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The college anthology

BETTER READING

Better Reading One: Factual Prose

Better Reading Two: Literature

The College Anthology

Revised Edition

Walter Blair
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Scott, Foresman and Company

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Introduction: The College Anthology

THE COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY is composed of the two volumes, *Better Reading 1: Factual Prose* and *Better Reading 2: Literature.* The first volume concentrates upon developing skills in reading explanatory and persuasive prose; the second volume is designed to develop the very different skills involved in reading imaginative literature.

Concerning Book One: Factual Prose

Different ways of reading

Since this is a free country and there are virtually no laws that regulate reading, all Americans (except students, naturally) read pretty much what they please in any way that suits them. They read different things and, at different times, read in different ways. And all ways undoubtedly have value.

Suppose you pick up a newspaper, a magazine, or a book for relaxation. Whether your fare is a comic book or a mystery story or a biography or an article about golf, you will find that you can rest your mind. For reading of this sort, there is one simple rule—"Relax." No instruction is needed for following this rule, since most of us either have a natural-born talent for following it or can develop a talent without any help.

Or suppose that you are in college, and you read assignments in textbooks in order that you may learn as much as you must of what your teachers require. Using books about geography, history, and other subjects, you will trust your memory, underline passages, or take notes. And if you are intelligent and retain enough facts, you will eventually collect course credit and a certain amount of knowledge. For such reading, the teachers of individual subjects, since they award the grades, are the rule-makers.

Suppose further that though you seek for information, you have escaped, temporarily or permanently, from the ministrations of teachers. You may, of course, bother with nothing in print except what is of interest to you and may follow no particular scheme. Eventually your information will grow until, probably, you are quite well informed about some subjects.

Gerald Stanley Lee makes a very convincing case for this kind of reading. "I am inclined to think," he writes, "that desultory reading is as good if not better for a

man than any other reading he can do, if he organizes it—has habitual principles and swift channels of thought to pour it into. I do not think it is at all unlikely, from such peeps as we common mortals get into minds of men of genius, that this desultory reading . . . has been the making of them. The intensely suggestive habit of thought, the prehensile power of a mind, the power of grasping wide-apart facts and impressions, of putting them into prompt handfuls, where anything can be done with them that one likes, could not possibly be cultivated to better advantage than by the practice of masterful and regular desultory reading."

For such reading, though, only such general rules as Lee suggests ("Organize it. Have habitual principles and swift channels of thought to pour it into.") have been prescribed. Since it is a highly individual procedure, random reading for information must follow an individual bent.

Dangers

Now these ways of reading, for their purposes, are admirable, and any one of them at one time or another will be profitable for any particular reader. You will readily think of many instances when such ways are completely satisfactory. But there is no blinking the fact that these various procedures have limitations and—at times—even dangers.

Take the "relaxing" technique. Undoubtedly, thousands of relaxed followers of Al Capp's comic strip, "Li'l Abner," have been too inattentive even in looking at the drawings to get all the humor from them that they might. One of the funny things about the strip is that it constantly pictures, in the guise of hillbilly citizens of Dogpatch, very eminent (and very different) citizens of the outside world. Thus one disreputable Dogpatch hillbilly is the spittin' image of a world-famous and dignified British statesman; another has the beauteous face and figure of a well-known movie star; another is pictured in the likeness of a famous crooner; still another has craggy features quite like those of a much-televised attorney. Again, those lacking both the background and the awareness to see that the strip at times parodies movies or best-selling novels, at times comments on current controversies, miss amusing comic elements.

Not only may relaxed and inattentive readers fail to appreciate fully even something so simple as comic strips; they may also, without knowing it, be led by their "reading" to acquire some political beliefs or prejudices. Even so unsophisticated a comic strip as Harold Gray's "Orphan Annie" has preached politics—in this instance of the conservative sort. A few years ago, at least one editor discontinued publishing Annie's adventures because, he said, he objected to "propaganda" being "smuggled into comic strips under the guise of entertainment." More recently, some newspapers omitted passages in the "Pogo" comic strip when it attacked a conservative senator. Most of us like to feel that we acquire our political attitudes, as well as other ways of thinking, by active thought rather than by sleepy reading.

Constantly, in addition to such prejudices, the relaxed reader is likely to garner misinformation. If you relaxed and read several years ago, say, a certain tobacco company's claim in numerous advertisements that "in recent laboratory 'smoking bowl' tests, Dash tobacco burned eighty-six degrees cooler than the average—cool-

est of all," you might easily have concluded that Dash tobacco *was* "eighty-six degrees cooler than" most other brands of pipe tobacco and that it *was* the "coolest of all" said tobaccos. The company that wrote the advertisement, however, specifically stated in a legal defense that the advertisement made no such claim. Careful reading would have shown that the advertisement did not indicate either the exact nature of the tests or the kinds or numbers of tobaccos used, and that it only claimed that Dash tobacco was eighty-six degrees cooler than the *average* tobacco tested.

Or take the "textbook" technique. Students ordinarily have to read textbooks, of course, to pass examinations; and often they have to be sweetly trustful in stowing away statements from the texts which they later dutifully reproduce on examinations. But if any student, by so reading and learning from textbooks, acquires the habit of swallowing without question anything he reads, he is a sad victim of this particular kind of reading, valuable and important though such reading may be.

Random reading, too, may have its dangers. Like the relaxed reader, the desultory reader may be too inattentive to details for his own good. Like the textbook reader, he may accept too many statements without question. And, of course, there is the danger that a random reader sometimes will take for granted that he has covered or mastered a subject when he has done nothing of the sort.

Finally, none of these kinds of readers, probably, will cultivate the sort of insight into the methods of good authors which prepares for his utilizing such methods when they may help his own writing. Since none of these readers is much concerned with effective techniques for expression, none consciously acquires them as he reads.

When careful reading is important

Sometimes such dangers may be unimportant. Your needs and the nature of what you are reading at given times may make it pointless to give attention to humorous nuances, propaganda, writing techniques, even some inaccuracies. On such occasions, an easy-going method of reading will, of course, be adequate.

But there will be many times when careful reading will be important for you. Take a few simple examples: If you are learning from a set of instructions how to lay a cement sidewalk—or how to bake a cake—you will need to learn precisely, and in the exact order, what the steps are in doing the job well. If you are reading the plea of a politician for your vote (provided you are eager to vote intelligently), you will need to know exactly what he says, and how sound his arguments are. If you are reading a legal contract preparatory to signing it, you will want to know in the minutest detail what its provisions are. If you are reading a scientific report, a book on philosophy, a historical document, an essay by an important author—in preparation for the writing of a term paper or a longer study—you will not be satisfied with anything less than a complete mastery of every detail.

Misreading a passage

The way of reading suggested by this book will, we hope, help you avoid some of the limitations and dangers of easy-going reading when it is particularly important

that you do so. To see how and why it may do this, consider the following short and rather simple passage, the way some will misread it, and what we suggest as a remedy. Here is the passage:

. . . A great deal of the impatience that underlies the growing despair in some quarters over the prospects for coping with world Communism by means short of large-scale violence seems to me to flow precisely from the illusion, no doubt bred by our nineteenth-century experience, that there could and should be such a thing as total military security for the United States, and that anything short of this is in the long run intolerable. And similarly, these frenzies many of us seem to have developed with respect to the problem of internal subversion—do they not reflect a belief that it should be possible for a great power to free itself completely from the entire problem of penetration and intrigue in its life by outside forces and, again, that it is intolerable that this should not be done, so intolerable, in fact, that if it *is not* done, this must be attributed to some stubborn delinquency, if not treason, in the bowels of our public establishment? . . .

There is something about this quest for absolute security that is self-defeating. It is an exercise which, like every form of perfectionism, undermines and destroys its own basic purpose. The French have their wonderful proverb: *Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien*—the absolute best is the enemy of the good. Nothing truer has ever been said. A foreign policy aimed at the achievement of total security is the one thing I can think of that is entirely capable of bringing this country to a point where it will have no security at all. And a ruthless, reckless insistence on attempting to stamp out everything that could conceivably constitute a reflection of improper foreign influence on our national life, regardless of the actual damage it is doing or the cost of eliminating it, in terms of other American values, is the one thing I can think of that could reduce us all to a point where the very independence we are seeking to defend would be meaningless, for we would be doing things to ourselves as vicious and tyrannical as any that might be brought to us from outside.—GEORGE F. KENNAN, "The Illusion of Security," *The Atlantic*, August 1954.

Easy-going readers can make a number of wild statements about even so clear a passage as this, and the sad experience of teachers indicates that they probably will. For example, readers might come up with the following misinterpretations: (1) "Mr. Kennan is saying that, since it's impossible for the United States to defend itself against world Communism, we'd better give up." (2) "The author says that our government is so bad and we have so much treason we might as well give up the idea of having internal security." (3) "His point is that we just can't afford armed forces that are big enough to defend our country or a secret service that can cope with all the Communist spies, but we should do our absolute best, regardless of what the French say." (4) "Obviously a Communist propagandist of some sort, Mr. Kennan is making the silly claim that if our army and our security set-up are perfect, they'll be less helpful than if they have faults."

Ridiculous? Yes. But suppose we want to be sure that these readings are wrong and a different reading is better—how are we to cope with such misreadings? If you say, "Read the passage carefully to get the real meaning," the perpetrator of

each of the above outrages will probably reply, "Oh, I did." Even if you read the passage aloud to these misreaders, they probably will say in a smug chorus, "See?" What you need, clearly, is a way of arguing that some readings are right—a way of proving to others, and to yourself, that your careful reading makes the best sense.

The way taught by this book

This text attempts to teach such a procedure. The way here taught is characterized by careful attention to three things as aids to the reader in understanding the author: (1) the meanings—literal and emotional—of words; (2) the context, i.e., the relationship of what the author is saying to what he has said or will say later; (3) the form used by the writer, i.e., the order of words in sentences and the organization of paragraphs and of longer units of prose. We ask that you consider all these—word meanings, context, and form—in relationship to the author's purpose and message.

You can, for instance, achieve an understanding of Kennan's passage which is clearly and demonstrably more than guesswork by carefully noting both the meanings of words and the form used by the author—the way the sentences and the paragraphs are organized—and by making sure that you are prepared to prove any statement you make by referring to details in the passage. (Here you have no evidence about the context—the whole article—in which the passage occurs.) Note precisely how you will prove your statements: You will prove statements about *meaning* largely by calling attention to relevant details in the form or in the method of development; and you will prove statements about *form* or *method* largely by pointing out details in the subject matter.

Consider how you would verify the following statement about *the meaning* of the passage: "Kennan holds that (1) much distress in America today derives from an outmoded illusion that total security against both armed power and internal subversion is possible, and (2) actions based upon this illusion could be ruinous to our country." Proof of the accuracy of this statement can come from pointing to details in the author's procedure: "The passage is divided into two paragraphs. The first deals with point one—the widespread distress which derives from the outmoded illusion about total security. The second deals with point two—the terrible possible results of acting on the basis of such an incorrect belief. Each paragraph deals in turn with illusion about two kinds of total security, against aggression and against 'improper foreign influence in our national life'; and each emphasizes its point by discussing it in terms of both of these. The author also emphasizes the thought of the second paragraph by stating it three times in general terms at the start. Everything about *the way the paragraph is written*, therefore, supports my claim about its meaning."

Now consider how you would support a statement about *the form employed—the writer's method:* "The author orders his two paragraphs according to (1) time order, and (2) importance." To prove the accuracy of this statement you might point to *details of meaning* in this way: "The first paragraph lists past and present effects of certain erroneous beliefs. The second sets forth possible future effects of acting on those beliefs. The first paragraph tells about 'impatience,' 'growing

Practically all of us learn to enjoy some forms of literature without much conscious effort. Shortly after we learn to talk, we find that it is fun to recite or to sing Mother Goose rhymes and to listen to stories. A few years later, we discover the charms of comic books, fairy tales, cowboy stories, and moving pictures. After we have grown up, generally even those of us who have eluded education enjoy literature of some sort—movies, radio thrillers, campfire yarns, magazine stories, detective novels, or the popular songs which are sung for us or which we ourselves sing to delight ourselves and, if possible, others.

An untutored, instinctive enjoyment of literature probably is a form of "the pursuit of happiness," and as such should be, in general, unconfined. Anyone should be allowed to read in any fashion he likes—in bed or in a swimming pool, from right to left or left to right, upside down or right side up, stupidly or wisely; he should be allowed to hear songs sung or to watch movies or plays as he pleases, provided he doesn't interfere with other people. Similarly, anyone should be allowed to golf, swim, shoot, and make remarks about the universe in his own sweet way, subject only to the same sensible limitations.

It is quite likely, however, that even a natural athlete will golf, swim, or shoot better if he has some training in the art. And a natural-born orator will talk better, not only about the universe but about any other subject, if he has learned something about it. Similarly, almost any reader of literature will benefit from instruction in the art of understanding and judging what he reads. And almost any reader will talk more interestingly and informatively about what he has read if he knows something about literature in general and certain works in particular. This is the justification for this book.

There are several ways of teaching people how to read literature. We, the editors, believe that a good way is to start with simple problems and to work gradually to more complex ones. We also believe that, just as the athlete acquires skill not only by receiving instruction but also by practicing, the reader will make progress not only by being told how to solve certain problems but also by practicing their solution himself. Our beliefs have shaped this book. We concentrate here upon imaginative literature, since it demands reading skills by and large quite different from those required by factual prose. And we start with uncomplicated though fundamental matters and proceed, by degrees, to more complicated ones, with exercises along the way.

Part I helps the reader discover the nature of imaginative literature in general—not one type but all three types: fiction, drama, and poetry. Since his concern is with no particular type but with fundamental aspects of all types, throughout this section the reader is asked to look in turn at fictional works, plays, and poems. The starting point is a contrast between "fact" and "fiction"—between informative prose and imaginative writing, which shows what the latter achieves and what, therefore, its readers should ordinarily expect of it. We discuss in detail such a contrast between specific passages of fact and of fiction. Then, in order that the reader may himself notice the unique qualities of literature, we provide other specific passages—fictional, poetic, and dramatic—followed by questions requiring similar and supplementary contrasts.

In a like way, the "Manner and matter" of literary works are then discussed and studied, the elements which are shaped by the author's craftsmanship—"Happenings," "Characters," "Setting," and "Language." Then, through reading discussions and working out exercises, the reader concludes this section with a study of two sum or end achievements of these parts—"Tone" and "Meanings." Part I, then, offers a survey of fundamentals—of the basic ingredients of all types of literature and the way authors control them.

In Part I, the emphasis is upon the reader's simply seeing clearly and describing what he has read—details in the selection itself. Far too many readers become so preoccupied with their own reactions that they never see the works themselves distinctly. Yet insight into the precise nature of the works is a prerequisite, we believe, to intelligent evaluation. Here, therefore, we encourage objective insights rather than personal reactions. The reader proves statements made in answer to questions about each selection by pointing to relevant passages. The problem of evaluation is avoided as much as possible: the emphasis is upon provable statements about the work.

But of course really good reading requires more than a scrutiny of a work, more than a dispassionate description of it. No one can or should read literature without reacting personally to it. Reading is a personal activity which everyone carries on to meet his own requirements and to satisfy his own needs. When he talks about his discoveries and adventures in stories, plays, and poems, the reader needs to talk not only about the works but also of their values for him.

Part II takes up this important aspect of reading—"Evaluations." We use the plural of the word since we think that there are many literary values. And because we believe that the keenest reader and wisest critic should be aware, both in theory and practice, of several possible approaches, several possible "dividends," we consider a number in turn and then provide exercises which will give the reader experiences with all of them. Several exercises now require evaluations of selections in Part I; others require evaluation of new material. Thereafter, we encourage the reader to determine which method of evaluation—or preferably which ones—will best satisfy him.

Parts I and II, in dealing with general aspects of literature and literary evaluations, have not distinguished between varied types of literature. But, of course, each type—fiction, drama, and poetry—has its own peculiar limitations and potentialities. It is important for the reader to know about these. Therefore, in Part III, we turn to a consideration of types, in order. An introductory discussion of each type points out its main characteristics, and headnotes for particular works or groups of works are provided when needed. Because of the importance of contemporaneous audiences and theaters in shaping plays, we precede each drama with a relevant historical discussion and with illustrations designed to help the reader visualize the production of the play in its own period. Here, as elsewhere in the book, our selections range from the distant past to the present, representing some of the greatest imaginative artists of all times as well as other artists of varying excellence.

In the last pages of the book, we have placed two indexes. The first is a "Glos-

sary and Index of Critical Terms" which defines terms or cites passages in the text which treat them. Because many terms are valuable for communicating different insights and evaluations, we have tried to provide readers with a fairly large number of the most useful ones. The second index is an "Index of Titles and Authors," which not only lists selections and authors included in *The College Anthology* but also provides essential facts and statistics about the authors.

We wish to acknowledge the valuable aid of the many teachers who have used the *Better Reading* books and who have kindly suggested improvements of method and changes in selections. To A. Craig Baird, Chester Cable, James V. Cunningham, Leon Dickinson, Clarence H. Faust, Ernest P. Kuhl, Gerald Else, Charles T. Miller, Victor Harris, and Lester Longman, our colleagues, we give our sincere thanks for helpful suggestions concerning our general plan, our working out of details, and our choice of selections. We are grateful, as well, to the English composition staff of the University of Chicago and to the Communications Skills staff of the State University of Iowa, with whom we have worked on the problem of teaching students to read. We also wish to thank the many authors and publishers who have permitted us to include selections from their books. Their cooperation is specifically indicated either in the credit lines accompanying the selections or in the list of acknowledgments on pages v–vi.

W. B.

J. G.

Book One: Factual prose

part 1
How to follow explanation and argument

CLUES TO MEANING

YOU HAVE before you, say, a piece of factual writing. It is a piece of writing, in other words, in which the author has tried to clarify an idea or to argue in behalf of a certain attitude. In order to absorb his facts or to judge his argument, you need to discover exactly what he has said. How do you do this?

An obvious answer, of course, is that you read his words, you think about them while you read and (if necessary) after you have read, and in this way you get his meaning. But how can you make sure that the meaning which you have found is the actual meaning—what the author really said—rather than something you have just decided he ought to be saying?

To answer this question, let us consider your way of comprehending a very simple sentence, "I see the dog." You know what this sentence says for three reasons: (1) You are acquainted with the *meanings of the words* You make use of your knowledge of each of the words in the sentence: as it were, you "translate" each precisely into what it signifies. If the sentence read, "I see the stethometer," you probably wouldn't understand it until you had looked up and defined for yourself the last word. You pay attention to the forms of the words and you understand what they signify. You know, for instance, that the author's use of the form of the verb "see," instead of "saw" or "have seen," makes clear that the time of the action is the present. (2) You consider the *context*. If the sentence happens to be one of a number in a paragraph or article, you learn the meaning by noticing the surrounding discussion: the word "dog" may mean a domesticated carnivorous quadruped; a wild animal belonging to the dog family, such as a wolf or a fox; a prairie dog, a despicable fellow; a "gay" dog; or a mechanical device for gripping or holding something. It is by noticing the nature of the context that you discover which of these meanings applies. You take into account not only literal meanings but also the emotional associations —the connotations of the words. (3) You pay attention to the *order of the words*. You notice the sequence in which the author has arranged the words in his sentence, and your understanding of this order helps you decipher his meaning. The fact that the word "I" is at the start of the sentence indicates that it is the subject: a different order ("The dog sees me," for example) would convey a completely different meaning.

You can show that you understand this sentence by citing exactly the details which have helped you to discover what it means—your understanding of the significations of the words, your examination of the nature of the context, and your perception of the meaning of the arrangement which has been used in putting the sentence together. In other words, you master meaning—and indicate that you have done so—by understanding not only what individual words signify but also by giving thought

to the way the author's method of expression is interrelated with what he is saying.

The exercises in Part One of this book are designed to develop and to test your reading for understanding and for perception of the author's ways of solving problems of expression. Almost, though not quite, exclusively, they ask you to think about the relationships between (1) words, contexts, arrangements of words, and (2) meanings. (Later on, emphasis will shift to evaluations of forms and points of view.)

One important reading skill that you will need to develop is the ability to ask and answer appropriate and significant questions on the material you read. To help you develop this ability, Part One provides with each selection detailed questions, questions of the type that you should learn to ask yourself. The questions (according to their nature) will call forth answers of three sorts: (1) those which you can support by citations of word meanings, contexts, and arrangements, and about which there will be little dispute; (2) those which will involve disagreements about the relative importance of some things which you and others notice in passages; and (3) those which report personal reactions.

Look, for instance, at the second selection in this book, John Steinbeck's "The Great Frog Hunt," pages 7-8. The headnote tells you that the overall pattern is a "time arrangement," i.e., an ordering of details according to the times when they occur. The selection follows, accompanied by questions. Let us see how you might answer the first question:

Question « 1 (A): What are the stages in the traditional frog hunt?

Answer: (A) *If the hunt is unsuccessful. Stage 1*: The hunter approaches with his weapon and the frog sits still. *Stage 2*: The hunter takes the action which should "get" the frog. *Stage 3*: At the last second, the frog (a) jumps, (b) plops into the water, (c) swims to the bottom. *Stage 4*: The frog waits. *Stage 5*: The hunter goes away.

Answer: (B) *If the hunt is successful. Stage 1*: The hunter approaches with his weapon and the frog sits still. *Stage 2*: The hunter lunges, and gets the frog.

To find this answer, you notice the meanings of the words, both those which indicate relationships and those which are subjects and predicates of the sentences. You consider the words in their context. You notice the order of the words within the sentence and the order of the sentences themselves.[1]

[1] Although an explanation of how you find this answer will undoubtedly take much longer than the process itself, it may be helpful to go through the procedure in some detail at this time. The context shortly makes clear to you that the word "frog" here means "a tailless, leaping amphibian." You notice that the opening two sentences introduce the topic which is involved in the question, "The traditional frog hunt" ("a pattern of hunt and parry" developed "during the millennia that frogs and men have lived in the same world"). You notice, next, that the third sentence describes part of the pattern, and since you have learned from the headnote that the author has used a time arrangement, you assume that this will be the first stage. Your assumption is confirmed when your further reading shows that the other happenings described come later than this one. You go on to sentence 4, and notice that it tells of what the frog does simultaneously with the approach of the hunter (he waits)—and you decide that since no change of time is involved, this sentence must concern a second aspect of the first stage. You next look for indications of time which will mark off the second stage. You find Stage 2 heralded by "until," Stage 3 by "then," Stage 4 by "and," and Stage 5 by "until," all in sentence 5. "Now and then," in sentence 8, shows you that there is an alternative version of this traditional pattern, that sometimes the whole process ends with Stage 2—if the hunter is too quick for the frog, and so you divide your answer into parts A and B.

To argue that your answer is correct, you may make use exactly of the details in the passage, and the line of reasoning which led to your conclusions. In this way, you can prove that your answer is not a guess but an analysis the accuracy of which can be demonstrated.

This is a sample of the kind of activity you will be carrying on as you answer the questions in Part One of this book. A large share of the questions will call for answers as clearly justifiable as this one. What you need to do in answering such questions is hunt down and find incontrovertible evidence in the passage itself. There will be a small number of questions, in addition, which will call for answers of two other sorts—(2) answers about which there may be reasonable disagreement, and (3) answers which state personal reactions. It may be useful for you to look at questions which call for answers of the second and third types.

(2) About question « 1 (I) on page 8, "What is the point in shifting the simile from berries to potatoes?" there may be a respectable difference of opinion. You answer this question, first, by considering exactly what these similes may contribute to the development of the passage. You find that the similes may be justified in two ways: (a) they are vivid, i.e., they help the reader visualize and therefore understand what happens. Each figure thus helps to explain a detail in the operation—the berry figure, the way a great number of frogs is captured, and the potato figure, the way the frogs are tossed into gunny sacks. (b) They are incongruous, first, with the usual depiction of frogs, second, with one another. Therefore, they provide one more humorous touch in a passage which is generally humorous. Having taken this first step toward answering the question, you next consider the nature of the point, i.e., the important achievement of the similes. Since there is no way of proving that the point is either one or both of these achievements, there may be argument about the problem. Note, however, that even in answering such a question, there will be agreement about the possible values of the shift; there will be disagreement only concerning the relative importance of the values.

(3) Question « 1 (F) (p. 7) reads, "What effect is created by repeating 'And the feet'?" Like all questions dealing with the "effect" of a passage, this calls for a personal reaction. Since the "effect" is upon you, you are the final authority upon its nature. Here, in other words, you are asked to discuss your emotional and intellectual reaction to a particular phrase. Nevertheless, your answer will appear to be rather silly unless it shows that you have reacted intelligently to the text. If, for instance, you say, "The effect is to make me think of an abstract painting by Picasso," your auditors will feel that the relationship between the passage and you has been rather tenuous. A more sensible answer would be one which dealt not only with the effect upon you but also with the details in the text which created that effect. One such answer, for instance, might be: "I notice that this is the fifth time that the word 'feet' occurs in seven successive sentences. The impression I get, as a result, is of a great number of rushing, flinging, threshing, inexorable feet. The repetition of the phrase 'And the feet' emphasizes the number of references and adds to the impression. Since at this point, I am humorously sharing the excitement of the bewildered frogs, the

effect is to communicate their desperate confusion by repeating the chief cause of it." Such an answer not only tells of the impact of the phrase; it also suggests why it has such an impact and relates the phrase to details in the passage.

In answering most of the questions in Part One, then, you will need to consider only the text itself. In answering a few, you will agree about possible answers but you may disagree about which is superior. Finally, in answering a few others, you will describe your own reactions to a passage, preferably relating your reactions to details in the passage. In answering every question, you will do well to hunt, in the text itself, for the clues given by the words, contexts, and arrangements which the author uses to communicate his meanings.

PATTERNS OF EXPLANATION

NATURALLY most selections in Part One will be longer than a single sentence or paragraph, but in reading and comprehending longer pieces of work you use a method quite similar to that used for deciphering the meaning of a sentence. (For the reading of a paragraph in this fashion, see the discussion of the Kennan passage in the "Introduction.") A piece of factual prose, large or small, is a sort of mosaic, the parts of which are words, sentences, paragraphs, perhaps chapters. If you are to acquire the facts explained in such a piece of prose, you will need to give thought not only to the meanings of individual words but also to the meanings conveyed by the author's methods in ordering words, sentences, paragraphs, or sections.

Each of the following selections typifies a pattern of thought and expression frequently used by authors of factual prose—a pattern, therefore, which you will need to recognize in order to understand the relationships between ideas, and hence the ideas themselves. In a headnote for each selection, the editors describe the pattern of the whole selection. The selection then follows, accompanied by questions which require that you notice how words, phrases, sentences, and paragraphs—small and larger parts of the mosaic—contribute to the development of the overall pattern.

As you read, you will see that a writer or speaker, when he wishes to explain something, may organize his material in any of a number of ways—chronologically or in a time sequence ("The Great Frog Hunt," p. 7, "Recipe for New England Pie," p. 6, "The Survey Q3R Method of Study," p. 9); according to a space arrangement ("It's a Long Way to Seattle," p. 10, "The Battlefield of Waterloo," p. 12); a cause-to-effect arrangement ("Open Air Life in the West," p. 13); comparison and contrast ("Line," p. 16); analogy ("Jim Brown Knows the Way," p. 22); analysis ("Fare Warning: Roadside In-

digestion," p. 31, "Why the *Reader's Digest* Is Popular," p. 34, "Detrital Sediments," p. 36); familiar-to-unfamiliar arrangement ("Animal Chemistry," p. 39); climactic arrangement ("Travel on the Ohio River," p. 42); or composite arrangement ("Democracy," p. 44).

All these exercises are, of course, not ends in themselves but means to developing your understanding. After you have noted how these smaller units are organized in Part One of this book, you will see in your studies of Parts Two and Three how they are combined to form longer articles. For the moment, however, you will be concerned with the reading of smaller units of factual prose given in the following selections in Part One.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS Recipe for New England pie

TIME ARRANGEMENT. *The following selection is from Mark Twain's* A Tramp Abroad. *It is a simple example of probably the most common of all the patterns used in explanation—a chronological or time arrangement. A well-written recipe or set of directions for doing something takes up the steps or stages, one at a time, in the order of their occurrence. In such a piece of writing, the writer's three chief tasks, obviously, are (1) to make sure that he arranges his material in the time order, (2) to make sure that he presents his directions clearly, and (3) to make sure that he indicates to the reader when each step begins and ends.*

TO MAKE this excellent breakfast dish, proceed as follows: Take a sufficiency of water and a sufficiency of flour, and construct a bullet-proof dough. Work this into the form of a disk, with the edges turned up some three-fourths of an inch. Toughen and kiln-dry it a couple of days in a mild but unvarying temperature. Construct a cover for this redoubt in the same way and of the same material. Fill with stewed dried apples; aggravate with cloves, lemon-peel, and slabs of citron; add two portions of New Orleans sugar, then solder on the lid and set in a safe place till it petrifies. Serve cold at breakfast and invite your enemy. « 1

« 1 (A) *How has Mark Twain indicated that he is following a "time arrangement" in this recipe?* (B) *Indicate, in your own words, what the various steps are.* (C) *Point out words, phrases, or sentence constructions which mark off the steps.* (D) *What attitude does Clemens seem to have toward New England pie? How does his choice of words and details help you discover this attitude?* (E) *Is this funny? Why or why not?*

JOHN STEINBECK

The great frog hunt

TIME ARRANGEMENT. *This passage from a novel tells a story. But since it makes clear the nature of a process, it also explains. A good many passages of exposition —explanations of processes, of the events in someone's life, of historical happenings—have a pattern essentially like that of fiction. The writer of such explanations, like the writer of a recipe, must make clear the sequence of events or steps by ordering their details according to time and by marking off the stages with transitional words or phrases or whole sentences. Steinbeck, as the study of this passage will show, has ordered his events chronologically and has clearly marked off the stages in his story.*

DURING THE millennia that frogs and men have lived in the same world, it is probable that men have hunted frogs. And during that time a pattern of hunt and parry has developed. The man with net or bow or lance or gun creeps noiselessly, as he thinks, toward the frog. The pattern requires that the frog sit still, sit very still and wait. The rules of the game require the frog to wait until the final flicker of a second, when the net is descending, when the lance is in the air, when the finger squeezes the trigger, then the frog jumps, plops into the water, swims to the bottom and waits until the man goes away. That is the way it is done, the way it has always been done. Frogs have every right to expect it will always be done that way. Now and then the net is too quick, the lance pierces, the gun flicks and that frog is gone, but it is all fair and in the framework. Frogs don't resent that. But how could they have anticipated Mack's new method? How could they have foreseen the horror that followed? The sudden flashing of lights, the shouting and squealing of men, the rush of feet. Every frog leaped, plopped into the pool, and swam frantically to the bottom. Then into the pool plunged the line of men, stamping, churning, moving in a crazy line up the pool, flinging their feet about. Hysterically the frogs displaced from their placid spots swam ahead of the crazy thrashing feet and the feet came on. Frogs are good swimmers but they haven't much endurance. Down the pool they went

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From *Cannery Row*. Copyright 1945 by John Steinbeck. Reprinted by permission of The Viking Press, Inc., New York.

