through his life Milton felt that he was, in a sense, a man chosen by God to write *the* great English poem. As has been said, he considered the Arthurian stories as a possible subject, and at times he thought of writing the poem in dramatic form. He finally settled on the subject of the Fall of Man, with the war between God and the rebel angels as its cause and background. His decision to write in blank verse was a considerable innovation at the time, since all the previous English epics or attempted epics had been in rhymed verse. Milton (in a note at the beginning of *Paradise Lost*) spoke of rhyme in long poems as ' the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame metre '. In one of his prose pamphlets he had stated his intention of writing a great poem in English:

> that what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old did for their country, I in my proportion, with this over and above of being a Christian, might do for mine.

Besides his intention of writing something which would bring glory to his own country, Milton had a religious and philosophical purpose which was, as he said, ' to justify the ways of God to men '; in other words, to answer the old question which all Christians must answer: namely, if God is all-good and all-powerful, why is there suffering and evil in the world?

Because Milton is one of the most difficult of all English poets the foreign reader may feel that it is impossible to read very much of him. Even his early poems (*L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* for example) are full of words and references which modern *English* readers find strange. So the foreign student who is defeated by the first few pages of *Paradise Lost* need not feel ashamed. He can come back to Milton when he feels strong enough. In the meantime he may find the following outline of *Paradise Lost* of some interest:

Book I The story, taken partly from the Bible and partly from old Jewish myths and legends, describes what Christians know as the Fall of Man. That is to say, the disobedience of Adam and Eve, which caused them to be driven out of the carefree Garden of Eden, and which brought suffering and death into the world. The action, which takes place between Heaven, Earth and Hell, begins with Satan's defeated armies lying hopelessly on the burning lake of Hell. Satan (then known as Lucifer) had been chief of the angels in Heaven; but, having rebelled against God, he and his followers were driven out:

Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

Satan, shown all through the poem as a great and powerful leader, awakens his downcast armies, makes them build a great palace in Hell (Pandemonium) and calls a council of war.

Book II The council is held and the fallen angels argue what is to be done next in their war against God. Some wish to accept defeat, others to make a new attack on Heaven, even though it would end in their own destruction. In the end it is agreed that the best way of attacking God is indirectly, through his newly-made World. Satan promises to discover that World, and starts his great journey through space.

Book III Seeing Satan flying towards the World, God foretells the Fall of Adam and Eve. Satan continues his journey, and lands on Mount Niphates.

Book IV A description is given of the Garden of Eden, and the way Adam and Eve live there. Satan learns that God has warned the couple not to eat the apples from the Tree of Knowledge. He decides that he will persuade Eve to disobey, and begins by tempting her in a dream.

Books V to VIII Eve tells Adam about the dream. God sends the archangel Raphael to warn them against disobedience. He also gives them a long account of Satan's rebellion and the war in Heaven, explaining how God then decided to make a new World with human beings in it. Adam asks him about the structure of the universe, which Raphael explains at length. (In Milton's time most people were still uncertain whether it moved around the earth or, as Copernicus had recently suggested, around the sun. Milton probably accepted the Copernican theory, but for the purpose of the poem he makes Raphael's explanation uncertain.)

Book IX Satan, having taken the shape of a serpent, finds Eve alone and persuades her to eat the apple. Afterwards she tells Adam what she has done, and persuades him, if he loves her, to do the same.

They become aware of their own sexuality, then ashamed of it. They quarrel for the first time.

Book X God sends his Son to judge Adam and Eve. The Son promises to save them from complete destruction; but Sin and Death are now able to enter the Garden. Satan returns to Hell and tells his followers what has happened. As they are rejoicing in his success they suddenly change into serpents: this is a strange incident in the poem, but Milton probably intended it as a reminder that evil is ugly, and that God cannot allow it to be wholly victorious.

Books XI and XII Persuaded by his Son not to destroy Adam and Eve, God decides that they must at least be driven out of Eden. He sends Michael to drive them out. Michael explains God's intentions to the couple, and shows them the future of mankind in a vision. He then leads them away into the imperfect world outside, where they must remain until the second coming of the Son of God.

It can be seen from this outline that it is not only Milton's language that is difficult. His religion and his philosophy, and the myths and symbols in which he expresses them, are also difficult. Fortunately however poetry can often be enjoyed without being fully understood; and anyone who cares to read a few pages of *Paradise Lost* in the hope of finding pleasure there will probably not be disapppointed. Here, as a small sample, is the famous description of evening in the Garden of Eden:

> Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
> Had in her sober livery all things clad:
> Silence accompanied, for beast and bird,
> They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
> Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
> She all night long her amorous descant sung;
> Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
> With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
> The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
> Rising in clouded majesty, at length
> Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
> And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

Looking at this elaborate and formal language, so different from the simple poetry of the ballads, one finds it difficult to remember that ballad and epic had the same beginning in the unwritten folk poetry of our ancestors.

After Milton the literary epic began to die—not only in England but also in Europe. Small echoes of its greatness could be heard in poems like Keats's *Hyperion* (1818-19) or Southey's *Vision of Judgment* (1821), which Byron was to laugh at in a satire with the same title. The only English poetic work to achieve an epic grandeur in any way comparable to *Paradise Lost* was *The Dynasts*, a magnificent dramatic poem on the subject of the Napoleonic wars, by Thomas Hardy (see page 124). *The Dynasts* however, described by its author as 'an epic-drama', is not an epic in the usual sense of the word, and need not concern us here. If the epic was dying during the eighteenth century, it was perhaps unkind of Alexander Pope (1688-1744) to make fun of it as he did. In *The Dunciad* and *The Rape of the Lock* he used the style of the epic in conjunction with subjects that were far from heroic: the latter poem employs all the heavy epic machinery to tell the story of a silly young gentleman who caused a social uproar by cutting a lock of hair from the head of a fashionable lady. It is a brilliant piece of writing, and any student who wishes to study the epic conventions without facing the difficulties of long and over-serious poems would do well to start with *The Rape of the Lock*. He should be warned however that sophisticated poetry of this kind is never easy, however light the subject.

The sophisticated epic must take an important part in any history of European literature. It belongs to the Graeco-Roman culture which we all share; and it has attracted the attention of great poets in almost every European country. Most modern readers however prefer simpler and more direct narrative poetry. We have looked at some poetry of this kind in the shape of the ballads: it is now time to consider other kinds of narrative poetry.

Geoffrey Chaucer (1340-1400) was called by Dryden 'the father of English poetry'—a phrase still commonly used by English people, even those who have never read a word of what Chaucer wrote. *The Canterbury Tales* is certainly the most important group of narrative poems ever written in England, and I shall describe it as far as is possible in one or two pages. First however I shall give a few notes about Chaucer's language. It is convenient to divide the history of the English language into three periods: Old English (up to about 1200), Middle English (to about 1500) and Modern English (since 1500). It is naturally impossible to state any definite dates: there was no single month or year during which people said, 'Let's stop talking Middle English and begin to talk Modern English instead.' We must remember too that 'old' and 'modern' are here used in a rather special sense: Old English (often called Anglo-Saxon) is as different from Modern English as Modern English is from German; the Modern

English of Shakespeare is very different from the English we use now—though we understand it easily enough. Chaucer's Middle English grew out of a mixture of Old English and Norman French; and it is part of Chaucer's importance in English history that he was the first great poet to use this 'new' language in all his work. His friend John Gower wrote three long poems of which one was in Latin, one French and one English: all three languages were in common use among educated people, and it was largely because of this that English became one of the richest and most mixed languages of Europe. It is quite usual to find in Modern English that there are groups of words like 'kingly', 'regal' and 'royal', having almost the same meanings, one from Old English, one from Latin and one from Norman French.

Chaucer's Middle English is difficult, even for the ordinary modern Englishman. For the foreigner (unless he is a specialist) it is almost impossible. Fortunately however there is a complete 'translation' of *The Canterbury Tales* into modern English in which the author, Nevill Coghill, has succeeded in making *The Tales* easy to understand without losing too much of the 'feeling' of Chaucer. I shall use Coghill's translation when quoting Chaucer in this book. The reader may be interested to see what Chaucer's own language looks like, even if he cannot understand much of it, so here is the beginning of *The Canterbury Tales* where he describes the spring season, the fresh rain, the crops and flowers, the singing of the birds, and people thinking about holidays—pilgrimages to holy places, and especially to Canterbury:

Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour:
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,
And smale fowles maken melodye
That slepen al the night with open yë,
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages)
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seken straunge strondes—
To ferne halwes, couthe in sondry londes:
And specially, from every shires ende
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martir for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.

Clearly this is impossible for all but the most enterprising foreign reader: it is almost impossible for most English people, unless they have made some special study of Chaucer in school. That is why we need Nevill Coghill's translation:

> When in April the sweet showers fall
> And pierce the drought of March to the root, and all
> The veins are bathed in liquor of such power
> As brings about the engendering of the flower,
> When also Zephyrus with his sweet breath
> Exhales an air in every grove and heath
> Upon the tender shoots, and the young sun
> His half-course in the sign of the *Ram* has run,
> And the small fowl are making melody
> That sleep away the night with open eye
> (So nature pricks them and their heart engages)
> Then people long to go on pilgrimages
> And palmers long to seek the stranger strands
> Of far-off saints, hallowed in sundry lands,
> And specially, from every shire's end
> In England, down to Canterbury they wend
> To seek the holy blissful martyr, quick
> To give his help to them when they were sick.

The *Prologue* to *The Canterbury Tales* describes how Chaucer himself decided to make a pilgrimage to Canterbury, and how he met twenty-nine other people at an inn called ' The Tabard ' just south of London. All of them were making the same journey, and the host at the inn suggested that they should make it more interesting by telling stories. Each traveller was to tell two stories on the way to Canterbury, and two on the way back. This would have made at least 120 stories altogether, and it is not surprising that Chaucer (a busy government official) did not have time to finish the work. Indeed *The Tales* as we now have them are only twenty-four in number, and of these three remain unfinished. The most interesting part of the book is the *Prologue*, which describes Chaucer's travelling companions in some detail, and gives a far more living picture of society in fourteenth-century England than one could get from a serious historian. Indeed it is these portraits of real people, so much like ourselves in spite of the six centuries that separate us, that make Chaucer's *Prologue* one of the great masterpieces of English literature.

Most of the people described belong to the middle classes. It is

only the Knight, his son the Squire and the Prioress who could be described as 'upper class'. The rest are either tradespeople (like the Carpenter and the Miller and the Wife of Bath), professional men like the Doctor and the Lawyer, or churchmen like the Monk and the Friar. Some of the portraits are satirical, but Chaucer's satire is never angry or savage. He looks at the world with a smile, even when what he sees is unpleasant. He never attacks his characters, only makes gentle fun of them: the Doctor for example loved money:

> For gold in physic is a cordial,
> Therefore he loved gold in special.

The Lawyer had a great sense of his own importance:

> Nowhere there was so busy a man as he;
> But yet was busier than he seemed to be.

It is difficult to choose any one of Chaucer's characters for more detailed description. My own favourite is the Wife of Bath, a lady who had become rich through the cloth trade in the west of England. Chaucer tells us that her business was even better than that of the merchants of Ypres and Ghent in Flanders. Like her modern equivalent, the rich English or American widow who goes cruising, she was a great traveller. Not only had she made pilgrimages to the Three Kings at Cologne and St James at Compostella in Spain, she had even been to Jerusalem—a long and dangerous journey in the fourteenth century. She had had no fewer than five husbands, not to mention 'other company in youth', and this had made her (at least in her own opinion) an expert in affairs of love and marriage. On these subjects, and on most other subjects, she talked loudly and laughed often.

A less attractive character was the Pardoner, whose description I shall quote at length in Coghill's translation. A pardoner was a travelling priest who was allowed to sell pardons or indulgences to those who hoped to escape the consequences of their bad deeds in the future life, and who could afford to pay for them. As is well known, the selling of indulgences was one of the many evils in the Church which were to lead, more than a hundred years after Chaucer's time, to the Reformation.

> This Pardoner had hair as yellow as wax
> Hanging down smoothly like a hank of flax;
> In driblets fell his locks behind his head
> Down to his shoulders which they overspread;
> Thinly they fell, like rat-tails, one by one.

He wore no hood upon his head, for fun;
The hood inside his wallet had been stowed,
He aimed at riding in the latest mode;
But for a little cap his head was bare
And he had bulging eye-balls, like a hare.
He'd sewed a holy relic on his cap;
His wallet lay before him on his lap,
Brimful of pardons come from Rome all hot.
He had the same small voice a goat has got.
His chin no beard had harboured, nor would harbour,
Smoother than ever chin was left by barber.
I judge he was a gelding or a mare.
As to his trade, from Berwick down to Ware
There was no pardoner of equal grace,
For in his trunk he had a pillow-case
Which he asserted was Our Lady's veil.
He said he had a gobbet of the sail
Saint Peter had the time when he made bold
To walk the waves, till Jesu Christ took hold.
He had a cross of metal set with stones
And, in a glass, a rubble of pigs' bones.
And with these relics, any time he found
Some poor up-country parson to astound,
On one short day, in money down, he drew
More than the parson in a month or two,
And by his flatteries and prevarication
Made monkeys of the priest and congregation.
But still to do him justice first and last
In church he was a noble ecclesiast.
How well he read a lesson or told a story!
But, best of all, he sang an Offertory,
For well he knew that when that song was sung
He'd have to preach and tune his honey-tongue
And (well he could) win silver from the crowd.
That's why he sang so merrily and loud.

Although the *Prologue* is the best-known part of *The Canterbury Tales*, the tales themselves are of great interest and variety. Each of them is exactly suited to the person who tells it. *The Knight's Tale* of Palamon and Arcite, for example, is about war and chivalry; *The Prioress's Tale* is religious and charmingly sentimental; *The Carpenter's Tale* is brutal and coarse. With so many to choose from it is difficult to advise

the reader where to start. I suggest however that the three tales described in the next few pages (read in Coghill's translation) will be most interesting to the ordinary reader.

The Miller's Tale is the extremely amusing (but rather improper) story of an old man, his pretty young wife Alison, and the young Oxford scholar Nicholas who lives in their house. Nicholas, who is in love with Alison, pretends that he has learned in a dream that the world is to be drowned in a great flood, like Noah's flood in the Bible. He persuades the old man that the three of them can be saved by making a boat, placing it on the roof of the house, and waiting for the water to rise. On the supposed night of the flood they climb into the boat, and as soon as the old man is asleep Nicholas and Alison leave him there while they make love downstairs. They are interrupted however by another of Alison's admirers, and after some crudely comical exchanges the story ends in confusion, with the poor old man on the roof waking up and cutting the ropes of his boat so that it falls. *The Miller's Tale* is an example of Chaucer's ability to tell a simple story in an amusing way. It is a piece of low comedy which illustrates one important side of his genius.

The Franklin's Tale is very different. It is a charming example of the delicacy and refinement of which Chaucer was also capable. (A Franklin was a small land-owner, the kind of man who was later known as a country gentleman.) Here too we have a love story of the 'eternal triangle' sort; but it shows human nature at its best, and not, as in *The Miller's Tale*, at its worst. The story is about a knight named Arveragus and his beautiful wife Dorigen. They lived in Brittany in complete happiness until Arveragus was obliged to go to England on some sort of military service. Dorigen remained completely faithful to him, and would sit for hours on the sea-cliffs of Brittany longing for his return. Being a philosophical young woman she would sometimes look at the dangerous rocks—'those grisly feendly rokkes blake'— which made the sea so dangerous, and wonder why a good and loving God should have made things so evil and so useless. (Her long soliloquy on this question gives Chaucer an opportunity for some interesting philosophical writing.) One day Dorigen's friends persuade her to go to a party where she meets a young man called Aurelius. He has in fact been in love with Dorigen for many years without her knowledge, but on this occasion he cannot resist telling her about it. She replies that she loves her husband, and has no intention of being unfaithful to him, adding as a joke that she will never give herself to Aurelius until he has removed all the black rocks from their coast. Disappointed and sad, Aurelius becomes ill and retires to bed for two whole years, hoping to die (it is a highly romantic story!).

Meanwhile Arveragus returns, and continues his happy life with Dorigen. But Aurelius, with the help of his brother, gets to know a magician, who promises that he will actually remove the rocks in return for a payment of a thousand pounds. So Aurelius is able to show the astonished Dorigen that the rocks have disappeared, and that she must keep the promise made to him as a joke. She is horrified, and thinks of killing herself. Fortunately however everyone now behaves in the most gentlemanly and chivalrous way: Aurelius decides not to insist on Dorigen keeping her promise; Arveragus decides to forgive him for the trouble he has caused; and the magician will not accept the thousand pounds that Aurelius owes him. The Franklin ends his tale by asking the audience which of the three men they think behaved most generously.

The Pardoner's Tale is in the form of a medieval sermon followed by an *exemplum*—that is to say, a story to illustrate it. The sermon is on the subject of greed, whether for money or for anything else: *radix malorum est cupiditas*. I advise the reader not to worry himself over this long and difficult lecture, but to begin with the *exemplum*, described by Somerset Maugham as the best story in the world. It is about three drunken men who, after learning that Death has taken away one of their friends, decide that they will find Death and kill him. An old man tells them that they will have no difficulty in finding Death if they go to a particular place in the forest. Having found the place, they see a great heap of gold there. In their greed and delight they immediately forget their first purpose, and begin to plan the best way of getting the gold to their homes. Thinking that they must wait until dark, they agree that the youngest shall go and buy some food and wine, while the other two guard the money. As soon as he has gone the two plan to keep all of it for themselves by killing the young man on his return. He however has made a similar decision. Having bought the food and wine he adds poison to the latter so that both his companions will die, leaving him in possession of the gold. He returns. They kill him as planned; then, tired after their wicked work, they sit down to drink the wine which he has brought. Within a few minutes they too are dead. They have succeeded, as the old man foretold, in finding Death, but not in killing him.

I have of course given these three tales in only the barest outline, hoping that the reader may try them for himself in the Coghill translation. If he finds that even this is too difficult, he will at least have gained a little second-hand knowledge of Chaucer; and that is better than nothing. The other narrative poems to be described in this chapter are in ordinary modern English, so I shall not provide summaries of them.

The idea of joining a number of short stories (or narrative poems) as ' tales within a tale ' was not new in Chaucer's time. It had been used long ago in the collection of Eastern stories known as *The Thousand and One Nights*, and it had been used in Italy by Bocaccio in Chaucer's own lifetime. The same idea was used by a number of later poets including Tennyson, who will be mentioned soon. First however I shall say something about seven other poets, of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, who wrote important narrative works.

George Crabbe (1754-1832) is a poet who was neglected and undervalued for many years. Recently however there has been new interest in him—chiefly because the composer Benjamin Britten chose one of Crabbe's story-poems as the subject of his opera *Peter Grimes*. The early part of Crabbe's life was spent at Aldeburgh in Suffolk, where he was brought up in extreme poverty. Later, after spending a few years in London, he returned to his home town and worked there for some time as a clergyman. During this time he wrote the poems which he published in *The Parish Register* and *The Borough*. These are a mixture of description and narrative—including the dramatic tale of the solitary and savage fisherman, Peter Grimes. Crabbe published several other volumes of narrative poetry during his long life (spent as a clergyman in various parts of England). He is a very individualistic poet, being not much affected by the romantic revival through which he lived, or by the eighteenth-century ' classical ' style which ruled in his younger days. His subjects were nearly always taken from the lives of ordinary people—the sort of people who lived in the small country towns where he worked. He had more feeling for social justice than most people of his times.

William Wordsworth (1770-1850) would be named by many people as England's greatest poet. With Coleridge (see below) he produced the famous volume of *Lyrical Ballads* which first appeared in 1798, and which marked the beginning of the so-called romantic revolution in English poetry. Wordsworth's most important work is to be found in his philosophical and autobiographical poems, especially *The Prelude*, but he also wrote many narrative poems of which *Michael* is perhaps the best. *Michael* is the story of an old shepherd in the Lake District (where Wordsworth spent most of his life). It is a powerful and tragic poem, written in the simple and direct style which Wordsworth generally favoured in poetry. This style sometimes led to absurdities, though certainly not in *Michael*. It has however the advantage of making Wordsworth fairly easy for the foreign reader. Other narrative poems which should be read are *Lucy Gray*, *The Idiot Boy* and perhaps *Laodamia*.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834) was Wordsworth's friend and

collaborator in the *Lyrical Ballads*. He was an important literary critic, his *Biographia Literia* containing (among many other things) a study of Wordsworth's poetry. He was also a philosopher and theologian, who helped to make the work of Kant (the German philosopher) known in England. The ordinary modern reader thinks of Coleridge above all as the author of *The Ancient Mariner*. This, included in the *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798, is one of the best (and best known) of all English narrative poems. In form it is modelled on the old ballads, and a new reader might at first mistake it for one. One soon realises however that it is not only a mysterious and exciting story but also a philosophical poem of great depth. By shooting the albatross, the beautiful white bird that has been following the ship and bringing good winds, the Mariner commits a crime against God and Nature. (It is significant that the shooting is entirely pointless—there is no reason for it.) The result is evil and death. The wind drops, the ship is becalmed for weeks, there is no water to drink, and one by one the men die of thirst, leaving the Mariner alone:

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
  Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
  My soul in agony.

The many men so beautiful!
  And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
  Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
  And drew my eyes away:
I looked upon the rotting deck,
  And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
  But or ever a prayer had gushed,
A wicked whisper came, and made
  My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
  And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
  Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

No literature could express more powerfully the feeling of hopelessness and desolation. Then, as though by chance, the Mariner finds himself looking at the brightly coloured fish and ' water-snakes':

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! No tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware;
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

Suddenly the dead albatross, which the other sailors have hung around his neck as a punishment, falls away. The man can pray again, having realised the love of God through the beauty of the world and all living things. This is the ' meaning ' of *The Ancient Mariner*; but it is a long and complex poem which cannot be fully described here. It should certainly be read, and read again, by anyone who is interested in English poetry. The two other poems for which Coleridge is particularly famous are *Christabel* and *Kubla Khan*. The latter is not strictly a narrative poem; but *Christabel* is a mysterious and romantic tale which can be enjoyed even without being fully understood.

George Gordon, sixth Lord Byron (1788-1824) is a poet who has always been more appreciated on the Continent than in England. One reason for this (there are many others) is his preference for continental rather than English settings and subjects. Both *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan* have something of the travelogue about them, but the latter is a work of almost epic grandeur. One can enjoy it by reading parts of it rather than attempting to read the whole. The satirical passages are clever and amusing, but not easy to appreciate without some knowledge of the people Byron is laughing at (including Coleridge). Of Byron's shorter and more direct narrative poems, *Mazeppa*, *The Prisoner of Chillon* and *The Corsair* are among the most readable. Another interesting poem is *The Island*, which tells the story of the famous mutiny on the ship *Bounty* and the mutineers' ' commune ' on Pitcairn Island.

John Keats (1795-1821) is one of the great figures of English

romanticism—not only because of his poetry, but because of the sadness and shortness of his life. His best work is in his famous odes, *On a Grecian Urn*, *To a Nightingale* and *To Autumn*, and perhaps in the long 'classical' poem *Endymion* and the unfinished *Hyperion*. His narrative poems, rich in sensuous descriptions, are thought by some readers to have insufficient action. *The Eve of St Agnes* is about two lovers whose families (like those of Romeo and Juliet) are bitter enemies. Porphyro however makes his way into the house at night, and helped by the old servant, Angela, hides in Madeline's bedroom. Having watched her undress and go to bed, he wakes her with a song. At first she believes she is dreaming, but later Porphyro persuades her to escape with him:

> They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
> Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide;
> Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,
> With a huge empty flaggon by his side:
> The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
> But his sagacious eyes an inmate owns:
> By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide:
> The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;
> The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.
>
> And they are gone: aye, ages long ago
> These lovers fled away into the storm...

Lamia and *Isabella* should also be read. The latter is a rather horrible tale from Bocaccio about a girl whose lover was murdered by her two brothers. They bury his body in a wood, but Isabella discovers where it is in a dream, cuts off the head, and hides it in a plant-pot.

Robert Browning (1812-89) was one of England's most productive poets. Like Tennyson (see below) he was able to supply the Victorian reading public (who—especially if they were ladies—had a great deal of time to spare) with the kind of poetry they wanted. In the first half of the present century Browning was undervalued—as indeed were many of the great figures of the Victorian period. Even in modern English the word 'Victorian' is sometimes used in an uncomplimentary way. Lately however critics and readers have re-awakened to the fact that Browning is a very great poet. He is certainly a master of dramatic narrative, though the foreign reader may wonder where to start in the great mass of poetry that makes up Browning's *Collected Works*.

I suggest that he begins with four quite short poems, *The Laboratory*, *The Confessional*, *Porphyria's Lover* and *The Statue and the Bust*. These are fairly simple examples of Browning's favourite type of composition, the so-called dramatic lyric in which characters are invented (as they are in a play) and made to speak for themselves. More difficult, but extremely interesting, examples are *Andrea del Sarto*, *Fra Lippo Lippi*, *Abt Vogler* and *A Toccata of Galuppi's*; the first two are about painting, the second two about music. Browning was learned in both subjects. A very different side of Browning can be seen in his love poems, *Meeting at Night*, *Parting at Morning*, *Two in the Campagna* and many others. These are generally simpler in style than the dramatic lyrics. The story of Browning's own love affair and marriage with the poetess Elizabeth Barrett is of course one of the famous 'real life' romances of English literature.

Matthew Arnold (see page 28) was a well-known poet and critic of the Victorian period. I have already mentioned his beautiful *Sohrab and Rustum*, a poem in which he adapted the style and conventions of the classical epic to tell a simple and sad story about the great Persian hero Rustum and his son, and how they were led by chance to fight each other in single combat, neither knowing the identity of the other. *The Forsaken Merman* is a story with a more reflective tone. Neither these nor Arnold's more philosophical poems are easy to read, but *Sohrab and Rustum* is one of the best of all English narrative poems.

Alfred, first Lord Tennyson (1809-92) was the first and only Englishman to be made a lord for writing poetry. Not only did he please the nineteenth-century public, he also pleased Queen Victoria, who was a great reader and admirer of his work. Like Browning, Tennyson was a highly productive writer; like Browning too, he was undervalued during the earlier part of this century. His best work is probably to be found in the long poem *In Memoriam*, which he wrote in memory of his friend Arthur Henry Hallam (died 1833).

For the present however we are concerned only with his great narrative sequence, *Idylls of the King*. This is a series of story-poems which together make up a poetic novel. It tells the story of King Arthur and the groups of knights who made up the famous Round Table. The chief subject is the guilty love between Sir Lancelot and Arthur's Queen Guinevere, a love which became the indirect cause of the break-up of

> The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
> Whereof this world holds record,

and of Arthur's death, described so magnificently in *The Passing of Arthur*. (The greater part of this poem had been written many years before the *Idylls of the King*, and was published under the title *Morte d' Arthur*.) The story ends with the great battle in the west between the armies of Arthur and Modred. Both armies are destroyed, and Arthur is left alone with Sir Bedivere, the last of his knights. In a strange, dream-like scene Bedivere takes the dying king to the shore of a lake, where a black barge is waiting to carry him away. Bedivere lifts the king into the barge, and this is how the poem ends:

> Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
> 'Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
> Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
> For now I see the true old times are dead,
> When every morning brought a noble chance,
> And every chance brought out a noble knight.
> Such times have been not since the light that led
> The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
> But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
> Which was an image of the mighty world;
> And I, the last, go forth companionless,
> And the days darken round me, and the years,
> Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'
> And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:
> 'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
> Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
> I have lived my life, and that which I have done
> May He within Himself make pure! but thou,
> If thou shouldst never see my face again,
> Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
> Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
> For what are men better than sheep or goats
> That nourish a blind life within the brain,
> If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
> Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
> For so the whole round earth is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
> But now farewell. I am going a long way
> With these thou seëst—if indeed I go—
> (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)

To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'
So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

From the point of view of narrative poetry (I am not speaking of other kinds of poetry) the nineteenth century was the most productive in the whole history of English literature. Not only in quantity, but also in quality, there had been nothing like it since Chaucer's time. When we come to the present century however we find the most important poets showing less interest in direct narrative, and more in poetry of a lyrical or philosophical or dramatic kind. Simple story-telling is out of date, and this is perhaps a pity.

John Masefield (1878-1967) is an exception to what I have just said. His long poem *The Everlasting Mercy*, written before the First World War, is still a powerful and readable history of the change caused by religion in the personality of a village outcast and drunkard, Saul Kane. *Reynard The Fox* has been compared to Chaucer's *Prologue* as a lively picture of a group of people of the poet's own time. It describes a meet of fox-hunters in an English village. It is perhaps a sign of the twentieth-century's lost interest in narrative poetry that these two poems (and Masefield's other long poem *Dauber*, which concerns his own early life as a sailor) are almost forgotten; while shorter poems like *Sea Fever* and *The West Wind* are still well known.

There are three other poets, now a little out of fashion, who must be mentioned in any account of narrative poetry in the first half of this century. Sir Henry Newbolt (1862-1938), now out of favour because of his ' imperialistic ' and ' upper-class ' associations, was a fine versifier whose tragic narrative poem *He fell among Thieves* is good and exciting to read. So is Wilfred Wilson Gibson's (1878-1962) famous *Flannan Isle*, the true story of a lonely Scottish lighthouse from which

the men mysteriously disappeared. Another poet chiefly remembered for a single famous work is Alfred Noyes (1880-1958). He wrote a number of poems widely read in the 1920s and 1930s, but the one still familiar to most English readers is *The Highwayman*, a romantic and exciting story which can be enjoyed by anyone with a reasonable knowledge of English. It grips one's attention with the opening lines:

> The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees
> The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas. . .

and holds it all through the story, to the death of the highwayman at the end,

> When they shot him down on the highway,
> Down like a dog on the highway. . .

Of poets writing during the last thirty or forty years I have already mentioned W. H. Auden (born 1907), who is happily still alive, and who must stand with T. S. Eliot (1888-1965) as one of the great poets of the twentieth century. Little of Auden's work is narrative, but his ballad-style poems, *Victor*, *Miss Gee*, *The Quarry*, and *Lady, Weeping at the Crossroads* are not only good as poetry, but have the advantage of being easily readable by anyone whose English is not very fluent. It would not be correct to describe *Under Milk Wood* by Dylan Thomas (1914-55) as a narrative poem, but it must be mentioned here as a most important piece of twentieth-century writing—deeply serious and imaginative, and at the same time deeply comic. Literature is about places as well as about people, and Thomas's Welsh village is the best portrait of a place and a community to be found in British poetry. (I say 'British' for once because Thomas was not an Englishman, and his language is Anglo-Welsh rather than plain English.)

It seems probable that long and carefully-worked narrative poems like those of Tennyson and Masefield are now as out of date as the epic which Milton inherited from Virgil and the other great European poets. In saying this I mean of course that such poems may never be written again. Those that already exist (except the bad ones) will continue to live as all great literature lives—as the music of Bach or Mozart lives—even though in one sense it is out of date. It may happen that the present popularity of folk music and pop songs will give new life to the ballad, the kind of poem which can be sung or recited to the accompaniment of a guitar. There are signs that this is happening already, though no one would pretend that such poems (calypsos for example) have yet got the quality of serious literature.

CHAPTER THREE

Tragic Drama

In the ordinary English of conversation or the newspaper a tragedy is simply a sad or unlucky event. Too often we read headlines like ' Holiday Bathing Tragedy ' or ' Family Killed in Motorway Tragedy '. Even in the theatre the word is carelessly used to describe any play which has an unhappy ending or (like *Hamlet*) an unusual number of dead bodies on the stage. For the critic or student of literature however the word has a rather different and more specialised meaning. *Hamlet* is indeed a tragedy, but not simply because it includes so many sudden and unnatural deaths.

In this chapter I shall first say a little about tragedy in general, and then introduce the reader to some of the chief English dramatists who have written tragedies. In the modern theatre the distinction between tragedy and comedy has become a little out of date, so that one never knows whether a play by Pinter for example is one or the other. It could also be argued that there are tragic novels, like Hardy's *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* (see page 127), and tragic poems, like Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum* (page 45). For the present however we shall think about tragedy in the strictest sense, that is to say tragic drama.

The beginnings of tragedy, like the beginnings of so much of western civilisation, are to be found in ancient Greece. During the fifth century before Christ the great Athenian dramatists, Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, wrote tragedies of a power and a beauty that has never been equalled. Fortunately most of their plays still exist, and some of them are still performed in the modern theatre. At the time I am writing this some cinemas in London are showing a new film of *The Trojan Women* of Euripides, made by the modern producer Cacoyannis. Tender-hearted Londoners drop tears as the little boy Astyanax is taken from his mother Andromache to be killed by the Greeks, just as tender-hearted Athenians did when they saw the same scene in 415 B.C. The *King Oedipus* of Sophocles is as exciting and as terrible on the modern stage as it was when performed in Athens twenty-four centuries ago. Many readers of this book will already know something

about Greek tragedy—they may have read some examples in Greek, or in translation in their own language. For those without such knowledge however it may be helpful if I mention the chief points in which it differed from the drama of our own time, or of Shakespeare's. These were:

1. Stories already well known to the audience: the dramatist was not expected to invent new characters or plots, but to use the old stories of gods and kings and heroes.
2. A strong religious element: the great drama festivals in Athens were held in honour of the wine-god, Dionysus. Even when people no longer believed in the old gods as actual persons, they felt that the world was controlled by moral law (*themis*) and that men who broke that law would be punished by divine justice (*dike*) and fate (*nemesis*). This feeling or belief lies behind all the great classical tragedies.
3. A dislike of horror and violence on the stage: the subjects of tragedy were often shocking and terrible, but the evil deeds were done off the stage. The audience learned of them from the chorus or from ' messengers '.
4. Few actors: the earliest plays had only two actors and a chorus. In the great days of Athenian tragedy however there were four, five or even six chief actors, and a chorus of fifty men. No plays had anything like the number of actors found for example in a Shakespeare play.
5. Characters above the level of ordinary men: all the chief figures in a tragedy were kings, queens, princes, princesses or heroes. The idea of ' domestic ' tragedy, in which the people on the stage are ' just like ourselves ', would have been quite strange to a Greek tragedian. The Greeks may have invented democracy, but it does not appear in their tragedies.
6. No mixing of tragedy and comedy: a Greek tragedy had 'unity of action '—that is to say, it had *one* story and only one. It would have been unthinkable for Aeschylus or Sophocles or Euripides to include comic characters and scenes in serious plays, as Shakespeare so often did. The Greeks liked fun as much as any other people however, and many of them no doubt felt a little tired after watching a tragic trilogy (that is to say a set of three tragedies) for several hours. It became usual therefore to end the performance with a ' satyr play '—a play quite separate from the tragic trilogy, and often crudely comic.

It would be interesting to look at Greek tragedy in more detail, but to do so would be out of place in a book like this, which is intended for students of English. However before we turn to Shakespeare (who must necessarily dominate any discussion of English tragic drama), there are three points of view which we ought to consider with regard to tragedy in general. These points of view (they are too vague to be-

called theories) are connected with three men standing centuries apart from each other, namely Aristotle, Chaucer and G. W. Hegel.

Aristotle (384-322 B.C.) wrote a little book now called the *Poetics* into which he put some of his thoughts about literature in general, and tragedy in particular. Living at the time when Greek tragedy was at its height, and being familiar with the works of the great dramatists who were almost his contemporaries, he found himself asking two questions about the psychology of theatre-going. The first one was this: why do we get pleasure and satisfaction from seeing in the theatre things we should certainly not enjoy in reality? Aristotle's answer was that certain emotions, especially the emotions of pity and fear, do not get used enough in civilised life. One of the effects of tragedy is to stir up these emotions so that they flow away from us like the waste products of the body after purgation. The Greek word for purgation is *catharsis*. To watch a tragedy is a sort of psychological medicine. In post-Freudian jargon, it helps to make us free of 'inhibitions'. In Milton's words at the end of his Greek-style tragedy *Samson Agonistes*, it leaves us

> With peace and consolation...
> And calm of mind, all passion spent.

In the words of the great film-director, Alfred Hitchcock,

> Civilisation has become so screening and sheltering that we cannot experience sufficient thrills at first hand. Therefore, to prevent our becoming sluggish and jellified, we have to experience them artificially, and the screen is the best medium for this.

One need not agree with the last phrase, but Hitchcock's own films have certainly helped many people to feel the emotion of fear which (happily) is not often present in civilised life, and which people therefore seek not only in thrillers and tragedies, but also in dangerous sports like skiing, or climbing or fast driving. Aristotle's idea of tragedy as *catharsis* is one which modern man has no difficulty in understanding.

The other important question which Aristotle tried to answer in the *Poetics* was this: what kind of person ought the chief character (or hero or protagonist) of a tragedy to be? If he is a completely *bad* man it is clear that he will not get the sympathy of the reader or spectator: when he suffers or dies we shall not feel pity, but only satisfaction, as we do at the end of a thriller or detective story when the criminal is sent off to prison or the electric chair. If on the other hand he is a completely

good man we shall feel shocked and depressed by the thought that there is no justice in the world, and no just God in control of it. It is therefore difficult to disagree with Aristotle's decision that the protagonist in a tragedy ought to be ' good but not too good '—in other words he should be a person we can admire and like, but his suffering or death should be caused by his own fault, by some weakness in his character, or by some mistake which he himself has made. In *Hamlet* for example we feel that the young prince has a good character—kind, thoughtful, gentle and cultivated—yet in some ways weak and indecisive. It is his weakness and indecision which in the end cause his own death and that of several others. The word which Aristotle used for this kind of fault or weakness in an otherwise good character is *hamartia*. When he wrote the *Poetics* he was naturally thinking of Greek tragedy as he had seen it and read it, but his thoughts about *catharsis* and *hamartia* are relevant to *all* tragedy, as the reader will find by thinking carefully about the tragic plays or novels he has read.

Aristotle's thoughts about tragedy are of course those of a highly intelligent and sophisticated man. There is however another and more primitive point of view which helps to explain why we get pleasure from watching or reading about the suffering of others in tragedy. Anyone with the smallest knowledge of literature and drama before the beginning of the present century must have noticed how undemocratic it is. I said that the chief characters in Greek tragedy were always kings, queens and other people of importance: there was no place in it for ordinary people like you or me. This was equally true of the tragedies of Shakespeare and of other great European dramatists, though the German poet Lessing (1729-81) had written, and argued for, a more domestic type of drama. Even the nineteenth-century novel was usually written about people in ' high society '. Why has serious literature, and especially tragedy, always been so snobbish? Part of the answer was given by Chaucer in *The Canterbury Tales* (see page 34) when he made the Monk say

> Tragedie is to seyn a certeyn storie,
> As olde bookes maken us memorie,
> Of him that stood in great prosperitee,
> And is y-fallen out of heigh degree
> Into miserie, and endeth wrecchedly.

The idea of a tragedy as a moral story to show the falseness of human power and wealth is a very old one. It can be seen not only in the stories of ancient Greece, but also in Christian and Jewish history and

legend, where God is sometimes thought of as the great Leveller: ' He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek '. It must be admitted that many of us who are ' humble and meek ' get a certain feeling of pleasure from seeing those who are clever and successful brought down to our own level. It is satisfying to think, in the words of John Bunyan's (1628-88) song, ' he that is down need fear no fall '; and to watch safely while heroes and leaders are, as we say, ' cut down to size '. Perhaps this is why so many tragedies have been written on the subject of Julius Caesar, and why, in our own time, the last days of Hitler and the fall of Mussolini have filled so many books and fascinated so many readers.

In modern drama however the theory of Chaucer's Monk no longer seems important. The protagonists in the plays of Ibsen, Shaw, Arthur Miller, John Osborne and Arnold Wesker are not kings or presidents or prime ministers. Even when a modern dramatist does choose a classical subject he does not usually emphasise the ' greatness ' of his characters. On the contrary he tries to show that they are really very ordinary people, just like ourselves. Two good examples from modern French drama are Jean Cocteau's *The Infernal Machine* (about the Greek story of Oedipus) and Jean Anouilh's *Antigone*. To compare these with Sophocles's plays on the same subjects, *King Oedipus* and *Antigone*, is an instructive exercise for any student of literature.

It was in fact a study of Sophocles's *Antigone* which led the German philosopher and critic G. W. Hegel (1770-1831) to stress the importance of *moral conflict* in tragedy. The story can be told quite shortly: Antigone is the niece of Creon, king of Thebes. Her brother, Polynices, has been killed while leading an attack on that city, and Creon orders that his body is to remain unburied on the field. Recognising a religious and moral duty to bury her brother, Antigone goes out of the city at night and scatters earth over his body. Because she has broken the law, and in spite of the fact that she is going to be married to his son Haemon, Creon condemns Antigone to die. Haemon, having failed to persuade the king to change his mind, decides that he will die with her. In the end, persuaded by the old prophet Tiresias, Creon does change his mind, but it is too late. He finds that Antigone has already killed herself, and that Haemon is going to follow her example.

To Hegel it seemed that the *Antigone* was ' the perfect exemplar of tragedy '. The substance of all drama is conflict—conflict for example between the police and the criminal, the stupid father and the pretty young daughter, the American spy and the Russian spy. In such stories the conflict generally appears as a simple one between good and evil, right and wrong. In tragedy however things are less simple: the conflict is between two ' rights '. Antigone was caught between doing

the right thing, from a religious point of view, by giving proper burial to her brother, and doing the right thing, from the point of view of the law, by obeying Creon's order. Creon himself was caught between his duty as ruler and protector of the city, and his duty as the uncle and protector of Antigone. Such moral conflicts are a necessary part of life. Millions of Germans in the 1930s had to make the difficult choice between their duty as patriots to support the government and defend their fatherland, and their duty as Christians and Europeans to oppose the Nazi philosophy. Forty years later it is perhaps possible to see this as a simple conflict between right and wrong, but at that time it seemed a truly tragic conflict between two rights. Perhaps the commonest example of such a conflict is that between love and duty—favourite subject of a thousand films and novels as well as of great tragedies like *Romeo and Juliet*. Tragedy then can almost always be seen as a *conflict*: not between right and wrong (for that is simply melodrama), but between two opposite rights. This seems quite plain as soon as one begins to think about it, and it is strange that no one seems to have mentioned it until Hegel pointed it out in his *Aesthetik*.

So far we have been thinking about the history and theory which lie behind European tragedy in general. To the student of English literature however tragedy means above all the tragedy of Shakespeare. At first sight this seems very different from classical Greek tragedy. The differences however are of form rather than of substance. I shall try to show later how the theories of Aristotle and of Hegel, as well as the primitive idea of tragedy as the downfall of great men, can be helpful in understanding a Shakespearian tragedy (*Julius Caesar*). First however let us look at Shakespeare himself.

William Shakespeare (1564-1616) is such an important figure in world history that it is easy to forget how little is really known about his life. It is easy to forget also that he was only one of the many dramatists writing for the small London theatres at the time of Queen Elizabeth I. If anyone asked what made this young man from a small country town into the greatest literary figure the world has ever seen it would be difficult to give a short answer. He had three things however which everyone would agree about: an almost unbelievable understanding of human psychology (and this was a hundred years before even the word 'psychology' had been invented!); a God-like love and compassion for the world and its inhabitants; and a richness and control of language such as no other English writer has had. To these one must add, without taking away anything from Shakespeare's greatness, the element of luck and chance which is needed for success in any activity: he was born in the right place and at the right time.

England under Elizabeth I was as good a place to live in as anywhere in Europe. At last there was peace at home under a settled monarchy. The middle classes, to which Shakespeare's parents belonged, were generally prosperous. At last the full influence of the Renaissance (late coming to England because of the savage Wars of the Roses which had not ended until 1485) was being felt. Scholarship and poetry and music were flowering. Even the English aristocracy, late in following the example of their French and Italian cousins, were building great palaces like Hampton Court and Knole and Hatfield, and doing their best to encourage artists of every kind. One of Shakespeare's fellow-countrymen, admiring the great outpouring of poetry and music at the time, went so far as to call England ' a nest of singing birds '.

In such conditions a young poet-dramatist like Shakespeare could find an intelligent audience—an audience whose ears were open to poetry, and who were especially conscious of the beauty and wealth of their own language. In ordinary use that language was not very different from modern English (indeed according to the divisions usually made in the history of the language—Old English, Middle English and Modern English—it *was* Modern English!). There was however a great difference between the simple, direct speech of ordinary people and the ' clever ', fantastical language of many of Elizabeth's courtiers. And this was very different from the language written by scholars, who were continually introducing new words from Latin and Greek. The very word ' theatre ' for example was imported during Shakespeare's own lifetime as a ' clever ' word for what he knew as a ' playhouse '. Even the ordinary noun ' animal ' was then a new and ' clever ' word for ' beast '.

Shakespeare himself used as many kinds of English as he needed. He particularly enjoyed making fun of the language of courtiers and scholars, and he liked making puns of a kind which would now seem childish. In short, Elizabethan English was extremely various and rapidly changing, and Shakespeare used it brilliantly. The result is that Shakespeare's English is quite difficult for the foreign reader (and indeed for many modern English readers). In the theatre the difficulties seem to disappear, so that the foreigner with a moderate knowledge of English can enjoy a performance in London or Stratford, even if he cannot translate the speeches into his own language. Perhaps the best advice, for those whose English is still uncertain, is not to attempt to read Shakespeare without the help of a good teacher. Alternatively it may be a good idea to study the play in translation in one's own language before trying it in English.

There is no room in a book like this to say anything of Shakespeare's

life. In any case, as I have said, we know very little about it except that he went from Stratford to London (leaving his wife at home) and became an actor. By the time he was thirty he had become well known as a dramatist. He was a successful dramatist, but no more so than some others of the time: indeed the critics thought he was inferior to Ben Jonson. Of the thirty-six plays which were almost certainly written by Shakespeare we shall only be concerned in this chapter with seven, namely the great tragedies written between 1598 and 1608: *Julius Caesar*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus*. It has always been the custom to divide Shakespeare's plays into comedies, histories, and tragedies. This is a useful arrangement, but is sometimes misleading. Some of the histories (*King Richard II* for example) are also tragedies, and the Roman tragedies (*Julius Caesar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*) are also histories. It is a little misleading, too, to call a darkly pessimistic play like *Troilus and Cressida* a comedy, but we need not discuss that here.

Like the other tragic dramatists of his time, Shakespeare followed a dramatic tradition which by then had become well established in England. This tradition came partly from the Roman tragic dramatist Seneca (died A.D. 65), and partly from the medieval 'mystery' plays which were still being acted in Shakespeare's boyhood, and which we shall be looking at more closely in another chapter. Seneca was a popular and highly successful writer of what we should now call thrillers. He specialised in stories of revenge, had no hesitation about showing bloody and horrible deeds on the stage, and frequently used ghosts in his stories. He owed something to the dramatic masterpieces of Greece; but, as sometimes happened when the Romans followed the Greeks in any artistic field, their plays were cruder, and altogether lacking in the dignity and high moral feeling of the Greeks. Seneca however was widely read and admired in England at the time of the Renaissance, and a number of tragedies were written in imitation of his style. Among these were *Gorboduc* (1551) by Thomas Sackville and Thomas Norton, and *The Spanish Tragedy* (1589) by Thomas Kyd, each of which used the typically horrifying Senecan ingredients (and incidentally the Senecan convention of dividing the play into five acts).

Shakespeare, as a tragic dramatist, worked in this style, though his genius saved him from some of the crudity of the Senecan tradition. It was however from this tradition, added to the tradition of the English medieval plays and the actual conditions of the Elizabethan stage, that the Elizabethan drama took its form and structure. Unlike the great French tragedies of Corneille and Racine nearly a hundred

years later, it owed nothing in these respects to the drama of classical Greece. On the surface therefore we shall not expect a Shakespearean tragedy to look like the plays of Sophocles and Euripides. It is when we look beyond form and structure, and examine the subject matter, characters and ideas, that we shall see how universal is the material of tragedy, and how correctly Aristotle pointed out its essentials in the *Poetics*. To give examples of this I shall finish these notes on Shakespearean tragedy with a more detailed study of *Julius Caesar*. First however I shall make some short comments on his other chief tragedies.

Hamlet is so well known that there is no need to say much about it here. Like many of Shakespeare's plays it began as a rewriting of an older play by an unknown writer. We are not sure when it was first seen on the stage, but it was almost certainly earlier than 1603 when the first printed copy appeared. This copy was careless and incorrect, but a better edition was published in 1604. Basically *Hamlet* is a story of murder and revenge in the tradition of Seneca, not unlike Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* (see page 56). All this is transformed by the poetry and the psychological insight of Shakespeare into a work of great genius—perhaps the most famous single work of literature in the world. It is the longest of Shakespeare's plays, and perhaps the most universal because it has something for everybody: the strange and powerful opening, with the soldiers watching the stars from the castle wall while they wait for the ghost to appear; the sad, almost sentimental, story of the young Ophelia; the violent action which bursts into the play from time to time (Laertes and his soldiers threatening King Claudius, Hamlet's sudden killing of Polonius, the duelling at the end); the discussion of religious and philosophical topics; the study of human relationships (husband-wife, lover-lover, parent-child, friend-friend, young-old); the sense of humour as a necessary part of life; and above all the immensely attractive, immensely complicated character of Hamlet himself, a character in which every one of us sees a reflection of himself. So many thousands of books have been written about *Hamlet* that one hesitates to say anything about it in so short a space. I would suggest however that its unending popularity is due above all to the fact that it puts before us the most important of all human problems: thought versus action. We are all like Hamlet in that the more we think the more difficult we find it to decide (which girl to marry, which party to vote for, which religion to follow, which job to take).

Othello (first acted in 1604, and printed in 1622) is the most 'domestic' of Shakespeare's tragedies. It is a story of sexual jealousy which he borrowed from an Italian writer, Cinthio. The fact that

Othello is a Moor (usually taken to mean a black African) married to a white girl, Desdemona, has led some people to think that *Othello* is a drama about ' the colour problem '. This is partly true, but the chief subject is the terrible effect of jealousy (carefully built up by Othello's evil lieutenant, Iago) on the honest, simple mind of the Moor —a man whose bravery and skill as a soldier have won the gratitude of the Venetian government, and Othello's appointment as governor of Cyprus (then a Venetian colony). The final scene, in which a half-mad Othello accuses the innocent Desdemona of being unfaithful and then smothers her with a pillow before killing himself, is one of the most impressive in Shakespeare.

King Lear was first acted in 1605, and printed in 1608. The story comes from the old English chronicles, and is almost entirely fictitious, though there may have been a real ancient British chieftain named Lear or Llyr. It is possible that the city of Leicester was originally Llyr-cestre or Lear's Castle. *King Lear* has been thought of by many critics as the most powerful of Shakespeare's tragedies. Certainly it is one of the most pessimistic. The story is complicated and extremely improbable, but it gives opportunities for some of Shakespeare's most impressive poetry. In the nineteenth century, when realistic scenery was the fashion in the theatre, it was thought that *King Lear*, with its innumerable changes of scene, its storms and its battles, was almost impossible to produce on the stage. Now that realism is out of fashion this is no longer so.

The story is chiefly concerned with the king and his three daughters, Goneril, Regan and Cordelia. He decides in old age that he will divide his kingdom between them in proportion to their love for him. Goneril and Regan please him by exaggerated and false expressions of love, but Cordelia (though truly loving her father) fails to do so. Lear is so angry with her that he divides the kingdom equally between Goneril and Regan (and their husbands, the Dukes of Albany and Cornwall), leaving Cordelia with nothing. Having control of the kingdom, Goneril and Regan soon forget their promises to care for their father, now old and powerless. Mad with rage at their ingratitude, he is driven out into the storm. Arriving at Dover after much suffering, he finds that a French army has landed there, and that Cordelia is with them, now married to the King of France. The scene in which the old man, confused, weak and almost at death's door, once again meets the only one of his daughters who truly loves him is one of the most emotional in all Shakespeare's work, and likely to draw tears from the most hard-hearted audience. Attended by Cordelia's servants and a doctor, Lear is carried into the royal tent where she greets him:

O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear replies:

Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

But there is to be no happy ending: the French are defeated by the English under Albany and the treacherous Edmund. Cordelia is hanged by Edmund's order, and the play ends with Lear carrying her body on to the stage, where he himself dies. Meanwhile the evil-minded Goneril and Regan have quarrelled over their lover, Edmund. Goneril, having poisoned her sister, has also killed herself. Such a summary as this can do little justice to a tragedy on the massive scale of *King Lear*. It is one of Shakespeare's darkest and most powerful plays.

Macbeth is another 'dark' play, full of cruelty and blood, and more exciting than any thriller. The exact date of its first production is uncertain, but its Scottish subject and some other unmistakable evidence in the play itself make it clear that it was written to please the new King, James I, who was also James VI of Scotland. He had succeeded to the English throne on the death of Elizabeth in 1603. The story of Macbeth (which has some little historical fact behind it) was one of several which Shakespeare took from the *Chronicles* of Raphael Holinshed.

Macbeth and his wife, moved by the strange prophecy of the witches, kill the King of Scotland, Duncan, and seize the throne for themselves. Banquo, Macbeth's friend and fellow-general, knows of their crime, and so Macbeth decides that he also must be killed. He is struck down while returning from a ride with his son, Fleance. In a famous scene the ghost of Banquo appears to Macbeth at a feast to which all the

Scottish lords have been invited to mark the coronation of the murderous couple. Later Macbeth decides that Macduff also knows the truth about the old king's murder. He sends men to attack Macduff's castle and kill him, but Macduff, already warned, has escaped to England. His wife and children, left alone in the castle, are murdered by Macbeth's men.

By this time both Macbeth and Lady Macbeth realise that their guilt is known. Afraid of the future, Macbeth visits the witches in their cave. He is assured by them that he will never be harmed by ' man of woman born ', and that he will rule Scotland ' till Birnam wood shall come to Dunsinane '. This for a time gives him confidence. He prepares to defend the castle of Dunsinane against the English, who have joined with Macduff and other Scottish leaders against the tyranny of the Macbeths.

Lady Macbeth's mind now begins to break under the pressure of guilt and anxiety. In the famous sleep-walking scene she relives the terrible night when she and her husband killed the sleeping Duncan. Soon afterwards, while Macbeth is preparing to meet Macduff and the English, she kills herself. There is an exciting scene in which a soldier tells Macbeth that he has actually seen Birnam wood moving. The audience knows (but Macbeth, of course, does not) that the English soldiers have been told to break branches from the trees in order to hide them as they attack.

Macbeth, believing now that supernatural powers are fighting against him, decides to fight to the end while still remembering the witches' promise that no man born of woman can harm him. At the height of the battle he comes face to face with Macduff. They fight savagely, Macbeth still certain that no human being can harm him. When they pause for breath he shouts to his opponent:

> Thou losest labour:
> As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
> With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
> Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
> I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
> To one of woman born.

But Macduff replies:

> Despair the charm;
> And let the angel whom thou still hast served
> Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
> Untimely ript.

In other words Macduff had not been ' born of woman ' in the ordinary sense, but by what is now called a Caesarian operation. Macbeth now realises that he has been tricked by the witches, and that there is no hope for him. His old bravery returns, and he fights desperately until Macduff kills him. The play ends with the arrival of more English forces, accompanied by Malcolm, Duncan's son, who is now true king of Scotland.

Summarised in this way *Macbeth* sounds almost like a crude Wild West melodrama. In fact it is a deep psychological study of a brave and sensitive man destroyed by his own ambition and a too-dominant wife. It is also one of the most poetic of Shakespeare's plays.

Antony and Cleopatra was written about 1606, but not published until the ' First Folio ' (1623), seven years after Shakespeare's death. The Folio was a collection of nearly all his plays put together by his friends and fellow-actors, John Heming and Henry Condell. For the story of *Antony and Cleopatra*, as for his other Roman plays, Shakespeare used Sir John North's translation of the Greek writer Plutarch (first century A.D.) who wrote the life stories of famous Greeks and Romans. Historically the events in *Antony and Cleopatra* followed almost immediately after those in *Julius Caesar*, and Antony is a central figure in both. Artistically however there is no connection between the plays.

It is not easy to summarise *Antony and Cleopatra* without a long explanation of the political situation at the time (about 30 B.C.). Its main subject is the love of the famous and powerful Roman for the traditionally beautiful Egyptian queen. Forced by political events and the death of his wife in Rome, Antony leaves Cleopatra in Alexandria and goes back to Rome. For political reasons he marries again, this time the sister of his former opponent, Octavius Caesar. Unable to live away from Cleopatra he soon leaves Rome and his wife, and returns to Alexandria. This causes war between Rome and Egypt. The Egyptian fleet is defeated at the battle of Actium, and soon afterwards Antony's army is also defeated at Alexandria. Cleopatra has taken refuge in her ' monument ', and there is a false rumour that she is dead. Hearing this, Antony tries to kill himself by falling on his sword. Failing, he is carried to Cleopatra's monument where he dies in her arms. Octavius, leading the Roman forces, tries to make peace with Cleopatra. She pretends to agree, but has secretly decided to kill herself. This she does by putting an asp (a poisonous snake) to her breast. There is some magnificent poetry in *Antony and Cleopatra*, especially in the death scenes, but it has not quite the same power and psychological depth as Shakespeare's other tragedies.

Like *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus* was not printed until the Folio of 1623, though written about 1608. The story, which also came from

Plutarch, is about Caius Marcius, a Roman general who defeated the Volscians and captured the town of Corioli. In gratitude the Roman government gave him the surname Coriolanus, and wished also to make him Consul. The ordinary people of Rome however very much disliked his dictatorial arrogance (which is understandable when one reads the play, because Shakespeare shows him as a proud and insolent man who seems to go out of his way to express hate and contempt for the ordinary man). Popular feeling against Coriolanus forces the government to banish him from Rome, and he goes away in anger to join his former enemy, the Volscian leader, Aufidius. He agrees to lead the Volscian army against Rome, but when he is about to attack the city the Roman government send his friends and his family, including his mother Volumnia, to meet him and persuade him to make peace. In an emotional scene he listens to their prayers, and agrees. (The situation here is a good example of Hegel's theory of conflict between two goods: the hero's love of his own city and family, and his duty to keep his promise to the Volscians, even though that promise was one which he ought not to have made.) He leads the Volscian army back to their city of Antium, where he is killed by the Volscian leaders who feel that he has deceived them. *Coriolanus* is an interesting play in spite of its rather unattractive protagonist. It may be contrasted with *Macbeth*: in the latter we begin by admiring the protagonist, but find his character worsening as the play goes on; in *Coriolanus* we begin by disliking and end by admiring him.

I have chosen *Julius Caesar* (probably acted in 1599, but not printed until the Folio of 1623) as an example of Shakespearean tragedy for rather more detailed study. The chief reason for this choice is personal: *Julius Caesar* is one of my favourite plays. But it has other advantages for our present purpose: its language (though far from easy for a foreign reader) is by no means as difficult as that of *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*; it is a popular play for study at school, so there is a good chance that the reader will know something about it already; it can be seen in at least one excellent film version; and it shows quite clearly most of the structural and psychological features of tragedy which we have been discussing.

Looked at from the Aristotelian point of view, or indeed from the point of view of any reader or spectator of common sense, the play is, despite its title, the tragedy of Brutus. He is the protagonist, the tragic hero, 'good but not too good', towards whom our sympathies are directed. When, after their defeat at Philippi and the death of his friend and ally Cassius, Brutus throws himself upon the sword held by his unwilling slave, we feel in full measure the emotions of pity and fear of which Aristotle wrote. We echo the words of Mark Antony,

'This was the noblest Roman of them all.' All through the play it is the nobility of Brutus which Shakespeare has worked to emphasise. His natural leadership, his devotion to the good of Rome, his thoughtful and humane character, his open generosity to his enemies, his love of his wife, and his kindness and consideration for servants—all these go to complete the picture of a man who is morally good and great:

> His life was gentle; and the elements
> So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'

That such a man should come in the end to defeat and death as a result of chance or accident would be shocking rather than truly tragic; for (as we have seen) the downfall of a wholly good man is as unsatisfactory in tragedy as that of a wholly bad man. If we are to identify ourselves with the hero, and feel tragic pity at his fate, he should be shown as a man suffering and brought to ruin by some weakness or flaw in an otherwise good character. This flaw is Aristotle's *hamartia*, which has already been explained (see page 52). In the case of Brutus the *hamartia* grows out of his very virtues: he is himself so good and so honest that he finds it impossible to believe that other people may be different. Thus, for all his greatness of soul, he is a bad judge of character, and a rather stupid politician.

After Caesar's death he accepts Antony's offer of friendship at its face value, and allows him, despite the warnings of Cassius, to make a public speech at Caesar's funeral. With almost incredible foolishness he assures Cassius that all will be well, because he himself will speak first, and give the people full and satisfactory reasons for Caesar's death. And before this he has, on the highest moral grounds, refused to listen to the suggestions of Cassius and the rest of the anti-Caesar party that Antony and others of Caesar's closest supporters should be killed at the same time:

> Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
> To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs.

Even on the battlefield he sets morality above military need, and condemns an important and useful officer, Lucius Pella, for accepting bribes. Cassius complains that the situation is too dangerous to allow of such strict morality,

In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment—

but he is overruled once again by a Brutus determined to behave correctly at all costs. Thus, while we are moved to pity by Brutus's tragic end, we are all the time made aware that it is caused by his own fault.

If, as I have tried to show, Brutus is an example of the tragic hero as described by Aristotle, the whole of *Julius Caesar* is an example of his general ideas on tragedy. Pity and fear are in his opinion the primary tragic emotions, and these are naturally aroused by the terrible events which make up the action of the play. The atmosphere of fear built up by the storm, the visions of the 'ghastly women', the dead rising from their graves, the strange battle in the clouds 'which drizzled blood upon the Capitol'—all these are the background to the butchery of Caesar 'Even at the base of Pompey's statue, which all the while ran blood'. Shakespeare does not hesitate to stress the physical horror of the deed by reminding us many times of the wounds and the blood.

Long before Aristotle the Greeks had developed the moral of *themis* and *nemesis* which I have already mentioned. *Themis* means something like moral order or natural law, and the man who defied it was punished in the end by natural justice or fate (*nemesis*). The greatest crime a man could commit was the crime of *hubris* (or excessive pride), whereby he set himself up as an equal of the gods. This is the crime of Caesar, and Shakespeare emphasises it in his last speech, where he compares his own strength and constancy with the weakness of ordinary men. Yet within a few seconds he is struck down, and when Antony comes in 'the foremost man of all the world' is no more than a dead body:

O mighty Caesar! does thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?

So *hubris* is punished, and the gods take their revenge on the man who dared to set himself up as their equal; or (for those who prefer a more cynical interpretation) the sub-conscious jealousy which we feel towards men greater and more powerful than ourselves is satisfied; and when we exclaim 'How are the mighty fallen!' we do so not with regret, but with scarcely concealed satisfaction. But the beginning of

the fourth act of *Julius Caesar* brings in a reversal of the situation—what Aristotle called *peripeteia*: it is now Brutus and his fellow conspirators who are the hunted, and Caesar's friends who are the hunters,

> And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
> With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
> Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
> Cry Havoc, and let slip the dogs of war.

The last two acts show Brutus's tragic qualities in a magnified form. In difficulty and danger his goodness shines more brightly than ever; on the other hand his weaknesses become more and more clear. His high principles blind him to the realities of the situation, and he shows a foolish disregard for the opinions of Cassius, wasting time and energy in argument as to which of them is the more experienced soldier. Everything depends upon their making the right military decisions before beginning the battle with Octavius and Antony. Cassius wants to remain where they are, so allowing the enemy to exhaust themselves by marching towards them. Brutus wants to advance towards Philippi because (he thinks) they will be able to strengthen their army by enlisting more soldiers on the way. By the force of his personality he overrules the objections of Cassius, and finally has his way. The result is the destruction of their army and the death of both leaders. As the body of Brutus is carried off the field by Octavius's men our hearts echo Antony's words, ' This was the noblest Roman of them all '; but our heads remind us that this was also the man who, by his inability to understand that morality must sometimes bend, brought defeat and death to himself and thousands of others.

So far we have been looking at *Julius Caesar* in the light of Aristotle's ideas of tragedy, particularly with reference to Brutus as the tragic protagonist; but the play also illustrates very clearly Hegel's idea that tragedy arises out of a moral conflict of some kind. The conflict in the mind of Brutus is made quite clear in the first two acts and part of the third: his personal friendship for Caesar, conflicts with his belief that Caesar's power is a danger to Roman democracy. Brutus's devotion to the latter is continually emphasised, not only in what others say about him, but also in his own conversation with Cassius:

> If it be aught towards the general good,
> Set Honour in one eye and Death i' the other,
> And I will look on both indifferently.

Thus there is no doubt in Brutus's mind (or in ours as spectators) that he has a moral and political duty to do all he can to end Caesar's personal power. The only way is by his death. But Shakespeare has also emphasised the fact that Caesar loves and trusts Brutus. Brutus can only do his duty as a political leader by breaking the sacred rules of friendship and trust. Being the kind of man he is, Brutus decides in favour of public duty and against personal loyalty. One of the most agonising moments in all tragedy occurs when the dying Caesar recognises his trusted friend as one of his murderers, and cries out the words given to him by tradition and by Plutarch, '*Et tu, Brute*!'

We may also see the moral conflict in terms of private morality versus political morality. I have already suggested that almost every decision Brutus takes proves to be a wrong decision in the sense that it leads to the failure of his own policy. Yet judged by the standards of private morality each decision was right: in this sense it was right to spare Mark Antony; right to allow him to pay due honour to the fallen Caesar; and right to condemn Lucius Pella for abusing his authority and taking bribes. It is often said by moralists that a deed which is in itself evil does not become good merely because it is intended as a means to some good end. It is this principle that Brutus acts upon with such disastrous results.

What makes *Julius Caesar* a tragedy, and a great tragedy, is that it deals with problems of character and morality that belong not only to Shakespeare's time, or Caesar's time, but to the whole of mankind at all times. It is a play of action in every sense of the word, and this illustrates the truth of Aristotle's description of tragedy as 'an imitation of *an action* that is important, entire, and of a proper magnitude'. A great many plays of our own time (and especially some of those written for television) seem to be little more than tedious and not-very-intelligent philosophical discussions. It is appropriate therefore that we should end our examination of *Julius Caesar* with a reminder that the heart of tragedy, and indeed of all drama, is *action*.

Most people would agree that the great period for English drama was the time of Elizabeth I (1558-1603) and James I (1603-25). For readers who know little of English history it should be explained that the term Elizabethan is often used rather carelessly to include also the reign of James I, which should correctly be called Jacobean. Historians also talk of the Tudor period (from Henry VII to Elizabeth) and the Stuart period (from James I to Charles II, broken by the Commonwealth and Cromwell's dictatorship). I am using the phrase 'Elizabethan tragedy' to include any tragedies written between about 1550 and 1630.

The tragedies written by Shakespeare were of such importance

that we easily forget the other great tragic dramatists of the time, several of whom, at their best, were not greatly inferior to him. Ben Jonson (see page 184) was chiefly a writer of comedies, and we shall hear more of him later. He did however write one tragedy, *Sejanus*, which is comparable to Shakespeare's Roman plays, and which (though now rarely acted) was distinguished by having Shakespeare as one of the actors in its first production in 1603. There are two other Elizabethan tragic dramatists who must be mentioned, even if we have no time to study them closely. They are Christopher Marlowe and John Webster.

Marlowe was born in 1564 (the same year as Shakespeare) and was killed in rather mysterious circumstances in 1593. During his short life he wrote at least five tragedies and a number of poems and translations. He angered many powerful people by his atheism, yet he seems also to have worked as a secret agent for the government. Four of Marlowe's tragedies can be counted among the great works of the English stage, and they are still acted quite frequently. In *Tamburlaine* (1590) he showed considerable strength and originality both in choice of subject and in his use of blank verse. Tamburlaine (more correctly Timur-leng) was the Scythian shepherd and bandit who built a great empire in Asia in the late Middle Ages, finally conquering much of India and setting up the Mogul dynasty. To use such a subject (rather than one from classical Rome or from British history) was in itself the sign of an original and independent mind. To treat it as Marlowe did with a new and splendid kind of poetry was to bring new life to the English stage. *Tamburlaine* (which consists of two separate plays, Part I and Part II) is full of colourful scenes of the sort we now see in film spectaculars: the Turkish emperor Bajazet kept prisoner in a cage and eventually killing himself by beating his head against the bars; the four Asian kings dragging Tamburlaine's chariot into Babylon; the death of his beloved Zenocrate.

If *Tamburlaine* shows us a man mad for political power, Marlowe's second play, *The Tragical History of Dr Faustus*, shows us one equally mad for intellectual power. Its subject is the well-known legend of Faust's bargain with Mephistophilis—a legend which had attracted artists and poets for a thousand years before Goethe's masterpiece. Marlowe's *Faustus* is not a tragic masterpiece—indeed it is badly constructed, and spoiled by some childish comic scenes. Yet it contains much splendid poetry; and the final scene, in which Faustus waits for the striking of midnight and the dreaded arrival of Mephistophilis, is one of the most splendid and terrible in English literature.

Marlowe's best play is certainly *Edward II*, which is comparable to Shakespeare's best historical plays. The story is of a young and

irresponsible king who is destroyed by his own weakness and the treachery of his homosexual favourites. The scene in which Edward is murdered at Berkeley Castle is well known as a tragic and terrible one. Not only in this scene but in the whole of *Edward II* one is reminded of Shakespeare's *Richard II*. Both plays are concerned with the tragic fall of young men with a lot of power which they are not strong enough to carry. It has often been pointed out that all Marlowe's tragedies are about men whose minds are dominated by a single idea: with Tamburlaine it is power; with Faustus it is knowledge; and with Edward II it is homosexual friendship.

John Webster (1580-c1635) had little of Marlowe's poetic strength, but more skill as a dramatist. He wrote a number of comedies in co-operation with other dramatists, but is now chiefly remembered for two tragedies, *The White Devil* and *The Duchess of Malfi*. The stories of both come from Italian *novelle* (long short stories), and they have much of the dramatic energy and the horror of *Macbeth*. They are thrillers which continue the Senecan tradition in English tragedy, yet they appear very modern when read or seen on the stage.

The field of Elizabethan and Jacobean tragedy is so wide and so rich that it is impossible to treat it fairly in a few pages. The few dramatists I have chosen would, I think, be accepted by most people as being the most important, but there are others (Tourneur, Middleton and Ford for example) who might equally well have been chosen.

The *Samson Agonistes* of Milton (see page 30) stands quite alone in the history of English drama, being written strictly in the style of a classical Greek tragedy. Milton believed (as he wrote in his preface) that tragedy was, and always had been, ' the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems '. In his puritanical way he thought that the English stage had become immoral, and that Shakespeare and the other great dramatists of his generation had been wrong in not following classical models. He took care to explain that he did not intend *Samson* for the stage: it is a play for reading rather than acting (though in fact it *has* been acted several times and, in my opinion, ought to be done again). The subject comes from the Biblical *Book of Judges*. Milton follows all the ' rules ' of Greek tragedy (including the use of a chorus). The language, as always in Milton, is difficult, but the ideas and the philosophical problems discussed are of great interest, as I have often found (to my surprise) while reading the play with students.

Samson Agonistes was written near the end of Milton's life, when he was blind and suffering for the political part he had played in Cromwell's dictatorship, so there was a close parallel between his own condition and that of his hero, Samson. The Restoration (of the monarchy after the death of Cromwell, Charles II having returned

from his French exile in 1660) brought new life to literature and the arts, which had suffered badly under Cromwell's puritanical rule. Theatres, which had been closed for several years, came to life again with the flowering of 'restoration comedy'. Comedy suited the mood of the times better than tragedy, but there were still some successful tragedies, like Thomas Otway's *Venice Preserved*, produced in 1682, and John Dryden's *All for Love*, which had appeared in 1678.

Dryden (see page 156) was the greatest literary figure of the time, and *All for Love, or The World well lost* was a tragedy on the same subject as *Antony and Cleopatra*. As a play it is probably better constructed than the latter, but Dryden had little of Shakespeare's poetic power. In his *Essay on Dramatic Poesie* he had argued in favour of 'modern' tragic drama (represented by Shakespeare and the other Elizabethans) against the 'classical', imitation Greek drama then being written in France.

The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were a bad time for tragic drama in England. It was not that the theatres were idle or empty—indeed there were many famous actors and actresses who kept alive the great tragedies of the past. There was however a strange absence of dramatists. It seemed as if the great storm of energy that had created the Elizabethan and restoration drama had left everybody exhausted. Even the romantic revival failed to produce much dramatic writing, though one tragedy ought certainly to be mentioned: *The Cenci*, a verse tragedy by Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822). Shelley is one of the best known of the English romantic poets, but his dramatic work is sometimes forgotten. *The Cenci* (the title is the name of a great Roman family of the sixteenth century) could easily be mistaken for an Elizabethan or Jacobean play. It concerns the cruelty and madness of Francesco Cenci, who hated his children and attempted to commit incest with one of them (Beatrice). In despair Beatrice decides, with the help of her brother and her stepmother, to have Cenci killed. Afterwards, and in spite of much public sympathy, the three of them are condemned to death.

Except for Shelley in *The Cenci*, none of the great writers of the nineteenth century succeeded in producing a great tragic drama for the stage. Tennyson made several attempts, and so did Browning; but these are now mostly forgotten. It is hard to understand why a period so creative in other ways should have been so unproductive in this field: we can only assume that the old style of tragedy was worn out, and a new one was not yet discovered.

Of the tragedies I have mentioned so far in this chapter, the reader may have noticed that most—perhaps nine out of ten—are about important people. In other words the idea of Chaucer's Monk (see

page 52) that tragedy ought to be *de casibus virorum illustrium* (about the downfall of famous men) seems generally to have been accepted without question. It was not until the end of the nineteenth century that people began to see that ordinary men and women were interesting, and that tragedy as well as comedy could be found in everyday life. It was chiefly the work of the great Norwegian, Ibsen (1828-1906), that made this clear. English translations of *A Doll's House*, *Ghosts* and other plays showed that the theatre could be used for discussing the moral and social problems of real life in a modern setting. Since the end of the First World War there has been a succession of ' realistic ' dramatists writing for the English theatre. It was fashionable in the 1950s to speak of ' kitchen-sink drama ': I will return to this soon, but let us first look at the chief dramatist of the early part of our century, George Bernard Shaw (1856-1950).

As an admirer of Ibsen, and one who did much to make Ibsen known in the English theatre, Shaw believed that drama should be concerned with philosophy, politics and social problems. Both *Man and Superman* and *Back to Methusaleh* are philosophical plays dealing with the ' life force ' or ' creative evolution '—ideas which Shaw borrowed from the French philosopher Bergson (1859-1941). *Arms and the Man* is an amusing theatrical debate about pacifism and militarism; *Mrs Warren's Profession* is about prostitution and sexual morality; and *The Doctor's Dilemma* is a serio-comic play about the social responsibility of doctors. *The Apple Cart* (1929) is a political play in which Shaw seems to have foreseen the problems of the 1930s and the rise of the dictatorships. None of Shaw's plays could be called tragedies in the older sense: they deal with serious subjects, but they deal with them in a light-hearted way; there is much philosophical debate and discussion, and generally an absence of real human feeling. This is probably because Shaw himself was a man of intellect rather than a man of feeling—and to write tragic drama one needs to be both! To many people Shaw's most successful work is *Saint Joan* (1924). It is more than a historical ' chronicle play ', more than a theatrical debate between nationalism and internationalism or protestantism and catholicism: indeed it is almost, but not quite, a true tragedy.

Although Shaw was an excellent and successful dramatist (if not quite a great one) he may be blamed for starting one fashion which has influenced the English theatre in the years since his death in 1950: I mean the fashion for using drama as propaganda. In the past the purpose of drama has been, in the words of Hamlet, ' to hold the mirror up to nature ': to show life as it is, and perhaps in passing to suggest how it might be. Since Shaw some dramatists (and actors and producers and even pop singers) have set themselves up as ' pro-

phets ', using the stage as a platform for spreading their own opinions about politics or religion or history. No one (certainly not I) would wish to stop dramatists saying what they like; but I believe many people dislike being preached at (as in church) without having an opportunity to reply. This however is a matter which readers must discuss for themselves: I only mention it here as a possible criticism of Shaw's influence and a possible explanation of the fact that very little tragic drama has been written in England in the twentieth century. Some of the most important was the work of John Galsworthy, whose novels we shall be discussing later (see page 133).

None of Galsworthy's plays perhaps could be called a tragedy in the old sense of the word, but some of them are fine examples of the drama of conflict. *Strife* for example analyses the conflict between the two sides in an industrial dispute (a coal-miners' strike); its subject is by no means out of date. Neither unfortunately is the subject of *Loyalties*, which is about anti-semitism. In *Escape* Galsworthy used what was then (1926) an unusual method of constructing a play: a number of short scenes connected only by the figure of the escaping prisoner who is its chief character. *Escape* is still an impressive play on the stage, as are all Galsworthy's tragic dramas.

Two other writers of the period between the wars must be mentioned in any account of the drama of the time. The first, R. C. Sherriff (born 1896), has generally been undervalued by critics because he wrote only one play of real importance: this was *Journey's End*, first produced in London in 1928. It would perhaps be misleading to describe *Journey's End* as a 'great' tragedy, but its strong mixture of realism and sentimentality made a great impact on millions of English people who had lived through the First World War. To the sons and daughters of such people it seemed strange and out-dated, its language almost comically so; but for their grandchildren, who think of that far-off war as a part of ancient history, it has a new interest, and has been revived on the stage recently. It can now be seen indeed as one of the most moving and powerful literary works to come out of the Great War.

Charles Morgan (1894-1958) was dramatic critic for *The Times*, and (perhaps for this reason) a rather self-conscious writer. *The Flashing Stream* and *The Burning Glass* had some success in the theatre, and they have a tragic seriousness which makes them worth reading. But they have little ordinary human feeling, and are written in a heavy sort of language which would sound strange on a modern stage, even though neither play is more than thirty years old.

Some of the most important tragic drama of the last fifty years has come from America, and although this book (for reasons of space)

is generally confined to *British* literature (see page 18) it would be impossible to write on modern drama without mentioning Eugene O'Neill (1888-1953) and Arthur Miller (born 1915).

O'Neill's *The Hairy Ape*, like *Desire Under the Elms* and *Beyond the Horizon*, showed that he was a tragic dramatist of great power. These plays, written during the 1920s, were followed by *Mourning Becomes Electra* (1931), a successful attempt to ' translate ' a Greek tragedy, the *Oresteia* of Aeschylus, into modern terms, with the action set in nineteenth century America. Although O'Neill was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in 1936, his fame declined during the war years and little was heard of him until after his death. Since then his importance has again been recognised. *The Iceman Cometh*, written in 1946, was produced in New York and London during the 1950s; and *Long Day's Journey into Night* (1956) has recently been revived in England with much success. It is now clear that O'Neill must be regarded as one of the greatest tragic dramatists of this century.

Arthur Miller has found, as Ibsen found, that real life and ordinary people can provide all the tragic material a dramatist needs. The subject of *Death of a Salesman* (1947) is one that must concern every human being in the so-called developed nations, namely the moral worthlessness of the lives most of us are forced to lead, and the difficulty of getting ourselves free from greed and dishonesty. Miller had treated a very similar subject in *All My Sons* (1947), but in *The Crucible* (1953) he went back to seventeenth-century America for a terrible story of witch-hunting. *The Crucible* is a powerful tragic drama however one sees it: seen (as Miller seems to have intended) as a parallel for Senator McCarthy's witch-hunt against so-called communists in America about that time, it has the force of a dreadful warning against fanaticism of all kinds.

It will be clear from what I have said of drama in the twentieth century that tragedy in the older sense of the word (tragedy as it was written by Sophocles and Shakespeare) has almost ceased to exist. There have been prose tragedies in the manner of Ibsen, and some poetic drama like James Elroy Flecker's *Hassan* (1922) or the plays of Christopher Fry (born 1907); but there is only one twentieth-century writer who would be recognised by almost everyone as a great tragic poet: I mean of course T. S. Eliot (1888-1965).

Murder in the Cathedral was first performed at Canterbury Cathedral in 1935, and it became clear that poetic tragedy was not dead, as so many people had supposed, but only asleep and waiting for the touch of a great poet to reawaken it. Like all great artists, Eliot borrowed largely from the past in order to produce a work that was brilliantly new. People who thought that modern English drama ought to be

like the plays of Shaw or Galsworthy were astonished and delighted. A detailed appreciation of *Murder in the Cathedral* would be impossible in the space of this chapter, but I hope that any readers who do not yet know it will try to read it as soon as possible, in spite of its many difficulties of language. It is worth mentioning perhaps that this is a play which should be read communally—possibly into a tape recorder—if it is to be properly appreciated. The tragic conflict in *Murder in the Cathedral* is between Becket's conscience (which he sees as his duty to God) and his duty to the state (in the person of Henry II). It has been said that Eliot's sympathies are too clearly with Becket, and that the play gives too much importance to his saintliness: I think this may be true, but we have to remember that Eliot was writing a tragedy, not a politico-philosophical essay.

In *The Family Reunion* (1939) Eliot used some of the methods of classical drama in a play with a modern subject and setting. The subject is similar to that of the *Eumenides* of Aeschylus, the protagonist Harry being pursued by the Eumenides (or 'Furies') who personify his own guilt for the death of his wife. *The Family Reunion* is an impressive tragic play, but I am not sure whether the strange mixture of modern characters and settings with classical 'rules' is altogether successful. To most people *The Cocktail Party* is a more interesting play, though it can hardly be called a tragedy.

Although today we do not seem to have any single dramatist as important as Shaw or Eliot, the modern English theatre is probably more alive than it has been since the time of Dryden. It is however a theatre of experiment, and nobody seems to have very clear ideas about the purpose of drama, or even whether it has a purpose. Dramatists like John Osborne, John Arden, Harold Pinter, Henry Livings, N. F. Simpson, Arnold Wesker and Tom Stoppard cannot be classified as 'tragic' or 'comic' writers in the old sense. It is probable indeed that tragedy of the Shakespearian or Schillerian type will never be written again: such tragedy, like the classical epic, belongs to the past. This of course is not the same as saying that it is dead. The best Greek tragedies, like the best Elizabethan tragedies, are much more alive than most of the plays written last year or the year before, but this does not mean that modern dramatists ought to imitate them. Indeed there is nothing that modern dramatists *ought* to do, and this is perhaps why English drama in the last fifteen years has been so interesting. We shall return to it in the chapters on comedy and satire.

To answer the question, 'What has happened to tragedy in the twentieth century?' would require a book much longer than this one. I can only answer it here by pointing to two plays which have achieved much success (both popular and critical) during the last few years.

Both of them are by Peter Shaffer (born 1926), and both can be read without much difficulty by anyone with a fair knowledge of English. *Five Finger Exercise* (produced in London in 1958) is a domestic tragedy with five characters: an English middle-class couple, their teenage son and daughter, and a young German who joins the family as the girl's tutor. The play, a study of family life at its worst, combines comic elements with a deeply tragic central theme. It is written and constructed (and this is the point I want to make) in much the same way as Galsworthy might have written it fifty years ago—or even Ibsen, still earlier. There is nothing new or experimental about it, yet it is a most effective tragic play. It is very different from Shaffer's other successful play, *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* (1964). This is a tragedy in the sense that Marlowe understood the word; indeed it has much in common with *Tamburlaine*: many changes of scene, colourful costumes and a subject far away, both in time and place, from ordinary life. *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* is set in South America in the sixteenth century, and deals with the conquest of the Inca Empire by the Spaniards under the leadership of Pizarro. It is a powerful and tragic play which has been highly successful on the stage. As tragedy *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* is neither better nor worse than *Five Finger Exercise*: what is important is the fact that one dramatist can write, within the space of a few years, two plays so utterly different in style. Whatever Shaffer's own importance in the history of drama may be, his writing must be seen as typical of the free and experimental nature of tragedy in the twentieth century. We have come a long way from tragedy as the Greeks thought of it. Whether or not our tragedy will last as long as their tragedy is a question impossible to answer.

CHAPTER FOUR

Lyrical and Reflective Poetry

One of the differences between science and the arts (including literature) is that scientific words have well-defined meanings, while 'artistic' words do not. When a biologist talks about enzymes for example I am sure that other biologists know exactly what he means, even if you and I do not. But when you and I talk about lyrical poetry, or lyrics, there is some risk that we will misunderstand each other. You may be thinking of something like Donne's sonnet, *Death, be not Proud*, while I am thinking of something like last year's winner of the Eurovision Song Contest. I shall therefore begin by explaining how I intend to use the word lyric and why I think a lyric is different from a reflective poem.

According to *The Oxford Dictionary* 'lyric' is 'now the name for a short poem, usually divided into stanzas...and directly expressing the poet's own thoughts or sentiments'. In ordinary language the word often means a song: the sort of song which was sung in ancient Greece to the music of the lyre, and which is sung in the modern world to the music of the guitar; but there are many lyrical poems which would be unsuitable for singing, just as there are many poems which 'express the poet's own thoughts or sentiments' without being lyrics at all. Pope's *Essay on Man* for example and Wordsworth's *Prelude* and Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* are too long to be called lyrical. They are also too 'thoughtful': the basic quality of a lyric is feeling rather than thought. Any poem of course must contain a mixture of both, but in lyrical poetry the feeling comes before the thought, as it does in Wordsworth's lines on the rainbow:

> My heart leaps up when I behold
> A rainbow in the sky:
> So was it when my life began;
> So is it now I am a man:

So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

Or, less seriously, in this little poem by Leigh Hunt (1784-1859):

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief that love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have miss'd me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me.

Both of the examples I have given are truly lyrical. Both of them as it happens express a similar feeling of joy. Both of them are very short. If Wordsworth had gone on (as of course he did in much of his poetry) to discuss the influence of natural beauty on the human spirit, or if Leigh Hunt had given us more of his thoughts about youthful happiness and the sadness of growing old, the lyrical feeling would have been lost. The poems might have been either better or worse, but they would have been reflective and not lyrical. A lyric then is a short poem about a feeling, an emotion or a single idea; a reflective poem is longer, more thoughtful and more complicated.

Unlike some forms of literature (such as epic or classical tragedy), which may seem to the modern reader to be 'dated', lyrical poetry is always very much alive. The love poems of Sappho and Alcaeus, from the sixth century before Christ, do not seem strange or out of date when one reads them in a modern translation—indeed one feels that they might have been written yesterday. The same is true of this singable little poem:

Merry Margaret
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower:
With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness;

So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly
Her demeaning
In every thing,
Far, far passing
That I can indite
Or suffice to write
Of merry Margaret
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower.

I leave the reader to guess when it was written. (If he cannot guess he might like to look at the note on page 105.)

Because human nature changes very little and very slowly, it is not surprising to find that the subjects of lyrical poetry have remained the same for century after century. Love has always been the favourite: the love between man and woman, or girl and boy, seems to have been just as delightful and just as troublesome to the poets of Persia and Greece three thousand years ago as it is to the poets of Düsseldorf and Liverpool today. Other kinds of love have also provided inspiration for the lyric poet: the love between God and man for example or man's love for the beauty of nature. Later on we shall be looking at various examples of lyrical poetry on these subjects, and on those sadder and darker subjects which have also inspired poets: hatred, fear, grief and death. First however I intend to discuss four quite different poetic methods, each of which has been widely used by English lyrical and reflective poets. These methods may conveniently be called direct, intellectual (or metaphysical), formal and musical. I shall try to explain each of them in turn.

The short poems I have already quoted are good examples of the 'direct' type of lyric. They give us the poet's experience, and the feeling connected with it, in the shortest and simplest form. They are easy to read and understand, but immensely difficult to write. They seem to come directly from the heart of the writer and to go straight to the heart of the reader, with the smallest possible interference from the mind. But I say 'seem' because of course the simplicity is deceptive: it cannot be achieved without a great deal of deep thought by the poet. Many more examples of the simple and direct lyric will probably be known to the reader already: Browning's *Home Thoughts from Abroad* for example or Masefield's *Sea Fever* or Yeats's *Lake Isle*

of Innisfree—all three of which express in the simplest, yet most powerful way the feeling of love and longing for places. I have chosen two less-known examples, both by Thomas Hardy (see page 124). One of them expresses the deep sadness which Hardy so often felt to be at the heart of human life, the other is in a brighter, less pessimistic mood.

'Are you Digging on my Grave?'

'Ah, are you digging on my grave,
My loved one?—Planting rue?'
—'No, yesterday he went to wed
One of the brightest wealth has bred.
"It cannot hurt her now," he said,
"That I should not be true."'

'Then who is digging on my grave?
My nearest, dearest kin?'
—'Ah, no: they sit and think, "What use!
What good will planting flowers produce?
No tendance of her mound can loose
Her spirit from Death's gin."'

'But someone digs upon my grave?
My enemy?—prodding sly?'
'Nay: when she heard you had passed the Gate
That shuts on all flesh soon or late,
She thought you no more worth her hate,
And cares not where you lie.'

'Then who is digging on my grave?
Say—since I have not guessed!'
'O, it is I, my mistress dear,
Your little dog, who still lives near,
And much I hope my movements here
Have not disturbed your rest?'

'Ah, yes! *You* dig upon my grave...
Why flashed it not on me
That one true heart was left behind!
What feeling do we ever find
To equal among human kind
A dog's fidelity!'

' Mistress, I dug upon your grave
  To bury a bone, in case
I should be hungry near this spot
When passing on my daily trot.
I am sorry, but I quite forgot
  It was your resting place.'

If you find, as I do, that it is impossible to read this poem without tears, you will agree that Hardy has succeeded completely in his purpose. You may feel, as I also do, that he is mistaken in thinking that the dead are so easily forgotten, and in seeing no Christian hope in the situation he describes. We all know though that there are times when the world seems utterly black—love and friendship seem worthless. This sad feeling has inspired thousands of poems, including many long reflective ones like Gray's *Elegy*. Very few of them have the direct and powerful effect of these simple lines. Hardy could have borrowed from the old ballads this idea of a conversation between two voices, unbroken by phrases like ' he said ' or ' she answered '. Indeed the whole poem, with its direct language and absence of any commentary or reflection from the poet himself, is certainly ballad-like. Not many ballads however are constructed as cleverly as *Are you Digging on my Grave?*, with its careful building up to a climax in the fifth stanza: ' My lover, my friends, my relations ', thinks the dead woman, ' have all forgotten me, even my enemy has forgotten me, but at least my little dog remembers me!' This might have been the climax of a pleasantly sentimental and rather ordinary little poem about the goodness and fidelity of animals. But then comes the bigger anti-climax: the dog too, until that moment, had forgotten where his mistress was lying!

The second Hardy poem I want to quote is of a very different kind. The feeling it expresses is so common, so very ordinary, that one might wonder whether it is worth expressing at all. It is well known however that English people love to talk about the weather. Why then should an English poet not tell us that he likes it to be fine, and hates it to be wet?

Weathers

This is the weather the cuckoo likes,
  And so do I;
When showers betumble the chestnut spikes,
  And nestlings fly:

And the little brown nightingale bills his best,
And they sit outside at 'The Travellers' Rest',
And maids come forth sprig-muslin dressed,
And citizens dream of the south and west,
  And so do I.

This is the weather the cuckoo shuns,
  And so do I;
When beeches drip in browns and duns,
  And thresh, and ply;
And hill-hid tides throb, throe on throe,
And meadow rivulets overflow,
And drops on gate-bars hang in a row,
And rooks in families homewards go,
  And so do I.

Weathers is so simple and direct that it is easy to miss the artistic skill which has gone into its composition. Not only is the rather complex verse pattern made to appear easy and neat, but the 'imagery'—the little pictures the poet has chosen to express the contrasting feelings of summer and autumn—make an immediate effect in the mind of anyone who knows the everyday scenes of the English countryside: the chestnut trees in flower, the girls in their summer dresses, the people sitting in the sunshine outside the village pub; and (in contrast) the wet brown trees in the autumn winds, and the little streams flashing in the rain-soaked fields.

I said earlier that the favourite subject of lyric poets has always been love. In one sense of course *Weathers* is a poem about love: it is about love of nature, love of one's country, and not love of a person. Here is an example of a love lyric in the more usual sense of the word. It is indeed one of the most famous of all love songs:

A Red Rose

O, my love is like a red, red rose,
  That's newly sprung in June.
O, my love is like the melodie
  That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonny lass,
  So deep in love am I,

And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till all the seas gang dry.

Till all the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun!
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.

And fare thee well, my only love!
And fare thee well a while!
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

Robert Burns (1759-96) who wrote this was of course an English poet only in the sense that he wrote in the English language. Some of his work (but not the best) is written in the English of his time; most however is in a Scottish dialect which foreign readers might find difficult. (This is a pity because *Tam o'Shanter* is one of the best, and most amusing, of British narrative poems.) Fortunately *A Red Rose* is easy to understand, and to make it easier still I have altered the spelling in one or two places. It is the most 'purely' lyrical poem I know: in other words, it seems to me that it is poetry entirely of the heart, and not at all of the intellect; it is what Wordsworth called 'the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings'. However much labour and skill may in fact have gone into it, it gives the impression of having come straight from the heart. This directness and simplicity marks much of the greatest lyrical poetry of the world.

But it would be quite wrong to think that *all* good lyrical poetry must be simple and direct. Some of it is highly intellectual and complicated, can only to be understood after several readings and is quite unsuitable for singing to a lyre or a guitar. Poetry of this kind, some of which we shall be looking at in a minute, is much more than 'the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings'. Indeed, as Wordsworth well knew, such 'powerful feelings' do not usually overflow into poetry at all. When the baby screams for his bottle, or when I cut myself with my old-fashioned, non-electric razor, the noises we make are certainly 'a spontaneous overflow of powerful emotion'. But they are not poetry. Wordsworth (in his *Preface to the Lyrical Ballads*) went on to say that poetry 'takes its origin from emotion *recollected in tranquillity*'—a phrase which has become well known to everybody who reads or thinks about English literature. He meant that feelings and emotions cannot make poetry by themselves—they must be

remembered in quietness, and worked upon by the mind in order to find the best ways of expressing them. The lyrics we have looked at in the last few pages were certainly not composed without much hard work and thought, but this does not show. Indeed it was the poets' intention that it should *not* show because they wanted to give an effect of directness and simplicity.

The poem I wish to examine now is quite different. Here the writer's mind plays such an important part that the reader, if he is not careful, loses sight of the feeling which is being expressed. It is, in this poem, the same feeling that Burns expresses in the last stanza of *A Red Rose:*

> And fare thee well, my only love!
> And fare thee well awhile!
> And I will come again, my love,
> Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

but this poet (I will tell you his name later) is a ' metaphysical '.

> Let me pour forth
> My tears before thy face, whilst I stay here,
> For thy face coins them, and thy stamp they bear,
> And by this mintage they are something worth,
> For thus they be
> Pregnant of thee;
> Fruits of much grief they are, emblems of more,
> When a tear falls, that thou fall'st which it bore,
> So thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers shore.
>
> On a round ball
> A workman that hath copies by, can lay
> An Europe, Afrique and an Asia,
> And quickly make that which was nothing, All;
> So doth each tear
> Which thee doth wear
> A globe, yea world by that impression grow,
> Till thy tears mixt with mine do overflow
> This world, by waters sent from thee, my heaven dissolved so.
>
> O more than Moon,
> Draw not up seas to drown me in thy sphere,
> Weep me not dead, in thine arms, but forbear
> To teach the sea what it may do too soon;

Let not the wind
Example find,
To do me more harm than it purposeth;
Since thou and I sigh one another's breath,
Whoe'er sighs most, is cruellest, and hastes the other's death.

No one needs to feel ashamed if he finds it impossible to understand this at a first reading. It is in fact quite a difficult poem, though not nearly as difficult as many others by the same writer. The important thing to notice about it however is that its difficulty is not the same as the difficulty we find in so many bad poems. We do not need an encyclopaedia to seek out any far-fetched allusions it contains because, difficult though it is, the poem is self-explanatory. The writer made a hard intellectual effort in composing it, and he expects the reader to make a similar effort in understanding it. It is difficult, I think, for two reasons: first because the ideas it contains are rather odd and unexpected; and secondly because it packs a great deal of meaning into a short space. If the reader tries, as he should, to make a prose ' translation ' of it, he will find that he needs a great many more words than this poet uses.

The poet is John Donne (1571-1631). He called his poem *A Valediction: of weeping*. The occasion of its being written was his departure from his wife before starting a sea voyage. He refers to this in the last stanza, where he links the ideas of tears and sea, sighs, and wind. There is nothing very original in writing a poem about tears; indeed the tears of lovers flow freely and often boringly through all the world's lyrical poetry. What we notice here is the way in which Donne's quick and brilliant mind plays with a single idea, lighting it up by a quick succession of new ideas: first his tears are ' coins ', stamped with the portrait (or reflection) of his wife's face; then they are ' pregnant ', bearing the portrait as the tear-shaped womb bears a child; then they are ' fruits ' of sadness, then ' worlds ', and finally they are salt ' tides ', drawn up by the moon. In the first stanza every tear that falls changes the lovers into nothing, because its fall extinguishes the reflected portrait it carries: ' When a tear falls, that *thou* fall'st which it bore '. In the last stanza every sigh is an encouragement to the wind to blow hard, and so make the poet's voyage rough and dangerous. The speed with which one idea follows another is dazzling and confusing, so that one has to read the poem with close attention in order to get its full meaning. Poetry of this kind is generally called metaphysical. Donne was the most important of a number of metaphysical poets of the seventeenth century.

If the reader thinks that such poetry is difficult, unattractive and

unsuitable for the subject of love, he can find at least one important critic who agrees with him. John Dryden (see page 156), who was born in the year Donne died (1631), thought that the metaphysical style was heavy and out of date. He blamed Donne for using it in his love poetry, complaining that he ' perplexed the minds of the fair sex with nice speculations of philosophy when he should engage their hearts and entertain them with the softness of love '. Writing nearly a hundred years later Samuel Johnson (see page 234) made the same sort of complaint. Donne and the other metaphysical poets were, he said, ' more desirous of being admired than of being understood '.

It was Johnson, in his *Life* of the poet Cowley (1618-67), who first used the word metaphysical in this special sense. It has now become the accepted word for this kind of poetry, and when an English critic or teacher talks about the metaphysicals he means not only Donne and Cowley, but a whole group of poets of the seventeenth century who wrote in this style. The metaphysicals were, in their own time, modern and revolutionary. They wanted to get away from ideas and language which seemed to them old-fashioned and worn out. This is something which any intelligent writer must feel: as soon as a style becomes popular it begins to become boring, as any student of modern pop lyrics knows. In Shakespeare's time the writers of love lyrics had got into the habit of using the same comparisons over and over again. The girl-friend always seemed to have the same kind of beauty: eyes as bright as the sun, a mouth as red as coral, breasts as white as snow, hair like golden wire, a complexion like roses, breath as sweet as perfume, a voice like music and the general appearance of a goddess. Shakespeare himself had protested against such mass-produced comparisons in his sonnet CXXX:

> My mistress's eyes are nothing like the sun;
> Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
> If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun,
> If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
> I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
> But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
> And in some perfumes is there more delight
> Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
> I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
> That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
> I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
> My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground;
> And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
> As any she belied with false compare.

Donne (only seven years younger than Shakespeare) was even more determined to finish with the old, worn-out comparisons. Hundreds of poets no doubt had likened a pair of lovers to a pair of doves. No one before Donne had thought of likening them to a pair of compasses: the woman remaining still at the centre, the man travelling out and around the circumference, but always coming back to the centre in the end. By trying too hard to be original or modern, the metaphysical poets sometimes became silly. One (without intending to be laughable) described the tear-filled eyes of Mary Magdalene as

> Two walking baths, two weeping motions;
> Portable and compendious oceans.

Another compared his lover's heart not to a fluttering bird or a trembling leaf, but to a small bomb or grenade:

> Woe to her stubborn heart, if once mine come
> Into the self-same room;
> 'Twill tear and blow up all within,
> Like a grenado shot into a magazine.

Donne himself was too intelligent and too good a poet to sink into this sort of absurdity. A poem like *A Valediction: of weeping* may seem at first sight to have too much brain and too little heart, but as one studies it one becomes more and more impressed by its sincerity. No one who reads such poems as *The Apparition, The Relique, Go and catch a falling star, Death, be not proud,* or *Batter my heart, three personed-God* could possibly think that Donne's poetry was without feeling. He is probably the best example in English of a poet whose lyrical feeling is perfectly balanced and disciplined by his brain.

The fashion for metaphysical poetry did not last long after the end of the seventeenth century. Then for two hundred years it was almost forgotten; even Donne was only read (if he was read at all) because his poetry seemed odd or quaint. In the first quarter of the present century however the metaphysicals suddenly became fashionable again. Modern poets and critics (unlike romantic poets) began to see that feeling and thought in poetry could not be separated. Introducing a book called *The New Poetry* in 1962 Professor Alvarez wrote, ' Since Freud, the late romantic dichotomy between emotion and intelligence has become totally meaningless '. It is certainly true that the best poets of the twentieth century (Eliot and Auden in particular)

have been closer to the metaphysicals than to poets like Wordsworth or Burns. It might be said (rather unkindly) that the simple, direct, emotional lyric is now so much a part of pop culture that serious and 'bookish' poets dare not attempt it.

One poet of our own time who writes in a style resembling the metaphysical style is Ted Hughes (born 1930). His poems have something of the emotional force of D. H. Lawrence's, and he has the cleverness of Donne in inventing means to express it. The poem quoted here, *Vampire*, seems to me (whatever Hughes may have intended) to express a feeling which is well known to all but the very young and the very good-tempered: namely the desperate and unreasonable hate, even fear, which it is possible to feel for a person who talks too much, laughs too much, and by doing so seems to drown one's own personality—the sort of person who is called 'the life and soul of the party'. When tired after listening to such a person and laughing at his jokes for two or three hours, one can almost imagine that he is eating away one's life—sucking out one's life-blood like a vampire. The legend of the vampire (an evil spirit which lives by day in the body of someone who is dead and buried, and which walks through the world at night to draw life-blood from living people) is well known through Europe, and gives the poem its title and its subject:

Vampire

You hosts are almost glad he gate-crashed: see,
How his eyes brighten on the whisky, how his wit
Tumbles the company like a lightning stroke,—
You marvel where he gets his energy from . . .

But that same instant, here, far underground,
This fusty carcass stirs its shroud and swells.

'Stop, stop, oh for God's sake, stop!' you shriek
As your tears run down, but he goes on and on
Mercilessly till you think your ribs must crack . . .

While this carcass's eyes grimace, stitched
In the cramp of an ordeal, and a squeeze of blood
Crawls like scorpions into its hair.

You plead, limp, dangling in his mad voice, till
With a sudden blood-spittling cough, he chokes: he leaves

Trembling, soon after. You slump back down in a chair
Cold as a leaf, your heart scarcely moving . . .

Deep under the city's deepest stone
This grinning sack is bursting with your blood.

Vampire, perhaps rather difficult for a foreign reader because of its vocabulary, is made still more difficult by its strange uncertainty of mood. One does not quite know where the jokes end and the horrors begin; it is like a piece of music which seems to be in two keys at once.

As we saw when looking at the epic, there are some forms of poetry in which the writer chooses to follow certain fixed rules and conventions. Just as a composer may choose to make a piece of music in the form of a strict fugue or a strict sonata, a poet may choose to write in the form of an ode, a ballade (not the same as a ballad) or a sonnet. All these forms or shapes of poetry have existed in European literature for several centuries, and most poets have attempted them, if only to exercise their technical skill. It might be argued that a poem which is composed according to a set of rules can never be a truly lyrical poem: it cannot have the feeling of freshness and directness which some people think necessary in any lyric. This is an argument which we will not enter at present, because we have already agreed not to use the word ' lyric ' in too narrow a sense. For our present purpose the only type of formal lyric we need consider is the sonnet—a form which has attracted all the great poets at some time or other, and which is still largely used by modern writers.

Most people know that a sonnet is a poem of fourteen lines arranged in a particular pattern. It was probably invented in Italy in the early Renaissance. It was made famous by Petrarch (1304-74) in the sonnets he wrote to Laura de Noves. These sonnets (if I may turn aside for a minute) started a fashion which was to influence poetry in Europe for several centuries: the so-called ' Petrarchan convention ' of artificial love poetry. Petrarch did not have a love affair with Laura and it is not certain that he ever spoke to her. She was a respectable married lady who produced for her husband no fewer than eleven children. Nevertheless Petrarch set her up in his mind and in his poetry as the 'ideal woman', remaining devoted to her (in imagination) all his life. Dante had idealised Beatrice Portinari in the same distant way, although he loved and married Gemma Donati, by whom he had children. We do not know what Mr de Noves and Mrs Dante thought of these arrangements. The writing of poems to distantly idealised ladies remained a literary custom all over Europe for long afterwards.

The Petrarchan type of sonnet (also called the Italian sonnet) rhymes in this way: ABBA, ABBA, CDCDCD. The less difficult type of English, or Shakespearean, sonnet (like the one quoted on page 84) follows the pattern ABAB, CDCD, EFEF, GG. This is not necessarily because English sonnet-writers are lazier than Italian sonnet-writers, but because finding two sets of four rhymes and two sets of three rhymes is much harder in English than in Italian. In a strictly-composed sonnet of either type there is a clear break between the first eight lines (the octave) and the final six lines (the sestet). Except for Shakespeare, the two greatest sonnet-writers in English are Milton and Wordsworth, both of whom used the Italian form. Even Milton however did not always reach technical perfection. The famous sonnet on his blindness (surely one of the best sonnets in the world) has no clear break between the octave and the sestet.

The sonnet I am going to quote as an example of highly 'formal' lyric poetry is a well known one by Keats (1795-1821), *On first looking into Chapman's Homer*. Keats knew little Greek, but he had read Homer in the translation of George Chapman, a poet of Shakespeare's time. Chapman's *Iliad* (1611) must have made a great impression upon a young man whose mind was being opened for the first time to some of the greatest literature of the world. It should perhaps be explained that 'stout Cortez', referred to in the third line of the sestet, was the Spanish conqueror of Mexico in the sixteenth century. Keats mistakenly believed that it was Cortez who first saw the Pacific Ocean from a mountain in Panama (Darien). In fact it was Balboa, and Balboa was *not* silent as is suggested in the last line of the sonnet. On the contrary he exclaimed '*Hombre*!' ('Man!'). But these are matters of history, not of poetry, and it is with the poem itself that we are now concerned:

On first looking into Chapman's Homer

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
  And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
  Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
  That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;
  Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
  When a new planet swims into his ken;

Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

If we allow ourselves for a moment to look at this great poem simply as a piece of technique, it is clear that Keats has succeeded in overcoming all the difficulties of the Italian sonnet-form, and in creating a near-perfect example of it. The problem of finding three rhymes each for ' gold ' and ' seen ' without appearing to strain the sense has been completely solved. The break between octave and sestet is clear, yet not so sharp as to destroy the poem's unity; indeed, as is usual in good sonnets, the octave is a description of a situation, and the sestet gives the poet's thoughts or reflections on it. I am not of course suggesting that we ought to be thinking of all this when reading the poem for pleasure (any more than we ought to be thinking of the pianist's technical skill when enjoying a piano concerto); indeed it is the mark of a really great artist that his technique is hardly noticed unless someone draws our attention to it.

It would be easy for a bad poet writing a sonnet to allow the original lyrical feeling to be lost in the labour of composing it. Keats has overcome this danger with the ease of a great master, and the poem gives the impression of being natural and easy in spite of its strictly correct form. The comparison between the field of literature and the great unexplored lands of the New World is not a particularly original one (I used something like it in the first chapter of this book without, I think, having Keats in mind), but the way it is developed in the wonderfully effective picture of the ' watcher of the skies When a new planet swims into his ken ' powerfully expresses the excitement of any new discovery. Such excitement is something which we all know, in however small a way, and that is why this particular sonnet has an almost universal appeal. By speaking of ' the realms of gold ' in the first line Keats immediately fixes in our minds the comparison on which the poem depends: the quest for El Dorado, the land of gold, and the exploration of the ' golden ' land of great literature.

It is not possible or necessary to mention many of the English poets who have chosen to write in sonnet-form. It is a form just as attractive to modern poets as it was to Milton and Wordsworth and Keats. One twentieth-century poet who is rather out of fashion at present is Rupert Brooke (1887-1915). After his sad death in the First World War Brooke became a popular romantic hero, and his poetry was consequently overvalued. There has been the usual critical reaction

and he is now (like his contemporary A. E. Housman, see page 102, greatly undervalued. I would suggest that any reader who is interested in English poetry should read Brooke's sonnets, which are excellent without being too difficult. W. H. Auden's sonnets (mostly written in the 1930s) are perhaps more difficult, but should certainly be attempted, especially *Surgical Ward* and *The Sphinx.*

The Shakespearian sonnet quoted below is by a younger modern poet, Charles Causley. Besides his other work Causley has written a number of sonnets. This one in particular seems to me interesting because it is about a problem which concerns all of us in the modern world: the problem of forgiving and forgetting the wars and hates of the past. I happened to read it in 1971 at a time when the Emperor of Japan was making a state visit to England: many English people of the older generation, remembering the terrible sufferings of Englishmen in Japanese prison camps, were angry that this former enemy should be so expensively welcomed. Causley's sonnet (written long before that visit) shows the ex-prisoner as a modern Christ who has suffered on the cross to remind us of our own responsibility and guilt.

For an Ex Far East Prisoner of War

I am that man with helmet made of thorn
Who wandered naked in the desert place,
Wept, with the sweating sky, that I was born
And wore disaster in my winter face.

I am that man who asked no hate, nor pity.
I am that man, five-wounded, on the tree.
I am that man, walking his native city,
Hears his dead comrade cry, *Remember me!*

I am that man whose brow with blood was wet,
Returned, as Lazarus, from the dead to live.
I am that man, long counselled to forget,
Facing a fearful victory, to forgive:

And seizing the two words, with the sharp sun
Beat them, like sword and ploughshare, into one.

Reading this fine poem one sees how difficult it is to draw a line

between the lyrical and the reflective. If the reader decides that it is not a lyrical poem at all, I shall not want to argue with him. What matters is that it is a beautifully constructed poem expressing something which all of us both feel *and* think.

The next kind of lyrical-reflective poetry I wish to discuss is the kind I have called (for want of a better word) ' musical '. All poetry, I suppose, ought to have some musical qualities, but there are some poems in which the sound is quite as important as the sense. Sometimes the sound is carefully planned to add to the sense through ' onomatopoeia ', and it is then possible to understand something of what the poet is saying without knowing his language. You do not need to know German for example to get the sense of Uhland's *Der Schmied* (early nineteenth century):

Ich hör' meinen Schatz
Den Hammer er schwinget,
Das rauschet, das klinget,
Das dringt in die Weite
Wie Glockengeläute
Durch Gassen und Platz.

You do not need to know Latin or English to hear the horses galloping in Virgil's line,

Quadripedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum,

or in Browning's *How they brought the Good News:*

The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet brake the brittle bright stubble like chaff.

These are examples of descriptive onomatopoeia, when the sound of things is imitated by the sound of words. This is not quite the same as using sounds to suggest thoughts and ideas. In this well-known little poem by John Masefield the beauty of the old ships is suggested by the smoothness and beauty of the sounds, while the ugliness of the ' tramp ' ship is equalled by the roughness and ugliness of the sounds. The poem should of course be read aloud, and I hope the foreign reader will try it for himself:

Cargoes

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir,
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon, coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rail, pig-lead,
Firewood, iron ware, and cheap tin trays.

Cargoes is a simple poem: easy to understand and to appreciate as soon as one knows the few unusual words it contains. The poem I now wish to examine in some detail is much more difficult. It is however a masterpiece of the musical type of lyric, written about a hundred years ago by a man who might be described as the first modern poet, Gerard Manley Hopkins. The amount of poetry Hopkins wrote is quite small, his whole work being easily contained in one thin book. This was because his poetic work was secondary to his work as a Jesuit priest, and as Professor of Greek at Dublin University. None of his poems was published during his lifetime, but his fame and influence have steadily increased since his death. There are very few English poets of the twentieth century who have not learned something from him.

Most of Hopkins's poetry is lyrical in the sense I am using the word in this chapter. It is indeed love poetry. It is not about the love between man and woman but the love between man and God, and especially man's love of God as he is seen in the beauty of the world. This is expressed in the best known of all his poems, *Pied Beauty* (' Glory be to God for dappled things '), a simple and beautiful piece which is loved even by people who find Hopkins's other work too difficult. The poem we are going to examine is a little more complicated. I shall try to explain it afterwards; but there is no need for the reader

to worry if he fails to understand it fully. The subject is a bird usually called a kestrel, but Hopkins uses the older name for it: windhover. Such birds are rare in England, but they can sometimes be seen in Scotland or on the moors and mountains of North Wales. Hopkins spent some time in the latter country, where he worked in a Catholic community at Holywell. From here he could walk over the lonely Denbighshire moors, and it was probably in the course of such a walk that he saw the kestrel floating above him in the windy sky.

The Windhover: To Christ Our Lord

I caught this morning morning's minion, king-
dom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding
Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and striding
High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing
In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,
As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and gliding
Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding
Stirred for a bird,—the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here
Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion
Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!

No wonder of it: shéer plód makes plough down sillion
Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,
Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion.

Many readers no doubt will complain that this poem is awkward and difficult—even more difficult perhaps than Donne's *Valediction*. Here however the difficulties arise not from strange ideas or metaphysical fancies but from the poet's determination to make music, even though it may cause difficulties for the reader who wants to get the sense. So far as sense goes, what Hopkins is saying is something like this: 'Watching the flight of a kestrel this morning I was moved by its ease, its elegance, and its beauty; indeed in this splendid sight the whole glory and beauty of nature seemed to be linked (or 'buckled') together. How much greater must your glory be, O Christ, my Lord and Leader; for, apart from such unusual beauty as that of the hovering

bird, even the common labours of man on the earth have their beauty: seen for example in the bright colour of a newly-turned furrow, or in the bright glow of cinders when a coal fire is poked, or falls apart.'

A number of words and phrases in the poem certainly seem odd, if one forgets that they are part of a pattern of sound. Compound adjectives like 'dapple-dawn-drawn' and 'rolling level underneath him steady' are undoubtedly strange in English; in using them Hopkins was using language in a revolutionary way, only acceptable if the reader is able to forget old habits of thought and language. It is strange too to split a word between two lines of verse as Hopkins does with 'kingdom' in his first sentence. It is odd to use 'achieve' as a noun, as he does in the eighth line; and to put in an 'Oh' for rhythmical purposes as he does in the ninth line. Certain words too are used in very unusual ways. 'Buckle' for example is hard to explain. My own reading of it as an intransitive verb (of which the nouns in the previous line form a subject) suggests that it means 'unite, join together', but I may easily be mistaken. The phrase 'O my chevalier' is equally difficult, though it is probably an address to Christ, as is suggested in the title of the poem. 'Sillion' (a furrow) is a 'dead' word which will certainly worry a reader who has not seen the poem before, unless he happens to know the French word *sillon*. Indeed any reader who comes to this sonnet without either a previous knowledge of Hopkins's poetry or a mind unusually fresh may well feel frightened by it; but the more he studies it, and the more he tries to *hear* it in his own mind the more he will come to see it as a masterpiece.

The best way of understanding and appreciating a poem like *The Windhover* is to follow the printed words while listening to a good reader reading them aloud. In this way one can both see and hear the unbelievably skilful play of sounds and rhythms. In the first two lines for example the strong vowel sound in 'caught' is echoed and repeated in 'morning', 'morning's', 'dauphin' and 'dawn-drawn falcon'. In the next two lines the lighter vowels of 'level' are echoed in 'steady', 'air', 'there' and 'rein'. The free use of alliteration in phrases like 'daylight's dauphin', 'morning's minion', skate's heel sweeps smooth' adds to the musical effect, so that the whole poem is both a technical masterpiece and a thing of beauty. And when one realises that it is written in the strict and difficult form of an Italian sonnet one admires Hopkins's skill more than ever.

There are some readers of course who do not like this kind of poetry at all; indeed Hopkins has never been a popular writer, in spite of his great influence on other poets. His search for beauty in pure sound leads him to twist the language into unnatural shapes, and sometimes

to say things which are not worth saying. Even in the first line of *The Windhover* he tells us that he ' caught ' the bird, when he really means that he ' saw ' it; and when he writes (in line eight) ' the achieve ' as a noun (instead of ' the achievement ') he is clearly paying a large price for the effect he wants. Objections of this kind (and there are many of them when one reads Hopkins) are not unimportant. In spite of them however (and partly perhaps because of them) he is one of the most original of all lyrical-reflective poets.

My purpose in describing four types of lyrical poetry—direct, metaphysical, formal and musical—was to give the reader some sort of direction in the wide field of the English lyric. Such divisions into types must never be taken too seriously however for there are very few poems which can certainly be said to belong wholly to any one of them. Even the simplest direct lyric for example must also have some formal quality, otherwise it could not be a poem at all.

In the rest of this chapter I shall please myself, and hope to please the reader, by quoting or describing some of my own favourite poems, whether lyrical or reflective or both. The field is so large that this method of selection seems the only possible one, even though it results in many important poets being omitted. One of the pleasures of poetry is remembering it when one is alone, perhaps (even at the risk of being thought mad!) reciting it aloud for one's own enjoyment. The great soldier of the Second World War, Lord Wavell, was not only a lover of poetry, but also the possessor of an exceptional memory. In 1944 he published a collection (*Other Men's Flowers*) of no fewer than three hundred poems, all of which he claimed to know by heart. Not many of us have memories of this quality, and so there is a particular attraction in poems which are very short. Here for example are two poems written by men looking forward to their own deaths: both are very short, but both are small masterpieces, well known to most English readers. The first is by Walter Savage Landor (1775-1864), best known for his *Imaginary Conversations:*

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife,
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art:
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

The second is by R. L. Stevenson (see page 147):

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie:

Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Reading these two poems one is chiefly impressed with their neatness and elegance. There is no waste of words—nothing unnecessary or merely decorative. The next two poems, Robert Herrick's *To the Virgins, to make much of Time* and George Herbert's *Virtue* are good examples of this kind of simplicity, typical of the best lyrical or reflective poetry.

Herrick (1591-1674) and Herbert (1593-1633) make an interesting comparison: almost the same age, both were educated at Cambridge, both became clergymen in the Church of England, both passed most of their lives in quiet country places, and both produced large quantities of poetry (Herrick's *Hesperides* contains no fewer than twelve hundred poems). When Herbert died in his parish of Bemerton near Salisbury, Herrick still had another forty years of life before him. Most of this was spent as curate of Dean Prior in Devonshire, though there was a period during the Commonwealth when (like many other clergymen) he was driven out of his church. The outward similarity between the two men's lives was not reflected in their personalities. Herrick, in spite of his profession, was one who enjoyed good food, cheerful company, pretty girls and all the amusement he could afford. It is true that some of his poetry is on religious subjects, but the best of it is about country pleasures: festivals, harvests, dances, weddings and parties. Christian though he was, his philosophy was in some respects pagan: 'eat, drink, be merry; for tomorrow we die.' This, or something like it, is the subject of *To the Virgins, to make much of Time:*

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may
Old Time is still a-flying:
And that same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
  When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
  Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
  And while ye may, go marry:
For having lost but once your prime,
  Ye may for ever tarry.

George Herbert's character was more thoughtful, more spiritual; indeed with the exceptions of Milton and T. S. Eliot (whose poetry is of a very different kind) he is the greatest of English religious poets. The subject of *Virtue* is in one sense the same as the subject of *To the Virgins*, namely the shortness of human life; like Herrick, Herbert reminds us that the beauty of the world cannot last, that decay and death cannot be avoided. His reaction however is quite different; for whereas Herrick's only message is ' be happy while you can ' (a very sensible message within limits), Herbert reminds us of the Christian message: death and decay mean nothing in comparison with the timeless life of a soul made strong by virtue and faith.

Virtue

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright!
  The bridal of the earth and sky—
The dew shall weep thy fall tonight:
  For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
  Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
  And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
  A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
  And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
  Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
  Then chiefly lives.

As one might expect in a poet as thoughtful as Herbert, his work is much influenced by the metaphysical style. Like Donne and Cowley he is careful to avoid old and worn-out ways of saying things, and anxious to seem original. *Virtue* is much simpler and more direct than many of his poems, yet even here we have the strange and striking comparison of the 'sweet and virtuous soul' to 'seasoned timber' which 'never gives'—a comparison not taken from *The Classical Dictionary* but from the practical world of carpenters and builders.

To many lovers of English literature the century and a half between 1550 and 1700 appears as the great period of lyrical poetry. Not only was it the time of Shakespeare's songs and sonnets, but also of those many song writers (most of whose names are unknown) who wrote words for the madrigals and lute-songs of composers like Dowland and Ford and Wilbye. It was the time of great sonnet-writers like Spenser, Sir Philip Sidney, Shakespeare himself, and Milton. It was the time of the great metaphysicals like Donne and Cowley; of the so-called 'cavalier poets' like Carew, Suckling and Lovelace; and of Andrew Marvell (1621-79) whose *To his Coy Mistress* is probably the best of all English love poems.

In comparison the eighteenth century seems unproductive; it has been called 'the age of reason', and perhaps reason is not the soil from which the best lyric poetry grows. It is a mistake however to think, as some of the romantics thought, that the century of Pope and Gray and Burns and Blake was 'unpoetic'. Gray's magnificent *Elegy*, written in the churchyard at Stoke Poges in Buckinghamshire, is so well known that there is no need to say anything about it here. The best lyrics of Burns and Blake are equally well known. Pope however is often neglected: chiefly, I think, because he wrote very few poems which are short enough to be put into anthologies; but also because the leading romantic and Victorian critics failed to appreciate him. It was not until the twentieth century that fashion changed, and people began again to ask the question Samuel Johnson had asked: 'If Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be found?'

Alexander Pope (1688-1744) was the son of a rich tradesman. All through his life he suffered from a physical deformity, but his weak and sickly body was perhaps an advantage in his career as a poet because it kept him at home with his parents at Binfield (near Windsor) for much of his life, thus giving opportunities for continuous study and writing. Before he was thirty he had become well known in literary society, and his translation of Homer's *Iliad*, completed in 1720, made him famous. In spite of one or two unfortunate love affairs, he never married. Among his friends he was a gentle and

kindly man, but he was easily hurt, and made a great many enemies whom he attacked cruelly in his satires (see page 158). His long poems *An Essay on Criticism* and *An Essay on Man* are famous but little read; but the best of all his work is probably *The Rape of the Lock*, which I referred to in a previous chapter (see page 27).

The only poems in which Pope attempted to express deep feeling were *Eloisa to Abelard* and the *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*. With the exception of Gray's *Elegy* this poem is perhaps the best lyrical-reflective poem of the eighteenth century. The 'unfortunate lady' was a young and aristocratic English woman whose family had cruelly disowned her because of an unhappy love affair, and who died, poor and alone, in France. Here are some of the concluding lines:

What can atone (O ever-injured shade!)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What tho' no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.
So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How loved, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Almost all Pope's poetry is written in verse of this form—generally

known in English as 'heroic couplets'. It was not of course invented by Pope (indeed it had been used by Chaucer more than three centuries earlier), but it was Pope who brought it to perfection, and showed how, properly handled, it could be suited to almost any type of poetry. Here are two charming couplets from one of the *Pastorals* which Pope wrote at the age of sixteen or seventeen—lines which became widely known when Handel chose to set them to music:

> Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
> Trees where you sit shall crowd into a shade;
> Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
> And all things flourish, where you turn your eyes.

And here are a few lines from a later pastoral, *Windsor Forest*, in which Pope described the country around his first home, and the country sports of which he did not altogether approve. (The sportsman's 'tube' is of course his gun.)

> He lifts the tube and levels with his eye;
> Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:
> Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
> The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death;
> Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
> They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

Some readers may complain that I have given too much space to Pope, who was after all chiefly a didactic and satirical poet rather than a lyrical one. My reason (apart from the freedom of personal choice for which I have already made my excuses) is that Pope, although one of the twelve or fifteen greatest of English poets, is often forgotten by the makers of anthologies. No such neglect is suffered by the great romantic poets, and I shall say little about them here. Wordsworth and Coleridge and Keats have already been mentioned in the chapter on narrative poetry, and I need do no more than advise the reader to study Wordsworth's 'Immortality Ode' and 'Tintern Abbey', and Keats's three odes: *To a Nightingale*, *On a Grecian Urn* and *To Autumn*. These five, well known and well loved by all English people with the smallest interest in poetry, must stand among the greatest reflective poems of the world.

I suppose most people would agree in naming Tennyson's *In Memoriam A.H.H.* as the most important reflective poem of the Victorian

age. A.H.H. was Tennyson's friend Arthur Henry Hallam, who had died in 1833 at the age of 22. *In Memoriam*, published in 1850, is not so much a single poem as a long series of poems, describing how the author's sadness and bitterness gradually soften through the years and under the influence of Christian thought. It is not an easy poem to read, and not suitable to be quoted here. Instead I shall quote a very short lyric in which Tennyson expresses the same feeling of grief for a lost friend, but in the simplest and most direct form. He composed it while walking by the sea at Clevedon in Somerset:

Break, break, break

Break, break, break,
  On thy cold grey stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
  The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy
  That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
  That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
  To their haven under the hill:
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
  And the sound of a voice that is still.

Break, break, break,
  At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
  Will never come back to me.

Such a poem is a good example of what a simple, direct lyric should be. It is interesting to compare it with Burns's *A Red Rose* (see page 80). Love and death have always been the chief subjects of lyrical poetry, and in these two poems they are treated with beautiful simplicity and great power.

I wish I had space to quote some of Browning's love lyrics—like *Meeting at Night*, *Any Wife to any Husband*, *Two on the Campagna*, and *Youth and Art;* but I must leave the reader to seek them out for himself. He may also like to seek out Browning's hate-poems: *The*

Laboratory, *The Confessional* and the *Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister* which begins powerfully enough with the line, 'Gr-r-r—there go, my heart's abhorrence', and ends equally powerfully with '*Ave virgo!* Gr-r-r—you swine!' Browning, as I have said (see page 44), is a poet who was much undervalued by the critics in the first half of the present century. Happily this is now changing; he has always been popular with ordinary readers of poetry, and it is good to hear the 'experts' beginning to praise him.

A.E. Housman (1859-1936) is still suffering from the unpopularity which comes to so many writers and artists in the thirty or forty years following their deaths. In the 1920s a little book of poems which Housman had published in 1896 under the title *A Shropshire Lad* was 'discovered' by the reading public and quite suddenly became famous. This did not please Housman, a lonely and rather quarrelsome man who had by then become Professor of Latin at Cambridge. He wanted to be remembered as the editor of the Latin poet Manilius, and was annoyed by the sudden fame and publicity which *A Shropshire Lad* brought him. That fame, as I said, has now grown less, and Housman is temporarily out of fashion; but there is no doubt of his greatness as a lyrical poet, and in a few years his work will again be widely read. Housman's best poems are all very short—almost epigrammatic. They have the same direct and simple quality we have seen in Burns and Herrick, but they are nearly always sad—even tragic—in tone, like this one:

Into my heart an air that kills
  From yon far country blows:
What are those blue remembered hills?
  What spires, what farms are those?

That is the land of lost content,
  I see it shining plain,
The happy highways where I went
  And cannot come again.

As a boy and a young man Housman lived at Bromsgrove in Worcestershire: he was not therefore 'A Shropshire Lad' himself, but he loved the county of Shropshire and the Welsh borderland country in which he had spent many holidays, and whose 'blue remembered hills' he could see from his home. The next poem I am going to quote mentions two of those hills, Wenlock Edge and the Wrekin. On the low land between them are the remains of the Roman city of Uriconium.

On Wenlock Edge

On Wenlock Edge the wood's in trouble;
His forest fleece the Wrekin heaves;
The gale, it plies the saplings double,
And thick on Severn snow the leaves.

'Twould blow like this through holt and hanger
When Uricon, the city, stood;
'Tis the old wind in the old anger,
But then it threshed another wood.

Then, 'twas before my time, the Roman
At yonder heaving hill would stare;
The blood that warms an English yeoman,
The thoughts that hurt him, they were there.

There, like the wind through woods in riot,
Through him the gale of life blew high,
The tree of man was never quiet:
Then 'twas the Roman; now 'tis I.

The gale, it plies the saplings double,
It blows so hard, 'twill soon be gone:
Today the Roman and his trouble
Are ashes under Uricon.

In any history of twentieth century poetry the names of W. B. Yeats (1865-1939) and T. S. Eliot (1888-1965) would take the most important places. Yeats is a poet who bridges the space between the Victorians and the 'moderns'. Some of his early lyrics (including the famous *Lake Isle of Innisfree*) were published in the 1890s, but his best work (including such poems as *A Prayer for My Daughter*, *The Wild Swans at Coole*, *The Tower*, and the 'Byzantium' poems) appeared much later. Of all English-language poets it seems to me that Yeats is the one who has written most thoughtfully about the problems and the sadness of old age.

Eliot was never a lyrical poet in the sense that Yeats was, but his *Four Quartets* (thought by most people to be his masterpiece) is one of the great religious poems of the English language. The foreign reader should be warned that Eliot (except for a few shorter poems like *The Journey of the Magi* and *A Song for Simeon*) is a very difficult poet. 'Poets in our civilisation as it exists at present', he wrote, 'must be difficult.

Our civilisation comprehends great variety and complexity, and this variety and complexity, playing upon a refined sensibility, must produce various and complex results. The poet must become more and more comprehensive, more allusive, more indirect.'

This belief that poetry *ought* to be difficult has influenced many writers of our time, with the result that even educated and intelligent English readers find themselves unable to enjoy modern and contemporary poetry as they would like. For foreign readers it is worse. I would remind them however that poetry can generally be enjoyed without a full understanding of it. The work of Dylan Thomas (1914-53) is a good example of this. Few of his poems could be ' translated ' into English prose, yet their effect is strangely powerful. The reader who has read none of them should try *And Death shall have No Dominion;* or the beautiful *Do not go Gentle into that Good Night*, written on the death of the poet's father; or, best of all Dylan Thomas's poems, the description of childhood memories in *Fern Hill.*

I shall end this chapter with a poem by W. H. Auden (born in 1907), who is probably the most important English poet alive in 1972. As a young man in the 1930s, Auden became a Marxist. Much of his early poetry was about the political problems of the time: depression and unemployment in England and America, and the rise of the dictatorships in Europe. In 1939 he went to live in America, where he remained through the War and afterwards, having become an American citizen. In middle age Auden ceased to be a Marxist and turned to Christianity—a change which resulted in the *Horae Canonicae*, a series of reflective and religious poems. The poem quoted here is earlier, having been written in the 1930s. It expresses a feeling which most of us have at some time: the feeling that suffering, however terrible to the individual person, means nothing to the rest of the world. While the man in the upstairs flat is strangling his wife and putting his own head in the gas oven, you and I are dining happily in the restaurant downstairs. This thought, or something like it, came to Auden while he was looking at the pictures in the *Musée des Beaux Arts* in Brussels. He noticed how often, in old pictures of great events like the birth of Christ or the Crucifixion, ordinary everyday things are happening in the background: women cooking, children playing, businessmen doing business. In particular he noticed Brueghel's famous picture of the fall of Icarus. Icarus was the boy who tried to fly with wings made by his father Daedalus, but ended by falling into the sea. Brueghel's picture is really a beautiful landscape, with a man ploughing in the foreground, and a ship on the sea in the background. Far away in the distance, poor Icarus can just be seen falling to his death; but nobody cares.

Musée des Beaux Arts

About suffering they were never wrong,
The Old Masters: how well they understood
Its human position; how it takes place
While someone else is eating or opening a window or just walking dully
along;
How, when the aged are reverently, passionately waiting
For the miraculous birth, there always must be
Children who did not specially want it to happen, skating
On a pond at the edge of the wood:
They never forgot
That even the dreadful martyrdom must run its course
Anyhow in a corner, some untidy spot
Where the dogs go on with their doggy life and the torturer's
horse
Scratches its innocent behind on a tree.

In Brueghel's *Icarus*, for instance: how everything turns away
Quite leisurely from the disaster; the ploughman may
Have heard the splash, the forsaken cry,
But for him it was not an important failure; the sun shone
As it had to on the white legs disappearing into the green
Water; and the expensive delicate ship that must have seen
Something amazing, a boy falling out of the sky,
Had somewhere to get to and sailed calmly on.

Note: The poem on page 77 was written about 1490 by John Skelton and is addressed *To Mistress Margaret Hussey*. Skelton was tutor to one of the children of Henry VIII. and afterwards curate of Diss, in Norfolk.

CHAPTER FIVE

The Novel

Ask a foolish question, according to the old saying, and you get a foolish answer. So we shall not begin by asking ourselves which country has produced the world's greatest novels. It would be foolish indeed to argue whether Tolstoy was greater than Dickens, or Proust better than Thomas Mann. Such international rivalry is best confined to the football field. Let us begin with a more intelligent and less inflammatory question: what is a novel?

Until the seventeenth century the world 'novel', if it was used at all, meant a short story of the kind written and collected by Boccaccio (1313-75) in his *Decameron*. By about 1700 it had got something like its present meaning, which, as *The Shorter Oxford Dictionary* tells us, is 'a fictitious prose narrative of considerable length in which characters and actions representative of real life are portrayed in a plot of more or less complexity'. In other words a novel, as we understand it today, is a story longer, more realistic and more complicated than the Italian *novella* as written by Boccaccio and other writers of his time. The novel is now the most widely read of all kinds of literature, and one is surprised to find (as its name suggests) that it is fairly new. Indeed it was not until the eighteenth century that people began to write and to read the sort of books that we now call novels. By about 1770 the reading of novels had become a fashion—almost a mania—with 'upper-class' women. Almost unlimited spare time had to be filled somehow: what pleasanter way than by reading endless stories about the loves and adventures of heroines who seemed, in imagination, to be so much like themselves? Richardson (see page 146) had shown that books—those dull-looking things covered in brown leather on the walls of father's or husband's library—need not always be full of history or philosophy or sermons. The novel had become what the cinema became in the 1920s and 1930s: a gateway into the world of pleasant dreams. As might have been expected, the supply of sentimental and romantic novels grew to meet the demand. A man called Mudie set up a chain of 'circulating libraries'. Even in quite small towns eager

novel-readers did not have to wait long before the very latest novel was in their hands. Anyone who has seen or read Sheridan's play *The Rivals* (1775) will remember that the heroine, Miss Lydia Languish, spent much of her time reading novels—a habit of which her aunt, Mrs Malaprop, strongly disapproved. So did Sir Anthony Absolute, who said, ' a circulating library in a town is an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge '.

In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries there were many people who felt, like Mrs Malaprop and Sir Anthony, that the novel was not altogether respectable. Literature—that is to say serious literature—ought to improve the mind. It was hard to see how novels could do this; indeed they might even have the opposite effect by encouraging young readers to live in a world of dreams. Most modern readers would find this a strange point of view, yet even now there are plenty of serious-minded people who think that it is a waste of time to read fiction. This opinion (though I certainly do not share it) is not quite as foolish as it may seem: before we go on to glance at the history of the novel and to consider the work of some modern novelists, it is worth thinking about the reasons for it.

The first of these reasons is as old as Plato (427-348 B.C.) who believed that almost all imaginative literature is harmful. In the dialogue called the *Republic* he argued that such literature leads people to believe in lies, shows both men and gods in a bad light, and is useless, if not dangerous, to the state. This opinion followed naturally from Plato's beliefs about the world in general (his metaphysics), which can be roughly described as follows: the world as we know it is nothing but a copy or imitation of the ' real ' world; the real world consists of ' forms ' or ' ideas '—the perfect ' idea ' of a chair for example is the reality of which all existing chairs are imperfect copies; what we call art (sculpture, painting, poetry and so on) is a copy of the ordinary, everyday world, and therefore, according to Plato, merely a copy of a copy—an imitation of an imitation. This system (it seems rather less strange in Plato's own explanation than in this rough version) made poetry and fiction seem unimportant or useless. In an ideal state therefore the only imaginative literature permitted would be that which served some good political purpose, such as inspiring soldiers with courage, or honouring gods and great men. It is an unpleasant theory; but unfortunately Plato has been one of the greatest influences on Western thought; and many puritans, perhaps without realising it, have followed him in thinking that imaginative literature must be either worthless or dangerous.

Another reason why the novel was thought of for so long as being not quite respectable was simply its newness. This is one of the points

which Anthony Burgess makes in his book, *The Novel Now*:

> ...though novels have been in existence a long time now, there is, in comparison with the traditional forms of literature, still a sort of upstart quality about them. There are people who, despite the high example set by Cervantes and Flaubert and Henry James, insist on regarding the novelist as the lowest form of literary practitioner...he doesn't ennoble the world but presents it as it is, with all its meanness, dirt and sexuality...he identifies himself with the men and women of ordinary homes, streets, pubs, schools, prisons, using all kinds of language, flinching at no situation.

One might say, in other words, that the novel is related to the old traditional forms of literature (epic, lyric, tragèdy) rather as a young working girl might be related to some old and aristocratic family into which she has married: she may be the most intelligent and attractive member of the family, but she has no history, no tradition; she is too 'young', too 'modern'. Added to this was the fact that (in Englandat least) some of the greatest novelists, like Richardson and Dickens, were men of poor education; that is to say they had not been to universities, and they had not been taught Greek or Latin. They were neither scholars nor 'gentlemen' (sometimes, indeed, they were merely women!) and this made it difficult for society in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries to treat them seriously. So there was a feeling, almost too nebulous to be expressed in words, that the novel was a second-class kind of literature.

Laughable as it is, the feeling still exists, and it is easy to see why. We must remember that in England alone something like two thousand works of fiction are published every year. Many of them are detective stories, sentimental love stories or tales of the Wild West. A growing number unfortunately are simply sadistic or pornographic. Very few are what a critic would call serious novels, and even fewer are 'good' novels. Authors and publishers, like the rest of us, have to earn money; and in the present 'permissive' atmosphere this can easily be done by producing books which are morally and culturally worthless. Let me make it clear that I am not complaining about all novels that deal with sex. Most of the world's great literature deals in one way or another with the love between man and woman. My complaint is against those writers and publishers who use our natural interest in sex as a means of selling bad novels. In doing so they lead some people into a childish and uncritical admiration of any novel described as daring or outspoken, and others into the belief that novels in general

are worthless. In London in 1960 it was decided, after a much-publicised law case, that D. H. Lawrence's novel *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was not obscene in the eyes of English law. The decision was reached after a number of 'experts' (who for some reason included a bishop and a headmistress) had told the court that this was not a work of pornography, but a good and serious novel with great literary value. The result was that millions of people ran to their bookshops to buy a sensational book, which otherwise they would never have thought of reading. Yet *Lady Chatterley* is probably the worst and silliest of Lawrence's books: it would have been better if the publicity could have been given to *Sons and Lovers*, which shows him at his best, and which is undoubtedly a great novel. I mention this piece of history as a reminder that novels should be judged by reading them, not by the amount of sensational publicity they get.

In a short introduction like this we need not look very deeply into the history of the novel. Nor indeed need we discuss the special features which mark it off from other kinds of literature. Some modern critics believe that the novelists of the past have paid too much attention to the story, or 'plot', and too little to ideology and psychology. Against this there has grown up (especially in France) something called 'the anti-novel'. The anti-novelists, in the words of Somerset Maugham,

> ...consider the telling of a story for its own sake as a debased form of fiction. That seems strange to me, since the desire to listen to stories appears to be as deeply rooted in the human animal as the sense of property. From the beginning of history men have gathered round the camp-fire, or in a group in the market place, to listen to the telling of a story. That the desire is as strong as ever is shown by the amazing popularity of detective stories in our own day.

For most people, in spite of the anti-novel, the telling of a story remains the important thing in a novel, just as it was in the *novella* of Boccaccio's time, the romances of the Middle Ages, and the prose fictions of classical times. Most modern novels however differ from these more-or-less-distant forbears in a number of ways. It will be convenient if we set them out in order:

1. The novelist, unlike the simple story-teller, is interested in character and motive as well as in mere events. Galsworthy's *Man of Property* (the first part of *The Forsyte Saga*) is a psychological study of its hero, Soames Forsyte. The Old Testament story of Naboth's Vineyard has the same theme (human greed for possessions) but deals only with events.

2. The novelist is often (though not always) interested in stating some moral or social problem, and expressing his own opinions about it. Hardy in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure* wished, among other things, to criticise marriage. Huxley in *Brave New World* and Orwell in *Nineteen Eighty-Four* wished to warn us against the dangers of the totalitarian state and the misuse of science.
3. The novelist is sometimes more interested in creating an atmosphere or expressing some kind of poetic feeling than in telling a story (Virginia Woolf for example).
4. The novelist is able, if he wishes, to take a much wider view of man and the world than the simple story-teller. The Russian novels *War and Peace* and *Doctor Zhivago* for example have hundreds of characters, and describe great historical events, as well as the behaviour of individual people.

From the point of view of the foreign reader who does not hope to become a specialist or an expert in English literature, the history of the English novel may be said to start in 1740 with the publication of Richardson's *Pamela*. We shall come to this a little later, but first (and without going into detail) we shall briefly look at a few earlier books which, although it might not be correct to call them novels, have much in common with the modern novel, and may be thought of as its forerunners.

The first of these is Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde* (about 1380). Although it has sometimes been called the first English novel such a description is misleading. *Troilus and Criseyde* is in fact a long story-poem of some 8,000 lines. Apart from its verse form however it has features which we think of as typical of the novel: lengthy conversational passages, a fairly complex plot, and, above all, psychological truth. Indeed the character of Troilus himself, the serious-minded young man destroyed by an unhappy and obsessive love, is as good as anything of its kind in English literature. Unfortunately Chaucer's language (especially in this long and powerful poem) is perhaps too difficult for most foreign readers; but if the language is outdated, the psychological insight is astonishingly modern. If Chaucer had not chosen to write in verse he might well be thought of (like Crabbe and Browning some four centuries later) as a great novelist rather than a great poet.

Another early book which in many ways resembles a novel is Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, finished about 1470 and printed by Caxton in 1485. Although Malory was a contemporary of Leonardo da Vinci, the *Morte d'Arthur* gives the impression of being an earlier, medieval work. It is in fact a great collection of stories connected with the half-legendary King Arthur and his knights—stories which have

for centuries fascinated the writers and artists of western Europe (including of course Wagner and Tennyson). Walter Allen in his book *The English Novel* says that the *Morte d'Arthur* is ' by no stretch of imagination a novel '; and it is true that the book does not have the unity or the fully-drawn characters or the clear sense of time and place that we find in the novels of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It is besides, a collection of old stories rather than something created or invented by the author's imagination. Yet it has something of the broad vision of a novel like *War and Peace*, and it is bound together by two great themes which run all through it: the search of Percival and Galahad for the Holy Grail, and the unhappy love of Lancelot and Guinevere which in the end caused the break-up of the Round Table—' the goodliest fellowship of noble knights whereof this world holds record '. Whether or not we choose to call the *Morte 'dArthur* a novel, it is certainly one of the most important works of English prose, and it contains themes and material for a hundred novels.

By the time of Elizabeth I (1558-1603) two very different kinds of prose fiction were being written in England. Both kinds took their place in the later history of the novel, though the first of them never became very important. This was the ' romance ' —a story like Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* (1590) or John Lyly's *Euphues* (1578) on Robert Greene's *Menaphon* (1589). The romance was written in a highly artificial kind of prose, set against a classical or pastoral background, and peopled with heroes and heroines bearing Greek or Latin names. Their adventures were very far away from real life. Such books were intended for educated (and often aristocratic) readers who were capable of enjoying brilliant language and references to Greek and Latin literature and history. They did not ask for realism. It was not only the romances however which were to become parents or grandparents of the English novel, but also stories of a very different type which became popular at about the same time. These were written in ordinary language for ordinary readers, and had much in common with modern journalism. Thomas Deloney (about 1543-1600) wrote stories which had middle-class tradesmen, weavers and shoemakers, as their heroes. Thomas Dekker (1570-1632) was a dramatist who also wrote stories and descriptions of London life—including London crime and the suffering of London people during the plague of 1603. Both Deloney and Dekker had the novelist's interest in real people and events rather than the unreal world of the romances. Neither however produced any long work that might be called a novel. It was their contemporary, Thomas Nashe (1567-1601), who wrote what might fairly be called the first English novel—namely *The Unfortunate Traveller, or The Life of Jack Wilton.*

The Unfortunate Traveller is one of the best examples in English of what is called the ' picaresque ' novel. The history of the picaresque story (many examples are too short to be called novels) extends from the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius (about A.D. 150) to Kingsley Amis's *Lucky Jim* (1953). The word picaresque probably comes from the Spanish word *picaro*, meaning a thief or a rogue. It was applied to any long story in which a number of separate events, sometimes comic and sometimes violent, were joined together only by the fact that they happened to the chief character. In English the chief character in a book or play has traditionally been called the hero; but in a picaresque story the word is not altogether suitable because the hero is generally a rogue, a *picaro*. Lately the phrase ' anti-hero ' has come into use. In Europe the best-known early picaresque tales are *Till Eulenspiegel* from Germany, *Lazarillo de Tormes* from Spain and *Gil Blas* from France. The most famous of all picaresque tales is Cervantes's *Don Quixote* (1605), but here it is not so much the Don himself who is the *picaro* but his servant, Sancho Panza. Among the great English novelists of the eighteenth century both Fielding (1707-54) and Smollett (1721-71) worked in the picaresque style. The central figures in Fielding's *Tom Jones* and Smollett's *Roderick Random* are picaresque anti-heroes like Nashe's Jack Wilton. If the picaresque novel is the novel in its oldest and simplest form, it is far from being dead or out of date. On the contrary it is as lively as ever: since Amis's *Lucky Jim* we have had a succession of novels (and of course films) which, with their anti-heroes and episodic plots, are true descendants of Jack Wilton and *Tom Jones*.

It is now time to take a short look at the different methods which novelists use. Unlike the dramatist, who must say all he wishes to say within the limits of a two-hour or a three-hour play, the novelist can allow himself almost unlimited time in which to build up his characters, set his scene and tell his story. If he wishes he can also include long explanations of his own philosophy and opinions, which are not always welcomed by the ordinary reader who wants to get on with the story. Consequently some novels are very long indeed, though most modern novels are shorter than those written in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, when people had far more time for reading. Richardson's *Clarissa* (1748) has more than a million words: it is four times as long as *David Copperfield* and at least twice as long as *War and Peace*. Very long novels are generally out of fashion at present, but some writers (Anthony Powell, C. P. Snow and Evelyn Waugh are modern English examples) have produced series of separate novels in which the same characters appear, and which, if read in order, can be thought of as a single work of great length. Such a work (to which

the French phrase *roman fleuve* is sometimes applied) has many advantages both to author and reader (as well as to the publisher who by this means is able to sell half a dozen books instead of one). It is perhaps unnecessary to point out that long novels are not always good novels, and vice versa. Some of the greatest novels of the world (Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights* for example or Balzac's *Le Père Goriot*) are in fact quite short, being less than one tenth of the length of *Clarissa.* Any novel however must be long enough for the author to build up character, background and atmosphere by whatever techniques or methods he chooses to employ. The most important of these techniques are perhaps narrative, conversation, letters and ' stream of consciousness ' (which will be explained later).

Plain narrative, or story-telling, is of course the most usual method employed by the novelist; and in the most usual kind of narrative he will take what we may call an omniscient view. That is to say he will not only describe the outward behaviour and actions of his characters, but also their thoughts and feelings. Here for example is a short piece from Galsworthy's *In Chancery* (one of the novels which make up *The Forsyte Saga*). Soames Forsyte's wife, Irene, has left him. Soames, the ' man of property ', refusing to accept the fact that she no longer loves him, has forcibly used his ' rights ' as a husband by physically raping her. Irene has told the story in a letter to ' Old Jolyon ' Forsyte, who, although Soames's uncle, is a good friend to her. Jolyon, walking in the city of Oxford, has been re-reading her letter:

> He folded the letter back into his pocket and walked on, astonished at the violence of his feelings. What had the fellow (Soames) said or done?
>
> He turned into High Street... and on among a maze of spires and domes and long college fronts and walls, bright, or dark-shadowed in the strong moonlight. In this very heart of England's gentility it was difficult to realise that a lonely woman could be importuned or hunted, but what else could her letter mean? Soames must have been pressing her to go back to him again, with public opinion and the Law on his side, too! ' Eighteen ninety-nine!' he thought, gazing at the broken glass shining on the top of a villa garden wall; ' but when it comes to property we're still a heathen people!... I daresay it will be best for her to go abroad.' Yet the thought displeased him. Why should Soames hunt her out of England?

And a page or two further on here is the unhappy Soames, thinking about his wife:

He moved slowly down the Row towards Knightsbridge, timing himself to get to Chelsea at nine-fifteen. What did she do with herself in that little hole? How mysterious women were! One lived alongside and knew nothing of them. What could she have seen in that fellow Bosinney to send her mad?

These two passages are interesting examples of the novelist taking an omniscient view—a novelist writing as though he knew everything. A simple man who knew nothing about novels might well say, 'This is ridiculous! How could the writer possibly know the thoughts of all these characters, and not only the thoughts but even, it seems, the exact words in which they spoke to themselves?' Yet we accept the convention, just as we accept the convention that a pair of lovers in opera will express their feelings in song, or that a group of German or Japanese soldiers in a British war film will talk to each other in 'foreign' English.

Although the convention of knowing everything, or omniscience as we may call it, is used in most novels, there is one type of novel in which it is impossible. I mean of course where the story is told in the first person, by a narrator who refers to himself as 'I'. Using this method a writer may make his story more realistic and more credible, but he will not be able to look very deeply into the minds and motives of the other characters. In *David Copperfield* for example Dickens can only show us the world through David's eyes. The other people in the story can only be observed from the outside. Steerforth is heartless and wicked, Emily is good and innocent: the reader has no means of discovering why they were as they were, or what made them behave as they did. And the writer can only make such comments as would be made by the 'I' of the story. In describing the Murdstones for example Dickens must show them to us as they appeared to the child David, and not as they were in fact, or as they might have appeared to a grown-up observer. It can be seen therefore that a novelist who tells his story through an 'I' must accept certain restrictions. By doing so, however, he can often make the narrative stronger and more life-like.

Sometimes a novelist will choose to tell his story through a series of letters. This method has some advantages, but it also has great disadvantages. For example it is very difficult to write in a number of different styles—one for each of the imaginary correspondents: in Richardson's *Pamela* the reader may find it hard to believe that the heroine, a simple domestic servant, would be able to write so eloquently and at such length. Perhaps Richardson saw the difficulty for in his second novel, where the letter method is also used, he chose as heroine

a girl of good family and good education. The letters in *Clarissa Harlowe* therefore seem less improbable than those in *Pamela.*

Almost all novelists of course use conversation to advance their story. There are many modern novels which have more conversation than narrative, though I do not know of any which consist of nothing but conversation. There is however an old Spanish novel (the story of Calisto and Melibea, probably written by Fernando de Rojas about 1490, and translated into English in 1631) where the story is told entirely in this way. Scholars are still wondering whether it ought to be called a novel or a play! From the reader's point of view there is no doubt that frequent passages of conversation are necessary if a book is to remain interesting. I suspect indeed that there are many people who like, as I do, to have a quick look at a new novel before deciding to read it. Page after page of solidly printed narrative, unbroken by any talk, may lead us to reject it in favour of something more conversational.

The writing of conversation raises another problem for the novelist: how is he to make sure that his characters speak the sort of language they would speak in real life? A doctor must be made to talk like a doctor, a farmer like a farmer, and a woman of fashion like a woman of fashion. So the novelist, like the dramatist, needs to have ' a good ear '. To catch and to imitate the speech habits and ' tone of voice ' of people in conversation is a difficult task, though it may also be amusing and interesting. This is especially so in England, where we still have a great variety of regional accents and dialects. We also have a variety of ' class ' speech-habits, but these are fortunately disappearing, thanks to more widespread education and the levelling effect of radio and television.

Forty years ago writers like Galsworthy, Wells and Maugham could assume that taxi-drivers and policemen would speak English that was comically incorrect, whereas lawyers and doctors would speak like ' gentlemen '—that is to say grammatically, but with what used to be called an Oxford accent. Today this is no longer true; but there is still plenty of variety in English speech, though we do not always find this variety reflected in the conversational parts of modern novels. Perhaps this is a pity, but we must remember that simple realism is not the novelist's only purpose. He may choose to make his characters talk in language which is intentionally unreal and artificial, just as Shakespeare made his characters talk in blank verse.

E. M. Forster in his *Aspects of the Novel* quotes the following speech from a novel by Sir Walter Scott (*The Antiquary*): (The heroine, Isabella, walking with her father along the shore, is cut off by the tide. Having climbed as high as they can on some rocks, they still seem to be facing certain death by drowning.)

> Yet even this fearful pause gave Isabella time to collect the powers of a mind naturally strong and courageous, and which rallied itself at this terrible juncture. 'Must we yield life', she said, 'without a struggle? Is there no path, however dreadful, by which we could remain till morning, or till help comes? They must be aware of our situation, and will raise the country to relieve us.'

It is impossible to believe that any young woman would talk like this while expecting to be drowned in the immediate future. Yet we accept the language, just as we accept the language of opera or the classical theatre, because we know (in spite of E. M. Forster) that artificial talk of this kind was a convention used by Scott and many other good novelists of his time. Scott knew as well as we do that this is not the sort of language people actually speak. Isabella's speech is not intended as a sort of tape-recording of what she actually said, but as a short and convenient way of telling us what she thought and how she behaved in a situation that lasted for several hours. This sort of conversation has been used by many novelists in preference to the realistic dialogue which some modern readers might wish for.

Besides the age-old methods of story-telling through letters and conversation and plain narrative, some modern novelists (James Joyce and Virginia Woolf are outstanding examples) use a method known as 'interior monologue' or 'stream of consciousness'. Writers who work in this way are following the principles of Freud and other psycho-analysts, believing that some of the most important activities of the human mind take place below the level of consciousness. They feel that the traditional method of telling a story in chronological order, and showing human characters as though they were reasoning, conscious beings and no more, gives a picture of life which is incomplete and superficial:

> Look within, [writes Virginia Woolf in an essay on the modern novel] and life, it seems, is far from being like that. Examine for a moment an ordinary life on an ordinary day. The mind receives a myriad impressions—trivial, fantastic, evanescent, or engraved with the sharpness of steel. From all sides they come, an incessant shower of innumerable atoms.

So the novelist invites us to enter the minds of his characters, to share their 'stream of consciousness', to feel the 'incessant shower of innumerable atoms'; almost indeed to *become* those characters.

One of the most important events in the history of the English novel

was the appearance of James Joyce's *Ulysses* in 1922. Nothing like it had been written before, and almost every serious novelist since has been influenced by it. The book is about a single day in the lives of certain characters in Dublin. The central character, Leopold Bloom, is an anti-hero rather than a hero. He is however the Ulysses of the title; and Joyce carefully makes the ordinary events of his ordinary day correspond to the archetypal events in the journey of Homer's Ulysses in the *Odyssey*. *Ulysses* is an extremely difficult book, especially for a foreign reader, because Joyce uses innumerable different methods, expecting that the reader will understand thousands of literary references and many kinds of language. Indeed he is reported to have said that he wanted the reader to devote his whole life to studying the book! Above all he uses the stream of consciousness or interior monologue. Here is a passage in which Bloom is described looking out to sea from the hill of Howth near Dublin. In the distance he sees the well-known Kish lightship, which marks the approach to Dublin port, and he begins to think of the men aboard it. Then his thoughts run back to a day in the past when he and his wife took their little daughter, Milly, for an excursion on the steamer Erin's King. It had been a rough day, with most of the passengers seasick and frightened, but the child Milly, enjoyed every minute of it. Bloom goes on to reflect that children's fears are quite different from the fears of grown-ups.

> Life those chaps out there must have, stuck in the same spot. Irish Lights Board. Penance for their sins. Coastguards too. Rocket and breeches buoy and lifeboat. Day we went out for the pleasure-cruise in the Erin's King, throwing them the sack of old papers. Bears in the zoo. Filthy trip. Drunkards out to shake up their livers. Puking overboard to feed the herrings. Nausea. And the women, fear of God in their faces. Milly, no sign of funk. Her blue scarf loose, laughing. Don't know what death is at that age. And then their stomachs clean. But being lost they fear. When we hid behind the tree at Crumlin. I didn't want to.
>
> Mama! Mama! Babes in the wood. Frightening them with masks, too. Throwing them up in the air to catch them. I'll murder you. Is it only half fun?

Such writing is hard to follow, even for English readers. Certainly it has some advantages over simpler techniques like conversation or plain story-telling. On the other hand (and especially when used by writers less brilliant than Joyce) it can be wasteful and confusing. In most forms of art—painting, poetry, music, architecture—we admire

clearness and order and selectiveness. These are not usually to be found in novels using the technique of the interior monologue. But perhaps the novel is not an art-form at all; and even if it is, why should we judge it by the standards of other, quite different, art-forms?

Until now we have been thinking of the novel in a general way, with a glance at its history and at some of the problems which face all novelists. In the rest of the chapter I propose to offer short introductions to five important English novels which I have chosen for their readability. I call them important because they have given pleasure to many millions of readers, and will probably continue to do so as long as English remains a living language. People who are already familiar with English literature may complain that my choice is too obvious; but I think that two or three of them at least will not be familiar to readers of this book, even though they may be known from cinema or television versions. My five novels are *Mansfield Park* (Jane Austen), *Jane Eyre* (Charlotte Brontë), *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* (Thomas Hardy), *Brighton Rock* (Graham Greene) and *The Spire* (William Golding). Whether they are 'great' novels is a question which I shall not try to answer. Two of them are by living writers, so it is too soon to say whether they are great or not. Of the others, opinions may differ. For my own part there is only one (*Tess of the d'Urbervilles*) which I would not hesitate to place among the world's greatest literature. Having said this however I must repeat my protest against the kind of critic or scholar who likes to place writers in some kind of order of merit, like candidates in an examination.

It will be seen that two of my novels were written by women; and no student of literature can fail to notice that this is a form of writing in which women seem to excel. In the fields of poetry, painting, architecture and musical composition one cannot help noticing (whatever the Women's Liberation Movement may say) that women in the past have not been notably successful. But a catalogue of women novelists (in England and America at least) would include some of the greatest novelists: Jane Austen, Emily and Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot, as well as modern writers like Virginia Woolf, Dorothy Richardson, Ivy Compton-Burnett and Iris Murdoch.

Although Jane Austen (1775-1817) lived into the nineteenth century (and all her novels were published after 1800), one seems naturally to think of her as an eighteenth-century writer. Her view of life is cool, unsentimental, ironical, amused. Living at the height of the English romantic revival she appears unmoved by it. If she responded it was only by making fun of it.

The daughter of a country clergyman in the south of England, Jane Austen had six brothers and an elder sister, Cassandra, to whom she

was very much attached. Neither of the sisters married, and after the death of their father they lived with their mother in the village of Chawton in Hampshire. The Austens, although some of their relatives were rich and even aristocratic, belonged to the middle class and were themselves far from rich. Jane never travelled more than a few miles from her home; and although she lived through the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars she never mentions these great events in her novels. 'Her experience of life', wrote Somerset Maugham, 'was confined to a small circle of provincial society, and that is what she was content to deal with.'

Living and writing at a time when novels were thought of as being less than respectable, Jane Austen always tried to keep her writing a secret from all but her family and close friends. It seems strange to us that she should have found this necessary; yet even fifty years later another great woman novelist, Mary Ann Evans, thought it best to hide her femininity by using the name George Eliot. When Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility* was published in 1811 (she had written it about ten years earlier) it was described on the title page as 'by a Lady'. Her brother, Henry, writing after her death in 1817, said, 'No accumulation of fame would have induced her, had she lived, to affix her name to any production of her pen.'

Of the six novels Jane Austen wrote, *Pride and Prejudice* (refused by a publisher in 1797 and not finally published until 1813) is the most famous and probably the best. Most people in English-speaking countries have read it, or heard a radio version of it, or seen it in the cinema or on television. I shall say no more about it here, except to advise the foreign reader that he should start with it rather than with *Mansfield Park*, which I am going to describe in more detail. He must face the fact that many young people (and especially young men) find it difficult to enjoy Jane Austen at first approach. They complain that her novels are dull, having something like the character of those delicate, faded, water-colour pictures which sometimes hang on the walls of our great-aunts' sitting-rooms. They lack almost all the excitement which some readers demand: there is no violence, no sex, no romantic love, no philosophical discussion. Yet there are very few readers of Jane Austen who do not, after a time, become devoted to her. Getting to know her requires a little effort, but with this, and a lively sense of humour, one soon begins to understand why she is regarded as one of the greatest of all English novelists.

Mansfield Park, published in 1814, is written around the character of Fanny Price, a girl of poor but educated parentage, who is 'adopted' in childhood by her rich cousins, the Bertrams, and taken to live at their country house, Mansfield Park. The novel is written in the

third person, like all Jane Austen's novels, but it is through Fannys' eyes that we see the Bertram family, their friends the Crawfords, and Fanny's own family when she goes back to visit them. In so far as the book has a central story which holds it together, it is the story of Fanny's love for her cousin, Edmund Bertram, an over-serious young man who becomes a clergyman, and who is torn between his affection for Fanny and the attraction he feels towards the much livelier Mary Crawford.

The central happening in the book is the preparation for an amateur dramatic performance by the young people at Mansfield Park during the absence of the head of the household, Sir Thomas Bertram. A modern reader finds it extremely difficult to understand why this harmless activity should arouse the anger of Sir Thomas on his unexpected return; but we have to accept the fact that anything connected with the theatre was considered, in respectable country society, to be morally doubtful. And the play finally chosen, *Lovers' Vows*, appears to have been thought of as (what is now called) frank or outspoken, though it would seem perfectly harmless to us. In the end, after much persuasion, even the timid Fanny finds herself forced to act in the play, and a rehearsal is in full swing when Sir Thomas returns:

> ... the door of the room was thrown open, and Julia, appearing at it, with a face all aghast, exclaimed, 'My father is come! He is in the hall at this moment...' How is the consternation of the party to be described? To the greater number it was a moment of absolute horror. Sir Thomas in the house!... Julia's looks were an evidence of the fact that made it indisputable; and after the first starts and exclamations, not a word was spoken for half a minute: each with an altered countenance, was looking at some other, and almost each was feeling it a stroke the most unwelcome, most ill-timed, most appalling!

The reader might be excused for thinking that this is a description of some world-shaking event, not the mere interruption of an hour of harmless amusement.

A little later Fanny is invited to dine with Dr and Mrs Grant at the vicarage, and the question whether it would be correct for her to accept is debated with all the seriousness due to some great moral problem. Almost all the characters display a degree of snobbery which appears to us to be silly, if not evil; and it is possible to be as angered by the mouse-like humility of Fanny as by the arrogant stupidity of her aunt, Mrs Norris (Lady Bertram's sister), who misses

no opportunity of reminding the girl of her lowly and dependent position at Mansfield Park.

This however is Jane Austen's world: she shows us a small social group, at a particular time and place, and she gives us their conversation, their views and their characters with a cool clarity which is unlike anything else in the English novel. We must not necessarily assume that she approved of the society she describes; but even if she appears to do so, we must remember that a novelist does not need to be a social reformer. *Mansfield Park* is full of dryly humorous characterisation: perhaps the liveliest figure is the unpleasant Mrs Norris, and the most likeable is Fanny's brother William, who is in the Navy. There is a real undertone of social satire in *Mansfield Park*, but, unlike the writers I shall discuss in the chapter on satire, Jane Austen was concerned to show society as it was rather than to attack it.

As I have said, there are some readers who simply cannot enjoy Jane Austen. They find her dull and uninteresting, and they cannot understand why she is so much admired and loved by some. The best advice I can give to such readers is to leave her alone, hoping that they will come back to her with better understanding after a few years. Meanwhile they may take comfort from the words of another writer, who also found Jane Austen a little cold and uninteresting:

> Anything like warmth or enthusiasm, anything energetic, poignant, heartfelt, is utterly out of place in commending these works (Jane Austen's novels); all such demonstrations the authoress would have met with a well-bred sneer, would have calmly scorned as *outré* or extravagant. She does her business of delineating the surface of the lives of genteel English people curiously well. There is a Chinese fidelity, a miniature delicacy, in the painting. She ruffles her reader by nothing vehement, disturbs him by nothing profound. The passions are perfectly unknown to her: she rejects even a speaking acquaintance with that stormy sisterhood . . . What sees keenly, speaks aptly, moves flexibly, it suits her to study; but what throbs fast and full, though hidden, what the blood rushes through, what is the unseen seat of life and the sentient target of death—this Miss Austen ignores.

The writer of these words, born during the last year of Jane Austen's life, was Charlotte Brontë (1816-55). It would be hard to imagine two novelists more different. If Charlotte Brontë could say that Jane Austen's work was without heart, Jane Austen might well have replied that Charlotte Brontë's had too much: too much feeling, too much sentiment, too much imagination, and not enough intellect or commonsense.

The lives of the Brontë sisters are probably better known than their books. Their father, the Reverend Patrick Brontë, was the son of an Irish peasant who spelt his name ' Prunty '. By good luck and his own efforts he managed to get some education, and to make his way to England, where he was admitted at St John's College, Cambridge. He became a clergyman, married a lady named Branwell, and finally settled down as priest in charge of a small village in Yorkshire called Haworth. Here, after only nine years of marriage, Mrs Brontë died and Patrick Brontë was left to bring up their six children. He persuaded his wife's sister, Elizabeth Branwell, to settle at Haworth and take charge of his household. The four elder daughters were sent for a time to a boarding-school, but conditions were so bad that two of the Brontë girls died, and Charlotte and Emily were removed. The memory of this school must have remained with Charlotte all her life; it is certainly reflected in the account of the typhus epidemic at Lowood Institution in *Jane Eyre*. Later Charlotte was sent to another and happier boarding-school, but when she was seventeen she returned home to teach her younger sisters. Their brother Branwell was a problem: after working as a railway clerk, a private tutor and a portrait-painter, he drank himself to death.

The surviving sisters, Charlotte, Emily and Anne, had been writing for their own amusement almost since childhood. Charlotte and Emily had seen something of life outside Haworth, not only in their boarding-school days, but during a year spent in Brussels. They had gone there when Charlotte was twenty-six to learn French as pupil-teachers in a girls' boarding-school. In 1846 they published jointly a book of poems under the names Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell. This was so unsuccessful that only two copies were sold. Soon afterwards however each sister wrote a novel, Emily's being *Wuthering Heights* which is considered by most critics to be one of the greatest of all English novels. At the time however it was Charlotte's second novel, *Jane Eyre*, which was most successful. It had, as we shall see, all the ingredients of a best seller, and it made Charlotte comparatively famous.

Within a year of Branwell's death both Emily and Anne were dead also, but Charlotte lived long enough to enjoy some of the fruits of success, and to marry (at the age of thirty-eight) her father's curate. The marriage, though Charlotte's first feelings towards Mr Nicholls had been cool, began happily; but it ended tragically, for within nine months Charlotte died in childbirth. So the whole of a gifted and tragic generation passed away while still young, and the Reverend Patrick Brontë survived the last of his children by seven years. Visitors to the National Portrait Gallery may still see the portrait group which Branwell Brontë painted of his three sisters, Anne, Emily and Charlotte.

It is a poor piece of work in many ways, but the haunted and haunting faces which stare sadly out at us are a reminder that the life of the Brontë family had in itself all the makings of a tragic novel. A modern novelist, Margaret Lane, has written some of it in *The Brontë Story* (Heinemann, 1953)—a book which I recommend to anyone who wishes to know more about this strange family.

Some critics might wonder why I have chosen to introduce the reader to *Jane Eyre* rather than to Emily's *Wuthering Heights*, which is now generally thought to be a much greater work of literature. There are two reasons: the first is that I myself happen to like *Jane Eyre* very much indeed; and the second is that I have in mind younger readers who may be as unsophisticated as I am, and who find it easier to enjoy melodrama than tragedy; for the fact must be faced that *Jane Eyre* is sheer melodrama. If we look in it for serious studies of character, accurate reporting of social conditions, brilliant philosophical ideas, or an intelligently constructed story, we shall look in vain. What we shall find is a lot of typically romantic characters, a conventional picture of 'upper classes' and 'lower orders', a vague awareness of religion, a series of exciting but improbable events, and, in spite of all this, a truly great imaginative novel.

Jane Eyre, after a wretched childhood spent mainly in an orphanage, goes as governess to Mr Rochester's young ward at Thornfield. Thornfield is a distant and romantic mansion, and Jane soon learns that it holds some terrible secret. She is disturbed by devilish laughter, awakened in the night by a horrible apparition and frightened by a mysterious fire, from which she rescues Mr Rochester, with whom by now she has fallen in love. She is surprised and joyful when she finds that Rochester returns her love, preferring her to the rich and beautiful Miss Ingram. Just as they are about to be married the horrible truth is revealed: Rochester is in fact already married, and his wife is hopelessly and dangerously insane. For years she has been kept confined in an attic bedroom, attended by the sinister Grace Poole. The devilish laughter, the apparition and the fire are now all explained. Rochester, crazy with grief and passion, implores Jane to go on with the marriage; but she leaves him, and makes her way, broken-hearted and penniless, to a distant part of the country. Almost dead with hunger and fatigue, she is rescued by the Rivers sisters, and taken by them to live in the pleasant house which they share with their clergyman brother, St John.

St John Rivers is a fine, handsome man of high intelligence; but he is fanatically religious, and gradually persuades himself that he must marry Jane and take her with him when he goes as a missionary to India. Jane feels gratitude and friendship towards him, but she

can never forget Rochester, and never love St John. She is however just about to yield to his persuasion when she fancies she hears the agonised voice of Rochester calling for her. Since her arrival in the Rivers household Jane has luckily learned that her rich Uncle John has died in Madeira and left her the useful sum of twenty thousand pounds. She is therefore able to set out at once on the return journey to Thornfield Hall in search of Rochester, who as she knows by some sort of second sight) needs her help and her love. She finds the mansion of evil memories, but it is now a burnt-out and deserted ruin. She learns from local informants that the madwoman had escaped, set fire to the house, and herself perished in the ruins. Rochester himself has been blinded in an attempt to rescue her, and has now retired to a remote house, with only two faithful old servants to take care of him. Jane seeks him out, they are married, and all ends happily, even to the extent of Rochester's sight being restored!

It will be clear from the foregoing summary that *Jane Eyre* is in many ways a romantic thriller. It owes something to the so-called 'Terror School' of novelists of the late eighteenth century (Mrs Radcliffe, 'Monk' Lewis, etc.); and it is the ancestor of a thousand romantic novels and films, some of which, like Daphne du Maurier's *Rebecca*, are familiar enough to the ordinary modern reader. Jane Austen, had she lived long enough to read it, would have thought *Jane Eyre* the product of a wild and overheated imagination. Its weaknesses are all too apparent—especially the absurd coincidences of the plot. (For example it turns out that the brother of the mad Mrs Rochester is a business friend of rich Uncle John in Madeira; and, even more strange, the Rivers family, into whose home Jane so fortunately wanders in her time of distress, turn out to be her own cousins: nephew and nieces of the same rich Uncle John!) It has been said too (as though this were an objection) that *Jane Eyre* is a wish-fulfilment fantasy calculated to appeal to young girls or to spinsters like its author. This seems to me to be quite true, but I cannot see what is wrong with that. Neither need we worry much about the oddities of the plot and the artificiality of the dialogue: like all good novelists, Charlotte Brontë creates a world of her own. It is a world of strong emotions, strange events and twisted characters; and yet at many points it is in close contact with the real world. *Jane Eyre* is not a novel to please rationalists, realists, puritans and anti-romantics. But such readers will do well to keep away from Charlotte, and indeed from the whole Brontë family.

In the year Charlotte Brontë died (1855) there was a boy of fourteen living in a quiet country town in Dorset; this boy, Thomas Hardy, was destined to live through the first quarter of our own century (he died in 1928) and to become the greatest English novelist of his time, and

indeed one of the greatest of all English novelists. Hardy's father was a stonemason, and this fact no doubt influenced his first choice of a career. After receiving a good education, partly at local schools and partly in the household of a local clergyman, he became an articled pupil with an architect, later becoming an assistant to the well-known architect, Sir A. Blomfield, and living in London where he attended evening classes at King's College. At this time he wrote a number of poems, and began writing essays and prose articles. He also became interested in two of the major problems of the time, one being the conflict between science and religion arising out of the ideas of Darwin and Huxley; and the other the social and political rights of women, and the injustices sometimes suffered by women under a man-made law.

By the time he was thirty he had made the hard decision to abandon architecture as a profession, and to devote himself entirely to literature. Hardy's life was uneventful. Having married in 1874 he lived with his wife near Dorchester in a house which he himself had designed. Here he spent the greater part of his life, first writing the novels which made him famous, and afterwards returning to poetry, which he had always considered the highest form of literature, though the least satisfactory as a livelihood. With his immense dramatic epic, *The Dynasts*, we are not at present concerned, though there are some critics who would rate it more highly than his novels.

Hardy was a ' regional ' novelist; that is to say he wrote about a part of the country which he himself knew well, and which he used as a setting for almost all his stories. Dorset was his home county, and Dorset lies at the heart of that area of southern England which corresponds to the old English kingdom of Wessex. The Wessex landscape is almost as important in Hardy's novels as the human characters; and the Wessex towns, Dorchester, Winchester, Salisbury and Shaftesbury, form a constant background to the tragic figures he created. The names are changed to Casterbridge, Wintoncester, Melchester and Shaston ' for reasons ', Hardy wrote, ' that seemed good at the time of writing '. What these reasons were we can only guess; what Hardy wished to do is however clear enough. He tried to express the atmosphere of the countryside of southern England as it was in the first half of the nineteenth century, and to recreate characters he had heard of or known in his youth, but who already belonged, when he wrote, to a past age. Indeed *Jude the Obscure*, his last novel, is the only one with a contemporary setting.

Hardy (though he sometimes resented the description) was a pessimist and a doubter in religious matters. Human life as he portrays it in the Wessex novels has its gaiety, its humour, its tenderness, its strength and even its nobility; but we look in vain for any sense of a

divine purpose. If anything, the world Hardy portrays is one controlled by a senseless and cruel fate. In his preface to *Tess* he quotes with approval the lines from *King Lear:*

> As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
> They kill us for their sport;

and the greatest of his novels, *The Return of the Native*, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure*, all show their chief characters as victims of this cruel and impersonal fate. It was not surprising therefore that his work aroused the anger of many conventional thinkers, or that Christians should condemn his attitude as irreligious.

The publication of *Jude the Obscure*, which by implication condemns both the social injustices of the time and the traditional idea of Christian marriage, angered many Christians, and Hardy had to face hostile criticism from many quarters, including the Bishops. One of them went so far as to demand that the book should be publicly burned (an odd contrast to our own times, when church leaders hasten to the defence of a novel like *Lady Chatterley's Lover*). How far Hardy was affected by the outcry against *Jude* is difficult to say: the fact is that he wrote no more novels, the years until his death in 1928 being devoted to *The Dynasts* and other poetry.

To glance at the entire work of a great novelist in one or two short paragraphs is almost inevitably to give a misleading picture of him. In Hardy's case this is particularly so because his work is not, like Jane Austen's for example, all of a similar kind. *Under the Greenwood Tree* is in many ways quite a different kind of book from *The Return of the Native*; *The Trumpet-Major* is properly described as a historical novel; *Jude* was in some respects a contemporary study in sociology. To most sympathetic readers (certainly to me) Hardy seems to achieve that mysterious quality which makes great literature. Many lesser writers during the early part of this century tried to follow him, but none has really succeeded. Even Hardy himself is not always successful, but who is? There are many minor writers who come near perfection in their own small way, but greater men often miss it. Homer sometimes fails, as does Shakespeare: the higher your purpose the greater the risk of failure. Walter Allen's judgement of Hardy in *The English Novel* is, I think, an entirely fair one:

> His faults are glaring enough. His plots creak. His villains have stepped off the boards of a barn-storming company peddling

melodrama. His prose is often clumsy to the point of uncouthness. Yet the true index of Hardy's stature is that he is almost the only tragic novelist in our literature and that when we consider him we have ultimately to do so in relation to Shakespeare and Webster and to the Greek dramatists.

Tess of the d'Urbervilles, published in 1891, is considered by many to be the greatest of all Hardy's novels. It is a story of sexual seduction (though anyone who goes to it in the hope of finding pornography is going to be sadly disappointed), and Hardy was certainly being provocative when he added the sub-title 'A Pure Woman'. 'It was appended', he wrote in his preface to the edition of 1912, 'at the last moment, after reading the proofs, as being the estimate left in a candid mind of the heroine's character.' Tess's parents, John and Joan Durbeyfield, are a poor and ignorant couple. Durbeyfield is a farm worker, yet aware that he is a direct descendant of the formerly powerful d'Urberville family. Tess leaves home and goes to work for a remote relation, Mrs d'Urberville, who is quite unaware of the family connection. She is seduced by Mrs d'Urberville's son Alec, whom she hates and despises. To escape his attentions she returns home, and gives birth to a child. Her easy-going parents accept the situation with little complaint, and the baby is adored by Tess's little brothers and sisters. Soon however the child falls ill. Tess wishes to have it baptised, but when the vicar calls at the cottage her father, in a moment of drunken obstinacy, refuses to admit him. So Tess decides that she herself will baptise the baby in the presence of her little brothers and sisters, who all share the same room in the Durbeyfield cottage. The scene, I think, is one of the most touching in all literature:

> Her figure looked singularly tall and imposing as she stood in her long white nightgown, a thick cable of twisted dark hair hanging straight down her back to her waist. The kindly dimness of the weak candle abstracted from her form and features the little blemishes which sunlight might have revealed . . . her high enthusiasm having a transfiguring effect upon the face which had been her undoing, showing it as a thing of immaculate beauty, with a touch of dignity which was almost regal. The little ones kneeling round, their sleepy eyes blinking and red, awaited her preparations full of a suspended wonder which their physical heaviness at that hour would not allow to become active.
>
> The most impressed of them said:
>
> 'Be you really going to christen him, Tess?'
>
> The girl-mother replied in a grave affirmative.

'What's his name going to be?'

She had not thought of that, but a name suggested by a phrase in the book of Genesis came into her head as she proceeded with the baptismal service, and now she pronounced it:

'SORROW, I baptise thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'

She sprinkled the water, and there was silence.

'Say "Amen", children.'

The tiny voices piped in obedient response 'Amen'.

After the baby's death Tess, hoping to escape from the memory of her troubles, goes to work at a farm called Talbothays in a distant part of Wessex. Here she meets a young man called Angel Clare, with whom she falls in love. Clare is the son of an evangelical clergyman, and, by the conventions of the time (the third or fourth decade of the nineteenth century), much above her in social position. He has not followed his father and two elder brothers into the Ministry because he cannot accept orthodox Christian beliefs; nevertheless his ideas on morality are highly conventional. He is working as a pupil on the Talbothays farm, and intends eventually to buy a farm of his own, possibly abroad.

Tess begins by keeping Angel at a distance, though she knows that he returns her love, and in spite of her admiration and respect for him. When he proposes marraige she at first refuses, feeling that her past misadventure, though no fault of her own, makes her unworthy of him. Angel's persuasion and her great love for him eventually break her resistance, and she agrees to marry him. Before the wedding she tries on several occasions to tell him of her past 'sin', but each time she is prevented, either by some trivial circumstance, or by a failure of courage. Some time before the wedding Tess writes a confession and explanation, seals it in an envelope, and pushes it under the door of Angel's room. When they meet next day his attitude is unchanged, and Tess concludes that he has read the letter, still loves her, and intends never to mention the matter she has revealed to him. In fact (and this is a typical example of the kind of coincidence which Hardy's critics have condemned as being too improbable) Angel has never received the letter, which had lodged under the carpet of his room.

Tess discovers this only an hour or two before the wedding, and is too overwhelmed with grief and anxiety to mention it until they have started their honeymoon, which is spent in an ancient mill-house. Here, the evening of the wedding-day, Tess at last summons up enough courage to break the secret to her husband. She tells him the story

as they are sitting together in the ancient parlour of the mill-house, illuminated only by the flames of a wood fire (for the wedding was at Christmas). Angel is at first incredulous, then profoundly shocked that the apparently pure girl he has married is not in fact a virgin. Tess is also shocked, but for a different reason. She simply cannot believe that Angel Clare's love for her, and her own devotion to him, could be marred or destroyed by a past event in which she had been no more than an innocent victim. The first few nights of their married life are spent in separate rooms, and Angel then announces that they must part, at least for a time, so that he can think things over. He plans to go to Brazil for a year or two with the idea of studying farm conditions there. Tess is to stay at home, either in lodgings or back in her parents' cottage. Her material needs are to be met by money which her husband leaves her, or, in any emergency, by help from his father, the vicar.

Deserted by the husband whom she still loves with her whole heart, and too proud to apply for help either to his parents or her own, Tess returns to work on the land. Many months pass, and Clare does not write. Tess's own imploring letters are ignored, and gradually she becomes convinced that she will never see her husband again. At this point (and here again it might be said that Hardy stretches coincidence too far) she once again meets her seducer, Alec d'Urberville. Somewhat surprisingly he has been converted and has become an itinerant preacher, but seeing Tess again revives his passion for her. A mixture of passion and genuine regret for the suffering he has caused her in the past prompts him to pursue her relentlessly, and at last wearied by his importunity, moved by consideration for her now widowed mother and her young brothers and sisters to whom d'Urberville offers a home and security, Tess gives way, convinced by now that her husband will never return. In fact however Angel Clare is already on his way back from Brazil, broken in health and spirit by the tough conditions he has encountered there, and now convinced that he loves the wife he has treated so harshly.

On arriving in Wessex Clare finds it impossible at first to find out what has happened to his wife. At last his enquiries lead him to Sandbourne (Hardy's name for Bournemouth) where he finally traces Tess to a hotel where she is staying with d'Urberville. They face each other in the hotel dining-room, and each is horrified: Clare because it seems that his own foolish behaviour has driven his wife permanently into the arms of another man; Tess because the husband she has loved and waited for and finally given up for dead has returned, worn out, ill and needing her help. She realises that she loves him more than life, and hates the man, still asleep upstairs, who has (as

it seems to her) tricked her into betraying her husband. The moment Angel Clare has left her (never, as he thinks, to see her again) Tess seizes a carving knife from the waiting breakfast tray, kills the still-sleeping d'Urberville, and runs desperately away from the hotel and after her husband.

At last they are reunited and reconciled; but each knows that it can only be a matter of hours before Alec's body is discovered and only a day or two before Tess is hunted down and arrested. They make for the country of North Wessex, and hide for six days and six nights in a deserted mansion where they are discovered, asleep in each other's arms, by the old caretaker. Before she can rouse the neighbours, the fugitive pair leave the house and continue their flight across country. They reach Stonehenge, and here Tess is too exhausted to continue. As the sun rises over the Great Plain and gilds the grim monoliths in whose shelter the innocent murderess lies asleep, the police at last arrive.

The last scene, frequently quoted, shows us Angel Clare and Tess's young sister, 'Liza-Lu, looking down in the chill of early morning on the city of Wintoncester from a hill just outside its boundaries. Their gaze is concentrated on the prison:

> Upon the cornice of the tower a tall staff was fixed. Their eyes were riveted on it. A few minutes after the hour had struck something moved slowly up the staff, and extended itself upon the breeze. It was a black flag.
>
> 'Justice' was done, and the President of the Immortals, in Aeschylean phrase, had ended his sport with Tess.

The tragic note on which *Tess* ends has already been sounded, almost at the beginning of the story, in a conversation between Tess and her little brother Abraham as they jog along under the stars in the cart with which Tess has undertaken a journey to market on behalf of her lazy and irresponsible father. Sitting beside his sister, the child has been looking up into the clear sky.

> 'Did you say the stars were worlds, Tess?' [said Abraham]
>
> 'Yes.'
>
> 'All like ours?'
>
> 'I don't know, but I think so. They sometimes seem to be like the apples on our stubbard-tree. Most of them splendid and sound—a few blighted.'
>
> 'Which do we live on?—a splendid one or a blighted one?'
>
> 'A blighted one.'

That Hardy should be called a pessimist is not surprising to anyone who reads this magnificently tragic novel. But a tragic attitude is not necessarily a gloomy one, and there is much in *Tess* that is far from gloomy, especially the essential beauty and goodness of Tess's own character. Angel Clare is a typically tragic character in the Aristotelian sense: likeable, honest, affectionate and intelligent; yet showing a curious moral blindness which is the real cause of Tess's suffering and his own. If he had been able to rid himself of the ingrown and distorted notions of purity which he had been brought up with there would have been no suffering: but he had cast away Christian belief while unconsciously retaining mistaken ideas of Christian morality.

Although Hardy did not die until 1928 most people would say that he belongs, as a novelist, to the nineteenth century. Until now I have said almost nothing about the novel in the twentieth century. We shall go on therefore to look at the novel in modern times, including the work of writers who are still alive. First however a reminder that in literature (as in the other arts, as in human relationships, as in religion) the idea of progress is not relevant. A novel written last year will not necessarily be better or worse or even more relevant than a novel written two hundred years ago. We are so used to the idea of progress in science and technology that we easily (and foolishly) imagine that it also applies in the arts. This year's television or motor-car or electric cooker is so clearly better than its equivalent ten years ago that we begin to believe that this year's painting or play or novel must also be better. Modern novels are no better and no worse than novels written in the past: all one can say is that they are more numerous and more varied. The variety is such that anything like a survey would be far beyond the scope of this book: all I can do, before looking in some detail at novels by Graham Greene and William Golding, is to suggest a few trends that seem to me apparent in twentieth-century novels, and to mention a few writers as examples of each.

Because war and violence have been so tragically important in the history of our century, I shall begin with what we may loosely call 'war novels'. The most powerful novels of the First World War probably came from Germany (Erich Maria Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*) and France (Henri Barbusse's *Under Fire*). If asked to name two equally powerful novels about the Second World War I should personally choose Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* and Herman Wouk's *The Caine Mutiny*, both of which are American. In England Richard Aldington's *Death of a Hero*, published in the 1920s, was a better exposure of the horror of war (not so much the purely physical horror of the battlefield and the trenches as the moral horrors); the cult of military 'glory' by old men safely at home; the

shameless lies of politicians and propagandists; the terrible victimisation of the young.

Perhaps the most important English novelist of the Second World War was Evelyn Waugh (1903-66). It would be wrong to think of him only as a war writer, because the books which made him famous (*Decline and Fall*, *Vile Bodies*, *A Handful of Dust*) were written in the late 1920s and 1930s and his later and better works (especially *Brideshead Revisited*) are not war novels. *The Sword of Honour* however is certainly one of the most important books to come out of the Second World War. It is in fact a set of three novels (a trilogy), but Waugh decided later to republish it as a single work. The central figure is Guy Crouchback, a Catholic (like Waugh himself) and a gentleman in the old sense of the word—that is, a man who has inherited enough money to live without working. Crouchback, separated from his wife, but unable to divorce her because of his religious beliefs, joins the army and serves in Crete and Yugoslavia. Fighting side by side with men of every type and social class he begins to realise that the world of the gentleman is finished, and not to be greatly regretted. He even learns to respect the ungentlemanly Trimmer, a fellow officer who seduces Crouchback's estranged wife. In the end Trimmer proves no less efficient and heroic than the gentlemen officers. After Trimmer's death Crouchback and his wife are reunited, and Crouchback accepts the child (really Trimmer's) as his own.

The Sword of Honour has been well described by Anthony Burgess as ' not merely the story of one man's war; it is the whole history of the European struggle itself, told with verve, humour, pathos, and sharp accuracy.' It would be a mistake, as I have said, to think of Evelyn Waugh as only, or even primarily, a war writer. His early novels were comic and satirical, full of the high spirits of the 1920s and 1930s. Some critics thought he was too clever and too frivolous, blaming him because he seemed unaware of the real state of Britain in those days of depression and unemployment. Yet his work, taken as a whole, reflects most of the social changes that took place between 1920 and 1960; and if his social and political attitudes strike the modern reader as excessively right wing, it must be remembered that one can enjoy and appreciate a novelist's work without sharing his opinions. Waugh's later novels, especially *Brideshead Revisited*, and *The Sword of Honour* trilogy are certainly among the most important of our century.

Another modern trend has been towards what the French call the *roman fleuve:* the 'river novel' which flows on and on through a number of books, tracing the history of a single character or group of characters. Usually (and often happily) each part can be enjoyed as a separate book. The most famous of such novels is perhaps *The Forsyte Saga*

and its continuation, *A Modern Comedy*. This is a story which has become well known through the world (perhaps better known than it deserves) because of the brilliant television adaptation produced in the 1960s. Its author, John Galsworthy (1867-1933), belonged like Evelyn Waugh to the comfortable *bourgeois* class. Unlike Waugh however he felt that there was something basically wrong with a society which allowed such inequalities, and attached so much importance to property. So, as the story moves on through four or five generations of the Forsyte family, the ' man of property ', in the person of Soames Forsyte, gives place to his son-in-law, Michael Mont—a man well aware of the injustice of English society in the 1920s, and trying, as a Member of Parliament, to improve it.

Galsworthy has been more popular abroad than in England, and it is important that the foreign reader should understand this. To accept the England of *The Forsyte Saga* as a true picture of England now would be as foolish as to accept Dickens's *Oliver Twist* as a picture of modern English education. As Galsworthy is one of the first English novelists likely to be read by foreign students, it might be helpful to explain that *The Forsyte Saga* consists of three novels: *The Man of Property* (1906), *In Chancery* (1920) and *To Let* (1921). These tell the history of the Forsyte family before the First World War. *A Modern Comedy* consists of *The White Monkey* (1924), *The Silver Spoon* (1926) and *Swan Song* (1928). These continue the story through the post-war period of depression and revolutionary change.

Another and more recent river novel is *Strangers and Brothers* by C.P. Snow (born 1905, now Lord Snow). This consists of eleven novels, covering the life of the central character, Lewis Eliot, from 1925 to the 1960s. The novels need not of course necessarily be read in the right order. Indeed most readers would probably find it best to start with *The New Men*, which deals with the period 1939-46, and *The Corridors of Power*, which deals with the 1950s. In contrast to the *bourgeois* characters of Galsworthy and the gentlemen of Evelyn Waugh, Snow's hero belongs to the class of scientists and technicians—the ' new men ' of his title. Lewis Eliot begins life as a working-class boy from midland England, and rises by his own intellectual ability (added to a certain amount of good luck and intrigue) to a position of power in government service. Comparing Waugh's men with Snow's men, it is interesting to ask oneself which is less unpleasant: to be ruled by ' gentlemen ' or by ' new men '.

Anthony Powell (also born in 1905) is another writer who has worked (and is still working) on a sequence of several novels. Powell's *roman fleuve* is called *The Music of Time*, and is clearly influenced by Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*, though it has little of the humanity

and universality of the great French novel. For a reader unfamiliar with Powell I would recommend *From a View to a Death*, which stands outside *The Music of Time* sequence and seems, to me at least, a truly tragic novel.

The historical novel has been popular in England since the time of Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832). During the twentieth century it has attracted more writers and more readers than ever before. I suppose this is partly because it has offered an escape from the many troubles of the times, and partly because better education has made us all more interested in the past. Historical novels range from those like Kathleen Winsor's (an American, born 1919) *Forever Amber* (which is an imaginary story about seventeenth-century people who are given the names of real characters and little more) to careful reconstructions of people and events, based on serious research. Some of the best historical novelists, like Mary Renault (born 1905) and Alfred Duggan (born 1903), purposely choose to write about times of which little is known: the former has generally chosen Mediterranean pre-history and the latter British history of the so-called Dark Ages. The advantage of such a choice is that the author is free to use his imagination without being restricted by historical facts. From the reader's point of view of course it is useful to know how much of a novel is true history, and how much pure invention: the value and enjoyability of a historical novel does not depend on its factual truth, but no reader likes to feel that he is being deceived by fiction which pretends to be fact.

Robert Graves (born 1895) is as much a historian as a novelist, and anyone who reads his Roman novels (*I, Claudius, Claudius the God, Count Belisaurius*) may be sure that he is reading about people who actually lived and events that actually happened. Besides being a scholar, a historian and a writer of clear and strong English prose-Graves has the ability to get inside the minds of his central charact, ers. Not only does one feel that Graves *is* Claudius, but in *Wife to Mr Milton* one feels that Graves *is* Mary Powell, the young and high-spirited royalist girl who found herself, during the English Civil War, married to young John Milton—poet, puritan and scholar, but also an obstinate and conceited prig! *King Jesus*, published in 1946, is a highly original attempt to show Jesus as a king in the literal, worldly sense—an illegitimate son of King Herod. Many Christians have found it offensive; yet it is a brilliant and fascinating novel.

Henry Treece (1911-66) wrote a number of historical novels, serious, thoroughly researched and dealing with several different periods. Less scholarly and more popular, yet highly readable, are the many novels of Georgette Heyer dealing with the Georgian period of English history. Many writers who would certainly not be called historical

novelists have yet written single books of this sort; notable examples being Evelyn Waugh's *Helena* (about the mother of the Emperor Constantine and her discovery of the cross on which Christ had been crucified) and William Golding's *The Spire*, which we shall look at more closely later.

A fourth type of novel which has attracted English writers in modern times may be described as 'visionary', 'apocalyptic', 'allegorical' or (if one does not like it) 'fanciful'. Such books are not intended to reflect life as it actually is, but as it might be. They range from science fiction, which has now become an enormous literary field in its own right, to moral fables like Golding's *Lord of the Flies*. The English may be (as Napoleon said) a nation of shopkeepers, but when the shops are closed they sometimes become dreamers. It is interesting to remember that the word 'utopia', which in modern English means an ideal country where all is perfect, was first used by Sir Thomas More (1478-1535) as the title of his book in which such a country is described. In the same tradition are the two utopian romances of William Morris (1834-96), *News from Nowhere* and *The Dream of John Ball*.

H. G. Wells (1866-1946) is one of the outstanding figures in modern English literature, not only because of his realistic novels like *Mr Polly* and *Kipps* (both very much in the tradition of Dickens), but also because he was the first great writer of science fiction. Stories like *The Time Machine*, *The Invisible Man* and *The First Men on the Moon* are little more than amusing fancies; but in *The Sleeper Awakes* and *A Modern Utopia* Wells took a serious look into the future. It is interesting to notice how much of what he foresaw has now actually happened. At the same time it is depressing to compare Wells's visions of the future with those of later and less optimistic writers. Wells, it must be remembered, wrote the books I have mentioned before 1914. There had been no Great War, and it was still possible to believe in progress and the perfectibility of mankind.

When Aldous Huxley (1894-1963) wrote *Brave New World* things had changed: 1932 was not a year when one could feel very hopeful about the future, and *Brave New World* was a frightening expression of the fears felt by many thoughtful people—fears of a future in which the only values would be material values, and human beings would be manipulated by scientists and 'planners'. Many of these fears have already become realities. George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (1949) is an even more frightening vision of the future: a world divided into three great power-blocks, Oceania, Eurasia and Eastasia. The first of these (in which Britain has become simply Airstrip One) is controlled by Big Brother; its citizens are watched by the Thought Police and

' brainwashed ' by a language called Newspeak and an educational system based on Doublethink.

In *Facial Justice* (1960), L.P. Hartley gives us yet another terrible picture of a future England: civilisation has been destroyed in a nuclear war, and the new ' civilisation ' is even more terrible than the war itself. It should be explained that neither L. P. Hartley nor Aldous Huxley is a writer who specialises in visionary writing. Both are novelists who have written famous novels of a more realistic kind. Huxley's *Point Counter Point* for example is an important satirical novel which should be read by anyone who wishes to understand the Britain of the 1920s; Hartley's *The Go-Between* (recently filmed) is a moving and rather beautiful story about a young boy innocently caught up in the sexual intrigues of older people.

The writers I have mentioned are only a very few of the important English novelists who have written, or are still writing, in the twentieth century. Some (D. H. Lawrence, Somerset Maugham, H. E. Bates) are mentioned in the chapter on the short story. Others, like Lawrence Durrell, Christopher Isherwood, Nancy Mitford, Iris Murdoch and Angus Wilson, I have unwillingly omitted. I have also had to omit great American novelists like William Faulkner and John Steinbeck and Ernest Hemingway. If he does not know them already, the reader will gradually find them out for himself as his English studies progress. If the present chapter is not to become unbearably long we must now go on to look at the two modern novels I have chosen for more detailed treatment: *Brighton Rock* by Graham Greene, and *The Spire* by William Golding.

Born in 1904, Graham Greene is the son of a former headmaster of a public school (Berkhamsted). At this school he was educated until he went up to Oxford, and it is perhaps not surprising that he found school life difficult. In an essay called *The Revolver in the Cupboard* and in his recent autobiography, *A Sort of Life*, he describes the depressing effect which school life had on him in late adolescence, and how his parents sent him to a psycho-analyst. Release from the ' prison ' of school brought no release from the boredom which troubled him at this time; and even at Oxford (as can be seen in a collection of poems called *Babbling April* published in 1925) he seems to have been very much aware of the uselessness and the evil of life. In 1926 (at this time he was working as a sub-editor on *The Times*) Graham Greene was converted to Roman Catholicism, and this fact has clearly had a deep influence on his thought and his writing. The existence of evil in the world is a fact coolly recognised in Catholic philosophy—recognised and faced, and therefore less terrifying than it is to the ordinary agnostic.

Journeys to Liberia (1935) and Mexico (1938) provided Graham Greene with material for a number of articles and at least two books on those countries, and, much more important, the backgrounds of some of his major works. *The Power and the Glory* is set in Mexico, *The Heart of the Matter* and *A Burnt-Out Case* in Africa. Greene has now written at least twenty books which most of us would call novels, though it is interesting that he uses the word 'entertainment' to describe one or two of them, thus suggesting that he regards the novel as something with a serious purpose, beyond mere story-telling. *Stamboul Train* for instance, written in 1932 and being in many respects a thriller, is called 'An Entertainment', and so is the much later *Our Man in Havana* (1958). Curiously enough however *Brighton Rock*, which we are going to look at a little more closely, is also called (at least in some editions) 'An Entertainment'; and here we may be permitted to wonder whether Greene is merely trying to disarm critics like F.R. Leavis, who are fond of referring to the 'profound responsibility' of the novelist as distinct from the mere 'entertainer'. For *Brighton Rock*, though one may certainly read it as an entertainment, is anything but a superficial book. It is a subtle and horrifying study of evil.

On the surface *Brighton Rock* is something like a crime thriller, its characters being mostly near-criminal figures connected with race-course gangs and set against the colourful background of Whitsun holiday crowds. The central character is a youth called Pinkie Brown (though Greene usually refers to him simply as 'the Boy'), who has become leader of a violent gang consisting of some half-dozen men—all older and more experienced than he, but all dominated by his intense and horrifying will to power. They murder a man called Hale, member of a rival gang; and the action consists of Pinkie's efforts to evade justice, represented partly by the police, and partly (at what I take to be a symbolical level) by Ida Arnold, a jolly, vulgar woman, who 'senses' that Hale has been murdered, though the authorities at first think it is suicide.

At the time of his murder, Hale has been working for a newspaper called the *Daily Messenger*. Under the name of Kolley Kibber it is his job to circulate in Brighton during the holiday season:

> In his pocket he had a packet of cards to distribute in hidden places along his route: those who found them would receive ten shillings from the *Messenger*, but the big prize was reserved for whoever challenged Hale in the proper form of words and with a copy of the *Messenger* in his hand: 'You are Mr Kolley Kibber. I claim the *Daily Messenger* prize.'

Owing to an error in planning, one of Pinkie's gang leaves a Kolley Kibber card on the table in a café, where it is picked up by a young waitress, Rose. Rose has in fact observed a man leaving the card, and believed him to have been the genuine Kolley Kibber, but it becomes clear that at that particular moment Kolley Kibber (Hale) was already dead. Thus it becomes necessary for Pinkie to silence the waitress, and this he does by winning her love, and eventually marrying her.

Pinkie's treatment of the simple and affectionate Rose is one of the most horrifying things in the book. Both of them have been brought up as Catholics in a Brighton slum, and the boy has been permanently harmed by his childhood experiences. Not only is he incapable of friendship or affection, but he has a sick hatred of sex which makes the idea of marriage repulsive to him. Yet he knows that he must go through with it if he is to make certain that Rose will not reveal what she knows about the circumstances of Hale's death. At one point Rose asks him to make a recording of his voice, using a slot-machine near the pier. At first he refuses, but she presses him: 'Perhaps one day you might be away somewhere and I could borrow a gramophone. And you'd speak.' Knowing that he cannot risk breaking with her, he agrees:

> He went to the box and closed the door. There was a slot for his sixpence: a mouthpiece: an instruction, 'Speak clearly and close to the instrument.' The scientific paraphernalia made him nervous: he looked over his shoulder, and there outside she was watching him—without a smile; he saw her as a stranger: a shabby child from Nelson Place, and he was shaken by an appalling resentment. He put in a sixpence and speaking in a low voice for fear it might carry beyond the box he gave his message up to be graven on vulcanite: 'God damn you, you little bitch, why can't you go back home for ever and let me be?'; he heard the needle scratch and the record whir, then a click and silence.

Pinkie's predicament is that of a vulgar little Macbeth, driven further and further into evil by his fear of being discovered. He betrays one of his accomplices, Spicer, to a rival gang, who attack and kill him with razors before turning on Pinkie himself, who escapes. He then plans to rid himself of his child-wife, Rose, by arranging a suicide pact with her, his secret intention being that she shall shoot herself first, and that he will then be free. Such is his influence over the girl that she agrees to this, against her own wish and her own conscience:

She thought: I needn't say anything yet. I can take the gun and then—throw it out of the car, run away, do something to stop everything. But all the time she felt the steady pressure of his will. *His* mind was made up.

They drive to a cliff some way outside Brighton, and park their car, neither knowing that in fact the police are following. The climax of the story has the exciting cinematic quality which Greene often achieves. The police are around them, and Pinkie thinks that Rose and Dallow (a member of the gang) have betrayed him. In his pocket is a bottle of vitriol.

She could see his face indistinctly as it leant in over the little dashboard light. It was like a child's, badgered, confused, betrayed. . .He said: 'You little. . .' he didn't finish—the deputation approached, he left her, diving into his pocket for something. 'Come on, Dallow,' he said, 'you bloody squealer,' and put his hand up. Then she couldn't tell what happened: glass—somewhere—broke, he screamed and she saw his face—steam. He screamed and screamed, with his hands up to his eyes, he turned and ran; she saw a police baton at his feet, and broken glass. He looked half his size, doubled up in appalling agony; it was as if the flames had literally got him and he shrank—shrank into a schoolboy flying in panic and pain, scrambling over a fence, running on.

'Stop him,' Dallow cried; it wasn't any good: he was at the edge, he was over; they couldn't even hear a splash. It was as if he'd been withdrawn suddenly by a hand out of any existence—past or present, whipped away into zero—nothing.

After Pinkie's death Rose is moved to go to confession, and in her conversation with the old priest Greene makes clear the attitude towards evil—the sense of the reality of evil—which, as I have said, is a part of the spiritual and intellectual make-up of many Catholics.

'a Catholic. . .[says the priest] is more capable of evil than anyone. I think perhaps—because we believe in Him—we are more in touch with the Devil than other people. But . . . hope. . .hope and pray.'

Brighton Rock is certainly not a comfortable book, and it ends on a note that is almost agonising. After leaving the priest Rose, feeling

now that she has at least some comfort in the memory of Pinkie's love, and the possibility that she will bear his child, makes her way to his lodgings to find the record of his voice which is now her most treasured possession:

> There was something to be salvaged from that house. . .something else she wouldn't be able to get over—his voice speaking a message to her: if there was a child, speaking to the child. 'If he loved you,' the priest had said, 'that shows. . .' [that there was some good in him]. She walked rapidly in the thin June sunlight towards the worst horror of all.

When *Brighton Rock* was published in 1938 Graham Greene was thirty-four years old. He had already written five other novels, as well as being an experienced and successful journalist. At that time William Golding was twenty-seven; a schoolmaster whose first novel, *Lord of the Flies*, was not to appear until 1954 when he was already forty-three. Superficially it would be difficult to imagine two men more different, and the differences become even more apparent when we read what each has written about his own childhood and early education. The conception and style of their novels too are completely different. Yet both of them as writers are concerned—almost obsessed—with the same problem: the problem of evil.

William Golding was born in 1911, his parents being typical of the poor but educated lower-middle class. His childhood was spent in the quiet country town of Marlborough, where he was educated at the local grammar school. Later he won a scholarship to Oxford, and went up to Brasenose College. He became a schoolmaster and remained unknown to the public until the appearance of *Lord of the Flies*, which revealed him as one of the best and most original novelists of our time. Since then he has written *The Inheritors* (1955), *Pincher Martin* (1956), *Free Fall* (1959), *The Spire* (1964) and *The Pyramid* (1967).

Lord of the Flies is too well known to need any introduction here, though some people have found its title puzzling. It is a translation of the Hebrew 'Beelzebub', applied in the novel to the pig's head, rotting and covered with flies, which becomes the totem, or god, of the boys on their island. The idea of *Lord of the Flies* is that children, far from being innocent and good by nature, are at least half savage. Without guidance and control they would become fully savage. To write a novel in which all the characters are boys between six and thirteen years old is difficult indeed, but Golding has succeeded brilliantly—partly no doubt because of his experience as a teacher of

such boys. It is clear however that the boys on their island represent mankind as a whole: capable of goodness when ruled by law, morality or religion, yet falling back into savagery as soon as this rule is relaxed. For many readers the scene where twelve-year-old Simon is ritually killed by a crowd of children chanting 'Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!' is one of the most horrifying in modern literature.

In *The Inheritors* Golding again limits himself deliberately to characters who show human nature in its most basic and primitive form: men and women of a time long before the dawn of history, struggling towards good, yet defeated by their own nature. The problem of writing about people whose language has not developed beyond the stage of mere noise is one which he accepts and solves with great skill. In *Pincher Martin*, again setting himself a problem which many novelists would find insoluble, he constructs a novel with virtually a single character: a shipwrecked sailor dying alone on a rock in mid-Atlantic. The theme here, and again in *Free Fall*, is the basic evil from which mankind cannot escape because it grows out of mankind's own will.

There are some readers to whom Golding will appear as a deeply pessimistic writer. He belongs, we must remember, to a generation which has lived through two world wars. His sense of the power of evil, like Graham Greene's, is expressed in almost everything he has written; yet (and this is the important point) evil can only be understood because good also exists. This is made clear not only in *The Spire*, which we shall examine more fully in a moment, but in *The Pyramid* which a newspaper critic described as 'Golding's most approachable novel'.

The Pyramid indeed is very far from being the work of a pessimist or a cynic, and it is perhaps significant that Golding dedicates it 'For My Son David'. Although one reads it as a novel, it consists of three 'long short stories', or *novelle*, closely linked because they concern the same people and the same town, Stilbury. Stilbury seems very much like Marlborough in the 1920s and 1930s, and the characters are clearly based on real people known to Golding in those days. There is something almost Dickensian about these characters, and the book has a strong comic element. It should certainly be read by anyone who thinks of William Golding as a gloomy and 'apocalyptic' writer. Even in *The Pyramid* however the conflict between good and evil remains his great theme. This is well seen in the following story, where the 'I' of the story, a boy of eighteen just about to leave school and go to Oxford, has a short-lived affair with the local 'bad girl', Ella. After making love to her, he is deeply shocked when she tells him that

she has for several years been the sexual partner of Captain Wilmot, an unpleasantly sadistic middle-aged man, crippled in the First World War. Evie explains that she was sorry for him. Lying beside her on the edge of a wood just outside the town, the young man sees in the distance his home, with his father and mother in the garden. He is horrified by the contrast between that happy, innocent world and the dark, evil world which Evie has shown him. Momentarily he sees the girl not as a person but as an object—a strange and rather frightening object.

> I looked away from her, down at the town. Made brighter by the shade under the alders, it was full of colour, and placid. I looked at our wall, the bathroom window, the window of the dispensary, our little garden—and there were my parents, standing side by side on the grass. I could see how my father stood, looking down at a flower bed, while my mother bent in her active way from the waist and picked among the flowers. They were too far off for me to recognise them by anything but their surroundings and their movements, my father a dark grey patch, my mother a light grey one. All at once, I had a tremendous feeling of thereness and hereness, of separate worlds, they and Imogen, clean in that coloured picture; here this object, on an earth that smelt of decay, with picked bones and natural cruelty—life's lavatory.

The Spire (1964) is probably less well known than *Lord of the Flies*, and that is why I have chosen to describe it here. It could, I suppose, be catalogued as a historical novel. It is set in the Middle Ages—the period when most of the great cathedrals of Europe were built—and it is clear that Golding did a great deal of research into the social history of the time and the methods used by the builders. As in Golding's other novels however there is an important element of allegory in the book. It is indeed a sort of parable or moral fable which (like *Lord of the Flies*) gives indirect expression to its author's beliefs about the reality of good and evil: the eternal and often fruitful conflict between them.

The central character, Jocelin, is Dean of a great cathedral (probably Salisbury, though Golding does not actually say so) in the twelfth or thirteenth century. Against the advice of the cathedral Chapter (azors b[illegible]committee) Jocelin is determined to build a great spire, [illegible] cathedral's central tower and rising to a height of four [illegible]. Against every kind of difficulty—including his own [illegible] and wickedness and the reasoned opposition of the master-builder, Roger Mason—he drives the work forward, becoming more

and more obsessed with his purpose, more and more convinced that it is also God's purpose. He is expressing this when Roger tries to explain that the work is impossible because there is no firm ground to build on:

> 'Now I'll tell you what no one else knows. They think I'm mad perhaps; but what does that matter? They'll know about it one day when I—but you shall hear it now, as man to man, on this very stump of a tower, up here with no one else to listen. My son. The building is a diagram of prayer; and our spire will be a diagram of the highest prayer of all. God revealed it to me in a vision, his unprofitable servant. He chose me. He chooses you, to fill the diagram with glass and iron and stone, since the children of men require a thing to look at. D'you think you can escape? You're not in my net—oh yes, Roger, I understand a number of things, how you are drawn, and twisted, and tormented —but it isn't my net. It's His. We can neither of us avoid this work. And there's another thing. I've begun to see how we can't understand it either, since each new foot reveals a new effect, a new purpose. It's senseless, you think. It frightens us, and it's unreasonable. But then—since when did God ask the chosen ones to be reasonable? They call this Jocelin's Folly, don't they?'
>
> 'I've heard it called so.'
>
> 'The net isn't mine, Roger, and the folly isn't mine. It's God's Folly. Even in the old days he never asked men to do what was reasonable. Men can do that for themselves. They can buy and sell, heal and govern. But then out of some deep place comes the command to do what makes no sense at all—to build a ship on dry land; to sit among the dunghills; to marry a whore; to set their son on the altar of sacrifice. Then, if men gave faith, a new thing comes.'
>
> He was silent for a while, in the prickling rain, looking at Roger Mason's back. It was my voice that spoke the words, he thought. No. Not my voice. Voice of the devouring Will, my master.'

As the story goes on we learn of certain events which have happened in the more-or-less-distant past: the money for building the cathedral has come from Jocelin's aunt, Alison, who became rich because she was the king's mistress; as a young priest, Jocelin himself has had an affair with a girl, afterwards arranging for her to marry a man called Pangall whose duty it is to clean the cathedral. At the beginning of the story Pangall mysteriously disappears as his young wife is seduced by Roger

Mason. Roger's wife, Rachel, learns of his unfaithfulness, and her jealous rage contributes to the girl's death. The whole cathedral seems filled with evil, symbolised by the great pit which opens up under the half-built spire and threatens to engulf the whole structure in its slime. We are made to feel, as Jocelin himself feels, that devils have taken possession of the place and the great army of men working in it. Yet the work must go on and on, and the spire must grow up and up.

Jocelin's fellow priests—the cautious, worldly-wise men who make up the Chapter—call for the Bishop to enquire into their Dean's 'madness'. By now Mass is no longer celebrated in the cathedral because everyone expects the tower and the spire to come crashing down. The Bishop (acting as the official 'Visitor' of the cathedral) holds his enquiry and questions Jocelin:

> 'Would you agree that the, what is referred to here as "The Rich Fabric of Constant Praise", has been unnecessarily interrupted?'
>
> Jocelin nodded emphatically.
>
> 'It's true. How true it is! So true!'
>
> 'Explain then.'
>
> 'Before we began to build, we sealed off the east end as best we could, and held the services in the Lady Chapel.'
>
> 'It's the common practice.'
>
> 'So at that time the services continued. But later, you see, men felt there was some danger. When the pillars began to sing, and then bend, there was none of the chapter, none of the laity, no one who dared to worship there.'
>
> 'In fact the services of the church came to an end?'
>
> Jocelin looked up quickly and spread his hands.
>
> 'No. Not if you can see—all the complications. I was there, all the time. It was a kind of service. I was there, and they were there, adding glory to the house.'
>
> 'They?'
>
> 'The workmen. There were fewer and fewer of them, of course; but some stayed right to the end.'

The Visitor's enquiry goes on, Jocelin's replies seeming more and more [illegible] (at least by the practical and everyday standards of [illegible]) that he is mad. The great spire which he claims to have [illegible] to the glory of God is the work of men who are no better than criminals:

' . . .These workmen who stayed with you to the end. Were they good men?'

' Oh yes!'

' *Good* men?'

' Very good, very good indeed!'

But papers were being shuffled on the long table. The Visitor took one and began to read from it, in an unemotional voice.

' " Murderers, cutthroats, rowdies, brawlers, rapers, notorious fornicators, sodomites, atheists, or worse." '

' I—No.'

The Visitor was looking at him over the paper.

' Good men?'

Jocelin struck his right fist into the palm of the other.

' They were bold men!'

The story ends with Jocelin's death. From his bed he can see the completed spire pointing calmly towards heaven, yet he is tormented by the thought that it has grown out of human evil, human quarrels, human hatred, ' life's lavatory ' in Golding's own phrase in *The Pyramid*. In a moment of vision he sees the everlasting truth, the truth which (it seems to me) Golding is expressing in almost all his work, the truth which Christians understand in the phrase ' original sin ': ' There is no innocent work. God knows where God may be.'

I must end this chapter with a short explanation to the reader. If he is a beginner in the study of English literature he may be disappointed that I have said little or nothing about some of the greatest novelists: Dickens for example or Henry James or Joseph Conrad or D. H. Lawrence. If on the other hand he has already read widely, he may think that the examples I have chosen for detailed treatment are too obvious. Surely (he may say) *everyone* has read *Jane Eyre* and *Tess* and *Brighton Rock*. Clearly it is impossible to satisfy both types of reader. I must explain however that the amount of space I have given to any particular novelist is no indication of his importance. Dickens for one is so well known to everyone that it would be a waste of space to say much about him here. Richardson and Smollett and Fielding on the other hand are not so well known; yet they are figures of great importance in the history of the novel. If I have said very little about them it is only because their books are unlikely to interest the ordinary modern reader, be he English or foreign. Most of the novels I have [illegible] can be read with enjoyment by anyone who has a good understanding of modern spoken English.

The following list of English novelists is for the general information of the foreign reader. Many of them, if not most, are too difficult

to be read with pleasure by anyone without a very advanced knowledge of English. Others, and especially those marked with a star (*), are comparatively easy, and can be enjoyed by most foreign readers. The particular novels named after each writer are not necessarily his ' best ' or even his most typical, but the ones by which he is most widely known to the ordinary educated Englishman, whether he has read them or not. The sensible thing to do with a novel one finds difficult or boring (whatever language it is in) is to put it away and go on to something one likes better. No novel is worth reading if it cannot be read with enjoyment; but it is important to add that no enjoyment can be got without some effort.

John Bunyan (1628–88): not strictly a novelist, but *The Pilgrim's Progress** and *The Life and Death of Mr Badman* have many of the qualities of the novel.

Daniel Defoe (1660–1731): *Moll Flanders*; Robinson Crusoe**. Many people deceive themselves into thinking that they have read the latter, though in fact they have seen only a children's version.

Samuel Richardson (1689–1761): *Pamela; Clarissa Harlowe; Sir Charles Grandison.* Richardson is sometimes called ' the father of the English novel '.

Henry Fielding (1707–54): *Joseph Andrews*; Tom Jones.*

Lawrence Sterne (1713–68): *Tristram Shandy.*

Tobias Smollett (1721–71): *Roderick Random; Humphry Clinker.*

Oliver Goldsmith (1730–74): *The Vicar of Wakefield**. Goldsmith was not primarily a novelist; he is probably better known for his comedy *She Stoops to Conquer*, and his poem *The Deserted Village.*

Walter Scott (1771–1832): *Kenilworth* is possibly the best novel to start with. Of the less-known ones *Anne of Geierstein* is most readable.

Jane Austen (1775–1817): *Pride and Prejudice*; Persuasion; Northanger Abbey**, which is largely a ' skit ' on the so-called ' Terror School ' of novelists; *Emma*; Sense and Sensibility**.

Thomas Love Peacock (1785–1866): *Nightmare Abbey; The Misfizors b[illegible]phin.* Peacock is an acquired taste; he is quite unlike any W[illegible]rid but guilt, but those of us who admire him are likely to become h[illegible]rite[illegible]no[illegible]

[illegible]rles Reade (1814–84): *The Cloister and the Hearth; Hard Cash.* [illegible] former is a well-known historical romance; the latter is a con-

temporary novel intended in part as an attack on the treatment of the insane in Reade's time.

Charlotte Brontë (1816–55): *Jane Eyre*; Villette*, which is based on her own experiences as a governess in Brussels.

Emily Brontë (1818–48): *Wuthering Heights**.

George Eliot the pseudonym of Mary Ann Evans (1819–80): *Silas Marner*; The Mill on the Floss*; Middlemarch*, a political and sociological novel—not easy without a fair background knowledge of the period; *Adam Bede**.

Benjamin Disraeli (1804–81): *Sybil, or The Two Nations*.

William Makepeace Thackeray (1811–63): *Vanity Fair; The History of Henry Esmond, Esq.*

Charles Dickens (1812–70): the greatest and one of the most prolific of English novelists. *Oliver Twist*; David Copperfield*; A Tale of Two Cities*; Great Expectations**.

Anthony Trollope (1815–82): *Barchester Towers*, one of the several novels which Trollope wrote about life in a cathedral city; *The Prime Minister*, one of his series of political novels; *The Claverings**.

George Meredith (1828–1909): *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel; The Egoist*.

Samuel Butler (1835–1902): *The Way of All Flesh; Erewhon* (see Chapter VI).

Thomas Hardy (1840–1928): *Under the Greenwood Tree*; The Mayor of Casterbridge*; The Return of the Native*; Tess of the d'Urbervilles; The Trumpet Major**. Hardy also wrote the massive epic drama, *The Dynasts* (see page 34).

Henry James (1843–1916): *The Aspern Papers*; The Turn of the Screw**, a long-short ghost story, the basis of the libretto of Benjamin Britten's opera of the same name; *Portrait of a Lady*; Washington Square*; The Spoils of Poynton**. A difficult novelist for inexperienced readers.

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–94): *Kidnapped** is one of several adventure stories in which Stevenson set a pattern followed by many later writers, notably John Buchan. *Weir of Hermiston* [illegible] which he left unfinished and which is said to show that [illegible] would have become a really great novelist had he lived lo[illegible]

George Moore (1852–1933): *Esther Waters; The Brook Kerith*, [illegible] extremely interesting novel about the life and times of Christ.

George Gissing (1857–1903): *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft.* Gissing was a 'sociological' writer in the sense that he was sharply aware of the cruelties and injustices of his time.

Joseph Conrad (1857–1924): *The Nigger of the Narcissus; Lord Jim; The Rover; Youth*; Heart of Darkness*.* A Polish master-mariner who learned English well enough to become a major English novelist.

Herbert George Wells (1866–1946): a master of science fiction for example in *The War of the Worlds; The Time Machine*; The Sleeper Awakes;* and a serious novelist in the tradition of Dickens: *Mr Polly*; Kipps*; Ann Veronica.*

Arnold Bennett (1867–1931): *The Old Wives' Tale; The Clayhanger Family* (a series of novels). A 'regional' novelist who wrote about the Potteries towns and their inhabitants.

John Galsworthy (1867–1933): *The Forsyte Saga.* If it seems too long, the novels which compose it can be read individually. Galsworthy was also a successful dramatist: *Strife; Escape; Loyalties.*

W. Somerset Maugham (1874–1965): *Of Human Bondage; Cakes and Ale*; The Razor's Edge; The Moon and Sixpence*.* (For Maugham's short stories see page 219.)

E. M. Forster (1879–1970): *The Longest Journey*; A Room with a View*; Howards End.*

Virginia Woolf (1882–1941): *Mrs Dalloway; To the Lighthouse.*

James Joyce (1882–1941): (see page 116), *Ulysses; Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.*

David Herbert Lawrence (1885–1930): *Sons and Lovers*; The Man Who Died; The Virgin and the Gipsy*.* The two last are examples of the long-short-story in which Lawrence was, I think, much more successful than in most of his novels.

Aldous Huxley (1894–1963): *Antic Hay; Point Counter Point; Crome Yellow; Brave New World.*

J. B. Priestley (born 1894): *The Good Companions*; Festival at Fair-*
[illegible]
zors [illegible]

[illegible] ves (born 1895): *I, Claudius; Claudius the God; Count [illegible] ing Jesus; Wife to Mr Milton.*

[illegible] Hartley (born 1895): *Eustace and Hilda*; The Go-Between*; [illegible] Justice; The Brickfield.*

Evelyn Waugh (1903–66): *Decline and Fall*; Vile Bodies*; Brideshead Revisited; The Sword of Honour.*

Christopher Isherwood (born 1904): *Mr Norris Changes Trains; Goodbye to Berlin; Sally Bowles.*

Graham Greene (born 1904): *Stamboul Train*; Brighton Rock; The Power and the Glory; Our Man in Havana*; The Heart of the Matter*.*

H. E. Bates (born 1905): *The Purple Plain*.* (For Bates's short stories see page 225.)

Anthony Powell (born 1905): *Afternoon Men; The Acceptance World; At Lady Molly's; The Kindly Ones.*

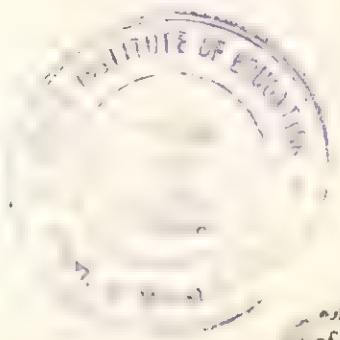
C. P. Snow (born 1905): *The Masters*; The New Men*; The Affair*.*

William Golding (born 1911): *Lord of the Flies*; The Inheritors; The Spire; The Pyramid* (see page 140).

Pamela Hansford Johnson (Lady Snow) (born 1912): *The Humbler Creation; The Unspeakable Skipton.*

Iris Murdoch (born 1914): *The Bell*; A Severed Head; The Sandcastle*; The Unicorn.*

Kingsley Amis (born 1922): *Lucky Jim*; That Uncertain Feeling; Take a Girl Like You.*



CHAPTER SIX

Satire

Nearly everybody is a satirist in a small way: the schoolboy who writes rude words about his teacher; the comedian on television who does a life-like imitation of the Prime Minister; even you and I, sitting in the pub or coffee bar and complaining about the wickedness of the world and the foolishness of our leaders. The real satirist however differs from most of us, both in the strength of his feeling and in having the wit and genius to express it in novel or poem or play. He must have some of the qualities of the moralist or the preacher, and some of the qualities of the clown—because the best way of attacking wickedness and foolishness is by laughing at them.

In this chapter I propose to choose six great English satirists and to say something about the work of each. Two of them are poets: Dryden and Pope; four of them are novelists or prose writers: Swift, Peacock, Aldous Huxley and George Orwell. All six might be called primary satirists in the sense that their chief purpose (at least in the works we shall be studying here) was clearly satirical. We must remember however that much other literature (especially novels) contains elements of satire, even when the writer's chief purpose was non-satirical. Let us look at a few examples before turning to the six major satirists.

Chaucer (see page 34) was too gentle and humane a man to be a great satirist. In general he loved the world and his fellow human beings and saw no reason to attack them; he was himself a government servant and he saw no reason to attack that either. The one thing he hated was the lack of morality of the church, and this he did attack—not bitterly or savagely as Milton might have done, but simply by [illegible] it. In the *Prologue* to *The Canterbury Tales* we are introduced to fewer than seven characters belonging to the church, [illegible] of them, the poor country Parson, is truly good and spiritual; [illegible] rest are either worldly, like the Prioress and the Monk, [illegible] criminal, like the Summoner (an official who summoned people to court) and the Pardoner (a man who sold pardons for sins

on behalf of the Church). Even these however are described in a good-tempered way; Chaucer does not invite us to hate them, but to laugh at them. It might be argued that this sort of light-hearted satire is more effective in the end than the fierce indignation of a Juvenal (a great Roman satirist and poet of the first century) or the bitterness and anger of a Swift (see page 162).

Shakespeare, like Chaucer, is not usually thought of as a satirist; yet there are often satirical touches in his work, and some of the plays are almost wholly satirical. *Love's Labour's Lost* for example, written about 1594 when Shakespeare was a 'brilliant young man' (something like Sir Noel Coward in the 1920s), is an amusing satire on what is now called 'the sex war': there is much fun at the expense of foolishly affected courtiers, and stupid schoolmasters like Holofernes. *As You Like It* satirises various fashionable features of the 1590s. The idea that it is clever to be cynical or melancholy is laughed at in the characters of Jaques and his imitator, Touchstone. So is the belief that there is something specially virtuous about what is called 'the simple life'. Even the extremes of romantic love are shown as being slightly ridiculous: when Orlando talks of dying for love Rosalind tells him he is talking nonsense, 'Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them. But not for love!' Most of Shakespeare's satire is like Chaucer's—amusing and good-tempered. *Troilus and Cressida* however is a bitter attack on the wickedness of human nature. Almost every character in the play is wicked or weak. Greed, brutality and sexual lust or lechery, seem to fill the world—'lechery, lechery, still wars and lechery' as Thersites complains when observing the conduct of his 'betters'—the heroes and leaders on both sides of the Graeco-Trojan war.

Dickens was another great writer who, although not generally thought of as a satirist, often used his influence as a novelist to attack and criticise the social injustices of his time: poverty, bad education, inefficiency in government and law, shocking inequalities of wealth and so on. One of the chief events in *Bleak House* is the never-ending law case between Jarndyce and Jarndyce, which drags on year after year until most of the people concerned are either dead or financially ruined. The terrible slowness with which the law works in England (and no doubt in other countries) has been the subject of much satire, of which this attack in *Bleak House* is the most famous. In *Little Dorrit* Dickens makes a similar, and amusing, attack on the well-[illegible] of [illegible]ness of government officials in his description of the Circ[illegible] Office. Much of this novel is set against the backgrou[illegible] Marshalsea debtor's prison, in which Dickens's father (see [illegible] *Copperfield* as Mr Micawber) had spent some time when Dickens was a

It would be quite possible to continue, mentioning a hundred important English writers whose work contains strong satirical elements, even though they are not primarily satirists. The list would not only include such novelists as Jane Austen, George Eliot, Anthony Trollope, H. G. Wells and William Golding, but comic dramatists from Sheridan to Shaw, and almost every important playwright of the last twenty years.

One other thing which it might be useful to consider before turning to Dryden and the other satirists I have chosen is the question of satirical method: what sort of weapons does the satirist use in his attack on the wickedness and foolishness of mankind?

The simplest weapon is invective, defined in the dictionary as ' a violent attack in words '. Invective is sometimes exchanged between angry motorists after a small accident, or between excited supporters at a football match. Used by the satirist it must of course be controlled by good taste and the law of libel. The latter can sometimes cause serious difficulties to a writer who attacks people who are alive and recognisable, as Aldous Huxley did in *Point Counter Point* in the 1920s, and as Hilaire Belloc (see page 238) did at about the same time in his *Lines to a Don.* It should be explained that ' don ' is a word used in most English universities, and especially in Oxford and Cambridge, for professors and other high-level teachers. The particular don in the poem was a famous historian who had quarrelled with Belloc's friend, G. K. Chesterton (see page 238). Chesterton, a well-known journalist, poet and short-story writer, was the inventor of the priest-detective, Father Brown, a popular character in the 1930s. As a keen Roman Catholic (like Belloc himself) Chesterton had sentimental and romantic ideas about the Church in the Middle Ages. These had been rightly attacked by the don in question (an equally keen Protestant) and Belloc replied with this splendid, if unreasonable, piece of invective. By repeating the short, hard sound of ' don ' over and over again he emphasises his contempt as though with the blows of a hammer:

Remote and ineffectual Don
That dared attack my Chesterton,
With that poor weapon, half-impelled,
Unlearnt, unsteady, hardly held,
Unworthy for a tilt with men—
Your quavering and corroded pen:
Don poor at Bed, and worse at Table,
Don pinched, Don starved, Don miserable;
Don stuttering, Don with roving eyes,
Don nervous, Don of crudities:

Don clerical, Don ordinary,
Don self-absorbed and solitary;
Don here-and-there, Don epileptic,
Don puffed and empty, Don dyspeptic;
Don middle-class, Don sycophantic,
Don dull, Don brutish, Don pedantic;
Don hypocritical, Don bad,
Don furtive, Don threequarters mad;

Nobody would pretend that this is satire at its most serious: it is too personal and too trivial; the sort of thing that a clever schoolboy might write. But it has the spirit and the energy which makes fine invective, and it succeeds (at least for the moment) in making us share the writer's scorn and hate for the don.

Invective is the simplest and most direct of the satirist's weapons; irony is less direct, but no less effective. It is not easy to define irony exactly, but we can begin from the dictionary: 'the expression of one's meaning by language of opposite or different tendency, especially the adoption of another's views or tone.' In ordinary conversation irony is often expressed by a tone of voice: the words 'She's a fine example of a faithful wife' for example can be spoken (by stressing 'She's' and 'fine') in such a way as to mean exactly the opposite of what they seem to mean. In written English an ironical intention becomes clear from the context: if a historian were to write, 'The result of this wise and statesmanlike decision was one of the most destructive wars in European history' it would be clear that 'wise and statesmanlike' was being used ironically. It is generally agreed that Swift, whom we shall be looking at more closely soon, was one of the great masters of irony.

The most important of all the satirist's weapons is his ability to amuse and entertain the reader. Without this satire becomes merely tedious and bad tempered. Many people in the twentieth century have been worried about the possible misuses of science and technology by governments. Historians, sociologists and journalists have written millions of words about it; but by far the most effective warnings have come from imaginative writers like H. G. Wells (1866–1946), Aldous Huxley (1894–1963) and George Orwell (1903–1950). This is because books like *The Shape of Things to Come*, *Brave New World* and *Nineteen Eighty-Four* have been read by millions of people with enjoyment. The best example of all is *Gulliver's Travels*, which one can easily read as a story without realising that it has any satirical intention at all. The books I have just mentioned (we

be returning to them later) are all alike in using the idea of an imaginary state with which the reader is invited to compare the actual England he lives in. They might be described as ' negative utopias ' because they are all in some sense imitations of the original utopia of Sir Thomas More (1478–1535).

More is best remembered now for his gentle and reasoned opposition to Henry VIII in the matter of Catharine of Aragon's divorce. For this he was executed, and is now regarded as a saint and martyr of the Catholic Church. The *Utopia*, first written in Latin, describes an ideal state with freedom of religion, equality for men and women, a universal system of education and common ownership of property. The word More invented for his island of perfection (it is the Greek for nowhere) has now become the common English word for any ideal community. When a politician describes the plan of some other politician as utopian he generally means that it is too idealistic—too good to be practicable. Now the writer of a utopia—whether More himself or Bacon (see page 229) or H. G. Wells—cannot correctly be called a satirist: yet it is clear that any picture of the world as it ought to be must be an unspoken criticism of the world as it is. There is therefore a strong link between the satirist and the inventor of a utopia.

This can be seen in the second book of Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*: the inhabitants of Brobdingnag are not only a hundred times bigger than human beings, but also a hundred times better; so they are deeply shocked at what Gulliver tells them about his fellow-Europeans, concluding that they must be ' the most pernicious race of little odious vermin the Nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth.' It is not usual however for the imaginary world of the satirist to be a utopia: it is much more likely to be what I have called a negative utopia—not a picture, like More's, of how good the world might be, but a warning, like Orwell's, of how bad it might become. Sometimes it is simply a caricature, or a slightly twisted mirror-image, of the world as it already is—like the mirror-image of ourselves with a new dress or a new hair-style which we see unexpectedly in a shop-window. At first we do not recognise it; when we do, we exclaim, ' Good God! Is that really *me*?'

One of the strangest and most interesting examples of a satirist's [illegible]topia is *Erewhon*, by the Victorian writer Samuel Butler [illegible]—who is often referred to as ' Erewhon Butler ', a very [illegible]iter from ' Hudibras Butler ' (1612–80) who wrote the [illegible]em of that name. Butler's intention to write a negative [illegible] is suggested by his title, because (as the reader may have [illegible]ced) ' Erewhon ' is (more or less) ' nowhere ' written backwards.

Judged as a serious work of literature *Erewhon* is probably a failure. It is too long and too confused to hold the reader's interest, and Butler never seems to be quite certain what he is attacking. It is however full of clever and amusing ideas, many of which apply to the England of 1972 almost as much as they did to the England of 1872 when the book was first published. The Erewhonians had for example some interesting ideas about machines, about crime and punishment, and about education and religion.

The most important event in the history of Erewhon had been the revolt against the machines. People had found themselves more and more in the power of machines of all kinds, and the machines had started to develop minds and wills of their own. (The modern reader will immediately think of computers, motor cars and mechanical hearts, lungs or brains.) In the end there had been a revolution, and a general destruction of all kinds of machinery. This was recorded in the book to which Erewhonians attached great importance, *The Book of the Machines*, from which Butler pretends to quote long and rather tedious passages. It is typical of him indeed that his skill in inventing new and original ideas was never quite equalled by his ability in developing them. This makes *Erewhon* a difficult book to read. It can best be enjoyed by those who are good at going through a book quickly without reading all of it.

The Erewhonian attitude to crime was not unlike that of the most enlightened and progressive thinkers of our own times: it was treated exactly as though it were a form of sickness. If a man stole money from his neighbour, or made a cruel attack on some innocent person, he would be sent to bed and treated with great kindness and consideration. Friends would visit him and bring flowers; and the news would go round that poor Mr X was suffering from a bad attack of stealing or assault or whatever crime it was. It would probably also be necessary to send for the ' straightener ', who would suggest the correct kind of medicine or treatment. But if anyone caught a cold, or influenza, he was treated as a criminal: his family would be ashamed, and his friends would avoid him. The same treatment was given to people who suffered from unhappiness or bad luck. Butler describes a visit to the Erewhonian law courts where a young man, after being tried for ' the great crime of labouring under pulmonary consumption ', was sentenced to life imprisonment with hard labour. An equ[illegible] sentence was passed by the Personal Bereavement Cour[illegible] found to have lost a wife to whom he was deeply devoted [illegible] ment used by lawyers and moralists in such cases was t[illegible] clearly intends certain people to suffer sickness and bad luc[illegible] it is the duty of the law to assist Nature in her purposes. It is

altogether clear what Butler meant when he described these strange attitudes towards crime and sickness: if, as seems probable, he wanted to suggest that the treatment of criminals in nineteenth-century England was too soft, one can only wonder what he would think of it today.

Butler had strong opinions about education, which in his time was based almost entirely on the study of Greek and Latin literature. It seemed to him ridiculous (as it seems to most of us now) that young men and women should spend many years in learning to read and write dead languages, not just for pleasure or interest (which would be sensible enough), but because it was thought to ' train the mind ' and to be a good preparation for life. In Erewhon the whole of education was based on what was called the Hypothetical Language, a language which was never actually used, but which everyone who hoped for a good job was expected to know:

> ... The store they set by this hypothetical language can hardly be believed; they will even give anyone a maintenance for life if he obtains a considerable proficiency in the study of it; nay, they will spend years in learning to translate some of their own good poetry into the hypothetical language—to do so with fluency being reckoned a distinguishing mark of a scholar and a gentleman.

The Erewhonian Musical Banks, which Butler described in some detail, were caricatures of the English churches. They were large and splendid buildings where business was done to a musical accompaniment. All respectable Erewhonians liked to be seen visiting a Bank once or twice a week, but the money they kept there was quite different from the money used in ordinary life: they behaved quite differently in the Banks from the way they acted during the week.

The importance of Butler as a satirist is not so much that he himself was a great writer as that the negative utopia of *Erewhon* has had a considerable influence on all later satire. It is full of amusing ideas, and the strange life and character of Butler himself (pictured in his autobiographical novel *The Way of All Flesh*, 1903) is well worth studying by anyone interested in nineteenth-century England. We must leave him now however and turn back to our six major satirists.

[illegible]yden (1631–1700) has already been mentioned (see page 69) [illegible]azors b[illegible]ist. He was one of the most productive of all English W[illegible]id but gu[illegible]ly admired in his own time (he was nicknamed ' Glorious h[illegible]rite[illegible]no[illegible] successful in almost every field of literature. As a keen [illegible]st[illegible] welcomed the restoration of King Charles II in 1660 with [illegible]em called *Astraea Redux*, and afterwards used his poetic genius to

make public comments on the events of the time. In this respect he can be thought of as a poet-journalist—a type of writer unusual in the history of English literature. His *Annus Mirabilis* for example, is a brilliant account in verse of the events of the year 1665–6, which included not only a series of naval battles against the Dutch, but also the Great Fire, which destroyed a large part of London during four days and nights of September 1666.

The most important of Dryden's satires is *Absalom and Achitophel*, which appeared in 1681. Unfortunately, like most of his work, it is not easily understood or appreciated by a reader who is ignorant of the historical events it describes or the names of the people from the Bible he uses. Lord Shaftesbury (Achitophel in the poem) was trying to persuade Parliament, against the wish of Charles II, to prevent the Duke of York from succeeding to the crown on the grounds that he was a Catholic. Shaftesbury's group wanted to ensure that the next king would be Charles's illegitimate son, the Duke of Monmouth (Absalom in the poem). Dryden's purpose was to persuade the reading public that Shaftesbury and his friends were not to be trusted. Disguising his characters under Old Testament names he drew a clever parallel between the situation of Charles II and that of King David, distressed by the rebellion of his son Absalom. The English (disguised in the poem as the Jews) are shown as being endlessly difficult and quarrelsome about religion:

> The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmuring race,
> As ever tried the extent and stretch of Grace:
> God's pampered people whom, debauched with ease,
> No king could govern, nor no God could please:
> (Gods had they tried of every shape and size
> That God-smiths could produce, or priests devise).

Shaftesbury is described in a famous piece of invective as leader of those who opposed the king, and were therefore (in Dryden's royalist eyes) ungrateful and evil men:

> Of these the false Achitophel was first:
> A name to all succeeding ages curst.
> For close designs and crooked counsels fit;
> Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit:
> Restless, unfixt in principles and place;
> In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace.
> A fiery soul, which working out its way

Fretted the pigmy body to decay;
And o'r informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands, to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied;
And thin partitions do their bounds divide:
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?. . .
In friendship false, implacable in hate,
Resolved to ruin, or to rule the state.

Absalom and Achitophel was so popular with the royalist public that Dryden and Nahum Tate (who was famous for altering *King Lear* to give it a happy ending) wrote a second part to it, published in the following year (1682). For the modern reader the whole poem naturally has none of the news-like quality which made it so successful when it first appeared. It can still be enjoyed however (though not without the assistance of notes) as one of the most powerful verse satires in the language. Dryden wrote it when he was fifty years old, by which time he had complete mastery over the kind of verse known as heroic couplets (see page 100). Verse of this sort, which seems to most English ears to be the perfect medium for satirical wit and invective, was also used in Dryden's later satires, *Mac Flecknoe* and *The Medal* (both published in 1682) and *The Hind and the Panther* (1687). This last, although in part satirical, is chiefly a philosophical poem about religion—the Panther being the Church of England, and the Hind the Roman Catholic Church to which Dryden had been converted the previous year.

About the time of Dryden's death in 1700 the next great satirist for us to discuss, Alexander Pope, was twelve years old, living with his parents at Binfield in Windsor Forest, and already suffering from the disability which was to make his life (to use his own bitter phrase) '[illegible] disease'. As a young admirer and imitator of Dryden, Pope [illegible]zors be [illegible]rite in heroic couplets with the same ease and fluency. W[illegible]id but gui[illegible] indeed have said that he wrote *too* easily, and that his h[illegible]rite [illegible]tle of Dryden's strength or energy. We have already seen [illegible] th[illegible] of Pope's other poetry (see page 98), and in this chapter we are concerned only with his satire.