« I (A) *What are the stages in the traditional frog hunt?* (B) *What is gained by describing the traditional "pattern" from the point of view of the frogs?* (C) *The author says, "The frogs don't resent that." What, presumably, do they resent?* (D) *What ideas does the "But" (in the sentence beginning "But how could they have anticipated") bring into opposition? What is the function of the sentence which it introduces?* (E) *Why does the sentence beginning "Every frog leaped" repeat part of an earlier one? Why is "frantically" introduced?* (F) *What effect is created by repeating "And the feet"?*

until finally they were bunched and crowded against the end. And the feet and wildly plunging bodies followed them. A few frogs lost their heads and floundered among the feet and got through and these were saved. But the majority decided to leave this pool forever, to find a new home in a new country where this kind of thing didn't happen. A wave of frantic, frustrated frogs, big ones, little ones, brown ones, green ones, men frogs and women frogs, a wave of them broke over the bank, crawled, leaped, scrambled. They clambered up the grass, they clutched at each other, little ones rode on big ones. And then—horror on horror—the flashlights found them. Two men gathered them like berries. The line came out of the water and closed in on their rear and gathered them like potatoes. Tens and fifties of them were flung into the gunny sacks, and the sacks filled with tired, frightened, and disillusioned frogs, with dripping, whimpering frogs. Some got away, of course, and some had been saved in the pool. But never in frog history had such an execution taken place. Frogs by the pound, by the fifty pounds. They weren't counted but there must have been six or seven hundred. Then happily Mack tied up the necks of the sacks. They were soaking, dripping wet and the air was cool. « I

(G) *In the sentence beginning "A wave of frantic," how is the effect heightened by all the parallelisms and repetitions?* (H) *What is meant by "the flashlights found them"?* (I) *What is the point in shifting the simile from berries to potatoes?*

THE WHOLE SELECTION. (J) *What different ways of hunting are included in the traditional "pattern"? Exactly how was Mack's "new method" different from the "pattern"?* (K) *How does Steinbeck arouse our sympathy for the frogs? What human attributes does he give them? Point out words and phrases.* (L) *This selection is given as an example of a time arrangement. By what different means has Steinbeck established the time relationship? Point out specific words and phrases.* (M) *Where might you divide this passage to make two paragraphs of it? Would there be any value in making this change?* (N) *Point out and justify, if you can,* (*a*) *verbless sentences,* (*b*) *the sentences beginning with "And,"* (*c*) *repetition of a word in the same sentence,* (*d*) *any characteristics of style that seem unusual to you.*

FRANCIS P. ROBINSON

The Survey Q3R method of study

TIME ARRANGEMENT. *This example of an explanation organized according to a time arrangement represents a type of reading matter which is quite important to students—the textbook. Authors of such works often, like Professor Robinson, use every means they can think of to make the divisions of their treatments com-*

pletely clear to the reader. This piece will be of interest to students not only because it is an example of textbook writing but also because it outlines a method of studying textbooks which many students have found very helpful.

THE TITLE for this new higher-level study skill is abbreviated in the current fashion to make it easier to remember and to make reference to it more simple. The symbols stand for the steps which the student follows in using the method; a description of each of these steps is given below: « 1

SURVEY 1. *Glance over the headings in the chapter to see the few big points which will be developed.* This survey should not take more than a minute and will show the three to six core ideas around which the rest of the discussion will cluster. If the chapter has a final summary paragraph this will also list the ideas developed in the chapter. This orientation will help you organize the ideas as you read them later. « 2

QUESTION 2. Now begin to work. *Turn the first heading into a question.* This will arouse your curiosity and so increase comprehension. It will bring to mind information already known, thus helping you to understand that section more quickly. And the question will make important points stand out while explanatory detail is recognized as such. This turning a heading into a question can be done on the instant of reading the heading, but it demands a conscious effort on the part of the reader to make this query for which he must read to find the answer. « 3

READ 3. *Read to answer that question,* i.e., to the end of the first headed section. This is not a passive plowing along each line, but an active search for the answer. « 4

RECITE 4. Having read the first section, look away from the book and try briefly to *recite the answer to your question.* Use your own words and name an example. If you can do this you know what is in the book; if you can't, glance over the section again. An excellent way to do this reciting from memory is to jot down cue phrases in outline form on a sheet of paper. Make these notes very brief!

From *Effective Study* by Francis P. Robinson. Copyright, 1941, 1946 by Harper & Brothers. Reprinted by permission of Harper & Brothers.

« 1 (A) *How soon, and in what ways, do you learn that this passage is to be organized according to time?*

« 2 (B) *Which of the procedures for finding the chief points in a chapter would be useful for a survey of this passage by Robinson?*

« 3 (C) *What are the advantages of turning the first heading into a question?*

NOW REPEAT STEPS 2, 3 AND 4 ON EACH SUCCEEDING HEADED SECTION. THAT IS, TURN THE NEXT HEADING INTO A QUESTION, READ TO ANSWER THAT QUESTION, AND RECITE THE ANSWER BY JOTTING DOWN CUE PHRASES IN YOUR OUTLINE. READ IN THIS WAY UNTIL THE ENTIRE LESSON IS COMPLETED. « 5

REVIEW 5. When the lesson has thus been read through, *look over your notes to get a bird's-eye view* of the points and of their relationship *and check your memory* as to the content by reciting on the major subpoints under each heading. This checking of memory can be done by covering up the notes and trying to recall the main points. Then expose each major point and try to recall the subpoints listed under it. « 6

These five steps of the Survey Q3R Method—Survey, Question, Read, Recite, and Review—when polished into a smooth and efficient method should result in the student reading faster, picking out the important points, and fixing them in memory. The student will find one other worthwhile outcome: quiz questions will seem happily familiar because the headings turned into questions are usually the points emphasized in quizzes. In predicting actual quiz questions and looking up the answers beforehand, the student feels that he is effectively studying what is considered important in a course. « 7

« 5 (D) *What justification does the author have for reconsidering steps 2 and 3 under heading 4?*

« 6 (E) *Precisely how does the process called "Review" differ from the process called "Recite"?*

« 7 (F) *What, according to Robinson, are the values of the Survey Q3R Method of study?*

THE WHOLE SELECTION. (G) *What devices in addition to those which you have seen in previous selections has the author used to mark off the stages of the process? How many of these devices do you believe to be desirable? Why?*

GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY It's a long way to Seattle

SPACE ARRANGEMENT. *In developing the idea expressed in the title of this selection, Perry goes into detail, i.e., he indicates by the use of particulars how remote Seattle is "from almost anywhere else." Starting with points on the East Coast, he treats, in East-to-West order, a series of geographic areas. Spatial relationships thus determine the order which he follows in his explanation.*

THE CENTRAL FACT about Seattle, the thing that particularly differentiates it from most other cities in the United States, is that it is situated back of, beyond, away from almost anywhere else. From such Eastern centers of population as Baltimore, New York and Boston, it is just about as long a way to Seattle as it is to Tipperary. The Wright brothers have moved Mt. Rainier closer to Manhattan in terms of time, but not a millimeter closer in space. And you'll never have a personal feel of the somehow soul-expanding enormity of this intervening land mass until you have traversed its astonishingly dissimilar surface at ground level. « 1

When you leave the populous east-north-central area, the last large city you see is Minneapolis. Then for hundreds of miles you roll across the rich flat black plains of western Minnesota and North Dakota, smooth land that is adorned in summer with billions of yellow blossoms of wild mustard and oceans of blue-green spring wheat. In western North Dakota the earth begins to go into convulsions, and you are in the Bad Lands. Here, and on across the broad reaches of Montana, the towns are multiple scores of miles apart. Each is a kind of miniature Reno, with lots of boots and bars and clinking silver dollars, lots of rugged, weather-cured people. All the salutations you receive are in loud, friendly voices. You sense in the people an exhilarating pride-without-smugness. « 2

By the time you reach that alfresco Maginot line, the Rocky Mountains, you can no longer hear the names of Lewis and Clark without doffing your hat and coming to attention. For they explored all this without benefit of A.A.A., Duncan Hines or internal-combustion engines. Even today there are only the highway signs and the sight of American farm machinery working in the valleys to remind you that you haven't, through some ill-starred fluke, wandered off into Tibet to have your misadventures posthumously recorded by James Hilton. « 3

Spokane, Seattle's inland outpost—and you may be sure that is not the way Spokane thinks of herself—is the first city of more than 40,000 you've

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From *Cities of America* by George Sessions Perry. Copyright 1945 by The Curtis Publishing Co. Reprinted by permission of the author.

« 1 (A) *How many times is the idea of the first sentence repeated? What justification is there for such frequent repetition? How does the author avoid monotony?*

« 2 (B) *How does the first sentence in paragraph 2 relate to paragraph 1? To paragraph 2?* (C) *How do the organization and development of paragraph 2 contribute to the central thought of the selection?*

« 3 (D) *What words in paragraph 3 relate it to the preceding paragraphs? How do they indicate the organization of the whole selection?* (E) *What is meant by "alfresco Maginot line"? How does this figure of speech help the author present his thought? What is the relevance of the talk about (a) Lewis and Clark? (b) Tibet?*

« 4 (F) *If Perry has organized his explanation correctly, is Spokane east or west of*

seen in well over a thousand miles. Then you cross a desert, pass through some magnificent timber and over the Cascade Mountains. Finally, almost unbelievably, there, doubly enchanted by nature and distance, lies Seattle. « 4

(a) the Rocky Mountains, (b) the Cascade Mountains? Justify your answer. (c) *How does the final sentence (a) summarize, (b) augment the thought heretofore developed?*

THE WHOLE SELECTION. (h) *How is the overall organization well adapted to the development of the thought of the four paragraphs? How are the precise things said about Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, the Rockies, Spokane, the desert, and the Cascade Mountains relevant to Perry's central idea?* (i) *What reasons might be given for the paragraphing?*

VICTOR HUGO The battlefield of Waterloo

SPACE ARRANGEMENT. *Hugo, like Perry, is concerned with relationships in space, and he therefore uses an arrangement derived from such relationships in ordering his explanation. In his novel* Les Miserables, *preparing to describe the battle of Waterloo, he was faced with the problem of giving readers enough information about the lay of the land so that they might follow his account of the movements of troops. Essentially, what he had to do was to make clear, first, what the whole field was like, and then, how the opposing forces were deployed. Wisely, therefore, he let the actual location of various details in the landscape suggest the order in which he told of these details. He started by comparing the whole battlefield to a familiar figure—the capital letter "A"—and then proceeded systematically to place details on that basic figure.*

THOSE WHO would get a clear idea of the battle of Waterloo have only to lay down upon the ground in their mind a capital A. The left stroke of the A is the road from Nivelles, the right stroke is the road from Genappe, the cross of the A is the sunken road from Chain to Braine-l'Alleud. The top of the A is Mont St. Jean, Wellington is there; the left-hand lower point is Hougomont, Reille is there with Jerome Bonaparte; the right-hand lower point is La Belle Alliance, Napoleon is there. A little below the point where the cross of the A meets, and cuts the right stroke, is La Haie Sainte. At the middle of this cross is the precise point where the final battle word was spoken. There the lion is placed, the involuntary symbol of the supreme heroism of the imperial guard. « 1

« 1 (a) *What exactly does the first sentence do?* (b) *From the details given in the second and third sentences, start a diagram of the battlefield.*

The triangle contained at the top of the A, between the two strokes and the cross, is the plateau of Mont St. Jean. The struggle for this plateau was the whole of the battle. « 2

The wings of the two armies extended to the right and left of the two roads from Genappe and from Nivelles; D'Erlon being opposite Picton, Reille opposite Hill. « 3

Behind the point of the A, behind the plateau of Mont St. Jean, is the forest of the Soignes. « 4

As to the plain itself, we must imagine a vast, undulating country; each wave commands the next, and these undulations, rising toward Mont St. Jean, are there bounded by the forest. « 5

« 2 *and* « 3 (D) *What kind of information is given in paragraphs 2 and 3? How does it differ from that in paragraph 1?*

« 4 *and* « 5 (E) *How does the information in paragraphs 4 and 5 differ from that in paragraphs 2 and 3?* (F) *What information given earlier is necessary for the understanding of paragraphs 4 and 5? What is not?*

THE WHOLE SELECTION. (G) *Finish your diagram of the battlefield.* (H) *What specific words and phrases does Hugo employ to establish space relationships? Underline each of them. Where in the sentence do they usually occur?* (I) *Do you think you could follow the account of troop movements? If not, what changes or additions do you think would make the explanation clear?* (J) *Why is the organization better adapted to the development of the important concept here than an organization similar to Perry's would be?*

BERNARD DEVOTO Open air life in the West

CAUSE-TO-EFFECT ARRANGEMENT. *The relationship between cause and effect is frequently demonstrated by writers of explanations. Students of physics and of chemistry, of sociology and of history, of art, music, and literature are constantly interested in studying and reporting reasons for the phenomena in their fields. The following passage is an example of this kind of explanation. In the opening paragraph, Mr. DeVoto tells about certain conditions, or causes, which prevail in the West, and later he traces the results, or effects, of these conditions.*

BASIC in the Western way of life is the naturalness of living much in the open. You do not need the weather forecast in order to set the date for a picnic, a camping trip, a hunting or fishing or skiing expedition; for a

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From "The Anxious West," *Harper's Magazine*, December 1946. Reprinted by permission of Bernard DeVoto.

calendar will do. The climate is violent but it is also stable, and in the seasons when rain is not to be expected there will be no rain. Winters are short except in the high country, which lengthens the season for summer sports, and the high country is so accessible that the season for winter sports lasts through June and in some places all year. The great fact is the mountains. Mountains are within the driving range of all Westerners, even those on the eastern edge of the high plains who can reach the Black Hills. They are a refuge from heat and dust, from the aridity that dehydrates you and the intensity of sun that shrinks the ego. The forests are in the mountains, with the fish and game, the trails, the creeks, the ski runs, and the cliffs that need rope work. More important still, they put solitude and silence at the disposal of everyone. Western life has come to incorporate mountain living. A national forest near large towns—the Wasatch Forest for instance, which straddles the range it is named for just above Salt Lake City—will have a million or more visitors in the course of a year, practically all of them from the immediate vicinity. « 1

As a result most Westerners are hunters and fishermen and campers. Most of them are in some degree mountain climbers, naturalists, geologists. They know nature at first hand and intimately, are adept at outdoor skills, can maintain themselves comfortably in the wilderness. Furthermore, since they have grown up to these things naturally they have not romanticized or stylized them—except, that is, for the myth of the cattle business. There are no rituals. A Westerner cooking a meal in the forest is simply cooking a meal in the best way with the means at hand—there is none of the high-church nonsense that accompanies outdoor cooking in Westchester or Long Island. Westerners are habituated to firearms and the right to bear them has not been abridged, but not even the movies have succeeded in tricking out Western firearms with the twaddle that has developed about them in the South. « 2

Such folkways have produced the West's happiest contribution to architecture. I do not mean the bungalow, which is an eyesore, but the mountain

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« 1 (A) *What peculiarities of the climate and geography of the West does paragraph 1 discuss? What outdoor activities does each of these peculiarities make possible? Point out devices whereby the author indicates the relationships.* (B) *What justifications may be suggested for the organization of this paragraph?*

« 2 (C) *"As a result," the first sentence in paragraph 2 begins. How many sentences in the paragraph might this phrase introduce?* (D) *Give the meanings of the following words as they are used in this context:* romanticized, stylized, rituals, high-church nonsense, twaddle. *Are all of them well chosen?* (E) *What new cause for out-of-door living is offered in this paragraph? Trace the specific relationship between this cause and its effects. At what points and in what ways does the author emphasize "the* naturalness *of living much in the open"?*

cabin. It is made of logs, usually lodgepole pine, which are peeled and varnished with clear shellac; sometimes for the exterior surfaces a little burnt sienna is added to the shellac. The logs are chinked with concrete; chimneys and fireplaces are made of stones ("rocks" in the West) from the nearest creek. The result is a charming, comfortable, functional dwelling which blends with the landscape, warm in winter, cool in summer, almost vermin-proof. It is excellent everywhere except when the resort business parodies it by covering steel and concrete hotels with a veneer of logs. « 3

An astonishingly large number of Westerners own such cabins or still more inexpensive camps in the mountains. They visit them at all seasons, not only for the annual vacation and at weekends but on momentary impulse. Similar cabins and camps can be rented everywhere. And almost no one is too poor to own an automobile and a camping outfit; those who use them, in fact, get farther into the wilderness and come to know it better than those with fixed camps. So the frontier's mastery of the outdoors has remained a part of Western life. It has contributed alike to the realism and the mysticism that make so striking a mixture in the Western consciousness. Familiarity with the skills of Western occupations is also widespread; most Westerners know something about mining, prospecting, engineering, lumbering, sheep growing, and cattle raising. The Westerner is the best American outdoorsman and he is almost the only remaining American who rides a horse naturally, not as one practicing a cult. « 4

« 3 (F) *In paragraph 3 what is meant by "Such folkways"? Precisely how have these folkways produced the mountain cabin?*

« 4 (G) *What preparation has there been for this sentence: "So the frontier's mastery of the outdoors has remained a part of Western life"? For the final sentence in the selection?*

THE WHOLE SELECTION. (H) *What has the author achieved by paragraphing this passage as he has? Could the paragraphing occur at any other points? If so, should it have?* (I) *Comment upon (a) the choice of words, (b) the kinds of sentences in this passage. (Justify your comments by pointing out specific words and sentences.) Discuss the appropriateness or inappropriateness of the style.* (J) *Summarize the various causal relationships discussed in this passage.*

RAY FAULKNER
EDWIN ZIEGFELD
GERALD HILL

Line

COMPARISON AND CONTRAST. *To make clear the nature of one or more members of the same class (character and character, type and type, idea and idea, etc.), authors often set one off against the other. For instance, a critic might explain his conception of the character of Hamlet by comparing or contrasting him with other characters in the same play, or with characters in other plays. By exploring areas of likenesses and differences, such authors limit and therefore clarify their subjects. Ordinarily, they turn from one subject to another, one aspect or quality to another, one likeness or difference to another, and the reader needs, of course, to notice which procedure is being followed. Thus, in reading what follows, you need to see that in the opening paragraph, the authors initiate their explanation of "Line" as a plastic element of art by contrasting the way a graphic artist (i.e., one painting or drawing) works with the way a sculptor works. Thereafter, you need to see how comparisons and contrasts between artistic creations by Picasso, Rivera, Klee, and Calder—and between three abstractions (figure 1)—additionally clarify the meaning of the term, the varied ways line is used, and the possible reason for certain artistic effects.*

IN MAKING a painting or a pencil drawing we cannot work directly with form, as can a sculptor. Instead, we work with symbols and conventions that indicate form. The simplest of these is line. Look at the drawing of three youths by Pablo Picasso (Figure 2, p. 18). There is no shading or modeling, yet without any of these devices Picasso has succeeded in defining human forms in a most convincing manner. Notice the three-dimensional quality in the head and hand at the extreme left. Notice how the differences between hair and textiles have been indicated. Form, texture, and space have all been represented by using line only. A wealth of suggestion and indication have been portrayed with an economy of effort. (In case you think that effective line drawings are as easy to do as they appear to be, try one.) « 1

Contrast Picasso's drawing with the one of the Mexican mother and child by the Mexican artist, Diego Rivera (Figure 3, p. 19). Notice in particular the hands and faces in the two drawings. Do you get different reactions from them? Why? One is delicate and reposed, the other is strong, moving,

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From *Art Today*, Revised Edition, by Ray Faulkner, Edwin Ziegfeld, and Gerald Hill. By permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., Copyright 1941, 1949.

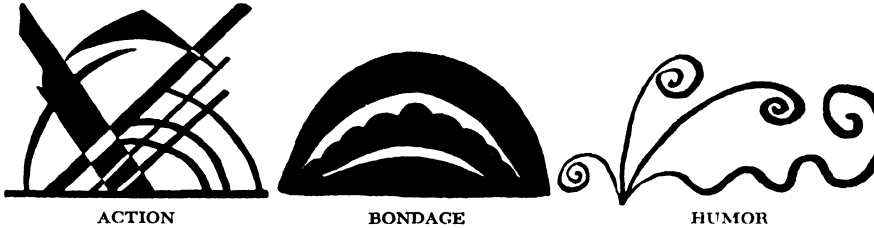
« 1 (A) *In what terms are the sculptor and the graphic artist (a) compared as to aims, (b) contrasted as to methods?* (B) *Exactly what do the details you are asked to note in the drawing by Picasso show about the meaning of the term "line"?*

lmost brutal. Forget the subject matter: turn the pictures upside down. The difference still exists because it lies in the quality of the line of the two rtists. « 2

Creative artists are always seeking new ways to express their observaions, and few have been more inventive than Paul Klee and Alexander Calder. Look at Figure 4, p. 20, to see the geometric interplay of line in Klee's "Family Promenade (Tempo II)." Ruled lines enclose angular planes vhich depict four persons and two dogs taking a walk. By avoiding the obvious ways of drawing, Klee takes us into the realm of fantasy and vhimsy. He reveals a new aspect of familiar objects and activities. The iext time you see persons and dogs walking, remember this drawing. You vill probably find that it looks more like the subject matter than you vould have guessed. « 3

In "The Hostess" (Figure 5, p. 20) Alexander Calder treats line three limensionally. With rare perception, he has grasped—and caricatured—a ypical gesture of a hostess greeting her guests. Such actions, especially if xaggerated, have their humorous side, and that is what Calder wishes to con-ey. Art, like drama and literature, can be humorous but not often is it xpressed as subtly with line alone as in these two examples. « 4

For proof that mere lines and shapes can be expressive, look at those abeled Action, Bondage, and Humor in Figure 1. Even if they were not



ACTION BONDAGE HUMOR

1. Abstractions representing Action, Bondage, and Humor show the expressive ossibilities of line.

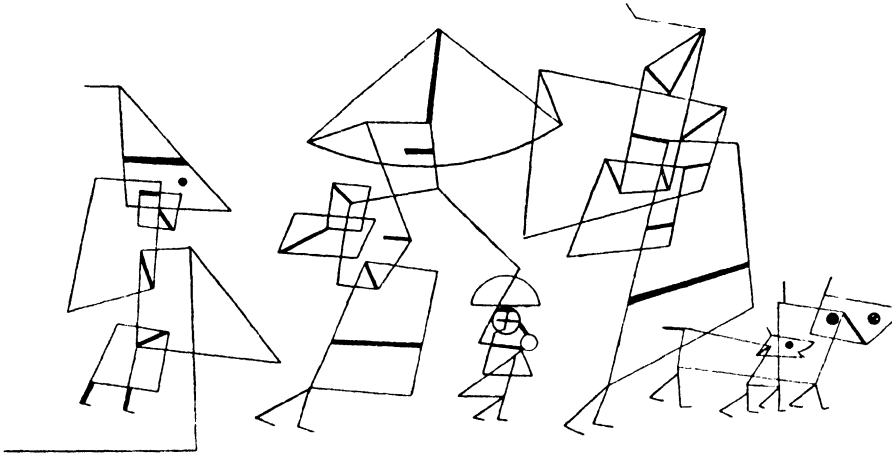
abeled and you were asked to guess their meaning, the chances are that ou would come close to the words used in the caption. Try these drawngs on your friends. Tell them the three titles and ask them to indicate vhich title applies to which drawing. Action may be described in many

« 2 (c) *Does a contrast between the drawings by Picasso and Rivera result in your oticing (a) the effects, and (b) the qualities which the authors claim it will?*

« 3 *and* « 4 (d) *What new achievements in the use of line are illustrated, respecvely, by Klee and Calder? What is meant by "three dimensionally"? (See the descripon of figure 5.)*

2. A drawing by Pablo Picasso in which solid forms and empty space are convincingly represented through line alone. Sensitive line expresses the character of the dancers.

3. In this brush-and-ink drawing Diego Rivera has used heavy lines to depict a Mexican peasant and child. Contrast the line quality with that in Picasso's drawing; in both, line has been used to *express* as well as to *represent* the subjects.



Drawing and sculpture in which line is used ingeniously and humorously to express people in action.

4. (*Upper*) Paul Klee's "Family Promenade (Tempo II)" shows a family taking a walk. Drawn with a ruling pen, the precise lines become "descriptive geometry," which portrays objects moving in space.

5. (*Lower*) Alexander Calder's wire sculpture called "The Hostess" might be described as a line drawing in three dimensions, for in it line actually carves and defines space.

ways: quick movement, speed, motion, excitement, etc. Bondage might be constriction, enclosure, repression, depression, etc. For humor we might say wit, merriment, whimsicality, facetiousness, and so forth. « 5

The list of adjectives that could be used to describe the expressive power of line (form, space, color, and texture as well) would include most of those listed in Roget's *Thesaurus*. Here are a few: long or short; thick or thin; pointed or obtuse; straight, curved, or zigzag; vertical, horizontal, or diagonal; ascending or descending; advancing or receding; expanding or contracting; fast or slow; staccato or legato; vigorous or serene; majestic or playful. These are only sets of extremes between which there are infinite gradations. And these qualities never occur in isolation. A line may be long, thick, straight, and vertical; or it can be short, thick, straight, and vertical. The two will not give the same effect. A statistician could spend several lifetimes computing the potential permutations. You can spend a lifetime experimenting with or merely appreciating the suggestive eloquence of the plastic elements. « 6

Why is it, however, that an artist with a few simple lines on a flat piece of paper, or with sticks and stones organized in space as architecture, can project to us the essentials of human experience? Perhaps we will never know the answer, but here is a thought: When we are tired and lie down to sleep, we assume a horizontal position—invariably the things that mean repose to us are horizontal objects such as large, calm bodies of water or flat, gently rolling hills and meadows. When we are up and about, we move in vertical positions, and when vertical lines are seen in pictures with horizontal lines, the vertical ones look more awake and strong. When we run or are otherwise unusually active, our bodies assume a diagonal position, head thrust forward, balance somewhat precarious, elbows and knees forming angles like those in the sketch called Action. It seems, then, that forms have a definite, distinct basis in human experience, that an artist may make a building, a statue, a painting, or a piece of furniture look restful, or alive and imposing, or excited and moving. « 7

« 5 (E) *What are abstractions? Why do the authors appear to believe that looking at the three in figure 1 will prove that "mere lines and shapes can be expressive"?* (F) *Will the experiment suggested work? Why or why not? If it does not, will the authors' whole discussion be proved invalid?*

« 6 (G) *What is Roget's* Thesaurus? *What do the words drawn from it have to do with "the expressive power of line"? Are any of the words applicable to the drawings which have been cited earlier? If not, what words are applicable?*

« 7 (H) *Justify the use of the word "however" (first sentence) in terms of the relationship of this paragraph to the rest of the selection; the use of the word "then" (last sentence) in terms of the thought developed in this paragraph.* (I) *What do the authors accomplish by beginning three successive sentences with the words, "When we"?*

Line, however, is not always used to express deep human emotion and experience in this manner. Often it is used merely for a conventional representation of objects—the line drawings of a building prepared by an architect, or the drawings of a bridge made by an engineer; the lines drawn on maps to represent rivers, roads, or contours; or the lines drawn on paper to represent words. Such use of line is primarily utilitarian, a convenient way of communicating our ideas to another person. To be sure, there are strong possibilities for beauty in the lines of a well-printed page, a well-drawn construction detail but their major purpose is utilitarian. Whichever the emphasis—expression of human emotion or communication of factual materials—line is an important plastic element at the disposal of the artist. « 8

THE WHOLE SELECTION. (J) *Why is the frequent use of comparisons and contrasts practically inevitable in presenting the concepts developed here?* (K) *Point out different procedures used to introduce comparisons and contrasts.* (L) *Write a discussion, embodying comparisons and contrasts, of* (*a*) *four other drawings or paintings, or* (*b*) *the use of color by several artists.*

WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB Jim Brown knows the way

ANALOGY. *An often successful method of explaining a difficult and unfamiliar subject is to compare it with something more familiar and more concrete—to use a figurative comparison rather than the literal kind used in "Line" (p. 16). In this passage from his historical study* The Great Frontier, *Webb sets out to acquaint his readers with the effects of the American frontier on man's Old World institutions, ideas, and living habits. To do this in abstract terms alone might not have been satisfactorily clear. Shrewdly, then, Webb turns to "an imaginative example"—an analogy: he introduces four men representing the older civilization and a fifth, Jim Brown, representing the new way of life on the frontier, and then unfolds a little drama in three scenes, an account of an expedition. The narrative makes clear in concrete terms how the frontier "worked men over inside."*

MAN BROUGHT with him to the frontier of North America his whole European culture complex. That consisted of his institutions of economics, religion, and government; it consisted of his ideas, mechanical techniques, tools, clothes, and his habit of dependence on those forces of civilization which pushed in on him from all sides to hold him fast in his

Reprinted from *The Great Frontier* by Walter Prescott Webb, Houghton Mifflin Company.

groove of class and circumstance. I propose to show how nature, i.e., the frontier, went to work on this complicated culture complex, and despite all resistance, changed its pattern into something else. It was not so much that this new master, nature, imposed the change. The change to new ways and attitudes came because nature would not yield to the old ones, and man had to devise something to which it would finally yield. It was only the things that work, and in the last analysis, those that man acting with a minimum of social support can make work, that endured in frontier society. « 1

If we seek out a single word to describe the principle on which the frontier operated on man-made institutions, we find no better one than disintegration. This disintegrative effect can be illustrated with many examples in American history, and likewise in the history of other frontier commonwealths. The examples I shall use will be drawn from the American experience. I think the case may be better put this way: European institutions and practices wore themselves out against the abrasive frontier grindstone. It was the fact that they wore out—everybody knew they had worn out, and were not thrown out—that distinguishes a frontier revolution from a revolution in a highly organized society. In civilization institutions may cease to be useful or to function as intended, but they still have defenders, advocates with vested interests, and all that; the result is that they often have to be discarded by force. The frontier, being passive and impersonal, is not concerned with what institutions or tools are used against it; it has no vested interest in them, no advocates for them, but by the time the frontier gets through with either a tool or an institution that will not work, everybody is glad to lay it aside for one that will. Therefore it comes about that when man enters the frontier with equipment derived from civilization, the disintegration begins at once and goes on rapidly. It is this process that we may now examine. We shall see the individual survive his institutions, and remain the indestructible element which even the roughest emery of the frontier could not erode away. « 2

When the man enters the frontier, the walls of institutions are for the time being down as a physical fact, but memory of old relationships, of rank and status, remains as a psychological fact. They must be removed by experience on the frontier and not by mere presence there. How experience changes rank and status is illustrated in the following section, an imaginative example of an actual process. « 3

« 1 (A) *State in your own words the thesis of this paragraph, and prove that your interpretation of it is sound.*

« 2 *and* « 3 (B) *Indicate in detail how the figures of speech involving the grindstone and the walls are related to the thought of the first paragraph. Why are they useful*

The case is that of five men who set out on an expedition into the frontier as it existed in some broad region in the area of the United States from 1607 to, let us say, 1850. Let us assume that the five men are going into the Mississippi Valley in about the year 1800, that all are of good natural intelligence. Four of them are exceptional in that they have risen to high position in their respective occupations. They represent civilization at its best. The fifth man—and the one on which we must keep an eye—has not so distinguished himself. He might be the man we have been talking about in this chapter. Let us give each man his name and respective rank. « 4

1. General William Folwell was born somewhere in Europe. He took military training and at an early age entered the king's service as an officer. He fought in all the wars that came his way, rose from one position to another until he became a general. He had in the end thousands of men under his command; and until circumstances made it necessary for him to come to America, he enjoyed great power. He had many decorations, medals and certificates of merit. Imperious by nature, he liked to wear the smart military uniform, give orders, and wear his medals as a mark of honors civilization had conferred on him. We shall let him wear his uniform and medals on this expedition. We naturally assume that he is in charge of it. « 5

2. Mr. Charles J. Claybrook represents business, the business world. He is the head of large commercial enterprises, a director of banks, a man who owns and controls much money. He has long been accustomed to the power, the obsequious service and the prestige that the possession of money conveys. He knows all its rules, habits, and attitudes, and how to bring it forth from secret places. We will of course permit him to take as much of his money as he desires on this expedition, assuming that he is on the lookout for a "good proposition." He represents the best that civilization has produced in his line. He is still young, able-bodied but a little plump from being waited on too much with too much. His clothes are of the finest material, especially tailored for roughing it. « 6

3. Professor Ernest J. Fairchilds represents learning and erudition. He speaks many languages (European, of course) and is spoken of with great respect at Oxford, Cambridge, Heidelberg, and perhaps at Harvard. His scientific discoveries and investigations have pushed out the boundaries of knowledge in that great movement which corresponded with the expan-

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here? (C) *Where and why does Webb indicate clearly that the development of his idea is to be by analogy?*

« 4 (D) *How does it serve the author's purpose to mention a wide area and a long span of years and then, more specifically, the Mississippi Valley and the year 1800 as the setting of his drama?*

sion of the frontiers. He has studied so hard that he has ruined his digestion, and has to be very careful of what he eats. His interest in the expedition is purely that of the scholar. We will permit him to carry such books and apparatus as he may wish. General Folwell and Mr. Claybrook, being practical persons, are not too enthusiastic about him and note with concern his dyspeptic pallor. They do respect him because he represents the best that civilization has done in the field of scholarship. « 7

4. The Reverend Henderson Fowler is one of the best representatives of religion that European civilization has produced. A jolly sort, you know, brought up in the correct tradition with a thorough knowledge of and a reasonable belief in the Ten Commandments and with enough Latin and Greek to enable him to get by anywhere. His muscular frame and sound constitution have not been undermined by too much hard study. He represents a finger of some European creed extended to feel the religious pulse of the frontier. His performance there would surprise no one more than himself, but of that he is as yet fortunately ignorant. He anticipates that the report he will write is bound to bring favor from his superiors because he has a good style. « 8

5. James Daniel Brown is the fifth member of the party, and for him civilization has done very little. He never had an honor, wore an epaulette, or went much farther than b-a baker in Webster's Blue-Backed Speller. Having a good mind and being a curious person, he has continued to read and knows enough arithmetic to figure up what is due him. He did manage to learn a little about surveying by carrying the chain one year in the western territory. His given names—James and Daniel—indicate that his family read the Old and New Testaments, if not immediately, far back, and that they had respect for the apostle and the prophet. He would be startled himself on hearing these names because he is known everywhere in his community as Jim Brown, just plain Jim Brown. The neighbors call him Jim, and though they respect him for his good sense, they have never thought of giving him a title. « 9

The attitude of the other four members toward Jim Brown varies as they vary in disposition and psychology. General Folwell addressed him once as "boy," but for some reason he discontinued that army term without knowing just why. Mr. Claybrook gave him businesslike instructions about what he wanted done with his luggage and called him Brown. The scholar and minister were through long habit more reserved. « 10

« 4-9 (E) *What do Folwell, Claybrook, Fairchilds, Fowler, and Brown represent? Why is (a) the name, (b) the background of each appropriate for this particular "imaginative example"?*

« 10 *and* « 11 (F) *What is the concern of each of these two paragraphs? Can one*

Perhaps Jim Brown's attitude toward the four men is also worthy of notice. There seemed to be no occasion for him to call any of them by title. Titles tended to stick in his throat and he avoided them by talking little, and addressing each in such a manner that there could be no doubt as to identity. Jim did whatever was necessary to get the party off, and he seemed rather expert at doing things, but no one could long maintain the feeling that he was in any sense a servant. Jim least of all. So far as he felt, there were five men going into the forest and he was one of them. They all looked pretty much alike to Jim. Of course, Jim never analyzed his feelings and attitudes. The real fact is that he did not know the differences among his companions. The military medals of the general, the money background of Mr. Claybrook, the scholarship of Professor Fairchilds had little significance for Jim, and much talk about them seemed positively silly. Jim could do inimitable satires of persons who differed from him, and among those of his own kind he would mimic them, and his mimicry would nearly always end up with the quite serious query: "What good is all that stuff *here?*" Don't you see that Jim was a little narrow; he felt that whatever did not exist in his world, the frontier, did not exist *for him* anywhere, and moreover he doubted its right to exist. That was the basis of his intolerance. The important point for us is that here was a party of five men going into the forest, and that he was one of them. Their distinctions in their respective fields meant little to him. He would in the end measure them by his own standards and each would determine his own stature each day in the field. For him and all his fellows nothing had disintegrated faster than civilization's stamp of human inequalities. And so the five men set off into the forest for a two-year experiment with the frontier. « 11

In this purely fanciful example I trust it will not be necessary to give the destination of the party or their geographic itinerary. We are interested in the disintegrative process of the frontier as it worked itself out on the members of this party, stripping them of the habiliments of civilization, reshuffling them as to rank, and bringing them back as different from their original character as they were from their original appearance. We present three scenes placed at suitable intervals. « 12

Scene I. Time, the first day. The men have taken the trail, entering a dark and magnificent forest which is as yet untouched by civilized hands. The way

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justify the second of these paragraphs being much longer than the first?