I must say at once that I myself find it difficult to admire or appreciate much of Pope's satire, though I regard him in other respects as one of our greatest poets. I say this (and perhaps the reader will disagree with me) because I think the importance of a satire must depend largely upon the importance of what is being satirised. *Gulliver's Travels* is a great satire because Swift was attacking the wickedness of the whole human race: what Christians call original sin. Swift's modern successors, Huxley and Orwell, were attacking the whole of what is now called western civilisation. Dryden had attacked certain politicians and leaders—the sort of men who, whatever their personal qualities, are able for better or worse to influence the lives of millions of people.

When we read Pope's satire on the other hand we find him attacking individuals of no particular importance (using his genius as a writer to carry on small private wars against inferior writers who had been unlucky enough to annoy him) and so giving undeserved importance to men who would otherwise have been forgotten. Pope's long satirical poem *The Dunciad* for example is a brilliant attack in epic style on the almost forgotten poet and dramatist, Colley Cibber, together with several other writers of even less importance. His *Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot* and his various *Imitations of Horace* are equally brilliant but equally personal (and even trivial) in their choice of subjects. In short when we think of Pope as a ' great ' satirist we are admiring his literary skill—his technical mastery—rather than his moral purpose. I am far from arguing that *all* literature must have a moral purpose, but it seems to me that satire is one kind of literature which can scarcely exist without it. Let me illustrate by quoting some famous lines from Pope's attack on Lord Hervey in the prologue to his *Satires and Epistles of Horace Imitated*. It should be explained that Hervey (Pope called him Sporus or Lord Fanny), together with Lady Wortley Montagu, had published an attack on Pope in which they had referred with truly aristocratic insolence to his ' low ' birth. He therefore had some reason for the anger and hate which inspired the lines:

> Let Sporus tremble—What? that thing of silk,
> Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
> Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
> Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
> Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
> This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings:
> Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
> Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
> So well-bred spaniels civilly delight

In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks:
Or, at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
His wit all see-saw, between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart;
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expressed,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.

Clearly this is a great piece of invective, as good as anything of the kind written in English. But one cannot avoid the question, was it worth writing? Whatever Hervey may have been (and he was by no means as silly or as bad as Pope makes him) he was not worth such an effort of genius. Why should one use an enormously expensive machine to break an egg? Or, as Pope himself asks, 'Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?'

Happily Pope's reputation as a satirist does not depend entirely on the sort of personal attacks we have been talking about. He was also the author of *The Rape of the Lock* (see page 34), a poem which most people would accept as a true masterpiece of light satire—satire, that is to say, which is amusing and good-tempered yet not without an element of serious social criticism. The society we are shown—rich, fashionable and idle—was the smart London society of Pope's time, with the Court at its centre. By writing about it in the elaborate style of the classical epic he reduces it to absurdity. For example the hours spent by the heroine, Belinda, at her dressing-table are described in the sort of language used by the Roman poet Vergil to describe a hero preparing for battle. First she offers a prayer to the Trinity, then, assisted by Betty her maid, she puts on her

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face:
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.

The absence of what would now be called a sense of moral values in the society Pope describes is nicely suggested in the equating of puffs, powders, patches and billet-doux with Bibles. This is a favourite trick with Pope, and always an amusing one. Here for example he refers to the Fates planning the events in the day of a fashionable young woman:

Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail china-jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour or a new brocade,
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball. . .

And here is Belinda's anger when the impudent 'Baron' has cut off the lock of hair which gives the poem its title:

Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th'affrighted skies.
Not louder screams to pitying heaven are cast
When husbands or when lapdogs breathe their last.

The satire in *The Rape of the Lock* is above all cool, witty and detached, so that one sometimes wishes Pope would be *angrier* about the trivial society he describes. Anger alone however is not enough to make good satire, any more than love alone is enough to make a good love poem. It could be argued that a single couplet cleverly composed and neatly placed can be more powerful than whole pages of [illegible] invective, as when Pope describes Belinda's afternoon:

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine.

Not often has the heartlessness of an unjust and unequal society been so neatly and so powerfully expressed.

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745) was a friend of Pope, and a member with him of the Scriblerus Club. This was a small group of writers who enjoyed satirising other intellectuals of the time, and who had invented an entirely imaginary German scholar, Martinus Scriblerus, under whose name some of their work was published. Swift, born and educated in Ireland, spent some of his early life in England, where he had contacts in both the literary and the political worlds. He entered the Church, and eventually became Dean of St Patrick's cathedral in Dublin. Swift's extraordinary life and character are of absorbing interest. Much has been written about his strange love affairs with the women known as Stella and Vanessa, and the madness which darkened the end of his life. In these pages however we can only consider Swift as a satirist—probably the greatest of all satirists to have written in English.

Swift's satirical writing, whether in prose or in verse, is inspired by what seems to be a general hatred of mankind. Yet he was known in life for his kindness to his friends, and his untiring and unselfish work for the sick and poor people of Ireland. It was no doubt their sufferings and his own frustrations which caused him to see the world as a place ruled by criminal lunatics—a place which must inspire horror and hate in the mind of any honest man. Fortunately Swift's moral indignation was equalled by his wit and inventiveness: he was able to tell the most ridiculous stories and make the most outrageous jokes while appearing utterly serious. In 1729 for example, angered by the failure of the English government to help the Irish peasants who were literally dying of hunger, he published the famous *Modest Proposal*. Its full title was *A Modest Proposal for preventing the Children of Poor People from being a Burden to their Parents, or Country and for making them Beneficial to the Public.* In this grimly ironical essay he describes, with every appearance of seriousness, how Irish babies, instead of being allowed simply to die of hunger, might be killed by the butchers and elegantly served at the dinner-tables of the English gentry. Some people of course really believed that Swift meant what he said. The same people had believed, three years earlier, that a book called *[illegible]'s Travels* had really been written by Captain Lemuel Gulliver, [illegible]ned a true account of his adventures.

[illegible]zors b[illegible] *Travels* (surely the most famous of all satires) is the only [illegible] gu[illegible]'s works which we can discuss in any detail here. Published [illegible] no[illegible] e real author's name) in 1726, it contains Captain Gulliver's [illegible] of four separate voyages: first to Lilliput, then to Brobdingnag, Laputa and the land of the Houyhnhnms. By a piece of irony which

Swift himself would certainly have appreciated, this, one of the most powerful attacks ever made against man's wickedness and stupidity, is now thought of by most people as a charming fairy tale for young children. It is quite possible indeed to read the first two books, without realising their meaning, as an enjoyable bit of eighteenth-century science fiction.

The character of Gulliver himself is one of Swift's cleverest inventions: a decent, practical, patriotic Englishman of his time, yet somehow at the same time stupid, credulous and (as his name suggests) gullible (easily deceived). Wherever he goes he is always eager to show his devotion to his own country, and his willingness to bring benefits of civilisation to other less enlightened peoples. For instance in the fourth voyage (to the country of the Houyhnhnms, a highly civilised race of horses who keep some dirty domestic animals called Yahoos, which bear strange resemblances to human beings) he is surprised at his host's ignorance of the art of war as practised in 'civilised' countries:

> I could not forbear shaking my head, and smiling a little at his ignorance. And, being no stranger to the art of war, I gave him a description of cannon, culverins, muskets, carbines, pistols, bullets, powder, swords, bayonets, battles, sieges, retreats, attacks, undermines, countermines, bombardments, sea-fights; ships sunk with a thousand men, twenty thousand killed on each side; dying groans, limbs flying in the air; smoke, noise, confusion, trampling to death under horses' feet; flight, pursuit, victory; fields strewed with carcases left for food to dogs and wolves, and birds of prey; plundering, stripping, ravishing, burning and destroying. And, to set forth the valour of my own dear countrymen, I assured him that I had seen them blow up a hundred enemies at once in a siege, and as many in a ship; and beheld the dead bodies come down in pieces from the clouds to the great diversion of the spectators.

The Houyhnhnms were horrified that 'a creature pretending to reason could be capable of such enormities', but Gulliver continues, quite unashamed, to describe the glories of European civilisation and to offer help and guidance to the astonished Houyhnhnms. In Brobdingnag too Gulliver had described with pride the [illegible] of war and his fellow Europeans, and was deeply shocked when the [illegible] him up and stroking him gently, said:

> 'As for yourself, who have spent the greatest part of your life

in travelling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country. But, by what I have gathered from your own relation... I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that Nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth.'

Nothing if not patriotic, Gulliver thought more than once that it was his duty as an Englishman to colonise the lands he visited; but:

> as those countries which I have described do not appear to have any desire of being conquered and enslaved, murdered, or driven out by colonies; nor abound either in gold, silver, sugar, or tobacco; I did humbly conceive they were by no means proper objects of our zeal, our valour, or our interest.

The character of this self-satisfied traveller is the key to the whole book.

Swift's inventive genius is seen equally in his descriptions of the countries Gulliver visited. 'When we have once thought of big men and little men' (said Dr Johnson, who was no admirer of Swift) 'it is easy to do the rest': but few readers would agree with him. It was not only a question of thinking of 'big men and little men' but of inventing many incidents, amusing in themselves yet capable of carrying satirical meaning. In Lilliput for example the age-old argument between the Bigendian and Littlendian parties concerning the proper method of breaking an egg reminds us of equally silly party and religious disputes in our own time. In Laputa (the third voyage) the activities of the learned 'projectors' in the Academy of Lagado (which Swift probably intended—quite unfairly—as a caricature of the Royal Society) remind us of the doubtful value of much of what passes as science. Among many other learned men there was one who was working on a plan to improve agriculture by cutting out the labour of ploughing:

> The method is this: in an acre of ground you bury, at six inches distance and eight deep, a quantity of acorns, dates, chestnuts, and other mast or vegetables whereof these animals (pigs) are most fond; then you drive six hundred or more of them into the field, where, in a few days, they will root up the whole ground in search of their food and make it fit for sowing;... it is true, upon experiment, they found the charge and trouble very great, and they had little or no crop. However, it is not doubted that this invention may be capable of great improvement.

Even the proper names in *Gulliver* demonstrate Swift's wit: Flimnap, for instance, the Chief Minister of Lilliput, and his colleague Bolgolam; Glumdalclitch, the Brobdingnagian peasant girl who took care of Gulliver and carried him to the capital, Lorbrulgrud; Glubbdubdrib, which was part of the Laputian empire; and of course Yahoo, the name of the savage and filthy animals in the country of the Houyhnhnms.

Almost every later satirist has been influenced by Swift. Negative utopias modelled on *Gulliver's Travels* have included many which are now forgotten, as well as important books like *Erewhon*, *Brave New World* and *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. But no other English writer had observed the nastiness of mankind with such disgust, or attacked it with such anger. His whole life was a literary battle against wickedness and stupidity. Only in death could he lie (in the words of the epitaph which he himself composed for his tomb in St Patrick's cathedral in Dublin) *ubi saeva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit* (where fierce indignation can no longer tear the heart).

Swift was in almost every respect a tragic figure. Thomas Love Peacock (1785–1866) appears as the exact opposite. He had a happy life during which he became a close friend of Shelley and an acquaintance of many other important writers of the time. The spirit of his satire is more like that of Chaucer than of Swift: however much he might laugh at, or complain of, the foolishness of human beings he could never really hate them. No one would claim that Peacock is one of the great names of English literature; but he was an original and entertaining writer particularly important as the satirist of the English romantic period.

Peacock grew up in the air of romantic revival. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley and Byron were the leading poets of his early years, while the novelists were Walter Scott, Jane Austen and (a little earlier) Mrs Radcliffe and 'Monk' Lewis. The last two had developed what is called 'the novel of terror', following in the footsteps of Horace Walpole who had published *The Castle of Otranto* in 1764. This is not the place for a description of romanticism, but there were three things in the romantic view of life which Peacock thought absurd when carried to extremes. The first, found particularly in Coleridge and Wordsworth, was the rather vague philosophical idea of pantheism, which may be described shortly as the belief that God and [illegible] are the same, and that the poet and the thinker should ab[illegible] their inspiration from Nature. The second, perhaps best [illegible] Radcliffe and Scott, was an exaggerated love of the medi[illegible] supernatural, leading sometimes to such fancies as the [illegible] 'Gothic' ruins (Gothic is a medieval style of architecture) to imp[illegible] the picturesque quality of a landscape, or the building of imitation

castles and abbeys, like Scott's own mansion of Abbotsford in Scotland. The third was that 'passion for reforming the world' which Peacock noticed in his more 'progressive' contemporaries, Shelley and philosophers like Godwin, Bentham and J. S. Mill. In fairness to the people he satirised it must be said that Peacock was in some ways old-fashioned and reactionary in his views; more often however he put on a disguise of extreme conservatism so that he could more easily make fun of the excesses of reformers with whom he was largely in sympathy. To Shelley for instance he was a close and valued friend; but this did not blind him to the silliness into which the poet's beliefs sometimes led him.

Peacock wrote his satire in the form of novels; but his novels are very different from what is usually understood by the word. With two exceptions (*Maid Marian* and *The Misfortunes of Elphin*) they are descriptions of rather strange country-house parties, their titles being in each case the name of the house in question: *Headlong Hall*, *Crotchet Castle*, *Nightmare Abbey*, *Gryll Grange* and *Melincourt*. There is little 'story': in each case the owner of the house invites a party of friends to stay with him, and they argue and discuss all through the book, with intervals for eating, drinking and love affairs. Each book has its clergyman and each clergyman (Dr Gaster, the Reverend Mr Larynx, Dr Opimian and Dr Folliot) loves his food, his wine and his quotations from Greek and Latin authors. Scott appears as Mr Chainmail, the medievalist who lives in an imitation castle, dresses his servants in armour and feeds them with oxen roasted whole over enormous bonfires. Byron is Mr Cypress who cultivates romantic melancholy and quarrels with his wife. Coleridge is the philosopher, Mr Flosky, whose philosophy is transcendental—not based on experience but on intuition; or the equally obscure Mr Panscope. Shelley is Scythrop Glowry, with his 'passion for reforming the world' and his inability to choose between the two charming young ladies who are in love with him.

As Peacock is a writer who may be unknown to the reader I would suggest that the best introduction to him would be a reading of *The Misfortunes of Elphin*. This novel is in many ways the most charming and the most typical of all his books, and I propose to say more about it[illegible] chapter on comedy. It shows Peacock as a romantic in spite [illegible]zors b[illegible]ut it also shows his humour at its best. It cannot however [illegible]rid but gu[illegible] described as a satire, and for that reason any further [illegible]hrite[illegible] no[illegible] in this chapter would be out of place. Having read it [illegible] (to be hoped) discovered something of the special 'flavour' [illegible]Pe[illegible]ock gives to his novels, one should go on to *Nightmare Abbey*, which is the best of his satires.

Nightmare Abbey, ' a venerable family mansion in a highly picturesque state of semi-dilapidation ', was the home of a rather melancholy old gentleman, Christopher Glowry Esq. Here he lived (Mrs Glowry being conveniently dead) with his son Scythrop, and the usual large number of domestic servants. These were chosen

> by one of two criterions—a long face or a dismal name. His butler was Raven; his steward was Crow; his valet was Skellet... His grooms were Mattocks and Graves. On one occasion, being in want of a footman, he received a letter from a person signing himself Diggory Deathshead, and lost no time in securing this acquisition; but on Diggory's arrival Mr Glowry was horror-struck at the sight of a round, ruddy face, and a pair of laughing eyes. . .

By various chances a beautiful but tragic young lady, Miss Celinda Toobad, arrives at Nightmare Abbey running away from a cruel father, who had first sent her to be educated in a German convent, and then arranged for her to marry a man she had never seen. Unknown to the rest of the household, Scythrop conceals the lovely ' refugee ' in a secret room, takes food to her, engages her in long philosophical discussions, and finally falls in love with her. Unfortunately he is already in love with Miss Marionetta O'Carroll, who is as gay and lively as Celinda is thoughtful and melancholy. So far as *Nightmare Abbey* has any plot, it is concerned with the solution of this triangle: indeed both ladies finally reject Scythrop and choose other husbands. Scythrop plans suicide, but wisely changes his mind; and the story ends with his very sensible order to Raven, the butler, 'Bring some Madeira'. From this bare outline of the story, which is coloured by ghostly presences, sliding panels, wine drunk from skulls and all the other features of what was called Gothic romance, it will be seen that Peacock was satirising, among other things, one of the literary fashions of the day. Jane Austen had made gentle fun of the same fashions in *Northanger Abbey*.

Chief among the guests at Nightmare Abbey is the philosopher, Mr Flosky, who, as I have said, represents Coleridge. We know Coleridge as the author of *Kubla Khan* and *The Ancient Mariner*, but most of his great intellectual energy was used (or, as some of his readers think, wasted) in the study of philosophy and especially of the German philosopher, Kant (1724-1804). Kant is an extremely difficult writer, and even professional philosophers do not always understand him. Whether Coleridge understood him or not is a question I cannot answer, but in trying to spread Kant's teaching he certainly made

himself incomprehensible to most of his readers. Coleridge had been one of many intellectuals who had welcomed the French Revolution as offering new hope and new freedom to mankind, but (like his friend Wordsworth) he had soon changed his mind. Here is part of Peacock's description of Mr Flosky-Coleridge:

> He had been in his youth an enthusiast for liberty, and had hailed the dawn of the French Revolution as the promise of a day that was to banish war and slavery, and every form of vice and misery from the face of the earth. Because all this was not done, he deduced that nothing was done; and from this deduction, according to his system of logic, he drew a conclusion that worse than nothing was done; that the overthrow of the feudal fortresses of tyranny and superstition was the greatest calamity that had ever befallen mankind; and that their only hope now was to rake the rubbish together, and rebuild it without any of those loopholes by which the light had originally crept in. To qualify himself for a coadjutor in this laudable task, he plunged into the central opacity of Kantian metaphysics, and lay *perdu* several years in transcendental darkness, till the common daylight of common sense became intolerable to his eyes.

There is an amusing chapter in which Marionetta, puzzled by the apparent 'cooling off' of Scythrop's love for her, seeks Mr Flosky's advice. This he gives willingly and at great length, but unfortunately poor Marionetta finds it completely incomprehensible. In the end she loses patience, and says, 'Will you oblige me, Mr Flosky, by giving me a plain answer to a plain question?' 'It is impossible, my dear Miss O'Carroll. I never gave a plain answer to a plain question in my life,' replies Mr Flosky.

Peacock's eldest daughter married the novelist George Meredith (1828-1909) who said that a satirist was 'a moral agent, often a social scavenger, working on a storage of bile'. If this were true Peacock would be no more a satirist than Chaucer, for there is no 'bile' in him, no fierce indignation, only a clear eye for human silliness, softened by kindness, tolerance and humour. Meredith's words are probably true of the really great satirists, but paradoxically it can sometimes be true that a great satirist like Juvenal or Swift is less effective than a writer like Peacock. Hate and contempt are emotions which can easily carry a man away, and once the satirist loses control of his weapons he loses the sympathy of his readers also, and makes himself, not his victims, appear hateful. A scream of anger or hate is certainly not satire; a smile or a joke often is. For this reason there

may be many readers who, unable to accept much of the satire of Pope or Swift, will find Peacock a most amusing and agreeable companion.

The position of Aldous Huxley (1894-1963) in the twentieth century is in some ways similar to that of Peacock in the nineteenth. Both men look with some amusement at the foolishness and wickedness of their times; both paint pictures—comic or despairing—of characters who are, or who might be, the intellectual leaders of those times. If we find in some of Huxley's satire an almost Swiftian disgust which is absent from Peacock's, it is perhaps because Huxley's world included two great wars, a Europe threatened by dictators, mass torture and execution, the starvation of millions of children, and many other horrors which would have seemed impossible in the comparatively reasonable world of Peacock's time.

In his earliest novels, *Crome Yellow* and *Antic Hay*, Huxley was consciously imitating Peacock in his use of 'the novel of talk'. Indeed the former is set in a country house not so very different from *Nightmare Abbey* or *Headlong Hall*, and includes, in the person of Mr Bodiham, a comic clergyman very much like Peacock's comic clergymen. In *Point Counter Point* (1928) Huxley enlarged the Peacockian novel of talk to include not only some violent action but also much real human feeling. Anyone who thinks of Huxley as a dry intellectual should read the tragic description of little Philip Quarles's sickness and death in Chapter 35. *Point Counter Point*, thought by many readers to be the cleverest satirical novel of this century, gives a fascinating picture of certain ideas and people of the 1920s. They belong, like Huxley himself, to the rich upper middle class. If they have not actually been educated, as their creator was, at the smartest public school (Eton) and the most fashionable Oxford College (Balliol), they are almost unbelievably 'cultured', and the lives they lead are comfortable enough. It would be foolish to object to this, just as it would be foolish to object that much modern literature and drama deals only with the working class.

The central figure in *Point Counter Point* is Philip Quarles, a novelist not unlike Huxley himself. Others are clearly recognisable portraits: Mark Rampion of D. H. Lawrence for example and Burlap of the journalist and critic Middleton Murry. Other characters of the novel who appear in various disguises are the painter Augustus [illegible] short-story writer Katherine Mansfield (who married [illegible] Murry); and the rich, immoral and idle 'bright young [illegible] time, disguised under the name of Lucy Tantamount. [illegible] an extremely interesting account of an imaginary fascist movement known as the British Freemen and its leader, Everard Webley. In this

Huxley seems almost to have looked into the future and foreseen the rise of Sir Oswald Mosley's British Union of Fascists in the 1930s. *Point Counter Point* is by no means an easy book for the reader whose native language is not English, but it is an important one in the history of modern literature. It was important too in Huxley's own development as a writer and thinker because it made clear his great admiration for D. H. Lawrence (Rampion is the only truly likeable character in the book); Huxley himself was above all an intellectual, but his friendship with Lawrence taught him not to overvalue the intellect as against the emotions.

Brave New World (published in 1932) is the most popular of all Huxley's books. It has the attraction of science fiction added to serious discussion of problems which seem far more immediate now than they did forty years ago when the book was written. As a 'negative-utopian' view of the future, *Brave New World* is indeed frightening; the more so because so much of what the author foresaw has already happened, or is about to happen: the fertilisation of human eggs in laboratories; the placing of human beings in classes according to their intelligence; the smiling omnipotence of 'controllers' like Mustapha Mond; the destruction of religion; the use of sexual 'freedom' to drug people into accepting the absence of other, and more important, freedoms—all these Huxley predicted forty years ago. Regardless of his warnings, and those of other intelligent people, civilisation continued its technological advance (Peacock had often referred ironically to the 'march of progress'), and not until now, almost ten years after Huxley's death, have we started to realise the dangers that threaten us. *Brave New World* is so well known that there is no need for me to say more about it here. Instead I shall describe another, less well known, of Huxley's satirical novels. Readers who have not read *Brave New World* however should be reminded that the book cannot be properly understood without some knowledge of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, from which Huxley borrowed very much more than his title (from Miranda's comment on the first human beings, apart from her father, she had ever known):

> O, wonder!
> How many goodly creatures are there here!
> How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
> That has such people in't!

I have chosen *After Many a Summer* (1939) for more detailed description because it is less well known than *Brave New World*, yet is in some

respects a better novel. Like *Point Counter Point* it is a mixture of satire and philosophical discussion, held together by a good story which might be described as a horror thriller. Unlike the earlier novel however its characters are not (as far as I know) intended as portraits or caricatures of particular people.

The chief character, through whose eyes we see most of the story, is an English literary man named Jeremy Pordage. He is invited to California by an American millionaire, Jo Stoyte, who has recently bought a great quantity of historical papers and documents from two old ladies in England—believed to be the only remaining members of the old and noble English family of Hauberk. From Los Angeles Jeremy is taken in Mr Stoyte's enormous car to the fantastic Gothic castle in which the millionaire lives with his army of servants; his personal physician, Dr Obispo; and his mistress Virginia, a beautiful young woman, oversexed and with little intelligence, who is carrying on an affair with Dr Obispo.

On the way to the castle Stoyte's negro chauffeur drives through Hollywood and points out the houses of the 'stars' of that time: Harold Lloyd, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford. He also shows Jeremy the 'Beverly Pantheon'—the magnificent and very expensive cemetery from which Jo Stoyte has made most of his money. Huxley clearly enjoys describing this extraordinary place (which, by the way, probably gave Evelyn Waugh the idea for his novel *The Loved One*, which also satirises the American funeral industry):

> An hour later, they were on their way again, having seen everything. Everything. The sloping lawns, like a green oasis in the mountain desolation. The groves of trees. The tombstones in the grass. The Pets' Cemetery, with its marble group after Landseer's 'Dignity and Impudence'. The tiny Church of the Poet—a miniature reproduction of Holy Trinity at Stratford-on-Avon complete with Shakespeare's tomb and a twenty-four-hour service of organ music played automatically by the Perpetual Wurlitzer and broadcast by concealed loudspeakers all over the cemetery.
>
> Then, leading out of the vestry, the Bride's Apartment (for one was married at the Tiny Church as well as buried from it)—the Bride's Apartment that had just been redecorated [illegible] chauffeur, in the style of Norma Shearer's boudoir [illegible] *Antoinette*. And, next to the Bride's Apartment, [illegible] black marble Vestibule of Ashes, leading to the Cre[illegible] where three super-modern oil-burning mortuary furnaces were always under heat and ready for any emergency.

Accompanied wherever they went by the tremolos of the Perpetual Wurlitzer, they had driven next to look at the Tower of Resurrection—from the outside only; for it housed the executive offices of the West Coast Cemeteries Corporation. Then the Children's Corner with its statues of Peter Pan and the Infant Jesus, its groups of alabaster babies playing with bronze rabbits, its lily pool and an apparatus labelled The Fountain of Rainbow Music, from which there spouted simultaneously water, coloured lights and the inescapable strains of the Perpetual Wurlitzer. Then, in rapid succession, the Garden of Quiet, the Tiny Taj Mahal, the Old World Mortuary. And, reserved by the chauffeur to the last, as the final and crowning proof of his employer's glory, the Pantheon itself.

Having arrived at Stoyte's castle, Jeremy Pordage settles down to work on the Hauberk Papers, which fill several large boxes. He has many conversations with Dr Obispo who, with his young assistant Pete, is doing research into possible ways of prolonging human life. The research is naturally paid for by Stoyte who, at the age of sixty is becoming more and more afraid of death. One day Pordage finds among the Hauberk Papers the diary of an eighteenth-century member of the family, the Fifth Earl of Gonister. From this it appears that the Earl too had been interested in prolonging human life, and had discovered that it could be done by eating the liver of carp—fish which are known to live for as long as two hundred years. Pordage and Dr Obispo are extremely excited by this discovery, and decide to go to England in the hope of getting more knowledge about the Fifth Earl. About this time however there is a tragedy in the castle.

Young Pete, Obispo's assistant, has fallen in love with Virginia. As the lady is already very busy with her affair with Obispo and her obligations to the millionaire, she has no time for Pete, and insists that they remain 'just good friends'. Stoyte however, believing that Pete, not Obispo, is Virginia's secret lover, shoots the young man. Dr Obispo certifies that the death has been caused by heart failure, and persuades Stoyte and Virginia to go to England with him and Jeremy Pordage. The story ends with a dramatic and horrible scene in which the four of them find the fifth Earl of Gonister, still alive after two hundred years, in an underground room at the family [illegible] Surrey. With him is another ape-like creature, apparently a normal human of similar age. The two of them fight and make horrible noises, watched in fascinated horror by three of the visitors from the world above. Only Dr Obispo is unshaken. Indeed he seems to regard the creatures with amusement rather than disgust:

The doctor exploded into even noisier merriment.

Mr Stoyte seized him by the shoulder and violently shook him.

'Who are they?' he demanded.

Dr Obispo wiped his eyes and drew a deep breath; the storm of his laughter was flattened to a heaving calm. As he opened his mouth to answer Mr Stoyte's question, the creature in the shirt suddenly turned upon the creature in the ulster and hit out at her head. The palm of the enormous hand struck the side of the face. The creature in the ulster uttered a scream of pain and rage, and shrank back out of the light. From the shadow came a shrill, furious gibbering that seemed perpetually to tremble on the verge of articulate blasphemy.

'The one with the Order of the Garter,' said Dr Obispo, raising his voice against the tumult, 'he's the Fifth Earl of Gonister. The other's his housekeeper.'

'But what's happened to them?'

'Just time,' said Dr Obispo airily.

'Time?'

'I don't know how old the female is,' Dr Obispo went on. 'But the Earl there—let me see, he was two hundred and one last January.'

From the shadows the shrill voice continued to scream its all but articulate abuse. Impassibly the Fifth Earl scratched the sore on his leg and stared at the light.

It will be seen from this very short summary that *After Many a Summer* is a strange and exciting story. But it is very much more than this, because it contains Huxley's thought about some of the great problems of human life.

Its central character indeed is one I have not yet mentioned: the old Englishman, Mr Propter, who lives near Stoyte's Californian castle and devotes his life to helping the poor labourers who work for brief periods in the orchards and vineyards. Mr Propter takes no part in the action of the book, but fills almost half of it with his talk. Much of this talk expresses Huxley's own views of the grossly materialistic 'consumer society' of America at the time the book was written: a society which is now widespread in what we call the Free World, and which is well represented by the figure of Jo Stoyte, [illegible] model of the 'successful' man. The tragic thing about [illegible] lism is that it touches and corrupts the very people and [illegible] might be expected to fight against it: religion, philosophy, and [illegible] education—all depend on money, and the money is made by people like Jo Stoyte. We will leave *After Many a Summer* with a quotation

from one of Mr Propter's conversations with Jeremy Pordage and the young scientist, Pete, who is worried because his research work has to be paid for with Jo Stoyte's money:

> 'All money's pretty dirty,' said Mr Propter. 'I don't know that poor Jo's is appreciably dirtier than anyone else's. You may think it is; but that's only because, for the first time, you're seeing money at its source—its personal, human source. You're like one of these city children who have been used to getting their milk in sterilised bottles from a shiny white delivery wagon. When they go into the country and see it being pumped out of a big, fat, smelly old animal, they're horrified, they're disgusted. It's the same with money. You've been used to getting it from behind a bronze grating in a magnificent marble bank. Now you've come out into the country and are living in the cowshed with the animal that actually secretes the stuff. And the process doesn't strike you as very savoury or hygienic. But the same process was going on, even when you didn't know about it. And if you weren't working for Jo Stoyte, you'd probably be working for some college or university. But where do colleges and universities get their money from? From rich men. In other words, from people like Jo Stoyte. Again it's dirt served out in sterile containers—by a gentleman in a cap and gown this time.'
>
> 'So you figure it's all right for me to go on like I am now?' said Pete.
>
> 'All right', Mr Propter answered, 'in the sense that it's not conspicuously worse than anything else.'

Huxley's strength as a satirist lies in the fact that he is also a true novelist—a novelist, that is to say, who writes about real people in real human situations. Even in his most purely satirical book, *Brave New World*, we feel that Bernard Marx and John 'the Savage' are human beings: indeed it is the contrast between their humanity and the inhumanity of the world in which they find themselves that gives the satire its point.

With George Orwell (1903-50) we are not dealing with a great novelist but with a writer who was primarily a journalist and essayist. Avid but guilty as he did in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, to use the form of the novel for one of his most important books, it was not because he was particularly interested in the true novelist's field of human character and human relations, but because he wanted to express his fears about totalitarian politics in the most readable and effective way. He was

indeed a propagandist (in the best sense of the word) and not a novelist at all. We shall return to *Nineteen Eighty-Four* in a minute, but first let us look at Orwell in a more general way.

Eric Blair, who later became known by the pen name of George Orwell, was born in India, where his father was a minor official in the Indian customs. Like Huxley, though some ten years later, he went to school at Eton. He was however a scholarship boy, and consciousness of his own comparative poverty seems to have made him unhappy as well as encouraging his left-wing political opinions. These were strengthened by the five years he spent in Burma in the Indian Imperial Police Force, from which he resigned in 1927. Returning to Europe he lived for the next few years in Paris and London—a period of his life which he describes in *Down and Out in Paris and London* (1933). In 1936 he went to Spain and fought on the side of the socialist government in the Civil War. He was wounded, and returned to England bitterly disillusioned both by Franco's victory and by what he had seen of the muddle and corruption on the socialist side. He continued to believe in social democracy, but no longer had much confidence in any party. Indeed it was now clear to him that there was little to choose between fascist dictatorship on the one hand, and communist dictatorship on the other. During the Second World War he became well known as a journalist and essayist, but it was not until 1945 that he won almost world-wide fame with *Animal Farm*. This little book (which Orwell described in a sub-title as *A Fairy Story*) must be considered one of the great satirical works of the twentieth century. It is too well known to need any description here. Its strength lies in its very simplicity—a reminder that the most effective satire is often (like *Gulliver's Travels* and some of the fairy stories of Hans Andersen) so cleverly ironic that less intelligent readers imagine it to be childish.

Orwell's last work, which I shall describe in a little more detail for the benefit of those who have not yet read it, was *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (published in 1949). Unfortunately Orwell did not live to see the success of the television and film versions of this frightening piece of satire—a negative utopia intended as a warning that no modern society (not even an English-speaking one!) can afford to shut its eyes to the dangers of totalitarianism. It is interesting to note that Anthony A. Thompson's book on totalitarian trends in Britain and America not only has the title *Big Brother in Britain* [illegible] but also quotes a remark by Orwell himself, explaining [illegible] *Nineteen Eighty-Four* in England, and not in Germany or [illegible] emphasise that the English-speaking races are not innately better than anyone else and that totalitarianism, *if not fought against*, could triumph anywhere'.

1984 is the year in which Orwell's story is set. By that time the world is divided between three great powers, Eurasia, Eastasia and Oceania. England is a part of Oceania, and has been renamed Airstrip One. Everything in Oceania is controlled by the Party, and the Party is personified in the figure of Big Brother. No one is certain whether or not Big Brother actually exists, but enormous portraits of him look down from every wall, with the reminder 'Big Brother Is Watching You'. Society is divided into Party Members, who wear blue overalls and do all the intellectual work, and Proles, who do the physical work. Unlike Huxley's Gammas in *Brave New World*, the Proles are ordinary human beings not very different from the working classes today, but they are not allowed or expected to have any democratic power, or to take any interest in political affairs. They are told what to think by the Ministry of Truth, and controlled by the Thought Police and the Ministry of Love:

> They were born, they grew up in the gutters, they went to work at twelve, they passed through a brief blossoming-period of beauty and sexual desire, they married at twenty, they were middle-aged at thirty, they died, for the most part, at sixty. Heavy physical work, the care of home and children, petty quarrels with neighbours, films, football, beer, and, above all gambling, filled up the horizon of their minds.

It was not difficult to control the Proles; indeed there was no need to control them because they offered no possible threat to the Party's power:

> In all questions of morals they were allowed to follow their ancestral code. The sexual puritanism of the Party was not imposed upon them. Promiscuity went unpunished, divorce was permitted. For that matter, even religious worship would have been permitted if the proles had shown any sign of needing or wanting it. They were beneath suspicion. As the Party slogan put it: 'Proles and animals are free.'

Party members were much less free: indeed their thought was controlled by the Thought Police, and any breaking away from the principles of Ingsoc ('English Socialism') might result in the [illegible] of the 'thought-criminal'. In other words he would simply disappear, as opponents of Stalin often did in Russia. The hero of the book, Winston Smith, actually escaped vaporisation, as we shall see, but the price he paid was a heavy one. The most

important principle of Ingsoc was that truth and history could be changed at the wish of the Party:

> The past is whatever the records and the memories agree upon. And since the Party is in full control of all records, and equally full control of the minds of its members, it follows that the past is whatever the Party chooses to make it.

So it was believed by everybody that English people in the 1960s were the slaves of evil men called capitalists; that children worked twelve hours a day in coal-mines and factories; that families were so poor that they had no shoes for their feet; and that every capitalist had the right to sleep with any of the women who worked in his factories. All this had of course been changed by the Ingsoc Revolution. People had learned the philosophy of Doublethink ' the power of holding two contradictory ideas in one's mind simultaneously, and accepting both of them '. They were also learning the new language, Newspeak, which it was hoped would entirely replace Oldspeak (ordinary modern English) by the year 2050.

> ' The purpose of Newspeak... ' [wrote Orwell in an amusingly detailed ' Appendix ' to *Nineteen Eighty-Four*] ' was not only to provide a medium of expression for the world-view and mental habits proper to the devotees of Ingsoc, but to make all other modes of thought impossible. It was intended that when Newspeak had been adopted once and for all and Oldspeak forgotten, a heretical thought—that is, a thought diverging from the principles of Ingsoc—should be literally unthinkable, at least so far as thought is dependent on words.'

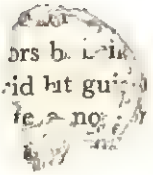
It must be admitted that Newspeak could have a certain attraction for those who find English difficult to learn: for example every word could be made negative by the prefix ' un ' or strengthened by the prefixes ' plus ' or ' double plus '. So the word ' warm ' was unnecessary, one simply said ' uncold '. ' Very cold ' became ' pluscold ', and ' extremely cold ' became ' double pluscold '.

Orwell's Airstrip One is described in as much detail as [illegible] Laputa or Butler's Erewhon. But the story of *Nineteen* [illegible] is quite simple, and extremely frightening. Winston Smi[illegible] good Party member, finds himself troubled by memories of [illegible] by doubts about Big Brother and the whole philosophy of Ingsoc. To make matters worse he has a love affair with another Party member, Julia. The two of them therefore are guilty of both ' thoughtcrime '

and ' sexcrime '. They are arrested by the Thought Police, and Part Three of the book describes in terrifying detail how Winston is interrogated by Party agents. At first he is able to resist, but in the end he is taken to the terrible Room 101, where he has to face ' the worse thing in the world'. I shall not tell the reader what this was because I hope he will read the book for himself. Winston's resistance breaks, and he finds himself doing the one thing he had vowed never to do: betraying Julia,

> ...he was shouting frantically, over and over. ' Do it to Julia! Do it to Julia! Not me! Julia! I don't care what you do to her. Tear her face off, strip her to the bones. Not me! Julia! Not me!

Reading the work of satirists, and especially of modern satirists like Huxley and Orwell, we are reminded of something which I mentioned in Chapter I, namely the fact that literature often (though not always) has a *moral* purpose. It is possible to read *Brave New World* or *Animal Farm* or *Nineteen Eighty-Four* simply for entertainment. Indeed that is how we generally do read such books. Beyond mere entertainment however is the moral effect they have upon millions of readers. After reading them we can never again shut our eyes to the dangers which threaten the modern world. A great satire can often do more practical good than a hundred speeches by good democratic politicians, or a thousand sermons by well-meaning preachers.



CHAPTER SEVEN

Comedy: The Light and the Dark

In ordinary conversational English the words comedy and comic are used for anything that is funny or laughable. An uneducated person who goes to the theatre to see (for example) Shakespeare's *A Winter's Tale*, which is described as a comedy, may reasonably complain that it is not funny at all, and that the money he has paid in expectation of a good laugh has been wasted. He would be even more disappointed by the absence of good laughs in Dante's *Divina Commedia*. The truth is of course that we use the word comedy in different and confusing ways. When we speak of *a* comedy we generally mean a play which has a pleasant atmosphere and a happy ending. It may not actually make us laugh, but it must at least be amusing or entertaining—perhaps even satirical, for it is clear that satire and comedy are closely related. Comedy in the more general or abstract sense however is found in other forms of literature. It is found for example in much of Chaucer's poetry; it is found in works as different as those of Dickens and P. G. Wodehouse (born 1881); it is found, happily for all of us, in the events of everyday life.

In this chapter I want to use the word in both senses. I shall not only try to point out some of the important features of English stage comedy from medieval times to the London theatre of the 1970s but also to say something about comedy in poetry and the novel. First however let us think a little about the nature of comedy in the very widest sense.

Much has been written about the philosophy of laughter; yet most of us would find it hard to explain why we laugh at all. Wives and certain people and certain situations always seem funny. Fathers-in-law and mothers-in-law for example seem to have been figures of fun even to the Roman comic dramatist Terence (190-159 B.C.) wrote a play called *Hecyra* (*The Mother-in-Law*). An old man with a young wife can always be seen as a comic figure, especially if the wife makes a fool of

him by choosing a lover who is young, handsome and clever. One might think that only the most diseased mind would find anything comical in the mistakes and difficulties of a blind man, yet Shakespeare in *The Merchant of Venice* did not hesitate to make fun of Old Gobbo's blindness. In eighteenth-century London one of the most popular amusements was to visit Bethlehem Hospital (or Bedlam, as it came to be called) in order to watch the odd behaviour of the lunatics there. It is well known that small children, especially small boys, can be extremely cruel in laughing at those who have some physical peculiarity. Most people, whether children or adults, know quite well that such laughter is unkind. The better side of their nature tells them that mothers-in-law, deceived husbands, blind men, lunatics and people with big ears are often very nice people—people who deserve sympathy rather than laughter. Laughter, it must be admitted, is often cruel; and it may be that the purpose of comedy is to supply us with imaginary objects on which to exercise our cruelty, without harming others and without shocking our own moral sense. I should feel very guilty about laughing at my poor old friend, Mr Dodder, whose young wife is having an affair with that clever journalist who writes for the Sunday newspaper, *The Observer;* but I can laugh as much as I like at the stupid old husband in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale* (see page 39) without any feeling that I am behaving badly. So it may be that Aristotle's theory of *catharsis* (see page 51) applies to comedy as well as tragedy.

Another theory of laughter suggests that it is an expression of pleasure and thankfulness at one's own comparative good luck. To laugh at a very fat woman is to express one's own satisfaction at not being a very fat woman. There is, as the French writer and novelist, La Rochefoucauld, said, something not unpleasing in the misfortunes of our best friends. If we laugh at such misfortunes it is because we ourselves are happy to be free of them. I do not wish to say that laughter is always and necessarily cruel or selfish: in English we sometimes make a distinction between laughing *at* somebody and laughing *with* somebody. The really great comic characters in literature—Cervantes's Don Quixote, Shakespeare's Falstaff, Dickens's Mr Pickwick—are basically lovable: we may laugh *at* them, but we also laugh *with* them. Generally however we must agree with Lady Sneerwell in Sheridan's *The School for Scandal* that ' there's no possibility of being witty without a[illegible] b[illegible]nature...'

A brief history of comedy would have to begin with the ancient Greek *comos* (revel), and the satyr plays which, in classical times, were performed as a kind of comic relief immediately following the performance of a tragic trilogy (see page 50). Out of these grew the comedy of Aristophanes (448-380 B.C.), generally satirical in tone, and

still very much alive when performed in translation today. Menander (340-292 B.C.) developed the so-called New Comedy, which was imitated by the Latin dramatists Plautus (254-184 B.C.) and Terence (190-159 B.C.), and which resembled what was called the Comedy of Manners some eighteen centuries later. The true origin of *English* comedy however is to be found in the mystery plays and miracle plays of the Middle Ages.

Mystery and miracle plays were based on Biblical stories or the lives of the saints. They were performed in most large towns, generally on the feast of Corpus Christi (the Thursday after what we call Trinity Sunday, hence falling generally in June). It was usual for a whole cycle of plays to be done during the day, beginning with the story of Adam and Eve, and ending with Christ's crucifixion and resurrection. The actors were members of the various trade guilds or associations, and they performed on heavy wagons known as pageants. These pageants usually had three stages, one above the other, representing Heaven, Earth and Hell. At various important points in the town there were stations, where the pageants stopped in turn, each presenting its own particular play at each station. Thus the citizen and his family, settling themselves for the day at any one station, were able to enjoy the whole cycle without moving. It happens that four practically complete cycles of mystery plays still exist—those of Chester, Coventry, York and Wakefield. We know therefore exactly what these medieval plays were like, and one of the most surprising things about them is the amount of comedy or farce which they contain. The very word farce means stuffing or padding, and was first used to describe the amusing but irrelevant characters and events which found their way into these basically religious plays.

Anyone who studies the medieval sculpture in a great Gothic cathedral will be surprised at first by the odd mixture of figures—saints and kings side by side with devils and clowns, holy ladies next to gossips and fishwives. It is the same in the miracle and mystery plays. In the York play of Noah's Flood for instance much comic relief is provided by Noah's wife, who refuses to leave her 'gossips' and go into the Ark as the waters rise. In the end she is forced in by her three sons. Noah pulls her in, saying, 'Welcome, wife, into this boat.' She replies by giving him a smart blow on the ear: 'And have thou *that* for thy mote!' (Mote here means speech or argument.) One of their favourite comic character was Mak the sheep-stealer in the Towneley and Wakefield Shepherds' Play. While the shepherds are listening to the news of Christ's birth, Mak manages to steal one of their sheep. On their way to Bethlehem the shepherds call at Mak's cottage, where Mrs Mak is admiring her newly-born child in its cradle. One of them

notices that the baby's face is rather strange, and they soon find that it is in fact no baby, but the stolen sheep. The play ends with Mak being thrown about in a blanket as punishment, and the shepherds going on their way to the manger. There are many examples of similarly comic scenes occurring in plays which are otherwise deeply religious, and one cannot fail to be impressed by the happy way in which the two elements are mixed to create drama that is not only reverent, but often truly poetic.

Three of the most popular characters in the mystery plays were King Herod, the Devil and the Vice. Herod was always shown as a comically angry tyrant, his rage after learning of the escape of the Holy Family into Egypt being one of the highlights of the Christmas plays. ' Here Erode ragis in this pagond and in the strete also ' says a stage direction in one of them, making it seem probable that there was a good deal of clowning and noisy behaviour between actor and audience. The Devil wore an ugly mask (in contrast to the face of God, which was generally gilded) and was given long finger-nails. He was accompanied by the Vice—a sort of lesser devil who danced around him, and pretended to threaten him with a wooden sword. It is to this that Shakespeare refers in *Twelfth Night* when he makes Feste, the clown, sing:

I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who with dagger and lath,
In his rage and his wrath
Cries Ah, Ah! to the Devil
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, goodman devil.

What seems at first to be merely nonsense is in fact a clear reference to [illegible] which would have been known to most of Shakespeare's audience. 'Pare thy nails, dad!' is clearly a popular joke about the long nails of the Devil. The Vice was to play a long and important part in the history of European comedy. He reappears in England as the Shakespearean clown—often a clever amusing commentator on the other actors and events in the play.

To offer a history of English comedy, even in the barest outline, would be impossible in a single chapter. Instead I shall describe the five chief types of comedy which have generally been recognised by historians and critics, and mention a few examples of each. This means that we shall not be able to look at our subject in strict chronological order. This is probably a good thing since this is not a book of literary history, but a book about living literature, and the comedies of Charles II's time (or even of Aristophanes's time) are no more and no less living than the best comedies on the London stage of the 1970s. The five types I refer to are 'romantic comedy', the 'comedy of humours', the 'comedy of manners', 'sentimental comedy', and what is called 'black' or 'dark' comedy.

Romantic comedy is the most popular of all forms of entertainment. Perhaps the best way of describing it is to mention five highly successful examples produced during the last four hundred years: Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* (about 1600), Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* (1773), Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest* (1895), Shaw's *Pygmalion* (1913) and Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit* (1941). These are all very different plays, but they have one thing in common, namely a pleasant mixture of love and laughter. Since (we are told) it is love and laughter that make the world go round, the popularity of romantic comedy is not difficult to explain.

The earliest English romantic comedy is probably *Ralph Roister Doister*, written by a headmaster of Westminster School and first acted by the boys there in about 1554. The author, Nicholas Udall, was consciously imitating Plautus and Terence. Some twelve years later another famous comedy, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, was produced at Christ's College, Cambridge: the authorship of this play is doubtful, but like *Roister Doister* it is farcical and has a love interest. In 1594 there appeared *The Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* by Robert Greene, setting the pattern which was to be followed by most of the Elizabethan dramatists who attempted comedy, namely a pattern of farcical qualities with dialogue in prose, mixed with a theme of love and romance expressed in verse. Friar Bacon and his assistant, Friar Bungay, were magicians who made a brass head which was supposed to talk. This and other demonstrations of their magic provide plenty of good-natured foolery. The love theme is supplied by the competition between the Prince of Wales (later Edward I) and Lord Lacy for the love of fair Margaret of Fressingfield.

It was Shakespeare who carried romantic comedy almost to perfection, especially during the period 1594-1600, with *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*, which are too well

known to need any description here and may well be taken as examples of romantic comedy at its best.

Comedy of this kind depends a good deal on contrast: in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* for example the Theseus-Hippolyta story and the moonlight mistakes of the lovers would probably seem tedious and sentimental if it were not for the foolery of Bottom and his friends; and the latter might seem crudely farcical if not lightened by the poetry and romance of the lovers. The story of Titania and the 'changed' Bottom makes a link between the two worlds, and might well be taken as an emblem or symbol of all comedy of this kind. It is well known that Shakespeare, as a practical playwright, had to please two quite separate groups in his audience—the courtiers, students and men-about-town on the one hand, and the ordinary people, many of them quite uneducated, on the other. The educated part of the audience liked fine poetry, romance and touches of satire. The others preferred farcical humour and good-natured clowning of a kind which clever people might despise. 'This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard', says the aristocratic Hippolyta on seeing Bottom's play; and one has the impression that Shakespeare himself is apologising to the educated half of his audience. Times change however and few modern audiences, however educated, fail to enjoy the clowning. It is interesting to note that the last three of Shakespeare's comedies, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*, designed for private performances rather than the public playhouse, have less farce and more poetry and romance than his earlier comedies. Indeed if we use the word in its modern sense they are scarcely comedies at all.

Other writers of romantic comedy in Shakespeare's time were Beaumont (1584-1616) and Fletcher (1579-1625) who worked together in writing a number of such plays; and Thomas Dekker (1570-1632). Dekker stressed the humorous and realistic element more than the poetic, and wrote *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, one of the liveliest of all English comedies.

The 'comedy of humours' is a phrase generally used in connection with Ben Jonson (1572-1637), who was the most influential dramatist of Shakespeare's time, though certainly not the best. Jonson had an eventful life: he had been in his young days a bricklayer and a soldier, and had once killed an actor in a duel. He was also an extremely productive writer—not only of plays, but also of masques, poetry and criticism. His comedies (which we are chiefly concerned with here) include *Every Man in his Humour*, *Every Man out of his Humour*, *The Silent Woman*, *Volpone*, *The Alchemist* and *Bartholomew Fair*. Jonson's idea was that comedy should not be 'true to life' but 'larger than life'. Each character should be not so much a real man or woman as a

personification of some human passion or weakness. He explains something of this in the introduction to *Every Man out of his Humour*:

> As when some one particular quality
> Doth so possess a man that it doth draw
> All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
> In their confluxions, all to run one way,
> This may be truly said to be a humour.

It is important that the reader should understand the special use of the word 'humour' here. It is not used in any of its modern senses, but in the sense of a dominant passion or obsession. In *Every Man in his Humour* the rich merchant Kitely has a young and pretty wife of whom he is madly jealous: jealousy is *his* humour, the passion that rules his whole life; the young hero's father, Old Knowell, is always worried about his son's behaviour and safety: anxiety is *his* humour; Captain Bobadill is the talkative but cowardly old soldier: boastfulness is *his* humour.

In *Bartholomew Fair* Jonson shows us how the humours of various types of Londoners are taken advantage of by the hard-headed and quick-witted market-people. One man is tricked out of his money because he fancies himself as a smart leader of fashion, another because he is proud of being a clever businessman, and so on. There was in fact little that was new in the way Jonson invented his characters and constructed his plays; characters like the boastful soldier or the jealous husband were, as we have seen, at least as old as Plautus. What was new was the name 'comedy of humours', and the very questionable scientific support which Jonson found for it. He borrowed it from the beliefs of medieval doctors and scientists who thought that the human body was made up of four humours which corresponded to the four elements of the physical world—earth, air, fire and water. A man's health, and indeed his whole character, was thought to depend on the balance between the four humours in his body: thus too much of the choleric (or angry) humour (corresponding to the element of fire in nature) made a man energetic and hot-tempered; too much of the lymphatic (or watery) humour (corresponding to water in nature) made him cold and spiritless. (It is interesting to notice that in modern colloquial English we still speak of such a person as wet.) This kind of science was of course out of date even in Jonson's time, but he found it useful as a support for his theory of comedy—just as modern writers sometimes like to support their literary theories by referring to out-of-date psychology.

Jonson's importance does not of course depend on his theory of comedy, but upon his success as a comic dramatist. *Every Man in his Humour* and *Volpone*, like most of his other comedies, are still to be seen on the English stage. In some ways they are more acceptable to modern audiences than the romantic comedies of Shakespeare; and perhaps this is because we live at a time when romantic comedy in general is out of fashion. This seems clear when we compare a film comedy of the 1930-50 period with one produced during the last decade. It is not that love and laughter are out of favour but that many of us prefer comedy with a satirical tone, comedy based (as Jonson said in the introduction to *Every Man in his Humour*) on

> ...deeds and language such as men do use
> And persons such as Comedy would choose,
> When she would show an image of the times
> And sport with human follies, not with crimes.

The ' comedy of manners ' is a phrase often used in literary history and criticism, though its meaning is not always clear. It is particularly applied in England to the restoration dramatists, and especially Congreve (1670-1729) and Wycherley (1640-1716); but it is a type of comedy which can flourish in any civilised urban society, and we see it again in Sheridan (1751-1816) and Oscar Wilde (1854-1900). It makes fun not so much of individual human beings and their humours as of social groups and their fashionable manners. It is generally more or less satirical, though in a good-natured way; and critics who object to the low moral tone of much restoration comedy sometimes forget that Wycherley, in a play like *The Country Wife*, was showing the moral weakness of a particular social group, asking us to laugh at it but not necessarily to approve of it. Sheridan was doing the same in *The School for Scandal*, yet no one complains of the immoral behaviour of Lady Sneerwell and Sir Benjamin Backbite—presumably because it is not *sexually* immoral. The comedy of manners is most likely to be found in an aristocratic group like the court of Charles II in England or Louis XIV in France, or the high Society of Victorian or Edwardian days. It is a highly artificial form of drama, full of verbal wit, and sometimes inclined to be cynical and hard.

It was the hardness and cynicism of the typical restoration comedy, as well as its occasional indecency and permissiveness, which led Jeremy Collier (1650-1726) to write his *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*. Collier, a churchman and a puritan, was particularly critical of the plays of Congreve and Vanbrugh

(1664-1726). The indecency he complained of would probably seem harmless enough to theatre-goers of the 1960s and 1970s, but Collier succeeded in persuading the public that the theatre needed cleaning up. One result of this was the appearance of the new 'sentimental comedy'.

The chief writer of sentimental comedy was Sir Richard Steele (1672-1729). We shall return to him in a minute, but first it is necessary to explain that the word 'sentimental' is used here in an unusual sense. A sentimental comedy was one written with the intention of expressing *moral* sentiments. In other words it contained an element of preaching, even though the preaching was disguised as entertainment. Steele, probably best remembered as the essayist and journalist who worked with Addison to produce *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* (see page 233), agreed with Collier that the English stage needed cleaning up. Unlike Collier however he thought that the cleaning-up could best be done by writing new plays rather than by attacking the old ones. With this in mind he wrote a comedy called *The Funeral*, but neither this nor any of his other early plays was very successful. In 1722 however he produced *The Conscious Lovers*, which had some success on the stage although many people laughed at what L. J. Potts in his book *Comedy* (1949) described as 'a display of naked and immoderate virtue such as a modern audience would not endure...' After *The Conscious Lovers* sentimental comedy ceased for some two centuries to be taken seriously. It was indeed amusingly satirised by several comic writers of the time. Readers who know Sheridan's *The School for Scandal* may remember the 'sentimental' villain, Joseph Surface, who behaves in the nastiest way, while expressing the most admirable moral sentiments.

In the present century there has been a rebirth of the sentimental comedy, but under new names and in new forms. Phrases like 'the drama of social consciousness' and 'the drama of commitment' have been used by writers and critics who felt, like Steele, that comedy should be morally instructive as well as entertaining. Thus writers as different as Wilde, Sir James Barrie, Sir Noel Coward and Sir Terence Rattingan (whose comedies have given pleasure to millions) have sometimes been criticised for being frivolous and for having no serious social purpose, whereas Shaw has been praised for using comedy as propaganda for his own opinions. The world-wide influence of the German dramatist, Brecht (1898-1956), has encouraged many writers of plays, both in England and America, to think that drama *ought* to be concerned with political and social problems, if not actually propagandist. This opinion, I think, leads to the death of true comedy, just as Steele's sentimental comedy led to the death of the

genuine (if not always moral) comedy of Wycherley, Vanbrugh and Congreve.

The four types of drama I have mentioned—romantic comedy, comedy of humours, comedy of manners and sentimental comedy—have been recognised and named by various critics at various times. Divisions of this kind are useful, but I must remind the reader again that they should not be taken too seriously. It does not really matter whether we call *She Stoops to Conquer* for example a comedy of manners or a romantic comedy or both: every work of literature or art is unique. But this does not alter the fact that divisions and classifications can be very helpful when we are looking at any of the wide fields in which man's imaginative and creative power has been active.

There are many plays which do not belong to any of the classes we have been looking at—which may not even be funny or amusing or cheerful—but which generally go under the name of comedy. Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure* and Eliot's *The Cocktail Party* for example might both be called comedies, but they have very little in common with each other, and even less with plays like Sheridan's *The Rivals* or Rattigan's *French Without Tears*. Unhappy at having no ready-made name to attach to this kind of play, critics and historians have used phrases like 'tragi-comedy', 'comic tragedy' or simply 'drama' (which is sometimes used, incorrectly, to mean *serious* drama as opposed comedy). More useful, I think, are the phrases 'black comedy' and 'dark comedy'. The latter (following J. L. Styan) is the one I shall use here.

The best introduction to dark comedy can be had by reading Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure* and *Troilus and Cressida*, and comparing them with the better-known romantic comedies like *The Taming of the Shrew* or *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The first two are cynical, bitter and (in the eyes of romantic audiences or readers) unpleasant. I have already referred to *Troilus and Cressida* in the chapter on satire (see page 151). It is not the sort of play from which one gets many 'good laughs'—though some modern producers have tried hard to make it so. Anti-heroic, anti-romantic, *Troilus* makes fun of human greatness. 'No man is a hero to his valet', as a French woman, famous for her wit, said in 1728; and none of the great men of the *Iliad*—Achilles, Hector, Ajax, Diomedes—are heroes in the eyes of Shakespeare's Thersites. As he sees it the whole story of the war over the beautiful Helen is 'such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! All the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon!' *Measure for Measure*, besides being an interesting study of a man (Angelo) who would now be called a 'sexual psychopath', contains much discussion of serious

moral and intellectual problems. Both these plays are typical of the darker side of comedy—a side which is seen in many later plays which have been loosely called comedies (Molière's *Tartuffe*, Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People*, Shaw's *Mrs Warren's Profession*), and which has been especially noticeable in the modern English theatre, to which we must now turn.

When John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* was first seen on the London stage in 1956 it became clear that a new age in the story of English drama was beginning. It no longer seemed possible to keep the old distinction between tragedy and comedy—a distinction which (as we have seen) had always been an unreal one, though convenient enough for the purposes of literary history or introductory books like this one. It would be useful if we could give a whole chapter to modern English drama, but to do so in a book of this length would perhaps give a wrong impression of its importance in English literature as a whole. Some modern playwrights have already been mentioned in Chapter III and I make no excuse for including others in a chapter on comedy, even though much of their work is far from being funny or amusing.

Osborne himself (born 1929) was an actor before he became a dramatist. He has written two historical plays (*Luther* and *A Patriot for Me*) as well as dark comedies like *Epitaph for George Dillon* (written together with Anthony Creighton), *The Entertainer* and *Inadmissible Evidence*. The importance of *Look Back in Anger* was not that it was a better play than Osborne's later works (though I personally think it was), but that it introduced a new kind of drama to the English stage. If we call it comedy we must not make the mistake of thinking that it is in any way like the comedy of Sheridan or Wilde, or the artificial 'drawing-room' comedies that have always (and rightly) been popular in the commercial theatre. The subject of *Look Back in Anger* is basically the hidden class-war between those who have grown up in comfortable *bourgeois* homes, and those who have fought their way up the social stairs by their own intelligence. Osborne shows us something of the married life of a young man of the latter type, and his wife—a girl of equal intelligence but higher social class—who is unable to understand his anger and frustration.

After *Look Back in Anger* the phrase 'angry young man' became popular as a description of writers who, like Osborne, were unhappy about the injustice and inequality which still seemed to exist in Britain despite the recent 'victory for democracy' in the Second World War. Another popular phrase was 'kitchen-sink drama'—generally used by those who did not care for plays like *Look Back in Anger*, and who perhaps saw the dark comedy of the time as a sign of imminent social revolution. It was in any case an empty and silly phrase, but one

dramatist for whose work it could reasonably be used was Arnold Wesker (born 1932). His play *The Kitchen* was actually set in the kitchen of a London restaurant, and showed the relations, both tragic and comic, between the people working there. With the possible exception of Harold Pinter (who is seen by many critics as the most important dramatist of the last two decades), Wesker seems to me the most important writer of dark comedy. It would be foolish to argue whether he is a better dramatist than either Osborne or Pinter; but from the point of view of the foreign reader or the student of literature who cannot always see or hear the plays he would like to, Wesker is probably the most readable. His three plays *Chicken Soup with Barley*, *Roots* and *I'm Talking About Jerusalem* (now often referred to as the Wesker trilogy) were started in the 1950s, and are concerned with the same Jewish family from the East End of London. The trilogy shows a group of people who are basically loving and idealistic, trying in a small way to improve the world and build a better life for themselves, but generally defeated and frustrated by the hard facts of life and human nature. I do not know whether Wesker's trilogy will ever be described as ' great ' literature, but it seems to me to have that unusual mixture of comedy and tragedy, social consciousness and human warmth, which one finds in writers like Chaucer, Shakespeare and Dickens.

Some of the most successful of the younger dramatists have been much influenced by the so-called ' theatre of the absurd '. It is uncertain who invented the phrase, but the kind of plays it suggests began in France with the strange works of Eugene Ionesco and Samuel Beckett. Beckett (born 1906) is an Irishman who has lived most of his life in Paris, and who chose to write most of his plays in French. One of them, *Waiting for Godot*, was performed in London (in English translation) in the 1950s. Audiences found it puzzling, but it was extremely successful, and established Beckett as one of the chief influences in the English experimental theatre. For the ordinary reader or spectator it is difficult to see what Beckett's plays are about. In *Endgame* (1957) the characters live in dustbins, and the audience sees only their heads and shoulders. In *Happy Days* the woman who is almost the only speaking character is slowly buried in sand until, at the end of the play, only her head is visible. In *Come and Go* (which lasts for three minutes) there is no action, and only 121 words!

As long as enough people are willing to pay to see their plays, writers in the theatre of the absurd are in the happy position of being beyond all question or criticism. This is well illustrated by the story of the lady who wrote to Harold Pinter about his play *The Birthday Party:*

> Dear Sir, I would be obliged if you would kindly explain to me the meaning of your play. These are the points which I do not understand: 1. Who are the two men? 2. Where did Stanley come from? 3. Were they all supposed to be normal? You will appreciate that without the answers to my questions I cannot understand your play.

Pinter replied (according to *The Daily Mail* of 28 November 1967, quoted by Martin Esslin in his study of Pinter, *The Peopled Wound*),

> Dear Madam, I would be obliged if you would kindly explain to me the meaning of your letter. These are the points which I do not understand: 1. Who are you? 2. Where do you come from? 3. Are you supposed to be normal? You will appreciate that without the answers to your questions I cannot fully understand your letter.

Apart from Pinter the chief writers to use the ideas of the theatre of the absurd in the 1960s were N. F. Simpson (*A Resounding Tinkle*), the American dramatist Edward Albee (*Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*) and Tom Stoppard (*Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*). It is hard to say what readers and audiences in the year 2000 will think of these examples of modern dark comedy. I myself find them difficult and tedious to read, but fascinating to see and hear. I suspect that the foreign reader may have the same difficulty, and I advise him not to spend too much time *reading* plays of this kind, but to take every possible opportunity of *seeing* them in the theatre. (Or of course in the cinema: there is an excellent film of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*)

The proper relationship between plays in books and plays on the stage or screen is often forgotten—especially by readers and writers of this kind of book. Being students of literature we easily forget that a play in print is like a symphony on score-paper: the *real* symphony is what we hear in the concert hall, interpreted by conductor and orchestra; the *real* play is what we see and hear on the stage, interpreted by producer and actors—with the help of scene-designers, costume-designers, make-up artists and other technical and artistic experts. So when reading a play—and especially a comedy—one should try to think of it in terms of sound and movement. Often when reading a Shakespeare comedy for example one cannot avoid feeling that some of the conversation is childish and silly. Young Gobbo's argument with his conscience in *The Merchant of Venice*, and many of

Touchstone's jokes in *As You Like It*, are not very amusing to read; but to see and hear them, made by a good actor, is quite a different experience. A passage like this (from *As You Like It*) seems to have no point when read in silence; but heard as an accompaniment to a sequence of dance-like movements on the stage it gets colour, beauty and meaning:

Phoebe: Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
Silvius: It is to be all made of sighs and tears—
And so am I for Phoebe.
Phoebe: And I for Ganymede.
Orlando: And I for Rosalind.
Rosalind: And I for no woman.
Silvius: It is to be all made of faith and service—
And so am I for Phoebe.
Phoebe: And I for Ganymede.
Orlando: And I for Rosalind.
Rosalind: And I for no woman.
Silvius: It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all obeisance;
And so am I for Phoebe.
Phoebe: And so am I for Ganymede.
Orlando: And so am I for Rosalind.
Rosalind: And so am I for no woman.

It is too easy for the literary man to forget that this sort of thing is meant to be acted—that it would have been imagined by Shakespeare with all the accompaniments of gesture, costume, setting and perhaps music, which go to make up a play. There is a popular phrase ' good theatre ', and nothing, I think, can be called good drama unless it is also good theatre. This clearly applies especially to the art of stage comedy. There has been no greater practitioner of this art than the French playwright, Jean Baptiste Poquelin (1622-73), now known to the world under his stage name of Molière. Most of his plays were written for performance at the court of the French King, Louis XIV. I should like to quote a few lines from the introduction he wrote to a little comedy called *L'Amour Médecin* (*Love's the Best Doctor*, as John Wood calls it in the admirable translation from which I quote):

It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that in such a play

very much depends on performance. Everyone knows that plays are written to be acted, and this one I commend only to those readers who can see it in terms of the finished production. Furthermore, one would wish that works of this kind might always be seen with the embellishments which they enjoy when performed before His Majesty where they appear to much greater advantage, and the music of the incomparable Monsieur Lully, the fine singing and the skill of the dancers, lend them a charm without which they would hardly pass muster.

I have quoted Molière's words in order to emphasise as strongly as possible that stage comedies are intended to be acted. Molière was himself an actor, as were Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, John Osborne, Harold Pinter and a great many other successful dramatists; and this is clear to anyone who takes the trouble to read a few pages of *The Miser* (*L'Avare*) or *The Would-be Gentleman* (*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*). Sheridan (see page 186) was not an actor, but there is no doubt of his sense of theatre, for he became part-owner of Drury Lane theatre in London, and, as a Member of Parliament, knew how to obtain dramatic effects. The passage I am going to quote from his first play, *The Rivals* (produced when he was only twenty-four), is a good example of comedy written to be heard and seen—not merely read. As conversation it is only mildly amusing, but as a stage situation it is very funny indeed.

The Rivals is a comedy of manners which invites us (among other things) to laugh at the social conventions of the duel. When the play appeared in the 1770s duelling was still common—indeed Sheridan himself had fought two duels in France against a certain Major Matthews. In England however people were beginning to realise that it was a bad habit, and that the idea of a gentleman being obliged to fight about matters of imaginary honour was not only uncivilised but also ridiculous. In the scene from which I quote we see Bob Acres and Sir Lucius O'Trigger waiting at King's Mead Fields near Bath, in the half-light of the early morning, for the appearance of the mysterious Ensign Beverley with whom Acres is going to fight a duel. Acres is a simple country landowner who does not want to fight anybody; but Sir Lucius has persuaded him that it is an 'affair of honour' because Beverley is his rival in love. Sir Lucius, acting as Acres's second, has brought the duelling pistols with him. He hands one to Acres, and keeps the other himself. (Some of the fun depends upon Sir Lucius having a strong Irish accent, and Acres an equally strong West Country way of speech—including out-of-date oaths like 'Odds bodykins' and 'Zounds'.)

Sir Lucius: I suppose, Mr Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres: No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir Lucius: Ah! that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres: Odds files!—I've practised that—there, Sir Lucius—there. (*Puts himself in an attitude.*) A side-front, hey? Odd! I'll make myself small enough? I'll stand edgeways.

Sir Lucius: Now—you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim—(*Levelling at him.*)

Acres: Zounds! Sir Lucius—are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir Lucius: Never fear.

Acres: But—but—you don't know—it may go off of its own head!

Sir Lucius: Pho! be easy.—Well, now if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance—for if it misses a vital part of your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

Acres: A vital part?

Sir Lucius: But, there—fix yourself so—(*Placing him*)—let him see the broad-side of your full front—there—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acres: Clean through me!—a ball or two clean through me!

Sir Lucius: Ay—may they—and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

Acres: Look'ee! Sir Lucius—I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one; so, by my valour! I will stand edgeways.

Sir Lucius: (*Looking at his watch*): Sure they don't mean to disappoint us——Hah!—no, faith—I think I see them coming.

Acres: Hey!—what!—coming!—

Sir Lucius: Ay.—Who are those yonder getting over the stile?

Acres: There are two of them indeed!—well—let them come—hey, Sir Lucius!—we—we—we—we—won't run.

Sir Lucius: Run!

Acres: No—I say—we won't run, by my valour!

Sir Lucius: What the devil's the matter with you?

Acres: Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius — but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

It is worth noting that Sheridan's purpose here, as in all his comedy, is to amuse and entertain. This is also true of nearly all the great comic writers. There is of course no clear border-line between comedy and satire; even the lightest comedy must contain some kind of social comment, as we recognise in the phrase 'comedy of manners'. But when a dramatist tries too hard (as Shaw often did) to use the stage as a base for lectures and sermons and propaganda, we must expect the death of true comedy. One of the less attractive features of drama between 1920 and 1970 has been a continuing attempt by some writers and critics to persuade us that plays which merely set out to amuse and entertain are less good than plays which try to be profound or significant. Most of us, I think, do not go to the theatre for advice about difficult problems of politics or morality: we are not very interested in the opinions of dramatists, however clever, on such matters as the war in Vietnam or the truth of the Christian religion. There may be a place for the kind of drama that preaches—especially in societies which are illiterate, like the audiences of the miracle plays in medieval times—but generally it must be said that teaching and preaching are no part of true comedy.

I said at the beginning that *a* comedy is almost always taken to mean a stage comedy, but comedy itself is something to be found in other forms of literature, especially the novel. One of the best descriptions of the comic spirit was in fact written by a novelist, George Meredith (1828-1909), in his *Essay on Comedy*. In the following words he describes the way in which the Comic Spirit (personified) looks at human life:

> Men's future upon earth does not attract it; their honesty and shapeliness in the present does; and whenever they wax out of proportion, overblown, affected, pretentious, bombastical, hypocritical, fantastically delicate; whenever it sees them self-deceived or hoodwinked, given to run riot in idolatries, drifting into vanities, congregating in absurdities, planning short-sightedly, plotting dementedly; whenever they are at variance with their professions, and violate the unwritten but perceptible laws binding them in consideration one to another; whenever they offend sound reason, fair justice; are false in humility or mined with conceit, individually or in the bulk—the Spirit overhead will look humanely malign and cast an oblique light on them, followed by volleys of silvery laughter. That is the Comic Spirit.

We may not like Meredith's style in this passage, but we can scarcely disagree with his very thoughtful description of the comic view of life.

Probably the world's greatest masterpiece of non-dramatic comedy is *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, published by Miguel de Cervantes in 1605 (a second part appeared in 1615). The characters of Don Quixote and his servant, Sancho Panza, stand with Shakespeare's Sir John Falstaff among the great comic figures of European literature. 'The whole significance of the story', writes L. J. Potts, 'lies in the contrast between Quixote and Sancho Panza, and in two subordinate contrasts within this dominant one: between Quixote's nobility of mind and his absurdity of behaviour, and between Sancho's cynical peasant selfishness and his irrational loyalty to his master. Not only does this book contain two of the most famous characters in the literature of the world; but in conceiving them Cervantes almost divided the whole of human nature in two, with the neatness of a surgeon's knife.' It is important to remember that no great comic novel, certainly not *Don Quixote*, is merely a funny book. Indeed a book which sets out to be purely comic is likely to be a failure; the comedy must be mixed with pathos, and the humour must be warm and humane so that we love what we laugh at, and laugh at what we love. It is largely to Cervantes that we owe the tradition of the English comic novel from Fielding to Dickens; a tradition followed in their different ways by Smollett, Sterne, Goldsmith, George Eliot and Trollope; a tradition which started when Fielding stated on the title-page of *Joseph Andrews* that it was 'written in the manner of Cervantes', and which even persists in some modern novels such as Kingsley Amis's *Lucky Jim*. I shall have a little more to say about Dickens as the most famous of our non-dramatic comic writers, but first I must return to one of whom something has already been said in earlier chapters of this book, namely Chaucer.

With the possible exception of Byron, Chaucer is unique among major English poets in being also a major comic writer. Indeed *The Canterbury Tales* includes the whole range of comedy, from the coarse and lively farce of *The Miller's Tale* to the delicate mixture of romance and comedy in *The Franklin's Tale*. I have already referred to the satirical humour of *The Prologue*, but Chaucer's comic masterpiece, which is indeed one of the comic masterpieces of the world, is *The Nun's Priest's Tale* of Chanticleer the Cock and his wife Pertelote. The story is an old one, and probably well known to most people. Chanticleer wakes up one morning distressed by a terrifying dream in which he has seen a dog-like animal with burning eyes, about to attack him. Pertelote, favourite among his seven wives, comforts him by saying that he has an upset stomach and that some medicine will soon put him right. Chanticleer begins to feel better, and is soon marching about the yard followed by his admiring wives:

' Behold the sun! The sun is up, my seven.
Look, it has climbed forty degrees in heaven,
Forty degrees and one in fact, by this.
Dear Madam Pertelote, my earthly bliss,
Hark to those blissful birds and how they sing!
Look at those pretty flowers, how they spring!
Solace and revel fill my heart!' He laughed.
But in that moment Fate let fly her shaft;
Ever the latter end of joy is woe,
God knows that worldly joy is swift to go.

There follows a typically Chaucerian passage where he pretends to moralise about the uncertainty of human joys; then Chanticleer, to his great surprise, finds himself face to face with Sir Russel, the fox. Terrified, he is about to fly away when Sir Russel addresses him in the politest tones, praising his fine voice and appearance, and referring with respect and admiration to his father, of whom Russel had made an enjoyable dinner at some time in the past:

My Lord your Father (God receive his soul!)
Your mother too—how courtly, what control!—
Have honoured my poor house, to my great ease;
And you, sir, too, I should be glad to please.
For, when it comes to singing, I'll say this
(Else may these eyes of mine be barred from bliss),
There never was a singer I would rather
Have heard at dawn than your respected father.
All that he sang came welling from his soul
And how he put his voice under control!
The pains he took to keep his eyes tight shut
In concentration—then the tip-toe strut,
The slender neck stretched out, the delicate beak!
No singer could approach him in technique.

Chanticleer is easily persuaded to show that he is as good a singer as his father was. The minute he shuts his eyes and opens his mouth (as did his father in the lively description just quoted) he is ' hent by the gargat ' (seized by the throat), and carried off towards the wood. There follows the famous description of the chase, in which all the village takes part. Chanticleer, helpless in the fox's mouth, has to admit that he is fairly caught. ' But ', he says to Sir Russel, ' if I were

in your position I should certainly want to turn round and laugh at my pursuers.' This is exactly what the fox does, and Chanticleer, escaping from his teeth, flies to the safety of a high tree. The moral of this fable (for it is basically a fable which Chaucer has transformed into a masterpiece of sophisticated comedy) is ' Don't shut your eyes when you ought to keep them open, and don't open your mouth when you ought to keep it shut.'

> And as for those who blink when they should look,
> God blot them from his everlasting Book!
> ' Nay, rather,' said the fox, ' his plagues be flung
> On all who chatter that should hold their tongue.'

The comedy in *The Nun's Priest's Tale* lies partly in the story itself, but mainly in Chaucer's way of treating it. The characters (like Orwell's in *Animal Farm*) talk and behave like recognisable types of human being: Chanticleer is a pompous middle-aged gentleman, Pertelote is a hard-headed but kindly wife who knows exactly how to manage him, and Russel is the smooth and persuasive confidence man —all typical characters, at least as old as Plautus and Terence. Added to this is the contrast between the simple story and the high style, the mock-philosophical discussion, the rich display of learning, the entertaining digressions, and the comical irony of which Chaucer is a master. In some ways the tale makes good-natured fun of a sermon; and a good deal of its humour depends on its suitability to the story-teller—a quiet and retiring priest acting as chaplain to a group of nuns taking part in the journey to Canterbury. Here is his comment on the fact that it was Pertelote's advice that brought poor Chanticleer into mortal danger:

> O woman's counsel is so often cold!
> A woman's counsel brought us first to woe,
> Made Adam out of Paradise to go
> Where he had been so merry, so well at ease.
> But, for I know not whom it may displease
> If I suggest that women are to blame,
> Pass over that; I only speak in game.
> Read the authorities to know about
> What has been said of women; you'll find out.
> These are the cock's words, and not mine, I'm giving;
> I think no harm of any woman living.

On this polite note we must leave the Nun's Priest and this near-perfect example of comic narrative.

Dickens (see page 147) is certainly the great English master of comedy in the novel, though with the exception of *The Pickwick Papers* none of his major works is wholly comic in intention. I said above that a book (as distinct from a play) which sets out to be wholly comic is likely to be a failure, and it may be that *Pickwick* is the exception to this. When we consider Dickens's other novels however we can only admire the wide range of emotions they express, from the most deeply tragic to the most absurd and farcical. Dickens indeed gives us comedy as we see it in life, not in isolation but shining out of the dullness of everyday work or breaking through the gloom of even the most serious tragedy. His comic genius shows itself chiefly in the creation of great comic characters but also in a highly individual (but easily imitated) prose style, which for some reason seems perfectly right for comic narrative. He had too a sharp ear for the oddities of speech; and he used this to good effect in comic dialogue.

Looking for comic characters we can scarcely think of the novels of Dickens without exclaiming, as Dryden did of Chaucer, ' Here is God's plenty.' The world he invented is peopled by every kind of human creature ranging from the grotesque evil of Quilp (in *The Old Curiosity Shop*) and Uriah Heep to the lovable absurdity of Wilkins Micawber and Betsy Trotwood (all three from *David Copperfield*). It has been objected that Dickens's characters are mere caricatures. This may be so, although study of one's fellow human beings leads one to believe that there is no limit to human oddity; in any case the writer of comedy is under no obligation to give us characters which are rounded and whole. A character like Uriah Heep may be a caricature, but he is horribly alive.

To say that Dickens owed a great deal to his illustrators is in no way to detract from his creative genius; but it is a fact that the drawings of Cruikshank and H. K. Browne (' Phiz ') have helped to fix his characters in our imaginations in such a way that they seem almost more real than the people we meet every day. Whether or not we see them, however, almost all the characters invented by Dickens are colourful and alive—pompous hypocrites like Mr Chadband in *Bleak House* and Mr Pecksniff in *Martin Chuzzlewit;* snobs like Mrs Merdle in *Little Dorrit* and the Veneerings in *Our Mutual Friend;* simple and likeable characters like Wemmick in *Great Expectations;* clever rogues like Sam Weller in *Pickwick* and Dick Swiveller in *The Old Curiosity Shop;* kindly and honest folk like Joe Gargery in *Great Expectations* and the Peggottys in *David Copperfield;* jolly old fellows like Captain Cuttle in *Dombey and Son* and the Cheeryble brothers in *Nicholas Nickleby*—all these mix with

the normal characters whose adventures provide the plots of the novels, with grotesques like Mrs Gummidge and Mr Dick in *David Copperfield*, and with the giants of comedy like Mr Micawber and Mr Pickwick himself.

Considering the times he lived in and the circumstances of his own life it is scarcely surprising that the comic genius of Dickens was often used in satire; he is indeed, with Chaucer, an outstanding example of the fact that humour is probably the most powerful weapon in the satirist's armoury. Sarah Gamp in *Martin Chuzzlewit* may well have impressed upon the young Florence Nightingale the evils of bad nursing; the cruel slowness of the Court of Chancery in *Bleak House* must have awakened many Englishmen to the need for its extensive reform; the Circumlocution Office in *Little Dorrit* still reminds us of the worst horrors of bureaucracy.

I have already said that much of Dickens's comedy lies in his peculiarly lively and amusing prose style. It is long-winded and full of clichés, but somehow it succeeds in creating the atmosphere of true comedy, especially when used to represent the oddities of individual speech. To illustrate this I shall quote a well-known passage from the court scene in *The Pickwick Papers:* the famous case of Bardell versus Pickwick, where Pickwick's landlady, Mrs Bardell, encouraged by the villainous pair of lawyers, Dodson and Fogg, claims money from him because (she says) he has broken his promise to marry her. Mrs Bardell's lawyer, Serjeant Buzfuz, produces a notice which Mrs Bardell has displayed in the window of her house in Goswell Street. ('Serjeant' in this sense is a title, abolished in 1880, formerly used by leading lawyers. Buzfuz would now probably be a Q.C.)

> 'There is no date, gentlemen,' replied Serjeant Buzfuz, 'but I am instructed to say that it was put in the plaintiff's parlour window just this time three years. I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document. "Apartments furnished for a single gentleman"! Mrs Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear, she had no distrust, she had no suspicion, all was confidence and reliance. "Mr Bardell," said the widow; "Mr Bardell was a man of honour, Mr Bardell was a man of his word, Mr Bardell was no deceiver, Mr Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; *to* single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation; *in* single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman,

then, shall my lodgings be let." Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect, nature, gentlemen) the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first-floor, caught the innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlour-window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the parlour-window three days—three days—gentlemen—a Being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs Bardell's house. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick, the Defendant.'

Serjeant Buzfuz, who had proceeded with such volubility that his face was perfectly crimson, here paused for breath. The silence awoke Mr Justice Stareleigh, who immediately wrote down something with a pen without any ink in it, and looked unusually profound, to impress the jury with the belief that he always thought most deeply with his eyes shut. Serjeant Buzfuz proceeded.

'Of this man Pickwick I will say little; the subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness, and of systematic villainy.'

Here Mr Pickwick, who had been writhing in silence for some time, gave a violent start, as if some vague idea of assaulting Serjeant Buzfuz, in august presence of justice and the law, suggested itself to his mind. An admonitory gesture from Perker restrained him, and he listened to the learned gentleman's continuation with a look of indignation . . .

CHAPTER EIGHT

The Short Story

In some chapters of this book I have used several pages in defining or describing the particular kind of literature we were thinking about. It is not easy for example to explain shortly what is meant by Tragedy or Epic. In the present chapter however no such difficulty arises. If we are asked what is meant by a Short Story we need only say it is a story which is short! The use of capital letters may suggest that the Short Story is a form or genre having rules of its own: such is by no means the case, and I shall therefore drop the use of capitals in the rest of this chapter, following the guidance of one of the most successful short-story writers of our own time, H. E. Bates (see below page 225) who wrote,

> The basis of almost every argument or conclusion I can make is the axiom that the short story can be anything that the author decides it shall be.

The shortest of short stories may be no more than a page or two in length; the longest, like D. H. Lawrence's *St Mawr* for example, may run to over a hundred pages. Obviously there comes a point at which it is impossible to draw a line between the long short story and the short novel. Some modern critics have revived the word *novella* as a name for the doubtful examples, and this is what I shall do here in order to avoid too-frequent use of the awkward phrase ' long short story '. The *novella* in this sense is different from the genuine short novel in its smaller number of characters, its less varied setting, and its simpler plot. The word might fairly be applied not only to *St Mawr*, but to several other of Lawrence's tales (such as *The Captain's Doll* and *The Virgin and the Gipsy*) and to stories like Henry James's *The Turn of the Screw* or Somerset Maugham's *Rain*. Maugham's words about the art of narrative (see page 109) are worth quoting again in connection with the short story, a type of literature in which he himself excelled:

> . . . the desire to listen to stories appears to be as deeply rooted in the human animal as the sense of property. From the beginning of history men have gathered round the camp fire, or in a group in the market place, to listen to the telling of a story.

Alongside this I shall quote the words of Maugham's contemporary, H. G. Wells—himself a master of the story-teller's art:

> A short story is, or should be, a simple thing; it aims at producing one single vivid effect; it has to seize the attention at the outset, and never relaxing, gather it together more and more until the climax is reached. The limits of the human capacity to attend closely therefore set a limit to it: it must explode and finish before interruption occurs or fatigue sets in.

Critics and literary historians sometimes speak of the short story as though it were something new—a product of the nineteenth century and the first half of the twentieth. Although this is far from being true there is no doubt, so far as mere productivity is concerned, that this was the great time for the short story. The increase of literacy in Britain and America after about 1800 created a demand for ' periodical ' literature of all kinds. Many novels of course appeared in serial form, being printed in monthly or fortnightly parts; but much of the demand for fiction was met by magazines like *Blackwoods*, *The Strand* or *The Argosy*. Literally hundreds of such magazines were published regularly through the second half of the last century and the first half of this. Some of them, like *Sunday at Home*, *The Quiver* and *Household Words* (started by Dickens in 1850), had a religious or instructive tone; others offered simple entertainment: but all used short stories as the main way of filling pages, thus offering a ready market to the writers of the day, both good and bad. In these circumstances it was not surprising that the short story flourished—indeed it became the chief literary food of millions of readers, and remained so until the second quarter of our present century when the magazines began to fade away with the rise of broadcasting and the development of paperback publishing.

Although the short story did not reach the height of its popularity until the beginning of the present century it is, as Maugham suggests in the passage quoted above, one of the oldest types of literature. In the Bible, the Old Testament is full of wonderful short stories which modern writers have borrowed or imitated over and over again. Indeed the Old Testament has been called ' the unread best seller', and I would strongly advise any readers who are unfamiliar with it,

or who think of it as a book only to be read in church, to search for some of the excellent stories it contains. Even older than these are the stories to be found in the *Histories* of Herodotus (c 480-425 B.C.). Herodotus was a historian, but seems to have been more concerned with the strangeness, or the human interest, of his history than with its actual truth. The result is that his book contains many highly readable tales and shows Herodotus as a master of simple, direct story-telling. Of course Herodotus had no idea of the short story as a literary form in its own right: like the writers of the Old Testament, he was concerned with more serious matters of history, religion and philosophy. I have mentioned these early writers however because they possessed at least one gift which one hopes to find in every short-story writer: the ability to invent (or to recognise in real life) a plot or a situation with real human interest.

It would clearly be impossible in one short chapter to give anything like a history or a survey of the short story as a form of literature. All I shall attempt therefore is to introduce a few writers who seem to me to be masters in this kind of writing, and to point out some outstanding examples of their work. In making any such selection one is of course laying oneself open to objections from all sorts of people. Many academic critics would think it wrong to mention Conan Doyle in the same chapter as Henry James, or to place Somerset Maugham next to D. H. Lawrence. Our concern here however is not so much with ultimate literary values (if such things exist) as with literature which has given pleasure to millions of intelligent readers, and which must therefore be of some importance. We must remind ourselves again that many of the world's best-known short stories have been written in the last hundred years: this means that they are too recent to be safely evaluated. The difficulty is well illustrated by Kipling, whose stories we shall be discussing soon: to some critics he has appeared as one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest, of English short-story writers; yet there are others (no doubt equally sensitive) who find his style unpleasant and many of his themes disgusting. Before we can evaluate him we shall have to wait another fifty years until some of the prejudices which now surround him have disappeared. The reader should understand therefore that I have chosen these writers because I happen to like their work, and because I think that their stories will be of interest both to the foreign reader and the English student. What makes a good short story is, as in most things, a matter of individual taste. The reader who wishes to decide what his own tastes are may like to compare two stories on a very similar theme by two writers who, I think, are universally accepted as masters—Guy de Maupassant (1850-93) and Henry James (see page 147).

Maupassant, though strictly out of place in a book about English literature, must be seen, with Chekhov, as among the few greatest short-story writers of the world. He wrote some three hundred tales, one of which is called *The Necklace*. It so happens that James also wrote a short story about a necklace. His story, *Paste*, is about a set of pearls which were believed to be worthless imitations but which were in fact immensely valuable. Maupassant's necklace on the other hand was of imitation diamonds which the girl who borrowed it believed to be real. But having lost it, and gone to desperate lengths to obtain enough money to repay its owner, she learned (in the last line of the story) that the diamonds were in fact worthless imitations. The similarity of the two stories hides a profound difference in treatment. Maupassant's approach is that of the naturalistic writer: direct, detached, almost scientific. The tragic little story is placed before us without comment, and without much attempt at psychological depth (though with a great deal of artistic skill). James's approach is, as one would expect, less simple. The characters of the cousins, Arthur and Charlotte Prime, are skilfully revealed in conversations which remind us that James had ambitions (never successfully realised) as a dramatist. A comparison of *Paste* and *The Necklace* makes a good starting-point for anyone who is interested in the technique of the short story. It is also a good introduction to Henry James—especially for readers who find his novels tedious or difficult.

Henry James (1843-1916), though American by birth, spent much of his life in England and took British nationality in 1915. The first short-story writer I propose to consider at some length, Edgar Allan Poe, also came from America (though he spent some of his school days in England), and worked for most of his short life in the United States. His world-wide popularity over the past hundred years and the enormous influence he has had over later writers are sufficient to justify, if not compel, his inclusion in any study of the short story.

Poe (1809-49) was born in Boston, Massachusetts, and lost his parents in early childhood. His guardian, a kindly and generous man, sent him to school in England, and afterwards to the university of Virginia. Here he developed those habits of wildness and dissipation which were to spoil his life and bring about his early death. After a time at the military academy at West Point, from which he was expelled at the age of twenty-two, Poe turned to journalism—a profession in which he was able, despite many failures, difficulties and quarrels, to develop the extraordinary imaginative and poetic gifts which he possessed, and which must surely have made him one of the oddest military men ever to have worn a uniform. In 1833 he won a hundred-dollar prize offered by the Baltimore *Saturday Visitor* with

his extrordinary tale *A Manuscript found in a Bottle*. Three years later he married his fourteen-year-old cousin, Virginia Clemm, for whom he seems to have had a deep and sincere affection. During the next ten years Poe won a considerable reputation as a poet, critic and writer of strange stories. There was no reason why he should not have enjoyed considerable worldly success, but something perverse in his nature (one of his tales is called *The Imp of the Perverse*) always made him quarrel with his friends, and ruin his health by drinking. When he was thirty-eight his wife died after a long and difficult illness, and Poe returned to a life of dissipation. Poe's life, pathetic as it was in so many respects, offers the material for a long psychological novel. At present however we are concerned only with his work as a writer of short stories.

Most of Poe's tales appeared in various magazines with which he was associated, especially the *Southern Literary Messenger* of which he was editor for a short time. A collection of his best stories was made under the title, *Tales of Mystery and Imagination*, and it is probably in this volume that the modern reader will make his acquaintance. Stories like *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, *The Mystery of Marie Roget* and *The Gold Bug* show Poe as the father of the detective story as it developed in the later nineteenth century and the first half of the twentieth. They are written in the strong and simple prose of a practical journalist, and they keep (more or less) to the rules which we now regard as traditional in the detective tale—namely that it should be realistic and that the author should not conceal from the reader any of the clues which may lead to the solution of the mystery. As father (or at least one of the fathers) of the detective thriller, Poe deserves a high place in the history of literature; for even if we feel that most detective stories do not deserve to be called serious literature, we cannot but admit that the best of them have given much pleasure to many millions of readers. As our space is limited however I shall concentrate upon another side of Poe, the side on which he shows himself, I think, as a writer of great power.

The horrible, the psychopathic, the fantastic, the mad—these are the aspects of life which appealed to Poe's romantic imagination, and which he places before the half-unwilling reader in fantasies like *The Fall of the House of Usher* and *The Masque of the Red Death*. In order to understand him fully one should perhaps know something of the so-called 'Terror School' and the cult of the 'Gothic' which were features of the romantic revival in Britain and Europe, and which no doubt fascinated Poe when he was young; one also needs to consider those later writers and artists who have been influenced by Poe—men like the French poet Baudelaire (1821-67), and (in

the world of the cinema, the makers of those 'psychological thrillers' and 'horror films' which still fascinate so many of us.

To choose one's favourites from Poe's tales of fantasy is of course to invite complaint and disagreement from those whose tastes are different. My own favourite (for reasons which I shall give shortly) is *The Black Cat;* but there are many others which might be named as masterpieces. *The Cask of Amontillado* describes, against a background of Venetian carnival, how a murderer leads his victim to the cellars to taste a particularly fine sherry, then chains him into a corner, and starts to bury him alive behind a brick wall. The victim, at first slightly drunk, does not realise what is happening. Gradually he cools down, and as he does so he becomes aware that his companion, far from being engaged in a rather horrible joke, is deadly serious. Only a few pages in length, this little story is in many ways a model of what a short story should be: neat, dramatic and full of atmosphere. *The Pit and the Pendulum* is a nightmare of suspense and horror based on the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition. *William Wilson,* partly based on Poe's memories of his schooldays at Stoke Newington in England, is a clever and frightening 'surprise story' in which a young man is haunted by his own ghost or 'double'—a theme, incidentally, treated with equal dramatic power in Schubert's famous song, *Der Doppelgänger. A Descent into the Maelstrom* is a story of great originality, both its matter and its manner being, as it were, half way between Poe's dream-like horrors and the more down-to-earth style of *The Gold Bug.* It is about a small boat caught in the great whirlpool off the west coast of Norway. In fact (and especially in the days of steam or diesel-powered ships) the maelstrom is a comparatively mild affair—certainly no more terrifying than some of the tidal whirlpools around our own coasts. In Poe's imagination however it becomes an enormous, swirling funnel of black water, rather like the whirlpool of an emptying bath magnified a million times. The story is a splendid example of Poe's skill in creating an atmosphere of terror and suspense.

I have mentioned *The Black Cat* as a story which, as it seems to me, shows Poe at his best. The narrator (as in most of Poe's stories, the tale is told in the first person) is a drunkard, married to a gentle and devoted wife and bitterly conscious of his own failure as a human being. The couple have a black cat to which the wife becomes devoted while the husband develops an unreasoning hate of it. Gradually his hate of the animal becomes a madness, and he begins to notice that a white mark on the cat's throat is shaped like a gallows. One night, having returned home in an excited and drunken state, the man is driven to attack the cat with an axe. His wife, in a pathetic

effort to save her pet, stands in his way, and is herself struck down and killed. Appalled at what he has done, the man takes his wife's body to the cellar, where he hides it in a corner, over which he builds a wall, as did the murderer in *The Cask of Amontillado*. After this he feels a sense of satisfaction and security, particularly as the black cat, which he had so feared and hated, seems to have disappeared.

Some time later a search for the missing woman begins. Police call at the house, which they search from top to bottom without suspecting where her body is hidden. Unable to conceal his excitement, the murderer gives himself away in a manner which Poe describes thus:

> 'Gentlemen,' I said at last, as the party ascended the steps, 'I delight to have allayed your suspicions. I wish you all health and a little more courtesy. By the by, gentlemen, this—this is a very well-constructed house' (in the rabid desire to say something easily, I scarcely knew what I uttered at all)—'I may say an *excellently* well-constructed house. These walls—are you going, gentlemen?—these walls are solidly put together'; and here, through the mere frenzy of bravado, I rapped heavily with a cane which I held in my hand, upon that very portion of the brickwork behind which stood the corpse of the wife of my bosom.
>
> But may God shield and deliver me from the fangs of the Arch-Fiend! No sooner had the reverberation of my blows sunk into silence, than I was answered by a voice from within the tomb!—by a cry, at first muffled and broken, like the sobbing of a child, and then quickly swelling into one long, loud, and continuous scream, utterly anomalous and inhuman—a howl—a wailing shriek, half of horror and half of triumph, such as might have arisen only out of hell, conjointly from the throats of the damned in their agony and of the demons that exult in the damnation.
>
> Of my own thoughts it is folly to peak. Swooning, I staggered to the opposite wall. For one instant the party on the stairs remained motionless, through extremity of terror and awe. In the next a dozen stout arms were toiling at the wall. It fell bodily. The corpse, already greatly decayed and clotted with gore, stood erect before the eyes of the spectators. Upon its head, with red extended mouth and solitary eye of fire, sat the hideous beast whose craft had seduced me into murder, and whose informing voice had consigned me to the hangman. I had walled the monster up within the tomb.

It is clear even from the above short passage that the style Poe uses in his more fantastic tales is very different from the more everyday prose of (say) *The Gold Bug*. He uses an artificial, almost poetical language which well suits the fantasy of his subjects. Unfortunately however this sort of language has been imitated by generations of lesser writers of ' mystery and horror ', with the result that it has lost something of its original effect. Poe's style at its worst is easy to parody, but so (we may remind ourselves) is the style of any great artist of marked individuality.

I have already mentioned Poe as the father of the detective story. Before we look at another major writer of short stories, Kipling, we may perhaps allow ourselves a short digression on the subject of Poe's followers in this particular kind of literature. The detective in *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* and *The Mystery of Marie Roget* was Inspector Dupin—direct ancestor of the famous French writer Simenon's Inspector Maigret. To name Dupin's other descendants would be an almost impossible task. Sergeant Cuff, the detective invented by Wilkie Collins (1824-89), was one of the first; and he has been followed by such professionals as Inspector French and Poirot—not to mention clever amateurs like G.K. Chesterton's Father Brown and Dorothy Sayers's Lord Peter Wimsey. Above them all stands the bony form and hawk-like features of Sherlock Holmes, created by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (1859-1930). The Holmes stories (beginning with *A Study in Scarlet* in 1887) may safely be described as the most widely read short stories in the world. Even in the very different world of the 1970s their popularity seems as wide as ever, and they continue to make admirable material for film and television producers. Besides being an early writer of science fiction (in the ' Professor Challenger ' stories) and the inventor of Sherlock Holmes, Conan Doyle wrote a number of tales of the macabre and the supernatural, very much in the tradition of Poe: among the best of them is *The Leather Funnel*. In the same tradition, or one closely related, are the ghost stories of M. R. James (1862-1936). A scholar and antiquarian, James had an extraordinary gift for making the reader's flesh creep with his stories of mysterious but all-too-real visitors like the ghost in *O Whistle and I'll Come to You, My Lad* and the terrible guardian of the old book in *The Tractate Middoth*. Ghosts and ghost stories are perhaps among the good things we have lost on the march of technological progress, but no general view of the short story would be complete without some mention of the detective story and the story of the supernatural. Both kinds can claim Poe as their most important ancestor.

It would be difficult, I suppose, to think of two writers more different

than Poe and the next writer who claims our attention, Rudyard Kipling. I have already suggested that Kipling's place in English literature is a questionable one: he still arouses feelings of dislike in many readers (including some who are not very well acquainted with his work), yet there are others, including such good judges as T.S. Eliot, Somerset Maugham and the American critic, Edmund Wilson, who see his work as being of considerable importance. Even those who frankly admit their dislike are generally willing to admit that Kipling is a major author, and one of the great masters of the short story: yet there *is* something about the man which many of us find unpleasant. It is not easy to see just what it is, and before we attempt to do so it would be well to say something of his life story.

Born in 1865 in Bombay, Rudyard Kipling was the son of a professor who afterwards became curator of the Lahore museum. After five years, during which many of his childish conversations were in Hindustani, he was sent to England, first to live with a private family in Southsea and afterwards to school at the United Services College, a school mainly for the sons of officers. Even here his literary skill and inventiveness began to show themselves, and were recognised by some of his teachers in what seems otherwise to have been a rather bad school. At seventeen Rudyard returned to India, and began work as assistant editor of *The Civil and Military Gazette*. Five years later he moved to Allahabad to become editor of a weekly edition of *The Pioneer*. By 1889 he had become well known as a writer, and decided to return to England. Here he spent the rest of his life apart from a short stay in Vermont, U.S.A., and a number of visits to India and other places.

He lived through two wars—the Boer War in South Africa, and the Great War of 1914-18. He saw the end of the Victorian age in which he had felt so much at home, and the beginnings of a new, less imperialistic Britain. When he died in 1936 he was world-famous, though still looked on with distrust by a literary world in which 'sensibility' and refinement were necessary virtues. Kipling always admired the 'men of action,' the 'strong, silent men' who had carried the responsibilites of empire in his younger days, and whom he had known so well in his early years as a journalist in India.

There is no doubt that the years of childhood and youth which Kipling spent so far away from his home and parents had a permanent effect on his character. The woman who looked after him as a small boy in Southsea was a narrow religious fanatic from whom he learned about the angry God of the Old Testamant and the punishment waiting for wicked boys in the world to come. Rudyard was lonely, unhappy, and very often afraid: there was no one in whom he could confide or to whom he could turn for love and understanding. Things

were not much better at the United Services College, but by this time the boy had developed a tough skin under which to hide his sensitivity. If we are to judge by *Stalky & Co.*, written in 1899, the school represented all that was worst in the public-school tradition—bullying, cruel practical jokes and a frightening absence of culture. Yet young Kipling (who appears in the story as Beetle, one of Stalky's friends) seems to have accepted the spirit of the place quite happily: indeed he always looked back upon his schooldays with satisfaction. As Somerset Maugham wrote, 'the influence Kipling was exposed to during the four years he spent at what he called "The Coll" gained a hold on him which he never outgrew.' Thus there was often an element of cruelty and insensitivity in his tales, and sometimes an imperialist tone which many readers have found unpleasant. The case is fairly stated by Noel Annan in an essay printed in *Kipling's Mind and Art*, edited by Rutherford (Oliver and Boyd):

> Criticism has not yet come to terms with Kipling: the man and his works symbolise a part of British political and social history about which his countrymen have an uneasy conscience. Ever since the turn of the century, when Max Beerbohm began to caricature him with loathing, he has been regarded as a strident geranium, red as a map of the colonies...and at the root of every assessment of Kipling lies the problem of his morality.

It is only fair that the reader should have been warned against certain things about Kipling that he may find unpleasant. The warning over however we can go on to consider why, despite his weaknesses, he is among the greatest of all short-story writers.

If, as I think possible, great productivity is evidence of genius, there is little doubt that Kipling had considerable genius. Apart from his poetry and his novels, he wrote literally hundreds of short stories, most of which he collected (after first publication in various Indian and English magazines) into books like *Plain Tales from the Hills*, *Soldiers Three*, *The Phantom Rickshaw* (all three published in 1888), *Many Inventions* (1893), *Debits and Credits* (1926), not to mention *The Jungle Books*, *Just So Stories*, and a number of mixed volumes of tales and verse for children. With such a wealth of choice it is not easy to advise the reader where to begin: obviously much will depend upon his own tastes; but he can scarcely do better than start with the stories chosen by Somerset Maugham, published by Macmillan, and entitled *A Choice of Kipling's Prose*. This contains, as well as Maugham's valuable *Introduction*, sixteen stories written at various times in Kipling's life, carefully chosen to show the great variety of his work.

It is this variety of subject matter and setting which, more than anything else, shows Kipling's mastery as a writer of short stories. Next in importance is the fact that he matured so early as a writer. Many of the stories written in India in the 1880s are as self-assured and mature (his enemies might say as immature) as those written forty years later. One of the best of the earlier tales is *Without Benefit of Clergy*. This is a simple and moving tale of a young Englishman's love for a Muslim girl in India, and how it ended with the tragic death of their baby and of the girl herself. It is possible to condemn the story as too sentimental, but I do not think many readers would find it so. The conversation, which fills the greater part of the story, is written in a strange style that some people may find irritating while others may consider it sincere and poetic: it is the result of Kipling's habit of translating the speech of his Indian characters literally into English. Here for example is the girl, Ameera, expressing her anguish and guilt for the little boy's death:

> Perhaps...I did not take sufficient heed. Did I or did I not? The sun on the roof that day when he played so long alone and I was—*ahi!* braiding my hair—it may be that the sun then bred the fever. If I had warned him from the sun he might have lived. But, oh my life, say that I am guiltless! Thou knowest that I loved him, as I love thee. Say that there is no blame on me, or I shall die—I shall die!

The reader of Kipling must learn to accept this sort of language, which in fact can be very effective. More difficult is the English of some of the stories in *Soldiers Three*. The three soldiers of the title, Learoyd, Ortheris and Mulvaney, are simple and uneducated men serving in the army in India; and most of the stories are told in their own language, which is far from being standard English. Learoyd uses the dialect of his home county of Yorkshire, which is difficult, not only for the foreign reader but also for the ordinary English reader. This is a pity, because some of the *Soldiers Three* stories are among Kipling's best. They give a fascinating picture of India under English rule at the end of the nineteenth century. Most modern readers will find it a sad and disturbing picture of colonialism—a strange mixture of selfish inhumanity with a seeminlgy honest desire to improve life for the native population. The reader who attempts *Soldiers Three*, or any of Kipling's other Indian stories, must try to set aside any dislike he may feel for the writer's imperialistic philosophy, and read them as works of literature. It should be remembered too that there was good as well as bad in the history of the British in India. Some of

them served India well, as is shown in one of Kipling's tales called *William the Conqueror*. The girl hero (rather strangely named William) who devoted herself to saving the lives of Indian babies during a great famine may be a creature of Kipling's imagination; but one would like to think that she had her prototype in reality.

Of stories with settings other than India I shall mention four which may interest the newcomer to Kipling. Two of them are based on an idea which seems to have fascinated him: the belief in reincarnation. In *The Finest Story in the World* Charlie Mears, a young man who hopes to become a writer, finds his mind possessed by memories of a time when he was a Roman galley-slave. So vivid are these memories that the narrator of the story (a journalist) offers to pay him for his story, which he believes would be 'the finest story in the world'. Luckily for Charlie, but not for his journalist friend, the former falls in love with a charming girl. This sets him firmly back in his own time, so that the exciting and frightening memories of his past lives simply fade away, and once again he is a very ordinary young man. In *Wireless* Kipling uses a similar idea: in this case a young chemist is mysteriously possessed by the mind and spirit of a great poet (Keats). The newly invented wireless (the story was written about 1904) takes a very small part in the tale, but Kipling is using it as a symbol for that mysterious communication between the living and the dead in which he seems at times to have believed.

Mary Postgate, written during the 1914-18 War, is a grim story full of psychological truth. It is about a middle-aged Englishwoman who finds a German airman who has been shot down during a raid over England, but who is still alive. In a moment of unreasoning hate she sees him as responsibile for the death of the English boy whom she nursed in childhood, and shoots him in cold blood. It is a shocking tale, well planned to show the cruel wickedness of war; yet the reader is left with an uncomfortable feeling that Kipling takes a sympathetic view of his heroine's behaviour.

It was Kipling's practice to publish, or republish, his work in books of mixed stories and poems. His last such book, *Limits and Renewals* (1932), contains *The Church that was at Antioch*, an interesting and lively reconstruction of an event during the early years of Christianity. The young Roman officer, Valens, becomes involved with Peter and Paul and other members of the new religion. In a street fight he is struck down, and dies speaking of his murderers, 'Don't be hard on them... They get worked up... They don't know what they are doing...' Paul, recognising the words of Jesus at his crucifixion, suggests that they should baptise Valens as he lies dying in the arms of the girl slave who loves him; but Peter, deeply moved at the

familiar words in the mouth of the young Roman, silences him with the words, ' Think you that one who has spoken Those Words needs such as *we* are to certify him to any God?'

Even the few examples I have been able to mention may suggest something of the range and variety Kipling shows in his short stories. That he is a great master of this kind of literature cannot be denied, whatever unsympathetic critics may have said about him. Here is the opinion of Somerset Maugham (see below, page 219):

> The short story is not a form of fiction in which the English have on the whole excelled. The English, as their novels show, are inclined to diffuseness. They have never been much interested in form. Succinctness goes against their grain. But the short story demands form. It demands succinctness. Diffuseness kills it. It depends on construction. It does not admit of loose ends. It must be complete in itself. All these qualities you will find in Kipling's stories when he was at his magnificent best, and this, happily for us, he was in story after story. Rudyard Kipling is the only writer of short stories our country has produced who can stand comparison with Guy de Maupassant and Chekhov. He is our greatest story writer. I can't believe he will ever be equalled. I am sure he can never be excelled.

The next writer we shall consider is D.H. Lawrence (1885-1930). Twenty years younger than Kipling, Lawrence is without question a figure of our own century whereas Kipling seems in many ways to belong to the last one. Lawrence was the son of a Nottinghamshire coal-miner. Growing up around the beginning of the century into an England where inequality and social injustice were thought natural and unavoidable he was able, with the encouragement and support of his mother, to get himself trained as a teacher: and it was as a teacher in Croydon that he first began to publish his work. He started as a poet, but later it was in the novel, and above all in the short story, that he found his ideal means of expression. In his twenties Lawrence fell in love with the aristocratic Frieda von Richthofen, who was at the time married to a professor of English at Nottingham. The couple escaped to Frieda's native Germany, and were able to marry after Frieda's divorce in 1914. Returning to England Lawrence soon found himself (not surprisingly) regarded as an undesirable ' pro-German ', and such was the war-madness of the time that he and Frieda suffered much at the hands of people who thought they were patriots. When they were able to leave England again they did so, and much of the remainder of Lawrence's short life was spent abroad—

particularly in Mexico and Italy. At his death in 1930, Lawrence had become recognised by many critics as a major English writer. In the eyes of the general public he was still no more than the author of a sensational novel, talked of by many but read by few, called *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. It has taken forty years for Lawrence to be generally recognised as one of the really great literary figures of the century, and one who is at his best in his short stories.

There is no doubt that Lawrence possessed that indefinable quality which we call genius. He was a man and a writer whose impact on the world we live in has been tremendous, though often unrealised. At his worst (especially in the less successful novels) he can be tedious and annoying; but the nature of the short story obliged him to concentrate on those qualities of writing which he found most difficult, namely precision, economy and design. So the reader who finds a novel like *The Plumed Serpent* difficult and tedious will probably recognise at once the power and excellence of a *novella* like *St Mawr* or a short story like *The Captain's Doll*. Yet even here Lawrence is more a poet, a prophet or a psychologist than an entertainer; and in this respect we must, I think, look upon him as the inventor of a new type of story.

In general the short story before Lawrence had been an entertainment depending mainly upon the interest of its plot. At least something of the effect of a tale by Kipling for example can be given by a summary of its plot. With Lawrence's tales it is quite otherwise: the plot is always of secondary importance, and what matters is situation or atmosphere or sensuous evocations of nature. Lawrence is at his best, as W.W. Robson says,

> where he is evoking the life of nature: not merely the 'nature' of nature poets, but the ancient feeling of the cosmic mystery, the pre-human and unhuman power of the universe which we may suppose archaic man to have felt, and which Lawrence...can make articulate more wonderfully than any other modern writer in English.

It is the displacement of plot as the chief element which, more than anything else, marks the modern short story as different from the type of story generally written before about 1910. This is of course a wide generalisation; but the reader can test it for himself by a study of the work of such writers as James Stephens (1882-1950), Caradoc Evans (1883-1945), Katherine Mansfield (1888-1923), Frank O'Connor (1903-1966), H. E. Bates (born 1905) and other contemporary writers who in various ways have followed or emulated Lawrence in writing stories where plot is of less importance than mood or

atmosphere. We shall look at some of them later but we must first return to the work of Lawrence himself.

The reader who has not read any of Lawrence's stories will do well to begin with *Odour of Chrysanthemums*. This, I believe, is a tale which shows Lawrence at his best, if not at his most typical. It is a deeply moving story of the death of a miner in a pit accident, and the bitter effect of this upon his mother, his wife and his children. The whole atmosphere and setting of the tale are those of Lawrence's own childhood—a childhood described in similar harsh terms in the early chapters of *Sons and Lovers*.

Early in the story we see Elizabeth Bates, the collier's young wife, waiting for his return from work. As usual he is late, and Elizabeth bitterly assumes that he is as usual drinking at the pub 'The Prince of Wales'. The two children are restless, and the little girl puts her lips to the ragged bunch of chrysanthemums:

> 'Don't they smell beautiful!'
> Her mother gave a short laugh.
> 'No,' she said, 'not to me. It was chrysanthemums when I married him, and chrysanthemums when you were born, and the first time they ever brought him home drunk, he'd got brown chrysanthemums in his button hole.'

Learning from neighbours that there has been an accident at the mine, and that Bates is either injured or dead, Elizabeth sends the children upstairs to bed, and waits downstairs, accompanied by her mother-in-law, for his arrival. At last the noise of men is heard in the yard outside, and the dead man is brought home. The following narrative shows Lawrence's mastery of dialogue and situation.

> The door came open, and the two women saw a collier backing into the room, holding one end of a stretcher, on which they could see the nailed pit-boots of the dead man. The two carriers halted, the man at the head stooping to the lintel of the door.
> 'Where will you have him?' asked the manager, a short, white-bearded man.
> Elizabeth roused herself and came from the pantry carrying the unlighted candle.
> 'In the parlour,' she said.
> 'In there, Jim!' pointed the manager, and the carriers backed round into the tiny room. The coat with which they had covered the body fell off as they awkwardly turned through the two doorways, and the women saw their man, naked to the waist, lying

stripped for work. The old woman began to moan in a low voice of horror.

The manager of the mine explains how Bates was killed instantly when part of the pit-roof fell on him. As they place the body in the little parlour one of the men accidentally knocks over the vase of chrysanthemums. The noise disturbs the children upstairs:

> Then they heard the girl's voice upstairs calling shrilly: 'Mother, mother—who is it? Mother, who is it?'
>
> Elizabeth hurried to the foot of the stairs and opened the door: 'Go to sleep!' she commanded sharply. 'What are you shouting about? Go to sleep at once—there's nothing—'
>
> Then she began to mount the stairs. They could hear her on the boards, and on the plaster floor of the little bedroom. They could hear her distinctly:
>
> 'What's the matter now?—what's the matter with you, silly thing?'—her voice was much agitated, with an unreal gentleness.
>
> 'I thought it was some men come,' said the plaintive voice of the child. 'Has he come?'
>
> 'Yes, they've brought him. There's nothing to make a fuss about. Go to sleep now, like a good child.'
>
> They could hear her voice in the bedroom, they waited whilst she covered the children under the bedclothes.
>
> 'Is he drunk?' asked the girl, timidly, faintly.
>
> 'No! No—he's not! He—he's asleep.'
>
> 'Is he asleep downstairs?'
>
> 'Yes—and don't make a noise.'
>
> There was silence for a moment, then the men heard the frightened child again:
>
> 'What's that noise?'
>
> 'It's nothing, I tell you, what are you bothering for?'
>
> The noise was the grandmother moaning. She was oblivious of everything, sitting on her chair and moaning. The manager put his hand on her arm and bade her 'Sh-sh!!'

Odour of Chrysanthemums is one of Lawrence's earlier stories. So also is *The White Stocking*, a powerful study of sexual jealousy which introduces one of his favourite ideas—that of the hidden conflict between the civilised and intellectual side of man, and the primitive and emotional side where man becomes a mere channel for that 'life force' which Lawrence thought of as the driving power of the

universe. Many critics have thought that this philosophy of Lawrence's (if indeed it can be called a philosophy!) is not only nonsense, but dangerous nonsense. It can scarcely be denied however that Lawrence, together with his great contemporary, Freud, has done more than anyone to save our education and culture from the dangers of too much dry intellectualism. Over and over again in Lawrence's stories we are shown characters who are clearly symbols of intellectualism on the one hand, and the dark and primitive life force on the other: in *The White Stocking* there is Elsie's husband, Ted Whiston, and her former lover, Sam Adams; in *The Fox* it is Nellie's rather colourless friend, Banford, and her lover, Henry Grenfel, mysteriously linked with the sexual symbol of the fox; in *St Mawr* the magnificent horse who gives the story its name seems to stand for the life force, and it is to follow the horse that Lou and her mother leave the pleasant and cultured Rico, who may be said to represent civilised man. It is fair that the reader should be warned of this continual use of symbolism in Lawrence's tales; but he should at the same time be assured that the symbolism does not, as it were, get in the way of the stories. One can enjoy these without in any way accepting the interpretation of life which their author seems anxious to offer: indeed they are all so readable that it is hard to make a choice. In addition to those already mentioned however the newcomer to Lawrence would do well to read *The Prussian Officer*, *England, my England* and *The Virgin and the Gipsy*—the first being one of his very earliest stories, the second a little later, and the third belonging to his maturity.

The Prussian Officer, published in 1914, is set against a background to which Lawrence had no doubt been introduced by Frieda. It is about a strange love-hate relationship between a hard and arrogant cavalry officer and the young soldier-servant who eventually murders him. *England, my England* is about Winifred Marshall and her husband, Egbert; the latter, a pleasant but ineffectual, upper-class young man, is a typical Lawrence symbol, balanced in the story by Winifred's father, the embodiment of physical and emotional energy and earthy common sense. A number of Lawrence's stories are set in the war period of 1914-18, but *England, my England* is the only one which includes an actual battle scene (in which Egbert is killed). *The Virgin and the Gipsy*, some forty thousand words in length, is a *novella* rather than a short story in the strictest sense. It is certainly among Lawrence's best tales, and should be read by anyone who hopes to understand him. The usual theme is here: on the one side 'dead' life, represented by Yvette's clergyman father, her awful grandmother, and her shallow friends; on the other the dark, elemental life force personified by Joe Boswell, the gipsy. But Lawrence, despite his

over-simple view of the world, was a great writer; consequently *The Virgin and the Gipsy* is not a piece of propaganda, but a work of art, and a story which can be enjoyed for its character, its conversation and its situations, even though the reader may be unmoved by Lawrence's philosophy.

With Lawrence, as I have said, plot is no longer the most important element in the short story. It never disappears altogether, as it seems to have done in the ' stories ' of some later writers, but it is generally secondary to situation and atmosphere. As Frank O'Connor wrote,

> Story telling is the nearest thing one can get to the quality of a pure lyric poem. It doesn't deal with problems; it doesn't have solutions to offer; it just states the human situation.

As there are a lot of human beings in the world, one may be pardoned for wondering what is meant by *the* human situation. O'Connor himself however (in *Guests of the Nation*, 1931, and other collections of stories published during the last twenty years) has shown how plot as it was understood by nineteenth-century writers is not always necessary in a short story. The powerful effect that can be created by simple situation and atmosphere is well illustrated by H. E. Bates's wonderful story *The Mower*—a story which many readers might take to be the work of Lawrence, and to which we shall return later.

Writing (rather surprisingly) in a magazine called *Vogue* (July 1928), Lawrence had this to say about another writer of that time:

> He is almost passionately concerned with proving that all men and all women are either dirty dogs or imbeciles. If they are clever men or women, they are crooks, spies, police-agents, and tricksters ' making good ', living in the best hotels because they know that in a humble hotel they would be utterly *déclassé*.

The book Lawrence was criticising was in fact a volume of stories by Somerset Maugham (1874-1965), and it is only fair to add that the narrator in these particular stories was the fictitious Ashenden, who is not necessarily the same person as Maugham himself. Nevertheless many of Maugham's critics (though not perhaps the most intelligent of them) have objected to what they regard as his low and cynical view of human nature. More serious critics have either ignored him or treated him as a mere entertainer. In *The Summing Up* (1938) he remarked rather sadly,

> There are but two important critics in my own country who have troubled to take me seriously and when clever young men write essays about contemporary fiction they never think of considering me.

Any man, whether clever and young or stupid and old, who wrote about the short story without considering Maugham would be behaving in a very strange way, for there can be no doubt that his tales have been read with pleasure by millions of people who would place him among the best of all short-story writers. It is true that one would hesitate to think of Maugham as a great creative genius like Lawrence; yet one cannot help wondering whether this is not just because he appears as a man who is notably sane, whereas geniuses (like saints) are generally a little mad. Maugham too has been above all a believer in the short story with a plot at a time when most others have thought that plot was unimportant. Besides (and this is perhaps what annoys some of his more academic critics) Maugham has no message for the world. He does not set up as a prophet or even a psychologist, and in this respect one cannot help wishing that more writers would follow his example.

Maugham's stories range in length from *novelle* like *The Letter* down to sketches, two or three pages in length, like *Raw Material*. Their varied settings (many of them in the Far East) reflect something of Maugham's own love of travel, and their wide variety of character shows his knowledge of men and women of the most different sorts (though his acquaintance with the working classes seems to have been limited). During the 1914-18 War Maugham served as an agent of British Intelligence in Russia and other places. Many of his earlier stories are based on his own experiences during that time, though he tells them through the mouth of the imaginary Ashenden. Telling a story in the first person singular was in fact a form which Maugham particularly favoured:

> This is a literary convention which is as old as the hills [he writes in the Preface to his second volume of short stories]. It was used by Petronius Arbiter in the *Satyricon* and by many of the story tellers in *The Thousand and One Nights*. Its object is of course to achieve credibility, for when someone tells you what he states happened to himself you are more likely to believe that he is telling the truth than when he tells you what happened to someone else. It has besides the merit from the story-teller's point of view that he need only tell you what he knows for a fact and can leave to your imagination what he doesn't or couldn't know.

Whatever one may think of this, Maugham himself was a highly successful writer of this kind of narrative.

There is no time to describe any of Maugham's stories in detail, but I cannot resist recommending the one called *The Verger*, which seems to me a particularly elegant example of the 'plotted' short story, as well as an illustration of Maugham's favourite attitude as a cynical and detached observer of the strange ways of the world.

The verger (or caretaker) of St Peter's, a famous London church, was Albert Foreman. He had held his position and done his work well for sixteen years, when a new vicar arrived. Unlike the old vicar, with whom Foreman had been on friendly terms, the new vicar was a believer in 'efficiency'. He was shocked to learn that Albert, despite his good service in the past, could not read. It seemed to the vicar that this was intolerable in a verger; and so Albert was, in the nicest possible way, dismissed from his job. Depressed and anxious at being unemployed, he had the idea of using his small savings to start a small tobacconist's shop. It succeeded, and after a time he was able to open another shop in another street. Eventually Albert Foreman found himself the owner of a whole group of shops, a man of considerable wealth. His bank manager suggested that this should be invested in the stock-market, and when the arrangements had been made he invited Albert into his office to sign the necessary papers. At this point the former verger had to admit that he could not read. Maugham concludes the story thus:

> The manager stared at him as though he were a prehistoric monster. 'And do you mean to say that you've built up this important business and amassed a fortune of thirty thousand pounds without being able to read or write? Good God, man, what would you be now if you had been able to?'
>
> 'I can tell you that, sir,' said Mr Foreman, a little smile on his still aristocratic features. 'I'd be verger of St Peter's, Nevill Square.'

As well as being a highly successful practitioner of the art of the short story, Maugham was a great admirer of those whom he considered masters of that art, especially Chekhov and Maupassant by whom he seems to have been much influenced. His own thoughts on the short story are to be found in an essay in his *Points of View* (1958) which any student of the subject would be well advised to read.

Taken together, the lives of Kipling and Maugham exactly cover the hundred years between 1865 and 1965. This period, as I sug-

gested before, was the great time for the short story, and the writers whose work is described in this chapter are only a few of the most important. I have chosen them simply because I happen to enjoy their work, and not because they are necessarily 'better' or 'greater' writers than the others. Katherine Mansfield and H. E. Bates deserve special attention because (although Bates is also a successful novelist) they are 'specialists' in the writing of short stories. I shall say something about them later.

Joseph Conrad (1857-1924) is possibly unique among important 'English' writers in having learned English as a foreign language. His mother tongue was Polish, and it was his career as a sailor that led him to work in English ships and eventually to become a Master Mariner and to adopt England as his home. His novels (for example *Almayer's Folly* and *Lord Jim*), based on his own experience at sea and his knowledge of the Far East, were what made him famous; but he wrote a number of short stories—often set against the same far-away backgrounds as Maugham chose for so many of his stories. The word *novella*—or 'long short story'—is perhaps most appropriate for these stories of Conrad's. *Heart of Darkness* for example is forty thousand words in length. This, with *Typhoon*, *Youth* and *The Rover*, is among the most admired of Conrad's works.

H. G. Wells (see page 135) has already been mentioned for his novels. He was also a brilliant writer of short stories. Sometimes (as in *The Country of the Blind*) these can be seen as parables; sometimes (*The Invisible Man*, *The Time Machine*) they are 'scientific' fantasies, almost long enough to be called novels. *The Time Machine*, especially for younger readers, is a very good introduction to Wells. It is easy to read, and a good example of early science fiction. He offers us a look into the future which is even more frightening than *Brave New World*, though perhaps less so than *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

Most of the short-story writers I have mentioned (though not all) were masters of the 'plotted' story. Their chief interest, if not their only one, was in the story as a series of events—whether fantastic, as in Poe, or more-or-less realistic as in Kipling or Maugham. Other writers in the early part of the century however were influenced by the great Russian short-story writers—Pushkin, Gogol, Turgenev, Tolstoy and Chekhov. Although we are not directly concerned with those writers here, many readers will already know something of their work. It is from them rather than from the 'plotted' stories of American writers like Poe, Hawthorne and O. Henry that the modern English short story gets its character. O. Henry, whose real name was W. S. Porter, lived from 1862-1910. He was a journalist and his stories, immensely popular on both sides of the Atlantic, have

the qualities of the best journalism—good plots and extreme directness and economy of style.

The stories of A. E. Coppard (1878-1957) are like those of the great Russians in being built on situation and atmosphere rather than plot. They are however very English in feeling, and generally set in the English countryside. Although Coppard published more than a hundred stories in his lifetime, beginning with *Adam and Eve and Pinch Me* in 1921, he did not have any great popular success. His work was too quiet in tone, too poetic perhaps, to attract large numbers of readers; but he has always been greatly admired by connoisseurs of the short story. It is safe to say that readers who enjoy the work of Katherine Mansfield will find much to attract them in the work of A. E. Coppard.

Katherine Mansfield Beauchamp (to give her her full name) was born in New Zealand in 1888, and died in France in 1923. In that comparatively short life she became (in the words of her husband, Middleton Murry) 'the most remarkable short-story writer of her generation in England'. Many critics would now go further, and place her among the three or four most important short-story writers of the present century.

Katherine Mansfield's father was a rich New Zealand businessman, Sir Harold Beauchamp. He sent her to finish her education at Queen's College in London, after which she returned for a short time to New Zealand. She was unhappy at home, and in 1908 persuaded her father to give her money to go back to London, where she began to write. She made an unfortunate marriage 'to see what it felt like for a book she was writing', but almost immediately separated from her husband. In 1911 she published a book of 'sketches' with the title *In a German Pension*, and in 1912 she became attached to Middleton Murry: these two events took her into the literary life of London, for Murry was well known as a journalist and critic. She met Aldous Huxley (himself a writer of many short stories), D. H. Lawrence, and other well-known figures of the time, and began to write for *The New Age* and *The English Review*. The character of Beatrice Gilray in Huxley's *Point Counter Point* (see page 169) is almost certainly a portrait of Katherine Mansfield, just as Burlap in the same book is a portrait of Murry.

Perhaps the most important event in Katherine's life as a writer was the death of her younger brother, killed in France in 1915. He was probably the person she loved most, and his loss turned her mind towards the past and their childhood together in New Zealand. Although she never returned there, she began to feel a longing for her homeland, and a wish (as she wrote) 'to make our undiscovered

country leap into the eyes of the Old World'. This longing was the inspiration of most of the stories she wrote during the next seven or eight years—stories which appeared in the books which were to make her famous, *Bliss* (1921), *The Garden Party* (1922) and, after her death, *The Dove's Nest* (1923) and *Something Childish* (1924). In 1918 she had at last been able to obtain a divorce from her first husband and to marry Murry; but by this time she was already suffering from tuberculosis. The remaining years of her life were mostly spent in France in the vain hope that her health would improve. She died in Fontainebleau at the age of thirty-four.

It is not possible to give a useful idea of Katherine Mansfield's stories by summarising the plots. Plot indeed is their least important element. She takes some small incident of everyday life—some personal meeting or conversation—and remakes the scene and the atmosphere and the people, usually in the space of a few pages. Very little actually happens in her stories, any more than anything happens in the stories of Chekhov, from whom she learned so much. Like most women writers of any importance she has a sharp eye for details: the texture of a dress, the effect of light on a tree, the colour of flowers in a vase. Children appear in many of her stories, and she writes of them with an understanding that came from memories of her own childhood. One such story is *The Voyage*. It is nothing more than a description of a little girl, Fenella, being taken for a short sea voyage (presumably between islands in New Zealand) with her grandmother. Fenella's mother has just died, and the child is going to stay with her grandparents for a time. This simple situation, seen through a child's eyes, makes one of the best and most typical of Katherine Mansfield's stories.

Perhaps the most difficult task of the short-story writer is to describe scenes and settings in the fewest possible words. This was something at which Katherine Mansfield excelled. Here for example is the scene as Fenella, with her father and her grandmother, makes her way through the dock area to the ship:

> It was dark on the Old Wharf, very dark: the wool sheds, the cattle trucks, the cranes standing up so high, the little squat railway engine, all seemed carved out of solid darkness. Here and there on a rounded wood-pile, that was like the stalk of a huge black mushroom, there hung a lantern, but it seemed afraid to unfurl its timid, quivering light in all that blackness.

Here is the London street (from *Life of Ma Parker*) along which the poor old woman, sick and sad, is struggling:

> It was cold in the street. There was a wind like ice. People went flitting by, very fast: the men walked like scissors; the women trod like cats. And nobody knew—nobody cared.

And here is the beginning of a scene from *At the Bay*—a wonderful sketch, rather longer than most of Katherine Mansfield's tales, of family life in a small seaside community in New Zealand:

> The tide was out; the beach was deserted; lazily flopped the warm sea.

One could go on quoting similar examples of a detailed poetic description: who but a poet would think of a lantern ' unfurling ' its light, or of men walking ' like scissors ', or the calm sea ' flopping ' ?

It is not only artistic skill and brilliance which show Katherine Mansfield's genius. She also has the qualities of humanity and compassion which mark the great writer, as distinct from the writer who is only clever. She is particularly good at picturing people who are lonely or misunderstood or social misfits—women like Ma Parker or Miss Brill (in the story of the same name); men like William in *Marriage à la Mode* or Reggie in *Mr and Mrs Dove*. Given the impossible task of recommending a single story through which a new reader should approach Katherine Mansfield, I would choose *The Daughters of the Late Colonel*. This seems to me among the best short stories ever written in what we may conveniently call the Chekhov tradition. It has no real plot, but its picture of the two ageing sisters, Josephine and Constantia, and their pathetic helplessness after the old man's death, is a masterpiece of tragi-comic writing.

H.E. Bates (born 1905) is one of the most famous living writers. He has indeed been a successful writer since 1926 when his first story, *The Two Sisters*, was published. At that time Bates wa: working as a journalist in the midland town of Kettering. During the war he served as a Squadron Leader in the Royal Air Force, first in England, then in Burma which provides the setting for *The Purple Plain* and *The Jacaranda Tree;* but the most direct result of his war experience was the novel *Fair Stood the Wind for France*, published in 1944—an exciting and moving story about the crew of an R.A.F. plane shot down over France. This novel, and other wartime stories which Bates wrote under the pen name ' Flying Officer X ', brought him well-deserved fame, but also some disadvantage in that there are people who still think of him as a war writer without realising that he has written nearly twenty novels of various kinds, as well as the short stories which concern us here.

Anyone who tries to describe the importance of H.E. Bates as a short-story writer must face two difficulties. The first is that of deciding how long a short story can be: some of Bates's novels (*The Distant Horns of Summer* for example) are short enough to be called *novelle* or 'long short stories'; while some of the short stories (like *The Grass God*) are almost of novel length. A second difficulty is that of making any general statement about his work without being misleading: Bates is such a varied writer that it is hard to believe that *The Darling Buds of May* is by the same author as *Fair Stood the Wind for France*. A reader who knew only the short story entitled *The Mower* would conclude that Bates was a second D.H. Lawrence—and this impression would be confirmed by reading *Dulcima* or *The Wild Cherry Tree;* for Bates certainly has a Lawrence-like power of inventing 'earthy' characters and setting them in an atmosphere of emotional tension. A reading of *The Black Magnolia* on the other hand might suggest he is to be compared with Maugham as a master of irony and sophistication. There is a hint of Maugham too in the sad little story *Same Time, Same Place*, published in *The Wild Cherry Tree* (1968).

Same Time, Same Place is about a middle-aged spinster, Miss Treadwell, who lives alone and almost without money, just managing to keep up an appearance of middle-class respectability (she is not unlike Katherine Mansfield's *Miss Brill*, but is more normal). While sitting in the park one day, hoping to pick up an old newspaper left by someone who can afford such luxuries, she makes the acquaintance of Mr Thornhill, a man of her own age. For a time they become friendly, and she begins to have romantic feelings for him. His feelings for her are very different, but she never learns about them because it soon becomes clear that Mr Thornhill, far from being the gentleman she has supposed, is a drunkard. The meetings in the park come to an end, and poor Miss Treadwell is as lonely as ever. It is a touching little story, and like so many of the best modern short stories it has no plot—only a small incident which Bates sets before us as a 'slice of life'.

The Grass God is a *novella* of some twenty-five thousand words. I have chosen it as an illustration of Bates's work not because it is a better story than many others, but because it is (especially for a foreign reader) one of the most readable. It was published in 1953, together with *Dulcima* and *The Delicate Nature*, in a volume entitled *The Nature of Love*. The particular aspect of love revealed in *The Grass God* is not pleasant. The girl, Sara, is cool and calculating; the man, Fitzgerald, is selfish and weak. Fitzgerald is a rich landowner—a country squire who owns a fine house and a large estate, which he runs with the heartless efficiency of the worst type of nineteenth-century capitalist. His

farm workers hate him, and he hates them. He is obsessed with the idea of improving the agricultural value of his land—especially the grassland—and this is why the girl nicknames him ' The Grass God'. The two of them meet while Sara (an intelligent but cold city girl) is holidaying with her relations in Fitzgerald's village. Fitzgerald (who is married and living with his wife in a small house on the estate) feels overwhelming sexual desire for the girl, and they form the habit of going to the great mansion at the centre of the park (which has stood empty for years because Fitzgerald cannot afford to live in it) and of making love in a small attic bedroom. As the summer goes on he becomes more and more madly in love, while Sara becomes cooler and cooler. She has in fact only allowed the affair to develop because she is interested in the aristocratic and romantic surroundings of the place, and in the money and power Fitzgerald seems to have. In the end Sara decides to leave, having made it clear that she has never felt any real love for him. Fitzgerald returns to his wife Cordelia, who feels no more love for him than Sara did; and to his obsessive concern with the land and the grass—now hopelessly withered after a long dry summer.

Such a bare outline can give little idea of the power and interest of this story. The atmosphere of a great country estate with its palace-like mansion house empty and dead is skilfully built up. The characters of the man and the girl, and of the several secondary people in the story, are cleverly developed in long passages of conversation. As in nearly all of Bates's stories, there is a peculiarly English feeling for seasons, weathers and landscapes, as well as for characters.

Although *The Grass God* can be read and appreciated as a single story it is, as I have said, one of three which Bates clearly intended to form a trilogy. *The Nature of Love* is one of the most impressive volumes of long short stories ever to appear in England, and I strongly recommend it to all readers—including those who may still have some difficulty in reading English. Bates's style is fluent and (like that of most major writers) comparatively simple. What is perhaps more important, he has a fuller understanding of England and of ordinary English people than most living writers. If a student in any part of the world should ask, ' Which English imaginative writer will give me the truest picture of the feel of ordinary life in England now?' I personally should have little hesitation in answering, ' H.E. Bates.'

CHAPTER NINE

The Essay

If you have read Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking-Glass* (1872) which is a continuation of *Alice in Wonderland* (1865), you may remember Humpty Dumpty's famous remark, ' When I use a word, it means just what I choose it to mean, neither more nor less.' That is how the word ' essay ' is used in English: Pope's *Essay on Man* (1732-4) is a didactic poem; Locke's *Essay concerning Human Understanding* (1690) is a long philosophical treatise; Belloc's essay *On Conversations in Trains* is a light conversational piece; Aldous Huxley's essay on *Francis and Grigory* is a psychological study of St Francis and Rasputin. In short the word has been used at one time or another for almost anything that is not fiction or poetry or drama. In this chapter however we can only consider the essay in what seems to be its most usual sense:

> A composition of moderate length...which deals in an easy, cursory way with the external conditions of a subject, and, in strictness, with that subject only as it affects the writer. (Edmund Gosse.)

or

> A short composition on any particular subject. (*The Shorter Oxford Dictionary.*)

or

> An irregular, undigested piece. (Samuel Johnson.)

Of the three definitions quoted, the first (by Edmund Gosse) is probably the most useful. It includes something which most people would consider typical of the essay, namely its *personal* nature; and it would be a fair description of the work of the writers to be discussed here: Bacon, Cowley, Steele, Addison, Johnson, Lamb, Hazlitt,

Macaulay, Belloc, Shaw, Virginia Woolf, T. S. Eliot, Aldous Huxley and George Orwell. These are the names that come into the minds of most English people when they hear the word 'essay'. They are not of course of equal importance. To me personally they are not of equal interest. I shall therefore choose two of them for detailed discussion, mentioning the others only in the course of an outline history of the essay during the three-and-a-half centuries which separate Francis Bacon from George Orwell.

Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam (1561-1626) was a rich and successful lawyer who became a Member of Parliament and, in 1618, Lord Chancellor. Historians differ as to his importance as a statesman: there was no doubt of his cleverness, but he was thought by many to be corrupt and dishonest. In 1621 he was found guilty of accepting money bribes and removed from his high position. 'The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind', as Pope called him, spent the last five years of life in retirement and partial disgrace; but this does not affect his importance in the intellectual history of his country. Not only is he remembered for the *Essays* which chiefly concern us here but also for his work in supporting and encouraging science. This is so important that I must at least mention it before moving on to the *Essays*.

In *The Advancement of Learning* (1605), *Novum Organum* (1620) and *De Augmentis Scientiarum* (1623) Bacon insisted on the importance of what is now known as 'scientific method'. Writing (in the two last-named works) in Latin, then the international language of science and learning, he explained how knowledge is to be got by observation, and not merely by 'authority'. The medieval idea of authority in matters of knowledge was still held by many learned men in Bacon's time. If (for example) Aristotle or Thomas Aquinas had said that all dogs had brown eyes, then that was Truth: they would never have thought of looking at the eyes of a dog to see if it was *really* true. When Bacon insisted that knowledge could only be enlarged by observation of the world, by the careful collecting and recording of facts, and by the 'induction' from them of general 'laws', he was stating the belief on which the whole scientific revolution of the seventeenth century was based. In *The New Atlantis* (1626) Bacon set out to write something like a utopia (see page 154). The work was never finished, but it has an interesting description of 'Solomon's House'— a superior kind of university dedicated to the study of the works and creatures of God. It is generally thought that the imaginary Solomon's House was one of the inspirations of the men who started the Royal Society in 1662.

If Bacon could return to the England of the 1970s he would be disappointed to find scarcely one Englishman in a hundred able to

recall the names of the four great works I have mentioned. On the other hand he would be surprised to find that his *Essays* are known about, if not actually read, by almost everybody; for when he wrote them he had no intention of producing ' great ' literature. He thought of them simply as ' certain brief notes, set down rather significantly than curiously, which I have called *Essays*. The word is late, but the thing is ancient.' By saying that the *Essays* were written ' rather significantly than curiously ' Bacon meant that they had been written for their meaning rather than for their style. He had (in Macaulay's words) ' a wonderful talent for packing thought close and rendering it portable '. It is this plain, meaningful, readable prose which makes the *Essays* such an important landmark in the history of English literature. Bacon showed that the essence of good writing is to have something to say, and to say it as shortly as possible. So well indeed did he say what he wished to say that many of his sentences have become almost a part of our daily language. Here are a few examples:

> A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others.
>
> Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other.
>
> The remedy is worse than the disease.
>
> The French are wiser than they seem, and the Spaniards seem wiser than they are.
>
> Why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me?
>
> Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some few to be chewed and digested.
>
> Fame is like a river, that beareth up things light and swollen, and drowns things weighty and solid.
>
> Money is like muck, not good except it be spread.
>
> Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses.
>
> A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.

Bacon described some of his essays as ' civill ' and some as ' morall '. The civill essays are those in which he sets down his thoughts on political and administrative questions; the morall ones are concerned with private and personal questions like love, marriage, and the problems of parents and children. Some of the essays are on subjects which we should now call aesthetic: *Of Gardens* for example and *Of*

Building. Indeed it is the great variety of Bacon's essays which makes them so interesting and so impressive. ' I have taken all knowledge to be my province ', he wrote.

It has been said by some critics that the political essays show Bacon at his worse; that they even have a totalitarian flavour, ' something ', as P. E. and E. F. Matheson wrote, ' of the hardness and disregard for moral considerations which Machiavelli did much to make current in the century following the publication of his *Il Principe*.' There is some truth in this: Bacon was very much a man of his time. On the other hand much of what he wrote on political matters shows an admirable common sense. The essay *Of Seditions and Troubles* for example ought to be read by anyone who hopes to understand movements of protest and revolution, whether in history or in our own times. The following passage, allowing for differences of language and detail, might easily have come from the speech of a modern politician of conservative views, anxious to find a cure for troubles and discontents:

> The first remedy or prevention is to remove by all means possible the material cause of sedition. . .which is want and poverty in the estate. To which purpose serveth the opening and well-balancing of trade; the cherishing of manufactures; the banishing of idleness; the repressing of waste and excess by sumptuary laws; the improvement and husbanding of the soil; the regulating of prices of things vendible: the moderating of taxes and tributes; and the like. Generally it is to be foreseen that the population of a kingdom. . .do not exceed the stock of the kingdom which should maintain them. Neither is the population to be reckoned only by number; for a smaller number, that spend more and earn less, do wear out an estate sooner than a greater number, that live lower and gather more. Therefore the multiplying nobility and other degrees of quality, in an over-proportion to the common people, doth speedily bring a state to necessity; and so doth likewise and an overgrown clergy, for they bring nothing to the stock; and in like manner when more are bred scholars than preferments can take off.

This is not easy language for a foreign reader, but if he cares to study it he will see that Bacon is saying just what many politicians are still saying. The assumption that clergy and scholars ' bring nothing to the stock ' (or, in modern language, are economically unproductive) is still popular in some places; so is the belief that everything will be all right if only we can increase production, reduce unemployment,

encourage agriculture, check inflation, control the growth of population and not educate too many people!

In spite of the surprisingly modern ideas contained in some of them, Bacon's political essays are probably less interesting than those which deal with ordinary human problems —love, marriage, anger, sickness and death. On each of these Bacon has intelligent things to say, things which are well worth repeating in the twentieth century. On love and marriage for example his opinions were practical and not romantic:

> The stage is more beholding to love than the life of man. For as to the stage, love is ever matter of comedies and now and then of tragedies: but in life it doth much mischief; sometimes like a siren, sometimes like a fury. You may observe, that amongst all the great and worthy persons (whereof the memory remaineth, either ancient or recent), there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love; which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion. (*Of Love*)

The same careful, unromantic note is sounded in the essay *Of Marriage and Single Life:*

> He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly, the best works, and of greatest merit to the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men. . .

On this subject perhaps one reads Bacon for the pleasure of disagreeing with him: but how delightful to find a man with interesting and argument-provoking opinions which he expresses so simply and so powerfully!

Bacon is particularly interesting (and annoying!) when he writes about the arts. The purpose of architecture, gardening, stage performances and music is simply, in his opinion, to give pleasure to the rich and powerful. The essays *Of Building* and *Of Gardens* describe in some detail the kind of palaces still to be seen at Hampton Court, Knole in Kent or Hatfield in Hertfordshire. He suggests for example that the ideal garden should be some thirty acres (twelve hectares) in extent, which is rather large for the ordinary citizen. As for stage entertainments, he assures us in the essay *Of Masques and Triumphs* that ' these things are but toys '; but if rich men *must* have them, then let them be really spectacular, with plenty of battles, and chariots

' drawn with strange beasts, as lions, bears, camels, and the like.' As for music, his Lordship's tastes are in no doubt:

> Let the songs be loud and cheerful, and not chirpings or pulings. Let the music likewise be sharp and loud and well placed.

It must be admitted that the tone of Bacon's *Essays and Counsels* is often lordly and dictatorial (no wonder: he had been Lord Chancellor!). A modern writer who proclaimed his opinions in so confident a manner, without supporting them by research findings and statistical evidence, would probably be laughed at. The essays of Abraham Cowley (1618-67) are very different, and it was Cowley rather than Bacon who gave the English essay the friendly conversational tone it was to keep in the work of Addison and Steele, Lamb and Hazlitt, Belloc and Chesterton. Cowley has already been mentioned as a poet (see page 84), and there is no time to say more about him here. No account of the essay however would be realistic without some mention of Addison and Steele and the rise of journalism.

One important feature in the social history of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries was the appearance of the London coffee-houses, of which the most famous were Button's and Will's. By that time the passion for coffee-drinking (amusingly satirised in J.S. Bach's *The Coffee Cantata*) had spread all over Europe, and coffee-houses (like hotel bars in the modern world) had become popular places for the exchange of news and opinions. It was in London coffee-houses that the most famous of the early 'periodicals' were born, namely *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*.

The Tatler, which first appeared in 1709, was produced by Sir Richard Steele (see page 187) and his friend Joseph Addison (1672-1719). It consisted of essays and articles on all sorts of subjects, many of them pretending to be written by an imaginary character known as Isaac Bickerstaff and his equally imaginary sister, Jenny Distaff, who gave the necessary 'feminine interest'. The articles were written as though from well-known coffee-houses—poetry from Will's, news from St James's and so on. In 1711 *The Tatler* was replaced by a new paper called *The Spectator*, published every weekday, and still chiefly written by Steele and Addison, though there were now other contributors, including Pope. *The Spectator*, which lasted only for about eighteen months, included some of the most famous of all English essays, namely those concerned with the Spectator Club. The Club was a group of typical upper-class and middle-class people of the time, all of them imaginary. It included Captain Sentry the military man, Sir Andrew Freeport the rich businessman, Will Honeycombe the

sophisticated and fashionable young man of the town, and Will Wimble. Most famous of all was the old-fashioned English country gentleman, Sir Roger de Coverley. Sir Roger and his friends became immensely popular with the reading public, taking the same sort of place in their minds as television celebrities (real or imaginary) in the minds of the modern public. The essays of Steele and Addison, even more than those of Cowley a generation earlier, were to influence the style and form of the English essay for the next two centuries: henceforth, following the examples in *The Spectator*, it was generally to be witty, light and agreeable in tone, resembling the ordinary conversation of educated men and women. Sometimes (as an unsympathetic critic said of *The Spectator*) it was to become merely ' literature written by gentlemen for ladies—that is for persons disposed to sit at gentlemen's feet '. But the eighteenth century produced one notable exception to this general trend in the person of the great Dr Johnson.

Samuel Johnson (1709-84) is one of the strangest, as well as one of the most important, figures in the history of English literature. Without being a great imaginative writer he seems somehow to tower over the landsacpe of eighteenth-century literature like an old oak tree over a well cultivated garden. His great *Dictionary of the English Language* (1755—the best that had appeared up to that time), his *Lives of the Poets* (see page 84) and his edition of Shakespeare, with its famous *Preface* (1765), give him a place among the greatest of English authors. But to the ordinary reader he is best known as the subject of *The Life of Samuel Johnson* (1791) written by his friend James Boswell (1740-95). This is the most famous of all English biographies—a book which can be read by anyone as simple entertainment, but which *must* be read by anyone who hopes to understand life and literature in eighteenth-century England. In this chapter however we are not concerned with Johnson as critic or scholar or personality, but with Johnson as journalist and essayist. Some of his early essays were written for *The Gentleman's Magazine*, but in 1749 he began to produce a paper of his own with the title *The Rambler*. This continued to appear regularly for about three years, being written almost entirely by Johnson himself. His *Rambler* essays are scarcely read now, partly because Johnson's heavy ' classical ' style (sometimes unkindly called ' Johnsonese ') is not agreeable to modern taste, and partly because his subjects have little interest for most modern readers. I mention them here not because of their quality as essays, but because of the importance of their author.

About seventy years after the last number of Johnson's *Rambler* there began to appear in *The London Magazine* some of the most famous of all English essays, Charles Lamb's *The Essyas of Elia*. Lamb (1775-1834)

was a pure Londoner: he was born there, and he died there, having spent most of his life taking care of his sister Mary, who suffered from fits of insanity. In one such fit she had killed their mother, and would certainly have spent the rest of her life in prison or hospital if Charles had not offered to look after her. Working as a clerk in the offices of the East India Company he earned enough money to support Mary and himself in reasonable comfort. He never married, and brother and sister seem to have lived happily together in spite of the frightening shadow that hung over them. Together they wrote *Tales from Shakespeare: Designed for the use of Young Persons*, which became a famous children's book, and is still widely read today. Charles and Mary were friendly with many of the chief writers of their time, including Coleridge and Hazlitt.

Although Lamb wrote poetry, stories and even a tragedy in the Elizabethan style, it is the essays that give him an important place in English literature. A few of them are critical, like *On the Genius and Character of Hogarth* and *The Tragedies of Shakespeare*, but those published under the name Elia are nearly all personal. They deal with his own life, memories of youth and childhood, and the places and people he had known. *Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago* is a fascinating account of his time at the famous school of that name, well worth reading by anyone who wants to know what a 'public school' was like in the last decade of the eighteenth century. *The South-Sea House* is an equally fascinating description of the London office in which he started life as a clerk. *Mrs Battle's Opinions on Whist* paints an amusing picture of a lady with a passion for playing cards and organising the lives of her friends. Lamb was especially good at expressing the atmosphere or feel of places: *Blakesmoor* is a wonderful description of a great country mansion in Hertfordshire which he had visited as a child; *Oxford in the Vacation* describes the deserted libraries and colleges not without a touch of envy, for Lamb himself had no university education. The comic *Dissertation upon Roast Pig* is a good example of Lamb's whimsical style of humour.

Although Lamb has always been recognised as perhaps one of the greatest masters of the English essay, there are some readers (and I admit that I am one of them) whose admiration is less than wholehearted. He has faults of style which have been reflected and magnified in his many imitators. If T.S. Eliot was right in saying that Milton was a great poet but a bad influence on other poets, the same might be said of Lamb as an essayist. His worst enemies perhaps have been those critics who have allowed their sympathy for him as a man to influence their judgement of him as a writer. 'Charles Lamb knew poverty, sorrow, and tragedy,' wrote one of them. 'He faced his lot

bravely. He put aside all thought of self and lived for others.' It may be true, but it need not affect our opinion of his essays.

In any discussion of English essayists the name of William Hazlitt (1778-1830) is certain to be joined with that of Lamb. They were friends; they shared many interests (including a love and understanding of Shakespeare); and they have both suffered from the sentimental sort of criticism I have just mentioned. The belief that Lamb was a pleasant man but Hazlitt was an unpleasant man (' a quarrelsome and unamiable man ' according to *The Oxford Companion to English Literature*) may or may not be true. It is certainly not intelligent criticism. The fact is that Hazlitt's life contained as much ' poverty, sorrow, and tragedy ' as Lamb's —but instead of accepting it quietly he sometimes wrote in a spirit of angry protest. His essay *On the Pleasures of Hating* is a good example: he describes with something of the invective power of a Swift how the ideals of his youth have been destroyed by the hard experiences of life.

> As to my old opinions, I am heartily sick of them. I have reason, for they have deceived me sadly. I was taught to think, and I was willing to believe, that genius was not a bawd, that virtue was not a mask, that liberty was not a name, that love had its seat in the human heart. Now I would care little if these words were struck out of the dictionary, or if I had never heard them. They are become to my ears a mockery and a dream. Instead of patriots and friends of freedom, I see nothing but the tyrant and the slave, the people linked with kings to rivet on the chains of despotism and superstition. I see folly join with knavery, and together make up public spirit and public opinions. I see the insolent Tory, the blind Reformer, the coward Whig! If mankind had wished for what is right, they might have had it long ago. The theory is plain enough; but they are prone to mischief, ' to every good work reprobate.'

There is no room in this chapter for an account of Hazlitt's life and the reasons for such anger as he expresses here. In any case it would be wrong to think of him simply as a writer of protest. His most important essays, critical and literary, are to be found in his *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays* (1817-18), *Lectures on the English Poets* (1818-19), and *The English Comic Writers* (1819); and in his fine defence of Keats against the brutal criticism of *The Quarterly Review*. These should be read by any serious student of literature; but for the ordinary reader I would recommend those more general essays in which he writes about two of the great pleasures of his life: the English countryside and the

art of painting. *On the Love of the Country* and *On Going a Journey* are both delightful; so is *The Fight*, in which he describes a journey into the country to see a match between two great boxers of the time, Bill Neate and ' The Gas Man '. Hazlitt's interest in painting was almost professional; indeed one of his earliest ambitions had been to become a painter. The following passage from *On the Pleasure of Painting* shows the gentleness and humanity which were known to all his friends, if not to his enemies (Hazlitt's father was a minister of the Unitarian church):

> One of my first attempts was a picture of my father, who was then in a green old age, with strong-marked features, and scarred with the small-pox, I drew it with a broad light crossing the face, looking down, with spectacles on, reading. The book was Shaftesbury's *Characteristics*, in a fine old binding, with Gribelin's etchings. My father would as lieve it had been any other book; but for him to read was to be content, was ' riches fineless '. The sketch promised well, and I set to work to finish it, determined to spare no times nor pains. My father was willing to sit as long as I pleased; for there is a natural desire in the mind of man to sit for one's picture, to be the object of continued attention, to have one's likeness multiplied; and besides his satisfaction in the picture, he had some pride in the artist, though he would rather I should have written a sermon than painted like Rembrandt or like Raphael. Those winter days, with the gleams of sunshine coming through the chapel-windows, and cheered by the notes of the robin redbreast in our garden (that ' ever in the haunch of winter sings ') —as my afternoon's work drew to a close,—were among the happiest of my life.

It is not easy to explain to a foreign reader how the word ' Victorian ' is used in English. Sometimes it simply means ' belonging to the reign of Queen Victoria (1819-1901) ', and in this sense Hazlitt, who died in 1830, was unquestionably part-Victorian. But there is another sense, a sense in which Victorian is not simply a matter of date but of spirit. There are many people, both old and young, who are still Victorian in the 1970s, just as there were many in the nineteenth century (J.S. Mill and Samuel Butler for example) who thought in a ' modern ' way. Victorians in this second sense of the word were notable for their seriousness, their belief in authority, their certainty of the importance of England in world history, and their feeling that true civilisation can only be based on a mixture of Christianity and the classical traditions of Greece and Rome. Hazlitt was certainly not a Victorian of this kind: Macaulay and Arnold were.

Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800-59) was a highly successful politician, historian and journalist. Many of his essays (some written for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*) are serious studies of the lives and work of great men like Milton and English generals and statesmen like Clive and William Pitt. We read them for information rather than enjoyment; but it is impossible not to admire his brilliance of style and breadth of scholarship.

The essays of Matthew Arnold (we have already seen something of his poetry, see pages 28 and 45) were also designed to educate and improve the reader rather than to amuse him. Arnold however was often critical of nineteenth-century values. In *Essays in Criticism* (1865) and *Culture and Anarchy* (1869) he attacked the materialism of the upper and middle classes, to which he gave the name 'philistinism'. He was highly critical of British education, a subject in which he had a special interest, both as a government inspector of schools and as the son of the famous headmaster of Rugby School, Thomas Arnold. In *The Study of Celtic Literature* (1867) he did some useful and necessary work in reminding educated Englishmen that their neighbours in Ireland and Wales and Scotland, far from being simple savages, had a Christian culture of their own which was considerably older than that of England itself.

With Hilaire Belloc (1870-1953) and Gilbert Keith Chesterton (1874-1936) we move out of the Victorian age and into the nineteenth century. Both were Catholics and Catholic propagandists, and both enjoyed great popularity in the 1920s. As essayists (we are not concerned here with their other work) they have become slightly dated. Belloc in particular wrote the conversational type of essay which has now been displaced by discussions and light entertainment on the radio. Others who treated the essay as pure entertainment rather than a form for the expression of serious ideas were E. V. Lucas (1868-1938), Max Beerbohm (1872-1956) and Robert Lynd (1879-1949). Greatly admired in their own day, they are now little read except by a few specialists and personal followers. The most important essays of the twentieth century have not been 'literature written by gentlemen for ladies', but serious contributions to the knowledge and thought of the times by writers like Shaw, Virginia Woolf, Aldous Huxley and George Orwell. It is only the last of them (Orwell) whose essays we can look at in any detail: the others, unfortunately, can only be mentioned in short notes.

Because George Bernard Shaw (see page 70) is so well known as a dramatist, it is sometimes forgotten that he was also a brilliant essayist. Most of his essays were in the form of prefaces to his plays, sometimes (at least in my opinion) more interesting than the plays themselves.

The prefaces to *Man and Supeerman* and *Back to Methusaleh* form a series of essays on the philosophy of ' creative evolution '. Other prefaces (to *Pygmalion* and *The Apple Cart* for example) are discussions of socialism, pacifism, class, and other social and political problems. The preface to *The Doctors' Dilemma* contains among other things an argument in favour of the kind of national health service that was actually to emerge in Britain some forty years later.

The essays of Virginia Woolf (1882-1941), although less important than her novels, have had much influence in shaping English literary taste over the last fifty years. Between the wars she was a member of the famous ' Bloomsbury Group ', which included her husband Leonard Woolf and the famous economist Maynard Keynes (later Lord Keynes). *A Room of One's Own* (1929) is a long essay in favour of what would now be called ' women's rights', The two volumes of *The Common Reader* (1925 and 1932) consist chiefly of essays on the great writers of the past. They contain some of the best critical writing of this century, and deserve to be read by all serious students of literature.

The essays of T. S. Eliot (see page 103) must be treated with respect, if only because they are written with the confidence and authority of a great poet. One of the most important of them is *Tradition and the Individual Talent* (1919)—still a valuable corrective for those who think that a traditionalist is necessarily dull and narrow, and that the literature and art of any one generation can exist, as it were, in a vacuum. Eliot's critical essays covered a wide field of literature (not only English), as well as religious and political subjects. These, happily, are outside the scope of this book. But the reader who likes to attempt *After Strange Gods* (1934) and *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture* (1948) will have no hesitation in accepting Eliot's description of himself as 'an Anglo-Catholic, a traditionalist, and a royalist'.

We have already seen something of Aldous Huxley as a novelist (see page 169) and I wish it were possible to give an equal amount of space to his essays. Most of them are to be found in *On the Margin* (1923), *Do What You Will* (1929), *Music at Night* (1931) and *Adonis and the Alphabet* (1956). They show the extraordinary range of Huxley's interests, as well as his deep concern for human values and social justice. It is almost impossible to recommend particular essays because the intelligent reader (that is to say the reader of this book) will find something to interest him in almost every one of them. My own favourites are *Spinoza's Worm, Revolutions, Vulgarity in Literature* and *Wanted, a New Pleasure.* It is only fair to say that Huxley's essays are never *easy*. Their quality is well expressed by Laurence Brander in *Aldous Huxley: a Critical Study:*

> To be an essayist a writer must have one gift, style. To have a style he must be a character, and to be a character he must have wisdom. Huxley added knowledge, gained from much travel. immense reading and constant meeting with intelligent people. He had a full mind and an unquenchable spirit of enquiry... His essays are relevant to ... his time and ours, a time of revolution and upheaval, and therefore a time for steadiness founded firmly on unalterable values.

In choosing to say more about the essays of George Orwell than those of (for example) Eliot or Virginia Woolf I do not mean to suggest that they are better or more important, only that I happen to prefer them; and I think this preference may be shared by the ordinary reader who is more interested in life than in literature. Orwell was a down-to-earth writer who chose to direct his intelligence and his literary skill to some of the things that matter to ordinary people as well as to bookish people: problems of war and peace, work and pleasure, and the politics of the time he lived in. His work is nothing like that 'literature written by gentlemen for ladies' which we discussed earlier—indeed it is typical of Orwell that two of his critical essays are long studies of two popular and uniquely English forms of art, the 'vulgar' postcards sold by the million in English holiday towns, and the stories of Frank Richards, creator of the fat schoolboy, Billy Bunter, and all those other strange schoolboys and schoolgirls who have amused English children and their parents for at least half a century.

I have said something of Orwell's life in an earlier chapter (see page 175). It was hard and difficult, but it gave him, as a writer, the tremendous advantage of being classless. Like Huxley, with whom he makes an interesting comparison, he received an 'upper-class' education at Eton (but Orwell was a scholarship boy and was conscious of his own comparative poverty); unlike Huxley and unlike most of the other 'intellectuals' of the 1930s (Auden, Spender, Day-Lewis, MacNeice, Isherwood, etc.) he learned later from actual experience what it felt like to be in immediate physical danger, and to be unemployed and hungry. One of his longest essays, *Inside the Whale* (1940), is a reasoned criticism of the 'armchair communism' of the writers I have mentioned, and others like them. This essay is so important to anyone who hopes to understand what intelligent English people were thinking in the 1930s that I shall describe it in some detail.

The title *Inside the Whale* is borrowed from a phrase used by the American novelist Henry Miller to describe a lonely and inward-looking writer who had purposely cut herself off from the outside

world. Such a writer is like Jonah in the whale's belly—warm, safe and careless of what is happening outside.

The greater part of the essay is a discussion of whether a serious writer can stay in a world of his own—inside the whale—or whether he should busy himself about the great events outside: the political and moral problems of his time. Ought he, in short, to be detached or committed? Orwell's answer is that there is certainly no *need* for the writer to be committed, and that many very good writers have remained, as it were, inside their own particular whales:

> Edgar Allan Poe is an example. Poe's outlook is at best a wild romanticism, and at worst is not far from being insane in the literal clinical sense. Why is it, then, that stories like *The Black Cat*, *The Tell-tale Heart*, *The Fall of the House of Usher* and so forth, which might very nearly have been written by a lunatic, do not convey a feeling of falsity? Because they are true within a certain framework, they keep the rules of their own peculiar world, like a Japanese picture.

Another example which may occur to the reader in the 1970s is that of J. R. Tolkien, whose novels are set in a world of their own, apparently unrelated to the 'real' world.

It is possible, Orwell, suggests, for a writer to be *too* committed; like so many writers of the 1930s who, thoroughly *bourgeois* by birth and education, felt the need to be committed Marxists:

> For the middle and late thirties, Auden, Spender & Co. *are* 'the movement', just as Joyce, Eliot & Co. were for the twenties. And the movement is in the direction of some rather ill-defined thing called Communism. As early as 1934 or 1935 it was considered eccentric in literary circles not to be more or less 'left'. Between 1935 and 1939 the Communist Party had an almost irresistible fascination for any writer under forty. It became as normal to hear that so-and-so had 'joined' as it had been a few years earlier, when Roman Catholicism was fashionable, to hear that so-and-so had 'been received'. For about three years, in fact, the central stream of English literature was more or less directly under Communist control.

Orwell's attack on the type of intellectual who, while calling loudly for resistance to Fascism and Nazism, managed in 1940 to find a pacifist haven on the other side of the Atlantic, is angry but not unfair. It is however only one aspect of *Inside the Whale*. Some of Orwell's own

thoughts at that time are to be found in another essay, *England Your England* (1941).

England Your England, written about the time of the Battle of Britain when Orwell was serving in London as an air-raid warden, begins with this sentence:

> As I write, highly civilised human beings are flying overhead trying to kill me.

Orwell goes on to discuss differences in national character and to analyse the special characteristics of England and the English people.

> When you come back to England from any foreign country, you have immediately the sensation of breathing a different air. Even in the first few minutes dozens of small things conspire to give you this feeling. The beer is bitterer, the coins are heavier, the grass is greener, the advertisements are more blatant. The crowds in the big towns, with their mild knobbly faces, their bad teeth and gentle manners, are different from a European crowd. Then the vastness of England swallows you up, and you lose for a while your feeling that the whole nation has a single identifiable character. Are there really such things as nations? Are we not 46 million individuals, all different? And the diversity of it, the chaos! The clatter of clogs in the Lancashire mill towns, the to-and-fro of lorries on the Great North Road, the queues outside the Labour Exchanges, the rattle of pin-tables in the Soho pubs, the old maids biking [bicycling] to Holy Communion through the mists of the autumn mornings—all these are not only fragments, but *characteristic* fragments, of the English scene.

This was written thirty years ago, but not much has changed. Perhaps the coins are not quite so heavy; there are not quite so many clogs in Lancashire; and we are now not forty-six millions, but fifty-five, yet the description is still true, and so are most of the other things Orwell had to say about England. He mentions a number of strange contradictions which most foreigners notice. For example, ' the English are not gifted artistically: they are not as musical as the Germans or Italians, painting and sculpture have never flourished in England as they have in France '. Yet they have a passion for gardens and flowers, and in literature (especially poetry) they have excelled. Orwell suggests that this is because they love *privateness:*

> We are a nation of flower-lovers, but also a nation of stamp-collectors, pigeon-fanciers, amateur carpenters, coupon-snippers, darts-players, crossword-puzzle fans. All the culture that is most truly native [English] centres round things which even when they are communal are not official—the pub, the football match, the back garden, the fireside and the ' nice cup of tea '.

Another strange contradiction which Orwell points out is that while ordinary English people (like the Proles in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*) are not puritanical—' They are inveterate gamblers, drink as much beer as their wages will permit, are devoted to bawdy jokes, and use probably the foulest language in the world '—they have an almost religious respect for *law* as the guarantee of freedom: ' Everyone believes in his heart that the law can be, ought to be, and on the whole will be impartially administered. The totalitarian idea that there is no such thing as law, there is only power, has never taken root.'

These contradictions have naturally led foreigners to believe that the English are hypocrites—and Orwell admits that this is so. He admits too that they are snobs: ' England is the most class-ridden country under the sun. It is a land of snobbery and privilege, ruled largely by the old and silly'. Yet (and this is a point which he mentions several times) the English are *gentle*. ' The gentleness of English civilisation is perhaps its most marked characteristic. You notice it the instant you set foot on English soil.' Above all they hate militarism: there is always (except in times of real national danger) a dislike of soldiers. Even as I am writing this the soldiers who have the unpleasant task of preventing Catholics and Protestants killing one another in Northern Ireland are spoken of by some of their fellow-Englishmen as though *they* were in some way the aggressors. Military ' glory ', Orwell suggests, is something we have always disliked:

> In England all the boasting and flag-wagging, the ' Rule Britannia ' stuff, is done by small minorities. The patriotism of the common people is not vocal or even conscious. They do not retain among their historical memories the name of a single military victory. English literature, like other literatures, is full of battle-poems, but it is worth noticing that the ones that have won for themselves a kind of popularity are always a tale of disasters and retreats. There is no popular poem about Trafalgar or Waterloo, for instance. Sir John Moore's army at Corunna, fighting a desperate rearguard action before escaping overseas (just like Dunkirk!) has more appeal than a brilliant victory. The most stirring battle-poem in English is about a

brigade of cavalry that charged in the wrong direction. And of the last war [1939-45], the four names which have really engraved themselves on the popular memory are Mons, Ypres, Gallipoli and Passchendaele, every time a disaster.

(The battle-poem Orwell refers to is Tennyson's famous *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. He might have added that one of our best known *naval* poems—Cowper's *Loss of the Royal George*—is about a battleship which, while in harbour and far from enemies on a calm and peaceful day, turned over and sank for no clear reason, with the loss of six hundred men!)

One of the things that comes out most clearly from a reading of *England Your England*, and indeed from much of Orwell's other work, is his *patriotism*. Patriotism (which is not to be confused with militarism or aggression) is simply a love of one's country. It should not (and in Orwell's case it certainly does not) include a belief that one's country is *better* than other countries, or more likely to be *right* in any international dispute. Orwell's love of England is in fact highly critical, as is clear from the essays I have been describing. But he has no patience with

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MACMILLAN

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Oscar Wilde

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INTRODUCTION

IN 1890, Oscar Wilde published the first version of *The Picture of Dorian Gray* in *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine*. After vociferous public responses to the novel's "one element… which will taint every young mind that comes in contact with it" (Mason 69), Wilde completed his revisions, expanding the novel by half again and adding his now famous "Preface" for what, in 1891, became the standard version of the novel. This situation leaves readers with two distinct and very different versions of this literary masterpiece, one from 1890 and another from 1891 that followed on the harsh public response. This edition uses the British edition of the often overlooked 1890 printing prior to Wilde's (and his copy editor Coulson Kernahan's) expansions and expurgations of the text, expansions that include the "Preface" he added to explain the artwork's relationship to the morality of the artist and audience.

How do we read the "Preface" that stands between the two volumes, translating their aesthetic visions as well as deflecting public criticisms? Do we read it as an ironic way of avoiding the growing criticism of Wilde's then presumed homosexuality, or do we accept it as a sincere aesthetic manifesto? Is it, as Gillespie conceives Wilde's process, an instance of "learn[ing] the value or the wisdom of adhering to certain limits within society's strictures" (*Oscar* 55)? In either case, the postscript "Preface" influences our view of the novel as a whole. However, we still need to ask *which* novel we are reading: the 1890 original (in either its British or American editions) or the far more common and readily available 1891 revision that significantly responded to social criticisms? For students and popular readers, the 1891 text is far more common and the only practically available edition. Although Michael Gillespie's excellent classroom edition of *The Picture of Dorian Gray* through Norton includes both versions of the text, its critical apparatus clearly distinguishes the

1890 edition as predecessor rather than a viable work for study in its own right. Joseph Bristow's editorship of *The Complete Works of Oscar Wilde* contains the most detailed work on the 1890 and 1891 versions of the novel, but it is impractical for classroom use, and the subsequent student edition by Oxford contains only the 1891 text. In practice, the 1891 recreation of Wilde's novel has become the editorial copy-text for all editions for student use. However, there are consequences to these choices. Wilde's aesthetic declarations shift rapidly between the two published versions of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, and his comments in other contemporary works again point to different interpretive ventures. In nearly all instances, the "Preface" published between the two primary editions acts as arbiter, either directing attention to the work's aesthetics or deflecting attention from its expression of the author's aims and social goals.

The aesthetic opinions as well as the descriptions of the relationship between art and artist here, in the 1890 edition, are more akin to those found in Wilde's story "The Portrait of Mr. W.H." and other works of the same period. These aesthetic views often defy those articulated in the later "Preface" to the revised novel. The reader is told (after the initial poor critical response to the morality of the 1890 novel) that "The artist is the creator of beautiful things" and "To reveal art and conceal the artist is art's aim" (159). In more plain terms, the art product is a consumable object in an economy, but it reveals nothing of the artist whose sole function is to create beautiful things that consumers wish to purchase and enjoy. The first implication recalls Wilde's complaint in the novel that "we know the price of everything and the value of nothing" (31). The second implication is that the artist is not himself among these "beautiful things" that others may choose to purchase for an agreed-upon price. Not only, in anticipation of T.S. Eliot, is the artist *not* expressed in some personal way in the final artistic product, she or he must be *more* than simply absent. She must be actively concealed from the consumer of the artwork. This situation is akin to classical alienation from labour, and the fact that Wilde's own works frequently contradict this exclusion of the artist hardly merits defense – it is overt. Wilde demonstrably regarded the artist as a social critic

and wrote works that reveal himself as well as his aesthetics. This was generally for the purpose of social transformation in line with his antiauthoritarian and Irish Nationalist politics. The artwork is certainly more than simply a "beautiful thing" and the artist more than simply a creator of such objects.

Moreover, while Wilde's later "Preface" may argue against the revelation of the artist in his art, the exclusion of the artist from the artistic product runs contrary to the greatest artwork in the novel: Basil Hallward's picture of Dorian Gray itself. The picture is great insofar as it shows both Basil's and Dorian's hidden "souls," a topic Elizabeth Lorang demonstrates is particularly important to the 1890 *Lippincott's* state of the text (22). Basil's greatest fear is that his finest artistic creation of a "beautiful thing" will reveal too much of himself, though this revelation is very likely the reason for its greatness. Basil's homoerotic love for Dorian is revealed in his work, and his hidden soul "speaks." In this scenario, the artist is revealed in precisely the same image that the audience, in this case Dorian himself, refuses to see. He cannot notice Basil's love reflected in the painting. Dorian, likewise, is revealed in the artwork's transformation to show his social transgressions, and for this reason he must closet it, literally, so that his social face will be gray, as in his namesake, despite the colours shown by the painting and embodied in the multi-coloured flowers that appear throughout the novel.

This is also very much akin to Wilde's "The Portrait of Mr. W.H.," in which another portrait of a beautiful young man is created in order to support a new interpretation of Shakespeare's Sonnets. However, this is only possible so long as the portrait can reveal the soul of its instigator (though not its artist) while concealing its secret. For both scenarios, the audience is unable or refuses to understand what the image communicates apart from its overt content, and the result in both instances is death. In the reading strategies instigated in this contemporary story to *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, Wilde argues that great works of art (such as Shakespeare's Sonnets) not only fail to privilege art over the artist but actively express the artist's hidden life and passions rather than conceal them, just as Basil's portrait reveals his secret love and Dorian's secret soul. The portrait of Mr.

W.H. communicates the same message, and like Basil's love for Dorian, it communicates a form of love that is also censored in tandem with the interpretive activities it would prompt. Likewise, even while Wilde later contends "There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book," he gives Dorian a beautiful "yellow book" (again specific in colour juxtaposed to Dorian's lack of colour as Mr. "Gray"), and this book is certainly corrupting, leading the reader to Huysmans' novel *Á Rebours*. In all three regards, the novel itself and its contemporaries in Wilde's *oeuvre* lead the reader away from the overt declarations of the later "Preface" that tries to distance the artist from the artwork and hence to spare the artist from public critique for immorality. In all cases, the overt contents of the "beautiful thing" are demonstrably insufficient.

A form of reading intent on insinuation, obfuscation, and allusion is certainly privileged in all of Wilde's narratives of reading or interpreting, even while his "Preface" declares such approaches a "peril" to the reader (160). This suggests the "Preface" must itself be read using similar strategies, and this places the standard 1891 text of *The Picture of Dorian Gray* and its "Preface" in a position of dependence in relation to its predecessor from 1890. Moreover, the irony that we now see in this "Preface" is crucial when it declares "All art is perfectly useless." Though often taken as a declaration of the Art for Art's Sake movement, this position avoids Wilde's self-identification as an anarchist (Goodway 62-9, Woodcock 379-82) and his satire of the English aristocracy in his plays – the utility of the artwork is never in question, since it is clearly designed for a socially satiric function. Rather, the "perfectly useless" art reflects the autonomy of the artist and the artwork such that its authority for existence stands independent of the social and state apparatus of authoritarian power, even when art serves to resist such power. Art does not require a "use value" in order to be art, or as Carolyn Lesjak argues, "the notion of pleasure in [Wilde's] texts dovetails with notions of use versus exchange value, commodification and commodity logic, the utopian and the everyday" (180). To hierarchical power structures, the artwork and the artist are "perfectly useless." Legitimate art, insofar as it is individualist, is

"useless" to authoritarian exercises of power, though it can certainly express the artist and exert influence over the audience, albeit an influence that does not impinge on that audience's personal autonomy. Refusing utility *is* the politics of this art.

The implication, then, is that Wilde's later "Preface" and revisions to the body of the novel reflect a different spirit of reading as well as his personal desire to avoid the spirited responses of his critics. The "Preface" is certainly more than a scurrilous distraction from the revealing 1890 edition, yet it is too often taken as an injunction to grant preference or authority to the later edition that avoids social complications and difficulties. The "Preface," then, becomes dangerous if it leads readers to refrain from acknowledging what was communicated in the less obfuscated primary text of 1890. For this reason, the "Preface" appears here in the Appendix rather than preceding the body of the novel. It is ancillary rather than primary in this edition.

There is another issue at stake in selecting a copy text. While the later 1891 edition is significantly enlarged, it is also significantly cut. The "Preface" served its role in protecting Wilde's safety for a time. By superficially declaring that the novel reflected nothing of himself, Wilde temporarily avoided the potential for charges of homosexuality, which would have been (and later were) disastrous for his writing career and personal liberty. Homosexuality was criminal and punishable by imprisonment with hard labour, and it had only been repealed as a crime punishable by execution in Britain in 1861. In many ways, what had spoken perhaps too earnestly in *Lippincott's* in 1890 did not dare to speak again in 1891, and this censorship, even if superficial, protected the author. In a letter to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who conceived his second Sherlock Holmes work *The Sign of Four* during the same dinner as Wilde offered *Dorian Gray* in August 1889, Wilde reveals some of his surprise at the public reaction:

> The newspapers seem to be to be written by the prurient for the Philistine. I cannot understand how they can treat *Dorian Gray* as immoral. My difficulty was to keep the inherent moral subordinate to the artistic and dramatic effect, and it

> still seems to me that the moral is too obvious. (Doyle 95)

Wilde was most likely responding to a particularly harsh review in *The Chronicle* that contends

> There is not a single good and holy impulse of human nature, scarcely a fine feeling or instinct that civilisation, art, and religion have developed throughout the ages as part of the barrier between Humanity and Animalism that is not held up to ridicule and contempt in "Dorian Gray," if, indeed, such strong words can be fitly applied to the actual effect of Mr Wilde's airy levity and fluent impudence. His desperate attempt to vamp up a "moral" for the book at the end is, artistically speaking, coarse and crude because the whole incident of Dorian Gray's death is, as they say on the stage, "out of the picture." (Mason 67)

In addition to its invisibility, the "moral" of Dorian's punishment as well as Basil's is further subordinated by virtue of being enacted by the plot rather than by the direct statement of a moralizing narrator. Wilde's letter to Doyle also implicitly contrasts Wilde's 'immorality' to Doyle's first introduction of Holme's cocaine addiction, which ritualized drug use and left the transgressor unpunished in the plot, though it receives the condemnation of Dr. Watson. Lorang has insightfully noted that this absent moral also contrasts inside the 1890 British edition of *Lippincott's* against the final installment of Coulson Kernahan's *A Diary of a Dead Man* (30). Nonetheless, Doyle's work aroused far less condemnation than Wilde's, and Kernahan's was praised. The difference makes visible Victorian interests and anxieties (Hodgson 41-45).

Wilde's aim to "keep the moral subordinate" is telling, and Basil's punishment in the plot arouses only our sympathy rather than a homophobic moral rectitude. However, the moral's "too obvious" presence shaped his return to the novel during revisions after the *Lippincott's* publication, and the obvious was made overt. Wilde stated clearly that he would not cut a single line from the novel for the

1891 revision. In a typical Wildean manner, he lived up to this statement – rather than a single line, he instead cut dozens of significant passages while expanding others in ways that censored or redirected the novel's social critique in order to draw forward the "too obvious" moral he would otherwise have preferred to "subordinate to the artistic and dramatic effect."

The novel also shows Dorian learning how to read and interpret, just as many first-time readers of the novel often do in a first year university course when developing skills of analysis and active reading by engaging with the novel. A didacticism of reading and interpreting is readily apparent in the novel as a whole. As the self-censorship and concealment of the artist seems to suggest, the reader has materials hidden from view just as Dorian hides his sins in the course of the narrative or Basil his love in his artwork. As with Wilde's later description of the "love that dare not speak its name" (a phrase taken from his lover, Lord Alfred Douglas), a shift in emphasis from the word "dare" to "speak" alters potential critical interventions. This censored form of love is a major part of what was concealed ever more fully by the continued development of the novel. In 1890, *The Picture of Dorian Gray* dared, as did "The Portrait of Mr. W.H." It dared to communicate that which it could not *speak* directly, as the critical response proves. There was little confusion over the meaning the 1890 novel dared to present, nor was there great doubt over the form of love it explored. What it did not dare was to expressly "speak" the same things it had clearly succeeded in communicating. Instead, the speaking voice, the voice of the narrator, displaces ambiguity at precisely the moment when Dorian learns to read what has been hidden from him throughout the novel: his own self-censored wishes, his self-knowledge. At each moment Dorian arrives at self-exploration or an authentic experience outside of authoritarian social or moral restrictions, the novel moves into censorship and Dorian's inability to recognize himself. Self-recognition eludes him. He may transgress social norms, but he does so unselfconsciously, whereas Basil need not make such transgressions because he is already self-aware and able to express and communicate without "speaking" that which society cannot

permit. Following after Dorian's first major ethical transgression (his cruel rejection of Sybil), Dorian shuns self-knowledge and instead pursues a cruel life of self-delusion in which he is unable to recognize himself and demonstrably misreads the picture's visual presentations of the moral state of his soul. Wilde does not condemn nor condone any particular behaviour on the part of Dorian. The novel instead points to the way that social stigmas and conditions dominate his transgressions just as much as they dominate his conformities – in no instance does Dorian develop as an individual who, from that position of autonomy, generates *mores* as an independent yet social being. The extrinsic imposition of social *mores* shapes Dorian's self-censorship and exploration of immorality. At no point does he build from his own experiences to a new form of social existence predicated on the autonomous individual.

While it is tempting to anachronistically read such a moment through psychoanalytic notions of repression, Wilde does not require this. The reader need not move beyond contemporary late nineteenth century questions about the stability of the self and self-knowledge. In 1890, when Dorian sees the hypocritical visage adopted by his hideous image in the painting, following after his decision to reclaim "his rose-white boyhood" (17, 140), the reader is left with a question from the narrator: "Hypocrisy? Had there been nothing more in his renunciation [of his life of sin] than that? There had been something more. At least he thought so. But who could tell?" (141-2). This "something more" that cannot be seen by another person ("who could tell?"), or that cannot be spoken, is instead given voice in Wilde's 1891 revision: "No. There had been nothing more. Through vanity he had spared her. In hypocrisy he had worn the mask of goodness. For curiosity's sake he had tried the denial of self. He recognized that now." The contrast between the editions is highly striking: "There had been something more" (142) in 1890 is denied in 1891 after public recriminations for immorality were made against Wilde in response to the novel's daring communication of the love that dare not speak openly. Wilde's addition to the passage in 1891 negates the previously open text: "No. There had been nothing more." The reader is guided away

from a subtle examination of this "something more" and away from perilously reading beneath the surface of the text that denies it. The reader does not need to engage in an anachronistic Freudian notion of repression in order to recognize the suppression apparent in the original and revised forms of the text. It is equally uncomplicated to see that Wilde's play with self-censorship and hidden desires in his characters reflects what he experienced as a real social situation within which he lived and in which his novel would be published.

More plainly, in 1890, Dorian is unable to comprehend himself and shrinks from the complexities of genuine self-examination while the reader is concomitantly placed in a position of complex interpretive responsibility. The reader must adopt Dorian's position and the demands of self-knowledge by grappling with the text's refusal to grant closure – the reader is an autonomous individual influenced by the art but ultimately making his or her own decisions with regard to it. We all must decide for ourselves the nature of the "something more" in Dorian's hypocrisy. In 1891, under growing social pressure, the novel forecloses on this interpretive activity and upholds a socially normative sanction against Dorian by declaring that his reformation is false and hence his demise is apt punishment for social transgression. Social values are reinscribed over the autonomy of the individual – by punishing Dorian, our vicarious pleasure in his sins is permitted while denied. The act of resistance implicit in 1890 becomes a form of consolation or substitution that upholds the authoritarian social norm in 1891.

Furthermore, rather than speaking what this "something more" might be, something that could illuminate Dorian's interior life or that might explore the nature of the homosocial relations in the novel, the narrator dares not speak anything that reveals the artist. Just as Basil Hallward cannot speak the adoration his painting dares to express, the narrator after this 1890 edition must censor the range of interpretive opportunities. Unlike Wilde's essay "The Decay of Lying" or his subsequent puns on the vital importance of being earnest in his last play, Dorian does not learn to lie in a manner that communicates truthfully nor that allows self-exploration under the protection of social duplicity. Nor does he achieve the anarchist

autonomy longed for in "The Soul of Man Under Socialism," which argues for an antiauthoritarian privileging of the individual as the basis for developing an ethical engagement with the social world via personal experience and self-knowledge. "The Soul of Man Under Socialism" adopts phrases from the anarchist writers Peter Kropotkin and Pierre-Joseph Proudhon, and Kropotkin describes the work to Wilde's close friend Robert Ross as "that article that O. Wilde wrote on Anarchism" (113). George Woodcock, in his classic study *Anarchism*, describes Wilde's 1891 work as "The most ambitious contribution to literary anarchism during the 1890s" (379). It also argues for an equitable and free society built from the autonomy of the individual who discovers ethics through self-exploration rather than through extrinsic imposition. Instead, for Dorian at the conclusion of the novel, the socially normative punishment for transgression must fall on the transgressor, matching Wilde's own definition of Fiction in his later play "The Importance of Being Earnest." As Miss Prism explains to Cecily, in a moment that must surely reflect back on Wilde's own novel, "The good ended happily, and the bad unhappily. That is what Fiction means" (376). In other words, social propriety demands the performance of normative roles, even while individual aims are pursued, although the net effect in such a situation, even when one achieves one's desires, is the diminishment of the personal as ancillary and the promotion of the social as primary.

A further problem, however, lies in Wilde's own Symbolist language in the final scene in *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. Dorian wishes to reclaim "his rose-white boyhood" without 'speaking' the "rose-red youth" that accompanied it (141), the two phrases having occurred in immediate juxtaposition at the outset of the novel (18). Passion and purity – intensity and social conformity. To recognize the 'red' being read in this colour-laden novel would be to repeat "the rage of Caliban seeing his own face in a glass," as Wilde describes in his later "Preface" (159). Like Caliban's rage, Dorian cannot face what he does not dare to speak, and the result is his demise during the act of denial or self-censorship. Quite literally, Dorian attempts to murder that which he cannot accept within himself – his "rose-red youth" –

and in doing so, he murders himself. The socially-desired "rose-white youth" is only one element of Dorian as an individual, and the social rejection of this red and white duality leads Dorian to stagnation, immorality, and ultimately to self-destruction.

Like Basil's fear that in his painting of Dorian "I have shown… the secret of my own soul" (5), Wilde appears to have feared revealing that which he dared not speak in this first version of his own picture of Dorian Gray: his own homosexuality in repressive Victorian society. Yet, he did dare to communicate it. The result is a knife taken to the canvas of the picture just as a knife (and pen) were taken to this first 1890 publication during its revision in 1891 in order to tame its daring communications. While the violence of the image of an authorial knife may be overly strong, the implication is exact: Wilde cut his initial vision in order to assuage public opinion, and in doing so he distracted the reader's attention and interpretive autonomy from the problems of sexuality, self-knowledge, and anarchism that shaped the initial form of the novel.

By making students and readers aware of this 1890 edition as not only an ancillary text but as a primary text in its own right, suitable for classroom use and general reading for which the later revisions become ancillary, the "secret" may once again be *shown* even if not *spoken* – this showing places a greater burden and autonomy on the reader, which is what every good reader deserves.

ABOUT THIS EDITION

This edition fills a gap in student-oriented publications of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. Editions of the novel for classroom use are abundant. Gillespie's work for Norton, Norman Page's for Broadview, and Bristow's for Oxford stand out as the most reliable and widely available. However, all classroom editions privilege the 1891 edition of the text. This new digital edition makes the 1890 instantiation of the novel available for classroom use, for which its shorter length and clearer thematic aims make it highly useful. As an entirely electronic edition available in several states, this edition encourages a

blended learning environment that privileges the text's accessibility and portability – students have access to a standard document with uniform pagination in a Portable Document Format as well as eBook formats for a range of mobile reading devices. The annotations to this edition generally assume an undergraduate reader without significant prior experience with Victorian literature. Bristow's 2005 critical edition is the work of record for advanced scholars.

TEXTUAL NOTES

In instances when Wilde italicized foreign words and then failed to italicize on subsequent appearances, I have italicized throughout. Ligatures have been modernized throughout. The University of Victoria's McPherson Library provided the copy-text of the 1890 British *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine* edition of the novel. A digital replica of the original is available with this edition.

THE PICTURE

OF

DORIAN GRAY

○

CHAPTER I

THE studio was filled with the rich odor of roses, and when the light summer wind stirred amidst the trees of the garden there came through the open door the heavy scent of the lilac, or the more delicate perfume of the pink-flowering thorn.

From the corner of the divan of Persian saddle-bags on which he was lying, smoking, as usual, innumerable cigarettes, Lord Henry Wotton could just catch the gleam of the honey-sweet and honey-colored blossoms of the laburnum, whose tremulous branches seemed hardly able to bear the burden of a beauty so flame-like as theirs[1]; and now and then the fantastic shadows of birds in flight flitted across the long tussore-silk curtains that were stretched in front of the huge window, producing a kind of momentary Japanese effect, and making him think of those pallid jade-faced painters who, in an art that is necessarily immobile, seek to convey the sense of swiftness and motion. The sullen murmur of the bees shouldering their way through the long unmown grass, or circling with monotonous insistence round the black-crocketed spires of the early June hollyhocks, seemed to make the stillness more oppressive, and the dim roar of London was like the bourdon note of a distant organ.

In the centre of the room, clamped to an upright easel, stood the full-length portrait of a young man of extraordinary personal beauty, and in front of it, some little distance away, was sitting the artist himself, Basil Hallward, whose sudden disappearance some years ago caused, at the time, such public excitement, and gave rise to so many strange conjectures.

As he looked at the gracious and comely form he had so skilfully mirrored in his art, a smile of pleasure passed across his face, and seemed about to linger there. But he suddenly started up, and, closing his eyes, placed his fingers upon the lids, as though he sought

to imprison within his brain some curious dream from which he feared he might awake.

"It is your best work, Basil, the best thing you have ever done," said Lord Henry, languidly. "You must certainly send it next year to the Grosvenor.[2] The Academy is too large and too vulgar. The Grosvenor is the only place."

"I don't think I will send it anywhere," he answered, tossing his head back in that odd way that used to make his friends laugh at him at Oxford. "No: I won't send it anywhere."

Lord Henry elevated his eyebrows, and looked at him in amazement through the thin blue wreaths of smoke that curled up in such fanciful whorls from his heavy opium-tainted cigarette.[3] "Not send it anywhere? My dear fellow, why? Have you any reason? What odd chaps you painters are! You do anything in the world to gain a reputation. As soon as you have one, you seem to want to throw it away. It is silly of you, for there is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about. A portrait like this would set you far above all the young men in England, and make the old men quite jealous, if old men are ever capable of any emotion."

"I know you will laugh at me," he replied, "but I really can't exhibit it. I have put too much of myself into it."[4]

Lord Henry stretched his long legs out on the divan and shook with laughter.

"Yes, I knew you would laugh; but it is quite true, all the same."

"Too much of yourself in it! Upon my word, Basil, I didn't know you were so vain; and I really can't see any resemblance between you, with your rugged strong face and your coal-black hair, and this young Adonis,[5] who looks as if he was made of ivory and rose-leaves. Why, my dear Basil, he is a Narcissus,[6] and you—well, of course you have an intellectual expression, and all that. But beauty, real beauty, ends where an intellectual expression begins. Intellect is in itself an exaggeration, and destroys the harmony of any face. The moment one sits down to think, one becomes all nose, or all forehead, or something horrid. Look at the successful men in any of the learned professions. How perfectly hideous they are! Except, of course, in

the Church. But then in the Church they don't think. A bishop keeps on saying at the age of eighty what he was told to say when he was a boy of eighteen, and consequently he always looks absolutely delightful. Your mysterious young friend, whose name you have never told me,[7] but whose picture really fascinates me, never thinks. I feel quite sure of that. He is a brainless, beautiful thing, who should be always here in winter when we have no flowers to look at, and always here in summer when we want something to chill our intelligence. Don't flatter yourself, Basil: you are not in the least like him."

"You don't understand me, Harry. Of course I am not like him. I know that perfectly well. Indeed, I should be sorry to look like him. You shrug your shoulders? I am telling you the truth. There is a fatality about all physical and intellectual distinction, the sort of fatality that seems to dog through history the faltering steps of kings. It is better not to be different from one's fellows. The ugly and the stupid have the best of it in this world. They can sit quietly and gape at the play. If they know nothing of victory, they are at least spared the knowledge of defeat. They live as we all should live, undisturbed, indifferent, and without disquiet. They neither bring ruin upon others nor ever receive it from alien hands. Your rank and wealth, Harry; my brains, such as they are,—my fame, whatever it may be worth; Dorian Gray's good looks,—we will all suffer for what the gods have given us, suffer terribly."

"Dorian Gray? is that his name?" said Lord Henry, walking across the studio towards Basil Hallward,

"Yes; that is his name. I didn't intend to tell it to you."

"But why not?"

"Oh, I can't explain. When I like people immensely I never tell their names to any one. It seems like surrendering a part of them. You know how I love secrecy. It is the only thing that can make modern life wonderful or mysterious to us. The commonest thing is delightful if one only hides it. When I leave town I never tell my people where I am going. If I did, I would lose all my pleasure. It is a silly habit, I dare say, but somehow it seems to bring a great deal of romance into one's life. I suppose you think me awfully foolish

about it?"

"Not at all," answered Lord Henry, laying his hand upon his shoulder[8]; "not at all, my dear Basil. You seem to forget that I am married, and the one charm of marriage is that it makes a life of deception necessary for both parties. I never know where my wife is, and my wife never knows what I am doing. When we meet,—we do meet occasionally, when we dine out together, or go down to the duke's,—we tell each other the most absurd stories with the most serious faces. My wife is very good at it,—much better, in fact, than I am. She never gets confused over her dates, and I always do. But when she does find me out, she makes no row at all. I sometimes wish she would; but she merely laughs at me."

"I hate the way you talk about your married life, Harry," said Basil Hallward, shaking his hand off, and strolling towards the door that led into the garden. "I believe that you are really a very good husband, but that you are thoroughly ashamed of your own virtues. You are an extraordinary fellow. You never say a moral thing, and you never do a wrong thing. Your cynicism is simply a pose."

"Being natural is simply a pose, and the most irritating pose I know," cried Lord Henry, laughing; and the two young men went out into the garden together, and for a time they did not speak.

After a long pause Lord Henry pulled out his watch. "I am afraid I must be going, Basil," he murmured, "and before I go I insist on your answering a question I put to you some time ago."

"What is that?" asked Basil Hallward, keeping his eyes fixed on the ground.

"You know quite well."

"I do not, Harry."

"Well, I will tell you what it is."

"Please don't."

"I must. I want you to explain to me why you won't exhibit Dorian Gray's picture. I want the real reason."

"I told you the real reason."

"No, you did not. You said it was because there was too much of yourself in it. Now, that is childish."

"Harry," said Basil Hallward, looking him straight in the face,

"every portrait that is painted with feeling is a portrait of the artist, not of the sitter. The sitter is merely the accident, the occasion. It is not he who is revealed by the painter; it is rather the painter who, on the colored canvas, reveals himself. The reason I will not exhibit this picture is that I am afraid that I have shown with it the secret of my own soul."

Lord Harry laughed. "And what is that?" he asked.

"I will tell you," said Hallward; and an expression of perplexity came over his face.

"I am all expectation, Basil," murmured his companion, looking at him.

"Oh, there is really very little to tell, Harry," answered the young painter; "and I am afraid you will hardly understand it. Perhaps you will hardly believe it."

Lord Henry smiled, and, leaning down, plucked a pink-petalled daisy from the grass, and examined it. "I am quite sure I shall understand it," he replied, gazing intently at the little golden white-feathered disk, "and I can believe anything, provided that it is incredible."

The wind shook some blossoms from the trees, and the heavy lilac-blooms, with their clustering stars, moved to and fro in the languid air. A grasshopper began to chirrup in the grass, and a long thin dragonfly floated by on its brown gauze wings. Lord Henry felt as if he could hear Basil Hallward's heart beating, and he wondered what was coming.

"Well, this is incredible," repeated Hallward, rather bitterly,—"incredible to me at times. I don't know what it means. The story is simply this. Two months ago I went to a crush[9] at Lady Brandon's. You know we poor painters have to show ourselves in society from time to time, just to remind the public that we are not savages. With an evening coat and a white tie, as you told me once, anybody, even a stock-broker, can gain a reputation for being civilized. Well, after I had been in the room about ten minutes, talking to huge overdressed dowagers and tedious Academicians, I suddenly became conscious that some one was looking at me. I turned half-way round, and saw Dorian Gray for the first time. When our eyes met, I felt that I was

growing pale. A curious instinct of terror came over me. I knew that I had come face to face with some one whose mere personality was so fascinating that, if I allowed it to do so, it would absorb my whole nature, my whole soul, my very art itself. I did not want any external influence in my life. You know yourself, Harry, how independent I am by nature. My father destined me for the army. I insisted on going to Oxford. Then he made me enter my name at the Middle Temple. Before I had eaten half a dozen dinners I gave up the Bar, and announced my intention of becoming a painter. I have always been my own master; had at least always been so, till I met Dorian Gray. Then—— But I don't know how to explain it to you. Something seemed to tell me that I was on the verge of a terrible crisis in my life. I had a strange feeling that Fate had in store for me exquisite joys and exquisite sorrows.[10] I knew that if I spoke to Dorian I would become absolutely devoted to him, and that I ought not to speak to him. I grew afraid, and turned to quit the room. It was not conscience that made me do so: it was cowardice. I take no credit to myself for trying to escape."

"Conscience and cowardice are really the same things, Basil. Conscience is the trade-name of the firm. That is all."

"I don't believe that, Harry. However, whatever was my motive,—and it may have been pride, for I used to be very proud,—I certainly struggled to the door. There, of course, I stumbled against Lady Brandon. 'You are not going to run away so soon, Mr. Hallward?' she screamed out. You know her shrill horrid voice?"

"Yes; she is a peacock in everything but beauty," said Lord Henry, pulling the daisy to bits with his long, nervous fingers.

"I could not get rid of her. She brought me up to Royalties, and people with Stars and Garters,[11] and elderly ladies with gigantic tiaras and hooked noses. She spoke of me as her dearest friend. I had only met her once before, but she took it into her head to lionize me. I believe some picture of mine had made a great success at the time, at least had been chattered about in the penny newspapers, which is the nineteenth-century standard of immortality. Suddenly I found myself face to face with the young man whose personality had so strangely stirred me. We were quite close, almost touching. Our eyes met

again. It was mad of me, but I asked Lady Brandon to introduce me to him. Perhaps it was not so mad, after all. It was simply inevitable. We would have spoken to each other without any introduction. I am sure of that. Dorian told me so afterwards. He, too, felt that we were destined to know each other."

"And how did Lady Brandon describe this wonderful young man? I know she goes in for giving a rapid *précis* of all her guests. I remember her bringing me up to a most truculent and red-faced old gentleman covered all over with orders and ribbons, and hissing into my ear, in a tragic whisper which must have been perfectly audible to everybody in the room, something like 'Sir Humpty Dumpty—you know—Afghan-frontier—Russian intrigues: very successful man—wife killed by an elephant—quite inconsolable—wants to marry a beautiful American widow—everybody does nowadays—hates Mr. Gladstone—but very much interested in beetles: ask him what he thinks of Schouvaloff.' I simply fled. I like to find out people for myself. But poor Lady Brandon treats her guests exactly as an auctioneer treats his goods. She either explains them entirely away, or tells one everything about them except what one wants to know. But what did she say about Mr. Dorian Gray?"

"Oh, she murmured, 'Charming boy—poor dear mother and I quite inseparable—engaged to be married to the same man—I mean married on the same day—how very silly of me![12] Quite forget what he does—afraid he—doesn't do anything—oh, yes, plays the piano—or is it the violin, dear Mr. Gray?' We could neither of us help laughing, and we became friends at once."

"Laughter is not a bad beginning for a friendship, and it is the best ending for one," said Lord Henry, plucking another daisy.

Hallward buried his face in his hands. "You don't understand what friendship is, Harry," he murmured,— "or what enmity is, for that matter. You like every one; that is to say, you are indifferent to every one."

"How horribly unjust of you!" cried Lord Henry, tilting his hat back, and looking up at the little clouds that were drifting across the hollowed turquoise of the summer sky, like ravelled skeins of glossy white silk. "Yes; horribly unjust of you. I make a great difference

between people. I choose my friends for their good looks, my acquaintances for their characters, and my enemies for their brains. A man can't be too careful in the choice of his enemies. I have not got one who is a fool. They are all men of some intellectual power, and consequently they all appreciate me. Is that very vain of me? I think it is rather vain."

"I should think it was, Harry. But according to your category I must be merely an acquaintance."

"My dear old Basil, you are much more than an acquaintance."

"And much less than a friend. A sort of brother, I suppose?"

"Oh, brothers! I don't care for brothers. My elder brother won't die, and my younger brothers seem never to do anything else."[13]

"Harry!"

"My dear fellow, I am not quite serious. But I can't help detesting my relations. I suppose it comes from the fact that we can't stand other people having the same faults as ourselves. I quite sympathize with the rage of the English democracy against what they call the vices of the upper classes. They feel that drunkenness, stupidity, and immorality should be their own special property, and that if any one of us makes an ass of himself he is poaching on their preserves. When poor Southwark got into the Divorce Court, their indignation was quite magnificent. And yet I don't suppose that ten per cent, of the lower orders live correctly."

"I don't agree with a single word that you have said, and, what is more, Harry, I don't believe you do either."

Lord Henry stroked his pointed brown beard, and tapped the toe of his patent-leather boot with a tasselled malacca cane. "How English you are, Basil! If one puts forward an idea to a real Englishman,—always a rash thing to do,—he never dreams of considering whether the idea is right or wrong. The only thing he considers of any importance is whether one believes it one's self. Now, the value of an idea has nothing whatsoever to do with the sincerity of the man who expresses it. Indeed, the probabilities are that the more insincere the man is, the more purely intellectual will the idea be, as in that case it will not be colored by either his wants, his desires, or his prejudices. However, I don't propose to discuss

politics, sociology, or metaphysics with you. I like persons better than principles. Tell me more about Dorian Gray. How often do you see him?"

"Every day. I couldn't be happy if I didn't see him every day. Of course sometimes it is only for a few minutes. But a few minutes with somebody one worships mean a great deal."

"But you don't really worship him?"

"I do."[14]

"How extraordinary! I thought you would never care for anything but your painting,—your art, I should say. Art sounds better, doesn't it?"

"He is all my art to me now. I sometimes think, Harry, that there are only two eras of any importance in the history of the world. The first is the appearance of a new medium for art, and the second is the appearance of a new personality for art also. What the invention of oil-painting was to the Venetians, the face of Antinoüs[15] was to late Greek sculpture, and the face of Dorian Gray will some day be to me. It is not merely that I paint from him, draw from him, model from him. Of course I have done all that. He has stood as Paris in dainty armor, and as Adonis with huntsman's cloak and polished boar-spear.[16] Crowned with heavy lotus-blossoms, he has sat on the prow of Adrian's barge,[17] looking into the green, turbid Nile. He has leaned over the still pool of some Greek woodland, and seen in the water's silent silver the wonder of his own beauty. But he is much more to me than that. I won't tell you that I am dissatisfied with what I have done of him, or that his beauty is such that art cannot express it. There is nothing that art cannot express, and I know that the work I have done since I met Dorian Gray is good work, is the best work of my life. But in some curious way—I wonder will you understand me?—his personality has suggested to me an entirely new manner in art, an entirely new mode of style. I see things differently, I think of them differently. I can now re-create life in a way that was hidden from me before. 'A dream of form in days of thought,'—who is it who says that?[18] I forget; but it is what Dorian Gray has been to me. The merely visible presence of this lad,—for he seems to me little more than a lad, though he is really over twenty,—his merely

visible presence,—ah! I wonder can you realize all that that means? Unconsciously he defines for me the lines of a fresh school, a school that is to have in itself all the passion of the romantic spirit, all the perfection of the spirit that is Greek. The harmony of soul and body,—how much that is! We in our madness have separated the two, and have invented a realism that is bestial, an ideality that is void. Harry! Harry! if you only knew what Dorian Gray is to me! You remember that landscape of mine, for which Agnew offered me such a huge price, but which I would not part with? It is one of the best things I have ever done. And why is it so? Because, while I was painting it, Dorian Gray sat beside me."

"Basil, this is quite wonderful! I must see Dorian Gray."

Hallward got up from the seat, and walked up and down the garden. After some time he came back. "You don't understand, Harry," he said. "Dorian Gray is merely to me a motive in art. He is never more present in my work than when no image of him is there. He is simply a suggestion, as I have said, of a new manner. I see him in the curves of certain lines, in the loveliness and the subtleties of certain colors. That is all."

"Then why won't you exhibit his portrait?"

"Because I have put into it all the extraordinary romance[19] of which, of course, I have never dared to speak to him. He knows nothing about it. He will never know anything about it. But the world might guess it; and I will not bare my soul to their shallow, prying eyes. My heart shall never be put under their microscope. There is too much of myself in the thing, Harry,—too much of myself!"

"Poets are not so scrupulous as you are. They know how useful passion is for publication. Nowadays a broken heart will run to many editions."

"I hate them for it. An artist should create beautiful things, but should put nothing of his own life into them.[20] We live in an age when men treat art as if it were meant to be a form of autobiography. We have lost the abstract sense of beauty. If I live, I will show the world what it is; and for that reason the world shall never see my portrait of Dorian Gray."

"I think you are wrong, Basil, but I won't argue with you. It is only the intellectually lost who ever argue. Tell me, is Dorian Gray very fond of you?"

Hallward considered for a few moments. "He likes me," he answered, after a pause; "I know he likes me. Of course I flatter him dreadfully. I find a strange pleasure in saying things to him that I know I shall be sorry for having said. I give myself away. As a rule, he is charming to me, and we walk home together from the club arm in arm, or sit in the studio and talk of a thousand things. Now and then, however, he is horribly thoughtless, and seems to take a real delight in giving me pain. Then I feel, Harry, that I have given away my whole soul to some one who treats it as if it were a flower to put in his coat, a bit of decoration to charm his vanity, an ornament for a summer's day."

"Days in summer, Basil, are apt to linger. Perhaps you will tire sooner than he will. It is a sad thing to think of, but there is no doubt that Genius lasts longer than Beauty. That accounts for the fact that we all take such pains to over-educate ourselves. In the wild struggle for existence, we want to have something that endures, and so we fill our minds with rubbish and facts, in the silly hope of keeping our place. The thoroughly well informed man,—that is the modern ideal. And the mind of the thoroughly well informed man is a dreadful thing. It is like a bric-a-brac shop, all monsters and dust, and everything priced above its proper value. I think you will tire first, all the same. Some day you will look at Gray, and he will seem to you to be a little out of drawing, or you won't like his tone of color, or something. You will bitterly reproach him in your own heart, and seriously think that he has behaved very badly to you. The next time he calls, you will be perfectly cold and indifferent. It will be a great pity, for it will alter you. The worst of having a romance is that it leaves one so unromantic."

"Harry, don't talk like that. As long as I live, the personality of Dorian Gray will dominate me. You can't feel what I feel. You change too often."

"Ah, my dear Basil, that is exactly why I can feel it. Those who are faithful know only the pleasures of love: it is the faithless who

know love's tragedies." And Lord Henry struck a light on a dainty silver case, and began to smoke a cigarette with a self-conscious and self-satisfied air, as if he had summed up life in a phrase. There was a rustle of chirruping sparrows in the ivy, and the blue cloud-shadows chased themselves across the grass like swallows. How pleasant it was in the garden! And how delightful other people's emotions were!—much more delightful than their ideas, it seemed to him. One's own soul, and the passions of one's friends,—those were the fascinating things in life. He thought with pleasure of the tedious luncheon that he had missed by staying so long with Basil Hallward. Had he gone to his aunt's, he would have been sure to meet Lord Goodbody there, and the whole conversation would have been about the housing of the poor, and the necessity for model lodging-houses. It was charming to have escaped all that! As he thought of his aunt, an idea seemed to strike him. He turned to Hallward, and said, " My dear fellow, I have just remembered."

"Remembered what, Harry?"

"Where I heard the name of Dorian Gray."

"Where was it?" asked Hallward, with a slight frown.

"Don't look so angry, Basil. It was at my aunt's, Lady Agatha's. She told me she had discovered a wonderful young man, who was going to help her in the East End, and that his name was Dorian Gray. I am bound to state that she never told me he was good-looking. Women have no appreciation of good looks. At least, good women have not. She said that he was very earnest, and had a beautiful nature. I at once pictured to myself a creature with spectacles and lank hair, horridly freckled, and tramping about on huge feet. I wish I had known it was your friend."

"I am very glad you didn't, Harry."

"Why?"

"I don't want you to meet him."

"Mr. Dorian Gray is in the studio, sir," said the butler, coming into the garden.

"You must introduce me now," cried Lord Henry, laughing.

Basil Hallward turned to the servant, who stood blinking in the sunlight. "Ask Mr. Gray to wait, Parker: I will be in in a few

moments." The man bowed, and went up the walk.

Then he looked at Lord Henry. "Dorian Gray is my dearest friend," he said. "He has a simple and a beautiful nature. Your aunt was quite right in what she said of him. Don't spoil him for me. Don't try to influence him. Your influence would be bad. The world is wide, and has many marvellous people in it. Don't take away from me the one person that makes life absolutely lovely to me, and that gives to my art whatever wonder or charm it possesses. Mind, Harry, I trust you." He spoke very slowly, and the words seemed wrung out of him almost against his will.

"What nonsense you talk!" said Lord Henry, smiling, and, taking Hallward by the arm, he almost led him into the house.

CHAPTER II

As they entered they saw Dorian Gray. He was seated at the piano, with his back to them, turning over the pages of a volume of Schumann's "Forest Scenes."[21] "You must lend me these, Basil," he cried. "I want to learn them. They are perfectly charming."

"That entirely depends on how you sit to-day, Dorian."

"Oh, I am tired of sitting, and I don't want a life-sized portrait of myself," answered the lad, swinging round on the music-stool, in a wilful, petulant manner. When he caught sight of Lord Henry, a faint blush colored his cheeks for a moment, and he started up. "I beg your pardon, Basil, but I didn't know you had any one with you."

"This is Lord Henry Wotton, Dorian, an old Oxford friend of mine. I have just been telling him what a capital sitter you were, and now you have spoiled everything."

"You have not spoiled my pleasure in meeting you, Mr. Gray," said Lord Henry, stepping forward and shaking him by the hand. "My aunt has often spoken to me about you. You are one of her favorites, and, I am afraid, one of her victims also."

"I am in Lady Agatha's black books at present," answered Dorian, with a funny look of penitence. "I promised to go to her club in Whitechapel with her last Tuesday, and I really forgot all about it. We were to have played a duet together,—three duets, I believe. I don't know what she will say to me. I am far too frightened to call."

"Oh, I will make your peace with my aunt. She is quite devoted to you. And I don't think it really matters about your not being there. The audience probably thought it was a duet. When Aunt Agatha sits down to the piano she makes quite enough noise for two people."

"That is very horrid to her, and not very nice to me," answered Dorian, laughing.

Lord Henry looked at him. Yes, he was certainly wonderfully

handsome, with his finely-curved scarlet lips, his frank blue eyes, his crisp gold hair. There was something in his face that made one trust him at once. All the candor of youth was there, as well as all youth's passionate purity. One felt that he had kept himself unspotted from the world.[22] No wonder Basil Hallward worshipped him. He was made to be worshipped.

"You are too charming to go in for philanthropy, Mr. Gray,—far too charming." And Lord Henry flung himself down on the divan, and opened his cigarette-case.

Hallward had been busy mixing his colors and getting his brushes ready. He was looking worried, and when he heard Lord Henry's last remark he glanced at him, hesitated for a moment, and then said, "Harry, I want to finish this picture to-day. Would you think it awfully rude of me if I asked you to go away?"

Lord Henry smiled, and looked at Dorian Gray. "Am I to go, Mr. Gray?" he asked.

"Oh, please don't, Lord Henry. I see that Basil is in one of his sulky moods; and I can't bear him when he sulks. Besides, I want you to tell me why I should not go in for philanthropy."

"I don't know that I shall tell you that, Mr. Gray. But I certainly will not run away, now that you have asked me to stop. You don't really mind, Basil, do you? You have often told me that you liked your sitters to have some one to chat to."

Hallward bit his lip. "If Dorian wishes it, of course you must stay. Dorian's whims are laws to everybody, except himself."

Lord Henry took up his hat and gloves. "You are very pressing, Basil, but I am afraid I must go. I have promised to meet a man at the Orleans.[23]—Good-by, Mr. Gray. Come and see me some afternoon in Curzon Street. I am nearly always at home at five o'clock. Write to me when you are coming. I should be sorry to miss you."

"Basil," cried Dorian Gray, "if Lord Henry goes I shall go too. You never open your lips while you are painting, and it is horribly dull standing on a platform and trying to look pleasant. Ask him to stay. I insist upon it."

"Stay, Harry, to oblige Dorian, and to oblige me," said Hallward,

gazing intently at his picture. "It is quite true, I never talk when I am working, and never listen either, and it must be dreadfully tedious for my unfortunate sitters. I beg you to stay."

"But what about my man at the Orleans?"

Hallward laughed. "I don't think there will be any difficulty about that. Sit down again, Harry.—And now, Dorian, get up on the platform, and don't move about too much, or pay any attention to what Lord Henry says. He has a very bad influence over all his friends, with the exception of myself."

Dorian stepped up on the dais, with the air of a young Greek martyr, and made a little moue of discontent to Lord Henry, to whom he had rather taken a fancy. He was so unlike Hallward. They made a delightful contrast. And he had such a beautiful voice. After a few moments he said to him," Have you really a very bad influence, Lord Henry? As bad as Basil says?"

"There is no such thing as a good influence, Mr. Gray. All influence is immoral,—immoral from the scientific point of view."

"Why?"

"Because to influence a person is to give him one's own soul. He does not think his natural thoughts, or burn with his natural passions. His virtues are not real to him. His sins, if there are such things as sins, are borrowed. He becomes an echo of some one else's music, an actor of a part that has not been written for him. The aim of life is self-development. To realize one's nature perfectly,—that is what each of us is here for. People are afraid of themselves, nowadays. They have forgotten the highest of all duties, the duty that one owes to one's self. Of course they are charitable. They feed the hungry, and clothe the beggar. But their own souls starve, and are naked. Courage has gone out of our race. Perhaps we never really had it. The terror of society, which is the basis of morals, the terror of God, which is the secret of religion,—these are the two things that govern us. And yet——"[24]

"Just turn your head a little more to the right, Dorian, like a good boy," said Hallward, deep in his work, and conscious only that a look had come into the lad's face that he had never seen there before.

"And yet," continued Lord Henry, in his low, musical voice, and

with that graceful wave of the hand that was always so characteristic of him, and that he had even in his Eton[25] days, "I believe that if one man were to live his life out fully and completely, were to give form to every feeling, expression to every thought, reality to every dream,—I believe that the world would gain such a fresh impulse of joy that we would forget all the maladies of mediaevalism, and return to the Hellenic ideal,—to something finer, richer, than the Hellenic ideal,[26] it may be. But the bravest man among us is afraid of himself. The mutilation of the savage has its tragic survival in the self-denial that mars our lives. We are punished for our refusals. Every impulse that we strive to strangle broods in the mind, and poisons us. The body sins once, and has done with its sin, for action is a mode of purification. Nothing remains then but the recollection of a pleasure, or the luxury of a regret. The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it. Resist it, and your soul grows sick with longing for the things it has forbidden to itself, with desire for what its monstrous laws have made monstrous and unlawful. It has been said that the great events of the world take place in the brain. It is in the brain, and the brain only, that the great sins of the world take place also. You, Mr. Gray, you yourself, with your rose-red youth and your rose-white boyhood, you have had passions that have made you afraid, thoughts that have filled you with terror, day-dreams and sleeping dreams whose mere memory might stain your cheek with shame—"

"Stop!" murmured Dorian Gray, "stop! you bewilder me. I don't know what to say. There is some answer to you, but I cannot find it. Don't speak. Let me think, or, rather, let me try not to think."

For nearly ten minutes he stood there motionless, with parted lips, and eyes strangely bright. He was dimly conscious that entirely fresh impulses were at work within him, and they seemed to him to have come really from himself. The few words that Basil's friend had said to him—words spoken by chance, no doubt, and with wilful paradox in them—had yet touched some secret chord, that had never been touched before, but that he felt was now vibrating and throbbing to curious pulses.

Music had stirred him like that. Music had troubled him many times. But music was not articulate. It was not a new world, but

rather a new chaos, that it created in us. Words! Mere words! How terrible they were! How clear, and vivid, and cruel! One could not escape from them. And yet what a subtle magic there was in them! They seemed to be able to give a plastic form to formless things, and to have a music of their own as sweet as that of viol or of lute. Mere words! Was there anything so real as words?

Yes; there had been things in his boyhood that he had not understood. He understood them now. Life suddenly became fiery-colored to him. It seemed to him that he had been walking in fire. Why had he not known it?

Lord Henry watched him, with his sad smile. He knew the precise psychological moment when to say nothing. He felt intensely interested. He was amazed at the sudden impression that his words had produced, and, remembering a book that he had read when he was sixteen, which had revealed to him much that he had not known before, he wondered whether Dorian Gray was passing through the same experience.[27] He had merely shot an arrow into the air.[28] Had it hit the mark? How fascinating the lad was!

Hallward painted away with that marvellous bold touch of his, that had the true refinement and perfect delicacy that come only from strength. He was unconscious of the silence.

"Basil, I am tired of standing," cried Dorian Gray, suddenly. "I must go out and sit in the garden. The air is stifling here."

"My dear fellow, I am so sorry. When I am painting, I can't think of anything else. But you never sat better. You were perfectly still. And I have caught the effect I wanted,—the half-parted lips, and the bright look in the eyes. I don't know what Harry has been saying to you, but he has certainly made you have the most wonderful expression. I suppose he has been paying you compliments. You mustn't believe a word that he says."

"He has certainly not been paying me compliments. Perhaps that is the reason I don't think I believe anything he has told me."

"You know you believe it all," said Lord Henry, looking at him with his dreamy, heavy-lidded eyes. "I will go out to the garden with you. It is horridly hot in the studio.—Basil, let us have something iced to drink, something with strawberries in it."

"Certainly, Harry. Just touch the bell, and when Parker comes I will tell him what you want. I have got to work up this background, so I will join you later on. Don't keep Dorian too long. I have never been in better form for painting than I am to-day. This is going to be my masterpiece. It is my masterpiece as it stands."

Lord Henry went out to the garden, and found Dorian Gray burying his face in the great cool lilac-blossoms, feverishly drinking in their perfume as if it had been wine. He came close to him, and put his hand upon his shoulder. "You are quite right to do that," he murmured. "Nothing can cure the soul but the senses, just as nothing can cure the senses but the soul."

The lad started and drew back. He was bareheaded, and the leaves had tossed his rebellious curls and tangled all their gilded threads. There was a look of fear in his eyes, such as people have when they are suddenly awakened. His finely-chiselled nostrils quivered, and some hidden nerve shook the scarlet of his lips and left them trembling.

"Yes," continued Lord Henry, "that is one of the great secrets of life,—to cure the soul by means of the senses, and the senses by means of the soul. You are a wonderful creature. You know more than you think you know, just as you know less than you want to know."

Dorian Gray frowned and turned his head away. He could not help liking the tall, graceful young man who was standing by him. His romantic olive-colored face and worn expression interested him. There was something in his low, languid voice that was absolutely fascinating. His cool, white, flower-like hands, even, had a curious charm. They moved, as he spoke, like music, and seemed to have a language of their own. But he felt afraid of him, and ashamed of being afraid. Why had it been left for a stranger to reveal him to himself? He had known Basil Hallward for months, but the friendship between them had never altered him. Suddenly there had come some one across his life who seemed to have disclosed to him life's mystery. And, yet, what was there to be afraid of? He was not a school-boy, or a girl. It was absurd to be frightened.

"Let us go and sit in the shade," said Lord Henry. "Parker has

brought out the drinks, and if you stay any longer in this glare you will be quite spoiled, and Basil will never paint you again. You really must not let yourself become sunburnt.[29] It would be very unbecoming to you."

"What does it matter?" cried Dorian, laughing, as he sat down on the seat at the end of the garden.

"It should matter everything to you, Mr. Gray."

"Why?"

"Because you have now the most marvellous youth, and youth is the one thing worth having."

"I don't feel that, Lord Henry."

"No, you don't feel it now. Some day, when you are old and wrinkled and ugly, when thought has seared your forehead with its lines, and passion branded your lips with its hideous fires, you will feel it, you will feel it terribly. Now, wherever you go, you charm the world. Will it always be so?

"You have a wonderfully beautiful face, Mr. Gray. Don't frown. You have. And Beauty is a form of Genius,—is higher, indeed, than Genius, as it needs no explanation. It is one of the great facts of the world, like sunlight, or spring-time, or the reflection in dark waters of that silver shell we call the moon. It cannot be questioned. It has its divine right of sovereignty. It makes princes of those who have it. You smile? Ah! when you have lost it you won't smile.

"People say sometimes that Beauty is only superficial. That may be so. But at least it is not so superficial as Thought. To me, Beauty is the wonder of wonders. It is only shallow people who do not judge by appearances. The true mystery of the world is the visible, not the invisible.

"Yes, Mr. Gray, the gods have been good to you. But what the gods give they quickly take away. You have only a few years in which really to live. When your youth goes, your beauty will go with it, and then you will suddenly discover that there are no triumphs left for you, or have to content yourself with those mean triumphs that the memory of your past will make more bitter than defeats. Every month as it wanes brings you nearer to something dreadful. Time is jealous of you, and wars against your lilies and your roses. You will

become sallow, and hollow-cheeked, and dull-eyed. You will suffer horribly.

"Realize your youth while you have it. Don't squander the gold of your days, listening to the tedious, trying to improve the hopeless failure, or giving away your life to the ignorant, the common, and the vulgar, which are the aims, the false ideals, of our age. Live! Live the wonderful life that is in you! Let nothing be lost upon you. Be always searching for new sensations. Be afraid of nothing.

"A new hedonism,—that is what our century wants. You might be its visible symbol. With your personality there is nothing you could not do. The world belongs to you for a season.

"The moment I met you I saw that you were quite unconscious of what you really are, what you really might be. There was so much about you that charmed me that I felt I must tell you something about yourself. I thought how tragic it would be if you were wasted. For there is such a little time that your youth will last,—such a little time.

"The common hill-flowers wither, but they blossom again. The laburnum will be as golden next June as it is now. In a month there will be purple stars on the clematis, and year after year the green night of its leaves will have its purple stars. But we never get back our youth. The pulse of joy that beats in us at twenty, becomes sluggish. Our limbs fail, our senses rot. We degenerate into hideous puppets, haunted by the memory of the passions of which we were too much afraid, and the exquisite temptations that we did not dare to yield to. Youth! Youth! There is absolutely nothing in the world but youth!"

Dorian Gray listened, open-eyed and wondering. The spray of lilac fell from his hand upon the gravel. A furry bee came and buzzed round it for a moment. Then it began to scramble all over the fretted purple of the tiny blossoms. He watched it with that strange interest in trivial things that we try to develop when things of high import make us afraid, or when we are stirred by some new emotion, for which we cannot find expression, or when some thought that terrifies us lays sudden siege to the brain and calls on us to yield. After a time it flew away. He saw it creeping into the stained trumpet

of a Tyrian convolvulus. The flower seemed to quiver, and then swayed gently to and fro.

Suddenly Hallward appeared at the door of the studio, and made frantic signs for them to come in. They turned to each other, and smiled.

"I am waiting," cried Hallward. "Do come in. The light is quite perfect, and you can bring your drinks."

They rose up, and sauntered down the walk together. Two green-and-white butterflies fluttered past them, and in the pear-tree at the end of the garden a thrush began to sing.

"You are glad you have met me, Mr. Gray," said Lord Henry, looking at him.

"Yes, I am glad now. I wonder shall I always be glad?"

"Always! That is a dreadful word. It makes me shudder when I hear it. Women are so fond of using it. They spoil every romance by trying to make it last forever. It is a meaningless word, too. The only difference between a caprice and a life-long passion is that the caprice lasts a little longer."

As they entered the studio, Dorian Gray put his hand upon Lord Henry's arm. "In that case, let our friendship be a caprice," he murmured, flushing at his own boldness, then stepped up on the platform and resumed his pose.

Lord Henry flung himself into a large wicker arm-chair, and watched him. The sweep and dash of the brush on the canvas made the only sound that broke the stillness, except when Hallward stepped back now and then to look at his work from a distance. In the slanting beams that streamed through the open door-way the dust danced and was golden. The heavy scent of the roses seemed to brood over everything.

After about a quarter of an hour, Hallward stopped painting, looked for a long time at Dorian Gray, and then for a long time at the picture, biting the end of one of his huge brushes, and smiling. "It is quite finished," he cried, at last, and stooping down he wrote his name in thin vermilion letters on the left-hand corner of the canvas.

Lord Henry came over and examined the picture. It was certainly

a wonderful work of art, and a wonderful likeness as well.

"My dear fellow, I congratulate you most warmly," he said.—"Mr. Gray, come and look at yourself."

The lad started, as if awakened from some dream. "Is it really finished?" he murmured, stepping down from the platform.

"Quite finished," said Hallward. "And you have sat splendidly to-day. I am awfully obliged to you."

"That is entirely due to me," broke in Lord Henry. "Isn't it, Mr. Gray?"

Dorian made no answer, but passed listlessly in front of his picture and turned towards it. When he saw it he drew back, and his cheeks flushed for a moment with pleasure. A look of joy came into his eyes, as if he had recognized himself for the first time. He stood there motionless, and in wonder, dimly conscious that Hallward was speaking to him, but not catching the meaning of his words. The sense of his own beauty came on him like a revelation. He had never felt it before. Basil Hallward's compliments had seemed to him to be merely the charming exaggerations of friendship. He had listened to them, laughed at them, forgotten them. They had not influenced his nature. Then had come Lord Henry, with his strange panegyric[30] on youth, his terrible warning of its brevity. That had stirred him at the time, and now, as he stood gazing at the shadow of his own loveliness, the full reality of the description flashed across him. Yes, there would be a day when his face would be wrinkled and wizen, his eyes dim and colorless, the grace of his figure broken and deformed. The scarlet would pass away from his lips, and the gold steal from his hair. The life that was to make his soul would mar his body. He would become ignoble, hideous, and uncouth.

As he thought of it, a sharp pang of pain struck like a knife across him, and made each delicate fibre of his nature quiver. His eyes deepened into amethyst, and a mist of tears came across them. He felt as if a hand of ice had been laid upon his heart.

"Don't you like it?" cried Hallward at last, stung a little by the lad's silence, and not understanding what it meant.

"Of course he likes it," said Lord Henry. "Who wouldn't like it? It is one of the greatest things in modern art. I will give you anything

you like to ask for it. I must have it."

"It is not my property, Harry."

"Whose property is it?"

"Dorian's, of course."

"He is a very lucky fellow."

"How sad it is!" murmured Dorian Gray, with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrait. "How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrid, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than this particular day of June…. If it was only the other way! If it was I who were to be always young, and the picture that were to grow old! For this—for this—I would give everything! Yes, there is nothing in the whole world I would not give!"

"You would hardly care for that arrangement, Basil," cried Lord Henry, laughing. "It would be rather hard lines on you."

"I should object very strongly, Harry."

Dorian Gray turned and looked at him. "I believe you would, Basil. You like your art better than your friends. I am no more to you than a green bronze figure. Hardly as much, I dare say."

Hallward stared in amazement. It was so unlike Dorian to speak like that. What had happened? He seemed almost angry. His face was flushed and his cheeks burning.

"Yes," he continued, "I am less to you than your ivory Hermes or your silver Faun. You will like them always. How long will you like me? Till I have my first wrinkle, I suppose. I know, now, that when one loses one's good looks, whatever they may be, one loses everything. Your picture has taught me that. Lord Henry is perfectly right. Youth is the only thing worth having. When I find that I am growing old, I will kill myself."

Hallward turned pale, and caught his hand. "Dorian! Dorian!" he cried, "don't talk like that. I have never had such a friend as you, and I shall never have such another. You are not jealous of material things, are you?"

"I am jealous of everything whose beauty does not die. I am jealous of the portrait you have painted of me. Why should it keep what I must lose? Every moment that passes takes something from me, and gives something to it. Oh, if it was only the other way! If the

picture could change, and I could be always what I am now! Why did you paint it? It will mock me some day,—mock me horribly!" The hot tears welled into his eyes; he tore his hand away, and, flinging himself on the divan, he buried his face in the cushions, as if he was praying.

"This is your doing, Harry," said Hallward, bitterly.

"My doing?"

"Yes, yours, and you know it."

Lord Henry shrugged his shoulders. "It is the real Dorian Gray,—that is all," he answered.

"It is not."

"If it is not, what have I to do with it?"

"You should have gone away when I asked you."

"I stayed when you asked me."

"Harry, I can't quarrel with my two best friends at once, but between you both you have made me hate the finest piece of work I have ever done, and I will destroy it. What is it but canvas and color? I will not let it come across our three lives and mar them."

Dorian Gray lifted his golden head from the pillow, and looked at him with pallid face and tear-stained eyes, as he walked over to the deal painting-table that was set beneath the large curtained window. What was he doing there? His fingers were straying about among the litter of tin tubes and dry brushes, seeking for something. Yes, it was the long palette-knife, with its thin blade of lithe steel. He had found it at last. He was going to rip up the canvas.

With a stifled sob he leaped from the couch, and, rushing over to Hallward, tore the knife out of his hand, and flung it to the end of the studio. "Don't, Basil, don't!" he cried. "It would be murder!"

"I am glad you appreciate my work at last, Dorian," said Hallward, coldly, when he had recovered from his surprise. "I never thought you would."

"Appreciate it? I am in love with it, Basil. It is part of myself, I feel that."

"Well, as soon as you are dry, you shall be varnished, and framed, and sent home. Then you can do what you like with yourself." And he walked across the room and rang the bell for tea. "You will have

tea, of course, Dorian? And so will you, Harry? Tea is the only simple pleasure left to us."

"I don't like simple pleasures," said Lord Henry. "And I don't like scenes, except on the stage. What absurd fellows you are, both of you! I wonder who it was defined man as a rational animal. It was the most premature definition ever given. Man is many things, but he is not rational. I am glad he is not, after all: though I wish you chaps would not squabble over the picture. You had much better let me have it, Basil. This silly boy doesn't really want it, and I do."

"If you let any one have it but me, Basil, I will never forgive you!" cried Dorian Gray. "And I don't allow people to call me a silly boy."

"You know the picture is yours, Dorian. I gave it to you before it existed."

"And you know you have been a little silly, Mr. Gray, and that you don't really mind being called a boy."

"I should have minded very much this morning, Lord Henry."

"Ah! this morning! You have lived since then."

There came a knock to the door, and the butler entered with the tea-tray and set it down upon a small Japanese table. There was a rattle of cups and saucers and the hissing of a fluted Georgian urn. Two globe-shaped china dishes were brought in by a page. Dorian Gray went over and poured the tea out. The two men sauntered languidly to the table, and examined what was under the covers.

"Let us go to the theatre to-night," said Lord Henry. "There is sure to be something on, somewhere. I have promised to dine at White's, but it is only with an old friend, so I can send him a wire and say that I am ill, or that I am prevented from coming in consequence of a subsequent engagement. I think that would be a rather nice excuse: it would have the surprise of candor."

"It is such a bore putting on one's dress-clothes," muttered Hallward. "And, when one has them on, they are so horrid."

"Yes," answered Lord Henry, dreamily, "the costume of our day is detestable. It is so sombre, so depressing. Sin is the only color-element left in modern life."

"You really must not say things like that before Dorian, Harry."

"Before which Dorian? The one who is pouring out tea for us, or

the one in the picture?"

"Before either."

"I should like to come to the theatre with you, Lord Henry," said the lad.

"Then you shall come; and you will come too, Basil, won't you?"

"I can't, really. I would sooner not. I have a lot of work to do."

"Well, then, you and I will go alone, Mr. Gray."

"I should like that awfully."

Basil Hallward bit his lip and walked over, cup in hand, to the picture. "I will stay with the real Dorian," he said, sadly.

"Is it the real Dorian?" cried the original of the portrait, running across to him. "Am I really like that?"

"Yes; you are just like that."

"How wonderful, Basil!"

"At least you are like it in appearance. But it will never alter," said Hallward. "That is something."

"What a fuss people make about fidelity!" murmured Lord Henry. "And, after all, it is purely a question for physiology. It has nothing to do with our own will. It is either an unfortunate accident, or an unpleasant result of temperament. Young men want to be faithful, and are not; old men want to be faithless, and cannot: that is all one can say."

"Don't go to the theatre to-night, Dorian," said Hallward. "Stop and dine with me."

"I can't, really."

"Why?"

"Because I have promised Lord Henry to go with him."

"He won't like you better for keeping your promises. He always breaks his own. I beg you not to go."

Dorian Gray laughed and shook his head.

"I entreat you."

The lad hesitated, and looked over at Lord Henry, who was watching them from the tea-table with an amused smile.

"I must go, Basil," he answered.

"Very well," said Hallward; and he walked over and laid his cup down on the tray. "It is rather late, and, as you have to dress,

you had better lose no time. Good-by, Harry; good-by, Dorian. Come and see me soon. Come to-morrow."

"Certainly."

"You won't forget?"

"No, of course not."

"And… Harry!"

"Yes, Basil?"

"Remember what I asked you, when in the garden this morning."

"I have forgotten it."

"I trust you."

"I wish I could trust myself," said Lord Henry, laughing.—"Come, Mr. Gray, my hansom is outside, and I can drop you at your own place.—Good-by, Basil. It has been a most interesting afternoon."

As the door closed behind them, Hallward flung himself down on a sofa, and a look of pain came into his face.

CHAPTER III

ONE afternoon, a month later, Dorian Gray was reclining in a luxurious arm-chair, in the little library of Lord Henry's house in Curzon Street. It was, in its way, a very charming room, with its high panelled wainscoting of olive-stained oak, its cream-colored frieze and ceiling of raised plaster-work, and its brick-dust felt carpet strewn with long-fringed silk Persian rugs. On a tiny satinwood table stood a statuette by Clodion, and beside it lay a copy of "Les Cent Nouvelles," bound for Margaret of Valois by Clovis Eve,[31] and powdered with the gilt daisies that the queen had selected for her device. Some large blue china jars, filled with parrot-tulips, were ranged on the mantel-shelf, and through the small leaded panes of the window streamed the apricot-colored light of a summer's day in London.

Lord Henry had not come in yet. He was always late on principle, his principle being that punctuality is the thief of time. So the lad was looking rather sulky, as with listless fingers he turned over the pages of an elaborately-illustrated edition of "Manon Lescaut"[32] that he had found in one of the bookcases. The formal monotonous ticking of the Louis Quatorze clock annoyed him. Once or twice he thought of going away.

At last he heard a light step outside, and the door opened. "How late you are, Harry!" he murmured.

"I am afraid it is not Harry, Mr. Gray," said a woman's voice.

He glanced quickly round, and rose to his feet. "I beg your pardon. I thought———"

"You thought it was my husband. It is only his wife. You must let me introduce myself. I know you quite well by your photographs. I think my husband has got twenty-seven of them."

"Not twenty-seven, Lady Henry?"

"Well, twenty-six, then. And I saw you with him the other night

at the Opera." She laughed nervously, as she spoke, and watched him with her vague forget-me-not eyes. She was a curious woman, whose dresses always looked as if they had been designed in a rage and put on in a tempest. She was always in love with somebody, and, as her passion was never returned, she had kept all her illusions. She tried to look picturesque, but only succeeded in being untidy. Her name was Victoria, and she had a perfect mania for going to church.

"That was at 'Lohengrin,' Lady Henry, I think?"[33]

"Yes; it was at dear 'Lohengrin.' I like Wagner's music better than any other music. It is so loud that one can talk the whole time, without people hearing what one says. That is a great advantage: don't you think so, Mr. Gray?"

The same nervous staccato laugh broke from her thin lips, and her fingers began to play with a long paper-knife.

Dorian smiled, and shook his head: "I am afraid I don't think so, Lady Henry. I never talk during music,—at least during good music. If one hears bad music, it is one's duty to drown it by conversation."

"Ah! that is one of Harry's views, isn't it, Mr. Gray? But you must not think I don't like good music. I adore it, but I am afraid of it. It makes me too romantic. I have simply worshipped pianists,—two at a time, sometimes. I don't know what it is about them. Perhaps it is that they are foreigners. They all are, aren't they? Even those that are born in England become foreigners after a time, don't they? It is so clever of them, and such a compliment to art. Makes it quite cosmopolitan, doesn't it? You have never been to any of my parties, have you, Mr. Gray? You must come. I can't afford orchids, but I spare no expense in foreigners. They make one's rooms look so picturesque. But here is Harry!—Harry, I came in to look for you, to ask you something,—I forget what it was,—and I found Mr. Gray here. We have had such a pleasant chat about music. We have quite the same views. No; I think our views are quite different. But he has been most pleasant. I am so glad I've seen him."

"I am charmed, my love, quite charmed," said Lord Henry, elevating his dark crescent-shaped eyebrows and looking at them both with an amused smile.—"So sorry I am late, Dorian. I went to look after a piece of old brocade in Wardour Street, and had to

bargain for hours for it. Nowadays people know the price of everything, and the value of nothing."[34]

"I am afraid I must be going," exclaimed Lady Henry, after an awkward silence, with her silly sudden laugh. "I have promised to drive with the duchess.—Good-by, Mr. Gray.—Good-by, Harry. You are dining out, I suppose? So am I. Perhaps I shall see you at Lady Thornbury's."

"I dare say, my dear," said Lord Henry, shutting the door behind her, as she flitted out of the room, looking like a bird-of-paradise that had been out in the rain, and leaving a faint odor of patchouli behind her. Then he shook hands with Dorian Gray, lit a cigarette, and flung himself down on the sofa.

"Never marry a woman with straw-colored hair, Dorian," he said, after a few puffs.

"Why, Harry?"

"Because they are so sentimental."

"But I like sentimental people."

"Never marry at all, Dorian. Men marry because they are tired; women, because they are curious: both are disappointed."

"I don't think I am likely to marry, Harry. I am too much in love. That is one of your aphorisms. I am putting it into practice, as I do everything you say."

"Whom are you in love with?" said Lord Henry, looking at him with a curious smile.

"With an actress," said Dorian Gray, blushing.

Lord Henry shrugged his shoulders. "That is a rather commonplace debut," he murmured.

"You would not say so if you saw her, Harry."

"Who is she?"

"Her name is Sibyl Vane."

"Never heard of her."

"No one has. People will some day, however. She is a genius."

"My dear boy, no woman is a genius: women are a decorative sex. They never have anything to say, but they say it charmingly. They represent the triumph of matter over mind, just as we men represent the triumph of mind over morals. There are only two kinds of

women, the plain and the colored. The plain women are very useful. If you want to gain a reputation for respectability, you have merely to take them down to supper. The other women are very charming. They commit one mistake, however. They paint in order to try to look young. Our grandmothers painted in order to try to talk brilliantly. Rouge and esprit used to go together. That has all gone out now. As long as a woman can look ten years younger than her own daughter, she is perfectly satisfied. As for conversation, there are only five women in London worth talking to, and two of these can't be admitted into decent society. However, tell me about your genius. How long have you known her?"

"About three weeks. Not so much. About two weeks and two days."

"How did you come across her?"

"I will tell you, Harry; but you mustn't be unsympathetic about it. After all, it never would have happened if I had not met you. You filled me with a wild desire to know everything about life. For days after I met you, something seemed to throb in my veins. As I lounged in the Park, or strolled down Piccadilly, I used to look at every one who passed me, and wonder with a mad curiosity what sort of lives they led. Some of them fascinated me. Others filled me with terror. There was an exquisite poison in the air. I had a passion for sensations.

"One evening about seven o'clock I determined to go out in search of some adventure. I felt that this gray, monstrous London of ours, with its myriads of people, its splendid sinners, and its sordid sins, as you once said, must have something in store for me. I fancied a thousand things. The mere danger gave me a sense of delight. I remembered what you had said to me on that wonderful night when we first dined together, about the search for beauty being the poisonous secret of life. I don't know what I expected, but I went out, and wandered eastward, soon losing my way in a labyrinth of grimy streets and black, grassless squares. About half-past eight I passed by a little third-rate theatre, with great flaring gas-jets[35] and gaudy play-bills. A hideous Jew, in the most amazing waistcoat I ever beheld in my life, was standing at the entrance, smoking a vile cigar.