« 12 (G) *Why is it proper for the author to "trust it will not be necessary to give the destination of the party or their geographic itinerary"?* (H) *Point out the instances of repetition, and discuss possible reasons for them.*

leads west. The forest is full of wild game. Each man carries a gun and a knife, and whatever else he may have desired. It was Jim who insisted that the minister should carry a gun, even though the minister insisted he could never shoot it. For our purpose we are compelled to let the whole party walk, but the story would be the same if they were mounted, but more complicated; we would have to dismount them somewhere, and we might as well do it now. The general leads out, and why not? It has long been his business to lead expeditions. He has a map of the country and a compass which tells him that he is headed west. He looks rather swank in his new uniform, and the sun, falling through the trees, flashes its rays on his medals. Next comes Charles J. Claybrook, who has never ranked third in any society. He thinks of the money in his belt, and wonders if he has brought enough. He never felt better in his life. Professor Fairchilds is third, and not too happy about the prospect. He makes sure that his notebooks are in place, and wonders if he can find the right kind of food for his stomach. Henderson Fowler and Jim Brown bring up the rear. The minister is thinking of the report he will write, and finds something of a thrill in having possession of a fine rifle which at the last moment Jim thrust into his hands. All four men carry baggage, Jim Brown less than any. In no way does he seem to stand out in this forest, but rather to be a part of it. « 13

It is not long before they come to a place over which they cannot follow the compass. There are suggestions as to what alternative to take. It is not until a decision is reached that Jim Brown suggests probable difficulties on the route proposed and mentions another. He can give no very clear reason for his opinion. but says something about the "lay of the land" which means little to his well-trained companions. Jim is overruled and the party sets off, only to meet an obstacle they cannot surmount. They turn back and try Jim's route, which they find feasible. We will pass over the events of the day, with its more and more frequent rests. Jim Brown doesn't seem to need so much rest, and goes off prowling around the bivouacs to examine things that interest him, trails, tracks streams, and trees. Jim sees many things which the others cannot see at all. He is an experienced translator of the silent language of nature, though he knows no word save his own language and a little Indian, both sign and spoken. « 14

Camp is struck very early this day and for most necessary reasons numbering exactly four. Everybody except Jim Brown is exhausted, and the general has a blister on his heel. Under these circumstances it falls to Jim Brown to make the fire and prepare the meal. He knew early that there would be an early camp, and had shot a turkey which he saw on a glade where the others saw nothing. This night you would have thought Jim was a servant because he did nearly everything, with some help from Henderson Fowler, whose recuperative powers seemed to be considerable. Each man had brought some food, but Jim said they had better go heavy on turkey and save as much of their store as possible. Appetites were excellent, and Mr. Claybrook mentioned that he had never tasted better fowl at the King's Inn. Professor Fairchilds forgot his stomach and took a second helping. The general rubbed his feet, put a little tallow on his blistered heel, and all went to bed, feet to the fire. The stars and the forest looked down on four sleeping men. Jim Brown was listening to the sweet noises of the night and thinking of what he was in for. We may omit a description of stiff joints and sore muscles on the next morning. The ground in this forest made a hard bed for civilized men. It may be mentioned that when they got into their

clothes, they lacked the fresh and natty appearance they presented the morning before. Jim Brown's appearance had changed less than any. The forest had gone to work on their clothes, and this brings us to the second scene. « 15

Scene II. Time, six weeks later. Place, one hundred miles in the forest. A camp stands under some great trees by a bubbling spring. A fire is going and over it meat is cooking on a spit. A rifle may be seen leaning against a tree, and the man's eyes fall on it often as he works. He is a strange-looking creature. He wears tattered shoes through which his toes may be seen. You can tell that the soles are gone because of the respect he has for live coals that may have fallen from the fire. He puts his feet down very carefully; they may be tender, but more likely they are sore. All of his trousers are gone up to his knees, and his shirt is equally tattered. His skin is brown as a coffee berry, for the Reverend Henderson Fowler tans easily. There is strength in his muscles and the buoyancy of health in his movements. He has learned much in six weeks. « 16

Another figure, equally ragged and unkempt, comes up from the spring bringing water in a wild gourd which has been hollowed out for that very purpose. He is none other than financier Charles J. Claybrook himself, who has learned to be quite handy around the camps. He is slimmer, harder, and there is a new light in his eye. His muscles do not cry out now against use. He still has his money belt with a lot of money in it around his waist, but you would never guess it. He wears little else, and what he does wear will obviously not be with him long. The two begin to talk. « 17

"They ought to be coming in soon," says Claybrook, setting the gourd down and, with two sticks for tongs, dumping some hot rocks into it to heat the water. « 18

"Yes, any time now. I want this venison done because they will be hungry. Do you think they will get any more deer?" « 19

"Sure, *he* will find the deer if anybody can. He never fails. I don't see how he does it." « 20

"Do you think he can do it?" « 21

"You mean the clothes? Well, if he can't we are in a hell of a shape in these rags. We'll all be naked as Indians in ten more days, and barefooted, too. See that—" and the financier extended his foot and wiggled all his toes. « 22

"He says we ought to stay in this camp at least ten days, until we can get a new outfit. I hope the weather stays clear because you can't work hides in wet weather." « 23

Just then two men appear coming through the forest. They are the professor and the general, each carrying the end of a stout stick from which hangs a deer suspended by thongs around its feet. They are talking and laughing as they come. The general's uniform is all gone except some fragments, and there is not a sign of a medal. The scholar is in no better shape as to clothes, but the physical change in him is quite noticeable. All the pallor has left him, his shoulders have become almost erect, his complexion quite ruddy, and it is often mentioned by the others that he seems to have the stomach of an ostrich. They place the deer on the ground and go to work with hunting knives removing the hide. Their conversation is beyond earshot. « 24

Now another figure emerges from the forest, carrying three rifles, his own and those of the other two men. Jim Brown's clothes are in bad condition, but are

perceptibly better than the garments of his companions. He walks with the swinging easy gait of an Indian. « 25

Jim Brown approaches the two men who are skinning the deer and watches for a moment. "Here," he says, "let me show you," and he takes the knife and bends over the animal. "Be careful to see that you separate the hide clean from the meat so that we'll have no trouble in tanning." He then goes to the fire where the venison is roasting. "How are the ashes coming?" he asks. « 26

"Oh, fine," says the preacher. "See, we have quite a pile. I have saved them all, and have burnt only oak wood as you said." « 27

"Well, we can start tanning tomorrow. I think we have enough brains and ashes to do the job." « 28

And so the task of frontier clothes-making gets under way. Brains and ashes are applied to deerskins in such a way as to leave them soft and pliable. Needles are improvised from bone and thongs are used as thread. We will now leave the men to their labor. « 29

On the last day they make their departure early. We see them from a distance, moving single file across an opening in the forest. At that distance you can hardly tell one from the other because they are all dressed alike, in skins. The first step in disintegration has been completed; the frontier has destroyed the clothes of civilization. Yes, there is another change, which we had not at first noticed. Jim Brown is in the lead, followed by Henderson Fowler. General Folwell, who is having some trouble with his moccasins, brings up the rear. Men are taking their places on the frontier in an order different from that prescribed and supported by civilization. « 30

Scene III. Time, a month later. Place, hostile Indian territory, farther west. For days now the party has been in hostile country where the Indians are on the warpath. Ours is not a war party, but it has no choice. It must either fight or perish. Henderson Fowler had changed his mind about shooting a gun. It was necessary for him to learn in order that he might do his part in providing food. His good eyesight and steady nervous system have made him a crack shot. When he thinks about it, he still resolves that he will never use the gun against a human being, even an Indian. « 31

As we come upon them, the party is being attacked. Indians seem to be all around them. The general is lying behind a log, a sort of frontier foxhole. His gun is near to his shoulder as he watches a clump of trees for movement. The professor's slim form is protected by a giant beechnut tree, and his buckskin suit blends well with the bark. The banker is of course well protected, watching a long opening, hoping that he will get a shot. He has forgotten all about the money in his belt. That leaves Henderson Fowler and Jim Brown, who are near together. At this moment things begin to happen very fast in their sector. Two Indians jump right out of the forest in their faces. Jim Brown brings the leader down, and that leaves him with an empty gun. The other Indian keeps coming, is almost upon him as Jim reaches for the only other weapon available, his knife. He wishes for Fowler's gun, but just then the preacher's gun cracks and down goes the Sixth Commandment. The preacher remembers later that on this memorable occasion he felt a strange sense of exaltation, one he had never known before. He was a little ashamed when he thought of what he had done, when he viewed it through his civilized eyes; but he did not think of things that way

very often now. After this episode he is one of the best Indian fighters in the outfit. In the new theology of the forest, the Sixth Commandment does not apply to Indians. « 32

We need not follow the party farther except to say that all got back safely. The frontier had done more to them than wear out their clothes. It had worked them over inside. We saw how it happened to Henderson Fowler. The professor had lost his indigestion, the banker and the general had lost their habit of giving orders and depending on others; all had gained physical strength and a large measure of self-reliance. They had approached Jim Brown's standards, and would have by popular election chosen him as the leader simply because he knew how to lead in that land. Each of the four had seen room for expanding his own field of action, whether military, financial, scholarly, or religious, but none had been able to do much about it. That part is another story. As Mr. Claybrook removed his buckskin suit and got into civilized clothes, he unbuckled his money belt, remarking that this had been the most economical trip he had ever made. All the money he had started with was in the belt. There was not a medal or button in the whole outfit. Whatever went into the forest, there returned—just five men. « 33

If the reader can grant the existence of Jim Brown as an example of what the frontier produced, then I ask him to imagine thousands just like him. From long before the American Revolution down to the end of the nineteenth century the United States was full of his type and more and more of them were growing up all the time on the western fringe. Even those in the interior were old Jim Browns who had lived the life and thought the thoughts a generation earlier. They still maintained their old attitude, and in many places their descendants maintain it today. « 34

It should be easy to see how natural political democracy came to this type. These men had already adopted everything pertaining to democracy save political practice. They were living democracy in the truest sense of the word, and had been ever since John Smith in Virginia, a plain and egotistical common man, told a perishing colony that all who would eat must work and made it stick by a generous application of cold water. It was the Jim Brown type who fought at King's Mountain, who elected Andrew Jackson President, and then wrecked the White House by climbing over the furniture after the whiskey to celebrate the victory. The American army was

« 13-32 (I) *What is the need, in terms of Webb's thought, of each of his three scenes? Why not only one scene? Two?*

« 33 (J) *Relate this paragraph to the three-scene drama just unfolded.*

« 34 *and* « 35 (K) *How in these paragraphs does the author indicate the wide application of his fanciful narrative? Why two paragraphs?*

a Jim Brown army where—up to and through the Civil War—many company officers were elected by the men and in some instances the regimental officers as well. In a Jim Brown army there wasn't a man who did not feel fully competent to elect a general. The European creed of "I know my place" was replaced by the frontier creed, "I am as good as any man." And the frontier man almost believed it. « 35

THE WHOLE SELECTION. (L) *An analogical explanation often may be reduced to a "proportion" (comparable to a:b::c:d). Thus the second sentence of the passage by Hugo (p. 12) might be stated, "The road from Nivelles: the battlefield::the left stroke of capital A: the whole capital letter A." State the main idea of the whole passage in a "proportion" by filling in the dashes in "the influence of Jim Brown: his companions::————:————."* (M) *Webb purports to be explaining or clarifying. Would you say, however, that it is more than that? Is there any evidence that he is arguing on one side of a controversial question? If so, what is the question and which side is he taking? Justify your answer by citing details in the passage.*

TED SHANE Fare warning: roadside indigestion

ANALYSIS. *In this and the following two selections, the author examines his subject (a) to distinguish its component parts and (b) to show the relationships of these parts to one another and to the subject as a whole. Technically, such a process of logical division is called analysis.*

When an author wishes to explain one idea, one process, or one object, he may partition it—to consider its parts. In explaining a typical chair, for instance, he may write about the back, then the seat, then the arms, and finally the legs. Such a treatment is completely logical when all the parts are considered and when those parts are mutually exclusive. This procedure is called "partition."

When, by contrast, an author wishes to explain a group of similar objects or ideas, he may classify them or report on a classification of them. If he is completely logical, he divides the group into subgroups according to some consistent principle. Thus John Stuart Mill divided opinions into the following categories: (a) those which are true, (b) those which are false, (c) those which are partly true and partly false. His method of classification was according to one principle—truth or falsity. This principle satisfied other demands of logic: it was complete, and at the same time no overlapping was possible. This second type of analysis is called "classification."

At times, writers of analyses follow less rigorous procedures than those just described; that is, they use informal analysis. The completely logical analysis is to such informal analysis as a dictionary definition of a word is to a less formal explanation of its meaning. Such analysis does not attempt exhaustive partition

or classification; instead, it attempts to stress the most important aspects. It should, however, be logical and complete in its own terms.

The task of the careful reader of an analysis, therefore, is to see in as much detail as possible exactly how the author arrives at and develops the divisions of his discussion.

The following is from an article on eating places along the nation's highways. The author is analyzing the crimes against good eating committed by roadside "chefs."

IT HAS occurred to me that death on the highway has a living counterpart: Roadside Indigestion. Disappointing meals dominate the pleasure trips of millions of motorists, and the memory of bad cooking, instead of magic scenery, remains. « 1

Our national highways have become ulcer traps lined with every conceivable kind of roadside restaurant—999 of every 1000 of which serve the same highly priced, badly mauled food. At one of them, for example, we dine sumptuously on a "Genuine Southern Cooked Meal" which indicates that the South is still trying to win the War Between the States by poisoning the North. We are served a plastic-model chicken fried in old crankcase drippings, glazed (with shellac) sweet potatoes, peas that *can* be shot from guns, and a gooey slab indentified on the menu as pecan pie—the carton from the bakery evidently serving as both container and crust. « 2

Actually Americans are among the best cooks in the world. The average family has delicious, well-cooked meals. But the "chef" in the wayside Ptomaine Ptavern is something else again. He has neither ability nor a cooking code of honor. « 3

Take his vegetable soup—if you dare. From coast to coast it has a standard flavor—Old Vegetableized Tapwater. Monday's vegetable soup becomes Wednesday's Yankee bean, then Friday's chowder. What other dish can make this claim? « 4

Or take potatoes. They are generally boiled to death, then left to stand on a steam table till they become water-logged; if French fried they are carefully put aside until they become properly soggy. And they are usually served cold. « 5

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« 1-3 (A) *How many times is the same idea stated in these paragraphs?* (B) *In what different ways is the idea stated?* (C) *What do these varied repetitions indicate to the reader about the relevance of the idea to the selection?*

« 2 (D) *What justification can be offered for the ordering of the sentences in paragraph 2?*

« 4-6 (E) *By what words are these paragraphs related to* (*a*) *previous ones,* (*b*) *one*

Or take pies. Today they are assembly-line baked, which assures them that locked-in mediocrity. Bright-red soft blobs glued together with bright-red goo and bound in brown wrapping paper constitute cherry pie. The pippins in the apple pie are can-grown; the crust is in the proprietor who dares serve it. « 6

Possibly the most serious single menace to national digestion is the Golden Fried madness. From Miami to Spokane everything is being Golden Fried, including, of all royal delights, steak! I have seen thick steaks tossed cruelly into vats of boiling oil. Humans were never improved by being boiled in oil, so why steak? « 7

Now it's perfectly possible to fry certain foods and have them emerge edible, tasty and light on the molar. All that's needed is fresh deep fat heated to the right temperature, delicately mixed dipping batters and split-second timing. But have you ever contemplated a platter of soggy, long-time-no-sea, French fried question marks posing as Golden Fried shrimp? Or an aged chicken leg, dipped into plaster of Paris and ground mica, and plunged into a caldron of scalding fat, to emerge as a chunk of armor plate, which brings joy to the dentist and the bicarb dispensers? . . . « 8

There are still places where cooking is a great art, and where a juke box is not compulsory equipment to drown out the sounds of stomach disorders. But these are isolated oases in the vast desert of culinary incompetence along our highways. . . . « 9

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another? (F) *Why is the order of these three paragraphs preferable to other possible orders?*

« 7 *and* « 8 (G) *These paragraphs discuss steak, shrimp, and chicken leg. How do these items get grouped together?* (H) *How do the opening words of paragraph 7 account for its being placed at this point?*

« 9 (I) *What idea is repeated here? Why?*

THE WHOLE SELECTION. (J) *Point out humorous devices used in this selection, and compare them with those in Twain's "Recipe for New England Pie," page 6, which has a rather similar theme. Why is a humorous tone better here than one of serious indignation?* (K) *Has the author analyzed roadside food according to any single principle? If so, indicate what the principle is. If not, suggest a single principle which might have been used.* (L) *Is the consideration exhaustive? Why or why not?* (M) *Find a single sentence which summarizes the thought of the passage. Are there any digressions?* (N) *Prepare and present a similar discussion of television or radio programs.*

LLOYD MORRIS Why *The Reader's Digest* is popular

ANALYSIS. *Lloyd Morris, the author of the selection which follows, was long an outstanding student of American history and an authority on social, economic, and cultural life in the United States. Here he discusses* The Reader's Digest *as a register of "the mental and spiritual climate in which many Americans are living." What, he proceeds to ask, does an analysis of* The Reader's Digest, *one of America's most popular magazines, show about that climate? He finds two curiously divergent attitudes, one mental, the other spiritual. Later he relates this "apparent inconsistency" to aspects of American life. The selection is an interesting example of informal analysis.*

AFTER TWENTY years of publication, Wallace made two comments on his magazine [*The Reader's Digest*]. It was, he said, dedicated to the effort "to promote a Better America, with capital letters, with a fuller life for all, and with a place for the United States of increasing influence and respect in world affairs." By preference, it treated subjects which "come within the range of interests, experience, and conversation of the average person." In the light of its wide appeal, these statements made the *Digest* seem an approximately accurate register of the mental and spiritual climate in which many Americans were living. «1

One odd conclusion about that climate was likely to occur to any attentive student of the magazine. It suggested that the average American, although mentally at home in his fast-moving environment, was spiritualy adrift in it. His mind lived happily in the present, but his heart apparently yearned for the past. Why else should the *Digest,* most resolutely "inspirational" of all major periodicals, likewise be the most nostalgic in its general tone? Its "success stories," dealing with the technique of getting ahead in the realm of practical affairs, offered stimulating models for emulation. Genially, persuasively, these miniature biographies of the victorious asserted the continuing validity of traditional virtues. Ambition, self-reliance, enterprise, thrift, and hard work were shown to issue in material prosperity and happiness. If this held true, need any American fail, or be discontented? The *Digest* seldom conceded that any ground for unhappiness existed. Yet its articles dealing with what may be called "the art of living" often produced a melancholy impression. From them one inferred that, however armed with the

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«1 (A) *In your own words, restate each of the two comments made by Publisher Wallace on* The Reader's Digest.

«2 (B) *In paragraph 2 what is the relationship between sentences 2, 3, and 4? How has the relationship been made clear?* (C) *To which—the average American's mind or his*

traditional virtues, many Americans were, in fact, neither conspicuously prosperous, nor consciously happy. « 2

For the *Digest* expounded the philosophy of the stiff upper lip. It counseled the discovery of the materials of happiness in resources too often neglected: writing letters, listening to the sound of breakfast eggs frying on the stove, making new acquaintances, cultivating some hobby costing nothing. Most of all, it emphasized the spiritual rewards of material poverty. It affirmed that the happiest people were mostly poverty stricken. It extolled comparative poverty as a way of escape from the laminated multiplicities of modern American life. It declared that genuine values in living are not based on superficial things, on printed paper money or overstuffed upholstery or underslung sedans, but on something deeper, vital, spiritual. The *Digest* did not neglect the gospel of material success, so easily achieved. But it also argued, and forcefully, that spiritual success is the high compensation for material failure. « 3

Did this apparent inconsistency have its source in the circumstances of average American life? Every American craved the satisfactions of a well-gadgetted existence, and praised the merits of a simple one while trying to avoid it. He wanted to believe that the highroad to wealth was still open to all. But the assumption was one which his environment and experience made increasingly dubious. Did he not need to be assured that, remaining poor, he should not feel humiliated; that, lacking the printed paper money, he could be certain of the deeper spiritual gold? A wide gulf stretched between the standards of the society in which he lived, and his personal chances of approximating them. What wonder, then, if his heart rebelled against its "laminated multiplicities"? « 4

Certainly the "Better America" projected by the *Digest,* where there would be "a fuller life for all," bore little resemblance to the actual America of the nineteen-forties: largely urban, highly industrialized, with an economy dominated by massive concentrations of capital. It looked very much more like the America affectionately remembered by those who were middle-aged: a land of prosperous small towns, kindly neighbors, independent economic units, and unlimited opportunity for the industrious—where the daily life of

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heart—are (a) the "success" stories, (b) the "art of living" articles, related? How has the author indicated the relationships?

« 3 (D) How, precisely, is the thought of paragraph 3 related to that of paragraph 2? (E) Why is the philosophy expounded here that of "the stiff upper lip"? What two embodiments of that philosophy are considered?

« 4 (F) How does Morris believe that each element of the "apparent inconsistency" is related to American life? (G) What are the divisions of this paragraph? Why is their ordering helpful to the reader in following the thought?

the average American had justified his faith that "a man's best assets are his health, a stout heart, confidence in his own integrity." Could that America be recovered, its vanished way of life reinstated? The *Digest,* in making nostalgia a vision, and memory a hope, probably spoke for the discontented hearts of a large proportion of its readers. Whatever their economic situation, they could take courage from its confident optimism, consolation from its creed of fortitude. And they could agree that "most of us can at best own only a small piece of earth, but the vast skies are ours for a glance." « 5

« 5 (H) *What does the author hold to be characteristic of modern America? Of older America? What details are antithetical? How is each America related to articles in the magazine?*

THE WHOLE SELECTION. (I) *What, in summary, would be Morris' explanation of the popularity of the* Digest? (J) *Do you agree or disagree with Morris' characterization of the articles in the* Digest? *With his analysis of the reasons for the appeal of the magazine?* (K) *Employing a similar technique, discuss the articles and the appeal of some other very popular magazine such as* Life *or* The Saturday Evening Post.

CHESTER R. LONGWELL
ADOLPH KNOPF
RICHARD F. FLINT

Detrital sediments

ANALYSIS. *This selection represents the kind of reading common in college study. Like "The Survey Q3R Method of Study" (p. 8), it requires a somewhat different approach from that needed for, say, the Steinbeck passage on page 7. Writers of textbooks try to present their ideas as clearly as possible. But they often have to compress many details into a relatively short space. So, though the reader's chief task is, as usual, to spot key ideas and to understand their relation, he must read slowly enough to grasp the significance of the individual detail, however compressed it may be.*

THE DETRITAL sediments are classified, chiefly according to the size of the constituent particles, into *gravel, sand, silt,* and *mud.* « 1

Gravel is a coarse sediment consisting mainly of fragments 2 millimeters or more in diameter; commonly more or less sand is admixed. Rounded frag-

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« 1 (A) *What is meant by "detrital"?* (B) *What do you expect this piece to discuss and in what order?*

« 2 (C) *What words in the first sentence of paragraph 2 connect it with paragraph 1?*

ments ranging in diameter from 2 to 64 millimeters are known as *pebbles;* those from 64 to 256 millimeters, as *cobbles;* and those larger than 256 millimeters (10 inches), as *boulders.* The size ranges are essentially arbitrary, but are necessary for accuracy in description. « 2

The pebbles and coarser detritus in gravels are more or less round. At its source the detritus consists of irregular, angular pieces of rock bounded by joints or fracture surfaces, but as the result of impact and abrasion during transport the fragments lose their edges and corners. The farther they travel the more rounded they become. Perfectly homogeneous rock fragments become spheroidal or spherical. Fragments having planes of weakness, such as cleavage or foliation, become ovoids or flat discs. Angular and subangular fragments in gravels indicate, therefore, that they have not traveled far from where the parent rocks occur in place. « 3

During their transit downstream the pebbles of the softer and less coherent rocks are the first to be reduced by abrasion and impact to the size of sand. Consequently, durable materials (such as quartz or rocks composed of quartz) and coherent, tough rocks predominate in gravel that is composed of well-rounded pebbles. On the other hand, gravel whose pebbles have not traveled far may contain less durable minerals and rocks, such as feldspar, schist, and limestone. Limestone, in fact, occurs rarely in gravels, because it is destroyed not only by abrasion but also by being readily dissolved. In the gravels of arid regions limestone fragments are common, because of the scantiness of the water supply. « 4

Sand is a detrital sediment composed of grains smaller than gravel, generally like granulated sugar in size. The range in size of sand grains has been arbitrarily set at 2 millimeters to $\frac{1}{16}$ millimeter in diameter. Like pebbles sand grains are more or less rounded. The larger grains become rounded first; but the smaller ones, because of the buffer action of the water surrounding each grain, become rounded with difficulty or not at all, as is well shown by the fact that all the grains at the mouth of the Mississippi River, despite their long transport, are angular, being below the size at which rounding by water is effective. In general, river sands are more angular than lake or marine sands. Windblown sands are the most conspicuously rounded, and in the so-called millet-seed sands, common in deserts, the

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(D) *What relation exists between "gravel" and the other three sediments mentioned: "pebbles," "cobbles," and "boulders"?* (E) *What type of analysis is employed in paragraph 2, classification or partition?*

« 3 *and* « 4 (F) *Do paragraphs 3 and 4 deal with all types of gravel? Answer in detail.* (G) *How many separate details are presented in paragraphs 3 and 4? How do the authors keep these paragraphs from becoming an excessively dull list of facts?*

« 5 (H) *In what way is the size range of sand particles more definite than that of*

grains have become perfect spheres whose mat surfaces resemble ground glass, owing to natural sandblast action. « 5

Quartz is the commonest constituent in sand, because of its chemical indestructibility and its hardness; and unless otherwise specified "sand" means quartz sand. However, rock fragments and many minerals other than quartz, such as feldspar, occur in sands; and the beaches of coral islands are in places formed of "coral sand" made up of broken bits of coral and other organic remains. « 6

Silt and *mud* are sediments composed of the very finest-grained products of erosion. *Silt* is so fine-grained that, unlike sand, it will cohere when wet. *Mud* and its principal variety, *clay,* consist of particles that are still finer than those of silt size—less than 0.002 millimeter in diameter. Hand in hand with this decrease in grain-size goes a change in the minerals that make up the argillaceous variety of mud termed clay. Quartz decreases in amount and the finely flaky minerals increase. The reason for this is that during transportation the flaky minerals, because of their easy cleavability, become comminuted to the tiniest flakelets, and on account of their great tendency to float, these flakelets are slow in settling to the bottom. They are in fact so minute that most of them cannot be certainly identified even with the most powerful microscope; consequently, in recent years the more potent method of identification by X-ray analysis is being used, and the composition of clays is thus being established. « 7

The most characteristic and supremely important technologic property of clay is its plasticity, by virtue of which it can be molded when wet into any desired shape, and will retain this shape on drying. This plasticity is caused by the content of flaky minerals and by the fact that these flakes are surrounded by films of water, which act as a lubricant. « 8

Clays, as the products of the deposition of the finest detritus, have a wide

gravel? (I) *Why are river sands generally more angular than lake or marine sands? Windblown sands?*

« 6 (J) *What preceding sentence in this text does the first sentence in paragraph 6 amplify?*

« 7 (K) *Does the fourth sentence in paragraph 7 mean that the mineral make-up of clay is different from that of gravel? Explain your answer.* (L) *From the facts given in preceding paragraphs and in this paragraph, explain why there is little quartz in clay.*

« 8 *and* « 9 (M) *What are the chief characteristics of clay?*

THE WHOLE SELECTION. (N) *What is the meaning of the following words:* foliation, argillaceous, comminuted, technologic? (O) *Identify the following and give as many characteristics of each as you can:* gravel, pebbles, cobbles, boulders, sand, silt, mud, clay. (P) *What are the main parts of this selection? Do the parts overlap? What is the basis for division of the parts? Explain the use of the word "chiefly" in the first sentence. What is the relation of each part to the topic as a whole? What determines the order of the parts?* (Q) *How is the organization of this selection different from the organizations*

range of composition. The most characteristic components, the flaky minerals already mentioned, are mainly hydrous silicates of aluminum, but include also white mica and chlorite. These minerals are chiefly products of chemical weathering. « 9

of the two preceding selections? (R) *In what obvious ways does the style of this passage differ from the style of the Steinbeck selection, page 7? Can you account for these differences?*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES Animal chemistry

FAMILIAR-TO-UNFAMILIAR ARRANGEMENT. *Skill of the sort which made Holmes a great teacher of anatomy in the Harvard Medical School contributed to this clear explanation of the chemical constituents of the animal body. Because he was writing for a lay audience (the subscribers to* The Atlantic Monthly), *Holmes started with something very familiar to readers comparatively untrained in science—a boiled egg. Then, by easy steps, he led them to the understanding of a hitherto unfamiliar fact—"the great fact of animal chemistry." The following excerpt is from "Talk Concerning the Human Body and Its Management."*

TAKE ONE of these boiled eggs, which has been ravished from a brilliant possible future, and instead of sacrificing it to a common appetite, devote it to the nobler hunger for knowledge. You know that the effect of boiling has been to harden it, and that if a little overdone it becomes quite firm in texture, the change pervading both the white and the yolk. Careful observation shows that this change takes place at about 150° of Fahrenheit's thermometer.—The substance which thus hardens or coagulates is called *albumen.* As this forms the bulk of the egg, it must be the raw material of the future chicken. There is some oil, with a little coloring matter, and there is the earthy shell, with a thin skin lining it; but all these are in small quantity compared to the albumen. You see then that an egg contains substances which may be coagulated into your breakfast by hot water, or into a chicken by the milder prolonged warmth of the mother's body. « 1

« 1 (A) *Compare for interest and organization, this rephrasing of paragraph 1: "As every schoolboy knows, a chicken comes from an egg. Let us, then, take an egg, place it in hot water, and boil it a while. If you boil the egg long enough, it will become quite firm in texture, since as soon as the water brings the egg to 150° Fahrenheit, the egg begins to harden. An egg, then, you see, can be coagulated with hot water, or if a hen warms it with her body it can become a chicken. The material which thus hardens, I may inform you at this time, is albumen—the material which is the bulk of the egg. In addition*

We can push the analysis further without any laboratory other than our breakfast-room. « 2

At the larger end of the egg, as you may have noticed on breaking it, is a small space containing nothing but air, a mixture of *oxygen* and *nitrogen,* as you know. If you use a silver spoon in eating an egg, it becomes discolored, as you may have observed, which is one of the familiar effects of *sulphur.* It is this which gives a neglected egg its peculiar aggressive atmospheric effects. Heat the whole contents of the shell, or, for convenience, a small portion of them, gently for a while, and you will have left nothing but a thin scale, representing only a small fraction of the original weight of the contents before drying. That which has been driven off is water, as you may easily see by letting the steam condense on a cold surface. But water, as you may remember, consists of oxygen and *hydrogen.* Now lay this dried scale on the shovel and burn it until it turns black. What you have on the shovel is animal charcoal or *carbon.* If you burn this black crust to ashes, a chemist will, on examining these ashes, find for you small quantities of various salts, containing *phosphorus, chlorine, potash, soda, magnesia,* in various combinations, and a little *iron.* You can burn the eggshell and see for yourself that it becomes changed into *lime,* the heat driving off the carbonic acid which made it a carbonate.