He had greasy ringlets, and an enormous diamond blazed in the centre of a soiled shirt. ''Ave a box, my lord?' he said, when he saw me, and he took off his hat with an act of gorgeous servility. There was something about him, Harry, that amused me. He was such a monster. You will laugh at me, I know, but I really went in and paid a whole guinea for the stage-box. To the present day I can't make out why I did so; and yet if I hadn't!—my dear Harry, if I hadn't, I would have missed the greatest romance of my life. I see you are laughing. It is horrid of you!"

"I am not laughing, Dorian; at least I am not laughing at you. But you should not say the greatest romance of your life. You should say the first romance of your life. You will always be loved, and you will always be in love with love. There are exquisite things in store for you. This is merely the beginning."

"Do you think my nature so shallow?" cried Dorian Gray, angrily.

"No; I think your nature so deep."

"How do you mean?"

"My dear boy, people who only love once in their lives are really shallow people. What they call their loyalty, and their fidelity, I call either the lethargy of custom or the lack of imagination. Faithlessness is to the emotional life what consistency is to the intellectual life,—simply a confession of failure. But I don't want to interrupt you. Go on with your story."

"Well, I found myself seated in a horrid little private box, with a vulgar drop-scene staring me in the face. I looked out behind the curtain, and surveyed the house. It was a tawdry affair, all Cupids and cornucopias, like a third-rate wedding-cake. The gallery and pit were fairly full, but the two rows of dingy stalls were quite empty, and there was hardly a person in what I suppose they called the dress-circle. Women went about with oranges and ginger-beer, and there was a terrible consumption of nuts going on."

"It must have been just like the palmy days of the British Drama."

"Just like, I should fancy, and very horrid. I began to wonder what on earth I should do, when I caught sight of the play-bill. What do you think the play was, Harry?"

"I should think 'The Idiot Boy, or Dumb but Innocent.'[36] Our fathers used to like that sort of piece, I believe. The longer I live, Dorian, the more keenly I feel that whatever was good enough for our fathers is not good enough for us. In art, as in politics, *les grandpères ont toujours tort.*"[37]

"This play was good enough for us, Harry. It was 'Romeo and Juliet.' I must admit I was rather annoyed at the idea of seeing Shakespeare done in such a wretched hole of a place. Still, I felt interested, in a sort of way. At any rate, I determined to wait for the first act. There was a dreadful orchestra, presided over by a young Jew who sat at a cracked piano, that nearly drove me away, but at last the drop-scene was drawn up, and the play began. Romeo was a stout elderly gentleman, with corked eyebrows, a husky tragedy voice, and a figure like a beer-barrel. Mercutio was almost as bad. He was played by the low-comedian, who had introduced gags of his own and was on most familiar terms with the pit. They were as grotesque as the scenery, and that looked as if it had come out of a pantomime of fifty years ago. But Juliet! Harry, imagine a girl, hardly seventeen years of age, with a little flower-like face, a small Greek head with plaited coils of dark-brown hair, eyes that were violet wells of passion, lips that were like the petals of a rose. She was the loveliest thing I had ever seen in my life. You said to me once that pathos left you unmoved, but that beauty, mere beauty, could fill your eyes with tears. I tell you, Harry, I could hardly see this girl for the mist of tears that came across me. And her voice,—I never heard such a voice. It was very low at first, with deep mellow notes, that seemed to fall singly upon one's ear. Then it became a little louder, and sounded like a flute or a distant hautbois.[38] In the garden-scene it had all the tremulous ecstasy that one hears just before dawn when nightingales are singing. There were moments, later on, when it had the wild passion of violins. You know how a voice can stir one. Your voice and the voice of Sibyl Vane are two things that I shall never forget. When I close my eyes, I hear them, and each of them says something different. I don't know which to follow. Why should I not love her? Harry, I do love her. She is everything to me in life. Night after night I go to see her play. One evening she is Rosalind,[39] and

the next evening she is Imogen.[40] I have seen her die in the gloom of an Italian tomb, sucking the poison from her lover's lips. I have watched her wandering through the forest of Arden, disguised as a pretty boy in hose and doublet and dainty cap. She has been mad, and has come into the presence of a guilty king, and given him rue to wear, and bitter herbs to taste of. She has been innocent, and the black hands of jealousy have crushed her reed-like throat.[41] I have seen her in every age and in every costume. Ordinary women never appeal to one's imagination. They are limited to their century. No glamour ever transfigures them. One knows their minds as easily as one knows their bonnets. One can always find them. There is no mystery in one of them. They ride in the Park in the morning, and chatter at tea-parties in the afternoon. They have their stereotyped smile, and their fashionable manner. They are quite obvious. But an actress! How different an actress is! Why didn't you tell me that the only thing worth loving is an actress?"

"Because I have loved so many of them, Dorian."

"Oh, yes, horrid people with dyed hair and painted faces."

"Don't run down dyed hair and painted faces. There is an extraordinary charm in them, sometimes."

"I wish now I had not told you about Sibyl Vane."

"You could not have helped telling me, Dorian. All through your life you will tell me everything you do."

"Yes, Harry, I believe that is true. I cannot help telling you things. You have a curious influence over me. If I ever did a crime, I would come and confide it to you. You would understand me."

"People like you—the wilful sunbeams of life—don't commit crimes, Dorian. But I am much obliged for the compliment, all the same. And now tell me,—reach me the matches, like a good boy: thanks,—tell me, what are your relations with Sibyl Vane?"

Dorian Gray leaped to his feet, with flushed cheeks and burning eyes. "Harry, Sibyl Vane is sacred!"

"It is only the sacred things that are worth touching, Dorian," said Lord Henry, with a strange touch of pathos in his voice. "But why should you be annoyed? I suppose she will be yours some day. When one is in love, one always begins by deceiving one's self, and

one always ends by deceiving others. That is what the world calls romance. You know her, at any rate, I suppose?"

"Of course I know her. On the first night I was at the theatre, the horrid old Jew came round to the box after the performance was over, and offered to bring me behind the scenes and introduce me to her. I was furious with him, and told him that Juliet had been dead for hundreds of years, and that her body was lying in a marble tomb in Verona. I think, from his blank look of amazement, that he thought I had taken too much champagne, or something."

"I am not surprised."

"I was not surprised either. Then he asked me if I wrote for any of the newspapers. I told him I never even read them. He seemed terribly disappointed at that, and confided to me that all the dramatic critics were in a conspiracy against him, and that they were all to be bought."

"I believe he was quite right there. But, on the other hand, most of them are not at all expensive."

"Well, he seemed to think they were beyond his means. By this time the lights were being put out in the theatre, and I had to go. He wanted me to try some cigars which he strongly recommended. I declined. The next night, of course, I arrived at the theatre again. When he saw me he made me a low bow, and assured me that I was a patron of art. He was a most offensive brute, though he had an extraordinary passion for Shakespeare. He told me once, with an air of pride, that his three bankruptcies were entirely due to the poet, whom he insisted on calling 'The Bard.' He seemed to think it a distinction."

"It was a distinction, my dear Dorian,—a great distinction. But when did you first speak to Miss Sibyl Vane?"

"The third night. She had been playing Rosalind.[42] I could not help going round. I had thrown her some flowers, and she had looked at me; at least I fancied that she had. The old Jew was persistent. He seemed determined to bring me behind, so I consented. It was curious my not wanting to know her, wasn't it?"

"No; I don't think so."

"My dear Harry, why?"

"I will tell you some other time. Now I want to know about the girl."

"Sibyl? Oh, she was so shy, and so gentle. There is something of a child about her. Her eyes opened wide in exquisite wonder when I told her what I thought of her performance, and she seemed quite unconscious of her power. I think we were both rather nervous. The old Jew stood grinning at the door-way of the dusty greenroom, making elaborate speeches about us both, while we stood looking at each other like children. He would insist on calling me 'My Lord,' so I had to assure Sibyl that I was not anything of the kind. She said quite simply to me, 'You look more like a prince.'"

"Upon my word, Dorian, Miss Sibyl knows how to pay compliments."

"You don't understand her, Harry. She regarded me merely as a person in a play. She knows nothing of life. She lives with her mother, a faded tired woman who played Lady Capulet in a sort of magenta dressing-wrapper on the first night, and who looks as if she had seen better days."

"I know that look. It always depresses me."

"The Jew wanted to tell me her history, but I said it did not interest me."

"You were quite right. There is always something infinitely mean about other people's tragedies."

"Sibyl is the only thing I care about. What is it to me where she came from? From her little head to her little feet, she is absolutely and entirely divine. I go to see her act every night of my life, and every night she is more marvellous."

"That is the reason, I suppose, that you will never dine with me now. I thought you must have some curious romance on hand. You have; but it is not quite what I expected."

"My dear Harry, we either lunch or sup together every day, and I have been to the Opera with you several times."

"You always come dreadfully late."

"Well, I can't help going to see Sibyl play, even if it is only for an act. I get hungry for her presence; and when I think of the wonderful soul that is hidden away in that little ivory body, I am filled with

awe."

"You can dine with me to-night, Dorian, can't you?"

He shook his head. "To night she is Imogen," he answered, "and to-morrow night she will be Juliet."

"When is she Sibyl Vane?"

"Never."

"I congratulate you."

"How horrid you are! She is all the great heroines of the world in one. She is more than an individual. You laugh, but I tell you she has genius. I love her, and I must make her love me. You, who know all the secrets of life, tell me how to charm Sibyl Vane to love me! I want to make Romeo jealous. I want the dead lovers of the world to hear our laughter, and grow sad. I want a breath of our passion to stir their dust into consciousness, to wake their ashes into pain. My God, Harry, how I worship her!" He was walking up and down the room as he spoke. Hectic spots of red burned on his cheeks. He was terribly excited.

Lord Henry watched him with a subtle sense of pleasure. How different he was now from the shy, frightened boy he had met in Basil Hallward's studio! His nature had developed like a flower, had borne blossoms of scarlet flame. Out of its secret hiding-place had crept his Soul, and Desire had come to meet it on the way.

"And what do you propose to do?" said Lord Henry, at last.

"I want you and Basil to come with me some night and see her act. I have not the slightest fear of the result. You won't be able to refuse to recognize her genius. Then we must get her out of the Jew's hands. She is bound to him for three years—at least for two years and eight months—from the present time. I will have to pay him something, of course. When all that is settled, I will take a West-End theatre and bring her out properly. She will make the world as mad as she has made me."

"Impossible, my dear boy!"

"Yes, she will. She has not merely art, consummate art-instinct, in her, but she has personality also; and you have often told me that it is personalities, not principles, that move the age."

"Well, what night shall we go?"

"Let me see. To-day is Tuesday. Let us fix to-morrow. She plays Juliet to-morrow."

"All right. The Bristol[43] at eight o'clock; and I will get Basil."

"Not eight, Harry, please. Half-past six. We must be there before the curtain rises. You must see her in the first act, where she meets Romeo."

"Half-past six! What an hour! It will be like having a meat-tea. However, just as you wish. Shall you see Basil between this and then? Or shall I write to him?"

"Dear Basil! I have not laid eyes on him for a week. It is rather horrid of me, as he has sent me my portrait in the most wonderful frame, designed by himself, and, though I am a little jealous of it for being a whole month younger than I am, I must admit that I delight in it. Perhaps you had better write to him. I don't want to see him alone. He says things that annoy me."

Lord Henry smiled. "He gives you good advice, I suppose. People are very fond of giving away what they need most themselves."

"You don't mean to say that Basil has got any passion or any romance in him?"

"I don't know whether he has any passion, but he certainly has romance," said Lord Henry, with an amused look in his eyes. "Has he never let you know that?"

"Never. I must ask him about it.[44] I am rather surprised to hear it. He is the best of fellows, but he seems to me to be just a bit of a Philistine. Since I have known you, Harry, I have discovered that."

"Basil, my dear boy, puts everything that is charming in him into his work. The consequence is that he has nothing left for life but his prejudices, his principles, and his common sense. The only artists I have ever known who are personally delightful are bad artists. Good artists give everything to their art, and consequently are perfectly uninteresting in themselves. A great poet, a really great poet, is the most unpoetical of all creatures. But inferior poets are absolutely fascinating. The worse their rhymes are, the more picturesque they look. The mere fact of having published a book of second-rate sonnets makes a man quite irresistible. He lives the poetry that he

cannot write. The others write the poetry that they dare not realize."

"I wonder is that really so, Harry?" said Dorian Gray, putting some perfume on his handkerchief out of a large gold-topped bottle that stood on the table. "It must be, if you say so. And now I must be off. Imogen is waiting for me. Don't forget about to-morrow. Good-by."

As he left the room, Lord Henry's heavy eyelids drooped, and he began to think. Certainly few people had ever interested him so much as Dorian Gray, and yet the lad's mad adoration of some one else caused him not the slightest pang of annoyance or jealousy. He was pleased by it. It made him a more interesting study. He had been always enthralled by the methods of science, but the ordinary subject-matter of science had seemed to him trivial and of no import. And so he had begun by vivisecting himself, as he had ended by vivisecting others. Human life,—that appeared to him the one thing worth investigating. There was nothing else of any value, compared to it. It was true that as one watched life in its curious crucible of pain and pleasure, one could not wear over one's face a mask of glass, or keep the sulphurous fumes from troubling the brain and making the imagination turbid with monstrous fancies and misshapen dreams. There were poisons so subtle that to know their properties one had to sicken of them. There were maladies so strange that one had to pass through them if one sought to understand their nature. And, yet, what a great reward one received! How wonderful the whole world became to one! To note the curious hard logic of passion, and the emotional colored life of the intellect,—to observe where they met, and where they separated, at what point they became one, and at what point they were at discord,—there was a delight in that! What matter what the cost was? One could never pay too high a price for any sensation.

He was conscious—and the thought brought a gleam of pleasure into his brown agate eyes—that it was through certain words of his, musical words said with musical utterance, that Dorian Gray's soul had turned to this white girl and bowed in worship before her. To a large extent, the lad was his own creation. He had made him premature. That was something. Ordinary people waited till life

disclosed to them its secrets, but to the few, to the elect, the mysteries of life were revealed before the veil was drawn away. Sometimes this was the effect of art, and chiefly of the art of literature, which dealt immediately with the passions and the intellect. But now and then a complex personality took the place and assumed the office of art, was indeed, in its way, a real work of art, Life having its elaborate masterpieces, just as poetry has, or sculpture, or painting.

Yes, the lad was premature. He was gathering his harvest while it was yet spring. The pulse and passion of youth were in him, but he was becoming self-couscious. It was delightful to watch him. With his beautiful face, and his beautiful soul, he was a thing to wonder at. It was no matter how it all ended, or was destined to end. He was like one of those gracious figures in a pageant or a play, whose joys seem to be remote from one, but whose sorrows stir one's sense of beauty, and whose wounds are like red roses.

Soul and body, body and soul,—how mysterious they were! There was animalism in the soul, and the body had its moments of spirituality. The senses could refine, and the intellect could degrade. Who could say where the fleshly impulse ceased, or the psychical impulse began? How shallow were the arbitrary definitions of ordinary psychologists! And yet how difficult to decide between the claims of the various schools! Was the soul a shadow seated in the house of sin? Or was the body really in the soul, as Giordano Bruno[45] thought? The separation of spirit from matter was a mystery, and the union of spirit with matter was a mystery also.

He began to wonder whether we should ever make psychology so absolute a science that each little spring of life would be revealed to us. As it was, we always misunderstood ourselves, and rarely understood others. Experience was of no ethical value. It was merely the name we gave to our mistakes. Men had, as a rule, regarded it as a mode of warning, had claimed for it a certain moral efficacy in the formation of character, had praised it as something that taught us what to follow and showed us what to avoid. But there was no motive power in experience. It was as little of an active cause as conscience itself. All that it really demonstrated was that our future

would be the same as our past, and that the sin we had done once, and with loathing, we would do many times, and with joy.

It was clear to him that the experimental method was the only method by which one could arrive at any scientific analysis of the passions; and certainly Dorian Gray was a subject made to his hand, and seemed to promise rich and fruitful results. His sudden mad love for Sibyl Vane was a psychological phenomenon of no small interest. There was no doubt that curiosity had much to do with it, curiosity and the desire for new experiences; yet it was not a simple but rather a very complex passion. What there was in it of the purely sensuous instinct of boyhood had been transformed by the workings of the imagination, changed into something that seemed to the boy himself to be remote from sense, and was for that very reason all the more dangerous. It was the passions about whose origin we deceived ourselves that tyrannized most strongly over us. Our weakest motives were those of whose nature we were conscious. It often happened that when we thought we were experimenting on others we were really experimenting on ourselves.

While Lord Henry sat dreaming on these things, a knock came to the door, and his valet entered, and reminded him it was time to dress for dinner. He got up and looked out into the street. The sunset had smitten into scarlet gold the upper windows of the houses opposite. The panes glowed like plates of heated metal. The sky above was like a faded rose. He thought of Dorian Gray's young fiery-colored life, and wondered how it was all going to end.

When he arrived home, about half-past twelve o'clock, he saw a telegram lying on the hall-table. He opened it and found it was from Dorian. It was to tell him that he was engaged to be married to Sibyl Vane.

CHAPTER IV

"I SUPPOSE you have heard the news, Basil?" said Lord Henry on the following evening, as Hallward was shown into a little private room at the Bristol where dinner had been laid for three.

"No, Harry," answered Hallward, giving his hat and coat to the bowing waiter. "What is it? Nothing about politics, I hope? They don't interest me. There is hardly a single person in the House of Commons worth painting; though many of them would be the better for a little whitewashing."

"Dorian Gray is engaged to be married," said Lord Henry, watching him as he spoke.

Hallward turned perfectly pale, and a curious look flashed for a moment into his eyes, and then passed away, leaving them dull. "Dorian engaged to be married!" he cried. "Impossible!"

"It is perfectly true."

"To whom?"

"To some little actress or other."

"I can't believe it. Dorian is far too sensible."

"Dorian is far too wise not to do foolish things now and then, my dear Basil."

"Marriage is hardly a thing that one can do now and then, Harry," said Hallward, smiling.

"Except in America. But I didn't say he was married. I said he was engaged to be married. There is a great difference. I have a distinct remembrance of being married, but I have no recollection at all of being engaged. I am inclined to think that I never was engaged."

"But think of Dorian's birth, and position, and wealth. It would be absurd for him to marry so much beneath him."

"If you want him to marry this girl, tell him that, Basil. He is sure to do it then. Whenever a man does a thoroughly stupid thing, it is

always from the noblest motives."

"I hope the girl is good, Harry. I don't want to see Dorian tied to some vile creature, who might degrade his nature and ruin his intellect."

"Oh, she is more than good,—she is beautiful," murmured Lord Henry, sipping a glass of vermouth and orange-bitters. "Dorian says she is beautiful; and he is not often wrong about things of that kind. Your portrait of him has quickened his appreciation of the personal appearance of other people. It has had that excellent effect, among others. We are to see her to-night, if that boy doesn't forget his appointment."

"But do you approve of it, Harry?" asked Hallward, walking up and down the room, and biting his lip. "You can't approve of it, really. It is some silly infatuation."

"I never approve, or disapprove, of anything now. It is an absurd attitude to take towards life. We are not sent into the world to air our moral prejudices. I never take any notice of what common people say, and I never interfere with what charming people do. If a personality fascinates me, whatever the personality chooses to do is absolutely delightful to me. Dorian Gray falls in love with a beautiful girl who acts Shakespeare, and proposes to marry her. Why not? If he wedded Messalina[46] he would be none the less interesting. You know I am not a champion of marriage. The real drawback to marriage is that it makes one unselfish. And unselfish people are colorless. They lack individuality. Still, there are certain temperaments that marriage makes more complex. They retain their egotism, and add to it many other egos. They are forced to have more than one life. They become more highly organized.[47] Besides, every experience is of value, and, whatever one may say against marriage, it is certainly an experience. I hope that Dorian Gray will make this girl his wife, passionately adore her for six months, and then suddenly become fascinated by some one else. He would be a wonderful study."

"You don't mean all that, Harry; you know you don't. If Dorian Gray's life were spoiled, no one would be sorrier than yourself. You are much better than you pretend to be."

Lord Henry laughed. "The reason we all like to think so well of others is that we are all afraid for ourselves. The basis of optimism is sheer terror. We think that we are generous because we credit our neighbor with those virtues that are likely to benefit ourselves. We praise the banker that we may overdraw our account, and find good qualities in the highwayman in the hope that he may spare our pockets. I mean everything that I have said. I have the greatest contempt for optimism. And as for a spoiled life, no life is spoiled but one whose growth is arrested. If you want to mar a nature, you have merely to reform it. But here is Dorian himself. He will tell you more than I can."[48]

"My dear Harry, my dear Basil, you must both congratulate me!" said the boy, throwing off his evening cape with its satin-lined wings, and shaking each of his friends by the hand in turn. "I have never been so happy. Of course it is sudden: all really delightful things are. And yet it seems to me to be the one thing I have been looking for all my life." He was flushed with excitement and pleasure, and looked extraordinarily handsome.

"I hope you will always be very happy, Dorian," said Hallward, "but I don't quite forgive you for not having let me know of your engagement. You let Harry know."

"And I don't forgive you for being late for dinner," broke in Lord Henry, putting his hand on the lad's shoulder, and smiling as he spoke. "Come, let us sit down and try what the new chef here is like, and then you will tell us how it all came about."

"There is really not much to tell," cried Dorian, as they took their seats at the small round table. "What happened was simply this. After I left you yesterday evening, Harry, I had some dinner at that curious little Italian restaurant in Rupert Street, you introduced me to, and went down afterwards to the theatre. Sibyl was playing Rosalind. Of course the scenery was dreadful, and the Orlando absurd. But Sibyl! You should have seen her! When she came on in her boy's dress she was perfectly wonderful. She wore a moss-colored velvet jerkin with cinnamon sleeves, slim brown cross-gartered hose, a dainty little green cap with a hawk's feather caught in a jewel, and a hooded cloak lined with dull red. She had never

seemed to me more exquisite.[49] She had all the delicate grace of that Tanagra[50] figurine that you have in your studio, Basil. Her hair clustered round her face like dark leaves round a pale rose. As for her acting—well, you will see her to-night. She is simply a born artist. I sat in the dingy box absolutely enthralled. I forgot that I was in London and in the nineteenth century. I was away with my love in a forest that no man had ever seen. After the performance was over I went behind, and spoke to her. As we were sitting together, suddenly there came a look into her eyes that I had never seen there before. My lips moved towards hers. We kissed each other. I can't describe to you what I felt at that moment. It seemed to me that all my life had been narrowed to one perfect point of rose-colored joy. She trembled all over, and shook like a white narcissus. Then she flung herself on her knees and kissed my hands. I feel that I should not tell you all this, but I can't help it. Of course our engagement is a dead secret. She has not even told her own mother. I don't know what my guardians will say. Lord Radley is sure to be furious. I don't care. I shall be of age in less than a year, and then I can do what I like. I have been right, Basil, haven't I, to take my love out of poetry, and to find my wife in Shakespeare's plays? Lips that Shakespeare taught to speak have whispered their secret in my ear. I have had the arms of Rosalind around me, and kissed Juliet on the mouth."

"Yes, Dorian, I suppose you were right," said Hallward, slowly.

"Have you seen her to-day?" asked Lord Henry.

Dorian Gray shook his head. "I left her in the forest of Arden, I shall find her in an orchard in Verona."

Lord Henry sipped his champagne in a meditative manner. "At what particular point did you mention the word marriage, Dorian? and what did she say in answer? Perhaps you forgot all about it."

"My dear Harry, I did not treat it as a business transaction, and I did not make any formal proposal. I told her that I loved her, and she said she was not worthy to be my wife. Not worthy! Why, the whole world is nothing to me compared to her."

"Women are wonderfully practical," murmured Lord Henry,—"much more practical than we are. In situations of that kind we often forget to say anything about marriage, and they always remind us."

Hallward laid his hand upon his arm. "Don't, Harry. You have annoyed Dorian. He is not like other men. He would never bring misery upon any one. His nature is too fine for that."

Lord Henry looked across the table. "Dorian is never annoyed with me," he answered. "I asked the question for the best reason possible, for the only reason, indeed, that excuses one for asking any question,—simple curiosity. I have a theory that it is always the women who propose to us, and not we who propose to the women, except, of course, in middle-class life. But then the middle classes are not modern."

Dorian Gray laughed, and tossed his head. "You are quite incorrigible, Harry; but I don't mind. It is impossible to be angry with you. When you see Sibyl Vane you will feel that the man who could wrong her would be a beast without a heart. I cannot understand how any one can wish to shame what he loves. I love Sibyl Vane. I wish to place her on a pedestal of gold, and to see the world worship the woman who is mine. What is marriage? An irrevocable vow. And it is an irrevocable vow that I want to take. Her trust makes me faithful, her belief makes me good. When I am with her, I regret all that you have taught me. I become different from what you have known me to be. I am changed, and the mere touch of Sibyl Vane's hand makes me forget you and all your wrong, fascinating, poisonous, delightful theories."

"You will always like me, Dorian," said Lord Henry. "Will you have some coffee, you fellows?—Waiter, bring coffee, and fine-champagne, and some cigarettes. No: don't mind the cigarettes; I have some.—Basil, I can't allow you to smoke cigars. You must have a cigarette. A cigarette is the perfect type of a perfect pleasure. It is exquisite, and it leaves one unsatisfied. What more can you want?—Yes, Dorian, you will always be fond of me. I represent to you all the sins you have never had the courage to commit."

"What nonsense you talk, Harry!" cried Dorian Gray, lighting his cigarette from a fire-breathing silver dragon that the waiter had placed on the table. "Let us go down to the theatre. When you see Sibyl you will have a new ideal of life. She will represent something to you that you have never known."

"I have known everything," said Lord Henry, with a sad look in his eyes, "but I am always ready for a new emotion. I am afraid that there is no such thing, for me at any rate. Still, your wonderful girl may thrill me. I love acting. It is so much more real than life. Let us go. Dorian, you will come with me.—I am so sorry, Basil, but there is only room for two in the brougham. You must follow us in a hansom."

They got up and put on their coats, sipping their coffee standing. Hallward was silent and preoccupied. There was a gloom over him. He could not bear this marriage, and yet it seemed to him to be better than many other things that might have happened. After a few moments, they all passed down-stairs. He drove off by himself, as had been arranged, and watched the flashing lights of the little brougham in front of him. A strange sense of loss came over him. He felt that Dorian Gray would never again be to him all that he had been in the past. His eyes darkened, and the crowded flaring streets became blurred to him. When the cab drew up at the doors of the theatre, it seemed to him that he had grown years older.

CHAPTER V

FOR some reason or other, the house was crowded that night, and the fat Jew manager who met them at the door was beaming from ear to ear with an oily, tremulous smile. He escorted them to their box with a sort of pompous humility, waving his fat jewelled hands, and talking at the top of his voice. Dorian Gray loathed him more than ever. He felt as if he had come to look for Miranda and had been met by Caliban. Lord Henry, upon the other hand, rather liked him. At least he declared he did, and insisted on shaking him by the hand, and assured him that he was proud to meet a man who had discovered a real genius and gone bankrupt over Shakespeare. Hallward amused himself with watching the faces in the pit. The heat was terribly oppressive, and the huge sunlight flamed like a monstrous dahlia with petals of fire. The youths in the gallery had taken off their coats and waist-coats and hung them over the side. They talked to each other across the theatre, and shared their oranges with the tawdry painted girls who sat by them. Some women were laughing in the pit; their voices were horribly shrill and discordant. The sound of the popping of corks came from the bar.

"What a place to find one's divinity in!" said Lord Henry.

"Yes!" answered Dorian Gray. "It was here I found her, and she is divine beyond all living things. When she acts you will forget everything. These common people here, with their coarse faces and brutal gestures, become quite different when she is on the stage. They sit silently and watch her. They weep and laugh as she wills them to do. She makes them as responsive as a violin. She spiritualizes them, and one feels that they are of the same flesh and blood as one's self."

"Oh, I hope not!" murmured Lord Henry, who was scanning the occupants of the gallery through his opera-glass.

"Don't pay any attention to him, Dorian," said Hallward. "I

understand what you mean, and I believe in this girl. Any one you love must be marvellous, and any girl that has the effect you describe must be fine and noble. To spiritualize one's age,—that is something worth doing. If this girl can give a soul to those who have lived without one, if she can create the sense of beauty in people whose lives have been sordid and ugly, if she can strip them of their selfishness and lend them tears for sorrows that are not their own, she is worthy of all your adoration, worthy of the adoration of the world. This marriage is quite right. I did not think so at first, but I admit it now. God made Sibyl Vane for you. Without her you would have been incomplete."

"Thanks, Basil," answered Dorian Gray, pressing his hand. "I knew that you would understand me. Harry is so cynical, he terrifies me. But here is the orchestra. It is quite dreadful, but it only lasts for about five minutes. Then the curtain rises, and you will see the girl to whom I am going to give all my life, to whom I have given everything that is good in me."

A quarter of an hour afterwards, amidst an extraordinary turmoil of applause, Sibyl Vane stepped on to the stage. Yes, she was certainly lovely to look at,—one of the loveliest creatures, Lord Henry thought, that he had ever seen. There was something of the fawn in her shy grace and startled eyes. A faint blush, like the shadow of a rose in a mirror of silver, came to her cheeks as she glanced at the crowded, enthusiastic house. She stepped back a few paces, and her lips seemed to tremble. Basil Hallward leaped to his feet and began to applaud. Dorian Gray sat motionless, gazing on her, like a man in a dream. Lord Henry peered through his opera-glass, murmuring, "Charming! charming!"

The scene was the hall of Capulet's house, and Romeo in his pilgrim's dress had entered with Mercutio and his friends. The band, such as it was, struck up a few bars of music, and the dance began. Through the crowd of ungainly, shabbily-dressed actors, Sibyl Vane moved like a creature from a finer world. Her body swayed, as she danced, as a plant sways in the water. The curves of her throat were like the curves of a white lily. Her hands seemed to be made of cool ivory.

Yet she was curiously listless. She showed no sign of joy when her eyes rested on Romeo. The few lines she had to speak,—

> Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
> Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
> For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
> And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss,—[51]

with the brief dialogue that follows, were spoken in a thoroughly artificial manner. The voice was exquisite, but from the point of view of tone it was absolutely false. It was wrong in color. It took away all the life from the verse. It made the passion unreal.[52]

Dorian Gray grew pale as he watched her. Neither of his friends dared to say anything to him. She seemed to them to be absolutely incompetent. They were horribly disappointed.

Yet they felt that the true test of any Juliet is the balcony scene of the second act. They waited for that. If she failed there, there was nothing in her.

She looked charming as she came out in the moonlight. That could not be denied. But the staginess of her acting was unbearable, and grew worse as she went on. Her gestures became absurdly artificial. She over-emphasized everything that she had to say. The beautiful passage,—

> Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,
> Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
> For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night,—[53]

was declaimed with the painful precision of a school-girl who has been taught to recite by some second-rate professor of elocution. When she leaned over the balcony and came to those wonderful lines,—

> Although I joy in thee,
> I have no joy of this contract to-night:
> It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden ;

> Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
> Ere one can say, "It lightens." Sweet, good-night!
> This bud of love by summer's ripening breath
> May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet, —[54]

she spoke the words as if they conveyed no meaning to her. It was not nervousness. Indeed, so far from being nervous, she seemed absolutely self-contained. It was simply bad art. She was a complete failure.

Even the common uneducated audience of the pit and gallery lost their interest in the play. They got restless, and began to talk loudly and to whistle. The Jew manager, who was standing at the back of the dress-circle, stamped and swore with rage. The only person unmoved was the girl herself.

When the second act was over there came a storm of hisses, and Lord Henry got up from his chair and put on his coat. "She is quite beautiful, Dorian," he said, "but she can't act. Let us go."

"I am going to see the play through," answered the lad, in a hard, bitter voice. "I am awfully sorry that I have made you waste an evening, Harry. I apologize to both of you."

"My dear Dorian, I should think Miss Vane was ill," interrupted Hallward. "We will come some other night."

"I wish she was ill," he rejoined. "But she seems to me to be simply callous and cold. She has entirely altered. Last night she was a great artist. To-night she is merely a commonplace, mediocre actress."

"Don't talk like that about any one you love, Dorian. Love is a more wonderful thing than art."[55]

"They are both simply forms of imitation," murmured Lord Henry. "But do let us go. Dorian, you must not stay here any longer. It is not good for one's morals to see bad acting. Besides, I don't suppose you will want your wife to act. So what does it matter if she plays Juliet like a wooden doll? She is very lovely, and if she knows as little about life as she does about acting, she will be a delightful experience. There are only two kinds of people who are really fascinating,—people who know absolutely everything, and people

who know absolutely nothing. Good heavens, my dear boy, don't look so tragic! The secret of remaining young is never to have an emotion that is unbecoming. Come to the club with Basil and myself. We will smoke cigarettes and drink to the beauty of Sibyl Vane. She is beautiful. What more can you want?"

"Please go away, Harry," cried the lad. "I really want to be alone.—Basil, you don't mind my asking you to go? Ah! Can't you see that my heart is breaking?" The hot tears came to his eyes. His lips trembled, and, rushing to the back of the box, he leaned up against the wall, hiding his face in his hands.

"Let us go, Basil," said Lord Henry, with a strange tenderness in his voice; and the two young men passed out together.

A few moments afterwards the footlights flared up, and the curtain rose on the third act. Dorian Gray went back to his seat. He looked pale, and proud, and indifferent. The play dragged on, and seemed interminable. Half of the audience went out, tramping in heavy boots, and laughing. The whole thing was a fiasco. The last act was played to almost empty benches.

As soon as it was over, Dorian Gray rushed behind the scenes into the greenroom. The girl was standing alone there, with a look of triumph on her face. Her eyes were lit with an exquisite fire. There was a radiance about her. Her parted lips were smiling over some secret of their own.

When he entered, she looked at him, and an expression of infinite joy came over her. "How badly I acted to-night, Dorian!" she cried.

"Horribly!" he answered, gazing at her in amazement,—"horribly! It was dreadful. Are you ill? You have no idea what it was. You have no idea what I suffered."

The girl smiled. "Dorian," she answered, lingering over his name with long-drawn music in her voice, as though it were sweeter than honey to the red petals of her lips,—"Dorian, you should have understood. But you understand now, don't you?"

"Understand what?" he asked, angrily.

"Why I was so bad to-night. Why I shall always be bad. Why I shall never act well again."

He shrugged his shoulders. "You are ill, I suppose. When you are

ill you shouldn't act. You make yourself ridiculous. My friends were bored. I was bored."

She seemed not to listen to him. She was transfigured with joy. An ecstasy of happiness dominated her.

"Dorian, Dorian," she cried, "before I knew you, acting was the one reality of my life. It was only in the theatre that I lived. I thought that it was all true. I was Rosalind one night, and Portia the other. The joy of Beatrice was my joy, and the sorrows of Cordelia were mine also.[56] I believed in everything. The common people who acted with me seemed to me to be godlike. The painted scenes were my world. I knew nothing but shadows, and I thought them real. You came,—oh, my beautiful love!—and you freed my soul from prison. You taught me what reality really is. To-night, for the first time in my life, I saw through the hollowness, the sham, the silliness, of the empty pageant in which I had always played. To-night, for the first time, I became conscious that the Romeo was hideous, and old, and painted, that the moonlight in the orchard was false, that the scenery was vulgar, and that the words I had to speak were unreal, were not my words, not what I wanted to say. You had brought me something higher, something of which all art is but a reflection. You have made me understand what love really is. My love! my love! I am sick of shadows. You are more to me than all art can ever be. What have I to do with the puppets of a play? When I came on to-night, I could not understand how it was that everything had gone from me. Suddenly it dawned on my soul what it all meant. The knowledge was exquisite to me. I heard them hissing, and I smiled. What should they know of love? Take me away, Dorian,—take me away with you, where we can be quite alone. I hate the stage. I might mimic a passion that I do not feel, but I cannot mimic one that burns me like fire. Oh, Dorian, Dorian, you understand now what it all means? Even if I could do it, it would be profanation for me to play at being in love. You have made me see that."[57]

He flung himself down on the sofa,[58] and turned away his face. "You have killed my love," he muttered.

She looked at him in wonder, and laughed. He made no answer. She came across to him, and stroked his hair with her little fingers.

She knelt down and pressed his hands to her lips. He drew them away, and a shudder ran through him.

Then he leaped up, and went to the door. "Yes," he cried, "you have killed my love. You used to stir my imagination. Now you don't even stir my curiosity. You simply produce no effect. I loved you because you were wonderful, because you had genius and intellect, because you realized the dreams of great poets and gave shape and substance to the shadows of art. You have thrown it all away. You are shallow and stupid. My God! how mad I was to love you! What a fool I have been! You are nothing to me now. I will never see you again. I will never think of you. I will never mention your name. You don't know what you were to me, once. Why, once…. Oh, I can't bear to think of it! I wish I had never laid eyes upon you! You have spoiled the romance of my life. How little you can know of love, if you say it mars your art! What are you without your art? Nothing. I would have made you famous, splendid, magnificent. The world would have worshipped you, and you would have belonged to me. What are you now? A third-rate actress with a pretty face."[59]

The girl grew white, and trembled. She clinched her hands together, and her voice seemed to catch in her throat. "You are not serious, Dorian?" she murmured. "You are acting."

"Acting! I leave that to you. You do it so well," he answered, bitterly.

She rose from her knees, and, with a piteous expression of pain in her face, came across the room to him. She put her hand upon his arm, and looked into his eyes. He thrust her back. "Don't touch me!" he cried.

A low moan broke from her, and she flung herself at his feet, and lay there like a trampled flower. "Dorian, Dorian, don't leave me!" she whispered. "I am so sorry I didn't act well. I was thinking of you all the time. But I will try,—indeed, I will try. It came so suddenly across me, my love for you. I think I should never have known it if you had not kissed me,—if we had not kissed each other. Kiss me again, my love. Don't go away from me. I couldn't bear it. Can't you forgive me for to-night? I will work so hard, and try to improve. Don't be cruel to me because I love you better than anything in the

world. After all, it is only once that I have not pleased you. But you are quite right, Dorian. I should have shown myself more of an artist. It was foolish of me; and yet I couldn't help it. Oh, don't leave me, don't leave me." A fit of passionate sobbing choked her. She crouched on the floor like a wounded thing, and Dorian Gray, with his beautiful eyes, looked down at her, and his chiselled lips curled in exquisite disdain. There is always something ridiculous about the passions of people whom one has ceased to love. Sibyl Vane seemed to him to be absurdly melodramatic. Her tears and sobs annoyed him.

"I am going," he said at last, in his calm, clear voice. "I don't wish to be unkind, but I can't see you again. You have disappointed me."

She wept silently, and made no answer, but crept nearer to him. Her little hands stretched blindly out, and appeared to be seeking for him. He turned on his heel, and left the room. In a few moments he was out of the theatre.

Where he went to, he hardly knew. He remembered wandering through dimly-lit streets with gaunt black-shadowed archways and evil-looking houses. Women with hoarse voices and harsh laughter had called after him. Drunkards had reeled by cursing, and chattering to themselves like monstrous apes. He had seen grotesque children huddled upon door-steps, and had heard shrieks and oaths from gloomy courts.

When the dawn was just breaking he found himself at Covent Garden. Huge carts filled with nodding lilies rumbled slowly down the polished empty street. The air was heavy with the perfume of the flowers, and their beauty seemed to bring him an anodyne for his pain. He followed into the market, and watched the men unloading their wagons. A white-smocked carter offered him some cherries. He thanked him, wondered why he refused to accept any money for them, and began to eat them listlessly. They had been plucked at midnight, and the coldness of the moon had entered into them. A long line of boys carrying crates of striped tulips, and of yellow and red roses, defiled in front of him, threading their way through the huge jade-green piles of vegetables. Under the portico, with its gray sun-bleached pillars, loitered a troop of draggled bareheaded girls,

waiting for the auction to be over. After some time he hailed a hansom and drove home. The sky was pure opal now, and the roofs of the houses glistened like silver against it. As he was passing through the library towards the door of his bedroom, his eye fell upon the portrait Basil Hallward had painted of him. He started back in surprise, and then went over to it and examined it. In the dim arrested light that struggled through the cream-colored silk blinds, the face seemed to him to be a little changed. The expression looked different. One would have said that there was a touch of cruelty in the mouth. It was certainly curious.

He turned round, and, walking to the window, drew the blinds up. The bright dawn flooded the room, and swept the fantastic shadows into dusky corners, where they lay shuddering. But the strange expression that he had noticed in the face of the portrait seemed to linger there, to be more intensified even. The quivering, ardent sunlight showed him the lines of cruelty round the mouth as clearly as if he had been looking into a mirror after he had done some dreadful thing.

He winced, and, taking up from the table an oval glass framed in ivory Cupids, that Lord Henry had given him, he glanced hurriedly into it. No line like that warped his red lips. What did it mean?

He rubbed his eyes, and came close to the picture, and examined it again. There were no signs of any change when he looked into the actual painting, and yet there was no doubt that the whole expression had altered. It was not a mere fancy of his own. The thing was horribly apparent.

He threw himself into a chair, and began to think. Suddenly there flashed across his mind what he had said in Basil Hallward's studio the day the picture had been finished. Yes, he remembered it perfectly. He had uttered a mad wish that he himself might remain young, and the portrait grow old; that his own beauty might be untarnished, and the face on the canvas bear the burden of his passions and his sins; that the painted image might be seared with the lines of suffering and thought, and that he might keep all the delicate bloom and loveliness of his then just conscious boyhood.[60] Surely his prayer had not been answered? Such things were

impossible. It seemed monstrous even to think of them. And, yet, there was the picture before him, with the touch of cruelty in the mouth.

Cruelty! Had he been cruel? It was the girl's fault, not his. He had dreamed of her as a great artist, had given his love to her because he had thought her great. Then she had disappointed him. She had been shallow and unworthy. And, yet, a feeling of infinite regret came over him, as he thought of her lying at his feet sobbing like a little child. He remembered with what callousness he had watched her. Why had he been made like that? Why had such a soul been given to him? But he had suffered also. During the three terrible hours that the play had lasted, he had lived centuries of pain, aeon upon aeon of torture. His life was well worth hers. She had marred him for a moment, if he had wounded her for an age. Besides, women were better suited to bear sorrow than men. They lived on their emotions. They only thought of their emotions. When they took lovers, it was merely to have some one with whom they could have scenes. Lord Henry had told him that, and Lord Henry knew what women were. Why should he trouble about Sibyl Vane? She was nothing to him now.

But the picture? What was he to say of that? It held the secret of his life, and told his story. It had taught him to love his own beauty. Would it teach him to loathe his own soul? Would he ever look at it again?

No; it was merely an illusion wrought on the troubled senses. The horrible night that he had passed had left phantoms behind it. Suddenly there had fallen upon his brain that tiny scarlet speck that makes men mad. The picture had not changed. It was folly to think so.

Yet it was watching him, with its beautiful marred lace and its cruel smile. Its bright hair gleamed in the early sunlight. Its blue eyes met his own. A sense of infinite pity, not for himself, but for the painted image of himself, came over him. It had altered already, and would alter more. Its gold would wither into gray. Its red and white roses would die. For every sin that he committed, a stain would fleck and wreck its fairness. But he would not sin. The picture, changed or unchanged, would be to him the visible emblem of conscience.[61] He

would resist temptation. He would not see Lord Henry any more,—would not, at any rate, listen to those subtle poisonous theories that in Basil Hallward's garden had first stirred within him the passion for impossible things. He would go back to Sibyl Vane, make her amends, marry her, try to love her again. Yes, it was his duty to do so. She must have suffered more than he had. Poor child! He had been selfish and cruel to her. The fascination that she had exercised over him would return. They would be happy together. His life with her would be beautiful and pure.

He got up from his chair, and drew a large screen right in front of the portrait, shuddering as he glanced at it. "How horrible!" he murmured to himself, and he walked across to the window and opened it. When he stepped out on the grass, he drew a deep breath. The fresh morning air seemed to drive away all his sombre passions. He thought only of Sibyl Vane. A faint echo of his love came back to him. He repeated her name over and over again. The birds that were singing in the dew-drenched garden seemed to be telling the flowers about her.

CHAPTER VI

IT was long past noon when he awoke. His valet had crept several times into the room on tiptoe to see if he was stirring, and had wondered what made his young master sleep so late. Finally his bell sounded, and Victor came in softly with a cup of tea, and a pile of letters, on a small tray of old Sèvres china, and drew back the olive-satin curtains, with their shimmering blue lining, that hung in front of the three tall windows.

"Monsieur has well slept this morning," he said, smiling.

"What o'clock is it, Victor?" asked Dorian Gray, sleepily.

"One hour and a quarter, monsieur."

How late it was! He sat up, and, having sipped some tea, turned over his letters. One of them was from Lord Henry, and had been brought by hand that morning. He hesitated for a moment, and then put it aside. The others he opened listlessly. They contained the usual collection of cards, invitations to dinner, tickets for private views, programmes of charity concerts, and the like, that are showered on fashionable young men every morning during the season. There was a rather heavy bill, for a chased silver Louis-Quinze toilet-set, that he had not yet had the courage to send on to his guardians, who were extremely old-fashioned people and did not realize that we live in an age when only unnecessary things are absolutely necessary to us; and there were several very courteously worded communications from Jermyn Street money-lenders offering to advance any sum of money at a moment's notice and at the most reasonable rates of interest.

After about ten minutes he got up, and, throwing on an elaborate dressing-gown, passed into the onyx-paved bath-room. The cool water refreshed him after his long sleep. He seemed to have forgotten all that he had gone through. A dim sense of having taken part in some strange tragedy came to him once or twice, but there was the unreality of a dream about it.

As soon as he was dressed, he went into the library and sat down to a light French breakfast, that had been laid out for him on a small round table close to an open window. It was an exquisite day. The warm air seemed laden with spices. A bee flew in, and buzzed round the blue-dragon bowl, filled with sulphur-yellow roses, that stood in front of him. He felt perfectly happy.

Suddenly his eye fell on the screen that he had placed in front of the portrait, and he started.

"Too cold for Monsieur?" asked his valet, putting an omelette on the table. "I shut the window?"

Dorian shook his head. "I am not cold," he murmured.

Was it all true? Had the portrait really changed? Or had it been simply his own imagination that had made him see a look of evil where there had been a look of joy? Surely a painted canvas could not alter? The thing was absurd. It would serve as a tale to tell Basil some day. It would make him smile.

And, yet, how vivid was his recollection of the whole thing! First in the dim twilight, and then in the bright dawn, he had seen the touch of cruelty in the warped lips. He almost dreaded his valet leaving the room. He knew that when he was alone he would have to examine the portrait. He was afraid of certainty. When the coffee and cigarettes had been brought and the man turned to go, he felt a mad desire to tell him to remain. As the door closed behind him he called him back. The man stood waiting for his orders. Dorian looked at him for a moment. "I am not at home to any one, Victor," he said, with a sigh. The man bowed and retired.

He rose from the table, lit a cigarette, and flung himself[62] down on a luxuriously-cushioned couch that stood facing the screen. The screen was an old one of gilt Spanish leather, stamped and wrought with a rather florid Louis-Quatorze pattern. He scanned it curiously, wondering if it had ever before concealed the secret of a man's life.

Should he move it aside, after all? Why not let it stay there? What was the use of knowing? If the thing was true, it was terrible. If it was not true, why trouble about it?[63] But what if, by some fate or deadlier chance, other eyes than his spied behind, and saw the horrible change? What should he do if Basil Hallward came and

asked to look at his own picture? He would be sure to do that. No; the thing had to be examined, and at once. Anything would be better than this dreadful state of doubt.

He got up, and locked both doors. At least he would be alone when he looked upon the mask of his shame. Then he drew the screen aside, and saw himself face to face. It was perfectly true. The portrait had altered.

As he often remembered afterwards, and always with no small wonder, he found himself at first gazing at the portrait with a feeling of almost scientific interest. That such a change should have taken place was incredible to him. And yet it was a fact. Was there some subtle affinity between the chemical atoms, that shaped themselves into form and color on the canvas, and the soul that was within him? Could it be that what that soul thought, they realized?—that what it dreamed, they made true? Or was there some other, more terrible reason? He shuddered, and felt afraid, and, going back to the couch, lay there, gazing at the picture in sickened horror.

One thing, however, he felt that it had done for him. It had made him conscious how unjust, how cruel, he had been to Sibyl Vane.[64] It was not too late to make reparation for that. She could still be his wife. His unreal and selfish love would yield to some higher influence, would be transformed into some nobler passion, and the portrait that Basil Hallward had painted of him would be a guide to him through life, would be to him what holiness was to some, and conscience to others, and the fear of God to us all. There were opiates for remorse, drugs that could lull the moral sense to sleep. But here was a visible symbol of the degradation of sin. Here was an ever-present sign of the ruin men brought upon their souls.

Three o'clock struck, and four, and half-past four, but he did not stir. He was trying to gather up the scarlet threads of life, and to weave them into a pattern; to find his way through the sanguine labyrinth of passion through which he was wandering. He did not know what to do, or what to think. Finally, he went over to the table and wrote a passionate letter to the girl he had loved, imploring her forgiveness, and accusing himself of madness. He covered page after page with wild words of sorrow, and wilder words of pain. There is a

luxury in self-reproach. When we blame ourselves we feel that no one else has a right to blame us. It is the confession, not the priest, that gives us absolution. When Dorian Gray had finished the letter, he felt that he had been forgiven.

Suddenly there came a knock to the door, and he heard Lord Henry's voice outside. "My dear Dorian, I must see you. Let me in at once. I can't bear your shutting yourself up like this."

He made no answer at first, but remained quite still. The knocking still continued, and grew louder. Yes, it was better to let Lord Henry in, and to explain to him the new life he was going to lead, to quarrel with him if it became necessary to quarrel, to part if parting was inevitable. He jumped up, drew the screen hastily across the picture, and unlocked the door.

"I am so sorry for it all, my dear boy," said Lord Henry, coming in. "But you must not think about it too much."

"Do you mean about Sibyl Vane?" asked Dorian.

"Yes, of course," answered Lord Henry, sinking into a chair, and slowing pulling his gloves off. "It is dreadful, from one point of view, but it was not your fault. Tell me, did you go behind and see her after the play was over?"

"Yes."

"I felt sure you had. Did you make a scene with her?"

"I was brutal, Harry,—perfectly brutal. But it is all right now. I am not sorry for anything that has happened. It has taught me to know myself better."

"Ah, Dorian, I am so glad you take it in that way! I was afraid I would find you plunged in remorse, and tearing your nice hair."

"I have got through all that," said Dorian, shaking his head, and smiling. "I am perfectly happy now. I know what conscience is, to begin with. It is not what you told me it was. It is the divinest thing in us. Don't sneer at it, Harry, any more,—at least not before me. I want to be good. I can't bear the idea of my soul being hideous."

"A very charming artistic basis for ethics, Dorian! I congratulate you on it. But how are you going to begin?"

"By marrying Sibyl Vane."

"Marrying Sibyl Vane!" cried Lord Henry, standing up, and

looking at him in perplexed amazement. "But, my dear Dorian—"

"Yes, Harry, I know what you are going to say. Something dreadful about marriage. Don't say it. Don't ever say things of that kind to me again. Two days ago I asked Sibyl to marry me. I am not going to break my word to her. She is to be my wife."

"Your wife! Dorian!... Didn't you get my letter? I wrote to you this morning, and sent the note down, by my own man."

"Your letter? Oh, yes, I remember. I have not read it yet, Harry. I was afraid there might be something in it that I wouldn't like."

Lord Henry walked across the room, and, sitting down by Dorian Gray, took both his hands in his, and held them tightly. "Dorian," he said, "my letter—don't be frightened—was to tell you that Sibyl Vane is dead."

A cry of pain broke from the lad's lips, and he leaped to his feet, tearing his hands away from Lord Henry's grasp. "Dead! Sibyl dead! It is not true! It is a horrible lie!"

"It is quite true, Dorian," said Lord Henry, gravely. "It is in all the morning papers. I wrote down to you to ask you not to see any one till I came. There will have to be an inquest, of course, and you must not be mixed up in it. Things like that make a man fashionable in Paris. But in London people are so prejudiced. Here, one should never make one's *début* with a scandal. One should reserve that to give an interest to one's old age. I don't suppose they know your name at the theatre. If they don't, it is all right. Did any one see you going round to her room? That is an important point."

Dorian did not answer for a few moments. He was dazed with horror. Finally he murmured, in a stifled voice, "Harry, did you say an inquest? What did you mean by that? Did Sibyl——? Oh, Harry, I can't bear it! But be quick. Tell me everything at once."

"I have no doubt it was not an accident, Dorian, though it must be put in that way to the public.[65] As she was leaving the theatre with her mother, about half-past twelve or so, she said she had forgotten something up-stairs. They waited some time for her, but she did not come down again. They ultimately found her lying dead on the floor of her dressing-room. She had swallowed something by mistake, some dreadful thing they use at theatres. I don't know what it was,

but it had either prussic acid or white lead in it.[66] I should fancy it was prussic acid, as she seems to have died instantaneously. It is very tragic, of course, but you must not get yourself mixed up in it. I see by the Standard that she was seventeen. I should have thought she was almost younger than that. She looked such a child, and seemed to know so little about acting. Dorian, you mustn't let this thing get on your nerves. You must come and dine with me, and afterwards we will look in at the Opera. It is a Patti night, and everybody will be there.[67] You can come to my sister's box. She has got some smart women with her."

"So I have murdered Sibyl Vane," said Dorian Gray, half to himself,—"murdered her as certainly as if I had cut her little throat with a knife. And the roses are not less lovely for all that. The birds sing just as happily in my garden. And to-night I am to dine with you, and then go on to the Opera, and sup somewhere, I suppose, afterwards. How extraordinarily dramatic life is! If I had read all this in a book, Harry, I think I would have wept over it. Somehow, now that it has happened actually, and to me, it seems far too wonderful for tears.[68] Here is the first passionate love-letter I have ever written in my life. Strange, that my first passionate love-letter should have been addressed to a dead girl. Can they feel, I wonder, those white silent people we call the dead? Sibyl! Can she feel, or know, or listen? Oh, Harry, how I loved her once! It seems years ago to me now. She was everything to me. Then came that dreadful night—was it really only last night?—when she played so badly, and my heart almost broke. She explained it all to me. It was terribly pathetic. But I was not moved a bit. I thought her shallow. Then something happened that made me afraid. I can't tell you what it was, but it was awful. I said I would go back to her. I felt I had done wrong. And now she is dead. My God! my God! Harry, what shall I do? You don't know the danger I am in, and there is nothing to keep me straight. She would have done that for me. She had no right to kill herself. It was selfish of her."

"My dear Dorian, the only way a woman can ever reform a man is by boring him so completely that he loses all possible interest in life. If you had married this girl you would have been wretched. Of

course you would have treated her kindly. One can always be kind to people about whom one cares nothing. But she would have soon found out that you were absolutely indifferent to her. And when a woman finds that out about her husband, she either becomes dreadfully dowdy, or wears very smart bonnets that some other woman's husband has to pay for. I say nothing about the social mistake, but I assure you that in any case the whole thing would have been an absolute failure."

"I suppose it would," muttered the lad, walking up and down the room, and looking horribly pale. "But I thought it was my duty. It is not my fault that this terrible tragedy has prevented my doing what was right. I remember your saying once that there is a fatality about good resolutions,—that they are always made too late. Mine certainly were."

"Good resolutions are simply a useless attempt to interfere with scientific laws. Their origin is pure vanity. Their result is absolutely nil. They give us, now and then, some of those luxurious sterile emotions that have a certain charm for us. That is all that can be said for them."

"Harry," cried Dorian Gray, coming over and sitting down beside him, "why is it that I cannot feel this tragedy as much as I want to? I don't think I am heartless. Do you?"

"You have done too many foolish things in your life to be entitled to give yourself that name, Dorian," answered Lord Henry, with his sweet, melancholy smile.

The lad frowned. "I don't like that explanation, Harry," he rejoined, "but I am glad you don't think I am heartless. I am nothing of the kind. I know I am not.[69] And yet I must admit that this thing that has happened does not affect me as it should. It seems to me to be simply like a wonderful ending to a wonderful play. It has all the terrible beauty of a great tragedy, a tragedy in which I took part, but by which I have not been wounded."

"It is an interesting question," said Lord Henry, who found an exquisite pleasure in playing on the lad's unconscious egotism,—"an extremely interesting question. I fancy that the explanation is this. It often happens that the real tragedies of life occur in such an inartistic

manner that they hurt us by their crude violence, their absolute incoherence, their absurd want of meaning, their entire lack of style. They affect us just as vulgarity affects us. They give us an impression of sheer brute force, and we revolt against that. Sometimes, however, a tragedy that has artistic elements of beauty crosses our lives. If these elements of beauty are real, the whole thing simply appeals to our sense of dramatic effect. Suddenly we find that we are no longer the actors, but the spectators of the play. Or rather we are both. We watch ourselves, and the mere wonder of the spectacle enthralls us. In the present case, what is it that has really happened? Some one has killed herself for love of you. I wish I had ever had such an experience. It would have made me in love with love for the rest of my life. The people who have adored me—there have not been very many, but there have been some—have always insisted on living on, long after I had ceased to care for them, or they to care for me. They have become stout and tedious, and when I meet them they go in at once for reminiscences. That awful memory of woman! What a fearful thing it is! And what an utter intellectual stagnation it reveals! One should absorb the color of life, but one should never remember its details. Details are always vulgar.

"Of course, now and then things linger. I once wore nothing but violets all through one season, as mourning for a romance that would not die. Ultimately, however, it did die. I forget what killed it. I think it was her proposing to sacrifice the whole world for me. That is always a dreadful moment. It fills one with the terror of eternity. Well,—would you believe it?—a week ago, at Lady Hampshire's, I found myself seated at dinner next the lady in question, and she insisted on going over the whole thing again, and digging up the past, and raking up the future. I had buried my romance in a bed of poppies. She dragged it out again, and assured me that I had spoiled her life. I am bound to state that she ate an enormous dinner, so I did not feel any anxiety. But what a lack of taste she showed! The one charm of the past is that it is the past. But women never know when the curtain has fallen. They always want a sixth act, and as soon as the interest of the play is entirely over they propose to continue it. If they were allowed to have their way, every

comedy would have a tragic ending, and every tragedy would culminate in a farce.[70] They are charmingly artificial, but they have no sense of art. You are more fortunate than I am. I assure you, Dorian, that not one of the women I have known would have done for me what Sibyl Vane did for you. Ordinary women always console themselves. Some of them do it by going in for sentimental colors. Never trust a woman who wears mauve, whatever her age may be, or a woman over thirty-five who is fond of pink ribbons. It always means that they have a history. Others find a great consolation in suddenly discovering the good qualities of their husbands. They flaunt their conjugal felicity in one's face, as if it was the most fascinating of sins. Religion consoles some. Its mysteries have all the charm of a flirtation, a woman once told me; and I can quite understand it. Besides, nothing makes one so vain as being told that one is a sinner. There is really no end to the consolations that women find in modern life. Indeed, I have not mentioned the most important one of all."

"What is that, Harry?" said Dorian Gray, listlessly.

"Oh, the obvious one. Taking some one else's admirer when one loses one's own. In good society that always whitewashes a woman. But really, Dorian, how different Sibyl Vane must have been from all the women one meets! There is something to me quite beautiful about her death. I am glad I am living in a century when such, wonders happen. They make one believe in the reality of the things that shallow, fashionable people play with, such as romance, passion, and love."

"I was terribly cruel to her. You forget that."

"I believe that women appreciate cruelty more than anything else. They have wonderfully primitive instincts. We have emancipated them, but they remain slaves looking for their masters, all the same. They love being dominated. I am sure you were splendid. I have never seen you angry, but I can fancy how delightful you looked. And, after all, you said something to me the day before yesterday that seemed to me at the time to be merely fanciful, but that I see now was absolutely true, and it explains everything."

"What was that, Harry?"

"You said to me that Sibyl Vane represented to you all the heroines of romance,—that she was Desdemona one night, and Ophelia the other; that if she died as Juliet, she came to life as Imogen."

"She will never come to life again now," murmured the lad, burying his face in his hands.

"No, she will never come to life. She has played her last part. But you must think of that lonely death in the tawdry dressing-room simply as a strange lurid fragment from some Jacobean tragedy, as a wonderful scene from Webster, or Ford, or Cyril Tourneur.[71] The girl never really lived, and so she has never really died. To you at least she was always a dream, a phantom that flitted through Shakespeare's plays and left them lovelier for its presence, a reed through which Shakespeare's music sounded richer and more full of joy. The moment she touched actual life, she marred it, and it marred her, and so she passed away. Mourn for Ophelia, if you like. Put ashes on your head because Cordelia was strangled. Cry out against Heaven because the daughter of Brabantio died.[72] But don't waste your tears over Sibyl Vane. She was less real than they are."

There was a silence. The evening darkened in the room. Noiselessly, and with silver feet, the shadows crept in from the garden. The colors faded wearily out of things.[73]

After some time Dorian Gray looked up. "You have explained me to myself, Harry," he murmured, with something of a sigh of relief. "I felt all that you have said, but somehow I was afraid of it, and I could not express it to myself. How well you know me! But we will not talk again of what has happened. It has been a marvelous experience. That is all. I wonder if life has still in store for me anything as marvellous."

"Life has everything in store for you, Dorian. There is nothing that you, with your extraordinary good looks, will not be able to do."

"But suppose, Harry, I became haggard, and gray, and wrinkled? What then?"

"Ah, then," said Lord Henry, rising to go,—"then, my dear Dorian, you would have to fight for your victories. As it is, they are brought to you. No, you must keep your good looks. We live in an

age that reads too much to be wise, and that thinks too much to be beautiful. We cannot spare you. And now you had better dress, and drive down to the club. We are rather late, as it is."

"I think I shall join you at the Opera, Harry. I feel too tired to eat anything. What is the number of your sister's box?"

"Twenty-seven, I believe. It is on the grand tier. You will see her name on the door. But I am sorry you won't come and dine."

"I don't feel up to it," said Dorian, wearily. "But I am awfully obliged to you for all that you have said to me. You are certainly my best friend. No one has ever understood me as you have."

"We are only at the beginning of our friendship, Dorian," answered Lord Henry, shaking him by the hand. "Good-by. I shall see you before nine-thirty, I hope. Remember, Patti is singing."

As he closed the door behind him, Dorian Gray touched the bell, and in a few minutes Victor appeared with the lamps and drew the blinds down. He waited impatiently for him to go. The man seemed to take an interminable time about everything.

As soon as he had left, he rushed to the screen, and drew it back. No; there was no further change in the picture. It had received the news of Sibyl Vane's death before he had known of it himself. It was conscious of the events of life as they occurred. The vicious cruelty that marred the fine lines of the mouth had, no doubt, appeared at the very moment that the girl had drunk the poison, whatever it was. Or was it indifferent to results? Did it merely take cognizance of what passed within the soul? he wondered, and hoped that some day he would see the change taking place before his very eyes, shuddering as he hoped it.

Poor Sibyl! what a romance it had all been! She had often mimicked death on the stage, and at last Death himself had touched her, and brought her with him.[74] How had she played that dreadful scene? Had she cursed him, as she died? No; she had died for love of him, and love would always be a sacrament to him now. She had atoned for everything, by the sacrifice she had made of her life. He would not think any more of what she had made him go through, that horrible night at the theatre. When he thought of her, it would be as a wonderful tragic figure to show Love had been a great reality.

A wonderful tragic figure? Tears came to his eyes as he remembered her child-like look and winsome fanciful ways and shy tremulous grace. He wiped them away hastily, and looked again at the picture.

He felt that the time had really come for making his choice. Or had his choice already been made? Yes, life had decided that for him,—life, and his own infinite curiosity about life. Eternal youth, infinite passion, pleasures subtle and secret, wild joys and wilder sins,—he was to have all these things. The portrait was to bear the burden of his shame: that was all.

A feeling of pain came over him as he thought of the desecration that was in store for the fair face on the canvas. Once, in boyish mockery of Narcissus, he had kissed, or feigned to kiss, those painted lips that now smiled so cruelly at him. Morning after morning he had sat before the portrait wondering at its beauty, almost enamoured of it, as it seemed to him at times.[75] Was it to alter now with every mood to which he yielded? Was it to become a hideous and loathsome thing, to be hidden away in a locked room, to be shut out from the sunlight that had so often touched to brighter gold the waving wonder of the hair? The pity of it! the pity of it!

For a moment he thought of praying that the horrible sympathy that existed between him and the picture might cease. It had changed in answer to a prayer; perhaps in answer to a prayer it might remain unchanged. And, yet, who, that knew anything about Life, would surrender the chance of remaining always young, however fantastic that chance might be, or with what fateful consequences it might be fraught? Besides, was it really under his control? Had it indeed been prayer that had produced the substitution? Might there not be some curious scientific reason for it all? If thought could exercise its influence upon a living organism, might not thought exercise an influence upon dead and inorganic things? Nay, without thought or conscious desire, might not things external to ourselves vibrate in unison with our moods and passions, atom calling to atom, in secret love or strange affinity? But the reason was of no importance. He would never again tempt by a prayer any terrible power. If the picture was to alter, it was to alter. That was all. Why inquire too closely into it?

For there would be a real pleasure in watching it. He would be able to follow his mind into its secret places.[76] This portrait would be to him the most magical of mirrors. As it had revealed to him his own body, so it would reveal to him his own soul. And when winter came upon it, he would still be standing where spring trembles on the verge of summer. When the blood crept from its face, and left behind a pallid mask of chalk with leaden eyes, he would keep the glamour of boyhood. Not one blossom of his loveliness would ever fade. Not one pulse of his life would ever weaken. Like the gods of the Greeks, he would be strong, and fleet, and joyous. What did it matter what happened to the colored image on the canvas? He would be safe. That was everything.

He drew the screen back into its former place in front of the picture, smiling as he did so, and passed into his bedroom, where his valet was already waiting for him. An hour later he was at the Opera, and Lord Henry was leaning over his chair.

CHAPTER VII

AS he was sitting at breakfast next morning, Basil Hallward was shown into the room.

"I am so glad I have found you, Dorian," he said, gravely. "I called last night, and they told me you were at the Opera. Of course I knew that was impossible. But I wish you had left word where you had really gone to. I passed a dreadful evening, half afraid that one tragedy might be followed by another. I think you might have telegraphed for me when you heard of it first. I read of it quite by chance in a late edition of the *Globe*, that I picked up at the club. I came here at once, and was miserable at not finding you. I can't tell you how heart-broken I am about the whole thing. I know what you must suffer. But where were you? Did you go down and see the girl's mother? For a moment I thought of following you there. They gave the address in the paper. Somewhere in the Euston Road, isn't it? But I was afraid of intruding upon a sorrow that I could not lighten. Poor woman! What a state she must be in! And her only child, too! What did she say about it all?"

"My dear Basil, how do I know?" murmured Dorian, sipping some pale-yellow wine from a delicate gold-beaded bubble of Venetian glass, and looking dreadfully bored. "I was at the Opera. You should have come on there. I met Lady Gwendolen, Harry's sister, for the first time. We were in her box. She is perfectly charming; and Patti sang divinely. Don't talk about horrid subjects. If one doesn't talk about a thing, it has never happened. It is simply expression, as Harry says, that gives reality to things. Tell me about yourself and what you are painting."

"You went to the Opera?" said Hallward, speaking very slowly, and with a strained touch of pain in his voice. "You went to the Opera while Sibyl Vane was lying dead in some sordid lodging? You can talk to me of other women being charming, and of Patti singing

divinely, before the girl you loved has even the quiet of a grave to sleep in? Why, man, there are horrors in store for that little white body of hers!"

"Stop, Basil! I won't hear it!" cried Dorian, leaping to his feet. "You must not tell me about things. What is done is done. What is past is past."

"You call yesterday the past?"

"What has the actual lapse of time got to do with it? It is only shallow people who require years to get rid of an emotion. A man who is master of himself can end a sorrow as easily as he can invent a pleasure. I don't want to be at the mercy of my emotions. I want to use them, to enjoy them, and to dominate them."

"Dorian, this is horrible! Something has changed you completely. You look exactly the same wonderful boy who used to come down to my studio, day after day, to sit for his picture. But you were simple, natural, and affectionate then. You were the most unspoiled creature in the whole world. Now, I don't know what has come over you. You talk as if you had no heart, no pity in you. It is all Harry's influence. I see that."

The lad flushed up, and, going to the window, looked out on the green, flickering garden for a few moments. "I owe a great deal to Harry, Basil," he said, at last,—"more than I owe to you. You only taught me to be vain."

"Well, I am punished for that, Dorian,—or shall be some day."

"I don't know what you mean, Basil," he exclaimed, turning round. "I don't know what you want. What do you want?"

"I want the Dorian Gray I used to know."

"Basil," said the lad, going over to him, and putting his hand on his shoulder, "you have come too late. Yesterday when I heard that Sibyl Vane had killed herself——"

"Killed herself! Good heavens! is there no doubt about that?" cried Hallward, looking up at him with an expression of horror.

"My dear Basil! Surely you don't think it was a vulgar accident? Of course she killed herself. It is one of the great romantic tragedies of the age. As a rule, people who act lead the most commonplace lives. They are good husbands, or faithful wives, or something

tedious. You know what I mean,—middle-class virtue, and all that kind of thing. How different Sibyl was! She lived her finest tragedy. She was always a heroine. The last night she played—the night you saw her—she acted badly because she had known the reality of love. When she knew its unreality, she died, as Juliet might have died. She passed again into the sphere of art. There is something of the martyr about her. Her death has all the pathetic uselessness of martyrdom, all its wasted beauty. But, as I was saying, you must not think I have not suffered. If you had come in yesterday at a particular moment,—about half-past five, perhaps, or a quarter to six,—you would have found me in tears. Even Harry, who was here, who brought me the news, in fact, had no idea what I was going through. I suffered immensely, then it passed away. I cannot repeat an emotion. No one can, except sentimentalists. And you are awfully unjust, Basil. You come down here to console me. That is charming of you. You find me consoled, and you are furious. How like a sympathetic person! You remind me of a story Harry told me about a certain philanthropist who spent twenty years of his life in trying to get some grievance redressed, or some unjust law altered,—I forget exactly what it was. Finally he succeeded, and nothing could exceed his disappointment. He had absolutely nothing to do, almost died of *ennui*, and became a confirmed misanthrope. And besides, my dear old Basil, if you really want to console me, teach me rather to forget what has happened, or to see it from a proper artistic point of view. Was it not Gautier[77] who used to write about *la consolation des arts*? I remember picking up a little vellum-covered book in your studio one day and chancing on that delightful phrase. Well, I am not like that young man you told me of when we were down at Marlowe together, the young man who used to say that yellow satin could console one for all the miseries of life. I love beautiful things that one can touch and handle. Old brocades, green bronzes, lacquer-work, carved ivories, exquisite surroundings, luxury, pomp,—there is much to be got from all these. But the artistic temperament that they create, or at any rate reveal, is still more to me. To become the spectator of one's own life, as Harry says, is to escape the suffering of life. I know you are surprised at my talking to you like this. You have not realized

how I have developed. I was a school-boy when you knew me. I am a man now. I have new passions, new thoughts, new ideas. I am different, but you must not like me less. I am changed, but you must always be my friend. Of course I am very fond of Harry. But I know that you are better than he is. You are not stronger,—you are too much afraid of life,—but you are better. And how happy we used to be together! Don't leave me, Basil, and don't quarrel with me. I am what I am. There is nothing more to be said."

Hallward felt strangely moved. Rugged and straightforward as he was, there was something in his nature that was purely feminine in its tenderness. The lad was infinitely dear to him, and his personality[78] had been the great turning-point in his art. He could not bear the idea of reproaching him any more. After all, his indifference was probably merely a mood that would pass away. There was so much in him that was good, so much in him that was noble.

"Well, Dorian," he said, at length, with a sad smile, "I won't speak to you again about this horrible thing, after to-day. I only trust your name won't be mentioned in connection with it. The inquest is to take place this afternoon. Have they summoned you?"

Dorian shook his head, and a look of annoyance passed over his face at the mention of the word "inquest." There was something so crude and vulgar about everything of the kind. "They don't know my name," he answered.

"But surely she did?"

"Only my Christian name, and that I am quite sure she never mentioned to any one. She told me once that they were all rather curious to learn who I was, and that she invariably told them my name was Prince Charming. It was pretty of her. You must do me a drawing of her, Basil. I should like to have something more of her than the memory of a few kisses and some broken pathetic words."

"I will try and do something, Dorian, if it would please you. But you must come and sit to me yourself again. I can't get on without you."

"I will never sit to you again, Basil. It is impossible!" he exclaimed, starting back.

Hallward stared at him. "My dear boy, what nonsense!" he cried.

"Do you mean to say you don't like what I did of you? Where is it? Why have you pulled the screen in front of it? Let me look at it. It is the best thing I have ever painted. Do take that screen away, Dorian. It is simply horrid of your servant hiding my work like that. I felt the room looked different as I came in."

"My servant has nothing to do with it, Basil. You don't imagine I let him arrange my room for me? He settles my flowers for me sometimes,—that is all. No; I did it myself. The light was too strong on the portrait."

"Too strong! Impossible, my dear fellow! It is an admirable place for it. Let me see it." And Hallward walked towards the corner of the room.

A cry of terror broke from Dorian Gray's lips, and he rushed between Hallward and the screen. "Basil," he said, looking very pale, "you must not look at it. I don't wish you to."

"Not look at my own work! you are not serious. Why shouldn't I look at it?" exclaimed Hallward, laughing.

"If you try to look at it, Basil, on my word of honor I will never speak to you again as long as I live. I am quite serious. I don't offer any explanation, and you are not to ask for any. But, remember, if you touch this screen, everything is over between us."

Hallward was thunderstruck. He looked at Dorian Gray in absolute amazement. He had never seen him like this before. The lad was absolutely pallid with rage. His hands were clinched, and the pupils of his eyes were like disks of blue fire. He was trembling all over.

"Dorian!"

"Don't speak!"

"But what is the matter? Of course I won't look at it if you don't want me to," he said, rather coldly, turning on his heel, and going over towards the window. "But, really, it seems rather absurd that I shouldn't see my own work, especially as I am going to exhibit it in Paris in the autumn. I shall probably have to give it another coat of varnish before that, so I must see it some day, and why not to-day?"

"To exhibit it! You want to exhibit it?" exclaimed Dorian Gray, a strange sense of terror creeping over him. Was the world going to be

shown his secret? Were people to gape at the mystery of his life? That was impossible. Something—he did not know what—had to be done at once.

"Yes: I don't suppose you will object to that. Georges Petit is going to collect all my best pictures for a special exhibition in the Rue de Sèze,[79] which will open the first week in October. The portrait will only be away a month. I should think you could easily spare it for that time. In fact, you are sure to be out of town. And if you hide it always behind a screen, you can't care much about it."

Dorian Gray passed his hand over his forehead. There were beads of perspiration there. He felt that he was on the brink of a horrible danger. "You told me a month ago that you would never exhibit it," he said. "Why have you changed your mind? You people who go in for being consistent have just as many moods as others. The only difference is that your moods are rather meaningless. You can't have forgotten that you assured me most solemnly that nothing in the world would induce you to send it to any exhibition. You told Harry exactly the same thing." He stopped suddenly, and a gleam of light came into his eyes. He remembered that Lord Henry had said to him once, half seriously and half in jest, "If you want to have an interesting quarter of an hour, get Basil to tell you why he won't exhibit your picture. He told me why he wouldn't, and it was a revelation to me." Yes, perhaps Basil, too, had his secret. He would ask him and try.

"Basil," he said, coming over quite close, and looking him straight in the face, "we have each of us a secret. Let me know yours, and I will tell you mine. What was your reason for refusing to exhibit my picture?"

Hallward shuddered in spite of himself. "Dorian, if I told you, you might like me less than you do, and you would certainly laugh at me. I could not bear your doing either of those two things, if you wish me never to look at your picture again, I am content. I have always you to look at. If you wish the best work I have ever done to be hidden from the world, I am satisfied. Your friendship is dearer to me than any fame or reputation."

"No, Basil, you must tell me," murmured Dorian Gray. "I think I

have a right to know." His feeling of terror had passed away, and curiosity had taken its place. He was determined to find out Basil Hallward's mystery.

"Let us sit down, Dorian," said Hallward, looking pale and pained. "Let us sit down. I will sit in the shadow, and you shall sit in the sunlight. Our lives are like that. Just answer me one question. Have you noticed in the picture something that you did not like?—something that probably at first did not strike you, but that revealed itself to you suddenly?"

"Basil!" cried the lad, clutching the arms of his chair with trembling hands, and gazing at him with wild, startled eyes.

"I see you did. Don't speak. Wait till you hear what I have to say. It is quite true that I have worshipped you with far more romance of feeling than a man usually gives to a friend. Somehow, I had never loved a woman. I suppose I never had time. Perhaps, as Harry says, a really *'grande passion'* is the privilege of those who have nothing to do, and that is the use of the idle classes in a country.[80] Well, from the moment I met you, your personality had the most extraordinary influence over me. I quite admit that I adored you madly, extravagantly, absurdly. I was jealous of every one to whom you spoke. I wanted to have you all to myself. I was only happy when I was with you. When I was away from you, you were still present in my art. It was all wrong and foolish. It is all wrong and foolish still. Of course I never let you know anything about this. It would have been impossible. You would not have understood it; I did not understand it myself. One day I determined to paint a wonderful portrait of you. It was to have been my masterpiece. It is my masterpiece. But, as I worked at it, every flake and film of color seemed to me to reveal my secret. I grew afraid that the world would know of my idolatry.[81] I felt, Dorian, that I had told too much. Then it was that I resolved never to allow the picture to be exhibited. You were a little annoyed; but then you did not realize all that it meant to me. Harry, to whom I talked about it, laughed at me. But I did not mind that. When the picture was finished, and I sat alone with it, I felt that I was right. Well, after a few days the portrait left my studio, and as soon as I had got rid of the intolerable fascination of its

presence it seemed to me that I had been foolish in imagining that I had said anything in it, more than that you were extremely good-looking and that I could paint. Even now I cannot help feeling that it is a mistake to think that the passion one feels in creation is ever really shown in the work one creates. Art is more abstract than we fancy. Form and color tell us of form and color,—that is all. It often seems to me that art conceals the artist far more completely than it ever reveals him.[82] And so when I got this offer from Paris I determined to make your portrait the principal thing in my exhibition. It never occurred to me that you would refuse. I see now that you were right. The picture must not be shown. You must not be angry with me, Dorian, for what I have told you. As I said to Harry, once, you are made to be worshipped."[83]

Dorian Gray drew a long breath. The color came back to his cheeks, and a smile played about his lips. The peril was over. He was safe for the time. Yet he could not help feeling infinite pity for the young man who had just made this strange confession to him. He wondered if he would ever be so dominated by the personality of a friend. Lord Harry had the charm of being very dangerous. But that was all. He was too clever and too cynical to be really fond of. Would there ever be some one who would fill him with a strange idolatry? Was that one of the things that life had in store?

"It is extraordinary to me, Dorian," said Hallward, "that you should have seen this in the picture. Did you really see it?"

"Of course I did."

"Well, you don't mind my looking at it now?"

Dorian shook his head. "You must not ask me that, Basil. I could not possibly let you stand in front of that picture."

"You will some day, surely?"

"Never."

"Well, perhaps you are right. And now good-by, Dorian. You have been the one person in my life of whom I have been really fond.[84] I don't suppose I shall often see you again. You don't know what it cost me to tell you all that I have told you."

"My dear Basil," cried Dorian, "what have you told me? Simply that you felt that you liked me too much. That is not even a

compliment."

"It was not intended as a compliment. It was a confession."

"A very disappointing one."

"Why, what did you expect, Dorian? You didn't see anything else in the picture, did you? There was nothing else to see?"

"No: there was nothing else to see.[85] Why do you ask? But you mustn't talk about not meeting me again, or anything of that kind. You and I are friends, Basil, and we must always remain so."

"You have got Harry," said Hallward, sadly.

"Oh, Harry!" cried the lad, with a ripple of laughter. "Harry spends his days in saying what is incredible, and his evenings in doing what is improbable. Just the sort of life I would like to lead. But still I don't think I would go to Harry if I was in trouble. I would sooner go to you, Basil."

"But you won't sit to me again?"

"Impossible!"

"You spoil my life as an artist by refusing, Dorian. No man comes across two ideal things. Few come across one."

"I can't explain it to you, Basil, but I must never sit to you again. I will come and have tea with you. That will be just as pleasant."

"Pleasanter for you, I am afraid," murmured Hallward, regretfully. "And now good-by. I am sorry you won't let me look at the picture once again. But that can't be helped. I quite understand what you feel about it."

As he left the room, Dorian Gray smiled to himself. Poor Basil! how little he knew of the true reason! And how strange it was that, instead of having been forced to reveal his own secret, he had succeeded, almost by chance, in wresting a secret from his friend! How much that strange confession explained to him! Basil's absurd fits of jealousy, his wild devotion, his extravagant panegyrics, his curious reticences,—he understood them all now, and he felt sorry. There was something tragic in a friendship so colored by romance.

He sighed, and touched the bell. The portrait must be hidden away at all costs. He could not run such a risk of discovery again. It had been mad of him to have the thing remain, even for an hour, in a room to which any of his friends had access.

CHAPTER VIII

WHEN his servant entered, he looked at him steadfastly, and wondered if he had thought of peering behind the screen. The man was quite impassive, and waited for his orders. Dorian lit a cigarette, and walked over to the glass and glanced into it. He could see the reflection of Victor's face perfectly. It was like a placid mask of servility. There was nothing to be afraid of, there. Yet he thought it best to be on his guard.

Speaking very slowly, he told him to tell the housekeeper that he wanted to see her, and then to go to the frame-maker's and ask him to send two of his men round at once. It seemed to him that as the man left the room he peered in the direction of the screen. Or was that only his fancy?

After a few moments, Mrs. Leaf, a dear old lady in a black silk dress, with a photograph of the late Mr. Leaf framed in a large gold brooch at her neck, and old-fashioned thread mittens on her wrinkled hands, bustled into the room.

"Well, Master Dorian," she said, "what can I do for you? I beg your pardon, sir,"—here came a courtesy,—"I shouldn't call you Master Dorian any more. But, Lord bless you, sir, I have known you since you were a baby, and many's the trick you've played on poor old Leaf. Not that you were not always a good boy, sir; but boys will be boys, Master Dorian, and jam is a temptation to the young, isn't it, sir?"

He laughed. "You must always call me Master Dorian, Leaf. I will be very angry with you if you don't. And I assure you I am quite as fond of jam now as I used to be. Only when I am asked out to tea I am never offered any. I want you to give me the key of the room at the top of the house."

"The old school-room, Master Dorian? Why, it's full of dust. I must get it arranged and put straight before you go into it. It's not fit

for you to see, Master Dorian. It is not, indeed."

"I don't want it put straight, Leaf. I only want the key."

"Well, Master Dorian, you'll be covered with cobwebs if you goes into it. Why, it hasn't been opened for nearly five years,—not since his lordship died."

He winced at the mention of his dead uncle's name. He had hateful memories of him. "That does not matter, Leaf," he replied. "All I want is the key."

"And here is the key, Master Dorian," said the old lady, after going over the contents of her bunch with tremulously uncertain hands. "Here is the key. I'll have it off the ring in a moment. But you don't think of living up there, Master Dorian, and you so comfortable here?"

"No, Leaf, I don't. I merely want to see the place, and perhaps store something in it,—that is all. Thank you, Leaf. I hope your rheumatism is better; and mind you send me up jam for breakfast."

Mrs. Leaf shook her head. "Them foreigners doesn't understand jam, Master Dorian. They calls it 'compot.' But I'll bring it to you myself some morning, if you lets me."

"That will be very kind of you, Leaf," he answered, looking at the key; and, having made him an elaborate courtesy, the old lady left the room, her face wreathed in smiles. She had a strong objection to the French valet. It was a poor thing, she felt, for any one to be born a foreigner.

As the door closed, Dorian put the key in his pocket, and looked round the room. His eye fell on a large purple satin coverlet heavily embroidered with gold, a splendid piece of late seventeenth-century Venetian work that his uncle had found in a convent near Bologna. Yes, that would serve to wrap the dreadful thing in. It had perhaps served often as a pall for the dead. Now it was to hide something that had a corruption of its own, worse than the corruption of death itself,—something that would breed horrors and yet would never die. What the worm was to the corpse, his sins would be to the painted image on the canvas. They would mar its beauty, and eat away its grace. They would defile it, and make it shameful. And yet the thing would still live on. It would be always alive.

He shuddered, and for a moment he regretted that he had not told Basil the true reason why he had wished to hide the picture away. Basil would have helped him to resist Lord Henry's influence, and the still more poisonous influences that came from his own temperament. The love that he bore him—for it was really love—had something noble and intellectual in it. It was not that mere physical admiration of beauty that is born of the senses, and that dies when the senses tire. It was such love as Michael Angelo had known, and Montaigne, and Winckelmann, and Shakespeare himself.[86] Yes, Basil could have saved him. But it was too late now. The past could always be annihilated. Regret, denial, or forgetfulness could do that. But the future was inevitable. There were passions in him that would find their terrible outlet, dreams that would make the shadow of their evil real.

He took up from the couch the great purple-and-gold texture that covered it, and, holding it in his hands, passed behind the screen. Was the face on the canvas viler than before? It seemed to him that it was unchanged; and yet his loathing of it was intensified. Gold hair, blue eyes, and rose-red lips,—they all were there. It was simply the expression that had altered. That was horrible in its cruelty. Compared to what he saw in it of censure or rebuke, how shallow Basil's reproaches about Sibyl Vane had been!—how shallow, and of what little account! His own soul was looking out at him from the canvas and calling him to judgment. A look of pain came across him, and he flung the rich pall over the picture. As he did so, a knock came to the door. He passed out as his servant entered.

"The persons are here, monsieur."

He felt that the man must be got rid of at once. He must not be allowed to know where the picture was being taken to. There was something sly about him, and he had thoughtful, treacherous eyes. Sitting down at the writing-table, he scribbled a note to Lord Henry, asking him to send him round something to read, and reminding him that they were to meet at eight-fifteen that evening.

"Wait for an answer," he said, handing it to him, "and show the men in here."

In two or three minutes there was another knock, and Mr.

Ashton himself, the celebrated frame-maker of South Audley Street, came in with a somewhat rough-looking young assistant. Mr. Ashton was a florid, red-whiskered little man, whose admiration for art was considerably tempered by the inveterate impecuniosity of most of the artists who dealt with him. As a rule, he never left his shop. He waited for people to come to him. But he always made an exception in favor of Dorian Gray. There was something about Dorian that charmed everybody. It was a pleasure even to see him.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Gray?" he said, rubbing his fat freckled hands. "I thought I would do myself the honor of coming round in person. I have just got a beauty of a frame, sir: Picked it up at a sale. Old Florentine. Came from Fonthill, I believe. Admirably suited for a religious picture, Mr. Gray."

"I am so sorry you have given yourself the trouble of coming round, Mr. Ashton. I will certainly drop in and look at the frame,—though I don't go in much for religious art,—but to-day I only want a picture carried to the top of the house for me. It is rather heavy, so I thought I would ask you to lend me a couple of your men."

"No trouble at all, Mr. Gray. I am delighted to be of any service to you. Which is the work of art, sir?"

"This," replied Dorian, moving the screen back. "Can you move it, covering and all, just as it is? I don't want it to get scratched going up-stairs."

"There will be no difficulty, sir," said the genial frame-maker, beginning, with the aid of his assistant, to unhook the picture from the long brass chains by which it was suspended." And, now, where shall we carry it to, Mr. Gray?"

"I will show you the way, Mr. Ashton, if you will kindly follow me. Or perhaps you had better go in front. I am afraid it is right at the top of the house. We will go up by the front staircase, as it is wider."

He held the door open for them, and they passed out into the hall and began the ascent. The elaborate character of the frame had made the picture extremely bulky, and now and then, in spite of the obsequious protests of Mr. Ashton, who had a true tradesman's dislike of seeing a gentleman doing anything useful, Dorian put his

hand to it so as to help them.

"Something of a load to carry, sir," gasped the little man, when they reached the top landing. And he wiped his shiny forehead.

"A terrible load to carry," murmured Dorian, as he unlocked the door that opened into the room that was to keep for him the curious secret of his life and hide his soul from the eyes of men.

He had not entered the place for more than four years,—not, indeed, since he had used it first as a play-room when he was a child and then as a study when he grew somewhat older. It was a large, well-proportioned room, which had been specially built by the last Lord Sherard for the use of the little nephew whom, being himself childless, and perhaps for other reasons, he had always hated and desired to keep at a distance. It did not appear to Dorian to have much changed. There was the huge Italian cassone, with its fantastically-painted panels and its tarnished gilt mouldings, in which he had so often hidden himself as a boy. There was the satinwood bookcase filled with his dog-eared school-books. On the wall behind it was hanging the same ragged Flemish tapestry where a faded king and queen were playing chess in a garden, while a company of hawkers rode by, carrying hooded birds on their gauntleted wrists. How well he recalled it all! Every moment of his lonely childhood came back to him, as he looked round. He remembered the stainless purity of his boyish life, and it seemed horrible to him that it was here that the fatal portrait was to be hidden away. How little he had thought, in those dead days, of all that was in store for him!

But there was no other place in the house so secure from prying eyes as this. He had the key, and no one else could enter it. Beneath its purple pall, the face painted on the canvas could grow bestial, sodden, and unclean. What did it matter? No one could see it. He himself would not see it. Why should he watch the hideous corruption of his soul? He kept his youth,—that was enough. And, besides, might not his nature grow finer, after all? There was no reason that the future should be so full of shame. Some love might come across his life, and purify him, and shield him from those sins that seemed to be already stirring in spirit and in flesh,—those curious unpictured sins whose very mystery lent them their subtlety

and their charm. Perhaps, some day, the cruel look would have passed away from the scarlet sensitive mouth, and he might show to the world Basil Hallward's masterpiece.

No; that was impossible. The thing upon the canvas was growing old, hour by hour, and week by week. Even if it escaped the hideousness of sin, the hideousness of age was in store for it. The cheeks would become hollow or flaccid. Yellow crow's-feet would creep round the fading eyes and make them horrible. The hair would lose its brightness, the mouth would gape or droop, would be foolish or gross, as the mouths of old men are. There would be the wrinkled throat, the cold blue-veined hands, the twisted body, that he remembered in the uncle who had been so stern to him in his boyhood. The picture had to be concealed. There was no help for it.

"Bring it in, Mr. Ashton, please," he said, wearily, turning round. "I am sorry I kept you so long. I was thinking of something else."

"Always glad to have a rest, Mr. Gray," answered the frame-maker, who was still gasping for breath. "Where shall we put it, sir?"

"Oh, anywhere. Here, this will do. I don't want to have it hung up. Just lean it against the wall. Thanks."

"Might one look at the work of art, sir?"

Dorian started. "It would not interest you, Mr. Ashton," he said, keeping his eye on the man. He felt ready to leap upon him and fling him to the ground if he dared to lift the gorgeous hanging that concealed the secret of his life. "I won't trouble you any more now. I am much obliged for your kindness in coming round."

"Not at all, not at all, Mr. Gray. Ever ready to do anything for you, sir." And Mr. Ashton tramped down-stairs, followed by the assistant, who glanced back at Dorian with a look of shy wonder in his rough, uncomely face. He had never seen any one so marvellous.

When the sound of their footsteps had died away, Dorian locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. He felt safe now. No one would ever look on the horrible thing. No eye but his would ever see his shame.

On reaching the library he found that it was just after five o'clock, and that the tea had been already brought up. On a little table of dark perfumed wood thickly incrusted with nacre, a present from his

guardian's wife, Lady Radley, who had spent the preceding winter in Cairo, was lying a note from Lord Henry, and beside it was a book bound in yellow paper, the cover slightly torn and the edges soiled. A copy of the third edition of the *St. James's Gazette* had been placed on the tea-tray. It was evident that Victor had returned. He wondered if he had met the men in the hall as they were leaving the house and had wormed out of them what they had been doing. He would be sure to miss the picture,—had no doubt missed it already, while he had been laying the tea-things. The screen had not been replaced, and the blank space on the wall was visible. Perhaps some night he might find him creeping up-stairs and trying to force the door of the room. It was a horrible thing to have a spy in one's house. He had heard of rich men who had been blackmailed all their lives by some servant who had read a letter, or overheard a conversation, or picked up a card with an address, or found beneath a pillow a withered flower or a bit of crumpled lace.

He sighed, and, having poured himself out some tea, opened Lord Henry's note. It was simply to say that he sent him round the evening paper, and a book that might interest him, and that he would be at the club at eight-fifteen. He opened the *St. James's* languidly, and looked through it. A red pencil-mark on the fifth page caught his eye. He read the following paragraph:

> "INQUEST ON AN ACTRESS.—An inquest was held this morning at the Bell Tavern, Hoxton Road, by Mr. Dauby, the District Coroner, on the body of Sibyl Vane, a young actress recently engaged at the Royal Theatre, Holborn. A verdict of death by misadventure was returned. Considerable sympathy was expressed for the mother of the deceased, who was greatly affected during the giving of her own evidence, and that of Dr. Birrell, who had made the post-mortem examination of the deceased."

He frowned slightly, and, tearing the paper in two, went across the room and flung the pieces into a gilt basket. How ugly it all was! And how horribly real ugliness made things! He felt a little annoyed

with Lord Henry for having sent him the account. And it was certainly stupid of him to have marked it with red pencil. Victor might have read it. The man knew more than enough English for that.

Perhaps he had read it, and had begun to suspect something. And, yet, what did it matter? What had Dorian Gray to do with Sibyl Vane's death? There was nothing to fear. Dorian Gray had not killed her.

His eye fell on the yellow book that Lord Henry had sent him. What was it, he wondered. He went towards the little pearl-colored octagonal stand, that had always looked to him like the work of some strange Egyptian bees who wrought in silver, and took the volume up. He flung himself into an arm-chair, and began to turn over the leaves. After a few minutes, he became absorbed. It was the strangest book he had ever read. It seemed to him that in exquisite raiment, and to the delicate sound of flutes, the sins of the world were passing in dumb show before him. Things that he had dimly dreamed of were suddenly made real to him. Things of which he had never dreamed were gradually revealed.

It was a novel without a plot, and with only one character, being, indeed, simply a psychological study of a certain young Parisian, who spent his life trying to realize in the nineteenth century all the passions and modes of thought that belonged to every century except his own, and to sum up, as it were, in himself the various moods through which the world-spirit had ever passed, loving for their mere artificiality those renunciations that men have unwisely called virtue, as much as those natural rebellions that wise men still call sin.[87] The style in which it was written was that curious jewelled style, vivid and obscure at once, full of argot and of archaisms, of technical expressions and of elaborate paraphrases, that characterizes the work of some of the finest artists of the French school of Decadents.[88] There were in it metaphors as monstrous as orchids, and as evil in color. The life of the senses was described in the terms of mystical philosophy. One hardly knew at times whether one was reading the spiritual ecstasies of some mediaeval saint or the morbid confessions of a modern sinner. It was a poisonous book. The heavy

odor of incense seemed to cling about its pages and to trouble the brain. The mere cadence of the sentences, the subtle monotony of their music, so full as it was of complex refrains and movements elaborately repeated, produced in the mind of the lad, as he passed from chapter to chapter, a form of revery, a malady of dreaming, that made him unconscious of the falling day and the creeping shadows.

Cloudless, and pierced by one solitary star, a copper-green sky gleamed through the windows. He read on by its wan light till he could read no more. Then, after his valet had reminded him several times of the lateness of the hour, he got up, and, going into the next room, placed the book on the little Florentine table that always stood at his bedside, and began to dress for dinner.

It was almost nine o'clock before he reached the club, where he found Lord Henry sitting alone, in the morning-room, looking very bored.

"I am so sorry, Harry," he cried, "but really it is entirely your fault. That book you sent me so fascinated me that I forgot what the time was."

"I thought you would like it," replied his host, rising from his chair.

"I didn't say I liked it, Harry. I said it fascinated me. There is a great difference."

"Ah, if you have discovered that, you have discovered a great deal," murmured Lord Henry, with his curious smile. "Come, let us go in to dinner. It is dreadfully late, and I am afraid the champagne will be too much iced."

CHAPTER IX

FOR years, Dorian Gray could not free himself from the memory of this book. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he never sought to free himself from it.[89] He procured from Paris no less than five large-paper copies of the first edition, and had them bound in different colors, so that they might suit his various moods and the changing fancies of a nature over which he seemed, at times, to have almost entirely lost control. The hero, the wonderful young Parisian, in whom the romantic temperament and the scientific temperament were so strangely blended, became to him a kind of prefiguring type of himself. And, indeed, the whole book seemed to him to contain the story of his own life, written before he had lived it.

In one point he was more fortunate than the book's fantastic hero. He never knew—never, indeed, had any cause to know—that somewhat grotesque dread of mirrors, and polished metal surfaces, and still water, which came upon the young Parisian so early in his life, and was occasioned by the sudden decay of a beauty that had once, apparently, been so remarkable. It was with an almost cruel joy—and perhaps in nearly every joy, as certainly in every pleasure, cruelty has its place—that he used to read the latter part of the book, with its really tragic, if somewhat over-emphasized, account of the sorrow and despair of one who had himself lost what in others, and in the world, he had most valued.

He, at any rate, had no cause to fear that. The boyish beauty that had so fascinated Basil Hallward, and many others besides him, seemed never to leave him. Even those who had heard the most evil things against him (and from time to time strange rumors about his mode of life crept through London and became the chatter of the clubs) could not believe anything to his dishonor when they saw him. He had always the look of one who had kept himself unspotted from the world. Men who talked grossly became silent when Dorian Gray

entered the room. There was something in the purity of his face that rebuked them. His mere presence seemed to recall to them the innocence that they had tarnished. They wondered how one so charming and graceful as he was could have escaped the stain of an age that was at once sordid and sensuous.

He himself, on returning home from one of those mysterious and prolonged absences that gave rise to such strange conjecture among those who were his friends, or thought that they were so, would creep up-stairs to the locked room, open the door with the key that never left him, and stand, with a mirror, in front of the portrait that Basil Hallward had painted of him, looking now at the evil and aging face on the canvas, and now at the fair young face that laughed back at him from the polished glass. The very sharpness of the contrast used to quicken his sense of pleasure. He grew more and more enamoured of his own beauty, more and more interested in the corruption of his own soul. He would examine with minute care, and often with a monstrous and terrible delight, the hideous lines that seared the wrinkling forehead or crawled around the heavy sensual mouth, wondering sometimes which were the more horrible, the signs of sin or the signs of age. He would place his white hands beside the coarse bloated hands of the picture, and smile. He mocked the misshapen body and the failing limbs.

There were moments, indeed, at night, when, lying sleepless in his own delicately-scented chamber, or in the sordid room of the little ill-famed tavern near the Docks, which, under an assumed name, and in disguise, it was his habit to frequent, he would think of the ruin he had brought upon his soul, with a pity that was all the more poignant because it was purely selfish. But moments such as these were rare. That curiosity about life that, many years before, Lord Henry had first stirred in him, as they sat together in the garden of their friend, seemed to increase with gratification. The more he knew, the more he desired to know. He had mad hungers that grew more ravenous as he fed them.

Yet he was not really reckless, at any rate in his relations to society. Once or twice every month during the winter, and on each Wednesday evening while the season lasted, he would throw open to

the world his beautiful house and have the most celebrated musicians of the day to charm his guests with the wonders of their art. His little dinners, in the settling of which Lord Henry always assisted him, were noted as much for the careful selection and placing of those invited, as for the exquisite taste shown in the decoration of the table, with its subtle symphonic arrangements of exotic flowers, and embroidered cloths, and antique plate of gold and silver. Indeed, there were many, especially among the very young men, who saw, or fancied that they saw, in Dorian Gray the true realization of a type of which they had often dreamed in Eton or Oxford days, a type that was to combine something of the real culture of the scholar with all the grace and distinction and perfect manner of a citizen of the world. To them he seemed to belong to those whom Dante describes as having sought to "make themselves perfect by the worship of beauty." Like Gautier, he was one for whom "the visible world existed."[90]

And, certainly, to him life itself was the first, the greatest, of the arts, and for it all the other arts seemed to be but a preparation. Fashion, by which what is really fantastic becomes for a moment universal, and Dandyism, which, in its own way, is an attempt to assert the absolute modernity of beauty, had, of course, their fascination for him. His mode of dressing, and the particular styles that he affected from time to time, had their marked influence on the young exquisites of the Mayfair balls and Pall Mall club windows,[91] who copied him in everything that he did, and tried to reproduce the accidental charm of his graceful, though to him only half-serious, fopperies.

For, while he was but too ready to accept the position that was almost immediately offered to him on his coming of age, and found, indeed, a subtle pleasure in the thought that he might really become to the London of his own day what to imperial Neronian Rome the author of the "Satyricon"[92] had once been, yet in his inmost heart he desired to be something more than a mere *arbiter elegantiarum*, to be consulted on the wearing of a jewel, or the knotting of a necktie, or the conduct of a cane. He sought to elaborate some new scheme of life that would have its reasoned philosophy and its ordered

principles and find in the spiritualizing of the senses its highest realization.

The worship of the senses has often, and with much justice, been decried, men feeling a natural instinct of terror about passions and sensations that seem stronger than ourselves, and that we are conscious of sharing with the less highly organized forms of existence. But it appeared to Dorian Gray that the true nature of the senses had never been understood, and that they had remained savage and animal merely because the world had sought to starve them into submission or to kill them by pain, instead of aiming at making them elements of a new spirituality, of which a fine instinct for beauty was to be the dominant characteristic. As he looked back upon man moving through History, he was haunted by a feeling of loss. So much had been surrendered! and to such little purpose! There had been mad wilful rejections, monstrous forms of self-torture and self-denial, whose origin was fear, and whose result was a degradation infinitely more terrible than that fancied degradation from which, in their ignorance, they had sought to escape, Nature in her wonderful irony driving the anchorite out to herd with the wild animals of the desert and giving to the hermit the beasts of the field as his companions.[93]

Yes, there was to be, as Lord Henry had prophesied, a new hedonism that was to re-create life, and to save it from that harsh, uncomely puritanism that is having, in our own day, its curious revival. It was to have its service of the intellect, certainly; yet it was never to accept any theory or system that would involve the sacrifice of any mode of passionate experience. Its aim, indeed, was to be experience itself, and not the fruits of experience, sweet or bitter as they might be. Of the asceticism that deadens the senses, as of the vulgar profligacy that dulls them, it was to know nothing. But it was to teach man to concentrate himself upon the moments of a life that is itself but a moment.

There are few of us who have not sometimes wakened before dawn, either after one of those dreamless nights that make one almost enamoured of death, or one of those nights of horror and misshapen joy, when through the chambers of the brain sweep

phantoms more terrible than reality itself, and instinct with that vivid life that lurks in all grotesques, and that lends to Gothic art its enduring vitality, this art being, one might fancy, especially the art of those whose minds have been troubled with the malady of revery.[94] Gradually white fingers creep through the curtains, and they appear to tremble. Black fantastic shadows crawl into the corners of the room, and crouch there. Outside, there is the stirring of birds among the leaves, or the sound of men going forth to their work, or the sigh and sob of the wind coming down from the hills, and wandering round the silent house, as though it feared to wake the sleepers. Veil after veil of thin dusky gauze is lifted, and by degrees the forms and colors of things are restored to them, and we watch the dawn remaking the world in its antique pattern. The wan mirrors get back their mimic life. The flameless tapers stand where we have left them, and beside them lies the half-read book that we had been studying, or the wired flower that we had worn at the ball, or the letter that we had been afraid to read, or that we had read too often. Nothing seems to us changed. Out of the unreal shadows of the night comes back the real life that we had known. We have to resume it where we had left off, and there steals over us a terrible sense of the necessity for the continuance of energy in the same wearisome round of stereotyped habits, or a wild longing, it may be, that our eyelids might open some morning upon a world that had been re-fashioned anew for our pleasure in the darkness, a world in which things would have fresh shapes and colors, and be changed, or have other secrets, a world in which the past would have little or no place, or survive, at any rate, in no conscious form of obligation or regret, the remembrance even of joy having its bitterness, and the memories of pleasure their pain.

It was the creation of such worlds as these that seemed to Dorian Gray to be the true object, or among the true objects, of life; and in his search for sensations that would be at once new and delightful, and possess that element of strangeness that is so essential to romance, he would often adopt certain modes of thought that he knew to be really alien to his nature,[95] abandon himself to their subtle influences, and then, having, as it were, caught their color and

satisfied his intellectual curiosity, leave them with that curious indifference that is not incompatible with a real ardor of temperament, and that indeed, according to certain modern psychologists, is often a condition of it.[96]

It was rumored of him once that he was about to join the Roman Catholic communion; and certainly the Roman ritual had always a great attraction for him.[97] The daily sacrifice, more awful really than all the sacrifices of the antique world, stirred him as much by its superb rejection of the evidence of the senses as by the primitive simplicity of its elements and the eternal pathos of the human tragedy that it sought to symbolize. He loved to kneel down on the cold marble pavement, and watch the priest, in his stiff flowered cope, slowly and with white hands moving aside the veil of the tabernacle, and raising aloft the jewelled lantern-shaped monstrance with that pallid wafer that at times, one would fain think, is indeed the "panis caelestis,"[98] the bread of angels, or, robed in the garments of the Passion of Christ, breaking the Host into the chalice, and smiting his breast for his sins. The fuming censers, that the grave boys, in their lace and scarlet, tossed into the air like great gilt flowers, had their subtle fascination for him. As he passed out, he used to look with wonder at the black confessionals, and long to sit in the dim shadow of one of them and listen to men and women whispering through the tarnished grating the true story of their lives.

But he never fell into the error of arresting his intellectual development by any formal acceptance of creed or system, or of mistaking, for a house in which to live, an inn that is but suitable for the sojourn of a night, or for a few hours of a night in which there are no stars and the moon is in travail. Mysticism, with its marvellous power of making common things strange to us, and the subtle antinomianism that always seems to accompany it, moved him for a season; and for a season he inclined to the materialistic doctrines of the *Darwinismus* movement in Germany,[99] and found a curious pleasure in tracing the thoughts and passions of men to some pearly cell in the brain, or some white nerve in the body, delighting in the conception of the absolute dependence of the spirit on certain physical conditions, morbid or healthy, normal or diseased. Yet, as

has been said of him before, no theory of life seemed to him to be of any importance compared with life itself. He felt keenly conscious of how barren all intellectual speculation is when separated from action and experiment. He knew that the senses, no less than the soul, have their mysteries to reveal.

And so he would now study perfumes, and the secrets of their manufacture, distilling heavily-scented oils, and burning odorous gums from the East. He saw that there was no mood of the mind that had not its counterpart in the sensuous life, and set himself to discover their true relations, wondering what there was in frankincense that made one mystical, and in ambergris that stirred one's passions, and in violets that woke the memory of dead romances, and in musk that troubled the brain, and in champak that stained the imagination; and seeking often to elaborate a real psychology of perfumes, and to estimate the several influences of sweet-smelling roots, and scented pollen-laden flowers, of aromatic balms, and of dark and fragrant woods, of spikenard that sickens, of hovenia that makes men mad, and of aloes that are said to be able to expel melancholy from the soul.[100]

At another time he devoted himself entirely to music, and in a long latticed room, with a vermilion-and-gold ceiling and walls of olive-green lacquer, he used to give curious concerts in which mad gypsies tore wild music from little zithers, or grave yellow-shawled Tunisians plucked at the strained strings of monstrous lutes, while grinning negroes beat monotonously upon copper drums, or turbaned Indians, crouching upon scarlet mats, blew through long pipes of reed or brass, and charmed, or feigned to charm, great hooded snakes and horrible horned adders. The harsh intervals and shrill discords of barbaric music stirred him at times when Schubert's grace, and Chopin's beautiful sorrows, and the mighty harmonies of Beethoven himself, fell unheeded on his ear.[101] He collected together from all parts of the world the strangest instruments that could be found, either in the tombs of dead nations or among the few savage tribes that have survived contact with Western civilizations and loved to touch and try them. He had the mysterious *juruparis* of the Rio Negro Indians, that women are not allowed to look at, and that even

youths may not see till they have been subjected to fasting and scourging, and the earthen jars of the Peruvians that have the shrill cries of birds, and flutes of human bones such as Alfouso de Ovalle heard in Chili, and the sonorous green stones that are found near Cuzco and give forth a note of singular sweetness. He had painted gourds filled with pebbles that rattled when they were shaken; the long *clarin* of the Mexicans, into which the performer does not blow, but through which he inhales the air; the harsh *turé* of the Amazon tribes, that is sounded by the sentinels who sit all day long in trees, and that can be heard, it is said, at a distance of three leagues; the *teponaztli*, that has two vibrating tongues of wood, and is beaten with sticks that are smeared with an elastic gum obtained from the milky juice of plants; the *yotl*-bells of the Aztecs, that are hung in clusters like grapes; and a huge cylindrical drum, covered with the skins of great serpents, like the one that Bernal Diaz saw when he went with Cortes[102] into the Mexican temple, and of whose doleful sound he has left us so vivid a description.[103] The fantastic character of these instruments fascinated him, and he felt a curious delight in the thought that Art, like Nature, has her monsters, things of bestial shape and with hideous voices. Yet, after some time, he wearied of them, and would sit in his box at the Opera, either alone or with Lord Henry, listening in rapt pleasure to "Tannhäuser,"[104] and seeing in that great work of art a presentation of the tragedy of his own soul.

On another occasion he took up the study of jewels, and appeared at a costume ball as Anne de Joyeuse, Admiral of France,[105] in a dress covered with five hundred and sixty pearls. He would often spend a whole day settling and resettling in their cases the various stones that he had collected, such as the olive-green chrysoberyl that turns red by lamplight, the cymophane with its wire-like line of silver, the pistachio-colored peridot, rose-pink and wine-yellow topazes, carbuncles of fiery scarlet with tremulous four-rayed stars, flame-red cinnamon-stones, orange and violet spinels, and amethysts with their alternate layers of ruby and sapphire. He loved the red gold of the sunstone, and the moonstone's pearly whiteness, and the broken rainbow of the milky opal. He procured from

Amsterdam three emeralds of extraordinary size and richness of color, and had a turquoise *de la vieille roche*[106] that was the envy of all the connoisseurs.

He discovered wonderful stories, also, about jewels. In Alphonso's "Clericalis Disciplina"[107] a serpent was mentioned with eyes of real jacinth, and in the romantic history of Alexander he was said to have found snakes in the vale of Jordan "with collars of real emeralds growing on their backs." There was a gem in the brain of the dragon, Philostratus told us, and "by the exhibition of golden letters and a scarlet robe" the monster could be thrown into a magical sleep, and slain. According to the great alchemist Pierre de Boniface, the diamond rendered a man invisible, and the agate of India made him eloquent. The cornelian appeased anger, and the hyacinth provoked sleep, and the amethyst drove away the fumes of wine. The garnet cast out demons, and the hydropicus deprived the moon of her color. The selenite waxed and waned with the moon, and the meloceus, that discovers thieves, could be affected only by the blood of kids. Leonardus Camillus had seen a white stone taken from the brain of a newly-killed toad, that was a certain antidote against poison. The bezoar, that was found in the heart of the Arabian deer, was a charm that could cure the plague. In the nests of Arabian birds was the aspilates, that, according to Democritus,[108] kept the wearer from any danger by fire.

The King of Ceilan rode through his city with a large ruby in his hand, as the ceremony of his coronation. The gates of the palace of John the Priest were "made of sardius, with the horn of the horned snake inwrought, so that no man might bring poison within." Over the gable were "two golden apples, in which were two carbuncles," so that the gold might shine by day, and the carbuncles by night. In Lodge's strange romance "A Margarite of America"[109] it was stated that in the chamber of Margarite were seen "all the chaste ladies of the world, inchased out of silver, looking through fair mirrours of chrysolites, carbuncles, sapphires, and greene emeraults." Marco Polo had watched the inhabitants of Zipangu place a rose-colored pearl in the mouth of the dead. A sea-monster had been enamoured of the pearl that the diver brought to King Perozes, and had slain the

thief, and mourned for seven moons over his loss. When the Huns lured the king into the great pit, he flung it away,—Procopius[110] tells the story,—nor was it ever found again, though the Emperor Anastasius offered five hundred-weight of gold pieces for it. The King of Malabar had shown a Venetian a rosary of one hundred and four pearls, one for every god that he worshipped.

When the Duke de Valentinois, son of Alexander VI., visited Louis XII. of France, his horse was loaded with gold leaves, according to Brantôme,[111] and his cap had double rows of rubies that threw out a great light. Charles of England had ridden in stirrups hung with three hundred and twenty-one diamonds. Richard II. had a coat, valued at thirty thousand marks, which was covered with balas rubies. Hall described Henry VIII., on his way to the Tower previous to his coronation, as wearing "a jacket of raised gold, the placard embroidered with diamonds and other rich stones, and a great bauderike about his neck of large balasses." The favorites of James I. wore ear-rings of emeralds set in gold filigrane. Edward II. gave to Piers Gaveston a suit of red-gold armor studded with jacinths, and a collar of gold roses set with turquoise-stones, and a skull-cap *parsené* with pearls. Henry II. wore jewelled gloves reaching to the elbow, and had a hawk-glove set with twelve rubies and fifty-two great pearls. The ducal hat of Charles the Rash, the last Duke of Burgundy of his race, was studded with sapphires and hung with pear-shaped pearls.[112]

How exquisite life had once been! How gorgeous in its pomp and decoration! Even to read of the luxury of the dead was wonderful.

Then he turned his attention to embroideries, and to the tapestries that performed the office of frescos in the chill rooms of the Northern nations of Europe. As he investigated the subject,—and he always had an extraordinary faculty of becoming absolutely absorbed for the moment in whatever he took up,—he was almost saddened by the reflection of the ruin that time brought on beautiful and wonderful things. He, at any rate, had escaped that. Summer followed summer, and the yellow jonquils bloomed and died many times, and nights of horror repeated the story of their shame, but he was unchanged. No winter marred his face or stained his flower-like

bloom. How different it was with material things! Where had they gone to? Where was the great crocus-colored robe, on which the gods fought against the giants, that had been worked for Athena? Where the huge velarium that Nero had stretched across the Colosseum at Rome, on which were represented the starry sky, and Apollo driving a chariot drawn by white gilt-reined steeds? He longed to see the curious table-napkins wrought for Elagabalus, on which were displayed all the dainties and viands that could be wanted for a feast; the mortuary cloth of King Chilperic, with its three hundred golden bees; the fantastic robes that excited the indignation of the Bishop of Pontus, and were figured with "lions, panthers, bears, dogs, forests, rocks, hunters,—all, in fact, that a painter can copy from nature;" and the coat that Charles of Orleans once wore, on the sleeves of which were embroidered the verses of a song beginning "*Madame, je suis tout joyeux*,"[113] the musical accompaniment of the words being wrought in gold thread, and each note, of square shape in those days, formed with four pearls. He read of the room that was prepared at the palace at Rheims for the use of Queen Joan of Burgundy, and was decorated with "thirteen hundred and twenty-one parrots, made in broidery, and blazoned with the king's arms, and five hundred and sixty-one butterflies, whose wings were similarly ornamented with the arms of the queen, the whole worked in gold." Catherine de Médicis[114] had a mourning-bed made for her of black velvet powdered with crescents and suns. Its curtains were of damask, with leafy wreaths and garlands, figured upon a gold and silver ground, and fringed along the edges with broideries of pearls, and it stood in a room hung with rows of the queen's devices in cut black velvet upon cloth of silver. Louis XIV. had gold-embroidered caryatides fifteen feet high in his apartment. The state bed of Sobieski, King of Poland, was made of Smyrna gold brocade embroidered in turquoises with verses from the Koran. Its supports were of silver gilt, beautifully chased, and profusely set with enameled and jewelled medallions. It had been taken from the Turkish camp before Vienna, and the standard of Mohammed had stood under it.

And so, for a whole year, he sought to accumulate the most

exquisite specimens that he could find of textile and embroidered work, getting the dainty Delhi muslins, finely wrought, with gold-thread palmates, and stitched over with iridescent beetles' wings; the Dacca gauzes, that from their transparency are known in the East as "woven air," and "running water," and "evening dew;" strange figured cloths from Java; elaborate yellow Chinese hangings; books bound in tawny satins or fair blue silks and wrought with *fleurs de lys*, birds, and images; veils of *lacis* worked in Hungary point; Sicilian brocades, and stiff Spanish velvets; Georgian work with its gilt coins, and Japanese *Foukousas*[115] with their green-toned golds and their marvellously-plumaged birds.

He had a special passion, also, for ecclesiastical vestments, as indeed he had for everything connected with the service of the Church. In the long cedar chests that lined the west gallery of his house he had stored away many rare and beautiful specimens of what is really the raiment of the Bride of Christ, who must wear purple and jewels and fine linen that she may hide the pallid macerated body that is worn by the suffering that she seeks for, and wounded by self-inflicted pain. He had a gorgeous cope of crimson silk and gold-thread damask, figured with a repeating pattern of golden pomegranates set in six-petalled formal blossoms, beyond which on either side was the pineapple device wrought in seed-pearls. The orphreys were divided into panels representing scenes from the life of the Virgin, and the coronation of the Virgin was figured in colored silks upon the hood. This was Italian work of the fifteenth century. Another cope was of green velvet, embroidered with heart-shaped groups of acanthus-leaves, from which spread long-stemmed white blossoms, the details of which were picked out with silver thread and colored crystals. The morse bore a seraph's head in gold-thread raised work. The orphreys were woven in a diaper of red and gold silk, and were starred with medallions of many saints and martyrs, among whom was St. Sebastian.[116] He had chasubles, also, of amber-colored silk, and blue silk and gold brocade, and yellow silk damask and cloth of gold, figured with representations of the Passion and Crucifixion of Christ, and embroidered with lions and peacocks and other emblems; dalmatics of white satin and pink silk

damask, decorated with tulips and dolphins and *fleurs de lys*; altar frontals of crimson velvet and blue linen; and many corporals, chalice-veils, and sudaria. In the mystic offices to which these things were put there was something that quickened his imagination.

For these things, and everything that he collected in his lovely house, were to be to him means of forgetfulness, modes by which he could escape, for a season, from the fear that seemed to him at times to be almost too great to be borne. Upon the walls of the lonely locked room where he had spent so much of his boyhood, he had hung with his own hands the terrible portrait whose changing features showed him the real degradation of his life, and had draped the purple-and-gold pall in front of it as a curtain. For weeks he would not go there, would forget the hideous painted thing, and get back his light heart, his wonderful joyousness, his passionate pleasure in mere existence. Then, suddenly, some night he would creep out of the house, go down to dreadful places near Blue Gate Fields,[117] and stay there, day after day, until he was driven away. On his return he would sit in front of the picture, sometimes loathing it and himself, but filled, at other times, with that pride of rebellion that is half the fascination of sin, and smiling, with secret pleasure, at the misshapen shadow that had to bear the burden that should have been his own.

After a few years he could not endure to be long out of England, and gave up the villa that he had shared at Trouville with Lord Henry, as well as the little white walled-in house at Algiers where he had more than once spent his winter.[118] He hated to be separated from the picture that was such a part of his life, and he was also afraid that during his absence some one might gain access to the room, in spite of the elaborate bolts and bars that he had caused to be placed upon the door.

He was quite conscious that this would tell them nothing. It was true that the portrait still preserved, under all the foulness and ugliness of the face, its marked likeness to himself; but what could they learn from that? He would laugh at any one who tried to taunt him. He had not painted it. What was it to him how vile and full of shame it looked? Even if he told them, would they believe it?

Yet he was afraid. Sometimes when he was down at his great

house in Nottinghamshire, entertaining the fashionable young men of his own rank who were his chief companions, and astounding the county by the wanton luxury and gorgeous splendor of his mode of life, he would suddenly leave his guests and rush back to town to see that the door had not been tampered with and that the picture was still there. What if it should be stolen? The mere thought made him cold with horror. Surely the world would know his secret then. Perhaps the world already suspected it.

For, while he fascinated many, there were not a few who distrusted him. He was blackballed at a West End club of which his birth and social position fully entitled him to become a member, and on one occasion, when he was brought by a friend into the smoking-room of the Carlton, the Duke of Berwick and another gentleman got up in a marked manner and went out. Curious stories became current about him after he had passed his twenty-fifth year. It was said that he had been seen brawling with foreign sailors in a low den in the distant parts of Whitechapel, and that he consorted with thieves and coiners and knew the mysteries of their trade. His extraordinary absences became notorious, and, when he used to reappear again in society, men would whisper to each other in corners, or pass him with a sneer, or look at him with cold searching eyes, as if they were determined to discover his secret.

Of such insolences and attempted slights he, of course, took no notice, and in the opinion of most people his frank debonair manner, his charming boyish smile, and the infinite grace of that wonderful youth that seemed never to leave him, were in themselves a sufficient answer to the calumnies (for so they called them) that were circulated about him. It was remarked, however, that those who had been most intimate with him appeared, after a time, to shun him. Of all his friends, or so-called friends, Lord Henry Wotton was the only one who remained loyal to him. Women who had wildly adored him, and for his sake had braved all social censure and set convention at defiance, were seen to grow pallid with shame or horror if Dorian Gray entered the room.

Yet these whispered scandals only lent him, in the eyes of many, his strange and dangerous charm. His great wealth was a certain

element of security. Society, civilized society at least, is never very ready to believe anything to the detriment of those who are both rich and charming. It feels instinctively that manners are of more importance than morals, and the highest respectability is of less value in its opinion than the possession of a good chef. And, after all, it is a very poor consolation to be told that the man who has given one a bad dinner, or poor wine, is irreproachable in his private life. Even the cardinal virtues cannot atone for cold *entrées*, as Lord Henry remarked once, in a discussion on the subject; and there is possibly a good deal to be said for his view. For the canons of good society are, or should be, the same as the canons of art. Form is absolutely essential to it. It should have the dignity of a ceremony, as well as its unreality, and should combine the insincere character of a romantic play with the wit and beauty that make such plays charming. Is insincerity such a terrible thing? I think not. It is merely a method by which we can multiply our personalities.

Such, at any rate, was Dorian Gray's opinion. He used to wonder at the shallow psychology of those who conceive the Ego in man as a thing simple, permanent, reliable, and of one essence. To him, man was a being with myriad lives and myriad sensations, a complex multiform creature that bore within itself strange legacies of thought and passion, and whose very flesh was tainted with the monstrous maladies of the dead. He loved to stroll through the gaunt cold picture-gallery of his country-house and look at the various portraits of those whose blood flowed in his veins. Here was Philip Herbert,[119] described by Francis Osborne, in his "Memoires on the Reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James," as one who was "caressed by the court for his handsome face, which kept him not long company." Was it young Herbert's life that he sometimes led? Had some strange poisonous germ crept from body to body till it had reached his own? Was it some dim sense of that ruined grace that had made him so suddenly, and almost without cause, give utterance, in Basil Hallward's studio, to that mad prayer that had so changed his life? Here, in gold-embroidered red doublet, jewelled surcoat, and gilt-edged ruff and wrist-bands, stood Sir Anthony Sherard, with his silver-and-black armor piled at his feet. What had

this man's legacy been? Had the lover of Giovanna of Naples bequeathed him some inheritance of sin and shame? Were his own actions merely the dreams that the dead man had not dared to realize? Here, from the fading canvas, smiled Lady Elizabeth Devereux, in her gauze hood, pearl stomacher, and pink slashed sleeves. A flower was in her right hand, and her left clasped an enamelled collar of white and damask roses. On a table by her side lay a mandolin and an apple. There were large green rosettes upon her little pointed shoes. He knew her life, and the strange stories that were told about her lovers. Had he something of her temperament in him? Those oval heavy-lidded eyes seemed to look curiously at him. What of George Willoughby, with his powdered hair and fantastic patches? How evil he looked! The face was saturnine and swarthy, and the sensual lips seemed to be twisted with disdain. Delicate lace ruffles fell over the lean yellow hands that were so overladen with rings. He had been a macaroni of the eighteenth century,[120] and the friend, in his youth, of Lord Ferrars. What of the second Lord Sherard, the companion of the Prince Regent in his wildest days, and one of the witnesses at the secret marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert? How proud and handsome he was, with his chestnut curls and insolent pose! What passions had he bequeathed? The world had looked upon him as infamous. He had led the orgies at Carlton House. The star of the Garter glittered upon his breast. Beside him hung the portrait of his wife, a pallid, thin-lipped woman in black. Her blood, also, stirred within him. How curious it all seemed!

Yet one had ancestors in literature, as well as in one's own race, nearer perhaps in type and temperament, many of them, and certainly with an influence of which one was more absolutely conscious. There were times when it seemed to Dorian Gray that the whole of history was merely the record of his own life, not as he had lived it in act and circumstance, but as his imagination had created it for him, as it had been in his brain and in his passions. He felt that he had known them all, those strange terrible figures that had passed across the stage of the world and made sin so marvellous and evil so full of wonder. It seemed to him that in some mysterious way their lives had been his own.

The hero of the dangerous novel that, had so influenced his life had himself had this curious fancy. In a chapter of the book he tells how, crowned with laurel, lest lightning might strike him, he had sat, as Tiberius, in a garden at Capri, reading the shameful books of Elephantis, while dwarfs and peacocks strutted round him and the flute-player mocked the swinger of the censer; and, as Caligula, had caroused with the green-shirted jockeys in their stables, and supped in an ivory manger with a jewel-frontleted horse; and, as Domitian, had wandered through a corridor lined with marble mirrors, looking round with haggard eyes for the reflection of the dagger that was to end his days, and sick with that *ennui*, that *taedium vitae*,[121] that comes on those to whom life denies nothing; and had peered through a clear emerald at the red shambles of the Circus, and then, in a litter of pearl and purple drawn by silver-shod mules, been carried through the Street of Pomegranates to a House of Gold, and heard men cry on Nero Caesar as he passed by; and, as Elagabalus, had painted his face with colors, and plied the distaff among the women, and brought the Moon from Carthage, and given her in mystic marriage to the Sun.[122]

Over and over again Dorian used to read this fantastic chapter, and the chapter immediately following, in which the hero describes the curious tapestries that he had had woven for him from Gustave Moreau's designs,[123] and on which were pictured the awful and beautiful forms of those whom Vice and Blood and Weariness had made monstrous or mad: Filippo, Duke of Milan, who slew his wife, and painted her lips with a scarlet poison; Pietro Barbi, the Venetian, known as Paul the Second, who sought in his-vanity to assume the title of Formosus, and whose tiara, valued at two hundred thousand florins, was bought at the price of a terrible sin; Giau Maria Visconti, who used hounds to chase living men, and whose murdered body was covered with roses by a harlot who had loved him; the Borgia on his white horse, with Fratricide riding beside him, and his mantle stained with the blood of Perotto; Pietro Riario, the young Cardinal Archbishop of Florence, child and minion of Sixtus IV., whose beauty was equalled only by his debauchery, and who received Leonora of Aragon in a pavilion of white and crimson silk, filled

with nymphs and centaurs, and gilded a boy that he might serve her at the feast as Ganymede or Hylas; Ezzelin, whose melancholy could be cured only by the spectacle of death, and who had a passion for red blood, as other men have for red wine,—the son of the Fiend, as was reported, and one who had cheated his father at dice when gambling with him for his own soul; Giambattista Cibo, who in mockery took the name of Innocent, and into whose torpid veins the blood of three lads was infused by a Jewish doctor; Sigismondo Malatesta, the lover of Isotta, and the lord of Rimini, whose effigy was burned at Rome as the enemy of God and man, who strangled Polyssena with a napkin, and gave poison to Ginevra d'Este in a cup of emerald, and in honor of a shameful passion built a pagan church for Christian worship; Charles VI., who had so wildly adored his brother's wife that a leper had warned him of the insanity that was coming on him, and who could only be soothed by Saracen cards painted with the images of Love and Death and Madness; and, in his trimmed jerkin and jewelled cap and acanthus-like curls, Grifonetto Baglioni, who slew Astorre with his bride, and Simonetto with his page, and whose comeliness was such that, as he lay dying in the yellow piazza of Perugia, those who had bated him could not choose but weep, and Atalanta, who had cursed him, blessed him.

There was a horrible fascination in them all. He saw them at night, and they troubled his imagination in the day. The Renaissance knew of strange manners of poisoning,—poisoning by a helmet and a lighted torch, by an embroidered glove and a jewelled fan, by a gilded pomander and by an amber chain. Dorian Gray had been poisoned by a book.[124] There were moments when he looked on evil simply as a mode through which he could realize his conception of the beautiful.

CHAPTER X

IT was on the 7th of November, the eve of his own thirty-second birthday, as he often remembered afterwards.[125]

He was walking home about eleven o'clock from Lord Henry's, where he had been dining, and was wrapped in heavy furs, as the night was cold and foggy. At the corner of Grosvenor Square and South Audley Street a man passed him in the mist, walking very fast, and with the collar of his gray ulster turned up. He had a bag in his hand. He recognized him. It was Basil Hallward. A strange sense of fear, for which he could not account, came over him. He made no sign of recognition, and went on slowly, in the direction of his own house.

But Hallward had seen him. Dorian heard him first stopping, and then hurrying after him. In a few moments his hand was on his arm.

"Dorian! What an extraordinary piece of luck! I have been waiting for you ever since nine o'clock in your library. Finally I took pity on your tired servant, and told him to go to bed, as he let me out. I am off to Paris by the midnight train, and I wanted particularly to see you before I left. I thought it was you, or rather your fur coat, as you passed me. But I wasn't quite sure. Didn't you recognize me?"

"In this fog, my dear Basil? Why, I can't even recognize Grosvenor Square. I believe my house is somewhere about here, but I don't feel at all certain about it. I am sorry you are going away, as I have not seen you for ages. But I suppose you will be back soon?"

"No: I am going to be out of England for six months. I intend to take a studio in Paris, and shut myself tip till I have finished a great picture I have in my head. However, it wasn't about myself I wanted to talk. Here we are at your door. Let me come in for a moment. I have something to say to you."

"I shall be charmed. But won't you miss your train?" said Dorian Gray, languidly, as he passed up the steps and opened the door with

his latch-key.

The lamp-light struggled out through the fog, and Hallward looked at his watch. "I have heaps of time," he answered. "The train doesn't go till twelve-fifteen, and it is only just eleven. In fact, I was on my way to the club to look for you, when I met you. You see, I shan't have any delay about luggage, as I have sent on my heavy things. All I have with me is in this bag, and I can easily get to Victoria in twenty minutes."

Dorian looked at him and smiled. "What a way for a fashionable painter to travel! A Gladstone bag, and an ulster! Come in, or the fog will get into the house. And mind you don't talk about anything serious. Nothing is serious nowadays. At least nothing should be."

Hallward shook his head, as he entered, and followed Dorian into the library. There was a bright wood fire blazing in the large open hearth. The lamps were lit, and an open Dutch silver spirit-case stood, with some siphons of soda-water and large cut-glass tumblers, on a little table.

"You see your servant made me quite at home, Dorian. He gave me everything I wanted, including your best cigarettes. He is a most hospitable creature. I like him much better than the Frenchman you used to have. What has become of the Frenchman, by the bye?"

Dorian shrugged his shoulders. "I believe he married Lady Ashton's maid, and has established her in Paris as an English dress-maker. *Anglomanie* is very fashionable over there now, I hear. It seems silly of the French, doesn't it? But—do you know?—he was not at all a bad servant. I never liked him, but I had nothing to complain about. One often imagines things that are quite absurd. He was really very devoted to me, and seemed quite sorry when he went away. Have another brandy-and-soda? Or would you like hock-and-seltzer? I always take hock-and-seltzer myself. There is sure to be some in the next room."

"Thanks, I won't have anything more," said Hallward, taking his cap and coat off, and throwing them on the bag that he had placed in the corner. "And now, my dear fellow, I want to speak to you seriously. Don't frown like that. You make it so much more difficult for me."

"What is it all about?" cried Dorian, in his petulant way, flinging himself down on the sofa. "I hope it is not about myself. I am tired of myself to-night. I should like to be somebody else."

"It is about yourself," answered Hallward, in his grave, deep voice, "and I must say it to you. I shall only keep you half an hour."

Dorian sighed, and lit a cigarette. "Half an hour!" he murmured.

"It is not much to ask of you, Dorian, and it is entirely for your own sake that I am speaking. I think it right that you should know that the most dreadful things are being said about you in London,—things that I could hardly repeat to you."

"I don't wish to know anything about them. I love scandals about other people, but scandals about myself don't interest me. They have not got the charm of novelty."

"They must interest you, Dorian. Every gentleman is interested in his good name. You don't want people to talk of you as something vile and degraded. Of course you have your position, and your wealth, and all that kind of thing. But position and wealth are not everything. Mind you, I don't believe these rumors at all. At least, I can't believe them when I see you. Sin is a thing that writes itself across a man's face. It cannot be concealed. People talk of secret vices. There are no such things as secret vices. If a wretched man has a vice, it shows itself in the Hues[126] of his mouth, the droop of his eyelids, the moulding of his hands even. Somebody—I won't mention his name, but you know him—came to me last year to have his portrait done. I had never seen him before, and had never heard anything about him at the time, though I have heard a good deal since. He offered an extravagant price. I refused him. There was something in the shape of his fingers that I hated. I know now that I was quite right in what I fancied about him. His life is dreadful. But you, Dorian, with your pure, bright, innocent face, and your marvellous untroubled youth,—I can't believe anything against you. And yet I see you very seldom, and you never come down to the studio now, and when I am away from you, and I hear all these hideous things that people are whispering about you, I don't know what to say. Why is it, Dorian, that a man like the Duke of Berwick leaves the room of a club when you enter it? Why is it that so many

gentlemen in London will neither go to your house nor invite you to theirs? You used to be a friend of Lord Cawdor. I met him at dinner last week. Your name happened to come up in conversation, in connection with the miniatures you have lent to the exhibition at the Dudley. Cawdor curled his lip, and said that you might have the most artistic tastes, but that you were a man whom no pure-minded girl should be allowed to know, and whom no chaste woman should sit in the same room with. I reminded him that I was a friend of yours, and asked him what he meant. He told me. He told me right out before everybody. It was horrible! Why is your friendship so fateful to young men? There was that wretched boy in the Guards who committed suicide. You were his great friend. There was Sir Henry Ashton, who had to leave England, with a tarnished name. You and he were inseparable. What about Adrian Singleton, and his dreadful end? What about Lord Kent's only son, and his career? I met his father yesterday in St. James Street. He seemed broken with shame and sorrow. What about the young Duke of Perth? What sort of life has he got now? What gentleman would associate with him? Dorian, Dorian, your reputation is infamous.[127] I know you and Harry are great friends. I say nothing about that now, but surely you need not have made his sister's name a by-word. When you met Lady Gwendolen, not a breath of scandal had ever touched her. Is there a single decent woman in London now who would drive with her in the Park? Why, even her children are not allowed to live with her. Then there are other stories,—stories that you have been seen creeping at dawn out of dreadful houses and slinking in disguise into the foulest dens in London. Are they true? Can they be true? When I first heard them, I laughed. I hear them now, and they make me shudder. What about your country-house, and the life that is led there? Dorian, you don't know what is said about you. I won't tell you that I don't want to preach to you. I remember Harry saying once that every man who turned himself into an amateur curate for the moment always said that, and then broke his word. I do want to preach to you. I want you to lead such a life as will make the world respect you. I want you to have a clean name and a fair record. I want you to get rid of the dreadful people you associate with. Don't

shrug your shoulders like that. Don't be so indifferent. You have a wonderful influence. Let it be for good, not for evil. They say that you corrupt every one whom you become intimate with, and that it is quite sufficient for you to enter a house, for shame of some kind to follow after you. I don't know whether it is so or not. How should I know? But it is said of you. I am told things that it seems impossible to doubt. Lord Gloucester was one of my greatest friends at Oxford. He showed me a letter that his wife had written to him when she was dying alone in her villa at Mentone. Your name was implicated in the most terrible confession I ever read. I told him that it was absurd,—that I knew you thoroughly, and that you were incapable of anything of the kind. Know you? I wonder do I know you? Before I could answer that, I should have to see your soul."

"To see my soul!" muttered Dorian Gray, starting up from the sofa and turning almost white from fear.

"Yes," answered Hallward, gravely, and with infinite sorrow in his voice,—"to see your soul. But only God can do that."

A bitter laugh of mockery broke from the lips of the younger man. "You shall see it yourself, to-night!" he cried, seizing a lamp from the table. "Come: it is your own handiwork. Why shouldn't you look at it? You can tell the world all about it afterwards, if you choose. Nobody would believe you. If they did believe you, they'd like me all the better for it. I know the age better than you do, though you will prate about it so tediously. Come, I tell you. You have chattered enough about corruption. Now you shall look on it face to face."

There was the madness of pride in every word he uttered. He stamped his foot upon the ground in his boyish insolent manner. He felt a terrible joy at the thought that some one else was to share his secret, and that the man who had painted the portrait that was the origin of all his shame was to be burdened for the rest of his life with the hideous memory of what he had done.

"Yes," he continued, coming closer to him, and looking steadfastly into his stern eyes, "I will show you my soul. You shall see the thing that you fancy only God can see."

Hallward started back. "This is blasphemy, Dorian!" he cried.

"You must not say things like that. They are horrible, and they don't mean anything."

"You think so?" He laughed again.

"I know so. As for what I said to you to-night, I said it for your good. You know I have been always devoted to you."

"Don't touch me. Finish what you have to say."

A twisted flash of pain shot across Hallward's face. He paused for a moment, and a wild feeling of pity came over him. After all, what right had he to pry into the life of Dorian Gray? If he had done a tithe[128] of what was rumored about him, how much he must have suffered! Then he straightened himself up, and walked over to the fireplace, and stood there, looking at the burning logs with their frost-like ashes and their throbbing cores of flame.

"I am waiting, Basil," said the young man, in a hard, clear voice.

He turned round. "What I have to say is this," he cried. "You must give me some answer to these horrible charges that are made against you. If you tell me that they are absolutely untrue from beginning to end, I will believe you. Deny them, Dorian, deny them! Can't you see what I am going through? My God! don't tell me that you are infamous!"

Dorian Gray smiled. There was a curl of contempt in his lips. "Come up-stairs, Basil," he said, quietly. "I keep a diary of my life from day to day, and it never leaves the room in which it is written. I will show it to you if you come with me."

"I will come with you, Dorian, if you wish it. I see I have missed my train. That makes no matter. I can go to-morrow. But don't ask me to read anything to-night. All I want is a plain answer to my question."

"That will be given to you up-stairs. I could not give it here. You won't have to read long. Don't keep me waiting."

CHAPTER XI

HE passed out of the room, and began the ascent, Basil Hallward following close behind. They walked softly, as men instinctively do at night. The lamp cast fantastic shadows on the wall and staircase. A rising wind made some of the windows rattle.

When they reached the top landing, Dorian set the lamp down on the floor, and taking out the key turned it in the lock. "You insist on knowing, Basil?" he asked, in a low voice.

"Yes."

"I am delighted," he murmured, smiling. Then he added, somewhat bitterly, "You are the one man in the world who is entitled to know everything about me. You have had more to do with my life than you think." And, taking up the lamp, he opened the door and went in. A cold current of air passed them, and the light shot up for a moment in a flame of murky orange. He shuddered. "Shut the, door behind you," he said, as he placed the lamp on the table.

Hallward glanced round him, with a puzzled expression. The room looked as if it had not been lived in for years. A faded Flemish tapestry, a curtained picture, an old Italian *cassone*, and an almost empty bookcase,—that was all that it seemed to contain, besides a chair and a table. As Dorian Gray was lighting a half-burned candle that was standing on the mantel-shelf, he saw that the whole place was covered with dust, and that the carpet was in holes. A mouse ran scuffling behind the wainscoting. There was a damp odor of mildew.

"So you think that it is only God who sees the soul, Basil? Draw that curtain back, and you will see mine."

The voice that spoke was cold and cruel. "You are mad, Dorian, or playing a part," muttered Hallward, frowning.

"You won't? Then I must do it myself," said the young man; and he tore the curtain from its rod, and flung it on the ground.

An exclamation of horror broke from Hallward's lips as he saw in the dim light the hideous thing on the canvas leering at him. There was something in its expression that filled him with disgust and loathing. Good heavens! it was Dorian Gray's own face that he was looking at! The horror, whatever it was, had not yet entirely marred that marvellous beauty. There was still some gold in the thinning hair and some scarlet on the sensual lips. The sodden eyes had kept something of the loveliness of their blue, the noble curves had not yet passed entirely away from chiselled nostrils and from plastic throat. Yes, it was Dorian himself. But who had done it? He seemed to recognize his own brush-work, and the frame was his own design. The idea was monstrous, yet he felt afraid. He seized the lighted candle, and held it to the picture. In the left-hand corner was his own name, traced in long letters of bright vermilion.

It was some foul parody, some infamous, ignoble satire. He had never done that. Still, it was his own picture. He knew it, and he felt as if his blood had changed from fire to sluggish ice in a moment. His own picture! What did it mean? Why had it altered? He turned, and looked at Dorian Gray with the eyes of a sick man. His mouth twitched, and his parched tongue seemed unable to articulate. He passed his hand across his forehead. It was dank with clammy sweat.

The young man was leaning against the mantel-shelf, watching him with that strange expression that is on the faces of those who are absorbed in a play when a great artist is acting. There was neither real sorrow in it nor real joy. There was simply the passion of the spectator, with perhaps a flicker of triumph in the eyes. He had taken the flower out of his coat, and was smelling it, or pretending to do so.

"What does this mean?" cried Hallward, at last. His own voice sounded shrill and curious in his ears.

"Years ago, when I was a boy," said Dorian Gray, "you met me, devoted yourself to me, flattered me, and taught me to be vain of my good looks. One day you introduced me to a friend of yours, who explained to me the wonder of youth, and you finished a portrait of me that revealed to me the wonder of beauty, In a mad moment, that I don't know, even now, if I regret it or not, I made a wish. Perhaps

you would call it a prayer…."

"I remember it! Oh, how well I remember it! No! the thing is impossible. The room is damp. The mildew has got into the canvas. The paints I used had some wretched mineral poison in them. I tell you the thing is impossible."

"Ah, what is impossible?" murmured the young man, going over to the window, and leaning his forehead against the cold, mist-stained glass.

"You told me you had destroyed it."

"I was wrong. It has destroyed me."

"I don't believe it is my picture."

"Can't you see your romance in it?" said Dorian, bitterly.

"My romance, as you call it…"

"As you called it."

"There was nothing evil in it, nothing shameful. This is the face of a satyr."

"It is the face of my soul."

"God! what a thing I must have worshipped! This has the eyes of a devil."

"Each of us has Heaven and Hell in him, Basil," cried Dorian, with a wild gesture of despair.

Hallward turned again to the portrait, and gazed at it. "My God! if it is true," he exclaimed, "and this is what you have done with your life, why, you must be worse even than those who talk against you fancy you to be!" He held the light up again to the canvas, and examined it. The surface seemed to be quite undisturbed, and as he had left it. It was from within, apparently, that the foulness and horror had come. Through some strange quickening of inner life the leprosies of sin were slowly eating the thing away. The rotting of a corpse in a watery grave was not so fearful.

His hand shook, and the candle fell from its socket on the floor, and lay there sputtering. He placed his foot on it and put it out. Then he flung himself into the rickety chair that was standing by the table and buried his face in his hands.

"Good God, Dorian, what a lesson! what an awful lesson!" There was no answer, but he could hear the young man sobbing at the

window.

"Pray, Dorian, pray," he murmured. "What is it that one was taught to say in one's boyhood? 'Lead us not into temptation. Forgive us our sins. Wash away our iniquities.' Let us say that together. The prayer of your pride has been answered. The prayer of your repentance will be answered also. I worshipped you too much. I am punished for it. You worshipped yourself too much. We are both punished."

Dorian Gray turned slowly around, and looked at him with tear-dimmed eyes. "It is too late, Basil," he murmured.

"It is never too late, Dorian. Let us kneel down and try if we can remember a prayer. Isn't there a verse somewhere, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, yet I will make them as white as snow'?"[129]

"Those words mean nothing to me now."

"Hush! Don't say that. You have done enough evil in your life. My God! don't you see that accursed thing leering at us?"

Dorian Gray glanced at the picture, and suddenly an uncontrollable feeling of hatred for Basil Hallward came over him. The mad passions of a hunted animal stirred within him, and he loathed the man who was seated at the table, more than he had ever loathed anything in his whole life. He glanced wildly around. Something glimmered on the top of the painted chest that faced him. His eye fell on it. He knew what it was. It was a knife that he had brought up, some days before, to cut a piece of cord, and had forgotten to take away with him. He moved slowly towards it, passing Hallward as he did so. As soon as he got behind him, he seized it, and turned round. Hallward moved in his chair as if he was going to rise. He rushed at him, and dug the knife into the great vein that is behind the ear, crushing the man's head down on the table, and stabbing again and again.

There was a stifled groan, and the horrible sound of some one choking with blood. The outstretched arms shot up convulsively three times, waving grotesque stiff-fingered hands in the air.[130] He stabbed him once more, but the man did not move. Something began to trickle on the floor. He waited for a moment, still pressing the head down. Then he threw the knife on the table, and listened.

He could hear nothing, but the drip, drip on the threadbare carpet. He opened the door, and went out on the landing. The house was quite quiet. No one was stirring.

He took out the key, and returned to the room, locking himself in as he did so.

The thing was still seated in the chair, straining over the table with bowed head, and humped back, and long fantastic arms. Had it not been for the red jagged tear in the neck, and the clotted black pool that slowly widened on the table, one would have said that the man was simply asleep.

How quickly it had all been done! He felt strangely calm, and, walking over to the window, opened it, and stepped out on the balcony. The wind had blown the fog away, and the sky was like a monstrous peacock's tail, starred with myriads of golden eyes. He looked down, and saw the policeman going his rounds and flashing a bull's-eye lantern on the doors of the silent houses. The crimson spot of a prowling hansom gleamed at the corner, and then vanished. A woman in a ragged shawl was creeping round by the railings, staggering as she went. Now and then she stopped, and peered back. Once, she began to sing in a hoarse voice. The policeman strolled over and said something to her. She stumbled away, laughing. A bitter blast swept across the Square. The gas-lamps flickered, and became blue, and the leafless trees shook their black iron branches as if in pain. He shivered, and went back, closing the window behind him.

He passed to the door, turned the key, and opened it. He did not even glance at the murdered man. He felt that the secret of the whole thing was not to realize the situation. The friend who had painted the fatal portrait, the portrait to which all his misery had been due, had gone out of his life. That was enough.

Then he remembered the lamp. It was a rather curious one of Moorish workmanship, made of dull silver inlaid with arabesques of burnished steel. Perhaps it might be missed by his servant, and questions would be asked. He turned back, and took it from the table. How still the man was! How horribly white the long hands looked! He was like a dreadful wax image.

He locked the door behind him, and crept quietly down-stairs. The wood-work creaked, and seemed to cry out as if in pain. He stopped several times, and waited. No: everything was still. It was merely the sound of his own footsteps.

When he reached the library, he saw the bag and coat in the corner. They must be hidden away somewhere. He unlocked a secret press that was in the wainscoting, and put them into it. He could easily burn them afterwards. Then he pulled out his watch. It was twenty minutes to two.

He sat down, and began to think. Every year—every month, almost—men were strangled in England for what he had done.[131] There had been a madness of murder in the air. Some red star had come too close to the earth.

Evidence? What evidence was there against him? Basil Hallward had left the house at eleven. No one had seen him come in again. Most of the servants were at Selby Royal. His valet had gone to bed.

Paris! Yes. It was to Paris that Basil had gone, by the mid-night train, as he had intended. With his curious reserved habits, it would be months before any suspicions would be aroused. Months? Everything could be destroyed long before then.

A sudden thought struck him. He put on his fur coat and hat, and went out into the hall. There he paused, hearing the slow heavy tread of the policeman outside on the pavement, and seeing the flash of the lantern reflected in the window. He waited, holding his breath.

After a few moments he opened the front door, and slipped out, shutting it very gently behind him. Then he began ringing the bell. In about ten minutes his valet appeared, half dressed, and looking very drowsy.

"I am sorry to have had to wake you up, Francis," he said, stepping in; "but I had forgotten my latch-key. What time is it?"

"Five minutes past two, sir," answered the man, looking at the clock and yawning.

"Five minutes past two? How horribly late! You must wake me at nine to-morrow. I have some work to do."

"All right, sir."

"Did any one call this evening?"

"Mr. Hallward, sir. He stayed here till eleven, and then he went away to catch his train."

"Oh! I am sorry I didn't see him. Did he leave any message?"

"No, sir, except that he would write to you."

"That will do, Francis. Don't forget to call me at nine to-morrow."

"No, sir."

The man shambled down the passage in his slippers.

Dorian Gray threw his hat and coat upon the yellow marble table, and passed into the library. He walked up and down the room for a quarter of an hour, biting his lip, and thinking. Then he took the Blue Book down from one of the shelves, and began to turn over the leaves. "Alan Campbell, 152, Hertford Street, Mayfair." Yes; that was the man he wanted.

CHAPTER XII

AT nine o'clock the next morning his servant came in with a cup of chocolate on a tray, and opened the shutters. Dorian was sleeping quite peacefully, lying on his right side, with one hand underneath his cheek. He looked like a boy who had been tired out with play, or study.

The man had to touch him twice on the shoulder before he woke, and as he opened his eyes a faint smile passed across his lips, as though he had been having some delightful dream. Yet he had not dreamed at all. His night had been untroubled by any images of pleasure or of pain. But youth smiles without any reason. It is one of its chiefest charms.

He turned round, and, leaning on his elbow, began to drink his chocolate. The mellow November sun was streaming into the room. The sky was bright blue, and there was a genial warmth in the air. It was almost like a morning in May.

Gradually the events of the preceding night crept with silent blood-stained feet into his brain, and reconstructed themselves there with terrible distinctness. He winced at the memory of all that he had suffered, and for a moment the same curious feeling of loathing for Basil Hallward, that had made him kill him as he sat in the chair, came back to him, and he grew cold with passion. The dead man was still sitting there, too, and in the sunlight now. How horrible that was! Such hideous things were for the darkness, not for the day.

He felt that if he brooded on what he had gone through he would sicken or grow mad. There were sins whose fascination was more in the memory than in the doing of them, strange triumphs that gratified the pride more than the passions, and gave to the intellect & quickened sense of joy, greater than any joy they brought, or could ever bring, to the senses. But this was not one of them. It was a thing to be driven out of the mind, to be drugged with poppies, to be

strangled lest it might strangle one itself.

He passed his hand across his forehead, and then got up hastily, and dressed himself with even more than his usual attention, giving a good deal of care to the selection of his necktie and scarf-pin, and changing his rings more than once.

He spent a long time over breakfast, tasting the various dishes, talking to his valet about some new liveries that he was thinking of getting made for the servants at Selby, and going through his correspondence. Over some of the letters he smiled. Three of them bored him. One he read several times over, and then tore up with a slight look of annoyance in his face. "That awful thing, a woman's memory!" as Lord Henry had once said.

When he had drunk his coffee, he sat down at the table, and wrote two letters. One he put in his pocket, the other he handed to the valet.

"Take this round to 152, Hertford Street, Francis, and if Mr. Campbell is out of town, get his address."

As soon as he was alone, he lit a cigarette, and began sketching upon a piece of paper, drawing flowers, and bits of architecture, first, and then faces. Suddenly he remarked that every face that he drew seemed to have an extraordinary likeness to Basil Hallward. He frowned, and, getting up, went over to the bookcase and took out a volume at hazard. He was determined that he would not think about what had happened, till it became absolutely necessary to do so.

When he had stretched himself on the sofa, he looked at the title-page of the book. It was Gautier's "Émaux et Camées," Charpentier's Japanese-paper edition, with the Jacquemart etching. The binding was of citron-green leather with a design of gilt trelliswork and dotted pomegranates. It had been given to him by Adrian Singleton. As he turned over the pages his eye fell on the poem about the hand of Lacenaire, the cold yellow hand "*du supplice encore mal lavée*" with its downy red hairs and its "*doigts de faune.*"[132] He glanced at his own white taper fingers, and passed on, till he came to those lovely verses upon Venice:

Sur une gamme chromatique,

Le sein de perles ruisselant,
La Vénus de l'Adriatique
Sort de Peau son corps rose et blanc.

Les dômes, sur l'azur des ondes
Suivant la phrase au pur contour,
S'enflent comme des gorges rondes
Que soulève un soupir d'amour.

L'esquif aborde et me dépose,
Jetant son amarre au pilier,
Devant une façade rose,
Sur le marbre d'un escalier.[133]

How exquisite they were! As one read them, one seemed to be floating down the green water-ways of the pink and pearl city, lying in a black gondola with silver prow and trailing curtains. The mere lines looked to him like those straight lines of turquoise-blue that follow one as one pushes out to the Lido.[134] The sudden flashes of color reminded him of the gleam of the opal-and-iris-throated birds that flutter round the tall honey-combed Campanile,[135] or stalk, with such stately grace, through the dim arcades. Leaning back with half-closed eyes, he kept saying over and over to himself,—

Devant une façade rose,
Sur le marbre d'un escalier.[136]

The whole of Venice was in those two lines. He remembered the autumn that he had passed there, and a wonderful love that had stirred him to delightful fantastic follies. There was romance in every place. But Venice, like Oxford, had kept the background for romance, and background was everything, or almost everything. Basil had been with him part of the time, and had gone wild over Tintoret.[137] Poor Basil! what a horrible way for a man to die!

He sighed, and took up the book again, and tried to forget. He read of the swallows that fly in and out of the little cafe at Smyrna

where the Hadjis[138] sit counting their amber beads and the turbaned merchants smoke their long tasselled pipes and talk gravely to each other; of the Obelisk in the Place de la Concorde[139] that weeps tears of granite in its lonely sunless exile, and longs to be back by the hot lotus-covered Nile, where there are Sphinxes, and rose-red ibises, and white vultures with gilded claws, and crocodiles, with small beryl eyes, that crawl over the green steaming mud; and of that curious statue that Gautier compares to a contralto voice, the "monstre charmant" that couches in the porphyry-room of the Louvre.[140] But after a time the book fell from his hand. He grew nervous, and a horrible fit of terror came over him. What if Alan Campbell should be out of England? Days would elapse before he could come back. Perhaps he might refuse to come. What could he do then? Every moment was of vital importance.

They had been great friends once, five years before,—almost inseparable, indeed. Then the intimacy had come suddenly to an end. When they met in society now, it was only Dorian Gray who smiled: Alan Campbell never did.

He was an extremely clever young man, though he had no real appreciation of the visible arts, and whatever little sense of the beauty of poetry he possessed he had gained entirely from Dorian. His dominant intellectual passion was for science. At Cambridge he had spent a great deal of his time working in the Laboratory, and had taken a good class in the Natural Science tripos of his year. Indeed, he was still devoted to the study of chemistry, and had a laboratory of his own, in which he used to shut himself up all day long, greatly to the annoyance of his mother, who had set her heart on his standing for Parliament and had a vague idea that a chemist was a person who made up prescriptions. He was an excellent musician, however, as well, and played both the violin and the piano better than most amateurs. In fact, it was music that had first brought him and Dorian Gray together,—music and that indefinable attraction that Dorian seemed to be able to exercise whenever he wished, and indeed exercised often without being conscious of it. They had met at Lady Berkshire's the night that Rubinstein[141] played there, and after that used to be always seen together at the Opera, and wherever

good music was going on. For eighteen months their intimacy lasted. Campbell was always either at Selby Royal or in Grosvenor Square. To him, as to many others, Dorian Gray was the type of everything that is wonderful and fascinating in life. Whether or not a quarrel had taken place between them no one ever knew. But suddenly people remarked that they scarcely spoke when they met, and that Campbell seemed always to go away early from any party at which Dorian Gray was present. He had changed, too,—was strangely melancholy at times, appeared almost to dislike hearing music of any passionate character, and would never himself play, giving as his excuse, when he was called upon, that he was so absorbed in science that he had no time left in which to practise. And this was certainly true. Every day he seemed to become more interested in biology, and his name appeared once or twice in some of the scientific reviews, in connection with certain curious experiments.

This was the man that Dorian Gray was waiting for, pacing up and down the room, glancing every moment at the clock, and becoming horribly agitated as the minutes went by. At last the door opened, and his servant entered.

"Mr. Alan Campbell, sir."

A sigh of relief broke from his parched lips, and the color came back to his cheeks.

"Ask him to come in at once, Francis."

The man bowed, and retired. In a few moments Alan Campbell walked in, looking very stern and rather pale, his pallor being intensified by his coal-black hair and dark eyebrows.

"Alan! this is kind of you. I thank you for coming."

"I had intended never to enter your house again, Gray. But you said it was a matter of life and death." His voice was hard and cold. He spoke with slow deliberation. There was a look of contempt in the steady searching gaze that he turned on Dorian. He kept his hands in the pockets of his Astrakhan coat,[142] and appeared not to have noticed the gesture with which he had been greeted.

"It is a matter of life and death, Alan, and to more than one person. Sit down."

Campbell took a chair by the table, and Dorian sat opposite to

him. The two men's eyes met. In Dorian's there was infinite pity. He knew that what he was going to do was dreadful.

After a strained moment of silence, he leaned across and said, very quietly, but watching the effect of each word upon the face of the man he had sent for, "Alan, in a locked room at the top of this house, a room to which nobody but myself has access, a dead man is seated at a table. He has been dead ten hours now. Don't stir, and don't look at me like that. Who the man is, why he died, how he died, are matters that do not concern you. What you have to do is this——"

"Stop, Gray. I don't want to know anything further. Whether what you have told me is true or not true, doesn't concern me. I entirely decline to be mixed up in your life. Keep your horrible secrets to yourself. They don't interest me any more."

"Alan, they will have to interest you. This one will have to interest you. I am awfully sorry for you, Alan. But I can't help myself. You are the one man who is able to save me. I am forced to bring you into the matter. I have no option. Alan, you are a scientist. You know about chemistry, and things of that kind. You have made experiments. What you have got to do is to destroy the thing that is up-stairs,—to destroy it so that not a vestige will be left of it. Nobody saw this person come into the house. Indeed, at the present moment he is supposed to be in Paris. He will not be missed for months. When he is missed, there must be no trace of him found here. You, Alan, you must change him, and everything that belongs to him, into a handful of ashes that I may scatter in the air."

"You are mad, Dorian."

"Ah! I was waiting for you to call me Dorian."

"You are mad, I tell you,—mad to imagine that I would raise a finger to help you, mad to make this monstrous confession. I will have nothing to do with this matter, whatever it is. Do you think I am going to peril my reputation for you? What is it to me what devil's work you are up to?"

"It was a suicide, Alan."

"I am glad of that. But who drove him to it? You, I should fancy."

"Do you still refuse to do this, for me?"

"Of course I refuse. I will have absolutely nothing to do with it. I don't care what shame comes on you. You deserve it all. I should not be sorry to see you disgraced, publicly disgraced. How dare you ask me, of all men in the world, to mix myself up in this horror? I should have thought you knew more about people's characters. Your friend Lord Henry Wotton can't have taught you much about psychology, whatever else he has taught you. Nothing will induce me to stir a step to help you. You have come to the wrong man. Go to some of your friends. Don't come to me."

"Alan, it was murder. I killed him. You don't know what he had made me suffer. Whatever my life is, he had more to do with the making or the marring of it than poor Harry has had. He may not have intended it, the result was the same."

"Murder! Good God, Dorian, is that what you have come to? I shall not inform upon you. It is not my business. Besides, you are certain to be arrested, without my stirring in the matter. Nobody ever commits a murder without doing something stupid. But I will have nothing to do with it."

"All I ask of you is to perform a certain scientific experiment. You go to hospitals and dead-houses, and the horrors that you do there don't affect you. If in some hideous dissecting-room or fetid laboratory you found this man lying on a leaden table with red gutters scooped out in it, you would simply look admirable subject. You would not turn a hair. You would not believe that you were doing anything wrong. On the contrary, you would probably feel that you were benefiting the human race, or increasing the sum of knowledge in the world, or gratifying intellectual curiosity, or something of that kind. What I want you to do is simply what you have often done before. Indeed, to destroy a body must be less horrible than what you are accustomed to work at. And, remember, it is the only piece of evidence against me. If it is discovered, I am lost; and it is sure to be discovered unless you help me."

"I have no desire to help you. You forget that. I am simply indifferent to the whole thing. It has nothing to do with me."

"Alan, I entreat you. Think of the position I am in. Just before

you came I almost fainted with terror. No! don't think of that. Look at the matter purely from the scientific point of view. You don't inquire where the dead things on which you experiment come from. Don't inquire now. I have told you too much as it is. But I beg of you to do this. We were friends once, Alan."

"Don't speak about those days, Dorian: they are dead."

"The dead linger sometimes. The man up-stairs will not go away. He is sitting at the table with bowed head and outstretched arms. Alan! Alan! if you don't come to my assistance I am ruined. Why, they will hang me, Alan! Don't you understand? They will hang me for what I have done."

"There is no good in prolonging this scene. I refuse absolutely to do anything in the matter. It is insane of you to ask me."

"You refuse absolutely?"

"Yes."

The same look of pity came into Dorian's eyes, then he stretched out his hand, took a piece of paper, and wrote something on it. He read it over twice, folded it carefully, and pushed it across the table. Having done this, he got up, and went over to the window.

Campbell looked at him in surprise, and then took up the paper, and opened it. As he read it, his face became ghastly pale, and he fell back in his chair. A horrible sense of sickness came over him. He felt as if his heart was beating itself to death in some empty hollow.

After two or three minutes of terrible silence, Dorian turned round, and came and stood behind him, putting his hand upon his shoulder.

"I am so sorry, Alan," he murmured, "but you leave me no alternative. I have a letter written already. Here it is. You see the address. If you don't help me, I must send it. You know what the result will be. But you are going to help me. It is impossible for you to refuse now. I tried to spare you. You will do me the justice to admit that. You were stern, harsh, offensive. You treated me as no man has ever dared to treat me,—no living man, at any rate. I bore it all. Now it is for me to dictate terms."

Campbell buried his face in his hands, and a shudder passed through him.

"Yes, it is my turn to dictate terms, Alan. You know what they are. The thing is quite simple. Come, don't work yourself into this fever. The thing has to be done. Face it, and do it."

A groan broke from Campbell's lips, and he shivered all over. The ticking of the clock on the mantel-piece seemed to him to be dividing time into separate atoms of agony, each of which was too terrible to be borne. He felt as if an iron ring was being slowly tightened round his forehead, and as if the disgrace with which he was threatened had already come upon him. The hand upon his shoulder weighed like a hand of lead. It was intolerable. It seemed to crush him.

"Come, Alan, you must decide at once."

He hesitated a moment. "Is there a fire in the room up-stairs?" he murmured.

"Yes, there is a gas-fire with asbestos."

"I will have to go home and get some things from the laboratory."

"No, Alan, you need not leave the house. Write on a sheet of note-paper what you want, and my servant will take a cab and bring the things back to you.

Campbell wrote a few lines, blotted them, and addressed an envelope to his assistant. Dorian took the note up and read it carefully. Then he rang the bell, and gave it to his valet, with orders to return as soon as possible, and to bring the things with him.

When the hall door shut, Campbell started, and, having got up from the chair, went over to the chimney-piece. He was shivering with a sort of ague. For nearly twenty minutes, neither of the men spoke. A fly buzzed noisily about the room, and the ticking of the clock was like the beat of a hammer.

As the chime struck one, Campbell turned round, and, looking at Dorian Gray, saw that his eyes were filled with tears. There was something in the purity and refinement of that sad face that seemed to enrage him. "You are infamous, absolutely infamous!" he muttered.

"Hush, Alan: you have saved my life," said Dorian.

"Your life? Good heavens! what a life that is! You have gone

from corruption to corruption, and now you have culminated in crime. In doing what I am going to do, what you force me to do, it is not of your life that I am thinking."

"Ah, Alan," murmured Dorian, with a sigh, "I wish you had a thousandth part of the pity for me that I have for you." He turned away, as he spoke, and stood looking out at the garden. Campbell made no answer.

After about ten minutes a knock came to the door, and the servant entered, carrying a mahogany chest of chemicals, with a small electric battery set on top of it. He placed it on the table, and went out again, returning with a long coil of steel and platinum wire and two rather curiously-shaped iron clamps.

"Shall I leave the things here, sir?" he asked Campbell.

"Yes," said Dorian, "And I am afraid, Francis, that I have another errand for you. What is the name of the man at Richmond who supplies Selby with orchids?"

"Harden, sir."

"Yes,—Harden, You must go down to Richmond at once, see Harden personally, and tell him to send twice as many orchids as I ordered, and to have as few white ones as possible. In fact, I don't want any white ones. It is a lovely day, Francis, and Richmond is a very pretty place, otherwise I wouldn't bother you about it."

"No trouble, sir. At what time shall I be back?"

Dorian looked at Campbell. "How long will your experiment take, Alan?" he said, in a calm, indifferent voice. The presence of a third person in the room seemed to give him extraordinary courage.

Campbell frowned, and bit his lip. "It will take about five hours," he answered.

"It will be time enough, then, if you are back at half-past seven, Francis. Or stay: just leave my things out for dressing. You can have the evening to yourself. I am not dining at home, so I shall not want you."

"Thank you, sir," said the man, leaving the room.

"Now, Alan, there is not a moment to be lost. How heavy this chest is! I'll take it for you. You bring the other things." He spoke rapidly, and in an authoritative manner. Campbell felt dominated by

him. They left the room together.

When they reached the top landing, Dorian took out the key and turned it in the lock. Then he stopped, and a troubled look came into his eyes. He shuddered. "I don't think I can go in, Alan," he murmured.

"It is nothing to me. I don't require you," said Campbell, coldly.

Dorian half opened the door. As he did so, he saw the face of the portrait grinning in the sunlight. On the floor in front of it the torn curtain was lying. He remembered that the night before, for the first time in his life, he had forgotten to hide it, when he crept out of the room.

But what was that loathsome red dew that gleamed, wet and glistening, on one of the hands, as though the canvas had sweated blood? How horrible it was!—more horrible, it seemed to him for the moment, than the silent thing that he knew was stretched across the table, the thing whose grotesque misshapen shadow on the spotted carpet showed him that it had not stirred, but was still there, as he had left it.

He opened the door a little wider, and walked quickly in, with half-closed eyes and averted head, determined that he would not look even once upon the dead man. Then, stooping down, and taking up the gold-and-purple hanging, he flung it over the picture.

He stopped, feeling afraid to turn round, and his eyes fixed themselves on the intricacies of the pattern before him. He heard Campbell bringing in the heavy chest, and the irons, and the other things that he had required for his dreadful work. He began to wonder if he and Basil Hallward had ever met, and, if so, what they had thought of each other.

"Leave me now," said Campbell.

He turned and hurried out, just conscious that the dead man had been thrust back into the chair and was sitting up in it, with Campbell gazing into the glistening yellow face. As he was going down-stairs he heard the key being turned in the lock.

It was long after seven o'clock when Campbell came back into the library. He was pale, but absolutely calm. "I have done what you asked me to do," he muttered. "And now, good-by. Let us never see

each other again."

"You have saved me from ruin, Alan. I cannot forget that," said Dorian, simply.

As soon as Campbell had left, he went up-stairs. There was a horrible smell of chemicals in the room. But the thing that had been sitting at the table was gone.

CHAPTER XIII

"THERE is no good telling me you are going to be good, Dorian," cried Lord Henry, dipping his white fingers into a red copper bowl filled with rose-water. "You are quite perfect. Pray don't change."

Dorian shook his head. "No, Harry, I have done too many dreadful things in my life. I am not going to do any more. I began my good actions yesterday."

"Where were you yesterday?"

"In the country, Harry. I was staying at a little inn by myself."

"My dear boy," said Lord Henry, smiling, "anybody can be good in the country. There are no temptations there. That is the reason why people who live out of town are so uncivilized. There are only two ways, as you know, of becoming civilized. One is by being cultured, the other is by being corrupt. Country-people have no opportunity of being either, so they stagnate."

"Culture and corruption," murmured Dorian. "I have known something of both. It seems to me curious now that they should ever be found together. For I have a new ideal, Harry. I am going to alter. I think I have altered."

"You have not told me yet what your good action was. Or did you say you had done more than one?"

"I can tell you, Harry. It is not a story I could tell to any one else. I spared somebody. It sounds vain, but you understand what I mean. She was quite beautiful, and wonderfully like Sibyl Vane. I think it was that which first attracted me to her. You remember Sibyl, don't you? How long ago that seems! Well, Hetty was not one of our own class, of course. She was simply a girl in a village. But I really loved her. I am quite sure that I loved her. All during this wonderful May that we have been having, I used to run down and see her two or three times a week. Yesterday she met me in a little orchard. The apple-blossoms kept tumbling down on her hair, and she was

laughing. We were to have gone away together this morning at dawn. Suddenly I determined to leave her as flower-like as I had found her."

"I should think the novelty of the emotion must have given you a thrill of real pleasure, Dorian," interrupted Lord Henry. "But I can finish your idyl for you. You gave her good advice, and broke her heart. That was the beginning of your reformation."

"Harry, you are horrible! You mustn't say these dreadful things. Hetty's heart is not broken. Of course she cried, and all that. But there is no disgrace upon her. She can live, like Perdita, in her garden."[143]

"And weep over a faithless Florizel," said Lord Henry, laughing. "My dear Dorian, you have the most curious boyish moods. Do you think this girl will ever be really contented now with any one of her own rank? I suppose she will be married some day to a rough carter or a grinning ploughman. Well, having met you, and loved you, will teach her to despise her husband, and she will be wretched. From a moral point of view I really don't think much of your great renunciation. Even as a beginning, it is poor. Besides, how do you know that Hetty isn't floating at the present moment in some mill-pond, with water-lilies round her, like Ophelia?"

"I can't bear this, Harry! You mock at everything, and then suggest the most serious tragedies. I am sorry I told you now. I don't care what you say to me, I know I was right in acting as I did. Poor Hetty! As I rode past the farm this morning, I saw her white face at the window, like a spray of jasmine. Don't let me talk about it any more, and don't try to persuade me that the first good action I have done for years, the first little bit of self-sacrifice I have ever known, is really a sort of sin. I want to be better. I am going to be better. Tell me something about yourself. What is going on in town? I have not been to the club for days."

"The people are still discussing poor Basil's disappearance."

"I should have thought they had got tired of that by this time," said Dorian, pouring himself out some wine, and frowning slightly.

"My dear boy, they have only been talking about it for six weeks, and the public are really not equal to the mental strain of having

more than one topic every three months. They have been very fortunate lately, however. They have had my own divorce-case, and Alan Campbell's suicide. Now they have got the mysterious disappearance of an artist. Scotland Yard still insists that the man in the gray ulster who left Victoria by the midnight train on the 7th of November was poor Basil, and the French police declare that Basil never arrived in Paris at all. I suppose in about a fortnight we will be told that he has been seen in San Francisco. It is an odd thing, but every one who disappears is said to be seen at San Francisco. It must be a delightful city, and possess all the attractions of the next world."

"What do you think has happened to Basil?" asked Dorian, holding up his Burgundy against the light, and wondering how it was that he could discuss the matter so calmly.

"I have not the slightest idea. If Basil chooses to hide himself, it is no business of mine. If he is dead, I don't want to think about him. Death is the only thing that ever terrifies me. I hate it. One can survive everything nowadays except that. Death and vulgarity are the only two facts in the nineteenth century that one cannot explain away. Let us have our coffee in the music-room, Dorian. You must play Chopin to me. The man with whom my wife ran away played Chopin exquisitely. Poor Victoria! I was very fond of her. The house is rather lonely without her."

Dorian said nothing, but rose from the table, and, passing into the next room, sat down to the piano and let his fingers stray across the keys. After the coffee had been brought in, he stopped, and, looking over at Lord Henry, said, "Harry, did it ever occur to you that Basil was murdered?"

Lord Henry yawned. "Basil had no enemies, and always wore a Waterbury watch. Why should he be murdered? He was not clever enough to have enemies. Of course he had a wonderful genius for painting. But a man can paint like Velasquez[144] and yet be as dull as possible. Basil was really rather dull, He only interested me once, and that was when he told me, years ago, that he had a wild adoration for you."

"I was very fond of Basil," said Dorian, with a sad look in his eyes. "But don't people say that he was murdered?"

"Oh, some of the papers do. It does not seem to be probable. I know there are dreadful places in Paris, but Basil was not the sort of man to have gone to them. He had no curiosity. It was his chief defect. Play me a nocturne, Dorian, and, as you play, tell me, in a low voice, how you have kept your youth. You must have some secret. I am only ten years older than you are, and I am wrinkled, and bald, and yellow. You are really wonderful, Dorian. You have never looked more charming than you do to-night. You remind me of the day I saw you first. You were rather cheeky, very shy, and absolutely extraordinary. You have changed, of course, but not in appearance. I wish you would tell me your secret. To get back my youth I would do anything in the world, except take exercise, get up early, or be respectable. Youth! There is nothing like it. It's absurd to talk of the ignorance of youth. The only people whose opinions I listen to now with any respect are people much younger than myself. They seem in front of me. Life has revealed to them her last wonder. As for the aged, I always contradict the aged. I do it on principle. If you ask them their opinion on something that happened yesterday, they solemnly give you the opinions current in 1820, when people wore high stocks and knew absolutely nothing. How lovely that thing you are playing is! I wonder did Chopin write it at Majorca,[145] with the sea weeping round the villa, and the salt spray dashing against the panes? It is marvellously romantic. What a blessing it is that there is one art left to us that is not imitative! Don't stop. I want music to-night. It seems to me that you are the young Apollo, and that I am Marsyas listening to you.[146] I have sorrows, Dorian, of my own, that even you know nothing of. The tragedy of old age is not that one is old, but that one is young. I am amazed sometimes at my own sincerity. Ah, Dorian, how happy you are! What an exquisite life you have had! You have drunk deeply of everything. You have crushed the grapes against your palate. Nothing has been hidden from you. But it has all been to you no more than the sound of music. It has not marred you. You are still the same.

"I wonder what the rest of your life will be. Don't spoil it by renunciations. At present you are a perfect type. Don't make yourself incomplete. You are quite flawless now. You need not shake your

head: you know you are. Besides, Dorian, don't deceive yourself. Life is not governed by will or intention. Life is a question of nerves, and fibres, and slowly-built-up cells in which thought hides itself and passion has its dreams. You may fancy yourself safe, and think yourself strong. But a chance tone of color in a room or a morning sky, a particular perfume that you had once loved and that brings strange memories with it, a line from a forgotten poem that you had come across again, a cadence from a piece of music that you had ceased to play,—I tell you, Dorian, that it is on things like these that our lives depend. Browning writes about that somewhere; but our own senses will imagine them for us. There are moments when the odor of heliotrope passes suddenly across me, and I have to live the strangest year of my life over again.

"I wish I could change places with you, Dorian. The world has cried out against us both, but it has always worshipped you. It always will worship you. You are the type of what the age is searching for, and what it is afraid it has found. I am so glad that you have never done anything, never carved a statue, or painted a picture, or produced anything outside of yourself! Life has been your art. You have set yourself to music. Your days have been your sonnets."

Dorian rose up from the piano, and passed his hand through his hair. "Yes, life has been exquisite," he murmured, "but I am not going to have the same life, Harry. And you must not say these extravagant things to me. You don't know everything about me. I think that if you did, even you would turn from me. You laugh. Don't laugh."

"Why have you stopped playing, Dorian? Go back and play the nocturne over again. Look at that great honey-colored moon that hangs in the dusky air. She is waiting for you to charm her, and if you play she will come closer to the earth. You won't? Let us go to the club, then. It has been a charming evening, and we must end it charmingly. There is some one at the club who wants immensely to know you,—young Lord Poole, Bournemouth's eldest son.[147] He has already copied your neckties, and has begged me to introduce him to you. He is quite delightful, and rather reminds me of you."

"I hope not," said Dorian, with a touch of pathos in his voice.

"But I am tired to-night, Harry. I won't go to the club. It is nearly eleven, and I want to go to bed early."

"Do stay. You have never played so well as to-night. There was something in your touch that was wonderful. It had more expression than I had ever heard from it before."

"It is because I am going to be good," he answered, smiling. "I am a little changed already."

"Don't change, Dorian; at any rate, don't change to me. We must always be friends."

"Yet you poisoned me with a book once. I should not forgive that. Harry, promise me that you will never lend that book to any one. It does harm."

"My dear boy, you are really beginning to moralize. You will soon be going about warning people against all the sins of which you have grown tired. You are much too delightful to do that. Besides, it is no use. You and I are what we are, and will be what we will be. Come round to-morrow. I am going to ride at eleven, and we might go together. The Park is quite lovely now. I don't think there have been such lilacs since the year I met you."

"Very well. I will be here at eleven," said Dorian. "Good-night, Harry." As he reached the door he hesitated for a moment, as if he had something more to say. Then he sighed and went out.

It was a lovely night, so warm that he threw his coat over his arm, and did not even put his silk scarf round his throat. As he strolled home, smoking his cigarette, two young men in evening dress passed him. He heard one of them whisper to the other, "That is Dorian Gray." He remembered how pleased he used to be when he was pointed out, or stared at, or talked about. He was tired of hearing his own name now. Half the charm of the little village where he had been so often lately was that no one knew who he was. He had told the girl whom he had made love him that he was poor, and she had believed him. He had told her once that he was wicked, and she had laughed at him, and told him that wicked people were always very old and very ugly. What a laugh she had!—just like a thrush singing. And how pretty she had been in her cotton dresses and her large hats! She knew nothing, but she had everything that he had lost.

When he reached home, he found his servant waiting up for him. He sent him to bed, and threw himself down on the sofa in the library, and began to think over some of the things that Lord Henry had said to him.

Was it really true that one could never change? He felt a wild longing for the unstained purity of his boyhood,—his rose-white boyhood, as Lord Henry had once called it.[148] He knew that he had tarnished himself, filled his mind with corruption, and given horror to his fancy; that he had been an evil influence to others, and had experienced a terrible joy in being so; and that of the lives that had crossed his own it had been the fairest and the most full of promise that he had brought to shame. But was it all irretrievable? Was there no hope for him?

It was better not to think of the past. Nothing could alter that. It was of himself, and of his own future, that he had to think. Alan Campbell had shot himself one night in his laboratory, but had not revealed the secret that he had been forced to know. The excitement, such as it was, over Basil Hallward's disappearance would soon pass away. It was already waning. He was perfectly safe there. Nor, indeed, was it the death of Basil Hallward that weighed most upon his mind. It was the living death of his own soul that troubled him. Basil had painted the portrait that had marred his life. He could not forgive him that. It was the portrait that had done everything. Basil had said things to him that were unbearable, and that he had yet borne with patience. The murder had been simply the madness of a moment. As for Alan Campbell, his suicide had been his own act. He had chosen to do it. It was nothing to him.

A new life! That was what he wanted. That was what he was waiting for. Surely he had begun it already. He had spared one innocent thing, at any rate. He would never again tempt innocence. He would be good.

As he thought of Hetty Merton, he began to wonder if the portrait in the locked room had changed. Surely it was not still so horrible as it had been? Perhaps if his life became pure, he would be able to expel every sign of evil passion from the face. Perhaps the signs of evil had already gone away. He would go and look.

He took the lamp from the table and crept up-stairs. As he unlocked the door, a smile of joy flitted across his young face and lingered for a moment about his lips. Yes, he would be good, and the hideous thing that he had hidden away would no longer be a terror to him. He felt as if the load had been lifted from him already.

He went in quietly, locking the door behind him, as was his custom, and dragged the purple hanging from the portrait. A cry of pain and indignation broke from him. He could see no change, unless that in the eyes there was a look of cunning, and in the mouth the curved wrinkle of the hypocrite. The thing was still loathsome,—more loathsome, if possible, than before,—and the scarlet dew that spotted the hand seemed brighter, and more like blood newly spilt.

Had it been merely vanity that had made him do his one good deed? Or the desire of a new sensation, as Lord Henry had hinted, with his mocking laugh? Or that passion to act a part that sometimes makes us do things finer than we are ourselves? Or, perhaps, all these?

Why was the red stain larger than it had been? It seemed to have crept like a horrible disease over the wrinkled fingers. There was blood on the painted feet, as though the thing had dripped,—blood even on the hand that had not held the knife.

Confess? Did it mean that he was to confess? To give himself up, and be put to death? He laughed. He felt that the idea was monstrous. Besides, who would believe him, even if he did confess? There was no trace of the murdered man anywhere. Everything belonging to him had been destroyed. He himself had burned what had been below-stairs. The World would simply say he was mad. They would shut him up if he persisted in his story.

Yet it was his duty to confess, to suffer public shame, and to make public atonement. There was a God who called upon men to tell their sins to earth as well as to heaven. Nothing that he could do would cleanse him till he had told his own sin. His sin? He shrugged his shoulders. The death of Basil Hallward seemed very little to him. He was thinking of Hetty Merton.

It was an unjust mirror, this mirror of his soul that he was looking at. Vanity? Curiosity? Hypocrisy? Had there been nothing

more in his renunciation than that? There had been something more. At least he thought so. But who could tell?[149]

And this murder,—was it to dog him all his life? Was he never to get rid of the past? Was he really to confess? No. There was only one bit of evidence left against him. The picture itself,—that was evidence.

He would destroy it. Why had he kept it so long? It had given him pleasure once to watch it changing and growing old. Of late he had felt no such pleasure. It had kept him awake at night. When he had been away, he had been filled with terror lest other eyes should look upon it. It had brought melancholy across his passions. Its mere memory had marred many moments of joy. It had been like conscience to him. Yes, it had been conscience. He would destroy it.

He looked round, and saw the knife that had stabbed Basil Hallward. He had cleaned it many times, till there was no stain left upon it. It was bright, and glistened. As it had killed the painter, so it would kill the painter's work, and all that that meant. It would kill the past, and when that was dead he would be free. He seized it, and stabbed the canvas with it, ripping the thing right up from top to bottom.

There was a cry heard, and a crash. The cry was so horrible in its agony that the frightened servants woke, and crept out of their rooms. Two gentlemen, who were passing in the Square below, stopped, and looked up at the great house. They walked on till they met a policeman, and brought him back. The man rang the bell several times, but there was no answer. The house was all dark, except for a light in one of the top windows. After a time, he went away, and stood in the portico of the next house and watched.

"Whose house is that, constable?" asked the elder of the two gentlemen.

"Mr. Dorian Gray's, sir," answered the policeman.

They looked at each other, as they walked away, and sneered. One of them was Sir Henry Ashton's uncle.

Inside, in the servants' part of the house, the half-clad domestics were talking in low whispers to each other. Old Mrs. Leaf was crying, and wringing her hands. Francis was as pale as death.

After about a quarter of an hour, he got the coachman and one of the footmen and crept up-stairs. They knocked, but there was no reply. They called out. Everything was still. Finally, after vainly trying to force the door, they got on the roof, and dropped down on to the balcony. The windows yielded easily: the bolts were old.

When they entered, they found hanging upon the wall a splendid portrait of their master as they had last seen him, in all the wonder of his exquisite youth and beauty. Lying on the floor was a dead man, in evening dress, with a knife in his heart. He was withered, wrinkled, and loathsome of visage. It was not till they had examined the rings that they recognized who it was.

THE END

ENDNOTES

[1] Walter Pater's *The Renaissance* influenced Wilde's aesthetic vision in *The Picture of Dorian Gray* as a whole, and "flame-like" alludes to Pater's famous "Conclusion" to the book (Riquelme 621).
[2] The Grosvenor Gallery is a public gallery in London, about which Wilde also wrote in his 1877 essay "The Grosvenor Gallery." It was a very fashionable district in the nineteenth century, and the Grosvenor Gallery was more open to avant garde works.
[3] The consumption of opium was common in Britain until the early twentieth century. Cigarette smoking, however, did not become common until the late nineteenth century.
[4] Wilde's later "Preface" to the novel makes the claim that art cannot reflect the artist. In this 1890 version, the emphasis on what Hallward has "put too much of" drives the plot and the problem of self-knowledge.
[5] Adonis is a Greek god of death and rebirth. The name has become associated with male beauty, but Wilde was well-acquainted with both senses. Venus and Adonis are associated with each other each time Wilde refers to Adonis in his poetry.
[6] This is the first, of many, references or allusions to the myth of Narcissus, the beautiful Greek youth who gazed at his own reflection in a pool, in love with himself, until he died. In several versions of the myth, this is a punishment by the gods for Narcissus having spurned all of his male admirers.
[7] Dorian's name has fuelled much scholarly speculation. Linda Dowling aligns the Doric allusion implicit in the name to how Hellenic Studies operated at Oxford as a homosexual code during the educational reforms of the Victorian era (viii, 124).
[8] This clause is deleted in the revised 1891 edition.
[9] Slang for a social reception.
[10] Much of this paragraph is cut from the 1891 revised edition.
[11] Knighthood.
[12] While this would seem to reflect the Freudian slip, a parapraxis, the novel significantly precedes Freud's works. Regardless, Lord Henry's slip of the tongue reveals the novel's 'repressed' theme of homosexual love, as Basil Hallward regards his painting of Dorian revealing his otherwise hidden feelings.
[13] The eldest brother traditionally inherited an aristocratic family's fortune and applicable titles while younger brothers would take positions within the church or would purchase a commission in the military. The practice was only formally abandoned in 1871 in Britain.
[14] Much of this exchange between Basil and Harry is cut from the 1891 revised edition.
[15] A Greek member of the Roman Emperor Hadrian's court. Hadrian's grief after Antinoüs's death was so profound that he commissioned statues of him in all parts of the Roman Empire and subsequently his deification.
[16] Paris is the handsome Trojan youth in Homer's *Iliad* and Adonis is the beautiful Greek god of resurrection.
[17] The barge from which Antinoüs fell into the Nile causing Emperor Hadrian's grief, to which Wilde also alludes.
[18] Henry Austin Dobson (1840-1921) in his 1875 poem "To a Greek Girl." In the

poem, the narrator is in love with a long-dead Greek girl from centuries past.
[19] This passage is rephrased as "some expression of all this curious artistic idolatry" in the 1891 edition.
[20] Wilde repeats this point in his subsequent "Preface" to the novel. This emphasizes that the 'sins' or social transgressions of the art do not reflect on the artist, which is a useful social position to adopt. This posture also anticipates T.S. Eliot's notion of impersonality of the poet.
[21] Robert Schumann (1810-1856) was a famous German composer and pianist. The work is his *Waldszenen* op. 82, in which a poem by Christian Friedrich Hebbel (1813-1863) is included – each movement had originally been inspired by a poem by Hebbel, but only a portion of one poem remained in the final form of the work. The poem, "Böser Ort," is likely of more direct importance to the scene than Schumann's series of scenes, for which the fragment is:

> Die Blumen, so hoch sie wachsen,
> sind blaß hier, wie der Tod;
> nur eine in der Mitte
> steht da im dunkeln Rot.
>
> Die hat es nicht von der Sonne:
> nie traf sie deren Glut;
> sie hat es von der Erde,
> und die trank Menschenblut.
>
> The flowers, so high they grow,
> Are pale here, like death;
> Only one in the middle
> Stands there in dark red.
>
> The colour is not from the sun:
> Nor from its heat;
> It has come from the earth,
> And it drank man's blood.

The repetition of blood and flowers anticipates many of the images that follow across the whole of the novel. It is equally plausible (and both may be true) that Wilde was thinking of Heinrich Laube's *Jabtbrevier* poems, which reflect the Jung Deutschland movement and potentially connect with the Young Ireland nationalist movement. Schumann removed the Laube materials fearing they would associate his work with nationalist uprisings. For a detailed interpretation of the coded citations to Irish national politics, including the role of the names Devereux and Wotton in the novel, see King (15-24).
[22] From *The King James Bible*, James 1:27, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."
[23] A fashionable gentleman's club in the Pall Mall district in London, now merged with the Windham Club to form the Marlborough Club, which continues to exist in

the same building.
[24] Lord Henry's argument here, as with several other places in the novel, attends to the topics addressed by Wilde in his anarchist essay "The Soul of Man Under Socialism." Lord Henry's musings are not entirely serious and do not fully align with Wilde's formal explorations of the topic, but they do address the same problems: the autonomy of the individual as a means for developing ethics rather than the authoritarian imposition of an ethics doomed to subversion and failure by virtue of being extrinsic rather than intrinsic.
[25] Eton College is a boy's school founded in 1440 and is among the most prestigious schools in Britain.
[26] Wilde studies Greek at Oxford and was extensively familiar with Hellenic materials. Hellenism was both a coded reference to homosexuality as well as an idealized vision of a democratic and free society that valued aesthetic experience, philosophy, and an ethics that did not deny the senses or rely on valuing asceticism.
[27] Dorian undergoes a similar transformation due to a book later in the novel. The repetition of this experience is significant to Wilde.
[28] This may be an allusion to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's (1807-1882) poem "The Arrow and the Song" or to Shakespeare's *Hamlet* V.ii when Hamlet attempts to reconcile with Laertes.
[29] Sunburns and freckles were signs of ugliness in Victorian society, both for the sense of beauty and for the implicit distinction between classes.
[30] A formal public speech deriving from the examples of ancient Greece.
[31] *Les Cent Nouvelles nouvelles* is a fifteenth century collection of French stories. It was not translated into English until 1899, shortly prior to Wilde's death. The stories are titillating and have coarse libidinal humour but are hardly scandalous. Wilde would likely have seen Thomas Wright's 1858 French edition, but the reference here is to the Queen of France, Marguerite de Valois' (1553-1615) copy. Clovis Eve was a French book binder at the end of the sixteenth and early in the seventeen centuries.
[32] A short French novel by Antoine François Prévost (1697-1763). It would be an anachronism to associate it with Jules Massenent's opera of the same title, which was first performed three years after the publication of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*.
[33] *Lohengrin* is an opera by Richard Wagner. Wilde refers to Wagner's *Tannhäuser* later in the novel. Wagner was also famous for his indiscrete affairs.
[34] While such flippant phrases are common in Wilde's humour, he focuses extensively on value and the individual personality in his anarchist essay "The Soul of Man Under Socialism."
[35] Theatres in Victorian London were typically lit by gas-jets.
[36] An 1828 children's novel by Mary Martha Sherwood.
[37] "Grandfathers are always wrong."
[38] The French and archaic term for an oboe, a double reed woodwind that is capable of producing and extremely sweet timbre.
[39] Rosalind, in *As You Like It*, flees the court and dresses as a male shepherd, Ganymede, during which time she becomes the subject of Phebe's love and convinces Orlando (who is in love with her as Rosalind) to act out their love while he believes her to be male. Adding to the confusion, both Rosalind and Phebe would have been played by cross-dressed young men since women could not appear on stage. Ganymede is also a name drawn from Ovid, where the Trojan youth has

strong associations with homosexuality.
[40] Imogen is the daughter of King Cymbeline and with of the exiled Posthumus in Shakespeare's play *Cymbeline*. Her husband falsely suspects her of infidelity and plots her assassination, but she flees and feigns death through a drug and is eventually reunited with Posthumus.
[41] Wilde returns to the same Shakespeare plays that he indirectly refers to here: Juliet dies in her tomb kissing Romeo's poisoned lips in *Romeo and Juliet*; Rosalind in *As You Like It* wandering through the forest of Arden; while mad, Ophelia offers King Claudius rue and various herbs in *Hamlet*; and Desdemona is strangled by her husband Othello, the moor, in *Othello*.
[42] As previously noted, Rosalind's role is famous for its cross-dressing and gender ambiguity as characters fall in love with others of the same gender (either in appearance or in reality). That Dorian falls in love with Sybil when she appears as Rosalind questions the over heterosexuality of their relationship and his disappointment when she abandons drama.
[43] A fashionable restaurant in Victorian London.
[44] Much of this dialogue is cut from the 1891 edition.
[45] Giordano Bruno (1548-1600) was an Italian philosopher accused of heresy, including believing in the transmigration of human souls into animals. More specifically, Bruno argued that the soul was over and above the body, containing it and all other things, including its migration between bodies in reincarnation.
[46] Messalina married Claudius, who became the Emperor of Rome. She was reputed to be cruel and promiscuous while also easily manipulating her husband.
[47] Lord Henry is playfully exploring themes related to Wilde's anarchist interests of this period. The references to Egoism and becoming highly organized may be to Peter Kropotkin (1842-1921) and Max Stirner (1806-1856), both of whom were available in French and German, languages in which Wilde was comfortable.
[48] These sentiments can be compared to Wilde's anarchist essays of the years prior to and immediately following publication of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*: "A Chinese Sage" and "The Soul of Man Under Socialism."
[49] Again, Dorian's love for Sybil seems to be closely related to her cross-dressing and gender ambiguity. In *As You Like It*, the scenes of her cross-dressing, described here, are also those in which Phebe falls in love with her (believing her to be a man) and in which she acts out her love with Orlando, again while he believes she is a man but pretends she is Rosalind.
[50] A common mass-produced terracotta figurine from the town Tanagra, north of Athens in Greece, typically of a woman rather than a god.
[51] *Romeo and Juliet* I.v.
[52] Wilde was an experienced dramatist and his comedies after 1892 are highly regarded. He was keenly interested in the theatre and performance.
[53] *Romeo and Juliet* II.ii.
[54] *Romeo and Juliet* II.ii.
[55] Basil's sentiments match Sybil's but conflict with Lord Henry and Dorian's.
[56] All are characters in Shakespeare's plays. Rosalind has already been discussed in relation to her gender ambiguity and cross-dressing. Portia, the heroine of *The Merchant of Venice*, also cross-dresses as a man (and would be played by a young man). Beatrice is a central character to *Much Ado About Nothing*, a play that questions

the stereotypes of both genders. Cordelia is the faithful daughter in *King Lear* who is hanged by her sisters. That three of these characters are associated with gender ambiguity further emphasizes Wilde's theme.

[57] The tension between truth and art preoccupied Wilde in his aesthetic theory and appears throughout the novel as well as in his lectures and other creative works. "The Portrait of Mr. W.H." is likewise focused on a painting, only in this instance the need is for art to be forged in order to validate the biographical veracity of life. Sybil's discussion of "shadows" and the stage in this paragraph reflect Wilde's complex concerns with art imitating or existing independent of life as well as the utility and value of art for social functions.

[58] As Dorian begins to develop cruelty, the descriptions Wilde affords his behavior likewise begin to reflect those previously associated with Lord Henry, perhaps most notably "flinging" himself into chairs or sofas.

[59] The absence of serious content paired with a beautiful appearance would seem to make her a perfect partner for Dorian who is subsequently unable to bear prolonged introspection and hence fails to understand his own emotional states even while experiencing and pursuing them.

[60] The emphasis on his awakening consciousness of himself is repeated in the novel's preoccupation with introspection and self-deception as well as pretence and social performance.

[61] The emphasis on self-discovery and self-deception recurs across the novel, as does the moral importance of the conscience. The individual's self-pursuit of introspection becomes the only authority on which morality is built, although Dorian fails to pursue self-knowledge and instead blinds himself to his faults.

[62] Note the transition here from Lord Henry's repeatedly "flinging" himself onto a couch to Dorian adopting Lord Henry's behavior and the concomitant repetition of descriptive terms by Wilde.

[63] This debate over self-discovery is later reverses in Lord Henry's injunction to Dorian "you must not think about it too much."

[64] Introspection and self-knowledge through the painting first leads Dorian back to an ethical sense of his interactions with others. The subsequent need for social pretence and falsehood drives him away from the ethical development he found through introspection. Following on Wilde's anarchist preoccupations at this same period, the implication is that individual introspection leads to a more ethical and human social interaction rather than the reverse authoritarian imposition of an ethical social domain leading to appropriate self-knowledge and mutual aid. The theory of mutual aid was salient for Wilde already through his readings in the Russian anarchist Peter Kropotkin who argued for an evolutionary view of mutual aid as an essential element in a species' 'fitness' for a specific environment.

[65] Suicide carried a strong social stigma and would have preclude burial in a church cemetery. Hence, suicides were regularly determined to be accidental deaths. The importance of public appearance, even when common knowledge would accept the appearance as simply a formality, was a prominently theme in Wilde's works as a whole.

[66] Prussic acid is hydrogen cyanide, which is highly toxic and can cause rapid death. White lead was a common component in lead paint and could easily cause lead poisoning.

[67] The Italian soprano Adelina Patti (1843-1919) was renowned for her Bel Canto technique and ability to perform both lyric and dramatic roles.
[68] This tension between reality and art, as well as the audience's sympathetic response to art, become intense preoccupations later in the novel and had already concerned Wilde for years in his aesthetic theory.
[69] This certainly with regard to self-knowledge runs contrary to Dorian's subsequent need for the picture to reveal his true state.
[70] This is a common joke on Shakespearean tragedy and comedy such that the tragedies begin with or follow shortly after a wedding while the comedies typically end with a wedding.
[71] John Webster (1580-1634) was a dramatist and contemporary of Shakespeare known for his macabre works. John Ford (1586-1640) and Cyril Tourneur (1575-1626) are also both dramatists of the period. All three are Jacobean authors insofar as they wrote during the reign (1603-1625) of King James I following on the Elizabethan era (1558-1603).
[72] Ophelia commits suicide in Shakespeare's *Hamlet* out of love for Hamlet and her subsequent madness. Cordelia is the youngest daughter of King Lear; she is captured and hung by her sisters after Lear's test of his daughters' love in *King Lear*. Brabantio, a senator of Venice, is the father of Desdemona, who is strangled by her husband Othello out of false jealously in Shakespeare's *Othello*.
[73] The play with colour runs throughout the novel, ranging from Dorian's early association with flowers in his boyhood to the lack of colour implicit in his name.
[74] This appears to be an allusion to Schubert's lied "Der Tod und das Madchen," in which Death seduces the maiden rather than taking her outright. The two-faced nature of the song reflects the scenario with Dorian's picture; in the song, the singer must vocally perform the roles of both the maiden and of death in different vocal registers. Schubert is mentioned again in the novel.
[75] The allusion is again to Narcissus, and his self-love would seem to reflect Basil's love for Dorian in making the portrait, with the exception that Dorian's is entirely introverted.
[76] The previous paragraph's "Why inquire too closely into it?" would seem to contradict the drive for introspection that follows immediately upon it here, suggesting that Dorian's introspection and self-knowledge will be limited and disingenuous.
[77] Théophile Gautier (1811-1872) was a widely influential French writer in the Romantic tradition. Wilde alludes to and discusses Gautier frequently in many works. Wilde had already emphasized Gautier's "Consolation of the arts" in his lecture "The English Renaissance of Art," first delivered in the Chickering Hall, New York, in 1882, in which he described this as the "key-note of Gautier's poetry…. The courage to give yourself up to your impressions: yes, that is the secret of the artistic life – for while art has been defined as an escape from the tyranny of the senses, it is an escape rather from the tyranny of the soul." Also see Whyte's "Oscar Wilde et Théophile Gautier: Le Cas du *Portrait de Dorian Gray*" (279-294).
[78] Notably, Basil attraction appears to be primarily to Dorian as a person and not only to his beauty. The preceding sentence is excised from the 1891 edition of the novel.
[79] Georges Petit's (1856-1920) gallery and home were on the rue de Sèze. He is

closely tied to the Parisian Impressionist movement.

[80] Most of this paragraph was cut by Wilde from the 1891 edition.

[81] Wilde was first seduced by Robert Ross in 1886 and later was imprisoned in 1895-1897 for homosexuality. Basil's fear of revealing his secret is based on real social sanctions.

[82] Basil's statements here anticipate Wilde's later "Preface" to the novel, and in both instances the reader is given ample reason to be suspicious of the sincerity of Wilde's assertion that art does not reveal the artist's sensibilities. Nearly all of Wilde's allusions to other authors are instances in which the artist is revealed rather than concealed, and the picture of Dorian itself is special only insofar as it reveals both the artist's concealed truth and the subject's.

[83] Dorian's association with a Greek god fit to be worshipped parallels the penultimate paragraph of Chapter VI, in which he recognizes the picture's ability to keep his perpetually young.

[84] In the 1891 edition, Wilde revised this sentence to read "You have been the one person in my life who has really influenced my art."

[85] This phrase and the preceding parallel the narrator's statement in the 1891 edition, "No. There had been nothing more" when Dorian gazes at his picture at the conclusion of the novel. Dorian's introspection remains ambiguous in the 1890 edition. In both instances, the implication is that both Basil and Dorian see something of themselves in the picture that they do not want others to see. For Basil, it is his homosexual love for Dorian, and for Dorian it is his moral depravity. The difference between the two, Basil's leading to art and Dorian's leading to degeneracy and destruction of other, is striking.

[86] Wilde's "The Portrait of Mr. W.H." had already appeared in July 1889, in which he extensively discusses Shakespeare's sonnets in relation to the theory of Willy Hughes as the youth whom many sonnets address, perhaps most famously Sonnets 18 and 20. Michaelangelo di Buonarraoti (1475-1564), though more famous for his sculpture and painting, wrote passionate sonnets for Cecchino dei Bracci and Tommaso dei Cavalieri, among others. For both poets, masculine pronouns were changed to feminine in posthumous editions. Shakespeare, Michaelangelo, Michel de Montaigne (1533-1592), Johann Winckelmann (1717-1768) are all frequently associated with homosexuality and idealized male relationships. This is certainly the association Wilde's audience would have made to this list of famous homosexual figures and the 'love they had known.' Wilde's close friend Walter Pater (1839-1894) discusses Winckelmann's romantic relationships with beautiful men in an essay in *The Renaissance*, with which Wilde was intimately familiar.

[87] The novel in question is the French writer Joris-Karl Huysmans' 1884 *A Rebours*. Much like Dorian, the novel's protagonist, Jean Des Esseintes, is the last in an aristocratic lineage who dedicates his life to a variety of sensual explorations. Wilde first read the book during his honeymoon when it was first published – its influence on *The Picture of Dorian Gray* is profound.

[88] The French Decadents were closely aligned with the symbolists and later fin de siècle society in general. Wilde was closely tied to this group. For a detailed study of Wilde's relationship to Decadence, see MacLoed's excellent monograph *Fictions of British Decadence*.

[89] Again, the influence of this books would seem to contradict Wilde's later

"Preface," which was published prior to and then included in the 1891 edition of the novel.

[90] Again, a direct quotation from Gautier: "je suis un homme pour qui le monde visible existe." Ian Small identifies the source as the *Goncourt Journal* 1 May 1857 (Wilde, *Complete* 285). Wilde returned to the same quotation in *De Profundis* and in his lectures.

[91] Both were fashionable districts in Victorian London, and Mayfair was the most aristocratic area of the city. The balls, hence, would be the most elegant parties of high society.

[92] Gaius Petronius Arbiter (27-66) wrote *The Satyricon*, a Latin novel that satirizes the reign of Nero in the story of the narrator, Encolpius, and his lover Giton, a very handsome young man. The oddity here is that Dorian considers himself parallel to Petronius rather than to Giton. Wilde diminished the importance of his references to *The Satyricon* in his responses to the 1890 publication of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, but the allusions parallel those of *À Rebours*, so they are certainly more than casual displays of erudition. A 1902 translation of *The Satyricon* was scrurulously and posthumously attributed to Wilde (Boroughs 9-49).

[93] This social theory with regard to the repression of sensual pleasure parallels Wilde's anarchism as described in his previous 1890 essay "A Chinese Sage" and his subsequent "The Soul of Man Under Socialism." For a more detailed analysis see Goodway (62-92).

[94] Although the parallel is tempting, it would be anachronistic to draw a parallel with Sigmund Freud's dream theory, which was not published in *The Interpretation of Dreams* until 1899.

[95] Again, Lord Henry's influence and those of other sources conflict with Wilde's later defensive argument that Art cannot influence a person's actions or morality.

[96] Theories of sympathetic temperaments were common in Victorian psychology, so Wilde's source here is uncertain. See James Sully's *Outlines of Psychology* (1884) or Wilhelm Wundt's and William James' works in general.

[97] Wilde repeated flirted with Catholicism during his life and was given a deathbed conversion in 1900, though it is impossible to know if he consented to this (Ellmann 548-550). As with other scenes, Wilde draws on his own interests for traits in Dorian, Hallward, and Lord Henry, so an easy equation of character and author is dubious.

[98] As Wilde notes, this is literally the bread of heaven, hence the communion wafer and body of Christ.

[99] "Darwinism" was introduced as a term in 1860 by Thomas Huxley to describe various evolutionary theories and their social interpretations following on Charles Darwin's 1859 *On the Origin of Species*. "Darwinismus" was largely defined in Germany by Ernst Haeckel, often in conflict with Darwin. Haeckel's Darwinismus movement controversially promoted the racist theory that human races are separately created species with distinct evolutionary origins. This Eurocentric vision, which places Caucasians as most highly evolved, was in direct conflict with Darwin who refuted the notion explicitly and argued for a monogenesis or common origin.

[100] Frankincense is a tree resin used both as incense and in traditional medicine. Ambergris is the bile of sperm whales, traditionally used in perfumes and harvested after the whale secretes it. Ambergris has also been used in traditional medicines.

Musk is derived from the scent gland of the male musk deer, and it was commonly used in perfumes. Champak flowers are also a common source of perfumes, as is Himalayan Spikenard, the Japanese Hovenia Raisin Tree, and Aloe vera, all of which are used in traditional medicine.

[101] During this period, many composers and musicians were experimenting with foreign musical traditions, perhaps most famously Claude Debussy after he first heard Javanese gamelan music at the Exposition Universelle in Paris, 1889. Ludwig van Beethoven, Frédéric Chopin, and Franz Schubert receive repeated mention in the novel, and all (including Richard Wagner later in this paragraph) were Romantic composers of the generation prior to the impressionists and modern composers, such as Debussy.

[102] Bernal Díaz del Castillo (1492-1585) wrote a memoir, *Historia verdadera de la conquista de la Nueva España*, of his participation in Hernán Cortés' conquest of Mexico and destruction of the Aztec Empire.

[103] The description of Mexican and South American instruments in this paragraph as a whole, as well as their ties to the Aztecs and other indigenous groups, reflects Carl Engel's 1874 descriptions in *A Descriptive Catalogue of the Musical Instruments in the South Kensington Museum* (73-82). Wilde used Engel as his source and frequently paraphrases Engel's descriptions here. Wilde would likely have seen this exhibition or portions of it that remained in the British Museum.

[104] *Tannhäuser* is an opera by Richard Wagner, whom Wilde mentions elsewhere in the novel as well as in his plays. The first performance in London was at Covent Gardens in 1876. This helps to set an early date for the novel's setting, which appears to be roughly equivalent to 1890 when it was published.

[105] Anne de Batarnay de Joyeuse (1560-1587) was made Admiral of France when only 21 years of age. He has special privileges in court, including the right to wear jewelry. He was executed in 1587 in retaliation for the massacre of 800 Huguenots at Saint-Eloi. The implication here is that Dorian wore a great deal of ornate jewelry.

[106] Turquoise from the Vielle Rock was reputed to be of the finest quality.

[107] Pedro Alphonso (1062-1140) was a Jewish Spanish writer and physician. *Clerialis Disciplina* is his most famous work and consists of 33 narratives.

[108] Democritus (460 BCE – 370 BCE) was the most influential of the pre-Socratic philosophers in Ancient Greece.

[109] Thomas Lodge (1558-1625) was a contemporary dramatist of Shakespeare. His *A Margarite of America* (1596) is a prose Romance and tragedy known for its unusual combination of genres, akin to Wilde's *Picture of Dorian Gray*.

[110] Procopius of Caesarea (500-565) is best known for *The Secrete History*, which records the reign of Justinian I in scandalous and titillating detail.

[111] Pierre de Bourdeille, seigneur de Brantôme (1540-1614) was a French historian and memoirist. His works are also known for their sexual content and portrayal of promiscuity among the aristocracy and nobility. Wilde's use of Brantôme as a source would have been noted and associated with immorality to a contemporary audience.

[112] These descriptions, with the exception of Edward II and his loves Piers Gaveston, all derive from Jones' *Precious Stones*.

[113] "Madam, I am all joy."

[114] Catherine de Médicis (1519-1589) was the royal consort to France's King Henry II, for whom she mourned after his death while jousting.

[115] A form of elaborate cloth.
[116] Saint Sebastian was martyred by being shot with arrows while tied to a post, and after surviving was executed a second time. Renaissance artists depicted Sebastian extensively, often in an idealized Hellenic form, and many argue these images carry a homosexual subtext. Wilde adopted the pseudonym "Sebastian" after his release from prison, described Keats as Sebastian, and referred to Sebastian in several works with a homosexual association.
[117] One of the worst slum areas in London during the Victorian era.
[118] Trouville-Sure-Mer is a popular location in Normandy on the northern coast of France. Algiers is the capital city of Algeria on the southern Mediterranean shore of North Africa. Both were favoured retreats from British social customs and laws in the nineteenth century.
[119] Names throughout this paragraph are to genuine historical persons in the British aristocracy. Wilde's association of the origins of the aristocracy with evil countenances or uselessness critiques their importance to British culture as a whole. The implication is that Dorian's lack of concern for the welfare of others, his predatory behaviours, and his lack of ethical conduct are the nature result of his aristocratic ancestry.
[120] A term from the eighteenth century for a dandy who adopted continental European manners.
[121] Both *ennui* and *taedium vitae* refer to a weariness with life.
[122] Citations throughout this paragraph are to Huysman's *Á Rebours*.
[123] Moreau (1826-1898) was a French Symbolist painter.
[124] This would seem to contradict Wilde's subsequent comments on the impossibility of art as a moral or immoral influence, a point he emphasized in the subsequent Preface to *The Picture of Dorian Gray*.
[125] This timeline is varied considerably in Wilde's subsequent 1891 revision. Several critics have pointed to the age matching that at which Wilde was first seduced by Robert Ross.
[126] The capitalization of Hues here suggests an allusion to Wilde's long short story "The Portrait of Mr. W.H.," in which he argues Shakespeare's sonnets to the young man are for Willy Hughes. The specific allusion is to Shakespeare's Sonnet 20, "A man in hue, all 'hues' in his controlling," Wilde's story was first published in July 1889, and it hence overlaps with *The Picture of Dorian Gray*.
[127] This is the first implication that Dorian shares the same social stigma, homosexuality, as Hallward.
[128] A tenth.
[129] *Isaiah* 1:18.
[130] The trinity of convulsions and the stiff-fingered hands likely allude to numerous paintings of Catholic martyrs, in which the three stiffened fingers or other trinities imply martyrdom.
[131] Executed; hanged. Notably, homosexuality was also a capital offense in Britain until 1861.
[132] These quotations are taken from Théophile Gautier's poem "Lacenaire" first published in *Émaux et Camées* in 1881, published by G. Charpentier. This is very likely the edition to which Wilde refers. Wilde esteemed Gautier highly and refers to his works often.
[133] This poem is Théophile Gautier's "Sur les lagunes" from his poem sequence *Sur*

la Carnaval de Venise. The selection, translates, reads:

> On a chromatic scale,
> Her bosom streaming with pearls,
> The Venus of the Adriatic
> Rises from the water in pink and white flesh.
>
> The domes on the blue water's waves
> Pursue the pure contour of the musical phrase,
> Filling like plump breasts
> That rise with a sigh of love.
>
> The gondolier comes and deposits me,
> Throwing his rope to the pillar
> In front of a pink façade
> On the marble of a stairway.

[134] The Lido is a neighbourhood in Venice known for its long, sandy beach.
[135] The bell tower of St Mark's in Venice.
[136] "In front of a pink façade / On the marble of a stairway."
[137] A late Italian Renaissance painter in Venice who was known for his highly energetic style.
[138] Smyrna is now Izmir. Hadjis (Haji) are those who are making the pilgrimage to Mecca: the Hajj.
[139] In Paris, this is the major square in the eighth arrondissement. The Egyptian Obelisk is from the reign of Ramses II. It's "exile" here is from Egypt.
[140] An allusion to Gautier's poem "Contralto," in which the second stanza asks "Est-ce un jeune homme? est-ce une femme, / Une déesse, ou bien un dieu?" "Is it a boy? Is it a girl? / A goddess, or a god?" It opens in reference to a statue in a museum of antiquity, and the contralto voice is a very low, almost manly, female voice type. The quotation is from the sixth stanza, in which the poet declares his love for the "charming monster" with its multiple beauty.
[141] Anton Rubinstein (1829-1894) was a celebrated Russian pianist, composer, and conductor. As a pianist, he was one of the great virtuosos of the nineteenth century.
[142] A fur coat made from the coat of newborn lambs.
[143] Perdita is the estranged daughter of in Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale*. Perdita's garden refers to Act IV.iii-iv, in which the pastoral setting and her love for Prince Florizel are emphasized.
[144] Diego Velasquez was a seventeenth century Spanish painter whose works influences the impressionists and cubists significantly in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.
[145] Frédéric Chopin, a pianist and composer, spent the winter of 1838-1839 on Majorca with his lover George Sand, the pen-name of the French novelist Aurore Dupin. This period was particularly productive for Chopin, and during this winter he wrote his famous 24 Preludes, one of which Dorian is likely playing.
[146] In Greek mythology, Marsyas, who played the aulos, challenged Apollo to a music contest judged by the Muses. Marsyas lost and was flayed, skinned, and killed by Apollo. The implication here is that Lord Henry is envious of Dorian's musical

abilities and regards them as beyond his own.

[147] Bournemouth, where Wilde taught, and Poole are towns in southern England.

[148] At the beginning of the novel, Dorian's "rose-white boyhood" is juxtaposed directly with the phrase "rose-red youth," suggesting that Dorian's desire to reclaim one without the other is a false vision and a dream of a childhood that never existed in a purely "rose-white" form.

[149] This key moment in the text, Dorian's awakening self-reflection, differs significantly between the two major versions of the text.

APPENDIX

PREFACE

The artist is the creator of beautiful things.

To reveal art and conceal the artist is arts aim.

The critic is he who can translate into another manner or a new material his impression of beautiful things.

The highest, as the lowest, form of criticism is a mode of autobiography.

Those who find ugly meanings in beautiful things are corrupt without being charming. This is a fault.

Those who find beautiful meanings in beautiful things are the cultivated. For these there is hope.

They are the elect to whom beautiful things mean only Beauty.

There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written, or badly written. That is all.

The nineteenth century dislike of Realism is the rage of Caliban seeing his own face in a glass.

The nineteenth century dislike of Romanticism is the rage of Caliban not seeing his own face in a glass.

The moral life of man forms part of the subject-matter of the artist, but the morality of art consists in the perfect use of an imperfect medium. No artist desires to prove anything. Even things that are true can be proved.

No artist has ethical sympathies. An ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style.

No artist is ever morbid. The artist can express everything.

Thought and language are to the artist instruments of an art.

Vice and virtue are to the artist materials for an art.

From the point of view of form, the type of all the arts is the art of the musician. From the point of view of feeling, the actor's craft is the type.

All art is at once surface and symbol.

Those who go beneath the surface do so at their peril.

Those who read the symbol do so at their peril.

It is the spectator, and not life, that art really mirrors.

Diversity of opinion about a work of art shows that the work is new, complex, and vital.

When critics disagree, the artist is in accord with himself.

We can forgive a man for making a useful thing as long as he does not admire it. The only excuse for making a useless thing is that one admires it intensely.

All art is quite useless.

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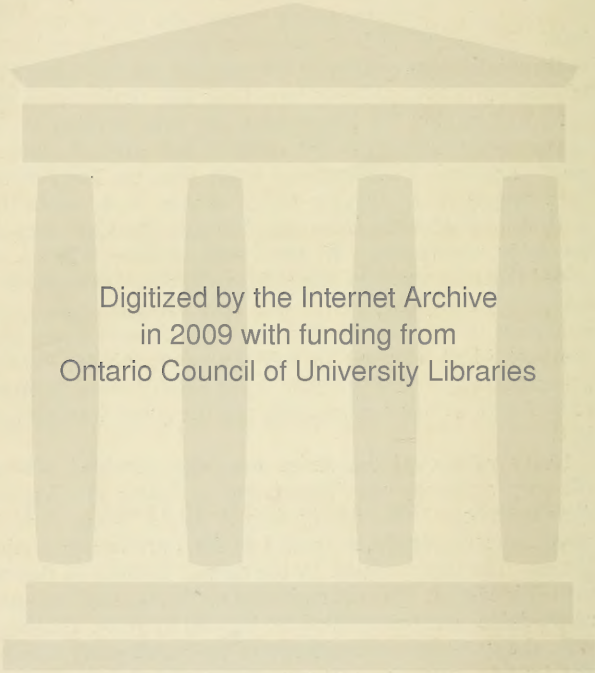
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In the WARWICK SHAKESPEARE an attempt is made to present the greater plays of the dramatist in their literary aspect, and not merely as material for the study of philology or grammar. Criticism purely verbal and textual has only been included to such an extent as may serve to help the student in his appreciation of the essential poetry. Questions of date and literary history have been fully dealt with in the Introductions, but the larger space has been devoted to the interpretative rather than the matter-of-fact order of scholarship. Aesthetic judgments are never final, but the Editors have attempted to suggest points of view from which the analysis of dramatic motive and dramatic character may be profitably undertaken. In the Notes likewise, while it is hoped that all unfamiliar expressions and allusions have been adequately explained, yet it has been thought even more important to consider the dramatic value of each scene, and the part which it plays in relation to the whole. These general principles are common to the whole series; in detail each Editor is alone responsible for the plays intrusted to him.

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INTRODUCTION.

1. LITERARY HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

THE *Tragedy of Macbeth*, like most of Shakespeare's later plays, was not printed separately in quarto form during his lifetime. It first appeared in the collected edition issued in 1623, seven years after the poet's death, by John Heminge and Henry Condell. Here it stands between *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet*. In the preface to this edition, known as the *First Folio*, Heminge and Condell claim to have taken great care to present an accurate text of the plays, "absolute in their numbers as he conceived them". But it would not be safe to put overmuch confidence in this boast. The text of *Macbeth*, in particular, is very unsatisfactory. It is full of printer's errors. Verse-passages are printed as prose, or cut up into irregular lines without regard to metre. And in many places the original sense has been reduced to nonsense.[1] Some of these mistakes were corrected in the *Second Folio* of 1632; some have been emended by the ingenuity of Theobald and his fellow commentators; others are perhaps beyond the reach of scholarship.

The *Folio* text of 1623.

It is improbable that the version of the play from which the *First Folio* text was taken was in the state in which Shakespeare left it. Opinions differ as to the extent of the modification which it may have undergone. The Clarendon Press editors think that it had been freely touched up by Thomas Middleton. They profess to be able to trace his hand in certain rhyming tags and passages "not in Shakespeare's manner". Attempts

The *Folio* text a stage version. Middleton and *Macbeth*.

[1] Instances of the state of the *First Folio* text will be found in the notes on i. 1. 10; i. 3. 37; ii. 2. 2; ii. 2. 16.

in a similar direction have been made by Mr. F. G. Fleay.[1] Middleton was a younger contemporary of Shakespeare's, and wrote for the King's Company between 1615 and 1624. If it was found necessary during that period to make any alterations in *Macbeth*, it would have been natural enough to intrust the task to him. But I cannot believe that it is possible to disentangle such alterations from the original stuff of the piece; and, in spite of Coleridge, a criticism which can attribute the Porter's speech in act ii. sc. 3 to any other than Shakespeare appears to me strangely untrustworthy.[2] It is not unlikely, however, that the *First Folio* was printed from a copy of *Macbeth* which had been 'cut' and 'written up' for stage purposes.[3] This theory would account for the unusual shortness of the play;[4] for certain discrepancies in the incidents;[5] and for the number of incomplete lines, which may very well be due to the excision of speeches or parts of speeches.[6] I think also that there has been some tampering with the witch-scenes by the introduction of a superfluous personage, Hecate, and of a few lines lyrical in character and incongruous to the original conception of the weird sisters. This condemnation would cover act iii. sc. 5, and act iv. sc. 1. ll. 39–43; 125–132. These passages are very likely the work of Middleton, for they closely resemble in style certain scenes in a play of his called *The Witch*.[7] This play was discovered in MS. in 1778, and its importance was at once observed, and perhaps exaggerated, by Shakespearian critics. Steevens assumed that *The Witch* was written before *Macbeth*, and inferred from certain parallels between the two plays that Shakespeare borrowed hints from his fellow-dramatist. A

[1] See the *Transactions* of the New Shakspere Society for 1874; Mr. Fleay's *Shakespeare Manual*, p. 245, and a later paper in *Anglia*, vol. vii. On the passages attributed to Middleton by these critics see Appendices E, F, and G.

[2] See Appendix F.

[3] Similar instances of such stage-versions are probably to be seen in the *Folio Hamlet* and the *First Quarto* of *Romeo and Juliet*.

[4] *Macbeth* has 1993 lines; the only play that is shorter is *Comedy of Errors*, which has 1770. The longest play, *Antony and Cleopatra*, has 3964, and the average length is 2857.

[5] See notes on i. 2. 53; i. 3. 73; i. 3. 108; iii. 6. 49.

[6] See Essay on Metre, § 5 (iii).

[7] See Appendix E, and the notes on the doubtful passages.

saner scholarship has, however, led to the conclusion that *The Witch* was probably not written before 1613, and consequently that Middleton was the borrower. Having written his own play, he may have interpolated a few lines in a similar style into *Macbeth*, with the object, perhaps, of introducing a musical element. It is noteworthy that in the stage-directions to two of the doubtful passages appear the titles of songs which are given in full in *The Witch*.[1]

Three possible dates have been suggested for the original production of *Macbeth*. The latest of these is 1610. It depends upon the testimony of one Simon Forman, an astrologer. Forman was in the habit of keeping a manuscript book, and entering in it his playhouse impressions. He records a performance of *Macbeth* at the Globe on April 20, 1610. From the description he gives, it is clear that what he saw was Shakespeare's play, and that in its main outlines it was identical with the version in the Folio.[2] But there is no proof that Forman was at the first performance; revivals were frequent on the Elizabethan stage; and the weight of evidence is in favour of an earlier date. This can hardly be later than 1607, for in *The Puritan*, published in that year, occurs a manifest allusion to Banquo's ghost. It is in act iv. sc. 1: "Instead of a jester we'll have a ghost in a white sheet sit at the upper end of the table". It is worth noting that in the same year William Warner added to the new edition of his *Albion's England* a history of Macbeth, as if public attention had been recently called to the subject.[3] On the other hand, the constant reference throughout the play to James I. makes it practically certain that it was produced after his accession in March 1603. The interest taken by this king in witchcraft is notorious; the vision of Macbeth in act iv. sc. 1 is a scarcely veiled tribute to one who traced his descent from Banquo; and a passage in sc. 3 of the same act is as obviously inspired by the 'touching for the king's evil', revived by James,

Date of the play, probably 1606.

[1] See Appendix B.

[2] Forman's description of the play will be found in Appendix A.

[3] The Warner coincidence by itself proves nothing, for his narrative might have suggested the subject to Shakespeare.

and claimed by him as hereditary in his house. With less certainty we may push the limits of time a little closer. The incident of the thane of Cawdor has been compared with the famous conspiracy of the Earl of Gowry and his brother in 1601.[1] The bestowal of Cawdor's honours on Macbeth recalls the investiture of the dignities of Scone, formerly held by Gowry, upon Sir David Murray, who had been forward in saving the king's life from the conspirators. This event took place on April 7, 1605.[2] In 1605 also is recorded a curious performance given before James during a progress at Oxford. On reaching the gates of St. John's College he was met by three boys, representing the nymphs or Sibyls who had foretold the reign of Banquo's descendants. These delivered orations in Latin and English.[3] It is very possible that this performance suggested the writing of *Macbeth*, and that it was produced on the occasion of the visit of the King of Denmark to England in July 1606. Oldys, the antiquary, has a story of a letter sent by James I. to Shakespeare, and it has been conjectured that it was a command to write this play. On the whole, the production of *Macbeth* at the Globe may be provisionally put in 1606. This date is accepted by the majority of scholars, and it is consistent with the style and thought of the play. Malone further supports it by tracing in act ii. sc. 3 various allusions, to the trial of Garnet the Jesuit on March 28, to the low prices of that year, and to the French hose then fashionable.[4] It should be noted, however, that some critics have doubted the authenticity of this passage, and that such allusions can easily be introduced in the process of 'writing up' a play.

Mr. Fleay, whose laborious and valuable investigations give him a claim to be heard, thinks that the play pro-

[1] See J. H. Burton's *History of Scotland*, vol. vi. chap. 61.

[2] There is a difficulty in supposing that there is any allusion to the Gowry conspiracy in *Macbeth*. Another play on the subject, produced by the same company in 1604, got them into trouble. See Fleay, *Life and Work of Shakespeare*, p. 152. Was *Macbeth* an apology?

[3] This incident is described in Wake's *Rex Platonicus*, in Anthony Nixon's *The Oxford Triumph* (1605), and in MS. Baker 7044. The verses were written by Matthew Gwynne, and are annexed to his *Vertumnus* (1607).

[4] See notes on ii. 3. 5; ii. 3. 9; ii. 3. 15.

duced in 1606 was only a revision of an earlier work dating from 1601.[1] In that year the Lord Chamberlain's (afterwards the King's) Company was in disgrace at court, and travelled in the provinces. There is no reason to doubt the tradition that they went as far as Scotland;[2] and Mr. Fleay thinks that *Macbeth* was originally written for performance before King James at Aberdeen in the winter following the Gowry conspiracy. He supports his view by pointing out that the play as a whole is more closely related to *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet*, its companions in the *First Folio*, which belong to about 1601, than to *Lear* and *Othello*, which are later. He also suggests that the description of Cawdor's execution may have been inspired by the fate of the Earl of Essex. But Cawdor cannot well be both Gowry and Essex, and it is very doubtful if the players, whose disrepute at home was due to their connection with Essex' conspiracy, would be likely to make any allusion to that event.[3] The whole question of the extent to which personal and political allusions may be found in Shakespeare's plays would repay careful study. There is a tendency to be hazardous with such speculations. I think that the critic who identifies Hamlet and Gertrude with James I. and Mary Queen of Scots has been hazardous.

A possible earlier version in 1601.

From the Restoration to the present day *Macbeth* has been universally popular upon the stage. Pepys saw it eight times between 1664 and 1668. But the *Macbeth* of the Restoration was hardly Shakespeare's play. The process of adaptation begun by Middleton was

The Restoration Versions.

[1] See his *Life and Work of Shakespeare*; Section iv.

[2] The question is discussed at length in Knight's larger edition of Shakespeare; but the entries in the registers of the Town Council of Aberdeen for October 9 and 22, 1601, are decisive. These show that a company of players were at the Scotch court in that year, and that one of them was Laurence Fletcher, whom we know to have been a member of the Chamberlain's Company. The argument from Shakespeare's portrayal of the Scotch temper and climate is less satisfactory. He is equally successful with Italy, yet there is no proof that he was ever there.

[3] A performance of *Richard II.* was given by the Lord Chamberlain's Company on the night before the Essex rising was intended to take place, with the object of encouraging the conspirators. See my edition of *Richard II.* (Falcon series), and Mr. Hales' *Notes and Essays on Shakespeare.*

continued in accordance with the taste of the time; the musical element was still further extended; and the whole became rather an opera than a tragedy. Two moments in this change are marked by the printed versions of 1673 and 1674. The first of these follows, in most respects, the text of the Folios. Middleton's song, "Come away, Hecate", is inserted in full in act iii. sc. 5; and two other songs for the witches have been added at the end of act ii. scenes 2 and 3 respectively. It has been conjectured that these songs are by Sir William Davenant, Shakespeare's godson. In any case, Davenant is responsible for the edition of 1674. This contains the three songs already printed in 1673, together with that of "Black spirits and white", also by Middleton. But moreover, the whole text of the play has been mutilated and perverted; hardly a scene escapes; everywhere the rhythm and thought of the original has been obscured by bald additions and alterations of the adapter's own.[1] It was for this travesty that Lock's beautiful music was composed, and in this that Betterton won such conspicuous success. It held the stage until 1744, when Garrick appeared in a version which was very nearly Shakespeare's. It was at this time that Mrs. Pritchard made a reputation as Lady Macbeth, which has only been overshadowed by that of Mrs. Siddons. It need hardly be said that every actor of distinction since Garrick's day has essayed the part of Macbeth.

2. SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

Holinshed's Chronicles.

For the outlines of the story of *Macbeth* Shakespeare had recourse to a book from which he had already drawn the materials for his plays on English history. This was the great folio *Chronicle of England and Scotland*, by Raphael Holinshed and others, first printed in 1577, and afterwards, in the revised form which the poet used, in 1587. Shakespeare follows with some closeness the details of the reigns of Duncan and Macbeth as given in Holinshed's picturesque prose. The extent of his indebtedness may be

[1] For a further note on these Restoration versions, see Appendix B.

gathered from a study of the passages quoted in Appendix C. But he has interwoven with the continuous narrative incidents taken from other parts of the same chronicles. The chief of these is the account of the midnight murder of Duncan. This is evidently based on that given by Holinshed of the murder of Duncan's great-grandfather, King Duffe, by Donwald, the governor of his castle, and his wife. Shakespeare has also worked in some of the striking features of traditionary witch-lore. Much of this, in a time of plentiful witch-trials, was no doubt matter of common knowledge; but the poet may possibly have consulted Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1584), or King James the First's curious little tract on *Demonologie* (1597).[1]

To come back to Holinshed—the chronicle of Macbeth there given is derived from the Latin *Scotorum Historiæ* of Hector Boyis, Boethius, or Boece (1527). This was translated into Scotch by John Bellenden, archdeacon of Moray (1536), and Holinshed may have used the translation as well as the original.[2] Boethius in his turn had borrowed from Fordun, a chantry priest of Aberdeen, who wrote a *Chronica Gentis Scotorum* in the 14th century.[3] It need hardly be said that the narrative common to all these chroniclers is legend rather than history. The labours of recent scholars have enabled us to reconstruct, shadowily enough, the historical Macbeth.[4]

The Macbeth of History.

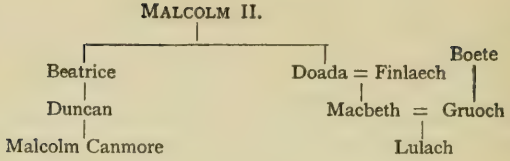
In 1031 A.D. Malcolm II. of Scotland did homage to Cnut, King of England. He was accompanied on that occasion by two chieftains, under-kings, or maormors. One of these was Maelbaeþa, Mealbeaðe, or Macbeoðe, maormor of Moray. It is thus that Macbeth first comes before us. He was the grandson of King Malcolm by his daughter Doada, who married Finnlaech. His own wife was Gruoch, daughter of Boete.

[1] See Appendix D.

[2] See i. 3. 84, *note*.

[3] Fordun's book forms the first part of the *Scoti-chronicon* (ed. Skene, 1871).

[4] The following sketch is based upon the discussions contained in Freeman's *Norman Conquest*, Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, and Robertson's *Early Kings of Scotland*.



In 1032 Malcolm murdered the head of Gruoch's house, probably Boete himself, the motive being that Malcolm had only daughters, and Boete had a distant claim to the throne. In 1034 Malcolm died, and was succeeded by his grandson Duncan, cousin of Macbeth. Duncan at once named his son Malcolm Canmore to be his heir and Prince of Cumberland. Macbeth and Gruoch had therefore no good-will towards the reigning branch of the family. Duncan was an ineffective king; he invaded England unsuccessfully, and then entered upon a war with Thorfinn, the Norwegian Jarl of Orkney. Macbeth, who was commander of the army, took the opportunity to make common cause with Thorfinn, had Duncan murdered at Bothgouanan, 'the Smith's bothie', and in his own right or his wife's assumed the crown. His reign was one of order and prosperity; his bounty to the church became famous in Scotland, and even at Rome; the homage paid by Malcolm to England does not seem to have been renewed in his lifetime. But he had a formidable enemy and neighbour in Siward, Earl of Northumbria. In 1054, Siward, with the consent of Edward the Confessor and the Witenagemòt, invaded Scotland by land and sea. A great battle took place on July 27, in which Macbeth was defeated and Siward's son Osborn and his nephew Siward were slain. Malcolm Canmore was proclaimed king, but Macbeth kept up the war in the north for four years, until he fell at Lumfanan in Aberdeenshire, in 1058. The resistance of his son or stepson, Lulach, was soon crushed. A slightly different version of some of the facts is given in Wyntown's *Cronykill* (bk. vi. ch. 18). Here it is stated that Gruoch was the wife of the murdered Duncan, that Macbeth was his nephew, and that Malcolm Canmore was illegitimate. Some scholars have thought

that Shakespeare had Wyntown before him, as well as Holinshed.[1]

Such is the actual substratum upon which the accretions of time and the genius of a poet have fashioned an eternal tragedy. In several important respects—Macbeth's relations to the Norwegians, the character of his reign, the rapidity of his downfall, the story diverges widely from the reality. The supernatural element is a characteristically mediæval addition, and it contains two bits of widespread folklore in the incidents of the birth of Macduff and of the moving forest.[2] Macduff himself, Banquo, Fleance, and their legendary connection with the Stuarts, have no sure place in history.

The Macbeth story before Shakespeare.

It is possible that Shakespeare was not the first to make a literary use of the story of Macbeth. Allusion has already been made to the interlude on the subject, played before James in 1605. Mr. Collier quotes two references which seem to point to a still earlier version. One is from Kempe's *Nine daies Wonder* (1600).[3] It runs as follows:—"I met a proper upright youth, only for a little stooping in the shoulders, all heart to the heel, a penny poet, whose first making was the miserable stolen story of Mac-doel, or Macdobeth, or Macsomewhat, for I am sure a Mac it was, though I never had the maw to see it". The other is an entry in the Register of the Stationers' Company:—"27 die Augusti 1596. Tho. Millington—Thomas Millington is likewise fined at ijs vjd for printing of a ballad contrary to order, which he also presently paid. Md. the ballad entitled The taming of a Shrew. Also one other ballad of Macdobeth".[4] I do not think we have the materials to say whether the 'ballad' here mentioned was really a stage-play or a ballad in the strict sense.

[1] An extract from Wyntown's *Cronykill of Scotland* was printed in Simrock's *Remarks on the Plots of Shakespeare's Plays* (Sh. Soc. 1850).

[2] See Simrock's *Remarks*.

[3] Ed. Dyce, Camden Soc. 1840.

[4] See Collier's 2nd ed. of Shakespeare (1858).

3. CRITICAL APPRECIATION.

Shakespeare a Pessimist.

It would appear that about 1601 Shakespeare lost his faith in the world. The light-heartedness of his earlier plays vanished; the laughter died away upon his lips, and the note of criticism, first struck, hesitatingly and, as it were, against his will, in Jaques, became dominant, swelling at last to the titanic denunciations of Lear and Timon. Attempts have been made to connect this phase in the poet's mental history with personal losses in the death of those dear to him, and, perhaps more justifiably, with the spiritual discouragement darkly shadowed forth in the Sonnets. However this may be, the clear fact is that for eight or nine years he devoted himself to the analysis of triumphant evil, setting forth in strong relief the failures, the disillusions, the ineffectiveness of humanity. Temperament at war with destiny; the brute in man trampling upon the god—these are the themes he is compelled to illustrate. To this period, so far as we can fix their dates, belong all the great tragedies with the exception of *Romeo and Juliet*; and here too come the three 'bitter comedies', in some respects more sad than the tragedies themselves. The pessimistic attitude towards life was not indeed final with Shakespeare. For a while he was 'in the depths'—to borrow Mr. Dowden's happy phrase; but he rose to walk the heights; his last words proclaim the ultimate victory of good in the serene philosophy of *The Tempest*, *Cymbeline*, and *The Winter's Tale*. But while it endured, as Mr. Swinburne has pointed out in the case of *Othello*, his pessimism was deeper, more unchequered even than that of Aeschylus; there is no purification of Apollo shining in the distance. Nor can any better example of this mood be taken than *Macbeth*; the simplicity and grandeur of the presentment reveal clearly the deep underlying thought. It is a drama of man at odds with fate, driven from sin to sin and its retribution by external invincible forces. It will be the object of this Appreciation to show how the central idea thus stated moulds and informs the whole play.

A drama, like every other work of art, if it is to affect the

spectator at all, must do so by means of some unity, some singleness of impression left upon him. It must be a whole, and be felt as such—not a mere bundle of disconnected parts, however beautiful in themselves. Aristotle, analysing the masterpieces of Sophocles, laid down that a drama should concern itself with the development of a single action, in its beginning, middle, and end. The Unity of Action, so formulated, has been held at various times as a canon of literary orthodoxy, sharply dividing classicist from romantic schools of dramatic writing. And with it have universally gone two other canons—the so-called Unities of Place and Time; the one demanding an unchanged scene, the other an action continuous and complete in a period roughly equivalent to that of representation; at the most, in a single day. The Unity of Action goes, no doubt, nearly to the root of the dramatic problem; the Unities of Place and Time are less vital. They have their origin in the special limitations of the Greek stage, made rigid by the conservative element in the Greek drama, which never forgot to be a worship of Dionysus. The practice of Seneca, so influential among the scholar-poets of the Renaissance, introduced the Unities to the modern world, and it was not until after a severe struggle that they failed to impose their bonds upon the Elizabethan theatre. The best landmark of this struggle is Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie*,[1] written about 1583, in which he supported the claims of the drama based on classical models against the looser romantic type, which popular poets and actor-playwrights were rapidly introducing. But the genius of Marlowe and of Shakespeare was on the side of romanticism, and the three Unities vanished with the Chorus and the Messenger and the other paraphernalia of strict Senecan doctrine. With the discarding of formalism arose the danger that the true limits of stage effectiveness might be forgotten. The Unities of Time and Place were little loss, but unless Unity of Action or something equivalent were retained the result

Dramatic Unity.

[1] The *Apologie for Poetrie* was first published in 1595. The most accessible edition is that by Prof. Arber, in his series of *English Reprints* (1868).

would be chaos rather than drama. There are too many Elizabethan plays, in fact, which have very little dramatic unity at all. They are mere stories, romances, acted instead of read. But the conditions of unity in a story and in a play are not the same. A story permits of pauses, of turnings back, of the application of thought to win its secret. But in a play you are hurried on, the imagination moves rapidly from event to event, the links of unity must be transparent and obvious. It is the characteristic defect of the Elizabethan dramatist to neglect this distinction; immeasurably superior in all merely literary graces to the Sardous and the Ibsens of our day, in stagecraft, in the knowledge of stage effectiveness, he is as a child among them. Even Shakespeare is not exempt from this criticism. A modern manager producing *King Lear* must needs omit most of the Edgar story, and the little that is left only weakens the total impression of the play. A patient analysis in the study may find a unity by discovering that the same ethical idea is illustrated in the house of Gloucester and in the house of Lear; but in the theatre, where the unity must present itself, not be sought, such a process would be scarcely possible. I do not for a moment mean that Shakespeare was blind to the problem of unity. A comparison of two successive plays—deliberate pendants, one may well think—would at once dispel such an idea. In *The Winter's Tale* all the three Unities are deliberately and wildly outraged; in *The Tempest* they are most scrupulously observed. It is a confession of literary faith, the poet declares at once his power to handle and his will to disregard the formalities of classicism.

The objections that may be urged against *King Lear* do not apply to *Macbeth*. Here more than elsewhere Shakespeare has escaped the pitfalls of romanticism; here, not by direct imitation, but by the sympathy of genius, he has approached most nearly to the simplicity, the large sweep, of Aeschylus. Analysis of the play will show that a unity of impression is produced in it in no less than four ways.

In the first place, there is unity of action in the strictest sense. The whole interest is concentrated in the rise and

fall of Macbeth and his wife. The episodes are few and slight, and can everywhere be shown to be necessary, by way of relief or contrast, to the emotions appealed to by the central story. Except in the tragedies, this particular kind of unity is rare with Shakespeare. Some of the comedies present as many as four or five stories, distinct threads of interest, woven together with consummate skill. Doubtless the poet felt that the intenser, more passionate feelings aroused in tragedy would not bear such rivalry. They cannot be laid down and taken up again with the change of scene.

The Unity of Action in *Macbeth*.