Oxygen	Nitrogen	Iron	Magnesia
Hydrogen	Sulphur	Potash	Phosphorus
Carbon	Lime	Soda	Chlorine

This is the list of simple elements to be found in an egg. You have detected six of them by your fireside chemistry; the others must be in very small quantity, as they are all contained in the pinch of ashes which remains after you have burned all that is combustible in your egg. « 3

Now this egg is going, or rather was going, to become a chicken; that is, an animal with flesh and blood and bones, with a brain and nerves, with eyes ready to see and ears ready to hear, with organs all ready to go to work, and a voice ready to be heard the moment it is let out of its shell. The elements of the egg have been separated and recombined, but nothing has

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to the albumen, the egg contains a relatively small amount of coloring matter, a thin lining, and a shell."

« 2 (B) *What justification is there for making paragraph 2 a single sentence?*

« 3 (C) *Is there any logical reason for introducing the elements in the order given in paragraph 3? If so, what is it?* (D) *Why does Holmes not state that these elements exist in eggs and let it go at that? Wouldn't the readers of* The Atlantic *have taken his word? What effect does the experimental proof have upon your attitude?*

« 4 (E) *Paragraph 4 is an expansion of what sentence in paragraph 1? What is the purpose of paragraph 4?* (F) *In the last sentence of paragraph 4, Holmes says that only*

been added to them except what may have passed through the shell. Just these twelve elements are to be found in the chicken, no more, no less. « 4

Just these same twelve elements, with the merest traces of two or three other substances, make up the human body. *Expende Hannibalem;* weigh the great general, the great thinker, his frame also may be resolved into a breath of air, a wave of water, a charred cinder, a fragment of lime-salts, and a few grains of mineral and saline matter which the earth has lent him, all easily reducible to the material forms enumerated in this brief catalogue. « 5

All these simple substances which make up the egg, the chicken, the human body, are found in the air, the water, or the earth. All living things borrow their whole bodies from inanimate matter, directly or indirectly. But of the simple substances found in nature, not more than a quarter, or something less than that, are found in the most complex living body. The forty-five or fifty others have no business in our organization. Thus we must have iron in our blood, but we must not have lead in it, or we shall be liable to colic and palsy. Gold and silver are very well in our pockets, but have no place in our system. Most of us have seen one or more unfortunates whose skins were permanently stained of a dark bluish tint in consequence of the prolonged use of a preparation of silver which has often been prescribed for the cure of epilepsy. « 6

This, then, is the great fact of animal chemistry; a few simple substances, borrowed from the surrounding elements, give us the albumen and oil and other constituents of the egg, and arranging themselves differently during the process of incubation, form all the tissues of the animal body. « 7

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twelve elements are to be found in the chicken. Has he demonstrated that no more elements exist?

« 5 (G) *What assumption about the relation of human bodies and eggs must be true if paragraph 5 is to follow from paragraph 4?* (H) *What is the meaning of "Expende Hannibalem"? What clues toward meaning are offered by the words themselves? What clues are in the context? Why, in terms of the thought, should "the great thinker" be mentioned after "the great general"?*

« 6 (I) *What is gained by waiting until paragraph 6 to tell about the elements which are not found in the human body?*

THE WHOLE SELECTION. (J) *What is the great fact of animal chemistry?* (K) *How is this fact reached from the consideration of a boiled egg? Give the steps.* (L) *What words and phrases in this selection would be unlikely to appear in a technical article on the same subject?*

CHARLES DICKENS Travel on the Ohio River

CLIMACTIC ARRANGEMENT. *Two things to be noted about this passage are the selection of details and the ordering of them. Sometimes a writer of factual prose wishes to use a sentence, a paragraph, or a group of paragraphs to convey a single impression to his readers. A good way is to select and present a group of details each of which contributes to that single impression. An author bent on conveying, say, the devastating results of poverty sets down detail after detail about penurious living conditions in the slums; or a writer impressed by the benefits of country life records only a number of those details which indicate why rural life is joyful. In the following passage from* American Notes, *notice how Dickens has chosen details which emphasize his impression of the dismal and wretched dullness of travel along the Ohio River. Notice also how the organization which he uses helps convey his impression. He adds to the impact of his "impressionistic presentation" by ordering his details climactically—by "building up," so to speak, from very dull and distressing aspects to even duller and more distressing ones and finally to abysmally dull and depressing ones.*

THE ARRANGEMENTS of the boat were like those of "The Messenger," and the passengers were of the same order of people. We fed at the same times, on the same kind of viands, in the same dull manner, and with the same observances. The company appeared to be oppressed by the same tremendous concealments, and had as little capacity of enjoyment or light-heartedness. I never in my life did see such listless, heavy dulness as brooded over these meals: the very recollection of it weighs me down, and makes me, for the moment, wretched. Reading and writing on my knee, in our little cabin, I really dreaded the coming of the hour that summoned us to table; and was as glad to escape from it again, as if it had been a penance or a punishment. Healthy cheerfulness and good spirits forming a part of the banquet, I could soak my crusts in the fountain with Le Sage's strolling player, and revel in their glad enjoyment: but sitting down with so many fellow-animals to ward off thirst and hunger as a business; to empty, each creature, his Yahoo's trough as quickly as he can, and then slink sullenly away; to have these social sacraments stripped of everything but the mere greedy satisfaction of the natural cravings; goes so against the grain with me, that I seriously believe the recollection of these funeral feasts will be a waking nightmare to me all my life. « 1

« 1 (A) *What is the effect of the repetition throughout the first three sentences of "same"?* (B) *Why, in spite of the fact that the travelers did many things, does Dickens in paragraph 1 tell us almost exclusively about their behavior at mealtime?* (C) *What other impressions besides that of dullness do you get of Dickens' fellow passengers? Explain.*

There was some relief in this boat, too, which there had not been in the other, for the captain (a blunt good-natured fellow) had his handsome wife with him, who was disposed to be lively and agreeable, as were a few other lady-passengers who had their seats about us at the same end of the table. But nothing could have made head against the depressing influence of the general body. There was a magnetism of dulness in them which would have beaten down the most facetious companion that the earth ever knew. A jest would have been a crime, and a smile would have faded into a grinning horror. Such deadly leaden people; such systematic plodding weary insupportable heaviness; such a mass of animated indigestion in respect of all that was genial, jovial, frank, social, or hearty; never, sure, was brought together elsewhere since the world began. « 2

Nor was the scenery, as we approached the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, at all inspiriting in its influence. The trees were stunted in their growth; the banks were low and flat; the settlements and log cabins fewer in number; their inhabitants more wan and wretched than any we had encountered yet. No songs of birds were in the air, no pleasant scents, no moving lights and shadows from swift passing clouds. Hour after hour, the changeless glare of the hot, unwinking sky, shone upon the same monotonous objects. Hour after hour, the river rolled along, as wearily and slowly as the time itself. « 3

At length, upon the morning of the third day, we arrived at a spot so much more desolate than any we had yet beheld, that the forlornest places we had passed, were, in comparison with it, full of interest. At the junction of the two rivers, on ground so flat and low and marshy, that at certain seasons of the year it is inundated to the house-tops, lies a breeding-place of fever, ague, and death; vaunted in England as a mine of Golden Hope, and speculated in, on the faith of monstrous representations, to many people's ruin. A dismal swamp on which the half-built houses rot away: cleared here and there for the space of a few yards; and teeming, then, with rank unwholesome vegetation, in whose baleful shade the wretched wanderers

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(D) *What does Dickens mean by "Le Sage's strolling player" and the "Yahoo's trough"?*

« 2 (E) *State the idea of paragraph 2 in a sentence of your own. How does your summary vindicate (a) the use of the word "too" in the opening sentence, (b) the introduction of "lively and agreeable" ladies, in a passage which is supposed to show that the company was dull?* (F) *Is there anything incongruous about the sentence beginning "There was a magnetism of dulness"?* (G) *In the last sentence of paragraph 2, justify, in terms of the impression, (a) all the adjectives, (b) the structure of the sentence.*

« 3 (H) *To what new topic does the author turn in paragraph 3?*

« 3 *and* « 4 (I) *How are the details in paragraphs 3 and 4 different from those in paragraphs 1 and 2?* (J) *How is each of the many descriptive adjectives relevant to the conveying of the author's impression?*

who are tempted hither, droop, and die, and lay their bones; the hateful Mississippi circling and eddying before it, and turning off upon its southern course a slimy monster hideous to behold; a hotbed of disease, an ugly sepulchre, a grave uncheered by any gleam of promise: a place without one single quality, in earth or air or water, to commend it: such is this dismal Cairo. «4

«4 (K) *In what sense is paragraph 4 a climactic one? Indicate how each of the following contributes to the thought and feeling of the paragraph: (a) the description of the marsh, (b) the details about the falsity of British advertisements of Cairo, (c) the figures of speech employed in telling about the Mississippi River.*

THE WHOLE SELECTION. (L) *What specific, factual details does Dickens give you about his journey on the Ohio?* (M) *What seems to be Dickens' reaction to the people and the scenery he describes: sympathy, boredom, resentment, disgust, curiosity? Explain your answer by pointing out details in the passage.* (N) *Point out and justify the repetition of words and phrases throughout the passage. Make a list of favorable or neutral adjectives that Dickens uses in the description of his trip.* (O) *Upon what principle or principles has the material in this passage been organized? Do you find the arrangement more or less formal than those in preceding selections? Explain your answer.*

CARL BECKER Democracy

COMPOSITE. *Those who write dictionaries have devised a simple but logical system of definition which they employ whenever possible. This consists first of placing the object to be defined in a class of objects, and second of showing how it differs from all other objects in that class. "Democracy is government by the people." Here, "democracy" is placed in the class of governments, and differentiated from all other governments by the phrase "by the people."*

But dictionary definitions, though helpful, are often not sufficiently illuminating. For greater clarity, more extended definitions may be needed. Writers of extended definitions may find it useful to utilize, in addition to the logical system of the dictionary, a collection—a composite—of expository methods such as those exemplified by previous selections. Thus in his three-paragraph extended definition of democracy, Becker follows the principles of time arrangement, cause-to-effect arrangement, comparison and contrast, analogy, analysis, and climactic arrangement for a well-ordered clarification. In miniature, Becker's composite of methods is typical of most explanations: longer articles and chapters, such as those in Part 3 of this text, which are a composite of several methods of organization, are the rule rather than the exception.

DEMOCRACY, like liberty or science or progress, is a word with which we are all so familiar that we rarely take the trouble to ask what we mean by it. It is a term, as the devotees of semantics say, which has no "referent"—there is no precise or palpable thing or object which we all think of when the word is pronounced. On the contrary, it is a word which connotes different things to different people, a kind of conceptual Gladstone bag which, with a little manipulation, can be made to accommodate almost any collection of social facts we may wish to carry about in it. In it we can as easily pack a dictatorship as any other form of government. We have only to stretch the concept to include any form of government supported by a majority of the people, for whatever reasons and by whatever means of expressing assent, and before we know it the empire of Napoleon, the Soviet regime of Stalin, and the fascist systems of Mussolini and Hitler are all safely in the bag. But if this is what we mean by democracy, then virtually all forms of government are democratic, since virtually all governments, except in times of revolution, rest upon the explicit or implicit consent of the people. In order to discuss democracy intelligently it will be necessary, therefore, to define it, to attach to the word a sufficiently precise meaning to avoid the confusion which is not infrequently the chief result of such discussions. « 1

All human institutions, we are told, have their ideal forms laid away in heaven, and we do not need to be told that the actual institutions conform but indifferently to these ideal counterparts. It would be possible then to define democracy either in terms of the ideal or in terms of the real form—to define it as government of the people, by the people, for the people; or to define it as government of the people, by the politicians, for whatever pressure groups can get their interests taken care of. But as a historian I am naturally disposed to be satisfied with the meaning which, in the history of politics, men have commonly attributed to the word—a meaning, needless to

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« 1 (A) *How does Becker make plain in sentence 1 that he is about to define "democracy"? What is gained by mentioning "liberty," "science," and "progress"?* (B) *Does sentence 2 elaborate upon an idea which is stated or one that is implied in sentence 1? What serves as transition between the two sentences? Why is a dash used in the second? What is meant by "semantics," "referent," and "palpable"?* (C) *What does the phrase "On the contrary" indicate about the organization followed in the opening part of the paragraph? Precisely what is the relationship between the first three sentences?* (D) *What procedure of explaining is initiated with the phrase "a kind of conceptual Gladstone bag"? How many of the sentences following develop the phrase? How?* (E) *What procedure of organization is indicated by the word "therefore" in the final sentence? Trace the steps in this procedure here.*

say, which derives partly from the experience and partly from the aspirations of mankind. So regarded, the term democracy refers primarily to a form of government by the many as opposed to government by the one—government by the people as opposed to government by a tyrant, a dictator, or an absolute monarch. This is the most general meaning of the word as men have commonly understood it. « 2

In this antithesis there are, however, certain implications, always tacitly understood, which give a more precise meaning to the term. Peisistratus, for example, was supported by a majority of the people, but his government was never regarded as a democracy for all that. Caesar's power derived from a popular mandate, conveyed through established republican forms, but that did not make his government any the less a dictatorship. Napoleon called his government a democratic empire, but no one, least of all Napoleon himself, doubted that he had destroyed the last vestiges of the democratic republic. Since the Greeks first used the term, the essential test of democratic government has always been this: the source of political authority must be and remain in the people and not in the ruler. A democratic government has always meant one in which the citizens, or a sufficient number of them to represent more or less effectively the common will, freely act from time to time, and according to established forms, to appoint or recall the magistrates and to enact or revoke the laws by which the community is governed. This I take to be the meaning which history has impressed upon the term democracy as a form of government. « 3

« 2 (F) *How many definitions of democracy do you find in paragraph 2? How does the author's use of analysis relate to his hitting upon and ordering these? How does the use of contrast enter into Becker's favorite definition? Show how the last of these definitions serves as a climax for all that precedes and a basis for all that follows.*

« 3 (G) *How does time organization shape the opening part of this paragraph? What are the "certain implications" and where are they stated? Did the governments of Peisistratus, Caesar, and Napoleon exemplify these implications or the opposite?*

THE WHOLE SELECTION. (H) *Go back over the selection and trace the main steps by which Becker takes you from a definition which is vague to a more specific concept. Show how the use of varied methods of organizing explanation aided him in taking these steps.*

TECHNIQUES OF ARGUMENT

ARGUMENT appears in many forms: political talks, sermons, editorials, some college lectures, documentary films, advertising, indeed any spoken or written discourse on a controversial question. At its best, argument is the attempt of a sincere person to have others believe what he thinks is true or to have others do what he thinks is good.

Although it has many identifying characteristics, argument is not to be sharply set off from explanation or exposition. An understanding of expository techniques is essential for the careful reading of most arguments, and a knowledge of argumentative techniques is helpful in analyzing many pieces of exposition. Whatever fundamental distinction there is between the two types lies in the author's basic purpose. If this purpose is to clarify, the result is exposition; if it is to influence belief or action, the result is argument. As you will see, therefore, what follows in this section relates intimately to the preceding discussion of exposition.

There are several elements present in an argument that you as a careful reader must watch out for. The first is the point that is being argued, the unifying idea, called also the *conclusion* or *proposition*. If this unifying idea is designed to make you believe something, it is called a *proposition of fact;* if it is designed to make you do something, it is called a *proposition of policy*. You can see the difference in these two examples:

Proposition of fact: Senator Widgett has a splendid record as a public servant.

Proposition of policy: Vote at the next election for Senator Widgett.

Second are the points of disagreement, or *issues*. The *specific issues*, of course, vary with the argument, but ordinarily they fall into such general fields as the political, the economic, the social, the legal, the religious, the scientific, and the military. For instance, the proposition of fact, "Senator Widgett has a splendid record as a public servant," might involve such specific issues as the following: "Did Senator Widgett vote for tax reduction?" "Did he work for slum clearance?" "Did he support the bill for the increase of federal aid to education?" When the argument is in favor of a proposition of policy, these specific issues are frequently assembled under broader issues, ones which are so common that they have come to be called *stock issues*. Here are the most common stock issues stated in the form of questions:

Is there a need for a change?
Is the proposal workable?
Do the advantages outweigh the disadvantages?
Is the proposal better than other proposals?

As a reader, therefore, you are unlikely to have a clear understanding of an ar-

gument, especially an argument over policy, until you are aware of the stock issues (e.g., is the proposal workable?) and the specific issues (e.g., is the sale of homecoming badges on the city streets legal?).

In addition to a recognition of the proposition and the issues, careful reading of arguments requires critical examination of two other elements, the *methods of reasoning* and the *emotional appeals.* Roughly, these compose the logic and the psychology of argument. Each of these is dealt with in some detail on the pages immediately following in order that you may observe some of the basic ways in which people reason and in which they formulate their appeals. The problems are isolated in these selections for the purpose of close analysis, but in the typical argument the writer or speaker combines as many ways of reasoning and as many appeals to the emotion as he thinks necessary to achieve his objective.

It should be noted in passing that much argument is really counter-argument, or refutation. Indeed some rhetoricians are willing to say that there is no longer any argument in the first instance, that all arguments either explicitly or by implication are counter-arguments. When you encounter obvious refutation, watch for the author to do such things as these: (1) show that his opponent is biased or unqualified, (2) demonstrate that his opponent's facts are inaccurate, (3) show that his opponent's authorities and sources of information are prejudiced or inadequate, (4) demonstrate that his opponent's reasoning is fallacious, (5) employ various psychologically effective devices, such as reducing the opponent's argument to absurdity or reducing it to two alternatives neither of which is acceptable.

At first the reading of arguments may seem like a slow and arduous process. Actually this need not be so. After some practice there is no reason why you should not read argument as easily as you read exposition, *provided you read with a purpose.* That purpose is to discover the writer's main proposition, his major issues, his lines of reasoning, and his emotional appeals. Only by so doing will you increase your speed and your ability for critical comprehension of the selection.

The logic of argument

CAREY McWILLIAMS The marginal man

ARGUMENT BASED ON DETAILS. *An argument based on details is one in which the writer reaches his conclusion or proposition only after a careful consideration of the relevant circumstances. In its pure form this is inductive reasoning (reasoning from particulars to generalizations) and is inevitably in support of a proposition of fact. Indeed, there is no difference between this kind of argument and exposition except that the question being considered is more obviously controversial. In reading such arguments you should be careful to distinguish between the method of reasoning and the order of presentation. An author may state his proposition first even though from the standpoint of logic it is a conclusion to be drawn only after a study of the facts.*

"The Marginal Man," printed below, is an argument based on details. It is an excerpt taken from the beginning of Chapter VI of Carey McWilliams' book entitled A Mask for Privilege. *The author served for four years as Commissioner of Immigration and Housing in California, where he had the opportunity to study minority-group problems.*

THE FORMS of discrimination traced in the preceding chapter are essentially reflections of a basic reality—the anomalous position that Jews occupy in the American economy. In itself this position constitutes the best evidence of a strong underlying pattern of anti-Semitism in the United States. Similarly the best proof of the mythical character of the anti-Semitic ideology is to be found in an examination of the position which Jews occupy in our economy. For the notion that Jews dominate or control the American economy is one of the greatest myths of our time. « 1

The quickest way to define the position that Jews occupy in the American economy is to mark off the fields in which Jewish participation is nonexistent or of negligible importance. This of course constitutes a reversal of the anti-Semite's technique, for he always starts by defining the areas in which Jews

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From *A Mask for Privilege* by Carey McWilliams. Copyright 1947, 1948 by Carey McWilliams. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Co.

« 1 (A) *What is the author doing in the first two sentences?* (B) *Of what importance is the third sentence to the selection as a whole?*

« 2 (C) *What is to be said for the author's technique of defining the Jewish question? Against it?* (D) *Are you willing to accept a* Fortune *survey as a reliable authority? Give specific reasons based on your study of the magazine. Does your answer to this have any bearing on whether you are willing to accept McWilliams' argument?* (E) *What is to be*

play a prominent part. A brief examination of the *Fortune* survey (*Jews in America,* 1936) will indicate, graphically enough, those sectors of the economy in which Jewish participation is of negligible importance. « 2

Contrary to the ancient anti-Semitic myth, Jews are a minor influence in banking and finance. Of the 420 listed directors of the 19 members of the New York Clearing House in 1933, only 33 were Jews. "There are practically no Jewish employees of any kind," reads the *Fortune* survey, "in the largest commercial banks—and this in spite of the fact that many of their customers are Jews." While a few Jewish firms, such as Kuhn, Loeb & Company, J. & W. Seligman & Company, and Speyer & Company, have a well-established reputation in the investment banking field, Jewish influence in investment banking in the United States is wholly insignificant. Neither in commercial nor in investment banking are Jews an important factor. If the national rather than the New York scene were examined in detail, it could be demonstrated that Jewish influence in American banking is even less significant than the *Fortune* survey indicates. For the exclusion of Jews from the boards of local banks, outside New York, is a fact that can be readily verified by the most cursory investigation. In related fields of finance, such as insurance, the Jewish influence is virtually nonexistent. "The absence of Jews in the insurance business," to quote from the survey, "is noteworthy." Generally speaking, Jews participate in the insurance business almost exclusively as salesmen catering to a preponderantly Jewish clientele. Nor do Jews figure, in any significant manner, in the various stock exchanges across the country. « 3

If the Jewish participation in banking and finance is negligible, it is virtually nonexistent in heavy industry. There is not a single sector of the heavy industry front in which their influence amounts to dominance or control or in which it can even be regarded as significant. A minor exception might be noted in the scrap-iron and steel business, an outgrowth of the junk business, which has been a direct contribution of Jewish immigrants to the American economy. The scrap-iron business, it should be emphasized, is wholly peripheral to heavy industry in general. Similarly the waste-products industry, including nonferrous scrap metal, paper, cotton rags, wool rag, and rubber, is largely Jewish controlled. But, here again, control of waste products is a symbol of exclusion rather than a badge of influence. « 4

The following significant industries are all "equally non-Jewish," according

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said for and against this use of 1936 facts in a 1948 book? Can you find more recent surveys or discussions that bear out or change the facts given here?

« 3 (F) *What good expository techniques are followed in this paragraph?* (G) *Point out statistical proof, citation of authority, and generalization.*

« 4 (H) *Does the author strengthen or weaken his case by mentioning the exceptions?*

to the *Fortune* survey, namely, coal, auto, rubber, chemical, shipping, transportation, shipbuilding, petroleum, aviation, and railroading. The important private utility field, including light and power, telephone and telegraph, is most emphatically non-Jewish; and the same can be said of lumber, agriculture, mining, dairy farming, food processing, and the manufacture of heavy machinery. So far as heavy industry is concerned, one can best summarize the findings of the *Fortune* survey by saying that Jews are the ragpickers of American industry, the collectors of waste, the processors of scrap iron. « 5

Jewish participation in the "light industries" field is largely restricted to the distribution end. In the manufacture of wool, the Jewish influence is slight (from 5 to 10 per cent of production); somewhat higher in silk, it is only 5 per cent in cotton. In the distribution of wool, silk, and cotton products, however, Jews do play a significant role. Their participation in the important meat-packing industry is limited, as one might expect, to the production of the kosher meat pack. In a few industries, such as the manufacture of furniture, they are an important factor. But in most of the light industries, their numerical significance is often greater than the volume of production which they actually control. In the manufacture of boots and shoes, for example, they are a 40 per cent minority in numbers but control only 29 per cent of the volume of production. In the entire light industries field, the principal exception to the generally non-Jewish pattern of control is to be found in the clothing industry, which, like the scrap business, might properly be regarded as a Jewish contribution to American industry. « 6

While Jews play an important role in the buying of tobacco and control some of the large cigar manufacturing concerns, their participation in the mass production of cigarettes, which is emphatically big business, is negligible. Controlling about half the large distilling concerns, Jews fall far short of outright control of the liquor industry. In the general merchandizing field, the important fact to be noted is that, with the exception of apparel goods, Jews have been rigidly excluded from the various chain-store enterprises. Jewish participation is virtually nonexistent both in the drugstore chains and in the food distributing chains. Woolworth and Kress, for example, are 95 per cent non-Jewish. In the mail-order business, Montgomery-Ward and Sears, Roebuck are both non-Jewish, although it was Julius Rosenwald who built the latter company into the great institution

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« 5 (I) *Do you think the last sentence is a legitimate inference?*

« 6 (J) *What are "light industries"?* (K) *What precisely in this context is meant by such expressions as "significant role," "important factor," "Jewish contribution to American industry"?* (L) *How might an anti-Semite present the percentages on boot and shoe manufacture? What implication would he try to leave?*

it is today. While some of the department stores in New York and in the East are controlled by Jews, their influence in this field diminishes as one moves west. « 7

Again contrary to popular belief, Jewish participation in publishing is not significant. In the magazine field, the *New Yorker,* the *American Mercury,* and *Esquire* are about the only magazines that are controlled by Jews. The measure of Jewish influence in this field might, therefore, be estimated by comparing the circulation of these publications with the circulation of such magazines as the *Saturday Evening Post, Collier's,* the *Woman's Home Companion, Good Housekeeping, Look,* and *Time, Life,* and *Fortune.* Jewish participation in the advertising field is about 1 to 3 per cent of the total. However, they are a fairly important factor in the book publishing business and in the job-and-trade printing industry in the larger cities; and, in two new industries, radio and motion pictures, their influence is significant. "The whole picture of industry, business, and amusements," concludes the *Fortune* survey, "may be summed up by repeating that while there are certain industries which Jews dominate and certain industries in which Jewish participation is considerable, there are also vast industrial fields, generally reckoned as the most typical of our civilization, in which they play a part so inconsiderable as not to count in the total picture." « 8

« 7 (M) *Does the second sentence, as stated, strengthen your confidence in the author's objectivity?* (N) *Why is the material of the second half of the paragraph more likely to be convincing than that in the first half?*

« 8 (O) *What do the* Fortune *editors mean by "most typical of our civilization"? Do you agree?*

THE WHOLE SELECTION. (P) *What is the main proposition?* (Q) *What specific issues are suggested by the various paragraphs? Formulate them in questions.*

THOMAS JEFFERSON The Declaration of Independence

ARGUMENT BASED ON A GENERAL PRINCIPLE. *In the preceding selection, the author, concerned with proving the truth of a generalization about which his audience may have some doubts, gives many particular cases to substantiate the generalization. In this and the following two selections, each author, concerned with justifying a particular case, tries to prove that the particularization is one instance of a generalization with which the audience agrees. In the previous selection, the author reasoned from particulars to generals; in the following selections, the authors reason from generals to particulars. The previous type of argument is called induction; the type of argument used in the three following selections is called*

deduction. Rarely is either type found in isolation, and in the next three selections you will find that some of the generalizations are reached inductively even though the overall argument is deductive. One useful tip to remember is that whenever an author appeals for action, he is reasoning deductively.

The Declaration of Independence *gives us an opportunity to see a deductive argument set forth in formal fashion. After the introductory remarks, the line of reasoning goes like this:*

(1) Any form of government which proves destructive of the people's unalienable rights should be thrown off.

(2) The government of the King of Great Britain has proved destructive of the colonists' unalienable rights.

(3) The government of the King of Great Britain should be thrown off.

In a three-sentence simplification like this of a deductive argument, the first statement is called the major premise; the second, the minor premise; and the third, the conclusion. A premise is an assumption; the simplification itself is called a syllogism. Notice that in the Declaration *the minor premise has been reached inductively.*

WHEN IN the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation. «1

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the

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«1 (A) *What must have been the reaction of most men to the ideas set forth in this paragraph? What does your answer prove about the strategic value of beginning with such a paragraph?*

«2 (B) *What is a "self-evident" truth?* (C) *What contemporary interpretations are*

same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security.—Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world. « 2

He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good. « 3

He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them. « 4

He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only. « 5

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures. « 6

He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people. « 7

He has refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining in the meantime exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within. « 8

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws of Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands. « 9

He has obstructed the Administration of Justice, by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary powers. « 10

He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries. « 11

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there of the phrase "all men are created equal"? (D) *Show how the paragraph moves from more general to more specific standards.* (E) *What is the antecedent for "this" in the last sentence of paragraph 2?*

« 3-31 (F) *What premise of the argument do these assertions support? Why are comparable assertions not given in support of the other premise?*

He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance. « 12

He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies without the Consent of our legislatures. « 13

He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil power. « 14

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended Legislation: « 15

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us: « 16

For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States: « 17

For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world: « 18

For imposing taxes on us without our Consent: « 19

For depriving us in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by Jury: « 20

For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offenses: « 21

For abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighbouring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies: « 22

For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments: « 23

For suspending our own Legislature, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever. « 24

He has abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his Protection and waging War against us. « 25

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people. « 26

He is at this time transporting large Armies of foreign Mercenaries to compleat the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty & Perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized nation. « 27

He has constrained our fellow Citizens taken Captive on the high Seas to bear Arms against their Country, to become the executioners of their friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands. « 28

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian Savages, whose known rule of warfare, is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions. « 29

« 16 (c) *What do all the items introduced by "for" depend upon syntactically?*

In every stage of these Oppressions we have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people. « 30

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, Enemies in War, in Peace Friends. « 31

We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor. « 32

« 31 (H) *Can you see any logic to the order of the assertions in paragraphs 3-31?*

« 32 (I) *What is the function of this paragraph?*

THE WHOLE SELECTION. (J) *What specific issues are raised?* (K) *History is sometimes defined as a record of past events. What parts of the* Declaration *contain such a record? How does the* Declaration *differ in purpose from a record of past events?* (L) *What is the explanation for the assertion made in the introduction to this selection that whenever an author appeals for action he is reasoning deductively?*

CHARLES S. JOHNSON

We're losing our moral courage

ARGUMENT BASED ON A GENERAL PRINCIPLE. *Seldom do deductive arguments appear in so formal an arrangement as they do in the* Declaration. *Modern authors present them much more informally, so informally indeed that it is only on rare occasions that both premises are made explicit. To recapture the author's line of reasoning, you as the careful reader must work back from the conclusion (which in any good argument will be clear) to the assumptions upon which it is based. Only by so doing can you discover whether the conclusion is a valid one.*

The following is a short opening talk made by Dr. Charles S. Johnson, president of Fisk University, at a session of Town Meeting of the Air when the question for discussion was "Are We Losing Our Moral Courage?" Formalized, the argument runs somewhat in this fashion:

Any nation that allows to become dominant in its national life the excited search for political heretics [and that has all the other characteristics mentioned by Dr. Johnson] is losing its moral courage.