Secondly, there is unity of philosophic idea. This is to be found in nearly every play; each is the medium of some great thought, some utterance of the poet's mind on deep questions, on love or kingship or character, or on the ultimate nature of the government of the world. And in the light of this every character, every fragment of the plot must be read in order to grasp its full meaning. In *Macbeth* the central idea or theme appears to me to be this. A noble character, noble alike in potentiality and fruition, may yet be completely overmastered by mysterious, inexplicable temptation; and if he be once subdued a curse not to be forgone is for ever upon him. Temptation begets sin, and sin yet further sin, and this again punishment sure and inexorable. The illustration of this central idea is to be found in the rise and fall of Lord and Lady Macbeth. To them temptation comes in the guise of ambition, the subtlest form in which it can approach high souls. Of the supernatural setting in which it is exhibited there will be more to say hereafter; for the present note that once the murder of Duncan is committed there is never any hope of regress—sin leads to sin with remorseless fatality, until the end is utter ruin of the moral sense or even of reason itself; so that death comes almost as a relief, though it be a miserable death, without hope of repentance. Such a story is a proper theme for tragedy, because it depicts strong human natures battling with and overcome by destiny; had they been weak natures the disproportion between the forces would have been too

The Unity of Thought.

great, and we should have had pathos and not tragedy. Starting from this central idea, the power of Shakespeare's treatment of it is most clearly manifest in the contrasted results of similar circumstances on two characters of different mould and fibre—one that of a man, the other of a woman; one realizing itself in action, the other in thought. When first Macbeth comes before us it is as a mighty warrior—he is spoken of as "valour's minion", "Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof"; by performing prodigies of personal valour he has saved the country on one day from a civil and an alien foe. This is the noble side of him; away from the battlefield his greatness is gone, he sinks to the level of quite common men. Lady Macbeth herself expresses this in a passage which has been misunderstood:

> Yet do I fear thy nature;
> It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
> To catch the nearest way.

"The milk of human kindness"—that is clearly not 'a tender nature', of which Macbeth never shows a trace, but rather 'the commonplace ordinary qualities and tendencies of humankind'.[1] As for Lady Macbeth, it is not easy to accept the traditional stage view of her, originated probably by Mrs. Pritchard, as a sheer human monster, and the evil genius of her husband's soul. Hers is both a subtler and a nobler nature than his. Living a woman's solitary life, she has turned her thoughts inward; she, too, is a conqueror and has won her triumphs, not in war, but in the training of her intellect and the subjugation of her will. And withal, she is a very woman still:

> I have given suck, and know
> How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me;

and

> Had he not resembled
> My father as he slept, I had done 't;

and that despairing cry of horror: "Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him". Macbeth addresses her in language of love, and she too is

[1] Cf. note ad loc., and Moulton's *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist*.

wrapped up in him. Her immediate impulse to crime is ambition for her husband rather than herself, and in the banquet scene she stifles agonies of remorse to save him from blunders.

Thus the antithesis between the two is that between the practical life and the intellectual, and the effects of this difference are everywhere apparent. Macbeth is bold and resolute in the moment of action; he can kill a king, and he has a curious gift of ready speech throughout, which avails him to answer unwelcome questions. But when there is nothing to be actually done he is devoid of self-control; he cannot wait nor stand still; he becomes a prey to countless terrible imaginings; he is wildly superstitious. In all this Lady Macbeth is the exact converse; she has banished all superstition from her soul; she is strong enough of will to quell her husband's cowardly fears; she can scheme and plot, but she cannot act; she must leave the actual doing of the deadly deed to Macbeth; at the moment of discovery she faints.

The emotional effects of their crime are totally different on the pair. In Macbeth it is purely fear; there is no word of sorrow or sense of sin, only a base dread lest he should be found out and lose what he played for; if the fatal blow

> Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
> But here upon this bank and shoal of time,

he is willing to "jump the life to come". In time this fear assumes terrible proportions; it drives him to new murders; he slaughters Banquo, he slaughters the family of Macduff; finally he becomes a craven and bloody tyrant; even his old love for his wife is swallowed up in selfishness; when her death is told him he cannot stay to mourn: "She should have died hereafter". Only in the last hour of battle does he for one moment recover something of his old brave spirit. With Lady Macbeth the curse works itself out, not in fear but remorse; it impels her husband to fresh deeds of blood: she has no hand in any murder but the first. But her sin is ever present to her: awake or dreaming she can think of

nothing but that awful night, and the stain upon her hand and soul. At last her overtasked brain breaks down; we witness her mental agony in the sleep-walking scene: "Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand: oh! oh! oh!" And then she dies, a voluntary and most wretched death.

The other personages of the play are completely subordinate to the two central figures. Either they are mechanical, necessary to the incidents and episodes by which the plot moves on, such as Ross and Siward; or else they serve to intensify by character-contrast our conception of Macbeth's nature. It is noticeable that Lady Macbeth in this respect, as in others, is entirely isolated. But Macbeth sins both as subject and as lord; in the one relation Banquo and Macduff, in the other Duncan and Malcolm are set over against him. These are loyal, he is treacherous; these are king-like, he is a tyrant.

The witches, of course, come under another category. I take it that, wherever Shakespeare introduces the supernatural, he does so with a definite purpose; it is symbolical, pointing the fact that here, just here, we come upon one of those ultimate mysteries, which meet us everywhere when we scratch the surface of things. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, this is the meaning of the fairies; love is a mystery—"Love blows as the wind blows: love blows into the heart", sings the Nile boatman, according to Mr. Henley; it is indeed but the highest form of that primal mystery of attraction that pervades all matter and all spirit, and binds man to his god. In *The Tempest*, the magic of Prospero typifies the mystery of an overruling providence; and here Shakespeare has become his own commentator, for while this theme occupies the main plot, the under-plot of Miranda and Ferdinand contains the mystery of love; that of Caliban and the drunken sailors the mystery of intoxication. Coming back to *Macbeth*, the supernatural character of the weird sisters denotes the mystery involved in temptation; the mystery, that is, of the existence of evil. They do not tempt Macbeth; he was fallen before he met them; that is brought

Use of the Supernatural.

out clearly enough[1]; they are only personifications of the real internal tempting motives. And, since in the mystery of evil is included the punishment of sin, as well as its origin, so the sisters appear to Macbeth a second time, to ensure his destruction by their deceitful promises.

The Unity of Atmosphere.

We come now to a third kind of unity, of which again Shakespeare makes frequent use, but which consists in something so subtle and impalpable that it often defies analysis, and needs to be felt rather than demonstrated. Every reader must be aware that there belongs to each play an indefinable something, a note, a fragrance, a temperament, which distinguishes it from any and every other. We might call this unity of soul, and the last unity of mind, borrowing a hint from Mr. Pater, who speaks of "unity of atmosphere here, as there of design—soul securing colour (or perfume, might we say?) as mind secures form, the latter being essentially finite, the former vague and infinite, as the influence of a living person is practically infinite". So in *Macbeth* a thousand delicate touches serve to produce a sense of weird horror, rising to a height in the terrors of that unspeakable midnight murder.

Consider first how the key-note of the whole play is given by the appearance of the weird sisters amongst thunder and lightning in the first scene; then mark the awful chill that settles on us as we pass with the doomed Duncan to the gate of that castle where Lady Macbeth waits to welcome him.

> This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
> Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
> Unto our gentle senses.

The irony of this only increases our forebodings, and the "guest of summer, the temple-haunting martlet" that nests upon the wall, gives an added touch of tragedy. Then night falls, a night fit for the deed to be done. It is pitch dark. "There's husbandry in heaven; their candles are all out", says Banquo. Evil things are abroad.

[1] i. 7. 48–51 must refer to some period before the opening of the play; and iii. 1. 75 also gives a hint of Macbeth's past life.

> The night has been unruly: where we lay
> Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
> Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death,
> And prophesying with accents terrible
> Of dire combustion and confused events
> New hatch'd to the woeful time: the obscure bird
> Clamour'd the live-long night; some say, the earth
> Was feverous and did shake.

Even as the guilty pair start about the preparations for their sin, the vaulted hall is lit by lightning and re-echoes with thunder; with them we "hear the owl shriek and the cricket cry". Innocent men are visited by strange thoughts and dreams.

> There 's one did laugh in 's sleep and one cried 'Murder';
> That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them;
> But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
> Again to sleep.

Even such a nobly-strung soul as Banquo's is smitten with a strange sense of moral weakness and shrinking from the battle with temptation.

> A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
> And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
> Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
> Gives way to in repose!

The most awful touch of all is that knocking of some unknown comer at the gate, which calls our minds, strained by the intensity of the situation almost into sympathy with the crime, back to the frightful realities of fact; and this effect is grimly enhanced by the drunken porter, whose fumbling for his keys and swearing at the disturbers of his rest delays for some moments more the imminent discovery. By such delicate workmanship of detail the poet contrives to produce an impression of weirdness, of something uncanny, which signalizes the play as a whole, and it is just in this that the so-called aesthetic unity consists. One might well trace the sources of this impression through the banqueting and sleep-walking scenes, but it is more worth while to point out how

the general effect is intensified by comparison with the one scene in England, with its idyllic picture of the good King Edward the Confessor curing his subjects of their diseases. Shakespeare uses freely what Mr. Ruskin regards as the device of a second-rate poet, the "pathetic fallacy"—that is, he attributes to the inanimate things of nature a sympathy with the moods and passions of men. It is hard to understand Mr. Ruskin's objection; the 'pathetic fallacy' is but a weaker modern form of the view of nature on which most of Greek religion was based, and it is surely both a proper and a universal conception for poetry. Coleridge has given the *rationale* of it in these lines:—

> Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
> Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
> Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
> Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
> Making it a companionable form,
> Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit
> By its own moods interprets, everywhere
> Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
> And makes a toy of Thought.[1]

Fourthly, and finally, there is in *Macbeth* a special and peculiar unity of structure. The play moves forward with an absolute regularity; it is almost architectural in its rise and fall, in the balance of its parts. The plot is a complex one; it has an ebb and flow, a complication and a resolution, to use technical terms. That is to say, the fortunes of Macbeth swoop up to a crisis or turning-point; and thence down again to a catastrophe. The catastrophe of course closes the play; the crisis, as so often with Shakespeare, comes in its exact centre, in the middle of the middle act, with the escape of Fleance. Hitherto, Macbeth's path has been gilded with success; now the epoch of failure begins. And the parallelisms and correspondences throughout are remarkable. Each act has a definite subject: the Temptation; the First, Second, and Third Crimes; the Retribution. Three accidents,

The Unity of Structure.

[1] *Frost at Midnight*, in *Sibylline Leaves*.

if we may so call them, help Macbeth in the first half of the play: the visit of Duncan to Inverness, his own impulsive murder of the grooms, the flight of Malcolm and Donalbain. And in the second half, three accidents help to bring about his ruin: the escape of Fleance, the false prophecy of the witches, the escape of Macduff. Malcolm and Macduff at the end answer to Duncan and Banquo at the beginning. A meeting with the witches heralds both rise and fall. Finally, each of the Crimes is represented in the Retribution. Malcolm, the son of Duncan, and Macduff, whose wife and child he slew, conquer Macbeth; Fleance begets a race that shall reign in his stead.

Style of the Play.

A few words are necessary on the style, the technique of the play. As has been said, we have probably only a mutilated stage version before us; and this must account for the ruggedness, the broken lines here and there. The manner of writing is the manner of almost all Shakespeare's great tragedies. The perfect proportion between the thing said and the words it is said in, which is so noticeable in the middle comedies, has disappeared; the thought has become too full, too intense for the expression. Hence these closely-packed pregnant lines, into which the poet seems often to have put more than language will endure, whose exact meaning is often so elusive, so incapable of analysis. Yet this enigmatic speech, with its undersenses and its ironies, is after all appropriate to the half-lights, the elemental problems of the theme which it sets forth. To come to technicalities, the rhythm and metre of *Macbeth* is that of Shakespeare's later work, though not the latest.[1] The number of feminine endings, the proportion of overflow to end-stopped lines sufficiently show this. There is a small number of light endings. Prose is used to produce special effects in the sleep-walking scene, and in two other scenes. There is a larger proportion of rhyme than we might expect in a play of so late a date, but this fact may be easily explained. The witches, as supernatural beings, speak appro-

[1] See the Essay on Metre.

priately in a rhyming metre. The other rhyming lines are mostly couplets coming at the ends of scenes or speeches. There is good reason to believe that, in a stage version, these may be due to the natural desire of the actor for an effective 'curtain'.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, king of Scotland.

MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, } his sons.

MACBETH, BANQUO, } generals of the king's army.

MACDUFF,
LENNOX,
ROSS,
MENTEITH,
ANGUS,
CAITHNESS, } noblemen of Scotland.

FLEANCE, son to Banquo.

SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.

Young SIWARD, his son.

SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.

Boy, son to Macduff.

An English Doctor.

A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier.

A Porter.

An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

[HECATE.]

Three Witches.

Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

SCENE: *Scotland: England.*

MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A desert place.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch. Where the place?
Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!
Sec. Witch. Paddock calls.
Third Witch. Anon.
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A camp near Forres.*

Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, *with* Attendants, *meeting a bleeding* Captain.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought

'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.
Cap. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all 's too weak.
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.
Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
Cap. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had with valour arm'd
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.
Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Cap. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were

As cannons overcharged with double cracks, so they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell.
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.
Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons.
[*Exit Captain, attended.*
Who comes here?

Enter Ross *and* Angus.

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.
Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.
Ross. God save the king!
Dun. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?
Ross. From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.
Dun. Great happiness!
Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.
Ross. I 'll see it done.
Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A heath near Forres.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?
Sec. Witch. Killing swine.
Third Witch. Sister, where thou?
First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:—'Give me, quoth I:
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband 's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I 'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I 'll do, I 'll do, and I 'll do.
Sec. Witch. I 'll give thee a wind.
First Witch. Thou 'rt kind.
Third Witch. And I another.
First Witch. I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

Third Witch. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm 's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is 't call'd to Forres? What are these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear

Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.
[*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?

Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?
Macb. Your children shall be kings.
Ban. You shall be king.
Macb. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?
Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who 's here?

Enter Ross *and* Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.
Ang. We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.
Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.
Ban. What, can the devil speak true?
Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?
Ang. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel

With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.
Macb. [*Aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. [*To Ross and Angus*] Thanks for your pains.
[*To Ban.*] Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?
Ban. That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. [*Aside*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.
[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.
Ban. Look, how our partner 's rapt.

Macb. [*Aside*] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Macb. [*Aside*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Forres. The palace.*

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, *and* Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it: he died
As one that had been studied in his death

To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 't were a careless trifle.
Dun. There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, *and* ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.
Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants,
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.
Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.
Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.
Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon

Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not used for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene V. *Inverness. Macbeth's castle.*

Enter Lady Macbeth, *reading a letter.*

Lady M. 'They met me in the day of success: and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me "Thane of Cawdor"; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with "Hail, king that shalt be!" This have I thought good to deliver thee,

my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst have, great Glamis,
That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone'. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending;
He brings great news. [*Exit Messenger.*
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits

That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that 's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;

Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macb. We will speak further.
Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI. *Before Macbeth's castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, *and* Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.
Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done and then done double
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,

And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.
Dun. Where 's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.
Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.
Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII. *Macbeth's castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, *and divers* Servants *with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter* Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We 'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,

Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,

And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would',
Like the poor cat i' the adage?
Macb. Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.
Lady M. What beast was't, then.
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.
Macb. If we should fail?
Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we 'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?
Macb. Bring forth men-children only;

For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Scene I. *Court of Macbeth's castle.*

Enter Banquo, *and* Fleance *bearing a torch before him.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 't is later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

Enter Macbeth, *and a* Servant *with a torch.*

Give me my sword.
Who 's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.
Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.
Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.
Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 't is,
It shall make honour for you.
Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.
Macb. Good repose the while!
Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!
[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*
Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There 's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *The same.*

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. Hark! Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter MACBETH *above, for a moment.*

Macb. Who 's there? what, ho!

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked, 10
And 't is not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

Enter MACBETH.

My husband!

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

Macb. Did not you speak?

Lady M. When? Now?

Macb. As I descended.

Lady M. I!

Macb. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain. 20

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There 's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried 'Murder!'
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen',
When they did say 'God bless us!'
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'? 31
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep', the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—
Lady M. What do you mean? 40
Macb. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more'.
Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I'll go no more: 50
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.
Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*
Macb. Whence is that knocking?

How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Mach. To know my deed, 't were best not know myself.
[*Knocking within.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Knocking within. Enter a Porter.

Porter. Here 's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you 'll sweat for 't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who 's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here 's an equivocator, that could swear in both the

scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENNOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter MACBETH.

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him:
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 't is one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 't is my limited service. [*Exit.*

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatch'd to the woeful time: the obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.
Macb. 'T was a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!
Macb. } What 's the matter?
Len. }
Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building!
Macb. What is 't you say? the life?
Len. Mean you his majesty?
Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.
[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*
Awake, awake!
Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell. [*Bell rings.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. What 's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!
Macd. O gentle lady,
'T is not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master 's murder'd!
Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
Ban. Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENNOX, *with* ROSS.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There 's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know 't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father 's murder'd.
Mal. O, by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;

So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows:
They stared, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?
Lady M. Help me hence, ho!
Macd. Look to the lady.
Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
Don. [*Aside to Mal.*] What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?
Let 's away;
Our tears are not yet brew'd.
Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.
Ban. Look to the lady:
[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:

In the great hand of God I stand; and thence
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let 's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*

Mal. What will you do? Let 's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I 'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separate fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There 's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that 's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there 's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there 's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Outside Macbeth's castle.*

Enter Ross *and an* old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 't is day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,

That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?
Old M. 'T is unnatural,
Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.
Ross. And Duncan's horses a thing most strange and certain—
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.
Old M. 'T is said they eat each other.
Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes
That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff.

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?
Macd. Why, see you not?
Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Ross. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Ross. 'Gainst nature still!
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 't is most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
Macd. He is already named, and gone to Scone
To be invested.
Ross. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to Colmekill,

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.
Ross. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
Ross. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Ross. Farewell, father.
Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Scene I. *Forres. The palace.*

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for 't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush! no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth, *as king*, Lady Macbeth, *as queen*, Lennox, Ross, Lords, Ladies, *and* Attendants.

Macb. Here 's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I 'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desired your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we 'll take to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot:
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [*Exit Banquo.*
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night: to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!
[*Exeunt all but Macbeth, and an attendant.*

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. [*Exit Attendant.*

To be thus is nothing:
But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 't is much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My Genius is rebuked; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him: then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! Who 's there?

Re-enter Attendant, *with two* Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant.*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Mur. It was, so please your highness.
Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say 'Thus did Banquo'.
First Mur. You made it known to us.
Macb. I did so, and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave
And beggar'd yours for ever?
First Mur. We are men, my liege.
Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,

Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.
Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.
First Mur. And I another
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on 't.
Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.
Both Mur. True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down; and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.
Sec. Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
First Mur. Though our lives—
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—

Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I 'll come to you anon.

Both Mur. We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I 'll call upon you straight: abide within. [*Exeunt Murderers.*

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *The palace.*

Enter Lady Macbeth *and a* Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady M. Nought 's had, all 's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'T is safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what 's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She 'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy 's not eterne.

Macb. There 's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What 's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond

Which keeps me pale! Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still:
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A park near the palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?
Third Mur. Macbeth.
Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices and what we have to do
To the direction just.
First Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho!
Sec. Mur. Then 't is he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.
First Mur. His horses go about.
Third Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.
Sec. Mur. A light, a light!

Enter Banquo, *and* Fleance *with a torch.*

Third Mur. 'T is he.
First Mur. Stand to 't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

First Mur. Let it come down.

[*They set upon Banquo.*

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge. O slave! [*Dies. Fleance escapes.*

Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?

First Mur. Was 't not the way?

Third Mur. There 's but one down; the son is fled.

Sec. Mur. We have lost
Best half of our affair.

First Mur. Well, let 's away, and say how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Hall in the palace.*

A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

First Murderer *appears at the door.*

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here I 'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon we 'll drink a measure
The table round. [*Approaching the door.*] There 's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'T is Banquo's then.

Macb. 'T is better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he 's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.
Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo 's safe?
Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies; the worm that 's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: to-morrow
We 'll hear, ourselves, again. [*Exit Murderer.*
Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a-making,
'T is given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May 't please your highness sit.
[*The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.*
Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!
Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.
Macb. The table 's full.
Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all 's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send

Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost vanishes.*
Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady M. Fie, for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the time has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.
Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I 'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full.

Enter Ghost.

I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!
Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 't is no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Ghost vanishes.*
Why, so: being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you sit still.
Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.
Ross. What sights, my lord?
Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!
Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady M.*
Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augurs and understood relations have

By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?
Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?
Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There 's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.
Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
Macb. Come, we 'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE V. *A heath.*

Thunder. *Enter the three* Witches, *meeting* HECATE.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.
Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done

Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny:
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.
I am for the air; this night I 'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I 'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that distill'd by magic sleights
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:
And you all know, security is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Music and a song within:* 'Come away, come away', &c.

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

First Witch. Come, let 's make haste; she 'll soon be back again.] [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI. *Forres. The palace.*

Enter Lennox *and another* Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead:
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 't would have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think
That had he Duncan's sons under his key—
As, an 't please heaven, he shall not—they should find
What 't were to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace! for from broad words and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these—with Him above
To ratify the work—we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage and receive free honours:
All which we pine for now: and this report

Hath so exasperate their king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.
Len. Sent he to Macduff?
Lord. He did: and with an absolute 'Sir, not I',
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say 'You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer'.
Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed!
Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene I. *A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
Sec. Witch. Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whined.
Third Witch. Harpier cries 'T is time, 't is time.
First Witch. Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
Sec. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

[*Enter* HECATE *to the other three Witches.*

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains:
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
[*Music and a song:* 'Black spirits', &c.
Hecate retires.]

Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is 't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.
First Witch. Speak.
Sec. Witch. Demand.
Third Witch. We 'll answer.
First Witch. Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?
Macb. Call 'em; let me see 'em.
First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that 's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.
All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. [*First* Apparition: *an armed Head.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

First Witch. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

First App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.
[*Descends.*

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one word more,—

First Witch. He will not be commanded: here 's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. *Second* Apparition: *a bloody Child.*

Sec. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I 'ld hear thee.

Sec. App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I 'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. *Third* Apparition: *a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.*

What is this
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until

Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
[*Hautboys.*

First Witch. Show!
Sec. Witch. Show!
Third Witch. Show!
All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

A show of Eight Kings, *the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo's Ghost following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:

Horrible sight! Now, I see, 't is true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. [*Apparitions vanish.*] What,
is this so?

[*First Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights:
I 'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish, with Hecate.*]

Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter LENNOX.

Len. What 's your grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?
Len. No, my lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No, indeed, my lord.
Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was 't came by?
Len. 'T is two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England!
Len. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be

The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I 'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Fife. Macduff's castle.*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, *her* Son, *and* ROSS.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
Ross. You must have patience, madam.
L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.
L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further;
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves, when we hold rumour

From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I 'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he 's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit.*

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father 's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou 'ldst never fear the net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'ld weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit.*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces?

First Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Mur. He 's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

First Mur. What, you egg!
[*Stabbing him.*

Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! [*Dies.*

[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying* 'Murder!'
Exeunt Murderers, following her.

SCENE III. *England. Before the King's palace.*

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe I 'll wail,
What know believe, and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
When you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well.
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeer'd! Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that 's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,

More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.
Macd. What should he be?
Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.
Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.
Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.
Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.
Mal. With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such

A staunchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: all these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,

Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: what I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we 'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'T is hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch—
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand—
They presently amend.
Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*
Macd. What 's the disease he means?
Mal. 'T is call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 't is spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!
Ross. Sir, amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Ross. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air

Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.
Macd. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What 's the newest grief?
Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker:
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Ross. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Ross. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes 't?
Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Mal. Be 't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.
Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
Macd. What concern they?

The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?
Ross. No mind that 's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Hum! I guess at it.
Ross. Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heaven!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?
Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?
Ross. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let 's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?
Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may:
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Scene I. *Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic *and a* Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me: and 't is most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, *with a taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here 's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One: two: why, then 't is time to do 't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now? —What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here 's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo 's buried: he cannot come out on 's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed! there 's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What 's done cannot be undone.—To bed, to bed, to bed! [*Exit.*

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The country near Dunsinane.*

Drum and colours. Enter MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, *and* Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff:
Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we meet them; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he 's mad; others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 't is truly owed:

Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.
Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, *and* Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that 's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee'. Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?
Serv. There is ten thousand—
Macb. Geese, villain?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.
Macb. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, wheyface?
Serv. The English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence. [*Exit Servant.*
Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push

Will cheer me ever, or disease me now.
I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I 'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'T is not needed yet.
Macb. I 'll put it on.
Send out moe horses; skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How does your patient, doctor?
Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs; I 'll none of it.
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.

Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?
Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
Macb. Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.
Doct. [*Aside*] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Country near Birnam wood.*

Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, *old* Siward, *and his* Son, Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Ross, *and* Soldiers, *marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of Birnam.
Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough
And bear 't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host and make discovery
Err in report of us.
Soldiers. It shall be done.
Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.
Mal. 'T is his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,

Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.
Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
Siw. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE V. *Dunsinane. Within the castle.*

Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, *and* Soldiers, *with drum and colours.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still 'They come': our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. [*A cry of women within.*
What is that noise?
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*
Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane': and now a wood

Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we 'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Dunsinane. Before the castle.*

Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *and their* Army, *with boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough: your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.
Siw. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What 's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
Mach. My name's Macbeth.
Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Mach. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight and young Siward is slain.*
Mach. Thou wast born of woman.
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

Enter MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarums.*

SCENE VIII. *Another part of the field.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words:
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*

Macb. Thou losest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I 'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We 'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,

Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant'.

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!'
[*Exeunt, fighting.* *Alarums.*

Retreat. *Flourish.* *Enter, with drum and colours,* MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, ROSS, *the other* Thanes, *and* Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,

I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so, his knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He 's worth more sorrow,
And that I 'll spend for him.
Siw. He 's worth no more:
They say he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* MACBETH'S *head.*

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
Hail, King of Scotland!
All. Hail, King of Scotland! [*Flourish.*
Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named. What 's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time and place:
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

NOTES.

These Notes should be used with the Glossary, to which the student is referred for all matters of merely verbal interpretation.

The symbols F1, F2, F3, F4 are used to denote the folio editions of 1623, 1632, 1664, and 1685. Ff. denotes the consent of all these.

Reference on points of grammar is made to the sections of the 3rd edition of Dr. Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*; for passages from other plays to Macmillan's *Globe* edition of the poet.

Dramatis Personæ. This list is not in the Ff. It was first given by Rowe.

Act I.—Scene I.

The division into Acts and Scenes is found in the Ff., but no notes of locality are there given. Most of the stage-directions are also from the Ff.

A desert place. So the Cambridge editors. Line 6 shows that this scene does not take place "upon the heath", where the witches afterwards meet Macbeth.

The play opens fittingly in an atmosphere of moral and physical gloom. The first scene, as Coleridge pointed out, strikes a spiritual key-note. This is a tragedy of the triumph of evil: we are in a world of moral anarchy, symbolized by the withered beings, to whom "foul is fair". In a drama, first impressions are lasting, and Shakespeare contrives to put the spectator in the right mood at once.

7. This line may be scanned as follows: "There' to | meet' | with' Mac | beth'". On the metre of the Witch-scenes in general, see Essay on Metre, § 1.

8–11. In the Ff. these lines run:—

"1. I come, *Gray-Malkin.*
All. Padock calls anon; faire is foule, and foule is faire".

The correction is due to Hunter.

Graymalkin, a cat, and **Paddock**, a frog or toad (see Glossary, *s.vv.*), are the familiars of two of the three witches. The familiar of the third witch, *Harpier*, is mentioned in iv. 1. 3. Upon the stage, of course, there will be unearthly mewing and so forth, which the witches are supposed to answer.

These familiars of wizards and witches were supposed to be devils attendant upon them in the shape of obscene creatures. Cf. King

James the First's *Demonologie* (ed. 1616), p. 103, "To some of the baser sort he obliges himself to appeare at their calling upon him, by such a proper name which he shews unto them, either in likeness of a Dog, a Cat, an Ape, or such-like other beast, or else to answere by a voice only": and Reginald Scot, *Discovery of Witchcraft*, bk. I. ch. 4, "Some say they can keep devils and spirits in the likenesse of todes and cats".

Scene 2.

A camp near Forres. The locality is taken from Holinshed.

In this scene Shakespeare, after his manner, puts us briefly in possession of the situation between Macbeth and Duncan. Macbeth is high in favour with the king, and, with the aid of Banquo, has repelled in one day rebels at home and foes from abroad. The best side of his character, his personal courage and resource in war, is brought out. He is "valour's minion" and "Bellona's bridegroom".

The irregular metre of this scene, and the discrepancies concerning the thane of Cawdor and the mission of Ross (see notes on line 53; 3. 73, 108; 1. 4, 4), have led editors to believe that we only possess the play in a mutilated form. See Introduction, pp. 7, 8. Some of the metrical difficulties can be explained, and some disappear with a simple rearrangement of the Ff. lines, but lines 20, 51 certainly suggest 'cuts'.

1. **bloody.** "This word 'bloody' reappears on almost every page, and runs like a red thread through the whole piece; in no other of Shakespeare's dramas is it so frequent." (Bodenstedt.)

3. **sergeant** must be scanned as equivalent to a trisyllable. A sergeant was not originally a petty officer, but a personal attendant on the king or commander, lower in rank than an esquire. It is hardly necessary, with the Cambridge editors, to read *Sergeant* for the *Captain* of the Ff. stage-direction. Steevens suggests that Shakespeare caught up the word *sergeant* from Holinshed's mention of a 'sergeant-at-arms' slain by Macdonwald.

5. The omission of a syllable may often be accounted for by the interposition of a natural pause, as here, where the speaker turns from one hearer to another; or, as in line 7, between two speeches. Or, as an alternative, *Hail* may be so emphasized as to dispense with an unaccented syllable.

9. **choke their art**, *i.e.* render it useless. The sense of *choke* here is metaphorical, but the word is suggested by the fact that the swimmers themselves will be literally choked by drowning.

Macdonwald. So F 1. Holinshed has *Macdowald.*

10. **for to that**, *i.e.* because. A more usual form is *for that*, cf. iv. 3. 185. *That* is added to give a conjunctival force to the preposition; but *for* by itself can have the sense of 'because'. See Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* §§ 151, 287.

12. **the western isles**, the group of islands lying west of Ross, of which Lewis is the chief. Perhaps, however, Ireland is included.

13. **Of** is used by Shakespeare after verbs of supplying and filling. See Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 171, and cf. *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 2. 24, "I am provided of a torch-bearer".

kerns and gallowglasses. These names frequently recur in descriptions of Ireland: properly *kerns* are light-armed, *gallow-glasses* heavy-armed infantry; here they are both used in a depreciatory sense, as in *Richard II.* ii. 1. 155—

"Now for our Irish wars;
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns".

14. **quarrel.** Ff. have *quarry*. The emendation is Hanmer's, and is justified by the parallel passage in Holinshed. *Quarrel* is frequent in the sense of 'cause', as in iv. 3. 137, "our warranted quarrel". Those who would retain *quarry* explain "his damned quarry" as 'his army, which is condemned to become Macbeth's prey'.

15. **Show'd like**, *i.e.* wore the false appearance of. Cf. i. 3. 54, "which outwardly ye show". For the metaphor cf. *King John*, iii. 1. 54—

"But Fortune, O,
She is corrupted, changed, won from thee,
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John".

16. **that name**, *i.e.* the name of 'brave'.

20. The irregular line may be due to the haste and excitement of the speaker; but it is more likely that there has been some mutilation, which would also account for the difficulty in the next line.

21. **Which.** The only possible antecedent, so far as the sense goes, is *Macbeth*, and not *the slave*. Capell wished to read *And ne'er*. Perhaps some lines have been cut out here.

22. **nave.** So Ff. Hanmer wished to read *nape*, and thus make the blow less heroic. Moreover *nave* is not elsewhere used for 'navel'. But the Ff. text is supported by Nash, *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, act ii. p. 58 (ed. Dyce)—

"Then from the navel to the throat at once
He ript old Priam".

24. **cousin.** The word is often merely a title of courtesy given by the king to his nobles, or by them to each other: cf. i. 3. 127. But, according to Holinshed, Duncan and Macbeth were actually first cousins, each being son of one of the two daughters of King Malcolm.

25. The comparison is between the moment of victory, which was also the moment for a new attack, and the east, the quarter of sunrise, from which storms often come.

30. **skipping.** The epithet is scornful of the kerns. They were light-armed and also cowardly. It is used of Richard II. in *1 Henry IV.* iii. 2. 60—

> "The skipping king, he ambled up and down
> With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits".

31. **surveying vantage**, *i.e.* perceiving a favourable opportunity.

34. **captains** must be scanned as a trisyllable, like *sergeant* in line 3.

Yes, upon the stage, will receive an ironical intonation.

37, 38. The Ff. read—

> "As cannons overcharged with double cracks,
> So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe".

This gives line 38 a superfluous foot. Several attempts at correction have been made. The Cambridge editors, following Keightley, print *So they* as the last words of a mutilated line; but the sense is complete as the lines stand. The arrangement of the text is less jarring, rhythmically, than that of the Ff.

37. **cracks.** Shakespeare uses the word of any sudden burst of sound; here of the discharge of cannon; in *The Tempest*, i. 2. 203, of thunder. In iv. 1. 117 of this play occurs the phrase "the crack of doom". The idea is expanded in *Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 1. 14, where Cæsar says of the dead Antony—

> "The breaking of so great a thing should make
> A greater crack".

38. **Doubly redoubled.** Cf. *Richard II.* i. 3. 80, "blows, doubly redoubled".

40. **memorize**, *i.e.* make memorable: **Golgotha** signifies "the place of a skull". Cf. *S. Matthew*, xxvii. 33.

41. The irregular line has a dramatic point. The soldier breaks off, unable to proceed for loss of blood.

Enter Ross and Angus. So Ff. Angus does not speak, nor is he spoken to, but the "we are sent" of i. 3. 100 shows that he was present.

47. **seems to speak.** Critics say that this cannot mean 'seems about to speak', and suggest *teems to speak* (Johnson), or *comes to speak* (Collier). Yet the meaning is clear. Ross bore a strange message in his face, which was apparent even before he spoke. Cf. i. 5. 63—

> "Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
> May read strange matters";

and *Richard II.* iii. 2. 194—

"Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say";

and *1 Henry IV.* iii. 2. 162, "How now, good Blunt, thy looks are full of speed".

49. The Norwegian banners have been captured when Ross speaks, and Malone explains "the colours idly flapped about serving only to cool the conquerors instead of being proudly displayed by their former possessors". But the phrase **flout the air** certainly seems to imply defiance not defeat; cf. *King John*, v. 1. 72, "Mocking the air, with colours idly spread"; and, if so, we must suppose that Ross is referring, in a vivid historic present, to the moment of the first attack, when the Scotch were "cold" with alarm.

51. Here again there would seem to be a gap in the text.

53. There is a superfluous syllable in this line after the second foot, as well as at the end.

"The thane' | of Caw'(dor) | began' | a dis' | mal con'(flict)."

There are discrepancies in the references to the thane of Cawdor and his fate made here and in the following scenes; cf. notes to i. 3. 73, 108; i. 4. 4.

54. **Bellona**, the Roman goddess of war.

lapped in proof, clad in strong armour: cf. Glossary, *s.vv. lapped* and *proof*.

55. **self-comparisons**, *i.e.* comparisons between their two selves. *Self* can modify the sense of a word with which it is compounded in almost any fashion. Thus "self-borne arms" in *Richard II.* ii. 3. 80, *i.e.* arms divided against themselves, civil war.

56. Theobald corrected the Ff. punctuation, *Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm.*

58. We may have here one twelve-syllable line, excused by the overlapping of speeches; or **That now** may be a short introductory line; cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 511.

That is often used for 'so that' in Shakespeare. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 283, and cf. i. 7. 8; ii. 2. 7, 23; iv. 3. 6, 82.

61. **Saint Colme's inch**, or 'Inchcolm', the Isle of St. Columba, in the Firth of Forth. *Inis* is Celtic for an island.

64. The additional foot in this line makes it very awkward to scan.

Scene 3.

A heath near Forres. This note of locality is in accordance with the indications of i. 1. 6 and i. 3. 39, 77.

This is the critical scene of the First Act, the Temptation Scene. The doubtful suggestions of the witches do but outwardly symbolize the secret workings of Macbeth's own heart. He is not now for the first time tempted; the "supernatural soliciting" echoes dark hopes already formed: murder has been for some time fantastical in his thoughts. He has even, at a period before the play opens, broken his enterprise to his wife (i. 7. 48). There is a remarkable contrast between the effect which the meeting with the weird sisters has upon Macbeth and Banquo respectively. Banquo sees nothing ominous in the prophecy; after all Macbeth is Duncan's cousin and a great warrior; he might well, by the customs of a military nation, be chosen for the throne before the boy Malcolm. But for Macbeth, it points at once to his own half-formed designs; and the partial fulfilment, which the message of Ross announces, perturbs him still more. For the present, however, he is content to wait, in hope that chance will bring him the coveted dignity without his stir. It should be noticed also that Banquo is curious as to the nature of the weird sisters; he inclines to think them bubbles of the earth, or creatures merely imaginary. Macbeth has no such doubts; the witches are in keeping with his mood; his only anxiety is to learn more from their supernatural knowledge.

2. **Killing swine.** The accusation against witches of casting an evil eye upon swine and other domestic animals appears to have been a very common one; cf. Scot, bk. ii. ch. 9.

6. **Aroint thee**: so F 1, F 2; F 3, F 4 read *Anoint thee.* Scot, bk. x. ch. 8, describes various ointments said to be "made and used for the transportation of witches and other miraculous effects". For *aroint* see Glossary.

rump-fed. The sense of this epithet is a moot point with commentators. The Clarendon Press editors explain it as "fed on the best joints, pampered". But Steevens and others give it the exactly opposite sense of 'offal-fed', asserting that rumps, like kidneys and other scraps, were kitchen perquisites. I prefer to either of these the more pointed explanation of Dyce's 2nd edition. He quotes from Kilian's *Dictionary*, "*Rompe*, nux myristica, vilior, cassa, inanis". The reference will then be to the chestnuts which the woman was eating.

7. **the Tiger** was a common name for a ship. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, v. 1. 65, of Antonio, "This is he that did the Tiger board". In Hakluyt's *Voyages* are records of a voyage made by Ralph Fitch and others in 1583. They went in the ship 'Tiger' of London to Tripolis, and thence by caravan to Aleppo.

8. a sieve. 'To sail in a sieve'—*ἐπὶ ῥίπους πλεῖν*—was a Greek phrase for performing the impossible. Witches were believed to have the power of going to sea in a sieve or an egg-shell. Cf. Scot (i. 4), and the *Life of Dr. Fian*, referred to in Appendix D.

9. a rat without a tail. Witches could transform themselves into the shape of brutes, but might be known by the absence of a tail. This peculiarity is familiar in werewolf stories. Just so the devil in human shape may be discovered by his cloven foot.

10. What the witch threatens to do is to gnaw a hole in the 'Tiger'.

11. a wind. Witches habitually sold winds to sailors. So Bartholomew Anglicus, in Mr. Steele's *Mediæval Lore*, of the Finlanders: "And so to men that sail by their coasts, and also to men that abide with them for default of wind, they proffer wind to sailing, and so they sell wind". For their power over the elements cf. also Scot (i. 4).

15. There is no difficulty in this line. The witch has power to make a wind blow to any port she will; for *blow* in the sense of 'blow upon', cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3. 109, "Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow". Nothing is more common in Elizabethan grammar than the omission of a preposition after a verb, especially a verb of motion. See Abbott, §§ 198 *sqq*. But Pope would read *points*, and the Clarendon Press editors *orts* (='airts'). They quote

> "Of all the airts the wind doth blow
> I dearly lo'e the West".

17. the shipman's card. Either a 'chart', or the card upon which the points are marked in a compass.

20. pent-house lid, the eyelid, so called because its slope is like that of a penthouse or lean-to. The parallels quoted by commentators are irrelevant, because in them the *penthouse* is the eyebrow, not the eyelid.

21. forbid, under a curse, prayed against. The original sense of 'bid' is 'pray'.

23. The commonest charge laid against witches was that of causing their enemies to waste away. Generally this was done by making an image of wax and applying tortures to it. Cf. Scot (xii. 16). The belief in this is the basis of Rossetti's fine ballad of *Sister Helen*.

24. The power, within certain limits, of the witches to raise tempests is dwelt on in James I.'s *Demonologie* (1616), p. 117. Cf. also Scot, i. 4, and the *Life of Dr. Fian*.

31. The point of the first part of this scene is to set forth the malicious character of the witches, revelling in the thought of doing wanton evil.

32. weird sisters. The Ff. read *weyward*; but *weird* suits the trochaic metre, and is justified by Holinshed, who takes the phrase from Bellenden. Gavin Douglas also uses it to translate the Latin *Parcæ*. See Glossary, *s.v.* If *weyward* is retained it must be taken as only another spelling of *weird*, and not = 'wilful'. It is so used in Heywood's *The Late Witches of Lancashire*, "You look like one of the Scottish wayward sisters".

33. James I., *Demonologie* (1616), p. 113, speaks of witches as "carried by the force of the spirit which is their conductor, either above the earth, or above the sea swiftly, to the place where they are to meet". Cf. also Scot, i. 4; ii. 14; iii. 1.

36. nine = 3 × 3, has always been a mystical number.

38. Cf. i. 1. 10. Macbeth's repetition of the witches' words shows at once the harmony between his temper and theirs. We may suppose him to refer primarily either to the varying chances of the day; or to the contrast between his success and the stormy weather which the witches have called up. So at least Banquo might take it, but our attention is called by the words to the mixed thoughts and qualities of Macbeth's heart.

39. Forres. The Ff. have *Soris*, but Holinshed fixes the right reading.

42. or does not introduce an alternative theory of the nature of the witches, but an alternative way of putting the same question, 'Are you human beings?'

46. beards. Witches were always supposed to be bearded; cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Honest Man's Fortune*, ii. 1—

> "And the women that
> Come to us, for disguises must wear beards;
> And that 's, they say, a token of a witch".

48. Glamis. On the pronunciation of this word cf. Essay on Metre, § ix.

51. Macbeth starts because the last prophecy of the witches recalls his own guilty imaginings.

53. fantastical, *i.e.* imaginary; cf. line 139, and *Richard II.* i. 3. 299, "by thinking on fantastic summer's heat".

55, 56. present grace, noble having, and **royal hope** correspond to the three sentences of the prophecy.

58. The power of witches to see into the future is mentioned in Scot, i. 4. In the choice of his metaphor Shakespeare may have had in his mind certain accusations against them of transferring corn in the blade from one field to another and so forth.

Banquo, here and in lines 107, 125, is sceptical of the prophetic power of the witches, and he is content to let things take their course, assuming that if the fulfilment is to come at all, it will be by

natural means. Being conscious of innocence, he has no reason to be perturbed like Macbeth.

67. Banquo and Fleance were mythical ancestors of the House of Stuart. Authentic history knows nothing of them. Here and in iv. 1. 100 *sqq*. Shakespeare is able to pay a delicate compliment to James I.

70. Macbeth has remained rapt for a while after the witches' greeting. He recovers himself now, and attempts to gather further information from them.

71. **Sinel.** The real name of Macbeth's father was Finleg. In Fordun's *Scotochronicon* (iv. 44) he appears as "Finele", and of this Boethius, and Holinshed following him, make "Synele".

73. **A prosperous gentleman.** Yet in i. 2. 52 Ross speaks of Cawdor as in league with the Norwegians. We can hardly suppose that Macbeth is unaware of this. A reference to the passages of Holinshed used by Shakespeare for this and the preceding scenes will show that in the history the disgrace of Cawdor followed after an interval the Norwegian invasion. In writing this speech Shakespeare may have forgotten that he had altered that point. Or, of course, the discrepancy may be due to some rehandling of the play for stage purposes. Cf. Introduction, p. 8.

83. The plain, honest soldier regards supernatural apparitions as devices of the devil (cf. line 123), better left undiscussed. This was a common belief among Elizabethan writers, and recurs in *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 627.

84. **on** is somewhat freely used by Shakespeare where we should write 'of'. Cf. Abbott, §§ 138, 180 *sqq*.

the insane root. It is difficult to say what plant Shakespeare had in his mind. It may have been hemlock, whereof Greene says, in his *Never too Late* (1616), "You have eaten of the roots of hemlock, that makes men's eyes conceit unseen objects"; and Ben Jonson, *Sejanus*—

> "they lay that hold upon thy senses
> As thou hast snuffed up hemlock".

Or it may have been henbane, of which Batman, *Upon Bartholomew, De proprietatibus rerum*, xviii. 87, says, "It is called *insane*, mad, for the use thereof is perilous, for if it be eate or dronke, it breedeth madness or slow lykness of sleepe. Therefore this herb is commonly called *mirilidium*, for it taketh away wit and reason". Or it may have been Holinshed's 'Mekilwort', which Boethius calls *Solatrum amentiale*, *i.e.* Deadly Nightshade, and of which Gerarde says, "It causeth sleep, troubleth the mind, bringeth madness, if a few of the berries be inwardly taken". In North's translation of Plutarch's *Life of Antony*, which Shakespeare was probably reading about the time he wrote *Macbeth*, is a story of how the Romans in the Parthian

war ate roots, among them one "that killed them, and made them out of their wits".

For the causal use of *insane*, *i.e.* 'making insane', cf. v. 3. 43, "some sweet oblivious antidote". The transposition is common in Milton. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, ii. 73—

"if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still".

It occurs also in Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*, 529, of Mercury's caduceus, "His slepy yerde in hond he bar uprighte".

86. Macbeth already feels something of the jealousy of Banquo, which becomes an important motive later in the play.

91. **personal venture**; cf. i. 2. 16.

93. **Which should be thine or his**, *i.e.* whether he ought to give and thou receive wonder or praise.

97, 98. **hail Came.** This is Rowe's emendation for the *tale Can* of the Ff. The phrase 'thick as hail' is, of course, universal. Nearly all editors accept *Came*; some defend *tale*, and explain it 'as quick as one could 'tell' or 'count' them'.

103. The broken line with which the speech of Angus ends is characteristic of this play.

107. Banquo's aside emphasizes for the audience the partial fulfilment of the prophecy.

108. Cf. line 73, note. In the next speech Angus' ignorance of the nature of Cawdor's crime seems inconsistent with i. 2. 52, and still more with his knowledge of the thane's confession (line 114). And if Angus and Ross came straight from the king, when did this confession take place?

109. **Who**; for the omission of the antecedent cf. Abbott, § 251.

111. Abbott, § 461, attempts to scan **Whether he was** as one foot—'Whe'er h' was'. It is better to treat the redundant foot as due to the beginning of a new sentence in the line. Cf. Essay on Metre, § 5.

120. **trusted home**, *i.e.* trusted to the utmost; 'if you take this partial fulfilment as proof of the truth of the complete prophecy'. For the phrase cf. *Lear*, iii. 3. 13, "These injuries will be avenged home".

127. Note the absolute contrast between Banquo's sceptical and Macbeth's credulous reception of the same fact.

128. **prologues ... act.** Shakespeare's plays abound in theatrical metaphors and similes: it must be remembered that he was actor as well as playwright.

135. **unfix my hair**: a common sign of terror. Cf. *Hamlet*, iii. 4. 121—

> "Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
> Start up and stand an end";

and i. 5. 18—

> "[Make] Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
> And each particular hair to stand an end,
> Like quills upon the fretful porpentine";

and *The Tempest*, i. 2. 213, "With hair upstaring—then like reeds, not hair".

137, 138. **Present fears ... imaginings.** This is characteristic of Macbeth. He can always act bravely in a moment of danger, but cannot bear the strain of thinking on the future.

139. **fantastical**; cf. line 53, note.

These lines may be paraphrased: 'The mere conception of this possible murder shakes that commonwealth which is my single self. Surmise of the future smothers the function or action of my senses, and only what is to be, not what is, appears real and vivid to me'.

140. **single.** Johnson explains this as contrasted with the larger commonwealth of many persons. The comparison of the individual to the state is now a truism. Others, however, interpret *single* as 'weak', and quote i. 6. 16, and *2 Henry IV.* i. 2. 207, "Is not your wit single?"

Staunton quotes a parallel to this passage from *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 1. 63—

> "Between the acting of a dreadful thing
> And the first motion, all the interim is
> Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
> The Genius and the mortal instruments
> Are then in council; and the state of man,
> Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
> The nature of an insurrection".

143. For the present Macbeth finds a relief in deferring the struggle with temptation, and putting the accomplishment of his ambitions in the hands of chance.

147. It is a fatalistic sentiment in compressed phrase, which can only be explained by expansion: 'The roughest day comes to an end, the fated hour must strike, time sets all straight'. Cf. Hawes—

> "For though the day be never so long,
> At last the bell ringeth to evensong";

and Hacket, *Life of Abp. Williams*, "Time and long day mitigate sad accidents".

runs. "Time and the hour" are practically one idea, but Shakespeare's syntax admits of a singular verb with two subjects: cf Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 336.

150. Macbeth can play a part when necessary, and does so now. He has sufficiently made up his mind to wish not to incur suspicion.

151. *I.e.* in my memory.

152. The last four lines of Macbeth's speech are to Banquo alone.

154. **The interim having weigh'd it.** This is another of the compressed phrases which crowd this play: the sense is obvious enough.

The three first scenes of this act may be regarded as taking place on the same day. An interval of one night follows, allowing time for Cawdor's execution, and for the despatch of the letter to Lady Macbeth, which she is discovered reading in sc. 5.

Scene 4.

The important point in the scene is the nomination of Malcolm as Duncan's successor. This takes away the hope that chance will crown Macbeth. He is at last brought fully face to face with the fact that if his ambition is to be satisfied, it must needs be by foul means.

The sudden resolution of the king to claim the hospitality of Inverness is the first of a series of lucky accidents, which show that for the present the gods are on Macbeth's side. Cf. Introduction, pp. 25, 26.

The kingly character of Duncan, his simple gratitude and absolute trust, are a foil to the black treachery of his subject.

2. **Those in commission.** The task was committed to Ross in i. 2. 64, but it must have been executed by deputy.

4. If the play has been rearranged it may be that this mention of Cawdor's confession originally preceded that in i. 3. 115.

7. Steevens suggested that this fine description of Cawdor's death was inspired by that of the Earl of Essex, the friend of Shakespeare's patron Lord Southampton, which took place under similar circumstances. Singer quotes Montaigne, "with whom Shakespeare was familiar". He writes, "In my time, three of the most execrable persons I ever knew in all abominations of life, and the most infamous, have been seen to die very orderly and quietly, and in every circumstance composed even into perfection". Cf. also Marvell's famous lines on the death of Charles I. (*Horatian Ode*, stanza 15), beginning—

> "He nothing common did or mean
> Upon that memorable scene".

11. Throughout this play Shakespeare makes a splendid use of what is known as 'tragic irony', which consists in putting into the mouth of a speaker double-edged phrases, of which the hidden meaning is only apparent to the spectators. In the present instance

Duncan does not know, but the audience do, that his condemnation of Cawdor is just as applicable to Macbeth. And the force of this is heightened by the friendly greeting, "Oh worthiest cousin". Cf. line 14.

11. **careless**, in the sense of 'that of which no care is taken'; cf. the use of 'sightless' for 'invisible' in i. 5. 50 and i. 7. 23; and Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 3.

There 's no art....The Clarendon Press editors quote Euripides, *Medea*, 518—

> ἀνδρῶν δ', ὅτῳ χρὴ τὸν κακὸν διειδέναι
> οὐδεὶς χαρακτὴρ ἐμπέφυκε σώματι;

('[Why is it that] there is no sign upon the frame of man, whereby one may know the bad?')

Malone contrasts *Sonnet* xciii—

> "In many's looks the false heart's history
> Is writ".

20. **Might have been mine**, *i.e.* that the recompense I give thee might have been more instead of less than thy deserts.

27. **Safe toward**, *i.e.* without running any risk of failing in the love and honour they bear towards you.

30. **nor**. Double negatives are common in Elizabethan English; cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 406.

35. **drops of sorrow**. Malone quotes *Winter's Tale*, v. 2. 50, "Their joy waded in tears"; and *Much Ado*, i. 1. 22, "Joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness".

The missing half-foot may be naturally supplied by a pause.

42. Duncan's last words are addressed to Macbeth only.

45. Another touch of irony. Duncan does not know what will be the nature of Lady Macbeth's joy.

52. **wink at**, *i.e.* shut itself to, pretend not to observe.

58. The scene ends on the ironic note.

This scene may be supposed to take place on the morning of the second day. There is no interval in the breathless speed of the action until the end of act ii. scene 3. In the afternoon Macbeth, and in the evening Duncan, reach Inverness.

Scene 5.

This scene shows us for the first time that Macbeth's destiny is complicated by his relations to another character. By himself he might not have had the courage to yield to temptation; but Lady Macbeth's influence comes in to confirm him in the path of sin. She is strong just where he is weak, in self-conquest, in singleness of will and tenacity of purpose. Superstition and the strain of expectation

will make him swerve from his course, but they have no power over her. She is the nobler character of the two; her ambition is for him, not for herself; it is for him that she divests herself of conscience and, so far as may be, even of womanhood.

2. The profound impression made upon Macbeth's superstitious and guilty mind by the witches is shown by the immediate inquiry which he made as to their supernatural powers of knowledge. This can only have taken place during the brief interval between scenes 3 and 4; and it must have been at the same period that he sent the letter to his wife.

6. **rapt**; cf. i. 3. 57, 142.

18. **the milk of human-kindness.** There is no hyphen in the Ff. If *kindness* means 'kindliness' this seems a singularly mistaken estimate of Macbeth's character; nor is Lady Macbeth the woman so to misread him. Mr. Moulton, in his *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist* (vii. 149), suggests another interpretation. He would take *human-kindness* in the sense of 'human-nature' and *milk* as suggesting not 'absence of hardness' but "natural, inherited, traditional feelings, imbibed at the mother's breast". He adds, "The whole expression of Lady Macbeth, then, I take to attribute to her husband an instinctive tendency to shrink from whatever is in any way unnatural". Perhaps for 'unnatural' one should rather read 'abnormal', 'unconventional'. 'Kind' can of course bear the sense given to it by Mr. Moulton, but there are several closely parallel passages, in which 'milk' certainly connotes 'absence of hardness'. Thus, in iv. 3. 98, "pour the sweet milk of concord into hell"; in *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 3. 55, "Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy"; and in *Lear*, i. 4. 364, "This milky gentleness".

21. **illness.** The word is generally explained as 'wickedness', but I am inclined to think it is rather 'discontent', 'nervous irritability', 'unwillingness to follow the common herd, and refrain from realizing ambition'. It is a quality directly opposed to 'human-kindness' in Mr. Moulton's sense of 'commonplaceness'.

24. The Ff. have no inverted commas. Pope and others include within them "Thus...undone"; but most modern editors end the quotation at "have it". **That** is the murder of Duncan; **it**, the crown. Perhaps we ought to read *thou'ldst have*, as Delius suggests.

29. **the golden round**, *i.e.* the crown. Cf. iv. 1. 88, and *Richard II.* iii. 2. 160—

> "the hollow crown,
> That rounds the mortal temples of a king".

Abraham Fraunce uses the phrase for a ring in *The Countess of Pembroke's Ivy Church*, pt. ii. (1591)—

> "Wedding ring, farewell...
> ...full well did I cause to be graven
> In thy golden round these words".

30. **metaphysical**, *i.e.* supernatural. See Glossary.

doth seem to have thee crowned. Lady Macbeth speaks as if Macbeth was already crowned in the eyes of fate. Critics have doubted if the words can bear this meaning, and have proposed various emendations for *doth seem*; such as *doth seek*, *doth deem*, *doth ween*, *doth mean*, *design*.

32. Hunter points out that the last two lines of Lady Macbeth's speech are to cover the sudden exclamation and start of surprise, which might have betrayed her. The announcement of the king's visit breaking in upon her dark soliloquy is highly dramatic.

34. **inform'd**, *i.e.* given information. For the absolute use of the verb cf. ii. 1. 48.

36. **had the speed of him**, *i.e.* outstripped him.

39. **great news.** Another two-edged saying; cf. i. 4. 45.

40. Even the raven, always of ill omen, grows hoarse to croak the unrivalled tragedy that is preparing. It is absurd to say that Lady Macbeth 'calls the messenger a raven', but no doubt her pregnant metaphor is suggested by his lack of breath.

41. **spirits.** Lady Macbeth is accustomed to inward communings. She dramatizes them, representing her warring motives as spirits that influence her this way and that.

42. **mortal thoughts**, *i.e.* thoughts that bring about death; cf. iii. 4. 81; iv. 3. 3.

45. **remorse**, in the wider sense, which includes repentance before the actual commission of sin.

47, 48. **keep peace between The effect and it**: another phrase which it is not easy to analyse precisely. I think it means, 'keep peace (*i.e.* avert murder) by interposing between purpose and effect' Hudson suggests *break peace*, and Bailey *keep space* (*i.e.* delay).

50. **sightless**, *i.e.* invisible: cf. i. 7. 23, and i. 4. 11, note.

Lady Macbeth's vivid psychology has led her to a refined form of the same conception of evil powers outside the will and acting upon it, which finds a cruder expression in the belief in witches.

54. **the blanket of the dark.** A perusal of the notes to this fine metaphor, quoted in Furness' *Variorum* edition of the play, will give the student a fair idea of the ineptitude to which Shakespearian criticism has at times fallen.

Ingleby quotes a good parallel from Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, where the night is described as "that hideous coverlet of vapours".

55. Lady Macbeth does not greet her husband with the commonplaces of affection. One subject is absorbing them both, and of that alone can they fitly speak.

The horror of the play begins to grow, created with subtle art, by

the half-spoken thoughts (line 61), the euphemisms (line 68), the significant pauses (line 62).

59. **instant**, *i.e.* the present. The transition from this sense to that of a brief moment of time is well shown in ii. 3. 97—

> "from this instant
> There 's nothing serious in mortality".

62. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 511, suggests that the pause in this line is intentional. Lady Macbeth waits to see the effect of her words.

63. Cf. i. 2. 47, note.

64. **the time**, *i.e.*, according to Delius, "the age we live in". Cf. i. 7. 81. So the whole phrase will mean, 'to deceive men you must put on a face in keeping with their temper'. Steevens quotes Daniel, *Civil Wars*, bk. viii.—

> "He draws a traverse 'twixt his grievances,
> Looks like the time: his eye made not report".

67. The 'snake in the grass' was a favourite symbol of flattery with the writers of emblem-books. See, *e.g.*, Whitney's *Choice of Emblems*, p. 27. Shakespeare often uses it. Cf. *Richard II.* iii. 2. 19, and *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 2. 73, "Oh serpent heart, hid with a flowering face".

68. **provided for.** Note the unwillingness to use an ugly word for an ugly thing; and cf. in *Merry Wives*, i. 3. 32, Pistol's "'Convey', the wise it call. 'Steal!' foh, a fico for the phrase".

72. Macbeth is still irresolute.

Scene 6.

The visit of Duncan to Macbeth's castle is one of the three accidents or opportunities which help Macbeth to attain the object of his ambition. By such hidden means work the supernatural forces, in whose hands man is a puppet. Cf. Introduction, pp. 16, 22. In this scene the trustful, gentle nature of Duncan is used to emphasize by contrast the horror of the coming murder. The touches of natural description serve a similar purpose.

3. **gentle.** Strictly speaking, it is 'the air', not 'our senses', that is *gentle*. Shakespeare often transfers epithets thus from the noun to which they are really appropriate to some other closely connected with it.

4. **martlet.** This is Rowe's emendation for the *barlet* of the Ff.

5. **mansionry.** The Ff. have *mansonry*. The emendation in the text is Theobald's. Pope preferred *masonry*.

6. The line is a foot short as it stands.

9. **most.** So Rowe for the *must* of the Ff.

11. Duncan courteously apologizes for rewarding Macbeth's past services by imposing a new one upon him. His affection, he says, only brings trouble on his subjects; yet they must thank God for that trouble, because it *is* due to affection.

16. **single.** Cf. i. 3. 140, note.

20. **hermits,** *i.e.* we shall ever pray for you, like hermits or bedesmen.

Macbeth is too little master of himself to meet Duncan. He leaves that to the stronger nerves of his wife.

30. These phrases of courtesy often require the action of the stage to illustrate them. We may suppose Duncan at this point to conduct his hostess into the castle.

Scene 7.

Macbeth is not yet resolved. His vivid imagination paints terribly the dangers in his path. Thus oppressed, he leaves the banquet to be alone. It is not moral scruples that torment him, nor even a dread of what lies beyond the grave. It is the thought of the earthly hereafter, the consciousness that ill deeds recoil upon the doer. To him comes Lady Macbeth; in the inevitable clash of the two natures hers proves the stronger; her dauntless will confirms his; her insight into his character enables her to meet him with the most effective arguments. He no longer hesitates, and re-echoes for himself her previous counsel of dissimulation. Here the act naturally closes; the Temptation is complete.

1. There is a subtle double sense of **done.** The idea is, 'If all were over when the actual deed of murder is done, then there would be no reason in delay'. Mr. Grant White would put a full stop at *well*; and a comma at *quickly*. In that case the third *done* would bear the same sense as the first.

4. **his.** By far the simplest sense is given by taking *his* to mean 'Duncan's'.

5. **the be-all,** *i.e.* a thing complete in itself, not complicated with consequences.

6. **bank and shoal,** *i.e.* the shallows of life as contrasted with the depths of eternity. But *shoal* is only Theobald's emendation for the *school* of the Ff. If the Ff. reading is kept, *bank* must be interpreted as 'bench', and the whole phrase taken as introducing the metaphor of lines 8–10.

7. Macbeth would take his chance in eternity, were he sure of trammelling up the temporal results of his act.

jump. Cf. *Cymbeline*, v. 1. 188, "jump the after enquiry on your own peril".

8. **here,** *i.e.* on earth.

16. The considerations which might have made Macbeth shrink from the murder, only lead him to quail at the danger of incurring popular hatred.

22. Cf. Psalm xviii. 10—

> "And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly;
> Yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind".

23. **sightless**, cf. i. 5. 50. The **couriers of the air** are of course the winds.

25, 26. There are really two metaphors in these lines, both from horsemanship; that of the spurless rider, and that of the rider not yet mounted, who tries in vain to reach his saddle by vaulting.

The *spur* wanting to Macbeth is the "illness should attend" ambition, the lack of which in him his wife discerned in i. 5. 20.

28. **the other**, *i.e.* the other side. Some critics would put *side* in the text. It is not necessary. The pause fills up the syllable; and the sense is supplied from "the sides of my intent".

31. Macbeth does not confess to his wife the fears that fill his mind; but her own insight into him is sufficient to show her the real causes of his hesitation.

35. Cf. *King John*, iv. 2. 116—

> "O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
> Where hath it slept?"

37. **green**. Cf. Carlyle's famous description of Robespierre (*French Revolution*, iv. 4), "complexion of a multiplex atrabiliar colour, the final shade of which may be the pale sea-green".

39. **Such**, *i.e.* "green and pale".

42. **the ornament of life**, *i.e.* "the golden opinions" of line 33.

45. **the adage**. It is found in Heywood's *Proverbs* (1566), "The cate would eat fish, and would not wet her feete".

47. **beast**. The point is, 'If it is not the act of a man to do the deed now, was it one to suggest it before'. This passage is sufficient to prove that the conception of the murder was Macbeth's, not his wife's. Line 51 shows that the reference can hardly be to scene 5. The matter must have been discussed between them at a point before the action of the play.

50. *I.e.* 'You were willing to play the man enough to become a king instead of a subject'.

59. Mrs. Jameson says on this line, "Mrs. Siddons adopted successively three different intonations in giving the words '*We fail*'. At first as a quick contemptuous interrogation. Afterwards with the note of admiration, and an accent of indignant astonishment, laying the emphasis on 'we'. Lastly, she fixed on what I am con-

vinced is the true reading—*we fail*, with the simple period, modulating her voice to a deep, low, resolute tone, which settled the issue at once—as though she had said 'If we fail, why then we fail, and all is over'. This is consistent with the dark fatalism of the character, and the sense of the line following—and the effect was sublime, almost awful."

I prefer Mrs. Siddons' second interpretation. It is not to Lady Macbeth's purpose to admit the possibility of failure. Fatalism would not gain her point.

60. **But**, *i.e.* only.

Steevens suggested that the metaphor of this line was taken from the screwing up of musical instruments to the right pitch.

72. The suggestion of a definite scheme appeals to Macbeth's practical mind. He is in his element now, the element of action.

77. **other**, in an adverbial sense, 'otherwise'.

78. **As**, seeing that.

81. Cf. i. 5. 63.

Act II. Scene I.

This introductory scene falls into three divisions. In lines 1–10 the mood of the spectator is prepared for the crime to be done. It is past midnight, black as Macbeth's heart; evil influences are abroad, disquieting even the innocent Banquo.

3. In ii. 3. 22 the Porter says, "Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock", *i.e.* about two o'clock; cf. also v. i. 39.

4. **husbandry**, economy. For the metaphor, "heaven's candles", cf. *Merchant of Venice*, v. i. 220, "by these blessed candles of the night"; *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5. 9, "Night's candles are burnt out", &c.

5. **that**, his helmet, perhaps, or a dagger. On the stage the action would explain, and all Shakespeare's plays were written primarily for the stage.

11–30. Duncan's trust and graciousness doubles the guilt of the murder. Lady Macbeth's influence has prevailed; Macbeth's mind is made up. He plays a part with Banquo, professes to "think not of" the witches; yet delicately sounds his friend (line 25), angling for his support hereafter. Banquo's reply shows that already his suspicions are not unawakened.

14. **offices**. Some critics would read *officers*; but I think this is a case of the use of abstract for concrete.

16. **shut up**, wrapped in; the use of the participle without 'is' is characteristic of the compressed style of the play.

19. **Which.** The antecedent is will.

23. **We**, you and I. Macbeth is too good an actor to use the kingly 'we', as the Clarendon Press editors suggest.

25. Macbeth's words are purposely obscure; 'If you will consent to my wishes, when the occasion arises', *i.e.* 'If you will support me on the throne'.

31-64. Macbeth is now at bottom resolute, but his nerve will not bear the strain of suspense: he becomes at once a prey to horrible visions. Yet he has, now as always, a gift of aloofness, which enables him by fits and starts to analyse his own circumstances and mental state. He can philosophize verbally, but only so.

41. The line is filled up by a pause, during which Macbeth draws his dagger.

44. Either his eyes, which see the dagger, must be deceived, or his touch, which only meets emptiness. I think the dagger should not be in the air, but on a table; he thinks it real at first; is uncertain when he fails to clutch it; and convinced that it is a vision by the "gouts of blood".

48. **informs**, takes visible form.

51. The omitted syllable is but awkwardly replaced by a pause; Davenant's version has *now witchcraft celebrates*; Steevens would read *sleeper*.

52. **Hecate's offerings**, the offerings made to Hecate. Hecate, in classical mythology the name of Artemis-Diana, in her aspect as an infernal deity, was regarded in the middle ages as the queen of witches. As such she appears in Middleton and elsewhere, as well as in *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 269; *Lear*, i. 1. 112. In Shakespeare's undoubted plays the word is always a dissyllable.

55. **Tarquin's ravishing strides.** So Pope for the *sides* of Ff. The phrase has needlessly exercised commentators; but strides may well be 'stealthy'. Cf. *Lucrece*, 365, "Into her chamber wickedly he stalks". In *Cymbeline*, ii. 2. 12, Iachimo, like Macbeth, compares himself to Tarquin, as he sets about his crime, "Our Tarquin thus did softly press the rushes".

The epithet *ravishing* is transferred from *Tarquin* to *strides*.

57. **which way they walk**, is explanatory of "steps". Cf. *Lear*, i. 1. 272, "I know you what you are"; and Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 414.

58. A reminiscence of *S. Luke*, xix. 40.

59. 'And prevent the deed of horror from being done at this suitable time.'

61. **gives.** For the singular verb with a plural subject cf. i. 3. 147, note.

Scene 2.

There is no real need for a change of scene. The action is continuous to the end of scene 3.

The spiritual weakness of Macbeth, the complete unstringing of every fibre, once the deed is done; and, on the other hand, the triumphant self-control of Lady Macbeth, are both at their height in this scene. The murder is not presented, only felt, on the stage. Here again Shakespeare approaches the classical spirit. One thinks of the death of Agamemnon and of Horace's "Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet".

1. Lady Macbeth has deliberately wound herself up to the necessary pitch by the use of wine.

2–5. These four lines, as printed in the Ff., do not scan. The very simple re-arrangement is due to Rowe.

3. The owl has always been a bird of ill omen since Christianity swept away the worship of Athene, and even before in Rome.

the fatal bellman. The Clarendon Press editors quote Webster, *Duchess of Malfi*, iv. 2—

> "I am the common bellman,
> That usually is sent to condemned persons,
> The night before they suffer".

4. **stern'st.** Staunton proposed *etern'st.*

He, Macbeth.

9. *Enter Macbeth* is the stage-direction of the Ff. Most modern editors read *Macb.* (*within*). Probably the court-yard had a gallery round it, and into this Macbeth rushes in alarm at a fancied sound. He has already done the murder, and is on his way down. Cf. lines **14–17.**

11. The point is, 'to attempt and fail is ruin'. The Ff. punctuate *the attempt, and not the deed*, giving a wrong sense.

13, 14. Such touches must not be neglected in studying the character of Lady Macbeth. Her remorseless words and deeds do not come from a callous nature, but from a steeled will.

16. The arrangement of the lines is Hunter's, except that he reads *Ay* for 'I'. The Ff. have—

"*Lady.* I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
Macb. When?
Lady. Now.
Macb. As I descended?
Lady. I."

19. **Hark!** Macbeth is startled again by an imaginary noise. On the modern stage a clap of thunder vulgarizes the point.

26. two: doubtless Malcolm and Donalbain. The picture of the sons, half waking while their father is murdered, adds to the horror of the situation.

33. Lady Macbeth tries to quell her husband's excited imagination by the exercise of common-sense. The thought of sleep leads his over-wrought brain to pile up metaphors upon it.

36–40. These lines are an echo of the numerous sonnets in which the followers of Sidney and Daniel tasked their wits in fanciful changes on the idea of "Care-charmer Sleep".

37. sleave. Ff. have *sleeve*; but see Glossary, *s.v.*

42. Macbeth, in his frenzy, lingers on the titles whose fascination have lured him to sin.

55. Cf. Webster, *Vittoria Corombona*, "Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils".

56. Lady Macbeth's grim pun gives a new touch of horror. Cf. *2 Henry IV.* iv. 5. 129, "England shall double gild his treble guilt"; and *Henry V.* ii. chor. 26, "the gilt of France,—O guilt indeed".

57. The knocking here seems to show that the opening of the next scene always formed part of the play. Macbeth is not sure at first if it is real or 'fantastic'.

60. Cf. v. 1. 26, &c., and the quotation from Forman's MS. in Appendix A. Cf. Sophocles, *Oedipus Tyrannus*, 1227—

> οἶμαι γὰρ οὔτ' ἂν Ἴστρον οὔτε Φᾶσιν ἂν
> νίψαι καθαρμῷ τήνδε τὴν στέγην.

('Methinks not Danube's self nor Phasis could cleanse these halls with purification');

and Seneca, *Hippolytus*, ii. 715—

> "Quis eluat me Tanais? aut quae barbaris
> Maestis undis Pontico incumbens mari?
> Non ipse toto magnus Oceanus pater
> Tantum expiarit sceleris";

and Marston, *The Insatiate Countess*—

> "Although the waves of all the northern sea
> Should flow for ever through these guilty hands,
> Yet the sanguinolent stain would extant be".

63. 'Turning the green waves into a sheet of red.' The Ff. spoil the sense by punctuating, *making the green one, red.* Cf. *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 479, "Now is he total gules"; and Shakespeare and Fletcher, *Two Noble Kinsmen*—

> "Thou mighty one, that with thy power has turned
> Green Neptune into purple";

and Munday, *Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon*, "He made the green sea red with Turkish blood", and "The multitudes of seas dyed red with blood".

68. 'Your firmness hath deserted you.'

Scene 3.

The episode of the porter is necessary for two reasons; mechanically, to give Macbeth and Lady Macbeth time to prepare for the approaching discovery; dramatically, to afford an interval of relief between two scenes of intensely strained emotion. See Introduction, p. 24, and Appendix F. The change of emotional level is marked by the use of prose. But it is grim fooling, in the shadow of murder.

The entry of the lords makes Macbeth himself again, for there is something to be done. He acts consummately, touching just the right notes; the grief of the loving subject, the anger of the generous host. Banquo and Duncan's two sons alone see through the deception. On the other hand, Lady Macbeth's turn to give way comes in the very crisis of action. Her fainting is not dissimulation; her nerves will bear no more.

The gods are still fighting on Macbeth's side. His happy impulse to kill the grooms, and the ill-considered flight of Malcolm and Donalbain, both help to save him from suspicion.

2. **hell-gate.** "He never dreams, while imagining himself a porter of hell-gate, how near he comes to the truth." (Bodenstedt.)

old, a frequent 'strengthening' epithet, much like 'bloody', as vulgarly used. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 2. 15, "We shall have old swearing"; *Much Ado*, v. 2. 98, "Yonder's old coil at home". Dyce notes a similar use of *vecchio* in Italian.

5. Malone quotes Hall, *Satires*, iv. 6—

> "Each muck-worm will be rich with lawless gain,
> Although he smother up mowes of seven years' grain,
> And hanged himself when corn goes cheap again".

He attempts also to date the play by this and other allusions. The price of corn in the summer and autumn of 1606 was lower than for several years before and after.

6. **napkins**, pocket-handkerchiefs. In *As You Like It*, iv. 3, the "napkin" brought by Oliver to Rosalind is also called a "handkercher".

9. **the other devil's name.** Is this 'the name of Demogorgon', which might not be uttered?

an equivocator: probably an allusion to the doctrine of 'equivocation'—Newman's "economy" of truth—taught by the Jesuits; and perhaps in especial to the trial, in March, 1606, of Garnet, Superior of the order in England.

15. "The joke consists in this, that a French hose being very short and straight, a tailor must be master of his trade who could steal anything from thence." (Warburton.) The Clarendon Press editors quote Stubbes, *Anatomie of Abuses*, where two kinds of French hose are described, one loose, one very tight. Malone, still trying to fix the date, quotes a parallel from Anthony Nixon's *Black Year* (1606).

21. **the primrose way:** cf. *Hamlet*, i. 3. 50, "the primrose path of dalliance"; and *All 's Well*, iv. 5. 56, "the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate and the great fire". Also R. L. Stevenson, *Underwoods*, i. xi.—

> "Life is over, life was gay;
> We have come the primrose way".

27. **the second cock;** about two in the morning; cf. v. 1. 39. But if the murder was so early, how can it now be already "so late", and time for Macduff to visit Duncan? Holinshed puts the murder of King Duffe near daybreak, "a little before cocks crow".

56. **limited,** appointed; cf. *Richard III.* v. 3. 25, "limit each leader to his several charge".

58–66. All nature is perturbed by the tragedy of the night. On Shakespeare's use of the 'pathetic fallacy', see Introduction, p. 25.

63. **combustion,** tumult (Cotgrave's *Dictionary*). So used in *Henry VIII.* v. 4. 51, and Milton, *Paradise Lost*, vi. 225.

64. **the obscure bird,** the owl, which delights in darkness. Cf. ii. 2. 3, 15.

69. Double negatives, for emphasis, are common in Shakespeare. See Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 406.

73. Note the confusion of metaphors in **anointed temple.**

77. The sight of the Gorgons, Medusa and her sisters, turned men to stone. Shakespeare alludes again to them in *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 5. 116. He may have read of them in Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, v. 189.

81. **sleep, death's counterfeit.** So *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 64, "death-counterfeiting sleep", and *Lucrece*, 402, "(sleep), the map of death".

83. **The great doom's image.** Cf. *Lear*, v. 3. 264, "Is this the promised end—or image of that horror?"

97. **instant:** cf. i. 5. 59, note.

101. **this vault.** Life is compared to an empty cellar, from which all the wine has been drawn. For the metaphor cf. the phrase in Tennyson's *Ulysses*, "I have drunk Life to the lees".

117. **pauser,** that which makes to pause. "*-er* is sometimes appended to a *noun* for the purpose of signifying an agent." (Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 443.)

118. **laced,** covered with little wavy patterns. Critics have objected, some to the far-fetched metaphor, some to the dwelling upon horrors in this speech. Johnson thought that it was designed "to show the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy and the natural outcries of sudden passion".

golden, a common Elizabethan colour-epithet of blood. Presumably the colour of blood has not changed much, so their gold must have been redder in tint than ours. See the puns in ii. 2. 56, note.

122. **breech'd,** covered as with breeches. The queer metaphor is no doubt suggested by the phrase "naked daggers". Johnson suggested *Unmanly drenched.*

127. **argument,** subject for discussion.

128. **an auger-hole.** Critics interpret this, 'an obscure or minute hole'; but surely it means a hole made with a sharp point, as of an auger—or a dagger. Cf. line 123. Donalbain naturally fears his father's fate for himself and his brother.

130. **brew'd.** The phrase suggests deliberate manufacture. Macbeth's hypocrisy is quite apparent to the two princes.

131. 'As yet we can only feel grief; we have not reached the point where attempt at revenge can be set on foot.'

137. **pretence,** aim, intention, design. Cf. ii. 4. 119. Banquo's suspicions of Macbeth are renewed; he sees that this is no mere murder by grooms; it is the outcome of some treasonous secret plot.

141. **them.** The princes regard Banquo and Macduff as being, very possibly, as false as Macbeth. Cf. the interview between Malcolm and Macduff in act iv. scene 3.

143. **easy.** Elizabethan syntax uses many adjectives as adverbs. See Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 1.

146. Macbeth was Duncan's cousin, according to Holinshed.

150. Cf. iii. 4. 119.

151. **warrant,** justification.

The action has been almost continuous since act i. scene 4, covering a single day and night. The next scene takes place late on the day after the murder.

Scene 4.

Macbeth's first crime has been successful; his acting and the flight of the princes have saved him from detection. As Duncan's cousin and a great captain he succeeds naturally to the vacant throne. If

Macduff or Banquo have their suspicions, the time to publish them is not yet. This scene gives relief and perspective to the action, by presenting it from an outside point of view, that of the Scottish subject.

4. **trifled**, turned to trifles. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, iv. i. 298, "We trifle time". Elizabethan writers use almost any noun or adjective as a verb, at pleasure. See Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 290.

7. **the travelling lamp**, the sun; the epithet is applied to him by both Drayton and Cowley. F 1, F 2 read *travailing*; F 2, F 3, *travelling*; but the spelling of the two words was hardly discriminated in the 17th century.

9, 10. The rare occurrence of eclipses has made them objects of superstitious dread in many nations.

12. **towering**, a technical term of falconry. Cf. Donne, *Letter to Sir H. Goodyere*—

> "Which when herself she lessens in the air,
> You then first say, that high enough she towers".

13. Both the "mousing owl" and the rebellious horses symbolize the disloyalty of Macbeth to his king. In the weird atmosphere of this play supernatural signs and omens do not appear out of place.

15. **minions**, those most highly prized. See Glossary, *s.v.*

21. Macduff is in a mood of universal suspicion. He will not confide in Ross, a mere facile courtier; but answers him ambiguously. Yet he will by no means stay at the new king's court.

24. **pretend**; cf. ii. 3. 113.

27. **still.** Ross reverts to the thought of the unnatural marvels just recounted.

29. Note the octosyllable line, and cf. Essay on Metre, § 5 (ii).

31. **Scone**, a city, now ruined, two miles north of Perth. It was the capital of the Pictish kings, and the coronation place of the kings of Scotland. The famous stone, on which the rite was performed, has been, since 1296, in Westminster Abbey.

33. **Colmekill**, the 'kill' or 'cell' of St. Columba, or Colim M'Felim M'Fergus, the converter of Scotland. It is the same as Iona, one of the Western Isles, and was the usual burying-place of the kings of Scotland.

36. **thither**, *i.e.* to Scone.

40, 41. The old man rightly judges Ross as a mere time-server.

An interval of some weeks follows this scene. In the next, Macbeth is firmly established on the throne, and has had time to hear that Malcolm and Donalbain are in England and Ireland respectively.

Act III. Scene I.

The First Crime is hardly over before it leads to the Second. Macbeth cannot feel secure while Banquo lives; his Genius is rebuked under him; no show of honours can win his affection; he remains courteous, cold and silent. Nor can Macbeth forget that word in the prophecy of the weird sisters about the succession of Banquo's house to the throne.

1. Banquo's speech leaves no doubt on his view of Macbeth; it shows too, that in his mind, as in the king's, the promise of the witches is unforgotten.

7. **shine**, prove conspicuously true.

13. **all-thing**, as a variant for *altogether*, does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare.

16. **Command upon** is an unusual phrase for 'lay your command upon'; but there is no need to read, "Set your highness' command upon me" (Mason), or "Let your highness' command be upon me" (Keightley).

the which, is common in Shakespeare: cf. the French *lequel*, and Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 270.

26. **supper**, *i.e.* seven o'clock; cf. line 41.

the better, because he had to go far. Cf. Stowe, *Survey of London* (1618), p. 145, of tilting at the quintain, "He that hit it full, if he rid not the faster, (because he had hit it) had a sound blow in his neck, with a bag full of sand hanged on the other end".

43. **the sweeter** = an adverb, 'more sweetly'; cf. ii. 3. 143.

44. **while** is used for 'until', where the action extends continuously over the intervening time. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 137.

The formula **God be with you** may be scanned as a dissyllable—our 'Good-bye'.

48. **thus**, on the throne.

52. **to**, in addition to. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 185.

56, 57. This passage is explained by *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 3. 18—

> "Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side;
> Thy demon, that 's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
> Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
> Where Cæsar's is not; but near him, thy angel
> Becomes a fear, as being o'er-powered".

Shakespeare borrowed the idea from North's *Plutarch* (*Life of Antony* (1631), p. 926).

56. **Genius**, in the Elizabethan sense, is a tutelar spirit; but perhaps we find it here in a stage of transition to the modern use.

Macbeth means that what we should call his 'temperament', his 'personality', quails before that of Banquo.

64. There is no son of Macbeth in the play; but cf. iv. 3. 216, note, and Introduction, p. 14.

65. **filed**, *i.e.* defiled. The Elizabethans constantly drop such affixes. Cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 460.

68. **mine eternal jewel**, *i.e.* mine immortal soul. Cf. *Richard II.* i. 1. 180—

> " A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
> Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast ".

72. **champion**; not 'fight for me', but 'fight against me'. There is no other instance of such a use of the verb.

to the utterance; the French *à l'outrance*. See Glossary, *s.v.*

The murderers are former victims of Macbeth's own, whom he has now induced to believe that they owe their wrongs to Banquo. Here again Macbeth's histrionic skill, his power of playing upon the emotions of others, comes out. This passage is sufficient to show that Macbeth was not perfectly innocent and noble before the witches tempted him.

80. **pass'd in probation**, proved, passing them one by one.

81. **borne in hand**, handled, treated. Cf. *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 65—

> "grieved
> That so his sickness, age and impotence
> Was falsely borne in hand".

88. **gospell'd**, filled with the spirit of gospel teaching. See *S. Matthew*, v. 4, on forgiveness of injuries.

91. **yours**, your family.

95. **the valued file**, the list or scale of values. So Donne has "the plaguey bill" for 'the bill of the plague'. Singer states that such a catalogue of dogs occurs in Fleming's *Junius' Nomenclator*.

97. **housekeeper**, watch-dog, so called in Topsell's *History of Beasts* (1658).

100. **Particular addition**, a particular epithet or qualification.

103. Scan—" Nót in | the wórst | ránk of | mánhood | sáy it ".

104, 105. 'I will suggest to you a means for getting rid of your enemy, and making a friend of one, to whom also he is dangerous.'

112. **tugg'd with**. 'With' is often used for 'by'. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 193.

116. **in such bloody distance**, standing near enough to draw blood.

118. **my near'st of life**, the nearest parts to my life, the most vital parts. Cf. v. 2. 11.

121. **For**, on account of.

122. **loves.** We should say 'love'; but cf. v. 8. 61, and iii. 2. 53, "preys".

123. **Who**, for 'whom'. Cf. iii. 4. 42, and Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 274.

130. Johnson proposes *a perfect spy o' the time*, and makes the line a reference to the third murderer of scene 3. But I think it only means 'acquaint you with the knowledge, or espial, of the perfect time to act'. For the transference of the epithet cf. ii. i. 55.

132. **something from**, at some distance from.
'Keep in mind that I must remain absolutely clear from suspicion.' For the absolute use of the participle cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 378.

Scene 2.

From the moment of her sin, remorse begins to lay hold upon Lady Macbeth. She conceals it in Macbeth's presence, thinking to strengthen him, as of old; but the two lives are insensibly drifting asunder. Macbeth addresses her in terms of grim love, but he no longer takes her counsel on his schemes, and only half imparts them to her, even at the last moment. As for Macbeth himself, directly there is nothing to be done, he becomes morbid, brooding over his crimes past and future, and playing about them with lurid words.

1. Banquo is in Lady Macbeth's mind too, and line 38 shows that she has at least contemplated his death.

4–7. Hunter thinks that these lines are spoken by Macbeth, his 'sorriest fancies'. But they are wanted for Lady Macbeth, to connect the woman of act ii. with the woman of act v.

11. **all.** We should say 'any'. Cf. *Sonnet* lxxiv., "without all bail". Holinshed has, "They were slain without all mercy"; and Ascham, "Without all reason". Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 12. But **without** may here be equivalent to 'outside'. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 197.

13. **scotch'd.** This is Theobald's emendation for the *scorched* of Ff. It is also in Davenant's version. Hunter suggested *switched*.

14. **She 'll close.** The severed parts will unite again.

16. Macbeth's fears have not quelled him yet. He is able to throw out a titanic defiance to heaven.
This line has thirteen syllables, which is quite unusual. Perhaps there has been mutilation; and *disjoint*, in the only other place where Shakespeare uses it (*Hamlet*, i. 2. 20), is a participle and not a verb. We might borrow two separate emendations and read—

> "But let the frame of things become disjoint,
> Both the worlds suffer dissolution".

16. **both the worlds**; not 'now' and 'hereafter', as in *Hamlet*, iv. 5. 134; but 'heaven' and 'earth'.

19. Cf. line 6.

20. **to gain our peace.** So F 1; but the other Ff. and most editors read, *to gain our place*. The F 1 reading is supported by *Richard II.* iii. 2. 127—

> "*Rich.* I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.
> *Scroop.* Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord".

23. **fitful,** intermittent.

Cf. *Measure for Measure*, iii. 1. 75—

> "O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
> Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
> And six or seven winters more respect
> Than a perpetual honour".

24. **his** is the almost invariable genitive of 'it' in Shakespeare. Cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 228.

27. **Gentle my lord.** The position of the adjective is due to the fact that 'my lord' became practically one word, like the French *milord*.

30. **apply to,** busy itself with.

31. No doubt the policy of courting Banquo, pursued in scene 1, and as early as act ii. scene 1, had been originally agreed on between the pair.

32. There has probably been some mutilation here. As the line stands, the adjective is used absolutely, as a participle is in iii. 1. 131.

38. Lady Macbeth's thoughts have jumped with her husband's, and he no longer hesitates to break his new enterprise to her.

nature's copy's not eterne. I think *copy* is used in the sense of 'copyhold', a tenure which is not permanent. Such tenures were generally held for so many lives, which gives an oldest meaning here. Cf. line 49, "that great bond".

41. **cloister'd.** A happy epithet for the flight of a bat backwards and forwards within a limited space.

Hecate. Here only as goddess of night; cf. ii. 1. 52, note, and note the difference of epithet. There she was "pale", here "black".

42. **shard-borne.** So F 1, F 2. F 3, F 4 have *shard-born*; but such a divergence of spelling proves very little. I prefer 'borne upon shards' to 'born among shards', because the one is part of the impression made by a beetle, as it flies at night; the other only an

irrelevant fact of natural history. The one epithet is idle, the other picturesque. See Glossary, *s.v.*

44. **note** combines the senses of 'eminence' and 'infamy'. See Glossary, *s.v.*

49. **that great bond**, the bond between destiny and the house of Banquo, made known in the prophecy of the weird sisters.

50. **Light thickens.** A curious phrase; we should say 'darkness thickens'; but Shakespeare appears to regard darkness as produced by the thickening of light. Cf. Spenser, *Shepheards Calender*, "But see, the welkin thicks apace"; and Fletcher, *Faithful Shepherdess*, "Fold your flocks up, for the air 'Gins to thicken".

51. **A rooky wood** is not a rookery. See Glossary, *s.v. rooky*.

53. **preys.** Cf. iii. 1. 122, note.

56. **go with me**, consent to my design. Cf. *Lear*, i. 1. 107, "But goes thy heart with this?" But the phrase may be a mere exit note, or so used the mutilator.

Scene 3.

This scene, in which the Second Crime is accomplished, is the crisis of the play. The escape of Fleance is Macbeth's first check, and from it dates his ruin. Henceforth the irony of the play is against him, and the supernatural powers, which it indicates, slowly work out his punishment.

It is a possible theory that the mysterious Third Murderer is Macbeth himself. Always a man of action, it would not be unnatural for him to ensure the complete accomplishment of his design by himself taking a secret part in it. But cf. the note on iii. 4. 17.

4. **To**, in accordance with; cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 187.

6. **lated.** For the dropping of the prefix cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 460.

10. **the note of expectation**, the list of expected guests. See Glossary, *s.v. note*.

12. An ingenious device to avoid the introduction of horses, which could hardly have been made effective with the poor scenic provision of the Elizabethan stage.

Scene 4.

The effect of Macbeth's crimes is visible in the degeneration of his powers of mind. Formerly he was startled by the "air-drawn dagger", but was able to throw off his weakness. Now the apparition of Banquo masters him with superstitious fears; even the dread of detection cannot restrain him from yielding to them, and the potent influence which his wife had over his will is now sensibly weakened.

1, 2. **at first And last**, from beginning to end of the feast: but Johnson preferred *To first and last*, *i.e.* to those of all degrees.

5. **keeps her state**, remains seated in her chair of state: cf. Glossary, *s.v. state*.

6. **require**, claim.

14. The Clarendon Press editors explain this line as referring to the blood, "It is better outside thee than inside him". But this is very harsh: the obvious sense is, 'Better have such a blood-stained villain as you without my door, than Banquo as a guest within'. I conceive that Macbeth speaks with the murderer at a curtained door, unseen by the banqueters.

17. It must be admitted that Macbeth's apparent ignorance of Fleance's escape, as well as the "Thou canst not say I did it" of line 50 rather go against the theory that he is himself present in scene 3. Here, however, he may be merely pretending ignorance.

21. **my fit.** Macbeth has become subject to suspicion, the disease of tyrants. While Banquo, Fleance, Macduff live he is a prey to constant fits of terror.

26. **safe**: a grimly euphemistic phrase.

27. **twenty trenched gashes.** Cf. the "twenty mortal murders" of line 81.

32. **ourselves**, curiously used for 'each other'.

36. **From thence**, when away from home.

ceremony. *Cere* is a monosyllable: cf. *Julius Cæsar*, i. 1. 70, "If you do find them decked with ceremonies". 'Cerement' is similarly used as a dissyllable.

39. There is a curious division of opinion among critics as to whether, upon the stage, the ghost of Banquo should visibly appear, or whether, as in the case of the "air-drawn dagger", its presence should be intimated to the audience by the gestures and words of the actor. If the first theory is adopted it is difficult to preserve the illusion that only Macbeth, of all the company, perceives the ghost. On the other hand, the stage-direction here, and the description given by Forman (Appendix A) seem decisive as to the Elizabethan practice; and the stage tradition still preserves it. In the two great parallel passages, *Hamlet*, act i., and *Julius Cæsar*, act iv. scene 3, the difficulty does not arise. In *Hamlet* the ghost is visible to all the actors in the scene; in *Julius Cæsar* they are all asleep except Brutus.

41. Notice how the irony of these hypocritical lines is really turned against the speaker.

graced, either 'honoured', 'favoured', or 'full of grace', as in *Lear*, i. 4. 267, "Like a graced palace".

42. **Who**, for 'whom'; cf. iii. 1. 123.

45. As Ross speaks, Macbeth turns to his seat and finds it full. He starts back, and looks round, to the surprise of the guests, who only see an empty chair. At first (line 49) he thinks it is an unseemly practical joke; then the truth breaks upon him, and in a low, broken voice he addresses the ghost (line 50).

50. Cf. note on line 17.

53. Lady Macbeth, who only knows vaguely the cause of Banquo's absence, has sat in silence since the beginning of the scene, watching her husband's demeanour. She cannot see the ghost, but Macbeth's disturbance has not escaped her. Making an excuse to the guests, she draws him aside, and attempts, as of old, to steel his spirit with her own. But he has almost passed out of the sphere of her power.

57. **shall**, often used by Elizabethans in the sense of 'are sure to'. Cf. iv. 3. 47, and Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 315.

extend his passion, prolong his suffering. *Passion* is used in its wider sense of any strong emotion.

60. **proper stuff**, mere, absolute nonsense. Cf. Glossary, *s.v. proper*.

65. Cf. *Richard II.* v. 1. 40—

> "In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
> With good old folks and let them tell thee tales
> Of woeful ages long ago betid";

and *Winter's Tale*, ii. 1. 25—

> "A sad tale's best for winter; I have one
> Of sprites and goblins".

69. There is a struggle in Macbeth's mind between superstition and the new strength which his wife's common-sense gives him.

72. Cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, ii. 8. 16—

> "What herce or steed (said he) should he have dight,
> But be entombed in the raven or the kite".

75. Macbeth has a trick of general philosophical reflection, which is characteristic of Shakespeare's heroes at this period of his development. *Hamlet* is full of it.

76. **humane.** So the Ff. spell; but as 'human' and 'humane' were not then distinguished, as now, by spelling, we are at liberty to understand either shade of meaning.

gentle weal. So Ff. Warburton proposed *general weal* = 'common-weal'. If *gentle* is right it is used proleptically—'purged it into gentleness'; cf. *Richard II.* ii. 3. 94, "Frighting her *pale-faced* villages with war".

81. Cf. line 27.

mortal, deadly; cf. iv. 3. 3, and Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i. 1—

> "Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world and all our woe".

86. Cf. line 53. Doubtless this explanation had been agreed upon between husband and wife for any such emergency.

90. Macbeth is sufficiently recovered to be defiant; and, as before, the moment his thoughts turn to Banquo the vision appears. It has been suggested that there are two ghosts in the scene, and that one of them—either the first or second—is that of Duncan. But the theory is both fanciful and untrue to psychology. For the ghosts are after all the figments of Macbeth's imagination, and that is naturally wholly occupied with the more recent crime.

92. **all to all**, a drinking formula: 'all good wishes to you all'. Cf. *Timon of Athens*, i. 2. 234, "All to you"; and *Henry VIII.* i. 4. 38, "To you all, good health". Johnson suggested *hail to all*, and Staunton *Call to all.*

95. **no speculation**, no light of intellect. There may be a reminiscence of Psalm cv., "Eyes have they, but they see not".

101. **the Hyrcan tiger.** There is mention of both 'Hyrcan tigers' and 'the rhinoceros' on opposite pages of Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History* (1601, bk. viii. c. 18). Hyrcania is a somewhat vague term for the district south of the Caspian. Daniel in his *Sonnets* (1594) has—

> "restore thy fierce and cruel mind
> To Hyrcan tigers and to ruthless bears".

Perhaps the epithet is due to Vergil, *Aeneid*, iv. 366—

> "duris te genuit cautibus horrens
> Caucasus, Hyrcanaeque admorunt ubera tigres".

104. **to the desert**, where we should be man to man: cf. *Richard II.* iv. 1. 73, "I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness".

105. **inhabit.** So F1. The later Ff. have *inhibit*, which might possibly mean 'refuse'. *Inhabit* is simply 'remain', 'stay where I am'; but the neuter sense is unusual. Kinnear conjectured *I inherit*, which would govern *trembling.*

106. **the baby of a girl.** The Clarendon Press editors interpret this as the feeble child of an immature mother; but 'baby' can mean a 'doll' or 'puppet'. So "a babe of clouts", in *King John*, iii. 4. 58. Cf. Glossary, *s.v.*

110. **admired**, admirable, in the sense of 'something to admire' or 'wonder at'. The use of a positive for an hypothetical verbal

adjective is common in Shakespeare. So "unavoided" for 'unavoidable' in *Richard II.* ii. 1. 268, and *Richard III.* iv. 2. 217, "unvalued" for 'invaluable' in *Richard III.* i. 4. 27. Cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 375.

111. **overcome**, in a somewhat literal sense, as we say 'overshadow'. The point of the comparison lies in the unexpectedness with which a cloud in summer darkens the fields and then passes off again.

112–114. 'I do not understand my own state of mind, when I see you so unaffected by what has moved me.'

119. Cf. ii. 3. 150.

122. Macbeth's vague dread resolves itself into a definite fear of discovery, through some unnoticed and unlikely means. And his suspicions, so awaked, fix themselves on Macduff. Already the Second Crime is leading to the Third, as it was itself led to by the First.

123. **Stones.** Mr. Paton refers this to the 'rocking-stones' or 'Clacha breath', by which the Druids tested guilt. It was supposed that only the innocent could shake them. There is one near Glamis Castle.

trees. Cf. Vergil, *Aeneid*, iii. 22, where Polydorus, changed into a tree, describes his death.

124. **understood relations**, *i.e.* the secret mystical relations between things, which soothsayers alone understand; such as the relations between character and the lines on a palm, or between a pack of cards and a murder.

127. **at odds with**, disputing with.

128. **How say'st thou**, as we should say, 'What do you make of this?' Line 130 shows that it was not Lady Macbeth who told Macbeth of the refusal.

131. Macbeth's suspicions and his guilty conscience have led him to use all the devices of the tyrant, treachery as well as blood.

not a one. So the Ff. Theobald conjectured *not a Thane.*

137. **in ... in.** A preposition is often repeated for the sake of clearness; cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 407.

141. **the season**, that which preserves, gives freshness to.

142. Macbeth means by his "self-abuse" the abnormal condition of his 'self', which makes him such a slave to superstition and fear. He goes on to say, 'Such fear only attends the beginning of a career of crime before custom has hardened the conscience'.

The action of the last four scenes has been continuous, occupying the afternoon and night of a single day. In line 132 Macbeth fixes a visit to the witches for "to-morrow". Therefore sc. 5 may be

regarded as synchronous with sc. 4, while act iv. sc. 1 comes on the next morning. For the difficulty in the time of sc. 6 see the notes upon it.

Scene 5.

I believe that this scene is one of the additions made to the original play by Middleton or some other interpolator. See Introduction, pp. 7–9. The weird and gloomy atmosphere which hangs about Shakespeare's witches is gone; it is replaced by such prettinesses as that of lines 23, 24. Hecate, an entirely new and unnecessary character, is introduced. The metre is essentially iambic, and not, as with Shakespeare, trochaic; while the song at line 34 occurs in full in Middleton's *Witch*.

1. **Hecate** is in classical myth Artemis or Diana in her aspect as an infernal deity. In the superstitions of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance she became the Queen of Witches, just as Diana, under the name of Titania, became the Queen of Fairies. This belief is very old. Apuleius indeed (*De Asino Aureo*) gives the Queen of Witches the name Caupona; but Scot (*Discoverie of Witchcraft*, iii. 16; cf. also xii. 3) quotes a decree of the 4th century Council of Ancyra, condemning the profession of witches "that in the night times they ride abroad with Diana, the goddess of the Pagans, or else with Herodias". The decrees of this Council are, however, suspected to be spurious. In Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, act ii. sc. 3, Maudlin, the witch, says—

> "our dame Hecate
> Made it her gaing-night over the kirkyard".

Cf. also note on ii. 1. 52.

angerly, a rare form of the adverb, found also in *Two Gentlemen*, i. 2. 62, and in *King John*, iv. 1. 82.

11. This looks like a reminiscence of the ungrateful son of Hecate in Middleton's *Witch*.

15. **Acheron**, a river in Greece, popularly regarded as a passage to the lower world; incongruously placed by the interpolator on the heath near Forres.

24. **profound**, "with deep or hidden qualities" (Johnson). The nearest parallel is *As You Like It*, v. 2. 67, "a magician most profound in his art, and yet not damnable". But the Clarendon Press editors explain it as "deep, and therefore ready to fall".

Steevens says, "This vaporous drop seems to have been meant for the same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs or other objects when strongly solicited by enchantment. Lucan introduces Erichtho using it;—'et virus large lunare ministrat', *Pharsalia*, v. 666".

32. **security**, the consciousness of security, whether true or false.

It is the sense of the Latin *securus*. The Clarendon Press editors quote Webster, *Duchess of Malfi*, v. 2—

> "Security some men call the suburbs of hell,
> Only a dead wall between".

33. Come away, come away. This song occurs in act iii. sc. 3 of Middleton's *Witch*, and was inserted with some variations in the 1673 edition of this play. Cf. Appendix B.

Scene 6.

As in the last scene of act ii., so here we get a side-light upon the story; the outside point of view is represented by the Lords, who fulfil the function of the chorus in a Greek drama. Macbeth's conduct has awaked suspicion; his tyranny has made him detested, and already there are hints of the coming retribution.

Another Lord. Johnson suggested that this direction of the Ff. might be a mistake for *An. i.e. Angus.* Dyce found *Ross* inserted in his copy of the Folio.

1. All the first part of Lennox's speech is consciously ironical, as the word "tyrant" in line 22 shows.

3. **borne**, not, I think, 'suffered' by the subjects, but 'carried out' by the king; cf. line 17.

8. **Who cannot want the thought.** There seems to be a superfluous negative here. The sense is clearly, 'Who wants, *i.e.* is without the thought?' Several attempts have been made to alter the text, but probably the phrase is only an instance of the Elizabethan double negative. Cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 406.

21. **from**, on account of.

27. **Of** is used often to express the agent where we should use 'by'. Cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 170.

29. **his**, that which is paid to him.

35. The natural order is curiously inverted.

36. **free**, without slavery.

38. Many verbs ending in *-te*, *-t*, and *-d*, do not add *-ed* in forming their participle. (Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 342.) Thus *1 Henry IV.* v. 1. 72, "These things indeed you have *articulate*"; and *Hamlet*, iii. 1. 163, "And I of ladies most *deject* and wretched".

their. So Ff. Most editors accept Hanmer's *the*, but *their* is perhaps needed to distinguish Macbeth from Edward.

40. **with**, receiving.

41. **cloudy**, gloomy, sullen; or as Delius says, "foreboding, ominous".

me, the ethic dative, as in the stock example, "knock me

on this door". It is often used for emphasis, as one might claim attention by raising a forefinger.

42. **as who should say.** The phrase is subjunctive, introducing a simile. See Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 257, and cf. *Merchant of Venice*, i. 2. 45, "He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, 'If you will not have me, choose'".

43. **clogs,** burdens.

49. **Under a hand accursed,** depends upon "suffering".

There is a little difficulty as to the time occupied by this scene: iii. 4. 132 shows that iii. 4 and iv. 1 are on successive days; and at least part of iv. 1 must have belonged to the original play. Yet if iii. 4. 130 be compared with iii. 6. 40 a considerable interval will seem to be required between the two scenes.

Act IV.—Scene I.

Just as the witches symbolized Macbeth's entrance on the path of crime, so now their sinister presence is prophetic of his punishment. By evil suggestions and ambiguous sayings they inspire in him a false confidence, and lure him on to ruin. The interpolations in this scene are insignificant and easily to be distinguished; the loathsome spells and devilish incantations of the Shakespearian part of it are in harmony with the uncanny note of the whole play. Yet in the elaborate vision which is conjured up for Macbeth one cannot but see a concession to the love for masks and pageants of the Jacobean court.

1. **the brinded cat;** the "Graymalkin" of i. 1. 8, the familiar of the First Witch. Probably it is on account of the cat's stealthy and nocturnal ways that it plays so great a part in sorcery.

2. Odd numbers were magical. The Ff. read *Thrice, and once*, not *Thrice and once* (*i.e.* four times); so I conceive that *thrice* is merely a repetition of the same word in the preceding line.

hedge-pig. In i. 1. 9 the familiar of the Second Witch is a toad; but the hedgehog or 'urchin' is also a creature of ill-omen. Prospero uses it to vex Caliban (*The Tempest*, ii. 2. 5, 10).

3. **Harpier,** presumably the familiar of the Third Witch. The word may be a reminiscence of 'harpy', or, as Mr. Paton suggests, of the 'Harper' crab.

5. Witches seem to have attempted to impress the imagination of the ignorant by the use of quaint and nasty ingredients for their charms. Cf. Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, and Middleton's *Witch*, *passim*.

6. cold; apparently to be scanned as equivalent to a dissyllable, 'co-old'; cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 7, "Swifter than the moon's sphere". But Rowe and many others read *Under the cold stone*, Steevens *under coldest stone*, Keightley *underneath cold stone*, &c.

8. Hunter quotes a paper by Dr. Davy in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1826, to show that the toad has venom diffused under its skin.

16. Of course a blind-worm has no sting.

23. Witches' mummy. Mummy was a common drug, but if it was really efficacious it was probably due to the spices used in embalmment. Cf. Sir T. Browne, *On Urn-burial*, "The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummie is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams". And in his *Fragment on Mummies*, "The common opinion of the virtues of mummy bred great consumption thereof, and princes and great men contended for this strange panacea, wherein the Jews dealt largely, manufacturing mummies from dead carcases and giving them the names of kings, while specifics were compounded from crosses and gibbet-leavings".

27. The yew is not only poisonous, but also grows freely in churchyards.

28. in the moon's eclipse. Cf. line 25, "digg'd i' the dark". It is obvious that darkness is proper for the enterprises of witches. "They love darkness ... because their deeds are evil". And especially suitable is the mysterious darkness due to eclipses, to which unscientific eyes have always attributed a supernatural and ominous character. Cf. *Hamlet*, i. 1. 117—

> "A little ere the mightiest Julius fell...
> . . . . . and the moist star,
> Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
> Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse".

See also line 138, note.

30. "It is observable that Shakespeare, on this great occasion, which involves the fate of a king, multiplies all the circumstances of horror. The babe, whose finger is used, must be strangled in its birth; the grease must not only be human, but must have dropped from a gibbet, the gibbet of a murderer; and even the sow, whose blood is used, must have offended nature by devouring her own farrow. These are touches of judgment and genius." (Johnson.)

39-43. These lines are in the style of act iii. sc. 5, and should, I think, be regarded as an interpolation. They are marked by the appearance of Hecate, by a change from trochaic to iambic metre, and by a song found in full in the *Witch*.

Enter Hecate to the other three Witches. This is the stage-direc-

tion adopted by the Cambridge editors. The Ff. read *and the other three Witches*, but the other three witches are already on the stage. Probably it is a mistake of the interpolator's. It is most unlikely that Shakespeare meant to introduce six witches, but just possible that the interpolator did so for the sake of his dance. Mr. Fleay has a fantastic theory, which is discussed in Appendix E. He has, I think, been confused by the interpolator. If the passages bracketed in my text are disregarded there are no real inconsistencies of tone left between the remaining scenes; nor is there any reason to suppose that so large a portion of the play is by another hand than Shakespeare's, as this theory would imply.

43. **Black spirits**, &c. For the rest of the song indicated here see Appendix B. It occurs also in Middleton's *Witch*, act v. scene 2. Dr. Brinsley Nicholson points out a passage in the *Discourse of Devils and Spirits*, ch. xxxiii., appended to Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1584), which gives the origin of this song. Scot speaks of "Brian Darcie's he spirits and she spirits, Tittie and Tiffin, Suckin and Pidgin, Liard and Robin, &c.; his white spirits and black spirits, gray spirits and red spirits". The reference is to a tract by "W. W." [Brian Darcey] on the Witches at St. Osee's, Essex, in which the names and colours of the familiars spoken of are always carefully given.

44. It is a common superstition that sudden bodily pains are ominous of evil.

55. **bladed corn**, corn when the ear is still green and enclosed in the blade. This is less likely to be 'lodged' than fully ripened corn, which is heavy in the ear, and so a more terrible storm would be needed to effect it. Collier proposed *bleaded*, *i.e.* 'ripe', 'ready for the sickle', from A. S. *blaedan*. But Staunton quotes the article on *Husbandry* in Comenius, *Janua Linguarum* (1673), "As soon as standing corn shoots up to a blade it is in danger of scathe from tempest"; and he suggests that Shakespeare had in his mind a phrase in Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, bk. i. ch. 4, "They can transfer corn in the blade from one place to another". Cf. *Richard II.* iii. 3. 161—

> "We 'll make foul weather with despised tears;
> Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn
> And make a dearth in this revolting land".

'Summer corn' is still 'bladed', and not ripe.

59. **nature's germens**, *i.e.* the seeds or elements of which all nature is compounded. So the whole phrase means 'until the order of nature is dissolved in chaos'. Cf. Milton's description of Chaos in *Paradise Lost*, ii. 910—

> "Into this wild abyss,
> *The womb of Nature*, and perhaps her grave,
> Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,
> But all these in *their pregnant causes* mixed

Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
His *dark materials to create new worlds*—".

60. **sicken**, *i.e.* with satiety. Destruction is personified. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, i. 1. 3—

"Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die".

65. **nine**, a mysterious number; cf. i. 3. 36, note.

sweaten, an irregularly formed participle. See Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 344, and cf. *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1. 77, "When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven".

68. "The armed head represents symbolically Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff untimely ripped from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head and a bough in his hand is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane." (Upton.)

78. 'Listening with all one's ears' is a common expression of the same nature as this.

84. **take a bond**, *i.e.* make the promise of fate an irrevocable one.

88. Cf. i. 5. 29, note. **round and top**, not merely an allusion to the shape and position of a crown, but also, as Mr. Grant White points out, because "the crown not only completes and rounds, as with the perfection of a circle, the claim to sovereignty, but it is figuratively the top, the summit, of ambitious hopes". Shakespeare often uses 'top' in this sense—*e.g.* "the top of admiration", "the top of judgment", "the top of honour", "the top of happy hours". Theobald proposed *type*.

93. Birnam is a hill near Dunkeld, 12 miles from Dunsinane, or Dunsinnan, which is 7 miles from Perth.

Dunsínane. Elsewhere in the play Shakespeare accents *Dunsinane*. Both accents are also found in Wyntown's *Cronykill*.

95. **impress**, force into his service.

97. **Rebellion's head**. The Ff. have *rebellious dead*. The modern reading is Theobald's, and I think the allusion to the apparition of an armed head justifies it. The suggested *Rebellious head* is a possible alternative.

98. **our**. Some editors would read *your*; but I think the word signifies 'Macbeth, who is dear to Fate, as well as himself'.

100. **mortal custom**, the custom which all men must submit to, —that of dying.

106. **noise.** The term is generally used for music by Elizabethan writers.

113. **hair.** Johnson unnecessarily proposed *air*. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, v. 1. 127—

> "Your father's image is so hit in you,
> His very air, that I should call you brother".

116. **Start, eyes,** *i.e.* from your sockets, that I may behold no longer.

117. **the crack of doom,** *i.e.* the thunder-peal that announces the Last Judgment. Cf. i. 2. 37, note.

119. A mirror was a common mode of divination. Cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iii. 2, and the "virtuous glass" of Cambuscan in Chaucer's *Squire's Tale*.

121. "This was intended as a compliment to King James the First, who first united the two islands and three kingdoms under one head: whose house also was said to be descended from Banquo" (Warburton). See Introduction, p. 15.

The eight kings are Robert II. (1371), Robert III., and the six Jameses. Those in the glass are James's successors.

Hunter quotes from Cotton Mather's *Magnalia Christi Americana* a description of a similar show of the kings of France, made by a magician to Catherine de Medicis.

125–132. Another interpolation; and another confusion in the stage-directions. Hecate 'retired' at line 43, and has never re-entered since. The "antic round" is ludicrously incongruous here.

138. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 662—

> "Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, called
> In secret, riding through the air she comes;
> Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
> With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon
> Eclipses at their charms".

This passage also serves to illustrate lines 28, 30. Milton was evidently familiar with *Macbeth*, and once contemplated using the subject himself.

142. As to the difficulty in time involved here, cf. note at end of act iii. scene 6.

The flight of Macduff, with that of Fleance, and the deceitful prophecy of the witches, are the three "accidents" which point to the working of spiritual forces against Macbeth.

Scene 2.

Macbeth's Third Crime marks a stage in his moral degradation; compared with those that went before it is purposeless, merely an expression of the tyrannic mind, partly unhinged by fear. And its

only effect is to make the day of reckoning more certain. A slight relief to the tragedy is afforded by the opening dialogue between Lady Macduff and her son. Shakespeare's children—cf. Mamillius in the *Winter's Tale*—are singularly precocious in their *naïveté*. He uses them as effective mediums of irony. An added touch of pathos is given by the mistrust of her husband in which Lady Macduff dies. It should be observed that Lady Macbeth knows nothing of this murder until it is accomplished: the separation between her and her husband has advanced yet further.

Macduff's Castle, traditionally placed at Dunne-merle Castle, Culross, Perthshire.

9. **the natural touch**, family affection, which all things in nature share. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 3. 175, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin".

Shakespeare's illustration of the wren is drawn rather from Euphuistic than actual natural history.

17. **The fits o' the season.** Heath explains this as "what befits the season"; but it seems better to take it with other editors as a metaphor from human disease, such as an intermittent fever.

19. **know ourselves**, *i.e.* know ourselves to be traitors.

when we hold rumour, *i.e* when we accept rumours, because we fear them to be true.—This phrase describes Lady Macduff's condition, as the one immediately preceding does that of her husband.

22. **and move.** The Clarendon Press editors propose *Each way and none.* If the Ff. reading is kept, 'move' may either be a verb co-ordinate with 'float', or a substantive, 'motion', 'direction'. In either case it is an awkward phrase.

27. I think Ross means that the situation appears to him so pathetic that he should break down, if he stayed longer.

36. The emphasis in this line is on *poor*. *They* surely refers to the traps, and is not a repetition of the nominative "poor birds".

44. The broken metre gradually merges into prose, here as in act ii. scene 3 used by Shakespeare for purposes of dramatic relief.

45. A 'traitor' not to her, but, in the technical sense, to Macbeth. This interpretation gives a keener point to line 54.

66. **perfect**, perfectly versed.

70. **To fright you**, in frighting you. For a similar indefinite use of the infinitive cf. v. 2. 23, and Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 356.

71. He compares the harm which he is doing by frightening her with the far worse cruelty which others are about to do to her.

83. **shag-hair'd.** So Steevens for the *shag-eared* of Ff.

A day or two may be regarded as intervening between scenes 1 and 2 of this act, and several days, sufficient for Ross's journey to Scotland, between scenes 2 and 3.

Scene 3.

The cup of Macbeth's iniquity is full. His final Crime is directly followed by the preparation for his Punishment. In this scene, the only tedious one in the play, we learn of the preparation of an army to depose him; the characters of Macduff and Malcolm, contrasts to his as subject and king, are brought out; and in the episode of the king's evil, lines 140–159, the peacefulness of England throws into relief the desperate condition of the neighbouring kingdom. Incidentally another delicate compliment to James I. is introduced.

1. Cf. *Richard II.* iii. 2. 155—

> "For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
> And tell sad stories of the death of kings".

3. **mortal,** death-dealing: cf. iii. 4. 81, note.

4. Macbeth's outrage against the Macduffs was only one of many. The usurper, or 'tyrant' in the Greek sense, generally becomes, as Plato pointed out, an oppressor, or 'tyrant' in the modern sense.

8. The attitude of Malcolm in the first part of this scene, down to line 114, is actuated by suspicion. Staggered by Macbeth's treachery, he does not know where to find faith. Macduff, for all his loyal professions, may be only an emissary of the tyrant. Cf. line 117.

10. **to friend,** an adjectival phrase = 'friendly'.

12. **whose sole name,** the mere mention of whose name.

15. **deserve.** So Theobald for *discern* of the Ff.

and wisdom. The omission of the verb is characteristic of the compressed utterance of this play.

19. **recoil,** swerve from right in obeying the commands of a king. Did Shakespeare intend a satire on diplomacy?

23. Cf. i. 4. 12.

25. Macduff's desertion of his wife and child have aroused Malcolm's suspicions, and so Macduff's hopes of finding him ready to lead an army to Scotland are lost.

26. **in that rawness,** so hurriedly.

27. **motives,** occasionally used by Shakespeare of persons, as in *Othello*, iv. 2. 43, "Am I the motive of these tears?" If Macduff really loved his family their welfare would be the natural motive of his actions, and he would be bound to them with 'knots of love'. But in Macduff the patriot is stronger than the husband and father.

29. Malcolm apologizes for the suspicion which he only half feels. He is obliged to be cautious.

47. **Shall;** cf. iii. 4. 57, note.

50. Why does Malcolm make this self-accusation? Partly to try the temper of Macduff's patriotism. For it is only Malcolm's private sins that his subject regards as 'portable'. When he adds that he lacks also 'the king-becoming graces', then Macduff's 'noble passion' shows itself. But I think there is a touch of deeper psychological insight in it than this. Is it not true that in the critical moments of life one is often suddenly oppressed with a sense of one's own weaknesses, and dormant if not actual tendencies to evil, which seem to cry aloud for expression, confession? For a similar instance cf. *Hamlet*, iii. 1. 124.

51. **particulars**, 'special forms', such as he subsequently enumerates.

52. **open'd**, made known, or possibly, carrying on the metaphor of 'grafted', 'burst into leaf and flower'. Collier proposed *ripen'd*.

55. **confineless**, unbounded.

58. **Luxurious**, lascivious, the invariable sense of the word in Shakespeare.

59. **Sudden**, violent.

64. **continent**, restraining.

67. **In nature** may go with *intemperance* and = 'of nature'; or with *tyranny*; if the latter, the phrase illustrates the Platonic description of the overmastering passion in the soul, as being to a man what a tyrant is to a state.

71. **Convey**, *i.e.* obtain in secrecy. Cf. the slang use of the term by Pistol in *Merry Wives*, i. 3. 32, "'Convey,' the wise it call. 'Steal!' Foh! a fico for the phrase!"

77. **affection**, nature.

80. **his**, this one's.

86. **summer-seeming lust**, *i.e.* 'lust which beseems youth, the summer of life', and is therefore not enduring, whereas avarice 'sticks deeper' in the soul, and does not pass away. Or we may interpret the epithet as 'summerlike', and compare with Malone Donne's *Love's Alchemy*, "a winter-seeming summer's night". Many emendations have been proposed, as *summer-teeming* (Theobald), *summer-seeding* (Heath), *summer-seething* (Johnson).

89. **portable**, bearable.

93. **perséverance.** Note the accent.

95. **relish**, savour, touch.

96. **the division of**, every form of.

99. **Uproar.** The meaning is obvious, but the word not found elsewhere. Keightley suggests *uproot* or *uptear*. But for the idea, cf. *Richard II.* i. 3. 132—

> "To *wake* our peace, which in our country's cradle
> Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep".

106. Since that. 'That' is often attached to prepositions to give them the force of conjunctions. So "for that" in line 185: cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 287.

108. blaspheme, slander.

111. Died, *i.e.* spiritually. Cf. *1 Corinthians*, xv. 31, "I die daily".

The missing accent here may be filled up either by accenting 'livéd', or by making a dissyllable of 'fare', or by allowing for a pause.

112. repeat'st, 'tellest', with no idea of repetition.

134. Old Siward, Earl of Northumberland, and practically an independent chieftain in the north.

135. at a point; not 'at a place agreed upon', as Warburton thought, but 'ready', 'prepared'. A commoner form of the phrase is found in *Hamlet*, i. 2. 200, "Armed at point exactly"; it occurs also in *Lear*, i. 4. 347; iii. 1. 33.

136. 'May our chance of good fortune be proportionate to the justness of our cause.'

142. stay, wait for. The preposition is often omitted, especially after verbs of motion. Here, however, it is rather the absence of motion. Cf. also v. 8. 13, and Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* §§ 198–200.

convinces, vanquishes; cf. i. 7. 64.

143. assay, attempt. The whole sentence means, 'Their malady is beyond the physician's skill'.

146. the evil; the disease of scrofula, known as the king's evil, because it was believed that the touch of an anointed king was the only remedy for it. Holinshed mentions the superstition in his account of King Edward the Confessor: "He used to help those that were vexed with the disease, commonly called the king's evil, and left that virtue, as it were a portion of inheritance, unto his successors the kings of the realm". This miraculous power was claimed by several of the Plantagenets and Tudors; and James I., always superstitious, was especially proud of exercising it. See Nichols's *Progresses*, vol. iii. 264, 273. Consequently this episode is of the nature of a courtly compliment. But it has a dramatic purpose also. The picture of the good King Edward curing his subjects' disorders is in strong contrast to the tyranny and cruelty of Macbeth beyond the border.

148. here-remain. Cf. line 133, "here approach".

153. This was the practice of the Stuarts; originally an ordinary coin was used, but from the time of Charles II. a special 'touch-piece' was struck. In the British Museum may be seen one hung by Queen Anne round the neck of Dr. Johnson.

154. A form of prayer for the ceremony was inserted into the Book of Common Prayer in 1684, and left out in 1719.

157. Here again Shakespeare follows Holinshed: "As hath been thought, he was inspired with the gift of prophecy, and also to have had the gift of healing infirmities and diseases".

160. I suppose Malcolm recognizes his countryman by his dress.

166. A common antithesis; cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 3. 9, "The earth, that 's nature's mother, is her tomb"; and *Pericles*, ii. 3. 45—

> "Whereby I see that Time is king of men.
> He's both their parent, and he is their grave";

and Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 911, of Chaos, "The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave".

170. **modern**, moderate, common, ordinary; cf. Glossary, *s.v.*

171. For the grammar of the sentence, cf. ii. 1. 57, note, and for the use of 'who' for 'whom', Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 274.

173. **or ere.** 'Or' in the sense of 'before' is derived, like 'ere', from the A. S. *ær*. The two forms were combined for the sake of emphasis, when the original meaning of 'or' was forgotten and it was looked on as a mere conjunction. Or possibly 'ere' in this phrase is really 'e'er' or 'ever', and 'or ere', a form equivalent to 'whenever', 'wherever'. Cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 131.

174. **nice**, elaborate. In allusion to the style in which Ross has described the woes of Scotland.

175. **doth hiss the speaker**, for touching on matters already out of date.

176. **teems** is used without a preposition in *Henry V.* v. 2. 51—

> "The even mead . . . . .
> Conceives by idleness and nothing teems
> But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs".

177. For the irony of this passage, with the double meanings of 'well' and 'peace', cf. iii. 4. 25, and *Richard II.* iii. 2. 127—

> "*Rich.* I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.
> *Scroop.* Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord," &c.

183. **out**, in arms; as in the common phrase, 'out in the '45'.

185. **For that**; cf. line 106, note.

202. **possess**, in a causative sense, 'make them possessors of'. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 11. 21, "I will possess you of that ship and treasure".

208. The metaphor means, 'Do not try to conceal or suppress your emotion'. Collier quotes from Florio's translation of Mon-

taigne's *Essays*, bk. i. ch. 2, "All passions that may be tasted and digested are but mean and slight.

Curae leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.

Light cares can freely speake,
Great cares heart rather breake."

The Latin is that of Seneca, *Hippolytus*, 607. Cf. also Webster, *Vittoria Corombona*, "Those are the killing griefs, which dare not speak".

210. Cf. line 142, note.

214. The situation has changed since the beginning of the scene. It is now Malcolm who is anxious to push on to the contemplated enterprise, while Macduff, in his turn, is deadened by personal grief, and desires only to 'weep his sad bosom empty'.

216. **He has no children.** Possibly this may refer to Macbeth, and then the sense will be, 'Revenge is impossible, for I cannot kill his children as he killed mine'. But, historically, Macbeth left at least one son, and in i. 7. 54, Lady Macbeth says—

"I have given suck, and know
How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me".

In any case a better sense is given by interpreting 'he' as Malcolm, and the meaning as parallel to that of *King John*, iii. 4. 91, "He talks to me, that never had a son".

220. **Dispute it**, deal with the situation.

229. **Convert** is used intransitively in *Richard II.* v. 1. 66; 3, 64, "Thy overflow of good converts to bad".

235. **tune.** Rowe's emendation for the *time* of Ff. It is obvious that in an ill-written MS. the two words would closely resemble one another.

manly. Adjectives, especially those ending in *-ly*, are often used for adverbs; cf. 'easy', ii. 3. 143; and 'free', ii. 1. 19; also Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 1.

237. 'All that we have left to do is to take leave.'

239. Steevens explains the *instruments* to be Malcolm, Macduff, and the rest, who will carry out the will of heaven; and he interprets *put on* as 'encourage', quoting *Lear*, i. 4. 227—

"That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance".

But does not *instruments* mean simply 'weapons', 'armour'; as in *Hamlet*, v. 2. 327, "The treacherous instrument is in thy hand"?

240. An expression of the fatalism that characterizes this play. Cf. i. 3. 147, "Time and the hour runs through the roughest day".

Act V. Scene 1.

The stormy passions of the last scene are followed by one of subdued whispered horror. The retribution has begun. We see first its workings in the soul of Lady Macbeth. Throughout she is more spiritual than her husband, and with her it takes the form, not of fear, but of remorse—a brooding remorse that gradually unstrings every nerve. She has taken less and less part in each succeeding crime; since act iii. scene 4 she has been absent from the stage; she has almost passed out of the life of her husband. Yet in her disordered brain, the details of his crimes jostle with those of her own. The struggle with memory and conscience has proved too much for her; her old self-command and triumphant sovereignty of will are gone.

It is not quite easy to say why prose is used in this scene. Perhaps it appeared proper to the broken utterance of sleep-walking; and of course the Doctor and Gentlewoman, whose emotions are on a lower plane throughout, could not be allowed to use blank verse if Lady Macbeth did not.

"Whether the deep melancholy of remorse often tends to exhibit itself in somnambulism is a fact which, on scientific grounds, may be doubted." (Bucknill, *Mad Folk of Shakespeare.*)

4. into the field. It would appear that Macbeth took the field to put down the Scottish rebels; cf. iv. 3. 181, *sqq.* On the approach of the English army he was driven into Dunsinane Castle; cf. v. 2. 12; 5. 5.

5. nightgown: cf. ii. 2. 70.

6. Lady Macbeth tries to get rid of the oppression of her secret by committing it to paper, as the barber whispered the truth about Midas' ears to the rushes.

12. watching, waking.

26. She cannot bear the horrors of darkness; for, when the outer senses are at rest, memory is most active.

39. Cf. Lady Macbeth's words in ii. 2. 66, "A little water clears us of this deed"; so untrue, as she knows now, except in the merest physical sense.

40. She remembers the clock striking, the moment when she was to summon Macbeth to Duncan's chamber.

Hell is murky. She imagines herself arguing with Macbeth's fears. This phrase is not an expression of her own thoughts, for it is the sense of sin, not the fear of hell, with which she is burdened.

51. Go to; a common phrase of reproach, or sometimes encouragement, as in *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 2. 169, "Go to, here's a simple line of life". Cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 185.

56. "The smell has never been successfully used as a means of impressing the imagination with terror, pity, or any of the deeper emotions, except in this dreadful, sleep-walking scene of the guilty queen, and in one parallel scene of the Greek drama, as wildly terrible as this. It is that passage of the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus, where the captive prophetess, Cassandra, wrapt in visionary inspiration, scents first the smell of blood and then the vapours of the tomb breathing from the palace of Atrides as ominous of his approaching murder." (Verplanck.)

Steevens quotes Webster, *Vittoria Corombona* (ed. Dyce, vol. i. p. 146), "Here's a white hand: can blood so soon be wash'd out?"

72. The Doctor understands fully now.

84. **the means of all annoyance**, *i.e.* all things with which she might injure herself. He expects Lady Macbeth to commit suicide; as, no doubt, she does in scene 5. Cf. v. 8. 70.

An interval of time may be allowed between this scene and act iv. scene 3, and yet another before act v. scene 2.

Scene 2.

Lady Macbeth has passed from the stage; the rest of her tragedy is acted out in silence; only echoes of it reach us. Macbeth is left alone, face to face with his destiny. Scenes 2 and 3 put before us the tempers of the opposing parties: on the one side, loyalty and hatred of the tyrant; on the other, a spirit broken and bewildered by sin and terror.

2. **His uncle Siward**, cf. v. 6. 2. Holinshed makes Siward Malcolm's grandfather. Shakespeare uses 'cousin' loosely enough, and in *Othello*, i. 1. 112, 'nephews' is put for 'grandsons'; but there is no exact parallel for this use of 'uncle'.

3. **dear**, close, personal. Cf. Glossary, *s.v.*

4. **bleeding** may be a substantive, but I think it is here an adjective to 'alarm', which is practically equivalent to 'battle'. 'Bleeding' is an epithet of 'war' in *Richard II.* iii. 3. 94.

5. **mortified.** The word is generally found in a spiritual sense of one who is dead to the world. So *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 1. 28—

> "My loving lord, Dumain is mortified:
> The grosser manner of these world's delights
> He throws upon this gross world's baser slaves".

And cf. St. Paul, *Romans*, viii. 13[1]; *Colossians*, iii. 5. But here the meaning seems to be 'deadened', 'insensible', as in *Lear*, ii. 3. 15, "their numb'd and mortified bare arms".

Birnam. The mention of Birnam here and of Dunsinane in line 12 prepares the audience for the working out of the witches' prophecy.

11. **first of manhood**: cf. "near'st of life", iii. 1. 118, note.

15. The metaphor appears to be from a man with a distempered and swollen body. Macbeth's 'cause' means his affairs generally, which are getting beyond his power to direct.

23. **to**: cf. iv. 2. 70, note.

27. **the medicine of the sickly weal**, *i.e.* Malcolm; *medicine* may here mean 'doctor', rather than 'physic', as the Clarendon Press editors think; but the analogous use of 'purge' in the next line is against this. Cf. also iv. 3. 214.

30. **sovereign**, in the double sense of 'royal' and 'a potent remedy'.

weeds: cf. the elaborate comparison of England to an unweeded garden in *Richard II.* iii. 4. The parallels between the two plays are numerous and striking. *Richard II.* was probably written in 1595, but both plays deal with tyranny, and in returning to the subject Shakespeare seems to have recalled also certain phrases and metaphors from his earlier treatment of it.

Scene 3.

Macbeth has entirely lost command over himself. His rapid transitions from hope to fear, from boasting to whining, his violence to the servant, are alike evidences of internal turmoil. He is completely self-absorbed. In speaking with the doctor of his wife's state, he continually breaks off to consider his own. And in this last stress his tendency to general philosophical reflection becomes more marked. Thus, with consummate art, by leading us to regard Macbeth's fate as part of the general law of things, Shakespeare enables us to extend to him a certain measure of pity, without which the completely tragic effect would be lost. And this is helped by the return of something of his old courage in the actual presence of danger.

1. **them**, *i.e.* the "false thanes".

3. **taint.** Walker weakly suggested *faint.* But Shakespeare often used a transitive verb intransitively: cf. 'remove' in line 2, and iv. 3. 229, note. 'Taint' is again so used in *Twelfth Night*, iii. 4. 145.

4. Shakespeare's constant irony appears in the way in which Macbeth dwells on the prophecies just as they are about to betray him.

8. **epicures.** Holinshed frequently alludes to the introduction into Scotland by Englishmen of 'riotous manners and superfluous gormandizing'. For the phrase cf. *Edward III.*—

> "those ever-bibbing epicures,
> Those frothy Dutchmen, puffed with double beer".

9. **I sway by**, either 'I am directed by' or 'by which I bear rule'.

16. **linen cheeks**: cf. *Henry V.* ii. 2. 74, "Their cheeks are paper".

17. **Are counsellors to fear**, incite others to fear.

20. **push** is used several times for attack; so Elwin's fantastic explanation of it as "the pushing or passing of a wine cup" is unnecessary. Macbeth only means that all his fortunes are dependent on the present crisis.

21. **disease**, the reading of all the Ff. but F 1, which reads *dis-eate*. The reading of the text makes good sense, and is in harmony with 'I am sick at heart'. 'Disease' is simply the converse of 'ease'. But some editors read *Will chair me ever or dis-seat me now*, which also gives a possible sense. But the Ff. authority is on the whole strongest for the reading I have adopted. Bailey's *Will charter me ever or disseize me now* is mere ingenuity.

22. **way**. Macbeth compares the 'way' or course of his life to the progress of the seasons. Johnson suggested *May*, but it would be quite arbitrary so to alter the text, although the parallel between May and youth is common in Shakespeare.

23. **the yellow leaf**. Cf. *Sonnet* lxxiii—

> "That time of year thou may'st in me behold
> When yellow leaves, or few, or none, do hang
> Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
> Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang".

Byron has borrowed the idea in his lines headed *On this Day I complete my Thirty-Sixth Year*—

> "My days are in the yellow leaf;
> The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
> The worm, the canker, and the grief
> Are mine alone".

29. **Seyton**. "The Setons of Touch were hereditary armour-bearers to the kings of Scotland." (French.)

39. **Cure her**. So all Ff. but F 1, which has only *Cure*. In any case it is clear that Macbeth is thinking far more of his own 'mind diseased' than of his wife's.

Singer quotes from Tasso's *L' Amadigi*, xxxvi. 37—

> "Ma chi puote con erbe od argomenti
> Guarir l' infermita del intelletto?"

('But who with herbs or arguments can cure the infirmity of the mind?')

42. **written**, and so permanent. Cf. *Hamlet*, i. 5. 98—

> "Yea, from the table of my memory
> I'll wipe away all trivial fond records";

and, lower down, "the book and volume of my brain".

43. **oblivious**, causing oblivion. Cf. "the insane root", i. 3. 84, note; and Milton's "the oblivious pool", *Paradise Lost*, i. 266; "that forgetful lake", *id.* ii. 74.

44. The repetition of 'stuff'd' and 'stuff' is by no means un-Shakespearian; cf. v. 2. 19 above. Most Elizabethan authors love such jingles, and the fact that they are often unpleasing does not warrant us in removing them. But editors have suggested for *stuff'd,—full, foul, fraught, stained, clogged*, &c.; and for *stuff,—grief, load, slough, freight*, &c.

50. **cast**, the technical term for discovering a disease by the inspection of urine.

55. **senna**; so F 4. F 1 has *cyme*, F 2, F 3 *caeny*; both meaningless. Senna, like rhubarb, was regarded as a purgative or cathartic. Observe that Macbeth uses the same metaphor as Caithness in v. 2. 28.

Another interval may be assumed after this scene.

Scene 4.

The catastrophe of Macbeth's fate begins with the fulfilment of the prediction as to Birnam wood in this scene and is completed by that as to the birth of his destroyer in scene 8. The toils of retribution close quickly round him. The traditions of Elizabethan drama obliged Shakespeare to make an attempt to represent war on the stage, and the only possible method was that of short typical scenes. But, dramatically, these represent a single continuous action.

1. 'Where he is obliged to give them an advantage or opportunity (*i.e.* in the open field) there his followers revolt.' The lines are rather obscure, but the substitution of *taken* or *gained* for *given* in line 11 does not help much. On the repetition cf. v. 4. 43, note.

12. **Both more and less**, both small and great; nobles and commons.

14. 'Let us wait to give a correct opinion of the state of things until the real outcome declares itself', *i.e.* 'let us act and not speculate'; cf. lines 19, 20.

18. **owe** must be here used in its modern sense, to give an antithesis to 'have'. For the Shakespearian sense of it as 'possess', cf. i. 4. 10; iii. 4. 113.

20. Rhetorically the speech ends with the rhymed couplets. Siward adds a command to the troops in another tone. During this scene there has been a halt for the purpose of cutting branches.

Scene 5.

5. forced, strengthened; Collier absurdly reads *farc'd*, *i.e.* 'stuffed', 'filled out'.

6. dareful, here only in Shakespeare.

9. Even as of old, the immediate necessity for action finds Macbeth in his element; it is only the intervals, giving free scope to his imagination, that unman him.

10. cool'd. So Ff. Malone suggested *'coil'd* for 'recoiled'; Collier, *quailed.*

11. Cf. act ii. scene **1.**

17. I think that this line can only be taken as an expression of Macbeth's callous indifference to everything but his own danger. His wife's death arouses no emotions; it only suggests a general reflection on the transiency of things.

18. such a word, as 'Death'.

19-22. An exact analysis of these lines is impossible, but the general idea, of the vanity of human life and the inevitableness of death, is very plain. Of course this speech is Macbeth's and not Shakespeare's, but it well represents the pessimism, which was a common mood of the poet's, especially in his tragic period, and which finds a place also in the *Sonnets*. And the vanity of commentators is well shown in Theobald's emendation of *dusky* for *dusty*, and Hunter's interpretation of *fools* as 'foules', *i.e.* 'crowds'.

24. Another of Shakespeare's favourite metaphors from the stage; cf. **i. 3. 128**; ii. 4. 5, &c.

42. pull in. Steevens explains this as 'I check the confidence to which I before gave rein'. Johnson proposed *pall in*, and the Clarendon Press editors *pale in.*

43. Cf. Banquo's warning in **i. 3. 123.**

50. the estate o' the world. Cf. the well-known quatrain in Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyám—

> "Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
> To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
> Would we not shatter it to bits,—and then
> Remould it nearer to the heart's desire?"

Scene 6.

2. uncle, cf. v. 2. 2, note.

4. our first battle, the first division of our army.

7. Do we but find. This may be taken as a conditional clause, or as an instance of the use of a subjunctive to express a wish: cf Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 364.

Scene 7.

It would be a little trite to let Macbeth fall by the hand of Macduff at once; therefore he is allowed to show his bravery first in the vanquishing of young Siward.

2. **the course**, a technical term in bear-baiting, analogous to a 'round' in boxing, a 'fall' in wrestling, or a 'bout' in fencing. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 7. 54, "I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course".

3. Macbeth comforts himself with repeating the words of the second prophecy, though he can only have half believed it in his heart after the failure of the first.

18. **either thou**, an abbreviated expression for 'either thou shalt meet me'.

20. **undeeded.** Shakespeare is fond of coining these picturesque negatives, in which the English language is not too rich. Cf. 'disseat' (v. 3. 2). 'Undeeded' exactly corresponds to the Greek ἄπρακτος.

24. **gently**, without need of an assault.

28, 29. **foes That strike beside us.** Delius explains this as referring to the thanes who had deserted Macbeth; cf. line 25: the Clarendon Press editors interpret *strike beside* as 'deliberately miss'.

Scene 8.

1. **the Roman fool.** Several of the heroes of Shakespeare's Roman plays, Brutus, Cassius, Antony, end their lives by suicide.

4. This is the only touch of real remorse in Macbeth.

9. **intrenchant.** Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 372, gives several instances of the use of active participles in a passive sense. For the idea cf. *Hamlet*, i. 1. 146, "the air invulnerable", and iv. 1. 44, "woundless air".

13. Cf. iv. 3. 142, note.

14. **angel**, the 'fiend' of v. 5. 43. The word is often used of an evil spirit, cf. the good and bad angels of *Sonnet* cxliv.

still, constantly.

18. **my better part of man**, the nobler part of him, his courage.

26. **pole.** H. Rowe suggests *cloth*, and Daniel *scroll*.

34. *Exeunt fighting.* The Ff. have *Enter fighting and Macbeth slain.* But the Ff. stage-directions are confused throughout this scene. It is not unlikely, however, that in actual performance Macbeth was killed on the stage.

Retreat. This would be sounded by the trumpets of Macbeth's flying host; the *Flourish*, by the advancing English.

40. **only ... but**, for the repetition cf. 'or ere' (iv. 3. 173) and see Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 130.

41. **confirm'd**, proved.

54. **stands.** No doubt the head was fixed on a pike. Malone added *on a pole* to the stage-direction of the Ff.

56. **thy kingdom's pearl**, wealth, ornament. Malone quotes exactly similar uses of the word from Sylvester, Sidney, and Florio. Consequently Rowe's emendation *peers* is unnecessary as well as bald.

61. **loves**: for the plural cf. iii. 1. 122, note.

75. **Scone.** Cf. ii. 4. 31, note.

APPENDIX A.

SIMON FORMAN.

Simon Forman was a quack and astrologer, who died in 1611. and left, amongst other MSS., a *Book of Plaies and Notes thereof, for common Pollicie.* This is now in the Bodleian Library (Ashmolean MSS. 208), and has been privately reprinted by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps. Amongst the plays seen by Forman were *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Macbeth*, and a play of *Richard II.* which was not that by Shakespeare. He gives the following account of *Macbeth.*

"In Macbeth, at the Globe, 1610, the 20th of April, Saturday, there was to be observed first how Macbeth and Banquo two noblemen of Scotland, *riding through a wood*, there stood before them three women, fairies or nymphs, and saluted Macbeth, saying three times unto him, Hail, Macbeth, *king* of Codor, for thou shall be a king, but shall beget no kings, &c. Then said Banquo, What, all to Macbeth and nothing to me? Yes, said the nymphs, Hail, to thee, Banquo; thou shall beget kings, yet be no king. And so they departed, and came to the Court of Scotland, to Duncan king of Scots, and it was in the days of Edward the Confessor. And Duncan bade them both kindly welcome, *and made Macbeth forthwith Prince of Northumberland*, and sent him home to his own castle, and appointed Macbeth to provide for him, for he would sup with him the next day at night, and did so. And Macbeth contrived to kill Duncan, and through the persuasion of his wife did that night murder the king in his own castle, being his guest. And there were many prodigies seen that night and the day before. And when Macbeth had murdered the king, *the blood on his hands could not be washed off by any means, nor from his wife's hands*, which handled the bloody daggers in hiding them, by which means they became both much amazed and affronted. The murder being known, Duncan's two sons fled, the one to England, *the* [*other to*] *Wales*, to save themselves; they being fled, they were supposed guilty of the murder of their father, which was nothing so. Then was Macbeth crowned king, and then he for fear of Banquo, his old companion, that he should beget kings but be no king himself, he contrived the death of Banquo, and caused him to be murdered on the way as he rode. The next night, being at supper with his noblemen, whom he had bid to a feast, to the which also Banquo should have come, he began to speak of noble Banquo, and to wish that he were there. And as he thus did, standing up to drink a carouse to him, the ghost of Banquo came and sat down in his chair behind him. And he, turning about

to sit down again, saw the ghost of Banquo which fronted him so, that he fell in a great passion of fear and fury, uttering many words about his murder, by which, when they heard that Banquo was murdered, they suspected Macbeth. Then Macduff fled to England to the king's son, and so raised an army and came into Scotland, and at Dunscenanyse overthrew Macbeth. In the meantime, while Macduff was in England, Macbeth slew Macduff's wife and children, and after, in the battle, Macduff slew Macbeth. Observe also how Macbeth's queen did rise in the night in her sleep, and walked, and talked and confessed all, and the Doctor noted her words."

The passages printed in italics show either that Forman was an inaccurate observer, or that the play as presented on April 20, 1610, was in several points different from the version which we possess. The statement that Macbeth was created Prince of Northumberland makes one incline towards the former explanation.

APPENDIX B.

THE EDITIONS OF 1673 AND 1674.

These two versions have been confused by editors; but they are quite distinct, and different in character. The edition of 1673 is in the main a reprint, with some inaccuracies, of the *First Folio*. But it contains, in addition, three songs. One of those is that indicated in the stage-direction to iii. 5. 33. It occurs also in Middleton's *The Witch*, act iii. sc. 3. There are a few differences between the texts, of no great moment. In *The Witch* the song runs as follows:—

SONG.

Voice. (*Above.*) Come away, come away.
Hecate, Hecate, come away!
Hec. I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may.
Where's Stadlin?
Voice. (*Above.*) Here.
Hec. Where's Puckle?
Voice. (*Above.*) Here;
And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too,
We lack but you, we lack but you;
Come away, make up the count.
Hec. I will but 'noint, and then I mount.
[*A spirit like a cat descends.*
Voice. (*Above.*) There's one comes down to fetch his dues,
A kiss, a coll, a sup of blood;
And why thou stay'st so long
I muse, I muse,
Since the air's so sweet and good.
Hec. O, art thou come?
What news, what news?

Spirit. All goes still to our delight:
Either come, or else
Refuse, refuse.
Hec. Now I'm furnished for the flight.
(*Going up.*) Now I go, now I fly,
Malkin my sweet spirit and I.
O what a dainty pleasure 't is
To ride in the air
When the moon shines fair,
And sing and dance, and toy and kiss.
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over seas, our mistress' fountains,
Over steeples, towers, and turrets,
We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits:
No ring of bells to our ear sounds,
No howls of wolves, no yelps of hounds;
No, not the noise of water's breach,
Or cannon's throat our height can reach.
Voices. (*Above.*) No ring of bells, etc.

The other two songs are introduced for the Witches at the end of act ii. sc. 2, and of act ii. sc. 3, respectively. There is no proof of their authorship, but they may be by Davenant, who seems to have acted as editor to the version published in the next year, 1674. The title-page of this is as follows:—

Macbeth | A | Tragedy. | With all the | Alterations, | Amendments, | Additions, | and | New Songs. | As it's now Acted at the Duke's Theatre | London. | Printed for P. Chetwin, and are to be Sold | by most Booksellers, 1674.

The 'new songs' include the three already printed in 1673, and a fourth, also taken from *The Witch*, act v. sc. 2, and indicated in the stage-direction to iv. 1. 43 of the Folio *Macbeth*.

Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may!
Titty, Tiffin,
Keep it stiff in;
Firedrake, Puckey,
Make it lucky;
Liard, Robin,
You must bob in.
Round, around, around, about about!
All ill come running in, all good keep out!
1st Witch. Here's the blood of a bat.
Hec. Put in that, O, put in that!
2nd Witch. Here's hibbard's-bane.
Hec. Put in again!
1st Witch. The juice of toad, the oil of adder.
2nd Witch. Those will make the younker madder.
Hec. Put in—there's all—and rid the stench.
Firedrake. Nay, here's three ounces of the red-haired wench.
All the Witches. Round, around, around, etc.

Davenant's "Amendments, Alterations and Additions" amount to an entire recasting of the play. Many of Shakespeare's most characteristic passages are cut out, and replaced by worthless stuff of the

adapter's own. It would be mere waste of time to consider these changes more closely. But it is notable that several of the passages omitted by Davenant are exactly those which more recent editors have wished to reject as un-Shakespearian. Such are the episodes of the Porter, of the touching for the evil, of Siward and his son. (Cf. Appendix G.)

APPENDIX C.

SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORICAL AUTHORITY.

The historical incidents of Macbeth are derived by Shakespeare from Raphael Holinshed's *Chronicle of Scotland.* This was part of a great folio collection of Chronicles and Descriptions of England, Scotland, and Ireland, which Holinshed, with the assistance of William Harrison and Richard Stanihurst, gave to the world in 1578. A second edition, apparently the one used by Shakespeare, was published in 1587.

It has been thought worth while to reprint here the chief passages which served Shakespeare as material for his play. Besides those taken from Holinshed's account of Duncan and Macbeth, there are some belonging to the earlier reign of King Duff and to other parts of the Chronicles. They are arranged, for the convenience of the student, under the scenes which they illustrate.

Act i. sc. 2.

From the Chronicle of King Duncan.

"After Malcolme succeeded his Nephew Duncan, the sonne of his doughter Beatrice: for Malcolme had two daughters, y^e^ one which was this Beatrice, being giuen in marriage vnto one Abbanath Crinen, a man of great nobilitie, and Thane of the Isles and west partes of Scotlande, bare of that marriage the foresayd Duncan: The other called Doada, was married vnto Synell the Thane of Glammis, by whom she had issue one Makbeth a valiant gentleman, and one that if he had not bene somewhat cruell of nature, might haue bene thought most worthie the gouernment of a realme. On the other parte, Duncan was *so softe and gentle of nature* (i. 7. 16) that the people wished the inclinations & maners of these two cousines to haue bene so tempered and enterchaungeably bestowed betwixt them, that where the one had to much of clemencie, and the other of crueltie, the meane vertue betwixt these twoo extremities, might haue reygned by indifferent particion in them bothe, so shoulde Duncan haue proued a worthy king, and Makbeth an excellent captaine. The beginning of Duncanes reigne was very quiet & peaceable, without any notable trouble, but after it was perceyued how negligent he was in punishing offenders, many misruled persons tooke occasion thereof to trouble the peace and quiet state of the common wealth,

by seditious commotions whiche firste had theyr beginnings in this wise. Banquho the Thane of Lochquhaber, *of whom the house of the Stewardes is discended* (iv. 1. 111), the whiche by order of lynage hath nowe for a long time enjoyed the crowne of Scotlande, euen till these our dayes, as he gathered the finaunces due to the king, and further punished somewhat sharpely suche as were notorious offenders, being assayled by a number of rebelles inhabiting in that countrey, and spoyled of the money and all other things, had muche ado to get away with life after he had receyued sundry grieuous woundes amongst them. Yet escaping theyr handes after he was somewhat recouered of his hurtes and was able to ride, he repayred to the courte, where making his complaint to the king in most earnest wise, he purchased at length that the offenders were sente for by *a Sergeant at armes* (i. 2. 3), to appeare to make aunswere vnto suche mater as shoulde be layde to theyr charge, but they augmenting theyr mischeeuous acte with a more wicked deede, after they had misused the messenger with sundry kindes of reproches, they finally slew him also. Then doubting not but for suche contemptuous demeanour agaynst the kings regall authoritie, they shoulde be inuaded with all the power the king coulde make, Makdowalde one of great estimation amongst them making first a confederacie with his nearest frendes and kinsmen, tooke vpon him to be chiefe captayne of all suche rebelles, as woulde stande against the king, in maintenance of theyr grieuous offences lately committed against him. . . . He vsed also suche subtile perswasions and forged allurements, that in a small time he had got togither a mightie power of men: for *out of the westerne Isles* (i. 2. 12), there came vnto him a great multitude of people, offering themselues to assist him in that rebellious quarell, and out of Ireland in hope of the spoyle came no small number of *Kernes & Gallogglasses* (i. 2. 12) offering gladly to serue vnder him, whither it shoulde please him to lead them. Makdowald thus hauing a mightie puyssance about him, encountred with suche of the kings people as were sent against him into Lochquhabir, and discomfiting them, by fine force tooke theyr captaine Malcolme, and after the end of the batayle smoote of his head. This ouerthrow beyng notified to the king, did put him in wonderfull feare, by reason of his small skill in warlyke affayres. Calling therfore his nobles to a counsell, willed them of their best aduise for the subduing of Makdowald and other the rebelles. Here in sundry heades (as it euer happeneth) being sundry opinions, whiche they vttered according to euery man his skill, at length Makbeth speaking muche against the kings softnesse, & ouer muche slacknesse in punishing offenders, whereby they had such time to assemble togither, he promised notwithstanding, if the charge were committed vnto him and to Banquho, so to order the mater, that the rebelles should be shortly vanquished and quite put downe, and that not so much as one of them shoulde be founde to make resistance within the countrey. And euen so came it to passe: for being sente foorth with a newe power, at his entering into Lochquhaber, the fame of his coming put y^e^ enimies in

suche feare, that a great number of them stale secretely away from theyr captaine Makdowald, who neuerthelesse enforsed thereto, gaue batayle vnto Makbeth, with the residue whiche remained with him, but being ouercome and fleing for refuge into a castell (within the whiche hys wyfe and chyldren were enclosed,) at length when he saw he coulde neyther defend the hold any longer against his enimies, nor yet vpon surrender be suffered to depart with lyfe saued, he first slew his wife & children, and lastly himselfe, least if he had yeelded simply, he shoulde haue bene executed in most cruell wise for an example to other (i. 4. 3). . . . Thus was iustice and lawe restored againe to the old accustomed course by the diligent meanes of Makbeth. Immediatly wherevpon worde came that Sueno king of Norway was arriued in Fyfe with a puysant army to subdue the whole realme of Scotland."

Holinshed goes on to relate at length the story of the Danish wars. In the course of these the Scots overcame an army of their foes by the following trick:—

"The Scots herevpon tooke *the iuyce of Mekilwort beries* (i. 3. 84) & mixed the same in theyr ale and bread, sending it thus spiced and confectioned in great abundance vnto their enimies. They reioysing that they had got meate and drinke sufficient to satisfie theyr bellies, fell to eating and drinking after such greedy wise, that it seemed they stroue who might deuoure & swallow vp most, till the operation of the beries spred in suche sorte through all the partes of their bodies, that they were in the ende brought into a fast dead sleepe, that in maner it was vnpossible to awake them. Then foorthwith Duncane sent vnto Makbeth, commaunding him with all diligence to come and set vpon the enimies, being in easie pointe to be ouercome. Makbeth making no delay came with his people to the place, where his enimies were lodged, & first killing the watche, afterwards entred the campe, and made suche slaughter on all sides without any resistance, that it was a wonderfull mater to behold, for the Danes were so heauy of sleepe, that the most parte of them were slayne & neuer styrred: other that were awakened eyther by the noyse or otherwayes foorth, were so amazed and dyzzie headed vpon their wakening, that they were not able to make any defence, so that of the whole numbers there escaped no moe but onely Sueno himselfe and tenne other persons, by whose help he got to his shippes lying at rode in the mouth of Tay."

The close of the wars is described thus—

"To resist these enimies, whiche were already landed, and busie in spoiling the countrey, Makbeth and Banquho were sente with the kings authoritie, who hauing with them a conuenient power, encountred the enimies, slewe parte of them, and chased the other to their shippes. They that escaped and got once to theyr shippes, *obtayned of Makbeth for a great summe of golde, that suche of theyr freendes as were slaine at this last bickering might be buried in Saint Colmes Inche* (i. 2. 60). In memorie whereof, many olde Sepultures are yet in the sayde Inche, there to be seene grauen with the armes of

the Danes, as the maner of burying noble men still is, and heretofore hath bene vsed." . . .

Act i. scene 3.

From the Chronicle of King Duff.

This is part of Holinshed's account of the mysterious sickness of that king.

"In the meane time the king *fell into a languishing disease* (i. 3. 23), not so greeuous as strange, for that none of his Phisitions coulde perceyue what to make of it. . . . But about that present time there was a murmuring amongst the people, how the king was vexed with no naturall sicknesse, but by sorcery and Magicall arte, practised by a sort of Witches dwelling in a towne of Murrayland, called Fores. Wherevpon, albeit the Authour of this secrete talke was not knowen, yet being brought to the kings eare, it caused him to sende foorthwith certaine wittie persons thither to enquyre of the truth. They that were thus sent, dissembling the cause of theyr iourney, were receyued in the darke of the night into the castell of Fores by the lieutenant of the same, called Donwald, who continuing faithful to the king, had kepte that castell agaynst the rebells to the kings vse. . . . He sent foorth souldiers, about the midst of the night, who breaking into y^e^ house, found one of the Witches rosting vpon a woodden broche an image of waxe at the fire, resembling in ech feature the kings person, made & deuised as is to be thought, by craft & arte of the Deuill: an other of them sat reciting certain words of enchauntment, & still basted the image with a certaine licour very busily. The souldiers finding them occupied in this wise, tooke them togither with the image, & led them into the castell, where being streitly examined for what purpose they went about such maner of enchantment, they answered, to the end to make away y^e^ king: for as y^e^ image did wast afore the fire, so did the bodie of the king breake forth in sweate. And as for the wordes of enchauntment, they serued to keepe him still waking from sleepe, so that as the waxe euer melted, so did the kings flesh: by which meanes it should haue come to passe, that when y^e^ waxe were once cleane consumed, the death of the king should immediatly follow. So were they taught by euill sprites, & hyred to worke the feat by the nobles of Murrayland. The standers by that herd such an abhominable tale told by these Witches, streight wayes brake the image, & caused y^e^ Witches (according as they had well deserued) to bee burnt to death. It was sayd that the king, at the very same time that these things were a doyng within the castell of Fores, was deliuered of his languor, and slepte that night without any sweate breaking forth vpon him at all, and the next day being restored to his strength, was able to do any maner of thing that lay in man to do, as though he had not bene sicke before any thing at all."

From the Chronicle of King Duncan.

"Shortly after happened a straunge and vncouth wonder, whiche

afterwarde was the cause of muche trouble in the realme of Scotlande as ye shall after heare. It fortuned as Makbeth & Banquho iourneyed towarde Fores, where the king as then lay, they went sporting by the way togither without other companie, saue only themselues, passing through the woodes and fieldes, when sodenly in the middes of a launde, there met them .iij. women in straunge & ferly apparell, resembling creatures of an elder worlde, whom when they attentiuely behelde, wondering much at the sight, The first of them spake and sayde: All hayle Makbeth Thane of Glammis (for he had lately entred into that dignitie and office by the death of his father Synel.) The .ij. of them said: Hayle Makbeth Thane of Cawder: but the third said: All Hayle Makbeth that hereafter shall be king of Scotland. Then Banquho, what maner of women (saith he) are you, that seeme so litle fauourable vnto me, where as to my fellow here, besides highe offices, yee assigne also the kingdome, appointyng foorth nothing for me at all? Yes sayth the firste of them, wee promise greater benefites vnto thee, than vnto him, for he shall reygne in deede, but with an vnluckie ende: neyther shall he leaue any issue behinde him to succeede in his place, where contrarily thou in deede shall not reygne at all, but of thee those shall be borne whiche shall gouerne the Scottishe kingdome by long order of continuall discent. Herewith the foresayde women vanished immediatly out of theyr sight. This was reputed at the first but some *vayne fantasticall illusion* (i. 3. 52) by Makbeth and Banquho, in so muche that Banquho woulde call Makbeth in ieste kyng of Scotland, and Makbeth againe would call him in sporte likewise, the father of many kings. But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were eyther *the weird sisters* (i. 3. 32, etc.), that is (as ye would say) y^e^ Goddesses of destinie, or els some Nimphes or Feiries, endewed with knowledge of prophesie by their Nicromanticall science, bicause euery thing came to passe as they had spoken. For shortly after, the Thane of Cawder being condemned at Fores of treason against the king committed, his landes, liuings and offices were giuen of the kings liberalitie vnto Makbeth. The same night after, at supper Banquho iested with him and sayde, now Makbeth *thou haste obtayned those things which the twoo former sisters prophesied* (ii. 1. 21), there remayneth onely for thee to purchase that which the third sayd should come to passe. Wherevpon Makbeth reuoluing the thing in his minde, began euen then to deuise howe he mighte attayne to the kingdome: but yet hee thought with himselfe that he must tary a time, whiche shoulde aduaunce him thereto (*by the diuine prouidence* (i. 3. 143)) as it had come to passe in his former preferment."

Act i. scene 4.

From the Chronicle of King Duncan.

"But shortely after it chaunced that king Duncane hauing two sonnes by his wife *which was the daughter of Sywarde Earle of Northumberland* (v. 2. 2), he made the elder of them cleped Malcolme prince of Cumberlande, as it were thereby to appoint him his successor in

the kingdome, immediatly after his deceasse. Makbeth sore troubled herewith, for that he sawe by this meanes his hope sore hindered, (where by the olde lawes of the realme, the ordinance was, that if he that shoulde succeede were not of able age to take the charge vpon himselfe, he that was nexte of bloud vnto him, shoulde be admitted) he beganne to take counsell howe he might vsurpe the kingdome by force, hauing a iuste quarell so to do (as he tooke the mater,) for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraude him of all maner of title and clayme, whiche hee mighte in tyme to come, pretende vnto the crowne."

Act i. scene 3 to act ii. scene 4.

From the Chronicle of King Duncan.

"The woordes of the three weird sisters also, (of whome before ye haue heard) greatly encouraged him herevnto, but specially his wife lay sore vpon him to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious brenning in vnquenchable desire to beare the name of a Queene.

"At length therefore communicating his purposed intent with his trustie frendes, *amongst whom Banquho was the chiefest, vpon confidence of theyr promised ayde* (ii. 1. 25), he slewe the king at Enuernes, (or as some say at Botgosuane,) in the .vj. yeare of his reygne. Then hauing a companie about him of such as he had made priuie to his enterpryce, he caused himselfe to be proclaymed king, and foorthwith went vnto Scone, where by common consent, he receyued the inuesture of the kingdome according to the accustomed maner. The bodie of Duncane was firste conueyed vnto Elgyne, and there buried in kingly wise, but afterwardes it was remoued and conueyed vnto Colmekill, and there layd in a sepulture amongst his predecessours in the yeare after the birth of our Sauiour .1040. Malcolme Cammore and Donald Bane the sonnes of king Duncane, for feare of theyr liues (whiche they might well know y^t^ Makbeth would seeke to bring to end for his more sure confirmacion in the estate) fled into Cumberland, where Malcolme remained til time that S. Edward y^e^ sonne of king Etheldred recouered the dominion of England from the Danish power, the whiche Edward receuyed Malcolme by way of moste freendly entertaynement, but Donald passed ouer into Ireland, where he was tenderly cherished by the king of that lande."

From the Chronicle of King Duff.

"Donewald . . . conceyued suche an inwarde malice towardes the king, (though he shewed it not outwardly at the firste) that the same continued still boyling in his stomake, and ceased not, till through setting on of his wife and in reuenge of suche vnthankefulnesse, he founde meanes to murder the king within the foresayd Castell of Fores where he vsed to soiourne, for the king beyng in that countrey, was accustomed to lie most commonly within the same castel, *hauing a special trust in Donewald, as a man whom he neuer sus-*

pected (i. 5. 58): but Donwald not forgetting the reproche whiche his linage had susteyned by the execution of those his kinsmen, whome the king for a spectacle to the people had caused to be hanged, could not but shew manifest tokens of great griefe at home amongst his familie: which his wife perceyuing, ceassed not to trauayle with him, till she vnderstood what the cause was of his displeasure. Whiche at length when she had learned by his owne relation, she as one that bare no lesse malice in hyr harte towardes the king, for the like cause on hyr behalfe than hir husband did for his freendes, counselled him (sith the king oftentimes vsed to lodge in his house without any garde aboute him, other than the garyson of the castell, whiche was wholy at his commaundement) to make him away, and shewed him the meanes whereby he might soonest accomplishe it. Donwalde thus being the more kindled in wrath by the woordes of his wife, determined to follow hyr aduise in the execution of so haynous an acte. Wherevpon deuising with himselfe for a while, whiche way he might best accomplishe his cursed intention, at length he gate oportunitie and sped his purpose as followeth. It chaunced, that the king vpon the day before he purposed to departe forth of the Castell, was long in his oratorie at his prayers, and there continued till it was late in the night, at the last comming foorth he called suche afore him, as had faithfully serued him in pursute and apprehention of the rebelles, and giuing them hartie thankes, *he bestowed sundry honorable giftes amongst them* (ii. 1. 14), of the which number Donwald was one, as he that had bene euer accompted a moste faithfull seruaunt to the king. At length hauing talked with them a long time, he got him into his pryuie chamber, only with two of his chamberlaynes, who hauing brought him to bedde came foorth againe, and then fell to banqueting with Donewald and his wife, who had prepared diuers delicate dishes, and *sundry sorts of drinke* for theyr arere supper or collation, whereat they sat vp so long, till they had charged theyr stomakes with suche full gorges, that theyr heades were no sooner got to the pyllow, but a sleepe they were so fast, that a man might haue remoued the chamber ouer them, rather than to haue awaked them out of theyr drunken sleepe. Then Donewalde though he abhorred the act greatly in his harte, yet through instigation of his wife, he called foure of his seruants vnto him (whom he had made priuie to his wicked intent before, and framed to his purpose with large giftes) and now declaring vnto them, after what sorte they should worke the feate, they gladly obeyed his instructions, and speedely going about the murder, they enter the chamber (in which the king lay) *a litle before cockes crow* (3. ii. 26), where they secretely cut his throte as he lay sleeping, without any buskling at all: and immediatly by a posterne gate they caried foorth the dead body into the fieldes. . . . Donewald aboute the time that the murder was a doing, got him amongst them that kepte the watch, and so continewed in companie with them al the residue of the night. But in the morning when the noyse was reysed in the kings chamber how the king was slaine, his body

conueyed away, and the bed all berayed with bloud, he with the watche ran thither as though he had knowen nothing of the mater, and breaking into the chamber, and finding cakes of bloud in the bed & on the floore about the sides of it, *he foorthwith slewe the chamberlaynes* (ii. 3. 89), as giltie of that haynous murder, and then like a madde man running to and fro, hee ransacked euery corner within the castell, as though it had bene to haue seene if he might haue founde either the body or any of ye murtherers hid in any pryuie place: but at length comming to the posterne gate, & finding it open, he burdened the chamberlaines whom he had slaine with al the fault, they hauing the keyes of the gates committed to their keeping al the night, and therefore it could not be otherwise (sayde he) but that they were of counsel in the committing of that moste detestable murder. Finally suche was his ouer earnest diligence in the inquisition and triall of the offendours herein, that *some of the Lordes began to mislike the mater, and to smell foorth shrewed tokens, that he shoulde not be altogither cleare himselfe* (iii. 6. 11): but for so much as they were in that countrey, where hee had the whole rule, what by reason of his frendes and authoritie togither, they doubted to vtter what they thought till time and place shoulde better serue therevnto, and herevpon got them away euery man to his home. For the space of .vj. moneths togither after this haynous murder thus committed, there appeared *no sunne by day, nor Moone by night in any parte of the realme, but stil was the skie couered with continual clowdes* (ii. 4. 7), and sometimes suche *outragious windes* (ii. 3. 35) arose with lightnings and tempestes, that the people were in great feare of present destruction. . . . Monstrous sightes also that were seene within the Scottishe kingdome that yeare were these, horses in Lothian being of singuler beautie and swiftnesse, *did eate their owne flesh* (ii. 4. 14), & would in no wise taste any other meate. In Angus there was a gentlewoman brought forth a childe without eyes, nose, hande, or foote. *There was a Sparhauke also strangled by an Owle* (ii. 4. 13)."

From the Chronicle of King Kenneth.

Kenneth had slain his nephew and heir. "Thus might he seeme happie to all men, but yet to himselfe he seemed most vnhappie as he that could not but still liue in continuall feare, least his wicked practise concerning the death of Malcom Duffe should come to light and knowledge of the world. For so commeth it to passe, that such as are pricked in conscience for anie secret offence committed haue euer an vnquiet mind. And (as the fame goeth) it chanced that *a voice was heard as he was in bed in the night time to take his rest* (ii. 2. 35), vttering vnto him these or the like woordes in effect: 'Thinke not Kenneth that the wicked slaughter of Malcome Duffe by thee contriued, is kept secret from the knowledge of the eternall God,' etc. . . . The king with this voice being striken into great dread and terror, passed that night without anie sleepe comming in his eies."

Act iii. scenes 1-3.

From the Chronicle of King Macbeth.

"Makbeth after the departure thus of Duncanes sonnes vsed great liberalitie towardes the nobles of the realme, thereby to winne their fauour, & when he saw that no man went about to trouble him, he set his whole intention to maintayne iustice, and to punishe all enormities and abuses, whiche had chaunced through the feeble and slouthfull administration of Duncane. . . . He caused to be slaine sundrie thanes, as of *Cathnes*, Sutherland, Stranauerne, *and Ros*, because through them and their soditious attempts, much trouble dailie rose in the realme. . . . These and the like commendable lawes, Makbeth caused to be put as then in vse, gouerning the realme for the space of tenne yeares in equall iustice. But this was but a counterfayte zeale of equitie shewed by him, partely against his naturall inclination to purchase thereby the fauour of the people. "Shortly after, he beganne to shewe what he was, in steede of equitie practising crueltie. For the pricke of conscience (as it chaunceth euer in tyrantes, and suche as attayne to any astate by vnrightuous meanes) caused him euer to feare, least he should be serued of the same cuppe, as he had ministred to his predecessour. The woordes also of the three weird sisters, wold not out of his mind, which as they promised him the kingdome, *so lykewise did they promise it at the same time, vnto the posteritie of Banquho* (iii. 1. 58). He willed therefore the same Banquho with his sonne named Fleaunce, to come to a supper that he had prepared for them, which was in deede, as he had deuised, present death at the handes of certaine murtherers, whome he hyred to execute that deede, appoynting them to meete with the same Banquho and his sonne without the palayce as they returned to theyr lodgings, and there to slea them, so that he woulde not haue his house slaundered, but that in time to come he might cleare himselfe, if any thing were layde to his charge vpon any suspition that might arise. It chaunced yet, by the benefite of the darke night, that though the father were slaine, the son yet by the helpe of almightie God reseruing him to better fortune, escaped that daunger, & afterwardes hauing some inckling by the admonition of some frendes which he had in the courte, howe his life was sought no lesse then his fathers, who was slayne not by chaunce medley (as by the handling of the mater Makbeth would haue had it to appeare,) but euen vpon a prepensed deuise, wherevpon to auoyde further perill he fledde into Wales."

Holinshed goes on to trace the descent of the royal family of Scotland from Banquo.

Act iv.

From the Chronicle of King Macbeth.

"But to returne vnto Makbeth, in continuying the history, and to beginne where I left, ye shal vnderstand, that after the contriued slaughter of Banquho, nothing prospered with the foresayde Makbeth: for in maner *euery man began to doubt his owne life, and durst*

vnneth appeare in the kings presence (iii. 6. 32), & euen as there were many that stoode in feare of him, so likewise stoode he in feare of many, in such sorte that he began to make those away by one surmised cauillation or other, whom he thought most able to worke him any displeasure. At length he found suche sweetenesse by putting his nobles thus to death, that his earnest thyrst after bloud in this behalfe, might in nowise be satisfied: for ye must consider he wanne double profite (as he thought) hereby: for firste they were ridde out of the way whome he feared, and then agayne his coffers were enriched by their goodes, whiche were forfeyted to his vse, whereby he might the better mainteyne a garde of armed men about him to defend his person from iniurie of them whom he had in any suspition. Further to the ende he might the more sickerly oppresse his subiects with all tyranlike wrongs, hee buylded a strong Castell on the top of an high hill cleped Dunsinnane situate in Gowry, ten myles from Perth, on such a proude height, that standing there aloft, a man might behold welneare all the countreys of Angus, Fife, Stermond, & Ernedale, as it were lying vnderneth him. This castell then being founded on the top of that high hill, put the realme to great charges before it was fynished, for al the stuffe necessarie to the building, could not be brought vp without much toyle and businesse. But Makbeth being once determined to haue the worke go forwarde, caused the Thanes of eche shire within the Realme, to come and helpe towardes that building, eche man hys course about. At the last when the turne fell vnto Makduffe Thane of Fife to buylde his part, he sent workmen with all needull prouision, and commaunded them to shew suche diligence in euery behalfe, that no occasion might bee giuen for the king to finde fault with him, in that he came not himselfe as other had done, *which he refused to do* (iii. 5. 40) for doubt least the king bearing him (as he partly vnderstoode) no great good will, woulde lay violent handes vpon him, as he had done vppon dyuerse other. Shortly after, Makbeth comming to behold howe the worke went forwarde, and bycause hee found not Makduffe there, he was sore offended, and sayde, I perceyue this man will neuer obey my commaundements, till he be rydden with a snaffle, but I shall prouide well ynough for him. Neither could he afterwards abide to looke vpon the sayde Makduffe, eyther for that he thought his puissance ouer great, either els for that he had learned of *certain wysardes*, in whose wordes he put great confidence, (for that the prophecie had happened so right, whiche the three Fayries or weird sisters had declared vnto him) how that *he ought to take heede of Makduffe* (iv. 1. 72), who in tymes to come should seeke to destroy him. And surely herevpon had he put Makduffe to death, but that *a certaine witch* whom he had in great trust, had told that he should neuer be slain with man borne of any woman, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane, came to the Castell of Dunsinnane. By this prophecie Makbeth put all feare out of his heart, supposing hee might doe what hee would, without any feare to be punished for the same, for by the one prophesie he beleeued it was vnpos-

sible for any man to vanquish him, and by the other vnpossible to slea him. This vaine hope caused him to doe manye outragious things, to the grieuous oppression of his subiects. At length Makduffe to auoyde perill of lyfe, purposed with himselfe to passe into Englande, to procure Malcolme Cammore to clayme the crowne of Scotlande. But this was not so secretly deuised by Makduffe, but that Makbeth had knowledge giuen him thereof, for kings (as is sayde,) haue sharpe sight like vnto Linx, and long eares like vnto Midas. For *Makbeth had in euery noble mans house, one slie fellow or other in fee with him* (iii. 4. 131), to reueale all that was sayd or done within the same, by which slight he oppressed the moste parte of the Nobles of hys Realme. Immediately then, being aduertised whereabout Makduffe went, he came hastily wyth a great power into Fife, and forthwith besieged the Castell where Makduffe dwelled, trusting to haue found him therin. They that kept the house, without any resistance opened the gates, and suffred him to enter, mistrusting none euill. But neuerthelesse Makbeth most cruelly caused the wife and children of Makduffe, with all other whom he found in that castell, to be slaine. Also he confiscate the goodes of Makduffe, proclaymed him traytor, and confined him out of al the partes of his realme, but Makduffe was alreadie escaped out of daunger and gotten into England vnto Malcolme Canmore, to trie what purchas he might make by meanes of his support to reuenge the slaughter so cruelly executed on his wife, his children, and other friends. At his comming vnto Malcolme, he declared into what great miserie the estate of Scotlande was brought, by the detestable cruelties exercysed by the tyranne Makbeth, hauing committed many horrible slaughters and murthers, both as well of the nobles as commons, for the which he was hated right mortally of all his liege people, desiring nothing more than to be deliuered of that intollerable and moste heauie yoke of thraldome, whiche they susteyned at suche a caytifes handes. Malcolme hearing Makduffes words which he vttred in right lamentable sort, for pure compassion and very ruth that pearced his sorowfull hart, bewayling the miserable state of his country, he fetched a deepe sigh, which Makduffe perceyuing, began to fall most earnestly in hande wyth him, to enterprise the deliuering of the Scottishe people out of the hands of so cruell and bloudie a tyrant, as Makbeth by too many plaine experiments did shew himselfe to be, which was an easie matter for him to bring to passe, considering not only the good tytle he had, but also the earnest desire of the people to haue some occasion ministred, whereby they might be reuenged of those notable iniuries, which they dayly susteyned by the outragious crueltie of Makbeths misgouernance. Though Malcolme was right sorowfull for the oppression of his Countreymen the Scottes, in maner as Makduffe had declared, yet doubting whether he were come as one that ment vnfaynedly as hee spake, or else as sent from Makbeth to betray him, he thought to haue some further triall, and therevpon dissembling his minde at the first, he answered as followeth. I am truly right sorie for the miserie

chaunced to my Countrey of Scotlande, but though I haue neuer so great affection to relieue y^e^ same, yet by reason of certaine incurable vyces, which raigne in me, I am nothing meete thereto: First suche immoderate lust and voluptuous sensualitie (the abhominable *fountaine of all vyces*) (iv. 3. 63) foloweth me, that if I were made king of Scots, I shoulde seeke to deflower your Maydes and matrons in such wise, that mine intemperancie shoulde bee more *importable* (iv. 3. 89) vnto you, than the bloudie tyrannie of Makbeth now is. Hereunto Makduffe answered: this surely is a very euill fault, for many noble Princes and Kings haue lost both lyues and Kingdomes for the same, neuerthelesse there are women ynowe in Scotlande, and therefore follow my counsell, make thy selfe king, and I shall conuey the matter so wisely, that thou shalt be so satisfied at thy pleasure in suche secrete wise, that no man shall be aware therof. Then saide Malcolme, I am also the moste auaritious creature on the earth, so that if I were king, I should seeke so many wayes to get lands and goodes, that I wouide slea the most part of all the nobles of Scotland by surmised accusations, to the end I might enjoy their lands, goods, and possessions, & therfore to shew you what mischief may ensue on you through mine vnsatiable couetise, I will rehearse vnto you a fable. There was a Foxe hauing a sore place on him ouerset with a swarme of flies that continually sucked out hir bloud, and when one that came by and saw this maner demaunded whether she woulde haue the flies dryuen besyde hir, she answered no: For if these flies that are alreadie full, and by reason thereof sucke not very egerly, should be chased away, other that are emptie and felly an hungred, shoulde light in theyr places, and suck out the residue of my bloud farre more to my grieuance than these, which now being satisfied doe not much annoy me. Therefore sayth Malcolme, suffer me to remaine where I am, least if I attaine to the regiment of your realme, mine inquenchable auarice may proue such, that ye would thinke the displeasures which now grieue you, should seeme easie in respect of the vnmeasurable outrage, whiche might ensue through my comming amongst you. Makduffe to this made answere, how it was a farre worse fault than the other, for auarice is *the roote* (iv. 3. 85) of all mischiefe, and for that crime the most part of our kings haue bene slain & brought to their finall ende. Yet notwithstanding follow my counsel, and take vpon thee the crowne, there is golde and riches inough in Scotlande to satisfie thy greedie desire. Then sayde Malcolme againe, I am furthermore inclined to dissimulation, telling of leasings and all other kinds of deceyt, so that I naturally reioyce in nothing so muche as to betray and deceyue suche, as put any trust or confidence in my wordes. Then sith there is nothing that more becommeth a prince than constancie, veritie, truth, and iustice, with the other laudable felowship of those faire and noble vertues which are comprehended onely in soothfastnesse, & that lying vtterly ouerthroweth y^e^ same, you see how vnable I am to gouerne any prouince or region: and therfore sith you haue remedies to cloke and hide al the rest of my other vices, I pray you

find shift to cloke this vice amongst the residue. Then sayd Makduffe: this yet is the worst of all, and there I leaue thee, and therefore say, oh ye vnhappie & miserable Scottishmen, which are thus scourged with so many and sundrie calamities, eche one aboue other. Ye haue one cursed and wicked tyrant that nowe raignes ouer you, without any right or tytle, oppressing you with his most bloudie crueltie: This other that hath the right to the crowne, is so replete with the inconstant behauiour and manifest vices of English men, that he is nothing worthie to enioy it: for by his owne confession he is not onely auaritious, and giuen to vnsatiable lust, but so false a traytour withall, that no trust is to be had to any worde he speaketh. Adue Scotlande, for now I account my selfe a banished man for euer without comfort or consolation; and with those words the teares trickled down his cheekes right abundantly. At the last when hee was readie to depart, Malcolme tooke him by the sleeue, and sayde, Be of good comfort Makduffe, for I haue none of these vices before remembred, but haue iested with thee in this maner, only to proue thy mind: for diuerse tymes heretofore, hath Makbeth sought by this maner of meanes to bring me into his handes, but the more slow I haue shewed my self to condiscend to thy motion and request, the more diligence shall I vse in accomplishing the same. Incontinently hereupon they embraced eche other, and promising to bee faythfull the one to the other, they fell in consultation, howe they might best prouide for al their businesse, to bring the same to good effect. Soone after Makduffe repayring to the borders of Scotlande, addressed his letters with secret dispatch vnto the nobles of the realme, declaring howe Malcolme was confederate wyth him, to come hastily into Scotlande to clayme the crowne, and therefore he requyred them, sith he was right inheritor thereto, to assist him with their powers to recouer the same out of the hands of the wrongfull vsurper. In the meane time, Malcolme purchased such fauour at king Edwards handes, that old Syward Earle of Northumberlande, was appoynted with ten thousande men to go with him into Scotland, to support him in this enterprise, for recouerie of his right."

From the Chronicle of King Edward the Confessor (*Chronicles of England*).

"As hath bin thought he was enspired with the gift of Prophecie, and also to haue hadde the gift of healing infirmities and diseases. Namely, he vsed to help those that were vexed with the disease, commonly called the Kyng's evill, and left that vertue as it were a portion of inheritance vnto his successors the Kyngs of this Realme."

Act v. scenes 2-8.

From the Chronicle of King Macbeth.

"After these newes were spred abrode in Scotland, the nobles drew into two seuerall factions, the one taking part with Makbeth,

and the other with Malcolme. Hereupon ensued oftentymes sundrie bickerings, and diuerse light skirmishes, for those that were of Malcolmes side, woulde not ieoparde to ioyne with theyr enimies in a pight field, tyll his comming out of England to their support. But after that Makbeth perceiued his enimies power to encrease, by suche ayde as came to them forth of England with his aduersarie Malcolme, he reculed backe into Fife, there purposing to abide in campe fortified, at the Castell of Dunsinane, and to fight with his enimies, if they ment to pursue him, howbeit some of his friends aduysed him, that it should be best for him, eyther to make some agreement with Malcolme, or else to flee with all speed into the Iles, and to take his treasure with him, to the ende he might wage sundrie great Princes of the realme to take his part, and retayne straungers, in whom he might better trust than in his owne subiectes, which stale dayly from him: but he had suche confidence in his prophecies, that he beleeued he shoulde neuer be vanquished, till Byrnane wood were brought to Dunsinnane, nor yet to be slaine with anye man, that should be or was borne of any woman. Malcolme folowing hastily after Makbeth, came the night before the battaile vnto Byrnan wood, and when his armie had rested a while there to refreshe them, hee commaunded euerye man to get a bough of some tree or other of that wood in his hand, as bigge as he might beare, and to march forth therwith in such wise, that on the next morow they might come closely and without sight in thys manner within viewe of hys enimies. On the morow when Makbeth beheld them comming in this sort, hee first marueyled what the matter ment, but in the end remembred himselfe, that the prophecie which he had hearde long before that time, of the comming of Byrnane wood to Dunsinnane Castell, was likely to bee now fulfilled. Neuerthelesse, he brought his men in order of battell, and exhorted them to doe valiantly, howbeit his enimies had scarcely cast from them their boughes, when Makbeth perceiuing their numbers betook him streight to flight, whom Makduffe pursued with great hatred euen till he came vnto Lunfannain, where Makbeth perceiuing that Makduffe was hard at his back, leapt beside his horse, saying, thou traytor, what meaneth it that thou shouldest thus in vaine follow me that am not appoynted to be slain by any creature that is borne of a woman, come on therefore, and receyue thy rewarde which thou hast deserued for thy paynes, and therewithall he lyfted vp his sworde thinking to haue slaine him. But Makduffe quickly auoyding from his horse, ere he came at him, answered (with his naked sworde in his hande) saying: it is true Makbeth, and now shall thine insatiable crueltie haue an ende, for I am euen he that thy wysards haue tolde the of, who was neuer borne of my mother, but ripped out of hir wombe: therewithall he stept vnto him, & slue him in the place. Then cutting his heade from the shoulders, hee set it vpon a poll, and brought it vnto Malcolme. This was the end of Makbeth, after he had raigned .xvij. yeares ouer the Scottishmen. In the beginning of his raigne he accomplished many worthie actes, right

profitable to the common wealth, (as ye haue heard) but afterwarde *by illusion of the diuell* (v. 8. 19), he defamed the same with most terrible crueltie. He was slaine in the yeare of the incarnation 1057. and in the .xvj. yeare of king Edwardes raigne ouer the English men. Malcolme Cammore thus recouering the realme (as ye haue hearde) by support of king Edward, in the .xvj. yeare of the same Edwards raign, he was crowned at Scone the .xxv. day of April, in the yeare of our Lorde. 1057. Immediately after his coronation, he called a Parliament at Forfair, in the which he rewarded them with landes and liuings that had assisted him agaynst Makbeth, aduancing them to fees and offices as he saw cause, and commaunded that specially those that bare the surname of any office or landes, shoulde haue and enioye the same. He created many Earles, Lordes, Barons, and Knightes. Many of them that before were Thanes, were at this time made Earles, as Fife, Menteth, Atholl, Leuenox, Murray, *Cathnes*, *Rosse*, and *Angus*. *These were the first Earles that haue beene heard of amongest the Scottishe men* (v. 8. 62) (as theyr hystories make mention)."

From the Chronicle of King Edward the Confessor.

"About the thirtenth yeare of King Edwardes raigne (as some write,) or rather about the nineteenth or twentith yere as should appeare by the Scottishe Writers, Siward the noble Earle of Northumberlande with a great power of Horsemenne went into Scotland, and in battell put to flight Mackbeth that had vsurped the Crowne of Scotland, and that done, placed Malcolme surnamed Camoyr, the son of Duncane, sometime King of Scotlande, in the gouernement of that Realme, who afterward slew the sayd Macbeth, and then raigned in quiet. Some of our Englishe writers say, that this Malcolme was K. of Cumberlande, but other reporte him to be sonne to the K. of Cumberland. But heere is to be noted, that if Mackbeth raigned till the yere .1061. and was then slayne by Malcolme, Earle Siwarde was not at that battaile, for as our writers do testifie, he died in the yere .1055. whiche was in the yeare next after (as the same writers affirme) that hee vanquished Mackbeth in fight, & slew many thousands of Scottes, & all those Normans which as ye haue heard, were withdrawen into Scotlande, when they were driuen out of England. It is recorded also, that in the foresaid battayle, in which Earle Siwarde vanquished the Scottes, one of Siwards sonnes chaunced to be slayne, whereof, though the father had good cause to be sorowfull, yet *when he heard that he dyed of a wound which hee had receyued in fighting stoutely in the forepart of his body, and that with his face towarde the enimie, hee greatly reioyced thereat, to heare that he died so manfully* (v. 8. 46). But here is to be noted, yt not now, but a little before, (as Henry Hunt. saith,) ye Earle Siward, wente into Scotlande himselfe in person, hee sent his sonne with an army to conquere yt land, whose hap was ther to be slaine: and when his father heard ye newes, he demaunded whether he receiued the wound wherof he died, in ye fore parte of the body, or in the

hinder part: and when it was tolde him yt he receyued it in the foreparte, I reioyce (saith he) euen with all my harte, for *I woulde not wishe eyther to my sonne nor to my selfe, any other kind of death*" (v. 8. 48).

APPENDIX D.

WITCHCRAFT IN THE AGE OF SHAKESPEARE.

The belief in evil spirits, and in the power of witches to do harm by their aid, was wide-spread both amongst Catholics and Protestants in the 16th and 17th centuries. Allusions to it are frequent in literature. Statutes were constantly passed against sorcery, and there are many accounts of the trials of persons suspected of the practice. The most interesting contemporary books on the subject are Harsnet's *Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures* (1603); and Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1584, recently edited by Dr. Brinsley Nicholson). Harsnet's tract is an enquiry into certain cases of demoniacal possession alleged to have been cured by Parsons, the Jesuit: Scot's is a noteworthy attack upon the whole superstition, and is crammed with curious magical lore. It is said to have been publicly burnt, and was reprinted in 1651. Shakespeare seems to have borrowed learning from Harsnet for *King Lear*, and possibly from Scot for *Macbeth*. He must also have had in mind a group of cases of alleged witchcraft which took place in Scotland in 1590. These are distinguished from the English cases by the importance which the power claimed for the witches of ruling the elements assumed in them (cf. i. 1. 11, sqq.; iv. 1. 52, sqq.). In 1589 the royal fleet in which James VI. was bringing home his bride, Anne of Denmark, was dispersed by a sudden and violent storm. James, always intensely superstitious, became convinced that this storm was due to supernatural influence, and in the next year commenced a vigorous campaign against witches. In the course of this the charge of raising tempests and wrecking ships recurred again and again. The Scottish witches, also, unlike the English, appear to have been in the habit of going to sea in sieves (cf. i. 3. 8). A full account of these proceedings may be found in a pamphlet called *News from Scotland, declaring the damnable life of Doctor Fian, a notable Sorcerer, &c., 1591*. Eight years later (1599) James published his *Demonologie*, which was intended largely as a counterblast to the scepticism of Reginald Scot. He came to the English throne in 1603, and in 1604 passed a new statute to suppress witchcraft. This may well have recalled public attention to the matter, and suggested to Shakespeare the production or revival of *Macbeth*.

APPENDIX E.

ON THE WITCH-SCENES.

The passages which I believe to have been interpolated into Shakespeare's work by a later hand are three: act iii. sc. 5; act iv. sc. 1, lines 39–43; and act iv. sc. 1, lines 125–132. These are distinguished from the genuine witch-scenes by—

i. The introduction of a superfluous character, Hecate, who takes no real part in the action of the play.

ii. A metre which is mainly iambic, whereas that of Shakespeare's undoubted witch-scenes is, as a rule, trochaic.

iii. A lyrical element alien to the original conception of the witches. One can hardly imagine the awful beings, who meet Macbeth and Banquo on the blasted heath, singing little songs and dancing 'like elves and fairies'.

iv. Certain prettinesses of fancy, which are much more like Middleton than Shakespeare. See *e.g.* iii. 5. 23, 34.

With these exceptions the witch-scenes are harmonious in character, and strictly in keeping with the weird temper of the whole play. I cannot, therefore, agree with Mr. Fleay in attributing also to Middleton act i. sc. 1, and act i. sc. 3, lines 1–37; nor do I think there is sufficient evidence to decide for or against his hypothesis that the apparition speeches in act iv. sc. 1 and lines 92–103 of the same scene have been 'worked over'.

Mr. Fleay has a further theory as to the witch-scenes which demands a brief consideration. It is that the supernatural beings in act i. sc. 3 and those in act iv. sc. 1 were not meant by Shakespeare to be identical. In the heath scene he introduces 'weird sisters' proper, three 'fates' or 'destinies' akin to the Scandinavian Norns or goddesses of past, present, and future. These in the cavern scene are replaced by three beings of quite a different type, the ordinary vulgar witches of Elizabethan popular belief. Mr. Fleay argues[1]—

(i) Holinshed speaks of Macbeth and Banquo as originally greeted by three "weird sisters, that is, as ye would say, the goddesses of destiny, or else some nymphs or fairies". (See Appendix C.) Forman also calls them "women-fairies or nymphs". (Appendix C.) These terms, 'weird', 'nymph', 'fairy', are usual terms in Elizabethan literature for such Fate-goddesses. At a later period Holinshed speaks of Macbeth as listening to "witches" and "wizards", and it is these, quite distinct from the "weird sisters", who are represented in act iv. sc. 1.

(ii) The characteristics of the two types are different. It is the Norns who can 'look into the seeds of time', and prophesy of what is to come. Mere witches have no such power. On the other

[1] F. G. Fleay, *Shakespeare Manual*, and *Anglia*, vol. vii.

hand, it is the witches, and not the Norns, who use magical charms and incantations.

(iii) This view gives an explanation of the curious stage-direction in iv. 1. 38, *Enter Hecate with the other three witches.* (See notes *ad loc.*)

Mr. Fleay admits that in iii. 4. 133 and in iv. 1. 136 Macbeth speaks of the later witches as "the weird sisters". This, he somewhat tentatively suggests, may be due to a corrupt text.

Several considerations seem to be fatal to Mr. Fleay's theory.

(*a*) It implies the rejection of certain passages—i. 1; i. 3. 1–37, and iv. 1. 130, sqq., which on all other grounds may well be thought genuine.

(*b*) It is most unlikely that the distinction between Norns and witches, which we, with our modern knowledge of comparative mythology can make, would have been appreciated by Shakespeare and his audience. They would quite naturally identify the two.

(*c*) Mr. Spalding[1] has conclusively shown that what Mr. Fleay regards as the special note of the Norns, the power to see into the future, is among the common accusations made in witch trials. He also quotes instances of the use of "wayward" (="weird") and "sisters", as applied to witches.

APPENDIX F.

ON THE PORTER SCENE: Act II. sc. 3.

Coleridge was one of the most helpful and suggestive of Shakespearian critics. A poet himself, he had a genuine insight into the workings of another poet's mind. But he had not the scholarly temper, and his speculations were often brilliant rather than sane. So that his judgments upon disputed points are apt to need some reconsidering.

Speaking of *Macbeth*, act ii. sc. 3, Coleridge says[2]: "This low soliloquy of the Porter and his few speeches afterwards I believe to have been written for the mob by some other hand, perhaps with Shakespeare's consent; and that finding it take, he, with the remaining ink of a pen otherwise employed, just interpolated the words—

'I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire'.

Of the rest not one syllable has the ever-present being of Shakespeare".

The Clarendon Press editors, following Coleridge, attribute this

[1] T. A. Spalding, *Elizabethan Demonology.*
[2] *Shakespeare Notes and Lectures.*

passage, amongst others, to the hand of Middleton. Such a view appears to me undoubtedly wrong, and it is of some importance to the right understanding of Shakespeare's dramatic methods to see why it is wrong. A complete survey of the whole question is given by Mr. J. W. Hales in his *Notes and Essays on Shakespeare*, and the following argument is largely condensed from his.

The scene itself—the knocking at the gate, and the consequent entry of the porter—is an essential part of the design of the play. It follows without a break upon the preceding scene (cf. act ii. sc. 1, lines 57, 65, 69, 74); and the 'knocking' is again alluded to in act v. sc. 1, line 65. Moreover, it is dramatically effective. This will be obvious to anyone who has seen the play upon the stage, and it is inimitably put by De Quincey[1]—

"From my boyish days", he says, "I had always felt a great perplexity on one point in *Macbeth*. It was this: the knocking at the gate, which succeeds to the murder of Duncan, produced to my feelings an effect for which I never could account. The effect was, that it reflected back upon the murderer a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity; yet however obstinately I endeavoured with my understanding to comprehend this, for many years I never could see why it should produce such an effect."

De Quincey proceeds to show that the object of the poet was to "throw the interest on the murderer", to give the audience a comprehension of the hell within him. He then explains that all action in any direction is best measured by reaction.

"Now apply this to the case in *Macbeth*. Here, as I have said, the retiring of the human heart, and the entrance of the fiendish heart was to be expressed and made sensible. Another world has stept in, and the murderers are taken out of the region of human things, human purposes, human desires. They are transfigured. Lady Macbeth is 'unsexed'; Macbeth has forgot that he was born of woman; both are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable? In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers and the murder must be insulated—cut off by an immeasurable gulf from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs—locked up and sequestered in some deep recess; we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested—laid asleep—tranced—racked into a dread armistice; time must be annihilated; relation to things without abolished; and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is that when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds; the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced; the human has made its reflex upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the re-establishment

[1] *On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth.*

of the goings-on of the world in which we live first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them."

Given the entry of the Porter, it is natural that some speech should be put in his mouth. But is the speech that we find in the folio text one suitable to the occasion, such as we can conceive Shakespeare to have written? I think that it is. Of course it is deliberately put on a lower emotional plane from what precedes and follows; that, indeed, is sufficiently marked by the use of prose; it is in direct contrast to the tragic intensity of the murder and its detection. But is not such emotional contrast precisely characteristic of Shakespeare's tragic method? Do we not find it in *Lear*, in *Hamlet*, everywhere? Is it not of the very essence of his tragi-comedies? It is to Aeschylus or to Webster that we must go for undiluted tragedy. Shakespeare and the Romantic dramatists generally always give us comedy and tragedy mixed. There are two reasons for this. In the first place, by the ordinary law of contrast, the juxtaposition of comedy makes the tragedy itself more real, more poignant, just as diamonds are more bright in a silver setting. And secondly, it is the aim of the Elizabethan drama to represent human life, the whole of life, with all its incongruous medley of high and low, of light and dark, of laughter and tears. So that the introduction of this speech cannot be said to be unlike Shakespeare, or alien to his usual methods. Nor is it irrelevant in its place; for after all it but repeats, in a lower key, the dominant note of the whole situation. This *is* the gate of hell—unwittingly, while he slept, the porter *has* become a devil-porter; and 'the other devil', could not one fancy that to be Macbeth himself?

As to the style of the speech, Mr. Hales conclusively shows it to be quite Shakespearian. The use of 'old', the phrase 'devil-porter it', the conception of an infernal janitor, the manner of the dialogue with Macduff, all of these can be easily paralleled.[1] Even Coleridge had to make an exception to his theory in favour of the bit about 'the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire'—an exception fantastic in itself, and quite fatal to the Clarendon Press idea that Middleton was the author of the passage.

APPENDIX G.

ON VARIOUS SUSPECTED PASSAGES.

I accept the general contention of the Clarendon Press editors and of Mr. Fleay that this play has been rehandled, and in part at least, by Middleton. But I am very sceptical about some of the passages which they have condemned. Arguments which depend upon a

[1] See notes to act ii. scene 3.

sense of style are to a certain extent legitimate in criticism, but after all they are unverifiable; they can hardly be safely applied to single lines, and the conclusions derived from them should always be held as merely probable. I cannot think that these critics have always observed a decent caution in this respect. It is worth while to consider the passages in question under various heads.

i. *The Witch Scenes.*—The Clarendon Press editors reject i. 3. 1–37; iii. 5; and iv. 1. 39–47, 125–132. Mr. Fleay adds i. 1; iv. 1. 71–2, 79–81, 89–92, 92–103, and as a corollary, iii. 4. 130–144. These have been already discussed in Appendix E.

ii. *The Porter Scene.*—The Clarendon Press editors reject ii. 3. 1–46. Mr. Fleay does not. This has been already discussed in Appendix F.

iii. *The Sergeant Scene.*—The Clarendon Press editors reject i. 2, and say: "Making all allowance for corruption of text, the slovenly metre is not like Shakespeare's work, even when he is most careless. The bombastic phraseology of the sergeant is not like Shakespeare's language even when he is most bombastic. What is said of the thane of Cawdor, lines 52, 53, is inconsistent with what follows in scene 3, lines 72, 73, and 112 sqq. We may add that Shakespeare's good sense would hardly have tolerated the absurdity of sending a severely wounded soldier to carry the news of victory."

The only serious points here seem to be (*a*) the 'slovenly metre' and (*b*) the 'inconsistencies'. (*a*) Lines 3, 5, 7, 34, 37, 41, 45, 64, 66 may be explained as instances of ordinary metrical irregularities, though it must be admitted they come rather thick and fast in this scene (cf. notes *ad loc.* and Essay on Metre, § 5 (iii)). But some of them may also be due to the shortening of the scene for stage purposes, and to this also I should attribute lines 20 and 51 (cf. Introduction, p. 8).

(*b*) This is a real difficulty and I cannot entirely explain it. But Macbeth, on the field of battle, may not have known, as Ross did, of Cawdor's treachery. So that the only absolute inconsistency is between Angus' speech, lines 109–116, and the general drift of sc. 2. And even here I think the confusion is more likely to be due to compression than to interpolation. For instance—in sc. 2, lines 62–66 may have replaced a much longer passage, in which Cawdor 'confessed' his treason, and was condemned. Angus may have entered at the close of that, and have been sent with Ross to Macbeth, without knowing exactly what Cawdor's crime was. I have seen an absurd book[1] by a Canadian schoolmaster, in which an attempt is made to show that Cawdor was innocent, and that Ross was a creature of Macbeth's, who had slandered Cawdor to Duncan, and then fooled Angus with a false version of the matter!

iv. *Rhyme-tags.*—The Clarendon Press editors reject ii. 1. 61. Mr. Fleay adds i. 4. 48–53; ii. 3. 127–8, 4. 37–8, 40–1; iv. 1. 153–4;

[1] *Some New Notes on Macbeth.* By M. F. Libby, B.A., English Master of the Jameson Ave Collegiate Institute, Toronto.

v. 1. 76–7, 2. 29–30, 3. 61–2, 4. 19–20, 6. 9–10. I have no doubt that rhymed closes to speeches and scenes were often introduced to please the actors, but may they not have been written by Shakespeare himself for that purpose? Moreover I cannot see why these particular tags should be taken away and others left. They are not all particularly feeble (*e.g.* i. 4. 48–53) or un-Shakespearian (*e.g.* v. 2. 152–4. cf. note), nor is Shakespeare quite incapable of writing a feeble line at times.

v. *Miscellaneous passages.*—The Clarendon Press editors reject—

(*a*) iv. 3. 140–159—the 'king's evil' scene. These lines, they say, "were probably interpolated previous to a representation at Court". The judgment seems to me perfectly arbitrary, and it is very likely that the play was originally written for a 'representation at Court'. (Cf. Introduction, p. 10.)

(*b*) v. 2, about which they "have doubts". But the scene is wanted as a pendant to sc. 3, and to show the feeling of Scotland towards Macbeth. The language is exceedingly Shakespearian.

(*c*) v. 5. 47–50, which they call "singularly weak" and "an unskilful imitation of other passages". The line "I 'gin to be aweary of the sun" does not strike me as at all "singularly weak".

(*d*) v. 8. 32–3—

> 'Before my body
> I throw my warlike shield'.

They think that these words are also 'interpolated'. But surely no critic can seriously persuade himself that he has a sense of style delicate enough to determine whether they are Shakespeare's or not.

(*e*) v. 8. 35–75—the relation of young Siward's death and crowning of Malcolm. Here they say, "The double stage direction. '*Exeunt fighting*'—'*Enter fighting, and Macbeth slaine*', proves that some alteration had been made in the conclusion of the piece. Shakespeare, who has inspired his audience with pity for Lady Macbeth, and made them feel that her guilt has been almost absolved by the terrible retribution which followed, would not have disturbed this feeling by calling her a 'fiend-like queen'; nor would he have drawn away the veil which with his fine tact he had dropt over her fate, by telling us that she had taken off her life 'by self and violent hands'."

Here I need only note that the double stage-direction only points to some rearrangement of the fighting-scenes which immediately precede, a thing very likely in view of stage-requirements; that *a priori* arguments as to what Shakespeare would have or would not have done are very untrustworthy; that, to me at least, there seems to be a final touch of irony in the contrast between Lady Macbeth as Malcolm thought of her, and Lady Macbeth as we know her; that the Siward episode follows naturally on sc. 7; and that the way of winding up the play is very like that adopted also in *Hamlet*.

On the whole I think that the Clarendon Press editors were well advised in their determination to eschew 'signpost' (*i.e.* 'æsthetic')

criticism, and devote themselves to the linguistic and grammatical illustration of Shakespeare's plays.

(*f*) Mr. Fleay adds iii. 4. 130–144, partly because it interferes with his theory of the two sets of witches, partly because of 'poverty of thought', a 'long tag', and 'marks of inferior work'. I fancy that no one who does not hold Mr. Fleay's peculiar witch-theory will share his objections to this passage. I should perhaps add that I believe Mr. Fleay has modified his published views on *Macbeth*.

ESSAY ON METRE.[1]

§ 1. Metre as an indication of Date.

English blank verse did not come into use till the sixteenth century: and at the commencement of its career, the rules which regulated its employment were strict. It was only when the instrument was becoming familiar that experiments could be ventured upon, and variations and modifications freely introduced. The changes in the structure of blank verse between the time when Shakespeare commenced writing and the time of his retirement are great; and the variations in this respect are among the most important indications of the date of any given play. That is to say, broadly speaking, the less strictly regular the metre, the later the play.

In the same way, a gradually increasing disregard of other kindred conventions marks the later plays as compared with the earlier. A good deal of rhyme survives in the dialogue in the earlier plays; later it is only to be found occasionally at the close of a scene or a speech to round it off—probably a concession to stage tradition analogous to the similar use of 'gnomae' in Greek plays, and of a 'sentiment' in modern melodrama. The first use of prose is only for purposes of comedy; later, it is used with comparative freedom (as in *Hamlet*) in passages of a very different type, though the introduction of verse in a prose scene always marks a rise to a higher emotional plane.

In the present play, the general characteristics of the metre appear to be those of Shakespeare's middle period; but there are an unusual number of irregularities, some of which may be due to the imperfect condition in which the text has reached us. Rhymed decasyllables at the close of a scene or a speech are frequent. Prose is used for emotional relief in ii. 3 and iv. 2; for a letter in i. 5, and for the sleep-walking scene in v. 1. The witch-passages are in short rhyming measures, mainly 'trochaic' in Shakespeare's part, 'iambic' in Middleton's.

§ 2. Form of Blank Verse.

Our study of versification is commonly restricted to that of Latin and Greek. When we examine English verse-structure, a distinction at once appears. In the classical verse the governing element is quantity; in English it is *stress*. And inasmuch as stress is much less definite than quantity, the rules of English verse cannot be given with the same precision as those of Latin and Greek. But we may begin with certain explanations as to what stress is *not*. A 'stressed' syllable is not the same as a long syllable; nor is stress the same as *sense*-emphasis. Any strong or prolonged dwelling of the voice on

[1] This outline of Shakespeare's Prosody is adapted, by the kind permission of Mr. A. D. Innes, from the one written by him for his edition of *Julius Cæsar*, in this series.

a syllable, for whatever reason, is stress. So, while a syllable must be either long or short, there are many shades of gradation between the unstressed and the strongly stressed. And as in Greek tragic verse a long syllable may, in certain positions, take the place of a short one, so a moderately stressed syllable may often in English take the place of an unstressed one.

To start with, then,—to get at the basis of our metre—we will take no account of weak stress, but treat of all syllables as if they must either have no stress or a strong stress; and throughout, the word stress, when used without a qualifying adjective, will mean strong stress. The acute accent (′) will be used to mark a stress, the grave (̀) to mark a weak stress, the ˘ to mark a syllable sounded but not stressed.

The primary form of the Shakespearian line is—five feet, each of two syllables; each foot carrying one stress, on the second syllable; with a sense pause at the end of the line.

Aroint′ | thee, witch′! | the rump′ | fed ron′ | yon cries′ (i. 3. 6).
Though bla′ | ded corn′ | be lodged′ | and trees′ | blown down′ (iv. 1. 55).

§ 3. Normal Variations.

But if there were no variations on this, the effect would be monotonous and mechanical after a very few lines.

(i) The first variation therefore is brought about by the stress in one or two of the feet being thrown on the first instead of the second syllable, which is known as an 'inverted' stress.

1st foot. Dou′bly | redou′ | bled strokes′ | upon′ | the foe′ (i. 2. 38).
2nd foot. Ay′ and | since′ too | mur′ders | have been′ | perform′d′ (iii. 1. 77).
3rd foot. His sil′ | ver skin′ | laced′ with | his gol′ | den | blood′ (ii. 3. 94).
4th foot. And fan′ | our peo′ | ple cold′. | Nor′way | himself′ (i. 2. 50).
5th foot. The great′ | doom's′ im | age′— | Mal′colm, | Ban′quo (ii. 3. 59).

In the following the stress is inverted in every foot—

Told′ by an | i′diot, | full′ of | sound′ and | fu′ry (v. 5. 27).

Cf. also iii. 1. 102. Observe that the stress is thus thrown back much more commonly in the first foot of the line than elsewhere: and that in the other cases the stressed syllable usually follows a pause.

(ii) Secondly, variety is introduced by the insertion of an extra unstressed syllable which is not extra-metrical, analogous to the use of an anapaest instead of an iambus.

1st foot. Whăt ă haste′ | looks through′ | his eyes′! | So should′ | he′ look (i. 2. 46).
2nd foot. Thoughts spe′ | cŭlătive′ | their un′ | sure hopes′ | relate′ (v. 4. 19).
3rd foot. The mul′ | titu′ | dĭnoŭs seas′ | incar′ | nadine′ (ii. 2. 62).
4th foot. I 'll be′ | myself′ | the har′ | bĭngĕr and′ | make joy′(ful) (i. 4. 45).
5th foot. Scarf′ up | the ten′ | der eye′ | of pi′ | tĭfŭl day′ (iii. 2. 47).

Sometimes two such feet occur in a single line.

That look' | not like' | thĕ ĭnha' | bitants' | ŏ' thĕ earth' (i. 3. 41).

As a general rule, however, such extra syllables are very slightly pronounced; not altogether omitted but slurred, as very often happens when two vowels come next each other, or are separated only by a liquid (see §6).

(iii) The converse of this is the (very rare) omission of an unstressed syllable. This is only found where the stress is very strong, or when the omission is really made up for by a pause.

In drops' | of sor'(row). | Sons'—, | kins'men | thanes'— (i. 4. 35).
The great' | doom's' im | age'— | Mal'colm | Ban'quo (ii. 3. 59).

(iv) Extra-metrical unstressed syllables are added after a pause, sometimes after the second foot, rarely after the third.

More frequently an extra-metrical syllable comes at the end of a line, and this is common in this play. It is only in quite early plays that it is at all unusual, only in the later ones that it is the normal rhythm.

The thane' | of Caw'(dor) | began' | a dis' | mal con'(flict) (i. 2. 53).
It is' | a ban' | quet' to (me). | Let's' af | ter him' (i. 4. 56).
To plague' | thĕ ĭnvent'(or), | this e' | ven-hand' | ed just'(ice) (i. 7. 10).

By an extension of this practice we sometimes have two such extra-metrical syllables.

And take' | my milk' | for gall' | you mur' | dĕrĭng min'(isters) (i. 6. 46).

The increasing frequency of extra-metrical syllables is a useful approximate guide to the date of a play. But they are never so frequent in Shakespeare as in some of the younger dramatists.

(v) The variation which perhaps most of all characterizes the later plays is the disappearance of the sense-pause at the end of the line. At first, a clause running over from one line to the next is very rare: in the last plays, it is extremely common. (The presence of a sense-pause is not necessarily marked by a stop; it is sufficient for the purpose that the last word should be dwelt on; the pause may be merely rhetorical, not grammatical.) The proportion of overflow to end-stopped lines in *Macbeth* is considerable.

§4. Weak Stresses.

The basis of scansion being thus settled, we may observe how the rules are modified by weak or intermediate stresses, which are in fact the chief protection against monotony.

(i) Lines in which there are not five strong stresses are very plentiful; *e.g.*

Put ran' | cours in' | the ves' | sel of' | my peace' (iii. 1. 66).

In the fifth foot particularly, the stress is very often extremely slight.

(ii) On the other hand, lines in which there are two stressed syllables in one foot are common.

That' I | may tell' | pale' heart' | ed fear' | it lies' (iv. 1. 84).
Balm' of | hurt' minds', | great' na' | ture's se' | cond course' (ii. 2. 39).

A foot with a double stress is nearly always preceded by a pause, or by a foot with a very weak stress only.

(iii) It will be observed that there are never fewer than three strong stresses, and that any foot in which there is no strong stress must at any rate have one syllable with a weak stress, and that very often such a foot has two weak stresses; preventing the feeling that the line is altogether too light. Thus a syllable which is quite unemphatic acquires a certain stress merely by length, as in some of the above cases. And, speaking broadly, a very strong stress in one foot compensates for a weak stress in the neighbouring foot.

§ 5. Irregularities.

(i) Occasionally lines occur with an extra foot; *i.e.* an additional stress after the normal ten syllables.

Which he' | deserves' | to lose'. | Whe'ther | he was' | combined' (i. 3. 111).

And sometimes there is even an extra syllable added (§ 3 (iv)).

But let' | the frame' | of things' | disjoint', | both' the | worlds' suf'(fer) (iii. 2. 16).

But this does not often occur in the course of a speech, and when it does there is usually a break in the middle of the line. It is, however, decidedly common in broken dialogue.

Ban. The air | is del | icate
Dun. See, see, | our hon | oured host(ess) (i. 6. 10).

And this is probably often to be explained by the second speaker breaking in on the first, so that one or two syllables are pronounced simultaneously.

(ii) Lines are found, not very frequently, with only four stresses;

Tŏ thĕ self' | same' tune' | and words'. | Who's here'? (i. 3. 88).

(iii) Short incomplete lines of various lengths are also found, especially in broken, hurried, or excited dialogue, and at the beginning or end of a speech. They are especially common in this play. Sometimes the gap may be filled up by appropriate action, or a dramatic pause (*e.g.* i. 2. 41; ii. 1. 41); but in many cases they are probably due to some mutilation of the text. See, *e.g.* i. 2. 20, 51; ii. 3. 85; iii. 2. 32, 51.

(iv) Interjections and proper names (especially vocatives), even short questions or commands, are frequently extra-metrical.

Was' not | that no' | bly done'? (Ay) | and wise' | ly too' (iii. 6. 14).
How goes the night, boy? (ii. 1. 1).

Cf. ii. 1. 10; ii. 2. 18; ii. 3. 23, etc.

In nearly every instance observe that the unusual stress comes either after a pause, whether at the beginning of a line or in the middle; or at the end of a line in which there is a break.

§ 6. Apparent Irregularities.

(i) Difficulties occasionally arise from the fact that words in Shakespeare's day were sometimes accented in a different way from that of the present day, and sometimes even bear a different accent in different places in Shakespeare's own writing. Thus, we say 'por'tent', Shakespeare always 'portent''. On the other hand, we say 'complete'', Shakespeare has sometimes 'complete'' sometimes 'com'plete'. In effect we must often be guided by the verse in deciding on which syllable of a word the accent should fall, because custom had not yet finally decided in favour of a particular syllable. Speaking broadly, the tendency of the modern pronunciation is to throw the accent far back.

(ii) Similarly, when two vowels come together (as in words ending with *-ion*, *-ius*, *-ious*, and the like) we are in the habit of slurring the first, and sometimes of blending it with the preceding consonant; so that we pronounce 'ambit-i-on' 'ambishon'. In Shakespeare the vowel in such cases is sometimes slurred and sometimes not, in the same word in different places; usually the former in the middle of a line, often the latter at the end. In such cases we must be guided simply by ear in deciding whether the vowel is slurred or sounded distinctly. And we have to decide in exactly the same way when we are to sound or not sound the terminal *-ed* of the past participle.

Thus,

Which smoked | with blood | y ex | ecu | tiōn (i. 2. 18).

But,

Is ex | ecu | tio͡n done | on Caw | dor? Are (not) (i. 4. 1).

(iii) So again in particular words, a vowel seems to be sometimes mute, sometimes sounded. Thus in *general* (i. 2. 62), *interest* (i. 2. 69) the *e* is mute.

So too,

My young | remem | brance can | not par | allel (ii. 3. 43).

But,

Let your | remem | b[e]rance | apply | to Ban(quo) (iii. 2. 30).

(iv) In a large number of words where a liquid (*l*, *m*, *n*, and especially *r*) comes next to another consonant an indefinite vowel sound is sometimes introduced between the two letters (just as now in many places one may hear the word 'helm' pronounced 'hellum'), which may be treated as forming a syllable, and sometimes the vowel is actually inserted, as in *thorough* = 'through'.

A somewhat exceptional instance (with *p*) is

Our cap | [i] tains | Macbeth | and Ban | quo? Yes (i. 2. 34).

(v) Conversely, a light vowel sound coming next a liquid is often sounded lightly and in effect dropped; so that such words as *spirit*, *peril*, *quarrel*, are practically monosyllables. (Hence such a form as '*parlous*' = '*perilous*').

Be like | our warrant | ed quarrel. | Why are | you sil(ent) (iii. 4. 137).

(vi) *th* and *v* between two vowels are often almost or entirely dropped and the two syllables run into one: as in the words 'whether', 'whither', 'other', 'either', 'ever', 'never', 'even', 'over'. 'Heaven' generally, 'evil', 'devil' sometimes, are treated as monosyllables.

Vowels separated by a *w* or an *h* are habitually slurred and pronounced practically as one syllable.

(vii) 'Fire' and similar words which in common pronunciation are dissyllables ('fi-er,' &c.) are commonly but not always scanned as monosyllables.

(viii) Other ordinary contractions, such as 'we 'll' for 'we will', *th'* for *the* before a vowel, &c., though not shown in the spelling, are frequent.

(ix) Glamis, Hecate, Dunsinane.

Glamis would scan best as a monosyllable in i. 3. 116; it might be either a monosyllable or a dissyllable in i. 3. 48, 71; i. 5. 20; elsewhere it must be a dissyllable.

Hecate is almost invariably a dissyllable in Shakespeare, contrary to classical usage.

Dunsinane is accented *Duns'inane* in iv. 1. 92; elsewhere *Dunsina'ne.*

§ 7. Difficult Lines.

(i) Her hus | band's to | Alep | po gone, | master o' | the Ti(ger). i. 3. 7.

This would bring the line under § 5 (i). I know no other instance of a line with seven stresses.

(ii) The cur | tained' | sleep. Witch | craft cel | ebrates. ii. 1. 51.

But more likely the text is wrong, and we should have—

The cur | tain'd sleep. | Now witch | craft cel | ebrates.

(iii) And be' | times' I | will to' | the weird' | sis'ters. iii. 4. 133.

All the stresses fall very awkwardly here.

§ 8. General Hints.

(i) Often there are many possible ways of scanning a particular line, and the one adopted must depend on the individual taste of the reader. Thus he can frequently choose between § 3 (ii) and § 6 (v).

(ii) Irregularities are most common,

(*a*) In passages of emotional excitement; *e.g.* act ii. sc. 2.
(*b*) Before or after pauses.
(*c*) Where proper names are introduced.

GLOSSARY.

a-, a-making (iii. 4. 34), a degenerate preposition—'at', 'on', 'of', 'in', prefixed to nouns and to adjectives and participles used as nouns. Cf. *Hamlet*, ii. 1. 58, "There [he] was *a*-gaming", with *Hamlet*, iii. 3. 91, "When he is drunk, *a*-sleep, or in his rage | *at* gaming".

a-, a-weary (v. 5. 49), a degenerate form of the A. S. intensive *of*. So too **an** in *Coriolanus*, i. 1. 209, "They were an hungry", and *S. Matthew*, xxv. 44, "an-hungred".

admire (iii. 4. 110), wonder at; in the sense of the Latin *admirari*. The more modern sense is also found; cf. *Tempest*, "Admired Miranda | Indeed the top of admiration".

affection (iv. 3. 77), nature.

affeered (iv. 3. 34), confirmed. O. F. *afeurer*, L. L. *adforare*, to fix a price (*forum*, a market).

alarm (v. 2. 4), contest. Ital. *all' arme*, to arms! Originally it meant 'a call to arms', then 'a sudden attack', and, lastly, 'broil, disturbance', in a more general sense. *alarum* is really the same word.

an (iii. 6. 19), = *and*, in the special sense of 'if'. Abbott (*Sh. Gr.* § 102) supposes the conditional force to lie in the verb introduced by *and*, but it is more likely that *and* itself was conditional, either as derived from the Norse *enda* (Skeat), or through an ellipse (Murray). Thus *And you will* may = 'And I hope that you will it'. The form *an* was rarely used in Shakespeare's time. Except, as here, in 'an't', it occurs only once in F1; but modern editors have appropriated it to the conditional sense of the word. *And* or *An* is often strengthened by the addition of *if*.

anon (i. 1. 10; ii. 3. 22), immediately; A. S. *on án*, lit. 'in one (moment)'.

antic (iv. 1. 130), fantastic; derived by Murray from Ital. *antico*, a cavern adorned with grotesques; but it may also be 'old', and therefore 'quaint'; cf. *Hamlet*, v. 2. 352, "an antic Roman", with *Hamlet*, i. 5. 172, "I'll put an antic disposition on".

approve (i. 6. 4), prove.

aroint (i. 3. 6), in the phrase "Aroint thee" (cf. *Lear*, iii. 4. 129), 'begone'. Skeat explains this as a corruption of prov. E. (Cheshire) *rynt thee*, *i.e.* 'get out of the way'; the Icel. *rýma*, 'make room, clear the way', connected with E. *room*. More fanciful derivations may be found in Furness's 'Variorum' *Macbeth*.

assay (iv. 3. 143), attempt.

audit (i. 6. 27), account; Lat. *audire*, to hear.

augure (iii. 4. 124). Either 'augury' or 'augur'; it was evidently used in both senses. The Clarendon Press editors state that Shakespeare always uses *augurer* for 'augur'; but cf. *Sonnet* cvii. "The sad augurs mock their own presage".

avaunt (iii. 4. 93), begone; Fr. *en avant*, forward.

avouch (iii. 1. 120; v. 5. 47), assert.

baby (iii. 4. 106), (1) infant, (2) doll. This latter use is not found elsewhere in Shakespeare, but it occurs in Jonson and Sidney; and Florio (*Ital. Dict.*) translates "*Pupa*: a baby or puppet like a girle".

badge, vb. (ii. 3. 107), mark, as with a badge.

battle (v. 6. 4), division of an army; cf. *3 Henry VI.* i. 1. 8; *Henry V.* iv. 3. 69; *Cæsar*, v. 1. 4; 3. 108.

beldame (iii. 5. 2), old woman; a term of contempt; Fr. *belle dame*, used ironically.

benison (ii. 4. 40), blessing; Lat. *benedictio*.

betimes (iii. 4. 133), early. *Be* is a form of *by*; when used as a prefix, it intensifies, or in some similar way modifies the sense of the word to which it is attached. Thus *betimes* is '*in good* time'.

bladed (iv. 1. 55), in the green ear; cf. note *ad loc.*

boltered (iv. 1. 123), clotted, matted; a Warwickshire phrase, lit. 'swollen', 'round', 'lumpy', from the same root as *ball*. Cf. the phrase "their bolstered hair" in *Arden of Feversham*.

bonfire (ii. 3. 22); lit. 'a bone-fire'; the Lat. *pyrus* or *roga*.

borne (iii. 6. 3, 17), carried on; cf. *Cæsar*, ii. 1. 226, "Bear it as our Roman actors do".

bosom, adj. (i. 2. 64), dear, intimate; cf. *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 4. 17, "the bosom lover of my lord".

botch (iii. 1. 134), patch; of unskilful work; so the vb. in *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3. 285, "'T is not well mended so, it is but botched".

brinded (iv. 1. 1), streaked; lit. 'branded, marked with a flame', from Scand. *brandr*, flame. The more modern form, *brindled*, does not occur in Shakespeare.

bruited (v. 7. 22), noised abroad.

censure (v. iv. 14), opinion.

chaudron (iv. 1. 33), entrails.

chuck (iii. 2. 45), chicken; a common term of endearment.

clear (i. 7. 18; ii. 1. 28), innocent.

clepe (iii. 1. 94), call, name; A. S. *cleopian*. The word, so common in Chaucer, is rare in Elizabethan English. Shakespeare uses it again in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 1. 24; *Hamlet*, i. 4. 19; *Venus and Adonis*, 995.

cling (v. 5. 40), shrivel up, wither; A. S. *clingan*. The word is found in the dialects of N. and E. English; it is generally used intransitively.

close (iii. 5. 6), secret.

coign (i. 6. 7), corner; Fr. *coing*, Lat. *cuneus*, lit. 'wedge'. *Coin* is from the same word, because coins were stamped with wedges (Skeat).

commends (i. 7. 11), delivers.

composition (i. 2. 59), terms; *Compound* is similarly used; cf. *Taming of the Shrew*, i. 2. 27, "compound this quarrel".

compt (i. 6. 26), account. *In compt* is 'subject to account'.

convince (i. 7. 64; iv. 3. 142), overcome, vanquish; in the radical, but not the classical sense of the Latin *convincere*.

cribbed (iii. 4. 24), confined; *crib* is (1) 'manger', (2) 'hovel', cf. *2 Henry IV.* iii. 1. 9, "Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs". So *cribbed* is synonymous with *cabined*.

dear (v. 2. 3) is used of anything that touches deeply, even if it yields pain rather than pleasure; cf. *Richard II.* i. 3. 151, "my dear exile"; *King John*, i. 1. 257, "my dear offence"; *Hamlet*, i. 2. 182, "my dearest foe".

demi-wolf (iii. 1. 93), a mongrel bred between a dog and a wolf.

drab (iv. 1. 31), harlot.

dudgeon (ii. 1. 46), hilt; "*dudgeon-hafted* means that the haft was curiously worked or ornamented; *dudgin* means covered with waving marks. Etym. unknown" (Skeat).

ecstasy (iii. 2. 22; iv. 3. 170), any abnormal state, whether of rapture, excitement, trance or madness; lit. 'a being beside oneself'; from O. F. *ecstase*, L. L. *ecstasis*, Gk. ἔκστασις (ἐκ, out; στάσις, standing).

egg (iv. 2. 83), a taunt used to a boy, as being immature. So in *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 1. 41, Patroclus is called "finch-egg"; and Moth in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 1. 77, "thou pigeon-egg of discretion".

epicure (v. 3. 8), lover of luxury, glutton; cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 7. 58, and the similar use of *epicurism* in *Lear*, i. 4. 265.

faculty (i. 7. 17), power, prerogative. The nearest approach to this sense is *Henry VIII.* i. 2. 73, "ignorant tongues, which neither know | My faculties nor person"; but here *faculties* may mean 'qualities'.

fantastical (i. 3. 53), imaginary: so *fantastic* in *Richard II.* i. 3. 299, "In thinking on fantastic summer's heat".

farrow (iv. 1. 65), litter of pigs; A. S. *fearh*, connected with Lat. *porcus*, Eng. *pork*.

favour (i. 5. 73), countenance.

fee-grief (iv. 3. 196), a peculiar private grief. Land held 'in fee' is practically land held as private property, for ever. So in *Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 2. 53, "a kiss in fee-farm" is a kiss of long duration. A. S. *feoh*, cattle, property, connected with Lat. *pecus*, *pecunia*.

fell, adj. (iv. 2. 71), savage, cruel.

fell, subst. (v. 5. 11), scalp, skin, the Lat. *pellis*.

file (iii. 1. 95, 102; v. 2. 8), list.

flaw (iii. 4. 63), sudden disturbance; cf. *Measure for Measure*, ii. 3. 11, "the flaws of her own youth". Lit. 'a gust of wind'; Dyce quotes from Smith's *Sea Grammar* (1627), "A flaw of wind is a gust, which is very violent upon a sudden, but quickly endeth". So 'the winter's flaw' in *Hamlet*, v. 1. 239.

foison (iv. 3. 88), rich harvest; O. F. *foison*, Lat. *fusio*, pouring-out, profusion.

gallow-glass (i. 2. 13), a heavy-armed Irish soldier. Furness quotes Coke *On Justinian*, 4 Inst. 358, "*Gallowglasses*, equites triarii, qui securibus utuntur acutissimis". Cf. *2 Henry VI.* iv. 9. 25—

"a puissant and a mighty power
Of gallowglasses and stout Irish kerns".

germen (iv. 1. 59), seed; cf. *Lear*, iii. 2. 8, "Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once | That make ingrateful man".

goodness (iv. 3. 136), success; cf. *Measure for Measure*, iii. 2. 228, "Bliss and goodness on you". *Good* is often so used.

gouts (ii. 1. 46), drops; Fr. *goutte*, Lat. *gutta*.

graymalkin (i. 1. 8), the name of a cat; cf. iv. 1. 1, "the brinded cat". *Malkin* is a diminutive of *Mary*. It is used for a servant-girl in *Coriolanus*, ii. 1. 224; *Pericles*, iv. 3. 34. The Clarendon Press editors say that *maukin* is used for a hare in Scotland.

gulf (iv. 1. 23), stomach; cf. *Coriolanus*, i. 1. 107, where the belly is accused "that only like a gulf it did remain | I' the midst o' the body". The word is connected with the vb. *to gulp*.

harbinger (i. 4. 45; v. 6. 10), forerunner; M. E. *herbergeour*, O. F. *herberg-er*, one who provided lodgings for a man of rank.

harness (v. 5. 52), armour.

harp (iv. 1. 74), touch, hit upon; as a harp is struck with the fingers.

hoodwink (iv. 3. 72), blindfold; probably a metaphor from falconry; hawks were 'hooded' when not in use.

housekeeper (iii. 1. 97), house-dog. The name occurs, amongst those of other species of dogs in Topsell's *History of Beasts* (1658).

hurly-burly (i. 1. 3), tumult; a reduplicated form of *hurly*; cf. *King John*, iii. 4. 169, "Methinks I see this hurly all on foot". 'Hurly' is from the Fr. *hurler*, and connected with the E. *howl*, and Lat. *ululare*. The root is onomatopeic in origin.

'ild (i. 6. 13), in the phrase "God 'ild you". Probably a corruption of 'God yield you', though Johnson took it for 'God shield you'. Hunter quotes *God yelde you* from Palsgrave's Fr. and Eng. Dict. The form *God dild you* occurs in *Sir John Oldcastle* (1600).

incarnadine (ii. 2. 62), redden. The word is used as an adj. by Carew, *Obsequies to the Lady Anne Hay*, "a fourth, incarnadine, thy rosy cheek"; and by Sylvester, of the phoenix—

"Her wings and train of feathers mixed fine
Of orient azure and incarnadine".

inhabit (iii. 4. 105), abide; often used intransitively.

intrenchant (v. 8. 10), indivisible; so *entrench*, 'divide', in *All's Well*, ii. 1. 45, "This very sword entrenched it".

jutty (i. 6. 6), projection; also used as a vb.; cf. *Henry V.* iii. 1. 13, "as doth a galled rock | O'erhang and jutty his confounded base".

kerns (i. 2. 13; v. 7. 17), light-armed Irish soldiers; from the Irish *ceatharnach*, soldier. The word is generally contemptuous; cf. *Richard II.* ii. 1. 156, "rough rug-headed kerns", and 2 *Henry VI.* iii. 1. 367, "a shag-haired, crafty kern". It is explained in Coke *On Justinian*, 4 Inst. 358, "*kernes* sunt pedites qui iaculis utuntur".

lapped (i. 2. 54), wrapped up, clad; cf. *Cymbeline*, v. 5. 360, "Lapped in a most curious mantle".

latch (iv. 3. 195), catch, seize; M. E. *lacchen*, A. S. *læccan*: so 'a latch' is the 'catch' or fastening of a door. The word is used, in slightly different senses, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 36, and *Sonnet* ciii.

lavish (i. 2. 57), unrestrained.

limbec (i. 7. 67), alembic, still; a term of Arabian alchemy, for the vessel in which chemicals were vaporized, from Arab. *al*, 'the,' and Gk. ἄμβιξ, 'cup, cap of a still'. *Limbec* is merely a corruption of *alembic*.

line (i. 3. 112), fill, supply; with food, as in *As You Like It*, ii. 7. 154, "with good capon lined"; or with money, as in *Cymbeline*, ii. 3. 72, "If I do line one of their hands" (so in the familiar gipsy phrase, 'Line it with silver, good lady', where there is no allusion to the 'lines' of palmistry); or as here with aid or strength: cf. *1 Henry IV.* ii. 3. 86; *Henry V.* ii. 4. 7, "to line and new repair our towns of war"; *King John*, ii. 352, "O, now doth Death line his deal chips with steel".

lodge (iv. 1. 55), beat down, lay. Cf. *Richard II.* iii. 3. 162, "Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer's corn".

loon (v. 3. 11), an expression of contempt. The word may be lit. 'slow, awkward' and be akin to

lame, or it may be a corruption of *loom*, the name of a diving-bird, and so be parallel to *booby, goose, gull, owl.* (Skeat.)

luxurious (iv. 3. 58), lustful.

magot pie (iii. 4. 125), magpie. *Mag* or *Magot* is for the Fr. *Margot, Marguerite*; *pie*, Fr. *pie*, is the Lat. *pica*, magpie.

martlet (i. 6. 4), martin; M. E. *martnet*, corruption of *martinet*, dim. of Fr. *martin*. *Martlet* is the usual heraldic term for the bird. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 9. 28—

"like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall".

mate (v. 1. 86), subdue, confound, a term of chess, originally derived from the Arabic; thus *checkmate* is *shâh mât*, 'the king is dead'. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 509, "Her more than haste is mated with delays"; *Comedy of Errors*, v. 281, "I think you are all mated or stark mad".

maw (iv. 1. 23), stomach.

metaphysical (i. 5. 30), supernatural. The word does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, and *metaphysics* in *Taming of the Shrew*, i. 1. 37, is 'philosophy', in Aristotle's sense of the word. But cf. *The Puritan*, ii. 1, "metaphysically and by a supernatural intelligence". And Marlowe, *Dr. Faustus*, i. 1. 47—

"These metaphysics of magicians
And necromantic books are heavenly".

mettle (i. 7. 73), substance, temper; another form of *metal*: no distinction is made between the two words in old editions, either in spelling or in use. (Schmidt.)

minion (i. 2. 19; ii. 4. 15), favourite; Fr. *mignon*, dainty, pleasing.

modern (iv. 3. 170), commonplace, trite; cf. *As You Like It*, ii. 7. 156, "wise saws and modern instances". The word seems to have a sense akin to that of *moderate, i.e.* 'keeping within measure'. The present sense of it is rather 'modish', 'in the mode, or fashion'.

monkey (iv. 2. 58), a term of endearment for a child. The nearest parallel is *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 1. 16, where Mercutio says of Romeo, "The ape is dead and I must conjure him". In *The Tempest*, iii. 2. 52, *monkey* is a term of reproach, used by Caliban to Ariel.

mortal (iii. 4. 81; iv. 3. 3), death-dealing.

nave (i. 2. 22), navel.

nice (iv. 3. 174), elaborate.

nonpareil (iii. 4. 19), one who has no equal; Fr. *non*, not; *pareil*, equal.

note: (1) (iii. 2. 44; v. 7. 21), distinction; (2) (iii. 3. 10), list, memorandum.

notion (iii. 1. 83), mind; cf. *Lear*, i. 4. 248, "His notion weakens, his discernings are lethargied".

owe: (1) (v. 4. 18), owe as a debt; (2) (i. 4. 10; v. 4. 18), a shorter form of *own* (*ow-e-n*).

paddock (i. 1. 9), toad; so in *Hamlet*, iii. 4. 190. The word is also used in various parts of England for a frog.

pall (i. 5. 49), wrap up.

palter (v. 8. 20), equivocate.

patch (v. 3. 15), fool; so called from the motley dress of the professional fool: cf. *The Tempest*, iii. 2. 71, "What a pied ninny's this! thou scurvy patch"; and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iv. 1. 237, "Man is but a patched fool". Others derive it from Ital. *pazzo*, connected with Lat. *fatuus*, foolish. Mr. Skeat derives the *pajock* of *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 295, from *patch*.

peak (i. 3. 23), grow thin.

pester (v. 2. 23), annoy.

point (iv. 3. 135), summit of perfection, in the phrase *at a point*, *i.e.* perfectly ready.

posset (ii. 2. 6), a hot thick drink, generally made of curdled milk; the phrase 'eat a posset' occurs in *Merry Wives*, v. 5. 180.

poster (i. 3. 33), speedy traveller; *post* is the common form; lit. one who takes relays of horses at every post.

power (v. 2. 1; 6. 7), armed force.

present (i. 2. 64), immediate.

profound (iii. 5. 24), either 'deep, heavy', or 'full of occult properties'; cf. *As You Like It*, v. 2. 67, "a magician most profound in his art, and yet not damnable".

proof (i. 2. 54), armour that has been proved or tested; cf. *Richard III.* v. 3. 218, "Ten thousand soldiers armed in proof". So *proof* comes to mean merely 'strength': cf. *Richard II.* i. 3. 73, "Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers"; *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 512, "Mars' armour, forged for proof eterne".

proper (iii. 4. 60), an ironical epithet; cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 311, "Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying!"

purveyor (i. 6. 22), a man sent before to prepare lodging and provision.

push (v. 3. 20), attack; cf. *Julius Cæsar*, v. 2. 5, "Sudden push gives them the overthrow"; *1 Henry IV.* iii. 2. 66, "Stand the push | of every beardless vain comparative".

quarry (iv. 3. 206, cf. i. 2. 14, note), a heap of dead game; Fr. *curée*, the entrails given to the hounds; a technical term of sport.

quell (i. 7. 72), victory.

ravel (ii. 2. 37), loosen; woven or twisted things are said to 'ravel' when the strands part; cf. *Richard II.* iv. 1. 288, "Must I ravel out | my weaved up follies?"

ravin (ii. 4. 28), devour greedily; Fr. *ravine*, plunder, Lat. *rapina*. So the adj. **ravined** (iv. 1. 24), ravenous.

repeat (iv. 3. 112), tell.

ronyon (i. 3. 6), a term of abuse; lit. 'scabby, mangy', the Fr. *rogneux*; cf. *Merry Wives*, iv. 2. 195, "You baggage, you polecat, you ronyon". An adj. formed from the word occurs in *As You Like It*, ii. 2. 8, "the roynish clown".

rooky (iii. 2. 51), murky, foggy; connected with *reek* and the Scotch *reuk*, 'smoke'. It might also perhaps be interpreted 'full of rooks'.

rub (iii. 1. 134), roughness; lit. an inequality in the ground, on a bowling-green; cf. *Hamlet*, iii. 1. 65, "To sleep, perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub"; and for the literal sense, *Richard II.* iii. 4. 4—

> "'T will make me think the world
> is full of rubs,
> And that my fortune runs against
> the bias".

sag (v. 3. 10), sink down; from weakness, or an overload.

saucy: (1) (iii. 4. 25), unbounded; (2) (iii. 5. 3), impudent; lit. 'pungent', from Lat. *salsus*, salt.

scotch (iii. 2. 13), cut, notch; as with a whip. The vb. *scutch* is 'to dress flax, by beating it slightly'; cf. *Coriolanus*, iv. 5. 198, "He scotched him and notched him like a carbonado" (meat cut across for broiling). So the noun in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 7. 10, "I have yet room for six scotches (wounds) more".

seeling (iii. 2. 46), blinding: a term of falconry; Fr. *siller* or *ciller*, Lat. *cilium*, eyelid. Hawks were tamed by sewing up their eyes till they were tractable.

self, originally an adj. = 'same' (connected with Germ. *selbe*). The word was added to the oblique cases of pronouns to identify the object with the subject. Thus 'He killed himself' = 'He killed him' (the *same* him). Shakespeare uses the word practically as an adjective, denoting all shades of reference to the subject. Thus *self-comparisons* (i. 2. 55), 'comparisons between himself and his enemy'; '*Self and strange abuse*' (iii. 4. 142); 'abuse *of* self'; *Self and violent hands* (v. 8. 70), 'hands laid on self'. Cf. *Richard II.* iii. 2. 166, "Infusing him with self and vain conceit".

sennet (iii. 1. 11), a particular 'call' or set of notes on the trumpet. The word is not used in the text of Shakespeare; it is also spelt *Senet*, *Synnet*, *Cynet*, *Signet*, *Signate*.

sere (v. 3. 23), dry.

sewer (i. 7. 1), an officer who serves at table. According to some, from Fr. *asseour*, 'placer' (Steevens), or *essayeur*, 'taster' (Clarendon Press); according to others from M.E. *sewen*, 'set meat', *sew*, 'boiled meat' (Skeat). Holinshed uses the verb 'to sew'.

shag-haired (iv. 2. 83), shaggy, rough-haired, coarse-haired. The word occurs again in *2 Henry VI.* iii. 1. 67.

shard-borne (iii. 2. 42), born on shards or scaly wing-cases. So in *Cymbeline*, iii. 3. 20, "the sharded beetle". *Shard* is (1) 'a wing-case', as in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 2. 20, "They are his shards and he their beetle"; (2) 'a fragment of pottery', as in *Hamlet*, v. 1. 254, "Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown upon her".

shough (iii. 1. 94), a species of dog; cf. Nash, *Lenten Stuff* (1599), "A trundle-tail, tyke, or shough or two".

sirrah (iii. 1. 45; iv. 2. 30), a term of contempt, said to be from Icel. *sira*; but in the 13th century it was in use as a variant of *sir*, from the Lat. *senior*. (Skeat.)

skirr (v. 3. 35), move rapidly, scour. Again in *Henry V.* iv. 7. 64.

slab (iv. 1. 32), thick.

sleave (ii. 2. 37), tangled, knotted silk, often called floss-silk: Scand. *sleif*, a knot of ribbon. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 1. 35, "Thou idle immaterial skein of sleave-silk".

sliver (iv. 1. 28), break off (of twigs); cf. *Lear*, iv. 2. 34, "She that herself will sliver and disbranch | from her material sap". *sliver* occurs as a subst. in *Hamlet*, iv. 7. 174, "The envious sliver broke".

solemn (iii. 1. 14), ceremonious.

sooth (v. 5. 40), truth.

state (iii. 4. 5) (1), a canopy; (2) as here, 'a canopied chair'; cf. *Coriolanus*, v. 4. 22, "He sits in his state as a thing made for Alexander".

still (iii. 1. 21; v. 8. 15), constantly.

sudden (iv. 3. 59), passionate; cf. *Othello*, ii. 1. 279, "He is rash and very sudden in choler".

surcease (i. 7. 4), stop, a euphemism for 'death'; so the vb. in *Lucrece*, 1766, "If they surcease to be that should survive".

swelter (iv. 1. 8), exude.

thane (i. 2. 45, &c.), lord; = *thegn*, a Saxon title of honour.

top (iv. 3. 57), surpass.

trains (iv. 3. 118), tricks. The vb. is frequently so used; *e.g.* in *Comedy of Errors*, iii. 2. 45, "Train me with thy note, to drown me".

trammel (i. 7. 3), either 'catch or 'clog'; *trammel* is both a net for small birds, and a strap or rope fastening a horse's legs together.

unrough (v. 2. 10), beardless.

use (i. 3. 137), habit.

utterance (iii. 1. 72), extremity; Fr. *outrance*. A combat *à l'outrance* was one which only ended with the death of one of the parties.

visard (iii. 2. 34), mask.

warranted (iv. 3. 137), justified.

wassail (i. 7. 64), revelry; A. S. *waes hael*, 'be of health'; cf. *Hamlet*, i. 4. 9, "takes his rouse, keeps wassail".

water-rugs (iii. 1. 94), rough-haired water-dogs. *Rug* is connected etymologically with *rough*.

weal (iii. 4. 76; v. 2. 27), state.

weird (i. 3. 32, &c.), connected with fate; A. S. *wyrd*, destiny, *weorðan*, become, happen.

worm (iii. 4. 29), serpent; especially one of small size; so in *Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 2. 242, an asp is called "the pretty worm of Nilus".

wrack (v. 5. 51), wreck; always so spelt in the Qq. and Ff.

yawning (iii. 2. 43), sleepy; cf. *Henry V.* i. 2. 204, "the lazy, yawning drone".

yesty (iv. 1. 53), frothy; so the noun *yest* in *Winter's Tale*, iii. 3. 94, "the ship ... anon swallowed with yest and froth".

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