We are allowing to become dominant the excited search for political heretics [etc.].

We are losing our moral courage.

Strongly implied is the following argument based on the preceding one:

Any nation that loses its moral courage will be a weak and defeated nation.

We are losing our moral courage.

We will be a weak and defeated nation.

Notice how much more informal these arguments become in the actual presentation.

THANK YOU, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen. The subject is put as a question rather than a fact, but it is a fact that the question itself and the circumstances giving rise to it are today a matter of grave national concern. Moral courage is not to be confused with a display of power, or with reactions of fear, or the mere utterances of slogans and shibboleths. It is a positive quality, a willingness to defend those fundamental moral principles which one understands and believes. This quality has been associated with our development as a nation, and it has made for a strength that enables us to say and to know that nothing in all history has succeeded like America. « 1

Our great strength and phenomenal growth in America have been founded on our faith in the future and in the capacity of the individual to

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America's Town Meeting of the Air, produced by The Town Hall, Inc. over the ABC Radio Network.

« 1 (A) *Why is it desirable to define "moral courage" in this paragraph?*

solve his problems and thereby create a better world. This has been the steady theme of our history. « 2

But for whatever reason, less is heard today of our faith in the capacity of man and his moral strength, and more of the impersonal forces over which we have little or no control—forces pointing to the destruction of our security. Where there is any feeling akin to helplessness, more moral courage is needed. There is undoubtedly need for national caution in this period of anxiety, but we display irrational fear, loss of nerve and the denial of fundamental principles in American culture, when we allow to become dominant in our national life the excited search for political heretics, the indiscriminate demands for loyalty oaths, and activities that tend to stifle spontaneity and courage for adventure which have been providing impetus to the advancement of knowledge. « 3

We are in danger of defeating ourselves when we place a censorship over the free play of intelligence upon issues, or foster the urge and tendency to turn the spirit of free inquiry into indoctrination and restraint of criticism. We are in danger when we tolerate without protest sweeping attacks upon education. We know that moral bans in human relationships, in the end, transcend purely secular codes and customs. But knowing these things there is still indecision, and indecision is certainly not moral courage. From the time of our own national independence there has been sympathy and aid for the peoples who fought for their freedom and independence. « 4

The basic theme of our democratic convictions has been human rights. In character and temperament, we are opposed to gross acts of inhumanity, but in these times we are not yet prepared to oppose genocide, we hesitate about a covenant on human rights. We find it more feasible to desert the principle of native self-rule in Indo-China and French North Africa, to ignore the raging Gehenna in South Africa, the areas in the world most vulnerable to the spread of communism. Southeast Asia and Africa are as yet getting comparatively little of the force of our moral courage and help. « 5

On the domestic scene we are lagging in moral courage so long as fear or apathy or indifference dictates silence on the unfulfilled rights of our children to education, our economically depressed to adequate health care, our workers to security when their bodies are worn out, and that they have these values without regard to the exigencies of political parties. One of the strongest forces in the world today is the new and universal respect for

« 2 (B) *What is the function of this paragraph?*

« 3 (C) *What is at present taking the place of moral courage?* (D) *What are three signs of our loss of moral courage?*

« 4-7 (E) *What are additional signs of our loss of moral courage?*

the worth and dignity of every human personality. It's the core of the philosophy of human rights, of which civil rights is the domestic counterpart. There is a lack of moral courage, if believing this as Americans, the gap between the principle of equality and the reality of inequality is allowed to continue. « 6

There have been great improvements in relations with the racial and religious minorities in recent years. No one who observes and honors the virtues of our national life can deny this. But these changes are not yet keeping pace with the compulsions of this present day. The most dangerous handicap to the extension of our basic democratic philosophy to the other peoples of the world is the denial of its validity by those who oppose the extension of civil rights at home. « 7

If we as a nation believe in our own doctrine of human rights, whether involving race or class, sex or religion, we will, under the full light of our new national self-awareness, give them living reality now. The late Peter Marshall leading a prayer before the United States Senate petitioned, "Help us O, Lord, when we want to do what is right but do not know how to do it; but help us most, O, Lord, when we know very well what to do but do not want to do it." « 8

« 8 (F) *What is achieved by ending the argument with the prayer of Peter Marshall?*

THE PHILADELPHIA BULLETIN

In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads *The Bulletin*

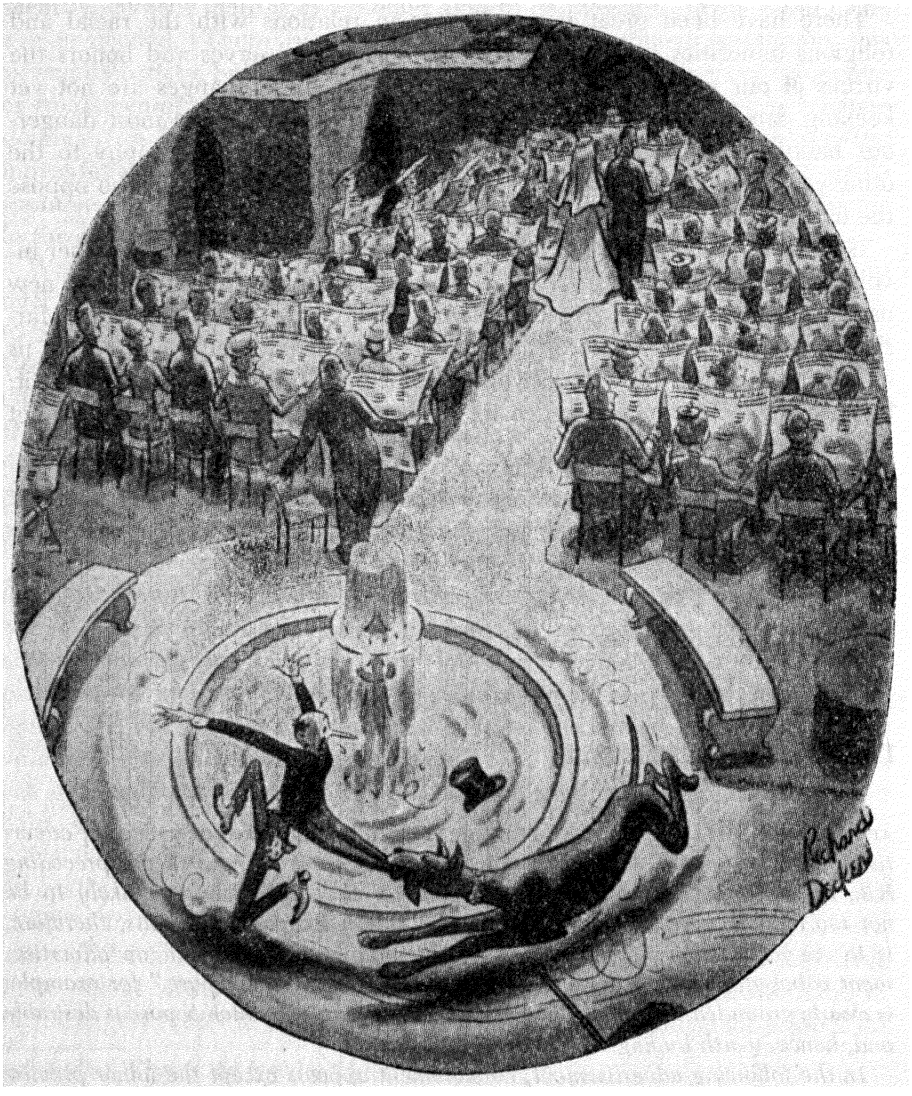
ARGUMENT BASED ON A GENERAL PRINCIPLE. *Implicit in almost any piece of advertising is an argument proceeding from a general principle. As in the preceding talk, the elements of the argument, except for the conclusion, are likely to be not too obvious. An excellent test of your ability to read arguments, therefore, is to see whether or not you can spot the premises upon which an advertisement is based. The famous slogan "99 and 44/100 per cent pure," for example, is clearly grounded on the major premise that any product which is pure is desirable and, hence, worth buying.*

In the following advertisement, no statement appears except the minor premise of an argument that runs something like this:

Any paper in Philadelphia which nearly everybody reads is a paper I should buy and is one in which I should advertise.

The Bulletin *is a Philadelphia paper which nearly everybody reads.*
The Bulletin *is a paper I should buy and is one in which I should advertise.*

The cartoon, of course, is to attract attention and emphasize the fact that almost everyone reads the Bulletin, *even under the most extraordinary conditions.*



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NORMAN COUSINS

Survival is yet possible

ARGUMENT BASED ON CAUSAL RELATIONS. *Essentially, an argument based on causal relations is deductive, for it is built, consciously or unconsciously, on a series of assumptions, the most general of which are that every event has its causes, and that given the same causes it is highly probable that you will get the same event. The patterns in which such arguments appear are innumerable. They vary from a simple citation of one cause for one effect to a complex analysis in which not only many causes are adduced for many effects but the effects themselves become causes for other effects. In the following excerpt notice how your understanding of the passage is dependent upon your ability to follow its causal reasoning.*

IT IS A CURIOUS phenomenon of nature that only two species practice the art of war—men and ants, both of which, significantly, maintain complex social organizations. This does not mean that only men and ants engage in the murder of their own kind. Many animals of the same species kill each other, but only men and ants have practiced the science of organized destruction, employing their massed numbers in violent combat and relying on strategy and tactics to meet developing situations or to capitalize on the weaknesses in the strategy and tactics of the other side. The longest continuous war ever fought between men lasted thirty years. The longest ant war ever recorded lasted six-and-a-half weeks, or whatever the corresponding units would be in ant reckoning. « 1

While all entomologists are agreed that war is instinctive with ants, it is encouraging to note that not all anthropologists and biologists are agreed that war is instinctive with men. Those who lean on experience, of course, find everything in man's history to indicate that war is locked up within his nature. But a broader and more generous, certainly more philosophical, view is held by those scientists who claim that the evidence of a war instinct in men is incomplete and misleading, and that man *does* have within him the power of abolishing war. Julian Huxley, the English biologist, draws a sharp distinction between human nature and the *expression* of human nature. Thus war is not a reflection but an expression of man's nature. Moreover, the expression may change, as the factors which lead to war may change. "In man, as in ants, war in any serious sense is bound up with the existence

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From the book *Modern Man Is Obsolete*, an expansion of an editorial in *The Saturday Review of Literature*. Copyright 1945 by Norman Cousins. Reprinted by permission of the Viking Press, Inc., New York.

« 1 (A) *What is gained by introducing this comparison? Give at least two answers.*

of accumulations of property to fight about. . . . As for human nature, it contains no specific war instinct, as does the nature of harvester ants. There is in man's makeup a general aggressive tendency, but this, like all other human urges, is not a specific and unvarying instinct; it can be molded into the most varied forms." «2

But even if this gives us a reassuring answer to the question—is war inevitable because of man's nature?—it still leaves unanswered the question concerning the causes leading up to war. The expression of man's nature will continue to be warlike if the same conditions are continued that have provoked warlike expressions in him in the past. And since man's survival on earth is now absolutely dependent on his ability to avoid a new war, he is faced with the so-far insoluble problem of eliminating those causes. «3

In the most primitive sense, war in man is an expression of his extreme competitive impulses. Like everything else in nature, he has had to fight for existence; but the battle against other animals, once won, gave way in his evolution to battle against his own kind. Darwin called it natural selection; Spencer called it the survival of the fittest; and its most overstretched interpretation is to be found in *Mein Kampf*, with its naked glorification of brute force and the complete worship of might makes right. In the political and national sense, it has been the attempt of the "have-nots" to take from the "haves," or the attempt of the "haves" to add further to their lot at the expense of the "have-nots." Not always was property at stake; comparative advantages were measured in terms of power, and in terms of tribal or national superiority. The good luck of one nation became the hard luck of another. The good fortune of the Western powers in obtaining "concessions" in China at the turn of the century was the ill fortune of the Chinese. The power that Germany stripped from Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and France at the beginning of World War II she added to her own. «4

What does it matter, then, if war is not in the nature of man so long as man continues through the expression of his nature to be a viciously competitive animal? The effect is the same, and therefore the result must be as conclusive—war being the effect, and complete obliteration of the human species being the ultimate result. «5

«2 (B) *What causal relation does the author reject? On what grounds does he reject it?* (C) *What cause for war does Huxley discover? How does Cousins use this cause in his own argument?*

«3 (D) *Given the present cause-effect relation, does the author think it better to remove the causes or treat the effects?*

«4 (E) *What does this paragraph do for our understanding of the cause-effect relation previously established?*

«5 (F) *What common element is found in the cause-effect relation previously rejected and the one accepted?*

If this reasoning is correct, then modern man is obsolete, a self-made anachronism becoming more incongruous by the minute. He has exalted change in everything but himself. He has leaped centuries ahead in inventing a new world to live in, but he knows little or nothing about his own part in that world. He has surrounded and confounded himself with gaps—gaps between revolutionary technology and evolutionary man, between cosmic gadgets and human wisdom, between intellect and conscience. The struggle between science and morals that Henry Thomas Buckle foresaw a century ago has been all but won by science. « 6

Given ample time, man might be expected eventually to span those gaps normally; but by his own hand, he is destroying even time. Decision and execution in the modern world are becoming virtually synchronous. Thus, whatever gaps man has to span he will have to span immediately. « 7

This involves both biology and will. If he lacks the actual and potential biological equipment to build those bridges, then the birth certificate of the atomic age is in reality a *memento mori.* But even if he possesses the necessary biological equipment, he must still make the decision which says that he is to apply himself to the challenge. Capability without decision is inaction and inconsequence. « 8

Man is left, then, with a crisis in decision. The main test before him involves his *will* to change rather than his *ability* to change. That he is capable of change is certain. For there is no more mutable or adaptable animal in the world. We have seen him migrate from one extreme clime to another. We have seen him step out of backward societies and join advanced groups within the space of a single generation. This is not to imply that the changes were necessarily always for the better; only that change was and is possible. But change requires stimulus; and mankind today need look no further for stimulus than its own desire to stay alive. The critical power of change, says Spengler, is directly linked to the survival drive. Once the instinct for survival is stimulated, the basic condition for change can be met. « 9

That is why the power of total destruction as potentially represented by modern science must be dramatized and kept in the forefront of public opinion. The full dimensions of the peril must be seen and recognized. Only

« 6 (G) *Summarize the causes that in Cousins' opinion are responsible for modern man's obsolescence.*

« 7 (H) *What are the causes for the lack of time? How does the lack of time, being first an effect, become a cause?*

« 8 (I) *If desired effects are to be achieved, what will the causes have to be?*

« 9 (J) *What cause or causes can produce change in man through the exercise of his will?*

« 10 (K) *What sentence here is the proposition for the entire selection?*

THE WHOLE SELECTION. (L) *Is the main proposition one of fact or policy?* (M) *What*

then will man realize that the first order of business is the question of continued existence. Only then will he be prepared to make the decisions necessary to assure that survival. « 10

are the specific issues involved? What general issues? (N) *Outline the chain of reasoning by which the author reaches his main proposition. In doing so, try working back from the proposition.* (O) *Do you see any weaknesses in Mr. Cousins' argument?*

SYLVIA WRIGHT Propagandizing American art

ARGUMENT BY ANALOGY: THE LITERAL ANALOGY. *Reasoning by analogy is one of the most common methods of winning belief or action. In practice it takes two forms: the literal analogy and the figurative.*

The literal analogy is sometimes called the logical analogy, at other times simply argument by comparison. Seen in its broadest aspect this method is deductive since back of it is the general assumption that two things alike in many important aspects are alike in some other aspect. For example, since both Cleveland and Chicago are large, industrial, Midwestern, lakeside cities, and since Cleveland has found it useful to have a central railroad terminal, it might be argued that Chicago would find it useful also. Confronting anyone reading such an argument would be the special task of determining whether the comparison is a valid one. Possibly some important element may tend to invalidate the whole argument—like the fact that the trunk lines terminate in Chicago rather than going right through as they do in Cleveland.

The following selection is taken from an article which appears in its complete form on pages 241–246. In the article the author is arguing that any attempt to "sell" American culture simply through statistics is bound to fail since culture is not susceptible of explanation by statistics. In the selection given here the author shows rather amusingly what might happen if she were writing propaganda about French instead of American culture. The author hopes that with her you will conclude that since French propaganda in order to be effective would deal with specific artistic works, American propaganda in order to be effective should deal with specific artistic works. After studying the selection carefully, turn to the complete article to see how this analogy fits into the total context.

DURING THE WAR, when writers in the Office of War Information had to explain the difficulties of supplying our armies, they used the following statistic: "It takes one ton of equipment to land an American

Reprinted from *The Reporter*, November 25, 1952, by permission of the author.

soldier in the European battle zone, and seven tons a month to keep him fighting." « 1

This compact and handy fact soon came so trippingly from various typewriters that one editor used to comment somberly, "Here comes old one-ton-seven-tons again." Old one-ton-seven-tons was one of many, including "One-third of America's manpower is woman power" (war production) and "From Guadalcanal to Tokyo is six times the distance from Paris to Berlin." « 2

In recent months I have been working for the State Department as an editor of a booklet called *The Arts in the United States,* for distribution overseas under the information program. Again I tapped a mine of neat, self-contained facts that come easily to the typewriter—this time not about war but about American culture. In the field of music, for example: "Since 1936, there has been an enormous increase in the number of summer music schools and music festivals in the United States." (I am ashamed to say that the word "burgeon" often creeps in.) "During twenty years at the Eastman School Festival of American Music, 900 orchestral works by more than 400 American composers have been played." « 3

The elemental and classic quote in this galaxy was used by Frederick Lewis Allen in an article called "The Spirit of the Times" [1] in the July issue of *Harper's:* "In 1900 there were only a handful of symphony orchestras in the country; by May 1951 there were 659 'symphonic groups'—including 52 professional, 343 community, 231 college, and a scattering of miscellaneous amateur groups. Fifteen hundred American cities and towns now support annual series of concerts." « 4

I could give you similar meaningful facts about American literature, painting, and the other arts. « 5

If you write propaganda you need facts like these, and it can't be helped if they become clichés. It can't be helped either if things are always entering the main stream of American culture or some American art form is always coming of age. American literature has come of age at least four

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[1] See page 356 in this book.

« 2 (A) *How do you know by the end of the second paragraph that the author is against an overuse of statistics?*

« 3 (B) *What reason do you get in this paragraph for her disliking the use of statistics in the booklet* The Arts in the United States? (C) *Why should she be ashamed that the word "burgeon" is frequently used?*

« 4 (D) *What reason can you see for calling Frederick Lewis Allen's statement an "elemental and classic quote"?*

« 5 (E) *What is the meaning of "meaningful"?*

« 6 (F) *What else does the author have against facts as used to advertise American culture?*

separate times—which reminds me again of the old OWI, where there were four different turning points for the Second World War. « 6

In putting together a booklet on the arts in the United States, the Division of Publications of the State Department was moved by the worthy ambition of correcting some false impressions and convincing the outside world that we *are* a cultured people—traditional European belief, the wails of our avant-garde, and the general appearance of things to the contrary notwithstanding. What more natural than to describe an increasing interest in the arts all over the country, the huge new audience for classic ballet, the new audience for artistic films, and even, on the basis of Gian-Carlo Menotti's television opera "Amahl and the Night Visitors," to hold out hope for television as the source of a huge new audience for opera? « 7

This is the "659-symphonic-groups" approach to American culture. I think it's just, it's dignified, it's worthy, and I don't like it. « 8

At one point when my colleagues and I despaired of producing a booklet that would be anything but boring in the face of this approach, we decided to be Frenchmen producing a propaganda booklet on the arts in France. It was a breeze. Outside pressure prevented us from arriving at a complete table of contents, but it contained something like the following: at least one article on the philosophy of fashion; a hitherto unpublished and startling set of limericks from recently unearthed notebooks of a late great French savant; a lyrically written article called "The Morality of Evil," on the beauty of early morning in the red-light district of Paris (this was composed by a new fifteen-year-old writer in the jail where he was serving a term for peddling dope and was illustrated by Brassai or Cartier-Bresson photographs); somewhere in the book there was, of course, a full-page photograph of Jean Cocteau's hands; the lead article, by Sartre and entitled "*L'Etre, ce n'est pas moi,*" announced that Sartre had ceased to exist and was therefore repudiating existentialism. « 9

You see what I mean. There were no statistics, nothing about how the population loved art, nothing about little orchestras sawing away in remote

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« 7 (G) *Explain the meaning of the transitional phrase "What more natural than to describe."*

« 8 (H) *Summarize the author's position on the American effort to show Europeans that we* are *a cultured people.*

« 9 (I) *What are the chief differences between the American propaganda and the imaginary French propaganda?*

« 10 (J) *What is the function of this last paragraph?*

THE WHOLE SELECTION. (K) *What is the main proposition of this selection?* (L) *What does the analogy add to the argument?* (M) *Do you think it a fair analogy?* (N) *Would the argument have been more effective had the author compared* actual *French or English or Italian propaganda with American?* (O) *If you were interested in refuting the argu-*

départements. The French booklet took for granted that France had culture and dealt with specific products—the work of artists. « 10

ment, how would you go about it? (P) *After reading the entire essay on pp. 241–246, do you think that the author strengthened or weakened her case by using this analogy? Explain your answer.*

NADINE MILLER The importance of advertising

ARGUMENT BY ANALOGY: THE FIGURATIVE ANALOGY. *This kind of analogy is also called an informative analogy since its purpose is usually to win belief or action by reducing a complicated subject to a relatively simple and presumably more understandable metaphor. Often these metaphors are no longer than a phrase, a sentence, or a paragraph. Occasionally, however, they take over the whole burden of the argument and become allegories such as Bunyan's* Pilgrim's Progress *and Swift's* A Modest Proposal. *The following is a short talk made by Miss Nadine Miller, former vice-president of C. E. Hooper, Inc., the company that puts out the Hooper ratings, which indicate the size of radio and TV audiences. The talk was one of the opening set speeches on Town Meeting of the Air when the subject was "Is Advertising Responsible for Our High Standard of Living?" In what follows you can see how a complicated situation is characteristically reduced to a very simple one. What results is not logical proof but something more understandable and possibly more appealing to the emotions than the proof itself. In such results lie the effectiveness—and the deceptiveness—of figurative analogies.*

FRIENDS, our topic this evening is: "Is Advertising Responsible for Our High Standard of Living?" The Answer is *yes,* as advertising has been and is the most important single factor contributing to a high standard of living we enjoy here in the United States—a standard so high that what are considered luxuries in other countries are accepted as everyday essentials here. Nowhere else in the world do people enjoy the wide selection of merchandise, the convenience of buying, the high quality, the low prices, and the ability by the whole general public to buy, that we do in the United States. What has been advertising's part in bringing this about? « 1

Well, to paraphrase a popular song, *If I'da Known You Were Coming,*

America's Town Meeting of the Air, produced by The Town Hall, Inc. over the ABC Radio Network.

« 1 (A) *What is the function of the first paragraph?*

I'da Baked a Cake, I knew you were coming, so I will bake you a cake. Now any good cook recognizes that certain ingredients are necessary to bake a cake; that they must be carefully measured and mixed; and that each has a particular function such as vanilla for flavoring, sugar for sweetening. All good cooks also know that, while they may bake an eggless or a sugarless cake, or such, there is one ingredient that is essential, and that is baking powder, or a leavening agent. Without that, the cake would not rise. Just so with advertising. It has served as the leavening agent in our free, competitive enterprise system. « 2

As with the cake, we can have the finest production facilities in the world, the best possible means of transportation for the results of our production, but unless advertising has created consumer desire and acceptance, causing the products to be sold, our entire economic system would be just as flat and worthless as a cake without the leavening agent. Unfortunately, there are those who for one reason or another, and most of the reasons are selfish, would like to see just this happen, would like to see our way of life changed. They are fully cognizant of the essential place that advertising has in maintaining our free enterprise system and the part it can play in the future progress of our country's economy. « 3

They realize if through the spreading of misinformation concerning advertising they can hamper, restrict or stop advertising, they could make a shambles of this nation faster than an atom bomb. So that we won't be misinformed, let's take the next minute to examine what have been advertising's constructive values to human good. If we could whisk ourselves into space so as to get a good perspective of man's progress, we would see during the first thousand years or so man conquering man, man conquering the stubborn land and pushing out into new land, but the one thing that would stand out would be how little change there was from age to age. Designs and backgrounds merged, but the basic life pattern of no progress, no comforts, and little culture remained from century to century. « 4

Then in the space of a heartbeat as time is reckoned, the world is changed. Cities, highways spring into being. People by the millions live in magic homes, homes where night can be turned into day, where the coronation of a queen half a world away can be brought right into our living rooms,

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« 2 (B) *In the comparison what corresponds to the cake? What might correspond to the flavoring and sweetening? What corresponds to the leavening agent?* (C) *Why do you suppose the comparison is made explicit only in the instance of the leavening agent?*

« 3 (D) *Who are those that would restrict or destroy advertising? Why do you suppose the author is not more specific about their identity?* (E) *How is the author defining "our way of life"?*

homes where good health, education, and comforts are regarded as necessities, not luxuries. Scientists and inventors have given us the basic treasures, one by one, but it was a concept which began to develop in this country at the turn of the century that has set our progress apart from all others. « 5

It was the concept that people are customers, customers whose wants are almost infinite if one develops and makes and sells things that people would like to have at prices they can afford to pay. World progress began when it was realized that consumer demand and acceptance are just as essential as the capacity to produce. We see production, distribution, necessary yes, but the introduction of these treasures to millions of people, their availability at a cost within reach of the average man; their very existence in your home and mine, are primarily due to advertising—the leavening agent for raising the standard of living. « 6

« 4-6 (F) *Here the writer shifts to a literal analogy: what-used-to-be in comparison with what-now-is. State the analogy in your own words. Do you think it an accurate one?*

« 6 (G) *What value is there in returning to the phrase "leavening agent"?*

THE WHOLE SELECTION. (H) *Do you think the figurative analogy is apt or far-fetched? Support your answer.* (I) *In what specific ways is the argument more effective because of the analogy? less effective?* (J) *Define "proof" and show why an analogy is not proof*

MONROE E. DEUTSCH The foes of the humanities

ARGUMENT BY AUTHORITY. *This is a type of argument that you encounter daily. In advertising it appears as testimonials, in law courts as testimony by witnesses and as citations from previous judgments, in general argumentative discourse as quotations from authorities presumed to be qualified and unprejudiced. The selection given here was an address by Dr. Deutsch at a dinner session of the Western College Association. In an age oriented strongly toward science, Dr. Deutsch's defense of the humanities would not normally be as popular as it once might have been. Notice how he strengthens his position by citing the opinions of a wide variety of authorities.*

To be perfectly frank, I am not wholly clear as to a definition of the humanities or what fields of study are included under that term. Webster defines it: "The branches of polite learning regarded as primarily

This speech by Monroe E. Deutsch is reprinted from *Representative American Speeches: 1952–1953*, ed. A. Craig Baird, H. W. Wilson Company.

conducive to culture; especially, the ancient classics and belles-lettres; sometimes secular, as distinguished from theological learning." This definition does not seem very helpful. I really don't know what branches of learning are "polite" nor "regarded as primarily conducive to culture." « 1

Perhaps the words of Terence may be sufficiently broad to take in everything that should be covered: *"Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.* (I am a man: I think naught that is human [humanum] alien to me.") In short, what is concerned with human beings may be regarded as falling under the humanities in the broadest sense of the term. Excluded are the subjects that deal with matter as opposed to man. Physics and chemistry and engineering are examples of fields outside of the humanities. « 2

Accordingly the social sciences may be classed in the humanities. Certainly, history deals with man and his achievements. But political science, concerned with mankind in its ways of governing itself, is also to be included. And so too is economics which deals with the manner by which mankind makes and earns a living. « 3

And yet I wonder whether the latter fields are not concerned especially with mankind externally rather than with the spirit of man. « 4

In the humanities I should certainly count music and art. For they are the work of humans and have no meaning save in their effect on humans. And while the noblest examples of each assuredly deserve to be placed beside the masterpieces of literature, we shall agree, I think, that works of letters can reach more of mankind and their messages are clearer; besides each of us can choose those that have meaning for him, and we do not need the external aid of works of art in galleries or music performed by musicians. « 5

The core of the humanities is in my judgment literature—whether in our own tongue or a foreign one. It is literature which teaches us how to live. Nor should I hesitate to include philosophy and history too; you recall that Clio is one of the muses. « 6

Think of all that these fields cover—the works of philosophy and of fiction, the tragedies and the comedies, the orations, the epics, the lyrics, the histories. What a glorious phalanx they form and how they raise us above the mundane and make us see life as something infinitely greater than the tasks which furnish us our daily bread! « 7

They teach us not what the physical world about us is but what we ourselves are and what we may be. They are the best teachers, the best guides, in the life we live during these few decades of ours. « 8

« 1 *and* « 2 (A) *What is gained by referring to Webster in defining the humanities? by referring to Terence?*

« 3-7 (B) *What does the speaker finally decide the term* humanities *covers?*

They not only raise us to higher spiritual levels but help us in our relations with our fellows and in the pursuit of our own lives. They are for living far more important than a knowledge of the physical sciences, far more important than information concerning the machinery of government or the laws of economics. Do not mistake me; for a well-rounded life these things too are necessary. We live in a physical universe, we are citizens of a state, and food and shelter depend upon economic conditions. « 9

Walter Lippmann said some twelve years ago in an address wisely delivered before the American Association for the Advancement of Science:

> Modern education, however, is based on a denial that it is necessary, or useful, or desirable for the schools and colleges to continue to transmit from generation to generation the religious and classical culture of the Western world. . . . It abandons and neglects as no longer necessary the study of the whole classical heritage of the great works of great men. . . . The emancipated democracies have renounced the idea that the purpose of education is to transmit the Western culture. Thus, there is a cultural vacuum, and the cultural vacuum was bound to produce, in fact it has produced, progressive disorder. For the more men have become separated from the spiritual heritage which binds them together, the more has education become egoist, careerist, specialist and asocial. « 10

And these teachers of ours are of all nationalities, of all periods, of all languages. They include Plato and Thucydides, Virgil and Horace, Goethe and Schiller, Molière and Montaigne, Dante and Cervantes, Shakespeare and Milton, Emerson and Whitman. They make us realize the oneness of humanity and how alike in essentials life is, whether or not we possess automobiles, radio, telephones and television. One of the great merits of the humanities is that they show the real unity of mankind. When we deal with the thoughts of great writers, whatever the language in which they are written, we feel nothing alien in them; what they say is all that matters, and there is nothing foreign there save the language in which it is expressed. I know no better method of creating international understanding—yes, and admiration—than through a thoughtful study of the writings of the great figures of all lands. « 11

What then has happened to the humanities in our time and our land? Why is it that letters are pushed aside? First and foremost responsible is the attitude of society to the whole business of education. It is assumed nowadays that young people go to college primarily to learn a profession, to fit themselves to become lawyers, physicians, dentists, architects, engineers, and the like. In short, the implied question always is: "Does this course

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« 10 (c) *What generalization of the author's does the quotation from Walter Lippmann support? Why mention the audience to which Lippmann spoke?*

help me to become an architect?" These professional curricula now have an underpinning of preprofessional courses. Yet the years preceding entry into law school or medical school were assumed to be periods for the education of human beings, not merely lawyers or physicians. The preprofessional courses and the emphasis on measuring all courses in the curriculum from the standpoint of their utility in the particular profession—these are enemy number one, the first foe of the humanities. « 12

But it is not only the strictly professional curricula that are enemies of the humanities. The entire system which over-emphasizes a major subject in the junior and senior years, and sets aside so much of the two preceding years to preparation for the major, is equally dangerous. A prospective geologist is as shackled in his program as a prospective physician. Here, too, courses are weighed on the basis of their utility to the geologist. The effort is made to turn out a specialist at the time the bachelor's degree is conferred instead of looking forward to graduate study as the proper period for a high degree of specialization. « 13

Of course, behind these two foes stands society which has all too often forgotten why universities and colleges exist, what they were intended to be, and thinks of them only as furnishing tools whereby a living may be earned. « 14

In the recent work *They Went to College*, divers opinions as to the value of college and the value of different types of programs are expressed. One letter reads: "It is regrettable that culture is inedible." The term indeed that these graduates use is "culture," and there is in many cases behind it a sneer, as in this letter:

> Culture courses are no longer needed to occupy a parlor or drawing room chair. Conversations over the tables of night clubs, beer gardens, baseball games, and trolley car seats do not smack of French, Gothic architecture, or why the Greek oratory was superior to our own. « 15

In discussing such a point of view, Professor Fred B. Millett in his work *The Rebirth of Liberal Education* says:

> The normal extraverted American characteristically finds his values in things, not in ideas or attitudes, or in the possession of immaterial goods. Despite his good nature and his generosity, despite his ready response to human suffering, he finds the most defensible human goal in the successful life, rather than the good life, and for him the most incontestable measure of success is the possession of things. « 16

« 15 (D) *What is* They Went to College? *To what end is it being quoted?*

« 16 (E) *Does the quotation from* The Rebirth of Liberal Education *support or refute the one from* They Went to College?

Years ago Bliss Perry delivered an address at the University of California on poetry. After its conclusion President Benjamin Ide Wheeler assembled a little group in the library of his home. Among others present was D. O. Mills, banker and regent. On meeting Professor Perry he "pronounced with finality: 'Mr. Perry, Poetry is a fine thing, but Business is *the* thing.'" « 17

Another foe of the humanities is assuredly the lack of reading—especially of books by our people. Newspapers—at least the headlines—are commonly read, though it must be admitted that the comics and the sport pages are the sections of the papers most quickly perused. Magazines—save perhaps for those abundantly supplied with pictures or dealing with movie stars—fall behind newspapers in popularity. And books recede still further. And in this case it is fiction—I should say current fiction—that far exceeds the reading of nonfiction. Even fiction of a few years ago is far less often taken out of libraries. Everyone wants to be up-to-date, even if that means reading trash. Advertising beats the drum for it, and I sometimes suspect that occasionally book reviewers are strongly influenced by the advertising pages. Plato and Goethe and Milton—and even Emerson—do not compete for popular favor with *Forever Amber* and similar so-called pieces of literature. « 18

Yet another of the foes of the humanities is the belief that a requirement in English in school or college is intended merely or at least primarily for the purpose of teaching the student to write acceptable English, to learn how to paragraph, how to spell, how to avoid the obvious errors in writing. How often the reading and study of literature is either neglected or at least pushed into a subordinate position! Do not misunderstand me—we should of course learn how to write good English. I wonder whether absorption in great literature is not itself one of the best teachers. « 19

Are there, however, not other foes aside from the external ones of which I have spoken? « 20

First of all, since our departments are always departments of language and literature, we tend to busy ourselves (I dare to say) too much with language, too little with literature. For example, instead of discussing the ideas with which the masters of letters deal, we tend to deal with translation. And if a student, by use of a dictionary gives the equivalent of the words the author has used, he wins an "A" and the class moves on to the next sentence. When you think of the pains which the author took to choose precisely the right words with the right shading, the student's

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« 17 (F) *How is the quotation from D. O. Mills related to the two preceding quotations? Taken together, what is the function of the three quotations?*

translation is to his wording as a child's drawing is to that of a master artist. « 21

A book is a repository of ideas, not merely a collection of words, to be discussed as words. If the latter were the case, would we be doing anything much more valuable than arranging beads by their color or their size? A great work is the result of the agony of a great mind; there are as truly labor pains as when a child enters the world. Think of Virgil and the time he took to write a page, to choose the right word, the one that most accurately depicted the idea struggling for expression. And how casually the word is chosen in an alien tongue to translate what he took such pains to select! « 22

We must go beyond the words he uses to the ideas. In short, it is our duty to deal with literature as the expression of ideas, not as an assemblage of foreign words. When I say this, I say nothing at all new. Thus, John Milton in treating of education said:

> Seeing every nation affords not experience and tradition enough for all kinds of learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the languages of those people who have at any time been most industrious after wisdom; so that language is but the instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into; yet if he have not studied the solid things in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only. « 23

Another foe is the notion that information is all important, is the mark of an intelligent man or woman. Have you observed this in radio programs? The one entitled "Information Please" is a perfect illustration. Listeners attend enthusiastically when some prominent figure in public life or the stage, shows himself able to answer a host of factual questions. And yet one may not be able to tell what flowers are mentioned in Shakespeare and still understand Shakespeare fully. Professor R. M. MacIver of Columbia University has a pertinent example: "I have a recollection of being at a doctoral examination, a Ph.D. examination, where questions like this were hurled at the candidate who was thereby qualifying to be called a doctor of philosophy: 'Who was the postmaster general at the time of President Coolidge?' " « 24

« 23 (G) *What proposition of the author's does the quotation from Milton support? Why is it useful to have Milton here instead of a modern writer or speaker?*

« 24 *and* « 25 (H) *Are Professor MacIver and Woodrow Wilson being referred to here as authorities or are their statements simply being used as examples to prove a point? Explain the difference.*

And Woodrow Wilson "often related with relish the answer he once found on an examination paper: 'This question is unfair. It requires thought.'" « 25

Woodrow Wilson (to quote him once more) said wisely:

> There is no discipline in information. Some of the best informed men I ever met could not reason at all. You know what you mean by an extraordinarily well-informed man. You mean a man who always has some fact at his command to trip you up; and you will generally find that all this man can do is to throw little chunks of fact in the way so that you will stumble on them and make yourself ridiculous. And if you say, "Very well, please be kind enough to generalize on this matter," you will find he cannot do it. Information is not education. Information is the raw material of education, but it is not education. « 26

Abraham Flexner in *Universities: American, English, German* says:

> The world has not lost, and, unless it is to lose its savor, will never lose the pure, appreciative, humanistic spirit—the love of beauty, the concern for ends established by ideals that dare to command rather than to obey. Now science, while widening our vision, increasing our satisfactions, and solving our problems, brings with it dangers peculiarly its own. We can become so infatuated with progress—in knowledge and control—both of which I have unstintedly emphasized —that we lose our perspective, lose our historic sense, lose a philosophic outlook, lose sight of relative cultural values. « 27

Now I enter territory filled with ground-mines, extremely dangerous. Are not our teachers—I refer to teachers of the humanities—all too often trained in what one would call a "scientific" manner? And do they not feel that it is their function to deal with their subject matter "scientifically," i.e., factually? Are not our teachers dragooned from first to last to look at works of letters as quarries into which to dig, rather than as the expressions of great minds on life and ways of living it? I realize, of course, that there is danger in the alternative presentation; it may perhaps lead to sheer talk, to a superficial knowledge of an author. However, a wise teacher should be able to avoid these pitfalls. « 28

If therefore we are really convinced of the importance of the humanities, that they should not only be a part of education but the very heart of it, we must combat its foes, external and internal. Indeed, if we were able to fight them successfully, we should make our education more than a road

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« 26 (1) *Is Wilson now being used as an authority? If so, in support of what contention of the author's?*

« 27 (2) *What is the relation between the Flexner quotation and the one from Wilson in the preceding paragraph?*

to a particular profession, more than a path to higher monetary returns, but a route to nobler living. « 29

At the same time I wonder if those who have chosen to teach the humanities, are sufficiently devoted to them—if we really believe in them with all our souls. How widely are we accustomed to read in the literature which we are teaching? How extensively do we read in other literature? We cannot inspire unless we ourselves are inspired. Are we perhaps dispirited by the lack of support which we receive? Are we overwhelmed by our scientific colleagues and are tempted to imitate them? Do we regard factual material concerning our literature as more important than an understanding of the thoughts it conveys? « 30

When all is said and done, the need is that we secure as teachers those who, in Cicero's words, are "all afire with these studies" (his *studiis flagrantis*). Assuredly nothing can catch fire unless a spark at least kindles it. I know of no automatic way of creating such a spark in teachers; it is a God-given gift. But in general to inspire such a teacher requires that fire shall have been transmitted from his teacher. Indeed it resembles the carrying of the Olympic torch, each runner kindling the fire from the torch of his predecessor and bearing it on its way to its final goal. « 31

If our people are not led to the humanities and taught their significance, what will be the effect on the production of great works of letters among us? In general, works of genius flourish when the soil is receptive. It is no accident that in ancient Greece such a galaxy of great writers appeared at one time. When a people deeply appreciate writings of distinction, there will be a stimulus to their production. To be sure a great soul will speak even in an era of darkness, but an impetus to great work in any field rests upon the attitude of society. It is no accident that now we live in an age of noteworthy inventions and scientific discoveries, but I wonder how many works of today will endure in music, art or letters. « 32

In times of sorrow and tribulation where does one turn for help? Not to the best-sellers in the fiction of the day but to the majestic works of the past. They alone can enable one to realize better what such suffering means and give one comfort in the dark days in which one is living. But unless one habitually turns to the great figures, he will not find it easy to open those doors when the need arises. We all know that sorrow and pain will overtake us, indeed more and more as the years grow more numerous. This means that with each year, each decade we need all the more the solace of great literature. I do not speak of the Bible since it is filled with so much that helps at such times; it should come first whenever the clouds gather.

« 31 (K) *What is added by having Cicero seem to be in agreement with the speaker?*

But next stand the great masters of letters. They do not confine themselves to trivial matters but give us the thoughts of the world's noblest minds on such crises as inevitably overtake us. « 33

Unless we devote ourselves to the great works of the past and such great works as may perchance appear in our time, shall we not cut ourselves off both from those of our generation and also the majestic works which time has striven to preserve for us? We treasure the edifices of the past, some to be sure because of their architectural beauty, others merely because of historical associations and antiquity. And yet the works of literature go back into the dim centuries long before such buildings were erected. These are after all but things of brick and stone, often beautiful but at times esteemed merely as relics of a long past age. The works of letters are the distillations of great minds and great souls; they do not appear in mutilated form or in restorations. They are the very words uttered by those long gone from mortal life but as living and as true as when the writer jotted them down. It is our duty to keep them alive and not permit them to take their place beside the mummies of Egyptian kings. Nothing is really more alive than they, if we but see that they are not buried and forgotten. « 34

Unless we inculcate a love of great works and stimulate our students to read them—voluntarily and not as something prescribed in the course—above all read them when school and college are far in the past—unless, I say, we accomplish this, we shall fail in our greatest responsibility and make our times the true Dark Ages, ignorant of the past, devoted to the temporal and heedless of the eternal. « 35

There is a passage in Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird* which I love to quote. The dead grandparents say in effect to the children "We dead live again when you the living think of us—and only then." « 36

So the great figures of letters from Aeschylus to Milton only live when we of this generation read them and think their thoughts. Otherwise what life have they? They are truly dead—sometimes called dead in language but really dead in that they are completely ignored and forgotten. « 37

We have therefore both affirmative and negative steps to take—to do everything possible to encourage love of great literature and at the same time to fight against the transformation of our educational institutions into institutions which can only by a stretch of terms be called educational—which seek to win popular favor by teaching or claiming to teach primarily that which is useful, useful in the narrowest sense of the term. « 38

« 36 (L) *What is added by having Maeterlinck state the proposition instead of the speaker's stating it in his own words?*

May we play our part in striving to convert our institutions into truly educational centers! « 39

Let us recall the words of Kipling in his poem *The Secret of the Machines.* He represents the machines as boasting:

> We can pull and haul and push and lift and drive,
> We can print and plough and weave and heat and light,
> We can run and jump and swim and fly and dive,
> We can see and hear and count and read and write!

But later they are driven to admit:

> Our touch can alter all created things,
> We are everything on earth—except the Gods!

And finally they go even further and declare:

> Though our smoke may hide the Heavens from your eyes
> It will vanish and the stars will shine again,
> Because, for all our power and weight and size,
> We are nothing more than children of your brain! « 40

So my plea in simplest terms is: "Let not the smoke of the world hide the heavens from our eyes." « 41

« 40 (M) *What final point does the quotation from Kipling support?*

THE WHOLE SELECTION. (N) *What is the main proposition of the argument?* (O) *What issues are suggested?* (P) *What is the effect of citing all of the authorities named in this selection?* (Q) *Is argument by authority an inductive or deductive method of reasoning? Explain your answer.* (R) *In arguing against someone who uses this method what would you attempt to do?*

THOMAS PAINE Nothing can be more fallacious . . .

ARGUMENT BY A COMBINATION OF METHODS. *Though an argument may be based primarily on one of the methods previously described, an argument of any length is seldom pursued by one method alone. Most authors find it useful to employ a variety of methods, and to employ both argument and counter-argument.*

One of the cleverest men at argument was Tom Paine, the great propagandist for the American cause during the Revolutionary War. In the following excerpt

from his Common Sense, *a rousing essay written in 1776 and probably the most significant document of the Revolution aside from the* Declaration *itself, Paine employs a variety of methods in attacking the Tories and the Tory arguments.*

I HAVE HEARD it asserted by some, that as America has flourished under her former connection with Great Britain, the same connection is necessary towards her future happiness, and will always have the same effect.—Nothing can be more fallacious than this kind of argument.—We may as well assert that because a child has thrived upon milk, that it is never to have meat, or that the first twenty years of our lives is to become a precedent for the next twenty. But even this is admitting more than is true; for I answer roundly, that America would have flourished as much, and probably much more, had no European power taken any notice of her. The commerce by which she hath enriched herself are the necessaries of life, and will always have a market while eating is the custom of Europe. « 1

But she has protected us, say some. That she hath engrossed us is true, and defended the Continent at our expense as well as her own, is admitted; and she would have defended Turkey from the same motive, *viz.* for the sake of trade and dominion. « 2

Alas! we have been long led away by ancient prejudices and made large sacrifices to superstition. We have boasted the protection of Great Britain, without considering, that her motive was *interest* not *attachment;* and that she did not protect us from *our enemies* on *our account,* but from her enemies on her own account, from those who had no quarrel with us on any *other account,* and who will always be our enemies on the *same account.* Let Britain waive her pretensions to the continent, or the continent throw off the dependence, and we should be at peace with France and Spain were they at war with Britain. The miseries of Hanover's last war ought to warn us against connections. « 3

It hath lately been asserted in Parliament, that the colonies have no relation to each other but through the parent country, i.e. that Pennsylvania and the Jerseys, and so on for the rest, are sister colonies by the way of England; this is certainly a very roundabout way of proving relationship,

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« 1 (A) *Paine begins by summarizing a Tory argument. What method of argument had the Tories apparently been using?* (B) *What method of argument does Paine employ in the sentence beginning "We may as well . . ."?* (C) *What kind of argument does he employ in the last half of the paragraph?*

« 2 (D) *What kind of argument had the Tories probably used in holding that England had protected the colonies?* (E) *What method of argument does Paine use in reply?*

« 3 (F) *What method of argument is Paine employing here?* (G) *Put the argument of this paragraph in your own words.*

but it is the nearest and only true way of proving enmity (or enemyship, if I may so call it). France and Spain never were, nor perhaps ever will be, our enemies as *Americans,* but as our being the *subjects of Great Britain.* «4

But Britain is the parent country, say some. Then the more shame upon her conduct. Even brutes do not devour their young, nor savages make war upon their families; wherefore, the assertion, if true, turns to her reproach; but it happens not to be true, or only partly so, and the phrase *parent* or *mother country* hath been jesuitically adopted by the King and his parasites, with a low papistical design of gaining an unfair bias on the credulous weakness of our minds. Europe, and not England, is the parent country of America. This new world hath been the asylum for the persecuted lovers of civil and religious liberty from *every part* of Europe. Hither have they fled, not from the tender embraces of the mother, but from the cruelty of the monster; and it is so far true of England, that the same tyranny which drove the first emigrants from home, pursues their descendants still. «5

«4 (H) *In a sense Paine refers to authorities when he writes, "It hath lately been asserted in Parliament. . . ." Why is this not a true argument by authority?* (I) *What method of argument does Paine employ here?*

«5 (J) *What method of argument were the Tories using in maintaining that Britain was a parent? Does Paine shift the method or use the same one? Explain.*

THE WHOLE SELECTION. (L) *List the arguments that Paine attributes to the Tories and indicate in each instance the method of argument the Tories had apparently used.* (M) *Indicate in each instance, also, the reply that Paine makes and the method of argument he employs in making it.* (N) *Technically, is this excerpt an example of argument in the first instance or refutation? If you think it is the latter, show which of the devices listed on page 48 Paine uses.* (O) *If you had been a Tory at the time, how could you have dealt with Paine's arguments?*

The psychology of argument

Knowing that readers or listeners are not swayed by logic alone, writers and speakers usually supplement their logical arguments with appeals which they hope will be psychologically effective. Some of these appeals to feeling are illustrated in the remaining selections in Part One.

JOSEPH ALSOP What is academic freedom?

A letter from an alumnus

THE WRITER OR SPEAKER AND THE AUDIENCE. *It is difficult to imagine a successful argument without some attempt on the part of the writer or speaker to establish a friendly relationship between himself and his readers or listeners. To do this he must in the first place establish himself in their eyes as a worthy person. He must show, if possible, that he is likable, that he is a man of good character, that he is an authority on the subject, and that he is reasonably unbiased in dealing with it. John Quincy Adams made substantially these same points in speaking at Harvard in 1806 when he observed that there are "three qualities in the character of an orator which may naturally and essentially affect the success of his eloquence." These he listed as "an honest heart, a sound understanding, and a disposition characterized by benevolence, modesty, and confidence."*

In the second place, a writer or speaker establishes a friendly relationship by taking into account the readers' or listeners' basic desires for security and happiness; their love of home, country, and family; their quite human susceptibility to flattery; their high regard for the simple virtues and their dislike of hypocrisy, unfairness, and evil; their special affiliations, beliefs, and prejudices. By some specialists in argument, appeals to such characteristics in the audience are called "pathetic proof" whereas the attempts of a writer or speaker to establish his own character and reputation are called "ethical proof."

The following selection is a letter by Joseph Alsop originally written to one of the fellows of the Harvard Corporation. Joseph Alsop is widely known as a journalist whose columns, frequently written in collaboration with his brother Stewart, appear in many newspapers throughout the country. It is more important in reading this letter, however, to know that Joseph Alsop is a member of the Board of Overseers of Harvard University, for it is as a member of this Board that he addresses himself to his reader.

DEAR X: With your permission, I should like to give you my thoughts about the investigation of Communism in the universities that is currently being conducted by the House Un-American Activities Committee and the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. I do so because I have watched these committees in action for a long time, and because I believe this investigation is in a sense a test case of whether Harvard is still Harvard. « 1

Let me begin by saying that I have been profoundly and actively anti-

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« 1 (A) *What in this paragraph would probably appeal to the reader? Comment particularly on "With your permission" and "whether Harvard is still Harvard."* (B) *How does the author establish himself here as an authority on the subject?*

Communist all my life. Those of us who have always understood the Communist Party and its purposes perhaps do not feel called upon to protest our hatred quite so hysterically as those on whom the truth has dawned more recently. But the feeling is as strong just the same. Nor do I stop at being anti-Communist. I have known only three or four men and women who have emerged from the experience of party membership as *well* people. With these rare exceptions ex-Communists seem to me suspect and repellent, whether they are professionally and loudly repentant or merely mumbling and regretful. I am sure that all the other members of the Harvard governing bodies feel just as I do. « 2

Unfortunately, however, the question that confronts us is not how we feel about Communists and ex-Communists. The question is, rather, how we feel about the three great principles which have run, like threads of gold, through the long, proud Harvard story. These are the necessary rules of association, as it were, of every free intellectual community—of every university that still fulfills the university's function of extending the frontiers of human thought and human knowledge. « 3

These rules are needful for a simple, practical reason. The frontiers of thought and knowledge are rarely pushed outwards without giving acute pain to those who are used to the frontiers where they are. People will always acquire a vested interest in the old boundaries. They will always feel, about any great extension, as our New England Federalists felt about the westward course of American empire. Hence a university cannot do its vital job if what is novel and original and unconventional may be punished as being immoral or pernicious or wickedly unorthodox. From Roger Bacon to Darwin, from Cimabue to Picasso, the grand originators have always been attacked as sinister subverters of the established order. The fear of such attack is a dead hand. And any academic community will degenerate into a mere finishing school for mediocrities unless the members of that community feel free to think new thoughts and say new things. « 4

Among the three principles of academic freedom, the first, then, is simply the freedom to make the personal choices, within the limits of the law. « 5

Harvard's governing bodies may, of course, refuse to appoint a man

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« 2 (C) *What is the function of this paragraph? Why should it come so early in the letter?*

« 3 (D) *How is the reader taken into account in the phrase "like threads of gold, through the long, proud Harvard story"? In your opinion, would the author have used the same words if he had been writing to a Yale man? Explain your answer.*

« 4 (E) *The writer could have used an analogy other than "as our New England Federalists felt." What reason can you give for his using this one?*

because they do not like the tendency of his politics or even the cut of his coat. But if he is once appointed, and if he duly fulfills his academic contract, a member of our faculty is not to be penalized for any legal choice he may make, however eccentric or controversial. He may become a nudist or a Zoroastrian, imitate Origen or adopt the Pythagorean rules of diet. If called before a Congressional investigating committee, he may seek the protection of the Fifth Amendment, and refuse to testify on grounds of possible self-incrimination. However much we disapprove, we may not interfere. « 6

I am aware that many people nowadays hold that any man who shelters behind the Fifth Amendment must by inference be criminally guilty. I myself believe that witnesses called before the Congressional investigating committees choose better when they testify fully and frankly, letting the chips fall where they may. But I am also quite certain that seeking the Fifth Amendment's protection is a permissible choice, within the limits of the principle I have laid down above. « 7

In the first place, the procedures of these Congressional investigating committees are an outrage against the spirit of the Constitution, whether or no they remain within the letter of the Congressional power, which I doubt. One of them—that headed by Senator McCarthy—is in effect engaged in the national dissemination of poison pen letters. Another—that headed by Senator Jenner—long cherished and flattered as its chief witness a man I myself have publicly accused as a probable perjurer, whose sworn testimony in the important case of John Carter Vincent has just been scornfully rejected by the present Secretary of State. Still another—that headed by Representative Velde—until lately employed in a key position on its staff a proven forger of evidence, who was only dismissed when caught, *in flagrante delicto*, in a second shameless fabrication. « 8

Before these committees, a man may be charged with "pro-Communism" because he has irritated a neurotic subordinate by editing out a foolish repetition of the phrase "anti-Communist" in a single paragraph of a broadcast. If he seeks to answer the charge the committee staff blackmails him with threats of rough treatment on the stand. If he still persists, he is barely allowed to make his halting explanation before he is overwhelmed with menacing irrelevancies—"Come now, was it five minutes before or

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« 4 *and* « 6 (F) *In what way can the use of names and terms like Roger Bacon, Darwin, Cimabue, Picasso, Zoroastrian, Origen, and Pythagorean operate as "pathetic proof"?*

« 7 (G) *Why are the first two sentences likely to make the reader more confident in the author and hence more willing to accept his third sentence?*

« 8 (H) *How does the author attempt to establish his own competence in this paragraph?*

five minutes after?—You're under oath; was it Friday or Saturday?—Won't you admit that this word 'democratic,' which you say you used, is a prime favorite of the Communists?" And in the end the damning charge of pro-Communism remains on his record, grossly false yet inexpugnable, to return to haunt him whenever he seeks a new job, or moves to a new neighborhood, or makes a new friend. « 9

The foregoing actual case, which I can vouch for in detail, points all too clearly to the central fact. Both in procedure and in aim these committees differ altogether from the old House Un-American Activities Committee when Vice-President Richard Nixon was taking a leading part in its work. The real aim of these committees is not to bring persons guilty of crime before courts of law. It is to make political capital by incriminating their victims before the court of public opinion—to use the headlines to damage reputations beyond subsequent repair. Quite often, what is incriminating before these committees to the extent of ruining men's lives would be rejected with indignation by any court in the country. The process is antilegal in its essence, and even doubtfully constitutional in its outward forms. In considering this process, it is ridiculously unrealistic to be guided by pure legal theory, in the manner of Professor Zechariah Chafee, Jr., and Professor Arthur Sutherland. « 10

For these reasons, then, a Harvard faculty member called before these committees must be permitted to choose not to testify, either as protest against the prevailing procedures, or because he fears his simplest word will be ruthlessly twisted against him, or because he does not wish to play the part of an informer. « 11

This last motive is an especially strong one. In the American academic community, there must be hundreds of unimpeachably loyal Americans who briefly wandered into the Communist Party during the united front nonsense of the thirties or the period of wartime silliness. In all too many of our universities nowadays, the mere revelation of these people's former folly will cost them their posts. As I have said already, I think that in general the better course is full disclosure and let the chips fall where they may. But may not a man balk at ruining the lives of friends now loyal, who shared his own past error? « 12

The witness who gives up the Fifth Amendment's protection, tells his own

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« 10 (I) *What effect is the clause "which I can vouch for in detail" likely to have on the reader?* (J) *Why might the reader be favorably impressed, assuming that he is a conservative, by the distinction drawn between the McCarthy, Jenner, and Velde committees on the one hand and the Nixon Committee on the other?*

« 12 (K) *Why might the idea in the next-to-the-last sentence make a favorable impression on the reader?*

story fully, yet refuses to inform on his friends, will certainly be cited for contempt of Congress. A jail term is the price of this seemingly more honorable course. Names and more names are what these committees want at this stage and they will stop at nothing to get them. This is an essential part of their program for terrorizing the academic community. « 13

I am fully conscious that a man who pleads possible self-incrimination in order to avoid playing informer without going to jail, is in fact taking advantage of a legal technicality. But even other-worldly legal theorists like Professors Sutherland and Chafee must admit that taking advantage of legal technicalities is common practice among respectable citizens. It is common practice, moreover, in the courts of law, where an accused man still enjoys his constitutional privilege of being assumed innocent until proven guilty. Think it over. I put it to you, whatever we may think ourselves, Harvard cannot say to members of the Harvard faculty, "Either you turn informer or you go to jail." « 14

As to the second principle of academic freedom, it is unrestricted freedom of thought. « 15

Freedom of thought perforce includes the freedom to hold unpopular or pernicious political views, and even to belong to plainly pernicious political parties, so long as these parties are legal, as the Communist Party still is. I would not knowingly give a Communist a Harvard appointment, and I would be very suspicious of ex-Communists. But whether we like it or not, we cannot start disciplining a man for his political ideas after we have appointed him. The rule was well laid down by Senator Taft, who said he would not dismiss a professor just because he was a Communist, although he would do so if the man had broken his academic contract by teaching Communism on university time. « 16

If I may, I shall illustrate the wisdom of this rule from my own experience. Immediately after the war, the American Communist Party was a serious threat. Infiltration had gone so far in the labor movement, for instance, that the Wisconsin CIO was actually Communist-controlled. The Wisconsin Communists were even able to swing the labor vote from Senator Robert M. La Follette, Jr., to Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, thus giving Senator McCarthy his majority in the 1946 Republican primary. Senator McCarthy was then complacent, defending his tainted victory with the remark, "Well, Communists vote, don't they?" But at that time, as my writ-

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« 14 (L) *How is the author taking the reader's loyalties into account when he says, "Whatever we may think ourselves, Harvard cannot say to members of the Harvard faculty . . ."?*

« 16 (M) *What so-called "ethical proof" do you find in this paragraph?* (N) *Assuming the reader to be a conservative, justify the sentence about Senator Taft.*

ing will show, I was not complacent about the Communist threat, doing all in my power to expose and warn against this infiltration that Senator McCarthy benefited from. « 17

Nowadays, while the menace of the Soviet Union has grown very greatly, the American Communist Party is an impotent wreck. But we are now faced with a new internal threat, from Senator McCarthy and his friends and followers of the neo-Fascist right. In my opinion, these people are also subversives in the literal sense for they are seeking to subvert our most honored American institutions under the cloak of anti-Communism. If Communists are to be dismissed from Harvard then it will also be my duty as an overseer to demand the rooting out of all McCarthyites and McCarthy fellow travelers. « 18

It is precisely because any kind of purge opens the gate to all kinds of purge, that freedom of thought necessarily means the freedom to think bad thoughts as well as good. « 19

It is Harvard's glory—it always has been Harvard's glory—to stand for unrestricted free trade in ideas. I am not impressed by the argument that Harvard should change her ancient ways, in order to give a safe answer to those who ask, "But are you going to let a Communist teach our boys?" Parents may choose from the wide variety of finishing schools for mediocrities if they think their boys are so softheaded as to be led into Communism by an astronomer or theoretical physicist mournfully parroting the dreary intellectual stereotypes of the extreme left. Harvard is not for the softheads but for those capable of education. And to cut off that free trade in ideas which is a vital element in the highest education is no safeguard of those who come to Harvard to be educated. It is a sin against them. « 20

But, you may ask, what if one of these men called by the Congressional inquisitors has been or is criminally guilty? What if we are not dealing with a mere party front-man, useful as window dressing, but with a conscious member of the Communist conspiracy? I am not such an innocent as to deny there may be such cases. Yet the third great principle of academic freedom is to leave such determinations to the due process of the law, of whose protection no American may be rightfully deprived. « 21

« 17 (O) *Why should the author want to show that he was exposing Communists when Senator McCarthy was pleased to have Communist support?*

« 18 (P) *What value is there here in the author's calling attention to the fact that he is a Harvard overseer?*

« 20 (Q) *What in this paragraph might appeal especially to a member of the Harvard Corporation?*

« 21 (R) *How does the author further establish his right to be heard?*

There is no Harvard precedent for any other course. Dr. Webster (as I remember very well, for he was a relative of mine) murdered Professor Parkman and incinerated the body in the Harvard Physics Laboratory furnace. The Harvard President of those days testified as a character witness at Dr. Webster's trial; and the hangman, not the governing bodies, terminated Dr. Webster's appointment. I may be old-fashioned, but I still think homicide is as reprehensible as Communism; and I am contented to leave the discovery of conspirators to the police and the courts. « 22

Nor can I forget, in this connection, the distinguished example set by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles in the grave case of Alger Hiss. I need hardly remind you that when Hiss was charged with perjury, and by implication with treason, Secretary Dulles and his colleagues on the Carnegie Institution Board refused to dismiss Hiss from his high post until the wrongdoer had been fairly tried. I honor them for their courage and right thinking. It would be inexpressibly shocking if the governing bodies of Harvard, which in the past have been courageous, right-thinking, and worthy of honor should now forget their traditions in favor of a cheap and self-defeating expediency. « 23

Let me repeat, in these cases the individuals are nothing and the principles are everything. I dislike the individuals, I deplore their views, and I wish they held no Harvard appointments. But this is irrelevant to the central issue. That issue is simple. Harvard has been asked to be the judas goat, leading the whole American academic community to the slaughterhouse. Harvard cannot be untrue to her past, cast shame upon her present, and jeopardize her future, by accepting this plausible but sinister invitation. « 24

I am, most sincerely yours, « 25

Joseph Alsop

« 22 (S) *Can you see any reason for the parenthetical remark? Does it enhance or harm the author's reputation?* (T) *What further characteristics of the author does the last sentence indicate?*

« 23 (U) *What appeal to the reader lies in the last sentence?*

« 24 (V) *What characteristics of the author are emphasized here? Are they characteristics that are useful to emphasize at the end of the letter?*

THE WHOLE SELECTION. (W) *In what ways has the author established his character? his competence to write on this subject? his fairness and objectivity?* (X) *Summarize the characteristics of his reader to which the author has appealed.* (Y) *Tell what appeals you would use if you were arguing for academic freedom at Harvard (a) in a letter home, (b) in a letter to your Congressman, (c) in a letter to your home-town paper, and (d) in a letter to Senator McCarthy.*

CHICAGO *Tribune* EDITORIAL Churchill true to form

MODES OF ATTACK: THE ATTACK DIRECT. *Whenever an argument is directed against some opposing force, human or otherwise, the writer or speaker may tactically choose to storm the front or to slip around and attack from the rear. The difference between the two attacks is the difference between the literal statement and the ironic or indirect one.*

In the direct attack, unlike the attack indirect (see headnote, p. 91), the meaning of the words and the author's real intent coincide. If he says that he admires all Congressmen, he means just that and is not gently spoofing Congress and you. To make the attack effective, the author is likely to slant his argument heavily. This means that he is likely to select details and words that shift your sympathies sharply from one side to the other. If he wants you to like a Congressman, he calls him a "statesman"; if he wants you to dislike him, he calls him a "politician."

Few writers today are so noted for the use of the direct attack as Robert M. McCormick and his editorial staff on the Chicago Tribune. *The following editorial illustrates their technique and concerns two of their favorite targets, Winston Churchill and Franklin D. Roosevelt. It was written shortly after Churchill's World War II memoirs began to appear serially and when the Atlantic Pact was being discussed.*

THE SECOND SERIES of former Prime Minister Winston Churchill's war memoirs finds Churchill running true to form. It starts off with an insult to the United States, which bailed out Britain's lost cause, and continues with assertions that Britain practically won the war all by itself. « 1

The "theme of the volume" is proclaimed to be: "How the British people held the fort alone till those who hitherto had been half blind were half ready." We are the half blind who finally became half ready, naturally. Who, either in America or in Britain, had the effrontery in 1939, when the war began, to say that the war of Britain, France, and Poland against Germany was any of America's business? Not Mr. Churchill. Not even Mr. Roosevelt. « 2

From the Chicago *Daily Tribune,* February 8, 1949. Reprinted by permission of the Chicago *Daily Tribune.*

« 1 (A) *What in the first paragraph indicates that this is a direct attack? Who is being attacked?*

« 2 (B) *What is the effect of the word "naturally"?* (C) *Is anyone besides Mr. Churchill in for a shelling?*

Who, when the Roosevelt administration's devious maneuvering in secret concert with Churchill's government finally paid off with the attack on Pearl Harbor in December, 1941, believed that America had any real reason to be concerned with the wars in Europe and Asia? The honest answer is that by then a great many deluded Americans did so believe. Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Churchill, their agents and propagandists had been tirelessly expounding that thesis for many months, and the propaganda had had a certain effect, but its effect still was limited to only a small minority of the American people. When war became an accomplished fact, there was nothing for all of the rest to do but acquiesce. «3

In the first instalment of his new series Churchill relates that he permitted but five days to pass after becoming prime minister, altho swamped by concerns about the collapsing British and French front in Flanders, before getting in touch with Roosevelt by personal message. He started out with a modest request for 40 or 50 American destroyers, all available modern American warplanes, about all the anti-aircraft weapons we then had, a considerable amount of American steel, and requests that America indicate its moral support of Britain by sending part of the fleet to Irish ports and part to Singapore "to keep the Japanese quiet." «4

The suggestion for lend-lease was conveyed in this initial note: "We shall go on paying dollars for as long as we can, but I should like to feel reasonably sure that when we can pay no more you will give us the stuff all the same." «5

Roosevelt at once provided the requested aircraft, anti-aircraft weapons and ammunition, and steel. He then felt that "authorization of congress" would be required for the destroyer transfer and that the "moment was not opportune." Four months later he had changed his mind about consulting congress and regarded the time as opportune. He handed over the destroyers by executive decree in defiance of national and international law. «6

There were 950 of these personal messages from Churchill to Roosevelt, and 800 in reply. The correspondence, according to Churchill, "played a part in my conduct of the war not less, and sometimes even more, important than my duties as defense minister." Bringing the United States into the war was, of course, the most important of Churchill's tasks, for Britain didn't

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«3 (D) *Do you find any "loaded words" (i.e., words meant to slant your sympathies) which are calculated to turn your sympathies against Churchill and Roosevelt?* (E) *What facts are given to support the generalizations about agents and propagandists?*

«4 (F) *Does the writer make any use of sarcasm here? Explain.*

«5 (G) *What is gained by making this sentence a paragraph by itself?*

«6 (H) *What characteristics does the writer impute to Roosevelt? Does the wording indicate what the writer wants you to feel about these characteristics?*

have a prayer of winning on its own. He later admitted the strategy when, after Pearl Harbor, he told the house of commons that "this is what I have dreamed of, aimed at, and worked for, and now it has come to pass." «7

There no longer can be the slightest question that Roosevelt, in his plot to betray his countrymen into this war which has turned out so tragically for America's lasting interests, was receiving his instructions from Churchill thru this correspondence, and that he gave the British prime minister unquestioning obedience. Churchill had but to command and everything at America's disposal became his. This campaign was accompanied by an incessant program of psychological warfare to browbeat the American public into acceptance of the thesis that Britain was fighting America's war. It is a thesis which Churchill still maintains as his "theme." It is a thesis that will forever be useful in whatever war Britain becomes entangled. It is a thesis which now underlies the proposed Atlantic pact. «8

We were hooked by an expert, and he intends that we shall stay hooked. But Mr. Churchill is wrong. Americans are not the half blind. They have been rendered the totally blind by those who govern them in Britain's interests. So used are they to oft repeated lies that Mr. Churchill now has but to lead them thru a routine in which they are already letter perfect. «9

«7 (I) *Study this paragraph carefully for the technique involved. Does the writer leave the* impression *that Churchill worked for the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor? Does he specifically state this? Explain your answer.* (J) *Try to discover what the antecedent is for "this" in the Churchill quotation.*

«8 (K) *What argumentative value is there in an opening like "There no longer can be the slightest question that . . ."? Why might such an opening be especially successful in a newspaper? Do you agree that "there no longer can be the slightest question"? Explain your answer. What value is there in the frequent repetition of "It is a thesis . . ."?* (L) *Can you speculate as to why the editor has not mentioned the Atlantic Pact sooner? What is the editorialist's attitude concerning this pact? How consistent is this attitude?*

«9 (M) *Do you find any "loaded words" in this paragraph?* (N) *Show how the editor makes use of a Churchill metaphor. Do you think the metaphor sound as Churchill used it? As the editor adapts it?*

THE WHOLE SELECTION. (O) *What are the primary objectives of the writer?* (P) *What issues are suggested?* (Q) *What means of evoking emotion does the writer use?* (R) *What proportion of the editorial consists of generalizations? What proportion consists of factual evidence to back up these generalizations?* (S) *Do you consider the argument a just one throughout? Give reasons for your answer.* (T) *Do you find the argument effective? Give reasons for your answer.* (U) *Suggest how the same attitudes might be developed in an indirect attack.*

CLARENCE DAY

The revolt of capital

MODES OF ATTACK: THE ATTACK INDIRECT. *The indirect approach is the ironic: that is, the words say the opposite of the author's real intent. Irony derives from the Greek word "eiron," used to denote a type character in classical comedy. Such a character was a wise person who assumed the role of a simpleton. By extension, the term has come to apply to a discourse in which the writer, who is really wise and just, plays at being stupid and sometimes downright malicious. Such an attack makes large demands upon the writer's ingenuity, for he must say one thing and make the reader know that he means another. It makes demands of the reader, too. Some readers make fools of themselves by failing to recognize what the author is up to. In 1729, when Jonathan Swift suggested ironically in "A Modest Proposal," that the starving Irish sell their babies as choice meat, there was a roar of protest. Many readers took him literally and completely missed Swift's real point, his bitter attack on the economic system which was responsible for the starvation.*

In "The Revolt of Capital," Clarence Day upsets the whole history of the relation between capital and labor. As an intelligent reader, however, you almost immediately realize that no one intelligent enough to write this well can have so much misinformation as his words, taken literally, might indicate. Once you make this discovery, reading becomes something of a game in piecing together what Day apparently says and what he really means. The ultimate result may be that you will remember his argument far more clearly than if he had stated it directly.

ONCE UPON A TIME all the large corporations were controlled by labor. The whole system was exactly the opposite of what it is now. It was labor that elected the directors, and the officers too. Capital had no representatives at all in the management. « 1

It was a curious period. Think of capital having no say, even about its own rates! When a concern like the United Great Steel Co. was in need of more capital, the labor man who was at the head of it, President Albert H. Hairy, went out and hired what he wanted on the best terms he could. Sometimes these terms seemed cruelly low to the capitalists, but whenever one of them grumbled he was paid off at once, and his place was soon taken

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« 1 (A) *By what means may you learn immediately that this writing is not to be interpreted literally?*

by another who wasn't so uppish. This made for discipline and improved the service. «2

Under this régime—as under most others—there was often mismanagement. Those in control paid themselves too well—as those in control sometimes do. Failures and reorganizations resulted from this, which reduced the usual return to the workers and made them feel gloomy; but as these depressions threw capitalists out of employment, and thus made capital cheaper, they had their bright side. «3

The capitalists, however, grumbled more and more. Even when they were well paid and well treated they grumbled. No matter how much they got, they felt they weren't getting their dues. They knew that labor elected the management; and they knew human nature. Putting these two premises together, they drew the conclusion that labor was probably getting more than its share, and capital less. President Hairy, of the Steel Co., explained to them this couldn't be true, because the market for capital was a free and open market. He quoted a great many economic laws that proved it, and all the professors of economy said he was right. But the capitalists wouldn't believe in these laws, because they weren't on their side, nor would they read any of the volumes the professors composed. They would read only a book that an old German capitalist wrote—a radical book which turned economics all upside-down and said that capital ought to start a class war and govern the world. «4

Discontent breeds agitation. Agitation breeds professional agitators. A few unruly loud-voiced capitalists climbed up on soap-boxes and began to harangue their quiet comrades, just to stir up needless trouble. When arrested, they invoked (as they put it) the right of free speech. The labor men replied by invoking things like law and order. Everybody became morally indignant at something. The press invoked the Fathers of the Republic, Magna Charta, and Justice. Excited and bewildered by this cross-fire, the police one evening raided a Fifth avenue club, where a capitalist named M. R. Goldman was talking in an incendiary way to his friends. "All honest law-abiding capitalists will applaud this raid," said the papers. But they didn't. They began to feel persecuted. And presently some capitalists formed what they called a union. «5

It was only a small union, that first one, but it had courage. One afternoon President Hairy looked up from his desk to find four stout, red-faced capital-

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«2 (B) *What evidences of informality in style do you have in the early paragraphs? Why might this be more appropriate to the ironic approach here than a highly formal style?*

«4 (C) *What book is suggested by the last sentence? How are the real affairs reversed?* (D) *Why would such a character as Day pretends to be describe the book in this way?*

ists pushing each other nervously into his office. He asked them their business. They huskily demanded that every capitalist on that company's books be paid at least a half per cent more for his money. The president refused to treat with them except as individuals. They then called a strike. « 6

The results of this first strike were profoundly discouraging. The leaders were tried for conspiracy, those who walked out at their call were blacklisted, and the victorious labor men soon secured other capitalists in plenty, a private carload being brought over from Philadelphia at night. The labor leaders became so domineering in their triumph they refused to engage capitalists who drank or who talked of their wrongs. They began importing cheap foreign capital to supply all new needs. But these measures of oppression only increased the class feeling of capitalists and taught them to stand shoulder to shoulder in the fight for their rights. « 7

The years of warfare that followed were as obstinate as any in history. Little by little, in spite of the labor men's sneers, the enormous power of capital made itself felt. An army of unemployed capitalists marched upon Washington. The Brotherhood of Railway Bondholders, being indicted for not buying enough new bonds to move the mails, locked up every dollar they possessed and defied the Government. The Industrial Shareholders of the World, a still more rabid body, insisted on having an eight per cent law for their money. All great cities were the scenes of wild capitalist riots. Formerly indifferent citizens were alarmed and angered by seeing their quiet streets turned into Bedlam at night, with reckless old capitalists roaring through them in taxis, singing Yankee Boodle or shouting "Down with labor!" For that finally became the cry: labor must go. They still meant to use labor, somehow, they confusedly admitted, but capital and not labor must have absolute control of all industries. « 8

As the irrepressible conflict forced its way into politics, Congress made statesmanlike efforts to settle the problem. After earnest and thoughtful debate they enacted a measure which made the first Monday in September a holiday, called Capital Day. As this hoped-for cure did not accomplish much they attempted another, by adding a Secretary of Capital to the President's cabinet. Conservative people were horrified. But Congress was pushed even further. It was persuaded to prohibit employing the capital of women and children, and it ordered all Japanese capital out of the country. On one

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« 5-10 (E) *The story of what movement is really being outlined here? How accurately is the development of this movement summarized?*

« 8 (F) *What is really being referred to by the Brotherhood of Railway Bondholders? The Industrial Shareholders of the World? Yankee Boodle? What is the value of the parallelisms in these titles?*

point, however, Congress was obstinate and would not budge an inch. They wouldn't give capital full control of the railroads and mills. «9

The capitalists themselves were obliged to realize, gradually, that this could be at best but a beautiful dream. It seemed there was one great argument against it: labor men were a unit in believing the scheme wouldn't work. How could scattered investors, who had not worked at an industry, elect—with any intelligence—the managers of it? Even liberal labor men said that the idea was preposterous. «10

At this moment a citizen of East Braintree, Mass., stepped forward, and advocated a compromise. He said in effect:

"The cause of our present industrial turmoil is this: The rulers that govern our industries are not rightly elected. Our boards of directors may be called our industrial legislatures; they manage a most important part of our national life; but they are chosen by only one group of persons. No others can vote. If Congress were elected by a class, as our boards of directors are, this country would be constantly in a state of revolution politically, just as it is now industrially." That was his argument. «11

"Both those who do the work and those who put in the money should rightfully be represented in these governing bodies." That was his cure. If corporations would adopt this democratic organization, he said, two-sided discussions would take place at their meetings. "These discussions would tend to prevent the adoption of policies that now create endless antagonism between labor and capital." And he went on to point out the many other natural advantages. «12

This compromise was tried. At first it naturally made labor angry, labor having been in exclusive control for so long. Many laborers declined to have anything to do with concerns that were run by "low ignorant speculators," as they called them, "men who knew nothing of any concern's real needs." Ultimately, however, they yielded to the trend of the times. Democratic instead of autocratic control brought about team-play. Men learned to work together for their common good. «13

Of course capitalists and laborers did not get on any too well together. Self-respecting men on each side hated the other side's ways—even their ways of dressing and talking, and amusing themselves. The workers talked of the dignity of labor and called capital selfish. On the other hand, ardent young capitalists who loved lofty ideals, complained that the dignity of capital

«9 (G) *What is suggested by Capital Day? Secretary of Capital? capital of women and children? Japanese capital?* (H) *Why is the tone of the account here typical of the character Day is pretending to be?*

«11-15 (I) *What is Day's apparent attitude toward the quoted phrases and passages? What is his real attitude?* (J) *To what extent do these paragraphs suggest a compromise which has actually come about? What aspects of the compromise described by Day are not yet a reality?*

was not respected by labor. These young men despised all non-capitalists on high moral grounds. They argued that every such man who went through life without laying aside any wealth for those to come, must be selfish by nature and utterly unsocial at heart. There always are plenty of high moral grounds for both sides. ‹ 14

But this mere surface friction was hardly heard of, except in the pages of the radical capitalist press. There were no more strikes,—that was the main thing. The public was happy. ‹ 15

At least, they were happy until the next problem came along to be solved. ‹ 16

THE WHOLE SELECTION. (K) *What is the author really attacking?* (L) *Show how the methods of logical reasoning could be the same if this were a direct attack. Justify the author's use of the indirect attack in terms of the article's emotional effectiveness. Consider its immediate effect on you and the lasting quality of that effect.* (M) *How might you bring this mock history (published in 1921) up to date?*

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT Democracy is not dying

ARRANGEMENT. *By the careful writer or speaker, ideas are not thrown about helter-skelter within the general framework of the argument; they are fitted together skillfully with an eye to their effect. For example, they may be paralleled, or contrasted, or repeated, or assembled in some kind of sequence, or distributed for the sake of association. Whatever arrangement is followed, you may be sure that it has its special role in the emotional impact made by the discourse as a whole.*

In the following portion of his third inaugural address, delivered January 20, 1941, Roosevelt is refuting the claims of men who "believe that democracy, as a form of government and a frame of life, is limited or measured by a kind of mystical and artificial fate . . . that freedom is an ebbing tide." In preceding paragraphs, he has pointed out that during the past few years America has made great progress and has remained a democracy. Now he presents other arguments, and his speech gains in impressiveness because of his use of climactic sequences. The paragraphs are short—probably for convenience in oral reading or for their appearance in newspaper columns. Because the main ideas are thus broken down into many separate units, you will need to discover the main divisions in thought in order to distinguish the various uses of climax.

DEMOCRACY is not dying. ‹ 1

We know it because we have seen it revive and grow. ‹ 2

We know it cannot die because it is built on the unhampered initiative of

individual men and women joined together in a common enterprise—an enterprise undertaken and carried through by the free expression of a free majority. «3

We know it because democracy alone, of all forms of government, enlists the full force of men's enlightened will. «4

We know it because democracy alone has constructed an unlimited civilization capable of infinite progress in the improvement of human life. «5

We know it because, if we look below the surface, we sense it still spreading on every continent; for it is the most humane, the most advanced, and in the end the most unconquerable of all forms of human society. «6

A nation, like a person, has a body—a body that must be fed and clothed and housed, invigorated and rested, in a manner that measures up to the objectives of our time. «7

A nation, like a person, has a mind—a mind that must be kept informed and alert, that must know itself, that understands the hopes and the needs of its neighbors—all the other nations that live within the narrowing circle of the world. «8

A nation, like a person, has something deeper, something more permanent, something larger than the sum of all its parts. It is that something which matters most to its future which calls forth the most sacred guarding of its present. «9

It is a thing for which we find it difficult—even impossible—to hit upon a single, simple word. «10

And yet we all understand what it is—the spirit—the faith of America. It is the product of centuries. It was born in the multitudes of those who came from many lands—some of high degree, but mostly plain people—who sought here, early and late, to find freedom more freely. «11

The democratic aspiration is no mere recent phase in human history. It is human history. It permeated the ancient life of early peoples. It blazed anew in the Middle Ages. It was written in Magna Carta. «12

«1-6 (A) *Six paragraphs are included in the first main division. What is the main idea of this division? Where is it stated?* (B) *What use has the author made of parallelism and repetition in phrasing?* (C) *Are the details arranged in a climactic sequence? Explain your answer.*

«7-11 (D) *What is the main idea that Roosevelt is leading to in this analogical development?* (E) *Show what use has been made of parallelism and repetition in phrasing.* (F) *Account in terms of climactic development for the order of the paragraphs in this division.*

«11-15 (G) *Five paragraphs are included in the third division of thought. What basis is there for the arrangement of details in this division?* (H) *In what sense is a climax present in this division too?*

In the Americas its impact has been irresistible. America has been the New World in all tongues, and to all peoples, not because this continent was a new-found land, but because all those who came here believed they could create upon this continent a new life—a life that should be new in freedom. « 13

Its vitality was written into our own Mayflower Compact, into the Declaration of Independence, into the Constitution of the United States, into the Gettysburg Address. « 14

Those who first came here to carry out the longings of their spirit and the millions who followed, and the stock that sprang from them—all have moved forward constantly and consistently toward an ideal which in itself has gained stature and clarity with each generation. « 15

The hopes of the Republic cannot forever tolerate either undeserved poverty or self-serving wealth. « 16

We know that we still have far to go; that we must more greatly build the security and the opportunity and the knowledge of every citizen, in the measure justified by the resources and the capacity of the land. « 17

But it is not enough to achieve these purposes alone. It is not enough to clothe and feed the body of this nation, and instruct and inform its mind. For there is also the spirit. And of the three, the greatest is the spirit. « 18

Without the body and the mind, as all men know, the nation could not live. But if the spirit of America were killed, even though the nation's body and mind, constricted in an alien world, lived on, the America we know would have perished. « 19

That spirit—that faith—speaks to us in our daily lives in ways often unnoticed, because they seem so obvious. It speaks to us here in the Capital of the nation. It speaks to us through the processes of governing in the sovereignties of forty-eight States. It speaks to us in our counties, in our cities, in our towns, and in our villages. It speaks to us from the other nations of the Hemisphere, and from those across the seas—the enslaved, as well as the free. « 20

« 16-20 (I) *How is this final division related to the three preceding?*

« 18 (J) *Can you see any reasons for the short sentences in paragraph 18?*

« 19 (K) *Why use two sentences instead of one in paragraph 19?*

« 20 (L) *Show how in paragraph 20 Roosevelt uses the same method of arrangement that he has been employing except that here he is handling smaller units. Can you see any reason for his doing this?*

THE WHOLE SELECTION. (M) *How do parallelisms and repetitions in phrasing help set off the main divisions?* (N) *Within a given main division the phrasing does not necessarily indicate the climactic arrangement of details. Often it seems to indicate only parallel ideas. Can you see any justification for this seeming incongruity?*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN Second inaugural address

WORDS AND SENTENCES. *Interrelated and fusing with the effects created by the mode of attack and the arrangement of ideas are the effects evoked by sentences and words. By his choice and arrangement of words in sentences a speaker and even a writer can play upon the emotions of his audience just as though they were a large and very complex musical instrument. Hitler had this power. So, for more admirable ends, did Webster, Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt, and Franklin D. Roosevelt.*

Sentence structure, though it seems like a lackluster affair, has much to do with emotional effect. Short, jabby little sentences give one effect; long, periodic sentences give another; balanced sentences give still a third. The effective speaker or writer will recognize and use these different effects. In large measure, sentence structure not only points up the relation between ideas but distributes the emphasis, establishes the tempo, and creates the prose rhythm.

Words taken alone have the power to evoke emotional responses. Think, for example, of snake, sirloin, *and* entrails. *In combination, words can be even more evocative. The shrewd arguer manipulates them accordingly. When he wants you to like something, he attaches appealing words to it; when he wants you to dislike something, he attaches repelling words to it. In either event, he uses words that are emotionally "loaded"—words that are rich in connotation and have an emotional effect upon his audience.*

Few writers in the English language have been such masters of English sentences and words as Abraham Lincoln. Probably you at one time memorized his "Gettysburg Address," and not just because of his sentiments—there have been other addresses expressing similar sentiments. You memorized it because of the powerful effect created by its sentences and words. The "Second Inaugural," printed here, offers a more lengthy exhibition of Lincoln's skill.

In the year 1865, when Lincoln's address was delivered, the South, after nearly four years of war, was weakening. A peace conference which had been held had, despite its failure, convinced Lincoln that the end was very near. Lincoln's one thought, according to his biographers, "was to shorten by generous conciliation, the period of the dreadful conflict." His cabinet and many Northerners, however, disapproved of his wish for liberal and humane terms. The speech, it would seem, had as a main purpose the creation of a spirit of charity on the part of such opponents in the North. To create such a spirit, Lincoln so molded his style as to minimize differences and emphasize kinships between North and South.

AT THIS SECOND APPEARING to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public

declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured. «1

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it,—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came. «2

One eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this

«1 (A) *The speech begins quietly and with no special fanfare. How in terms of word choice and sentence structure is this mood created? Why is it suited to Lincoln's purpose?*

«2 (B) *Compare the tone of the last sentence in paragraph 2 with the tone in the following unjustifiable substitution: "And as a result of the blindness, the stubbornness of the enemy, this war, which has brought destruction to many a fair city, death to many a fine young man, thundered into being." How do the wording, the length, the abstractness of Lincoln's version compare with those of his other sentences in paragraphs 1 and 2? What is the effect of the last sentence?*

terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." «3

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in,—to bind up the nation's wounds,—to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations. «4

«3 (C) *Compare the style of the third paragraph with that of the first two, considering kinds of words used, figures of speech, lengths of sentences, forms of sentences (e.g., balance and rhythm in sentences, such as in the one beginning, "Fondly do we hope . . ."), and Biblical quotations. How are the facts you find related to the relative emotional impact of the paragraphs? To the end Lincoln had in mind?*

«4 (D) *The final paragraph is one long sentence. Can you see any reason for this? Take the sentence apart; explain how it summarizes the thought, and helps by its structure, word choice, sound, rhythm, and tempo to achieve the purpose of the whole address.*

THE WHOLE SELECTION. (E) *Compare the sentences and words of the preceding selection, "Democracy Is Not Dying," with those in this address. Show how the type of words and sentences in each would be inappropriate to the other.* (F) *What other selections that you have read compare with the "Second Inaugural" in the effect achieved by sentences and words? What ones can you think of that have violently contrasting effects?* (G) *Argument, it has been said, is not only a matter of transmitting your own ideas but also of creating conditions conducive to their receptivity. In what ways can sentences and words contribute to this latter objective?*

part 2
How to evaluate factual prose

EVALUATING WHAT YOU READ

As you may have discovered from the work in Part One, learning to read is not a simple matter of learning one skill but a matter of mastering a number of distinct and related skills. If you want to consider a comparable problem, think for a moment about learning to drive an automobile. You do not become a good driver by concentrating on driving as such. Rather, you try to master such subskills as steering, braking, accelerating, and shifting gears. What makes the problem awkward at first is that you find it possible to keep your mind on only one operation even though you must perform several at the same time. Worse, you find that each of the subskills has to be adapted to different kinds of situations. For example, steering is no simple, single operation but varies as you drive over straight roads, around sharp unbanked curves, through heavy traffic, over ice and mud, and in and out of parking places. Or take another analogy: Learning to play golf involves a mastery of the grip, the stance, the backswing, the follow through, and so on. And mastery of the golf stroke is no simple operation but one which must be adapted to driving, chipping, blasting from sand, putting, and what to the beginner seems an infinite number of situations.

In like manner, learning to read is a matter of developing a number of subskills and of adapting them to varying situations. Thus it is a matter of gaining a preliminary mastery over such highly complex and intimately related subskills as moving the eyes efficiently across the printed page, picking out the main idea, discovering meanings through context, seeing the relation between details and generalizations, and spotting undue bias. These are just a few examples. The complete list would include everything involved in temporarily controlling our entire psychophysiological being and directing it toward the printed page. Then these subskills must be adapted to varying situations. For example, seeing the relation between details and generalizations is an operation that varies with the type of discourse and with the kind of reasoning within the type. Thus, it is one thing to detect the relation between the generalization and details in an expository paragraph in which the details are arranged chronologically; it is quite another thing to detect such a relation in an argument in which the writer is reasoning deductively. In spite of these complexities, good reading is not at all beyond your capacities provided you have normal intelligence, are patient enough to train yourself properly, and want to learn.

In Part One of this volume we have tried to give you practice with some of the essential subskills and, more particularly, with the kinds of situations to which these subskills must be adapted. If you have worked through Part One carefully, you have completed the more mechanical and possibly less interesting part of the work. You should now be competent enough in reading factual

prose to determine in most instances what an author is trying to say and how he says it. The next step is to discover techniques for deciding whether it is well said or worth saying. For if the author's reasoning is false, his facts wrong, his style ambiguous, the work probably does not merit any more of your time or attention. Certainly it is nothing that you want to make an important part of your thinking or upon which you want to base any serious action. Thus, closely related to the act of reading is the act of judgment-making, or evaluation.

There are probably many ways in which you already evaluate factual prose; you may think that a magazine article, to take one example, is good because it is easy to read, or because the material is vivid, or because the author belongs to your church, or because the article appears in your favorite magazine, or because your father says it is good, or because it contains some facts that are new to you, or because it agrees with your point of view, or because it is funny, or because of a hundred and one other reasons you may not even be conscious of. It would be impossible in the next few pages to discuss all of the yardsticks you and others use in measuring the excellence of factual prose. What we shall do is select three that a great many readers think are especially valuable: (1) evaluating a work for its truth, (2) evaluating a work in its own terms, and (3) evaluating a work for its literary excellence. In each case we shall briefly describe the method and then give you several selections on which to apply it. Questions at the end of each selection will help you in making the application. They are typical of the questions you might ask yourself in applying these methods to almost any factual prose account.

One final word before you tackle the first method. There is no single *best* method of evaluation. Sometimes one will seem more relevant, sometimes another. For example, the truth of Hitler's *Mein Kampf* is probably a more significant issue to raise than the issue of whether it does efficiently what it sets out to do or the issue of its literary excellence. Better yet would be a final evaluation based on an application of several methods. Thus the best advice we can give—assuming for the moment that you want advice—is that in assessing the merits of a factual account you use as many methods as seem likely to produce useful judgments. Not only will several approaches be likely to result in a sounder final evaluation than one, but also they will increase your understanding of the work you are reading.

EVALUATING A WORK FOR ITS TRUTH

WHAT misleads us about bookishness and justifies Whitman's warning about 'the spectres that stalk in books,'" writes Professor Jacques Barzun, "is the habit of taking the contents of books in themselves, trusting to words as magic, failing to test them with life or light them up with imagination—in short preferring hokum to truth."

Professor Barzun is arguing here for measuring a work by the yardstick of truth. Clearly, his remark makes good sense. It is astonishing how many people assume that mere print has something innately convincing about it. It is astonishing because a moment of thought will show that the mere fact that something has managed to get printed really means nothing. Incompetents, fools, and rascals may print half truths, nonsense, and lies today as in the past—and they frequently do. Consequently, to say "I believe this or that because I read it somewhere" is to invite the rather sarcastic answer. "Well, it's nice to know that you can read, but wouldn't it be a good plan to learn to think a little, too?"

The truth or falsity of a piece of writing may be tested by considering two questions—one or both of them according to the nature of the piece: (1) Who says it? (2) What is said?

Who says it?

IF Einstein, the world's greatest authority on relativity, writes on relativity, the reader who knows of Einstein's reputation will feel that it is fairly safe to trust what he writes. If John Smith, an insurance agent, writes on the same subject, the reader will probably have some doubts. At best he will adopt a "show me" attitude. If some propaganda minister for a totalitarian state writes an article on such a subject, or on any subject, most readers, suspecting him of being an unmitigated liar, would probably not even take the trouble to look at his first paragraph. In short, the reputation of the author unconsciously and automatically enters into our judgment of the truth of a work.

Sometimes these unconscious and automatic elements in a judgment are fair, sometimes not. It is quite possible, for example, that an insurance agent, having devoted long years to the study of relativity, might turn out a sound and worth-while article on the subject. To discard it simply because the author does not *seem* to be an authority in the field would be manifestly unfair. Your first function in using this particular method of evaluation, therefore, is to find out all that you can about the author. First of all, discover whether there is any known reason for doubting his integrity. If he is a columnist generally criticized for distorting facts, a historian notorious for unreasoned prejudices, a political writer with communist bias, then you will want to scrutinize what he has to say with especial care. If there is no clear reason for doubting his integrity, however, it is only fair to assume that he is honest. A man is not guilty until proved so.

Second, find out if the author is an authority in his field. This is a matter of discovering whether, for example, he has worked in the field himself, whether he has published other works on the same subject, whether he has spent considerable time gathering data for the article you are reading. You may have some serious questions, for instance, about the soap salesman who suddenly turns political analyst or the navy captain who tells educators how to change their curricula. Naturally, if you are sensible, you will not want to carry this to such an extreme that you pooh-pooh anything written by someone without a national reputation in the field. Just to be on the safe side, however, you will want to check the facts and conclusions of such an author against those of recognized authorities. And remember that a reputation in one field does not make a person an authority in another. Keep that in mind the next time you hear a motion-picture columnist telling the State Department what to do about Russia.

Third, discover whether there is any reason for the writer's being biased on the subject of the particular work you are reading. Otherwise objective historians, for example, often lose their objectivity when writing about the Civil War. Two accounts of its outcome—one written by an Alabaman and another by a New Yorker—may differ widely, despite the fact that both authors have reputations as sound historians. In the last war our accounts of battles differed widely from those of the Japanese. And our interpretation of what happened at the Yalta Conference still differs from the Russian interpretation. Remember, too, that the testimonials in advertising are open to question. You yourself would probably not be too reluctant to sign a statement dreamed up by an advertising agent if you were paid a fat fee for doing so. In short, if there is any reason for the author's being biased, put on your best spectacles when you read.

All of this boils down to the fact that in estimating the truth of a work, the identity and reliability of the author cannot and should not be ignored. The value of any testimony depends substantially on the character and competence of the witness giving it.

What is said?

After you have discovered as much as possible about the author, you are ready to extend your study to the work itself. Four questions deserve your attention as you develop your evaluation of its truth.

1. ARE THE FACTS ACCURATE?

Let us assume that by "fact" we mean an event or datum upon the nature of which most people in a position to know agree. Checking the accuracy of the alleged facts you read varies with what you know and what you can find out. If you are an authority in the field, then you can use your own knowledge as a check. If you are not an authority but if information on the same subject is readily available, you can check the alleged facts against what other authorities have to say. If you are not an authority and if information on the same subject is not readily available, then you have to fall back on the reputation of the author and the reliability of his sources.

We have already suggested how you might determine the competence of the author. What we had to say there ap-

plies also to the sources he uses. Ask the same questions of them: Are they reliable? Are they authoritative? Have they any reason to be biased? One point about the authoritativeness of the sources probably needs to be stressed. Other things being equal, the most authoritative sources of information are those closest to the events and phenomena themselves. For example, the best sources for a historian are documents from the period he is writing about, not books by other historians. The best source for a literary critic is the work he is criticizing, not someone else's comment about the work. The best source of information for the scientist is an experiment which he himself has observed, not accounts of experiments by others. As you check for factual accuracy, therefore, see whether the author's sources of information are first- or second-hand, and make your judgments accordingly.

2. ARE THE FACTS REPRESENTATIVE?

There will be times when no single fact presented you by a writer may be inaccurate and still you will get a wholly false impression because of what has been included and excluded. Even in the best accounts the truth sometimes gets blurred because no author is ever able to know or to include all the facts. What you expect of a just account, however, is not all the facts but a fair representation of them.

To see what happens when an author holds out on you, consider two historians' treatments of the men who framed our national Constitution. In one account, the historian assembles facts which show that these men were highly idealistic, were men influenced by the enlightenment of the eighteenth century, men who believed profoundly in their country and devoutly in their God. In another account, the historian assembles facts which show that these same framers of the Constitution were men of property who were looking for an instrument that would protect themselves and their wealth from radical laws and revolution. Now, both of these historians may be using accurate facts, but through the *selection* of details, they have given two completely different pictures. Neither, in short, has used representative facts since each has excluded a significant portion of them.

This is a question that has special pertinence for news accounts and advertising. Many newspapers make no attempt, especially in political news, to print representative facts. A Republican paper plays up those which flatter the Republican party; a Democratic newspaper does the same for those that reflect credit on the Democratic party. And unless you buy both papers, you—the reader—get only half truths. Advertising by its very nature is committed to half truths. You read that a new cereal is chock-full of vitamins but not that it tastes like stale mush; you discover that you can strengthen your gums by rubbing them with a finger covered with a certain dentifrice, but not that you can strengthen them equally well by rubbing them with a finger *not* covered by that dentifrice; you are told that a gasoline gives you more mileage per gallon, but the advertiser fails to specify more mileage than what.

3. ARE THE ASSUMPTIONS TRUE?

The assumptions are what the author takes for granted. They represent the foundation of his thinking and of his attitudes. (Before going on, you might

turn back to pages 52-60 to review what is said there about them.)

Supposing that you are an ordinary reader and not a trained logician, there are roughly two kinds of assumptions that you should concern yourself with. The first is an assumption upon which the truth of a specific statement by the author depends. For example, you read in an editorial column: "Since the new sewage-disposal system is to be a public rather than a private enterprise, we can expect extravagance if not corruption in its management." If you think about this for a moment, you will see that the author is assuming that *all* public enterprises are extravagant if not corrupt in their management. Otherwise, his statement about this sewage-disposal system would not necessarily be true. Notice what assumption must be true if each of these assertions is to be true:

Since Professor Blodgett was not born in the United States, there is good reason to doubt his patriotism.

Being a monopoly, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company works against the best interests of the public.

Farnsworth is only a freshman. You can't expect, therefore, that he would have much command of the English language.

Skill in spotting such assumptions is not something that you can pick up overnight. Yet with a little practice you will be pleased to notice that you are spotting them more quickly and more accurately. Simply ask yourself what *general* statement must be true if this *particular* statement is to be true. Obviously, as a typical reader you do not have time to do this for every particular statement based on an assumption. But whenever you are interested in evaluating the truth of a work, you are obligated to do it for any key statements based on assumptions. For if the assumptions upon which key statements are based are questionable, the truth of the whole work is in doubt.

The other kind of assumption in this rough classification of ours is the broader type of assumption about what is valuable in life: assumptions about what is basically good, true, desirable, useful, and so on. These general assumptions are ones that you discern as you think about the work as a whole, and especially about the author's attitude toward his material. Even in so simple a paragraph as Twain's recipe for making a New England pie (p. 6), you find that he is making an assumption about what is valuable in pies, namely that they should be edible and tasty. In the speech by Johnson, "We're Losing Our Moral Courage" (pp. 57-59), the speaker is basing his thinking on the assumption that men everywhere are entitled to equal human rights. Suppose, now, it became clear that Twain thought pies should not be edible and Johnson assumed that some men are entitled to special privileges because of their birth or color or religion. What would happen to your judgments about the truth of these works?

4. IS THE REASONING VALID?

This question about the validity of the reasoning may suggest that you need training in formal logic in order to answer it. Certainly such training would not be amiss, but for your ordinary purposes as a reader, it is not necessary. Your problem is simply to see in common-sense terms whether the conclusions of an author are justified. Al-

ready you know that they are not justified if the facts are inaccurate or unrepresentative or if the assumptions are unsound. Here are some other clues. You might consider them danger signals warning you that you need to check the process by which the author arrives at his main contentions.

(A) *Sweeping generalizations.* Generalizations that cover great quantities of data or large masses of people need to be checked. If an author, for example, makes the claim that in the last ten years the standard of living in Alaska has materially improved, you will probably want to see how extensive his survey has been. If he is basing such a statement on, say, a visit to Nome, then you might well ask him what he knows about Alaska as a whole. Be especially wary of generalizations which are all-inclusive or all-exclusive on controversial subjects. Usually they will be unsound. Here are a few samples.

The Russians are out to dominate the world. (*All* Russians?)

Americans are becoming more and more imperialistic. (*All* Americans?)

No one liked the test Professor Sycamore gave. (Not even the students who got A's, and Professor Sycamore himself?)

Watch out, too, for generalizations with superlatives in them. The claim by its chamber of commerce that Squeedunkville is the fastest growing town in America is probably false. Only one town in America is the fastest growing, and its citizens are probably too busy to spend their time bragging.

(B) *Either-or generalizations,* such as "Every statement is either true or false." Such generalizations are often the result of simple-minded thinking that sees everything in terms of black and white: good and bad, desirable and undesirable, useful and useless, and so on. Such thinking does not recognize any middle position, that an action may be admirable in some respects and reprehensible in others. In short, such thinking does not recognize reality for the complex thing that it is. Usually neither part of the either-or dichotomy is made explicit. What you encounter most of the time is some such arbitrary statement as this: "The activities of this student group are un-American." The implication is that human activities can be neatly classified into two groups, those that are American and those that are un-American. Even supposing that the author has a clear idea of what he means by American, it is doubtful that he would often encounter a group activity which in *all* its aspects would meet or fail to meet his requirements for Americanism.

(C) *Forced analogies.* One of the favorite campaign statements of an incumbent seeking re-election is that the voter should not "swap horses in midstream." Undoubtedly, this makes sense for someone on horseback in the middle of a river, but it has little perceptible relevance for a voter who is supposed to be making his decision on the basis of issues and men. Reasoning based on such a forced analogy is fallacious, and the author's proposition should be scrutinized carefully.

(D) *Forced causal relationships.* One of the worst of these is the type in which the author assumes that because one event happened before another, it therefore caused the other. Take a classic example: Item One—the election of Hoover in 1928. Item Two—the great business collapse in 1929. Did one cause the other, or did it merely precede it? As Professors Shurter and

Helm point out in their little book entitled *Argument*, "The situation here is so complex and so colored by our political affiliations that we shall probably never have an exact answer." Be wary, then, of the author who in dealing with a complex situation gives you neat, exact answers. Another type of forced causal relationship is the *non sequitur*, in which the alleged result bears no relation at all to the cause. In one of its most vicious forms, this type of reasoning appears in diatribes against a man's fitness for political office because of his religion or his mustache.

(E) *Begging the question.* In this type of reasoning fallacy, the author assumes what he should be proving. Thus he may blandly take for granted that socialized medicine results in expensive and second-rate medical service and then go on to argue that, since this is the case, we need to do everything we can to keep Congress from passing any bill that will permit socialization. The real question, of course, is whether socialized medicine does result in expensive and second-rate service. This is what must be backed up by facts. No argument can be highly rated for its truth when based on intellectual dishonesty.

(F) *Ignoring the question.* This is another type of dishonesty and, like begging the question, is found chiefly in argument. When the author gets away from his proposition completely and begins telling irrelevant stories or indulging in mud-slinging or arguing for something else, you are justified in questioning his sincerity and hence the truth of his work.

In this discussion we have tried to indicate how you may evaluate a work for its truth: first by examining the reputation of the author, and second by examining his facts, assumptions, and reasoning processes. To see how all this works out in practice, you should read the next two selections and try to answer the questions at the end of each.

ADOLF HITLER Selections from *The State*

After the unsuccessful putsch *of November 1923, Adolf Hitler spent a little over a year in prison. While there he dictated the first volume of* Mein Kampf *("My Struggle") to Emil Maurice and Rudolf Hess. This volume was published in 1925. In 1926, he wrote a second volume plus a second edition of the first under the supervision of Josef Cerny, staff member of* Völkischer Beobachter, *the Nazi party paper. The selection given here is from Volume II, Chapter 2.*

SINCE NATIONALITY or rather race does not happen to lie in language but in the blood, we would only be justified in speaking of a Germanization if by such a process we succeeded in transforming the blood of the subjected

From *Mein Kampf* by Adolf Hitler; Ralph Manheim, translator. Reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

people. But this is impossible. Unless a blood mixture brings about a change, which, however, means the lowering of the level of the higher race. The final result of such a process would consequently be the destruction of precisely those qualities which had formerly made the conquering people capable of victory. Especially the cultural force would vanish through a mating with the lesser race, even if the resulting mongrels spoke the language of the earlier, higher race a thousand times over. For a time, a certain struggle will take place between the different mentalities, and it may be that the steadily sinking people, in a last quiver of life, so to speak, will bring to light surprising cultural values. But these are only individual elements belonging to the higher race, or perhaps bastards in whom, after the first crossing, the better blood still predominates and tries to struggle through; but never final products of a mixture. In them a culturally backward movement will always manifest itself. «1

Today it must be regarded as a good fortune that a Germanization as intended by Joseph II in Austria was not carried out. Its result would probably have been the preservation of the Austrian state, but also the lowering of the racial level of the German nation induced by a linguistic union. In the course of the centuries a certain herd instinct would doubtless have crystallized out, but the herd itself would have become inferior. A state-people would perhaps have been born, but a culture-people would have been lost. «2

For the German nation it was better that such a process of mixture did not take place, even if this was not due to a noble insight, but to the short-sighted narrowness of the Habsburgs. If it had turned out differently, the German people could scarcely be regarded as a cultural factor. «3

Not only in Austria, but in Germany as well, so-called national circles were moved by similar false ideas. The Polish policy, demanded by so many, involving a Germanization of the East, was unfortunately based on the same false inference. Here again it was thought that a Germanization of the Polish element could be brought about by a purely linguistic integration with the German element. Here again the result would have been catastrophic; a people of alien race expressing its alien ideas in the German language, compromising the lofty dignity of our own nationality by their own inferiority. «4

How terrible is the damage indirectly done to our Germanism today by the fact that, due to the ignorance of many Americans, the German-jabbering Jews, when they set foot on American soil, are booked to our German account. Surely no one will call the purely external fact that most of this lice-ridden migration from the East speaks German a proof of their German origin and nationality. «5

What has been profitably Germanized in history is the soil which our ancestors acquired by the sword and settled with German Peasants. In so

far as they directed foreign blood into our national body in this process, they contributed to that catastrophic splintering of our inner being which is expressed in German super-individualism—a phenomenon, I am sorry to say, which is praised in many quarters. . . . « 6

The *state* in itself does not create a specific cultural level; it can only preserve the race which conditions this level. Otherwise the state as such may continue to exist unchanged for centuries while, in consequence of a racial mixture which it has not prevented, the cultural capacity of a people and the general aspect of its life conditioned by it have long since suffered a profound change. The present-day state, for example, may very well simulate its existence as a formal mechanism for a certain length of time, but the racial poisoning of our national body creates a cultural decline which even now is terrifyingly manifest. « 7

Thus, the precondition for the existence of a higher humanity is not the state, but the nation possessing the necessary ability. « 8

This ability will fundamentally always be present and must only be aroused to practical realization by certain outward conditions. Culturally and creatively gifted nations, or rather races, bear these useful qualities latent within them, even if at the moment unfavorable outward conditions do not permit a realization of these latent tendencies. Hence it is an unbelievable offense to represent the Germanic peoples of the pre-Christian era as 'cultureless,' as barbarians. That they never were. Only the harshness of their northern homeland forced them into circumstances which thwarted the development of their creative forces. If, without any ancient world, they had come to the more favorable regions of the south, and if the material provided by lower peoples had given them their first technical implements, the culture-creating ability slumbering within them would have grown into radiant bloom just as happened, for example, with the Greeks. But this primeval culture-creating force itself arises in turn not from the northern climate alone. The Laplander, brought to the south, would be no more culture-creating than the Eskimo. For this glorious creative ability was given only to the Aryan, whether he bears it dormant within himself or gives it to awakening life, depending whether favorable circumstances permit this or an inhospitable Nature prevents it. « 9

From this the following realization results:

The state is a means to an end. Its end lies in the preservation and advancement of a community of physically and psychically homogeneous creatures. This preservation itself comprises first of all existence as a race and thereby permits the free development of all the forces dormant in this race. Of them a part will always primarily serve the preservation of physical life, and only the remaining part the promotion of a further spiritual development. Actually the one always creates the precondition for the other. « 10

States which do not serve this purpose are misbegotten, monstrosities in fact. The fact of their existence changes this no more than the success of a gang of bandits can justify robbery. « 11

We National Socialists as champions of a new philosophy of life must never base ourselves on so-called 'accepted facts'—and false ones at that. If we did, we would not be the champions of a new great idea, but the coolies of the present-day lie. We must distinguish in the sharpest way between the state as a vessel and the race as its content. This vessel has meaning only if it can preserve and protect the content; otherwise it is useless. « 12

Thus, the highest purpose of a folkish state is concern for the preservation of those original racial elements which bestow culture and create the beauty and dignity of a higher mankind. We, as Aryans, can conceive of the state only as the living organism of a nationality which not only assures the preservation of this nationality, but by the development of its spiritual and ideal abilities leads it to the highest freedom. « 13

Questions

WHAT do you know about the author's reputation for honesty and reliability?

2. What in his experience, study, and other works indicates that he was an authority on genetics?

3. Did he have any reason for bias on this subject (i.e., did he stand to profit personally if the Germans accepted his views)?

4. What facts do you find? Are they accurate? Are the facts representative? Does he indicate what his sources of information are?

5. How sound are his assumptions? In answering this, discuss such assumptions as (a) there is such a thing as blood mixing, (b) there are inferior and superior races, (c) there is an Aryan race, and (d) the mixing of races results in a cultural lowering of the superior. What does Hitler seem to think is most valuable in life?

6. What about his reasoning processes? Do you find sweeping generalizations? either-or generalizations? forced analogies? forced causal relationships? Does he ever beg the question? ignore the question?

7. In the light of your answers to the preceding questions evaluate this part of *Mein Kampf* for its truth.

HARRY L. SHAPIRO

Anthropology's contribution to inter-racial understanding

THERE STILL EXISTS in our industrial societies a tendency, inherited from the past, to regard technological progress as wholly beneficent. We have become accustomed to hail enthusiastically every advance for its own sake or for the greater ease it brings into our personal lives, without consideration for its effect upon our society. We have grasped eagerly at the fruits of science regardless of their price. Now we are discovering that they have a price; that every advance of technology enhances our responsibilities whether we like it or not. The radio, the movie, the airplane have, or should have, taught us that technology may be beneficent, but may also serve evil purposes; that the acceptance of these productions can not remain superficial but must enter into and profoundly alter the organization of our societies. «1

In no aspect of our lives as members of a complex industrial community, or as a nation in the modern world, has technology brought greater responsibilities than in our attitudes toward the various groups that make up our society, or toward the peoples that constitute mankind. It is a commonly observed truism that the world grows more interdependent, and that our society demands increased cooperation from all its members, as mechanization progresses. As for the future that lies ahead who can question that this process with its demands will continue? There is, therefore, every reason to believe that more cooperation rather than less will be required of us, if the structure of our society is to be preserved. Indeed, the very war in which we are now engaged may be said to be the result of an effort to substitute coercion, intolerance and slavery for our traditional ideals of cooperation. «2

The evidences of intolerance and of lack of cooperation which confront us on all sides represent maladjustments which become increasingly portentous as the needs for tolerance and cooperation become more pressing. There can, I think, be no question that one of the gravest problems facing our internal as well as our external existence lies in our ability to compose the differences that exist and to create understanding in their place. This is particularly true of the United States, where, unfortunately, the materials

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for group antagonisms are all too abundant. Although essentially the United States has received its population, as have all other nations, by the immigration of various people, for no national populations are autochthonous, nevertheless the manner and circumstances of these settlements have been significant. Where England, Germany, France, Spain and other nations in prehistoric times or during ages of barbarism have been invaded, overrun or settled by the successive groups which now constitute their present population, the United States was settled in the full blaze of introspective history. Where European nations have taken millennia in the amalgamation and assimilation of their people, we have compressed the greatest migration in the history of man into three centuries. Where they have received neighboring people of similar culture or race, we have engulfed a native Indian people with representatives of every European people and forcibly inducted millions of African Negroes not to mention our acquisition of contingents from Asia. «3

Now, these circumstances of history and accident are pregnant with meaning for our future. Let us examine the consequences of these facts. It is, I think, a consideration of immense importance that this country was settled when it was, in a period of developed literacy and self-consciousness. Under such conditions, group identities and group traditions become quickly established and resist the solvents of time and association. The Pilgrim fathers and the Puritans, sharply aware of their peculiar status, intensified and immortalized it in their written records. The tradition thus created served to set apart its inheritors from all later comers unless they could by some means identify themselves with it. Similarly, the pioneer groups in the west lost no time in establishing their own legends and traditions which drew together in a common bond their descendants but shut out the settlers who followed them. Thus, there has grown up a system of hierarchies, local and national, which excludes whole sections of the population and erects barriers to assimilation and participation. In Europe, where migration succeeded migration, priority of settlement confers no prestige. Indeed, if time is a factor at all, it is likely to be the latest conquerors coming in during historic and literate times who have a special exclusive tradition. «4

The rapidity of the settlement of the United States has also contributed to the fissures of our society. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries when immigration was relatively slow it was possible for newcomers arriving in small lots to become absorbed rather quickly, despite initial prejudices against them. But with the advent of the Irish and German waves of migration in the mid-nineteenth century, overwhelming numbers and differences in religion and culture created in the settled Americans an antagonism toward these newer immigrants which continued for a long time.

With each succeeding wave and with the ever-increasing numbers, the fears and antagonisms were intensified. These we have inherited and will plague us in the future. Had these migrations consisted of Europeans only, we might look to their eventual absorption by the body of older Americans in the course of time, since the physical disparities are slight, the cultural ones disappear and only religious prejudices offer any obstacles. The injection, however, of large masses of Negroes and other non-European people into the population has created a profound schism. For these people bear with them the mark of their difference which neither cultural nor religious assimilation can efface. Thus, the welding of the American population into a harmonious community faces many difficulties whose final resolution requires tolerance and understanding. Without these essential attitudes we can expect aggravations of critical situations and serious dangers to our society. «5

When we look to the world beyond our borders we see there, too, the same forces of intolerance at work poisoning mutual understanding and respect, at a time when the technology of the future is likely to increase rather than to diminish the needs for international and inter-racial harmony. It is obvious, I think, that the task of building attitudes of tolerance, of fostering cooperation and of encouraging understanding in these matters is a long and tedious path. It is not a subject for evangelization. Not by an act of faith will the unregenerate become converted to the ways of tolerance. Only by the road of education and by the use of reason can we hope to create a lasting atmosphere of tolerance and cooperation. «6

In this effort we can, I believe, use with profit the lessons of anthropology, for it is the peculiar advantage of this discipline that it permits us to see mankind as a whole and to scrutinize ourselves with some degree of objectivity. All of us are born into a special group of circumstances and are molded and conditioned by them. Our views and our behavior are regulated by them. We take ready-made our judgments and tend to react emotionally to any divergence from or interference with them. In a sense we are imprisoned in our own culture. Many of us never succeed in shaking off the shackles of our restricted horizons. But those who have been educated by experience or by learning to a broader view may escape the micro-culture of the specific group with which they are identified and achieve a larger perspective. I am sure that some of you may recall vividly the experience of an expanding world as you left behind the limitations of youth for the understanding and freedom of maturity. This is an experience which has its counterpart in the intellectual understanding of ourselves and of our culture which anthropology is able to impart. For anthropology deliberately undertakes to study man as a biological phenomenon like any other organism, and on its social side it seeks to lift the student out of his culture by treating

it as one in many social experiments. Professor Boas once observed that his preoccupation with Eskimo culture permitted him to see his own with a fresh eye. Moreover, in placing man's struggle toward civilization in this perspective the anthropologist achieves a historical view which serves to correct the astigmatisms of the present. «7

In studying man in this fashion, anthropology teaches us among other things that civilization has never been the exclusive possession of one people and that the particular culture of any race or group of men is never the complete product of that race or group. Our own culture, stemming from western Europe, has roots in most of the civilizations of the past and has not hesitated to borrow from its living contemporaries. Our writing, for example, has come to us from Asia Minor via the Greeks; we have inherited principles of architecture discovered for us in Egypt, in the valleys of the Tigris-Euphrates and of the Indus; our knowledge of weaving probably originated in the Nile Valley, the use of cotton in India and silk in China. Egypt and Mesopotamia debate the honor of inventing agriculture and domesticating certain animals. From the American Indian we have received a variety of things such as food plants, snowshoes, the hammock and the adobe house; from the American Negro a rich source of music. The list of our borrowings and inheritances is long. Without them we could not have built our own civilization. Yet our debts have not made us humble. We behave as if we had created our civilization singlehanded and had occupied a position of leadership from the beginning of civilization itself. Actually, we are not only the inheritors of a varied and complex tradition, but the present protagonists of western civilization are merely the latest of mankind to become civilized. One might add that they unfortunately show it. All during the prehistoric ages northwestern Europe represented a back water. Into these remote regions came the stone age innovations after they had been invented elsewhere. Similarly, the neolithic techniques and the use of bronze and iron only slowly were diffused to western Europe centuries after their discovery in Egypt and Mesopotamia. So wild and barbarous were the regions inhabited by the ancient Britons, the Scandinavians and the Germans that the Greeks never even knew of their existence. And to the Romans the inhabitants of these far distant corners were uncouth barbarians unfamiliar with the amenities of civilization. In fact, up to the time of the Renaissance the northwestern Europeans could hardly claim parity by any objective standard with a civilization such as the Chinese of the same epoch, or the native civilizations of Mexico or Peru where substantial achievements in social organization, architecture and art far surpassed contemporary European productions. Well into the Christian era the archeological remains of British culture display a crudity quite unprophetic of their future evolution. If,

then, we justly attribute this backwardness of northwestern Europe in the ways of civilization to the accidents of place and history, how can we fail to admit the potentialities of our contemporaries who give evidence by their learning, by their arts or by their skills of accomplishments fully as great as those of the ancient Briton, Gaul or German. «8

Though we admit the superiority of western civilization in technology and science, anthropology is decisive in disclaiming any equivalent supremacy in the social organization of the nations of the western world. Indeed, it would be easy to enumerate examples among non-European people with more complicated social systems or with more efficient ones. If it is true that the magnitude of our commerce and industry, enlarged by the resources of science, has created a stupendous economic structure upon our society, it is also true that the social framework which supports it is in certain respects inadequate and inefficient. We who are so proud of our gadgets, who misjudge those who live on a simpler material plane, who scorn others for their superstitions, how are we to judge our ancestors of two or three centuries ago who lacked all that we prize in the way of material comforts and who believed in witchcraft? One can not help but feel that our attitudes are something like those of the little boy whose superior Christmas present elevates him above his less fortunate mates. «9

One of the most pernicious breeders of ill-will among various races of mankind is the doctrine that a racial hierarchy exists based upon physical and psychological superiorities. It is interesting that the preferred positions in this scale are reserved for the race to which the claimants think they belong. Notions of superiority are, of course, widespread. They permeate groups of all kinds and sizes. The city slicker's airs of superiority over his country cousin are tinged with the same smugness that characterizes rival parishes or sets off the Scotch Highlander from the Lowlanders, distinguishes the Englishman from the British colonial, the Nordic from the Mediterranean, the white races from the colored. They are all based on the idea that differences are degrees of goodness, whereas in most instances differences are merely reflections of environmental adaptations, historical accidents, local developments or simply superficial physical mutations of no intrinsic value. During the nineteenth century these ideas crystallized around the concept of race largely through the writing of de Gobineau, who extolled purity of race and in particular the virtues of the Nordic. This was a period when many so-called European races had each their protagonists. The Mediterranean man was hailed as the culture hero of Europe. English writers drew racial distinctions among their own peoples but spoke instead of Kelt or Saxon or Norman and attributed to them exclusive virtues or vices. The attributions were so precise that it must have been a rash Saxon who would

presume to write mystic poetry or a foolhardy Kelt who would aspire to martial glory. « 10

Race, which started out as a zoological concept, a convenient method of classifying mankind according to physical criteria, much as the kinds of animals might be distinguished, thus became encrusted with psychological attributes and assignments of value. We all know how this monstrous doctrine has been elevated into a credo, how it has been used to inflame and manipulate masses of men, how insidiously it is calculated to make even those who attack it disseminate its seeds. Anthropology, which traditionally has been concerned with the problems of race, has here, too, much to offer in clarifying and correcting racial misconceptions fostered for evil purposes. Perhaps I might best summarize this in a series of principles. « 11

(1) The racial classification of man is primarily a zoological concept. It attempts merely to classify and distinguish the varieties of men by physical criteria. « 12

(2) Migration and intermingling have from his earliest history been characteristic of man so that "pure" races, if they ever existed, are no longer to be found in nature. « 13

(3) The consequence of this intermixture has led to the overlapping of physical characteristics between neighboring people with a pronounced tendency for changes in any physical characteristic to be gradual so that it is practically impossible to set arbitrary lines of division between one type and another. « 14

(4) The geographic extremes of these continuities do show pronounced differences in physical criteria, such as the northwest European, the Chinese and the Negro of Central Africa. « 15

(5) No nation is exclusively of one race, or breed. In Europe especially prehistoric and historic migrations have mixed the various European strains inextricably. There is for example no Nordic Germany. So-called Nordic tribes settled in France, invaded Italy, overran Spain and even reached North Africa. Each nation in Europe represents a composite varying somewhat in their ingredients and proportions. « 16

(6) The psychological attributes of race are non-zoological and logically have no place in racial classification. They are not coterminous with race, which itself is an abstraction. « 17

(7) Moreover, since psychological attributes are commonly based on subjective judgments, are resistant to precise measurement, and are often profoundly influenced by environmental and cultural conditions, they are not suitable as criteria in the classification of races. Their use has led to tragic distortions of truth. « 18

Parenthetically, I can not forbear pointing out the illusions we cherish in the name of practicality. The charge used to be leveled against anthropology

that it was not practical, that it was remote from the important concerns of everyday living, and that it was largely absorbed in abstract and academic concepts. But now we are witnessing a world conflict in which these academic concepts play an enormous part and motivate the thinking of many of the actors. How practical it is then to keep these concepts free from distortion and to expose the fallacies which they engender! « 19

Questions

LOOK up Mr. Shapiro in *Who's Who in America* and in any other work that might contain information about him. Is there anything that would make you want to question his reputation for honesty and reliability?

2. What can you say about him as an authority in the field of anthropology? Does this make him an authority on the subject of this address?

3. Does he have any apparent reason for bias (i.e., does he stand to profit personally if people generally come to believe as he does)?

4. Do you consider his facts accurate and representative? What are the apparent sources of his facts? Where might you check them if you so desired?

5. What basic assumptions do you find about the way men should gain knowledge and use it? What does Mr. Shapiro seem to think is valuable in life? Do you agree?

6. Do you find instances of fallacious reasoning?

7. In the light of your answers to the preceding questions, evaluate this address for its truth.

8. Compare your evaluations of the Hitler excerpt and this address.

EVALUATING A WORK IN ITS OWN TERMS

WHEN you evaluate a work in its own terms you attempt to see how well it does what it sets out to do. Instead of testing it for its truth, you test it for its efficiency.

To the person using this method of evaluation, each work, then, is a new and unique problem. It is almost impossible, therefore, to generalize about the method as a whole. The one thing that can be said is that sound evaluation of a work's efficiency depends upon your ability to recognize: (1) the author's purpose, (2) the readers (or listeners) for whom the work was originally intended, (3) the ways in which the content, organization, and presentation are adapted to purpose and audience. So that you can see how this method works with various types of factual discourse, we are discussing in turn several of the most common types: exposition, argu-

ment, history, biography, and criticism. Following each discussion is a sample of the type, and questions which will be of help to you in making your evaluations.

Explanation

If a written or oral account is designed primarily to make something clear, it is explanation, or exposition. You know that already from your study of the selections in Part One. At this point you need to take a step further. You need to decide for the work you are evaluating just what the work is trying to make clear and for whom.

The specific purpose of an explanation is ordinarily not too difficult to discover. Usually the author states it in his introduction or conclusion or in both. If he does not make clear anywhere what he is trying to explain, the explanation itself certainly cannot be very effective. You would be justified in giving it a low rank without further consideration.

It may be a little harder to discover for what audience the work is intended. Of course, if the work was originally a speech, there is no special problem; simply find out before whom the speech was delivered. The task is easy, too, in an essay or article, if the author states for whom he is writing. He may, for example, in an introduction or preface or in the text itself explain, "What I have to say, I have to say for all those now attending college in America." More frequently, however, there will be no such obvious clue. Then you need to do a bit of sleuthing. Discover where the work first appeared. If it was in *The New Yorker*, for instance, you know immediately that is was designed primarily for adults of some education and sophistication. If the work is a book, the advertisements for the book, the format, perhaps the author's biography, the reviews, or the criticisms may help. The material and style will give you clues also, but watch that you do not get into *circular reasoning* in making inferences about the audience from the content and style. That is, do not infer that because the details are obvious and the words easy the work is meant for a young audience, and then go on to conclude that because it is meant for a young audience the details and words are appropriate. If you are going to study the appropriateness of a style, you need some nonstylistic clues to the audience.

Once you have spotted the purpose and audience, you are ready to determine whether the work does its job well. Examine the contents. Ask yourself whether they are relevant to the purpose and adapted to the audience. Examine the organization Ask yourself whether it is appropriate to the material and can be followed by the audience. Examine the words and sentences. Ask yourself whether they make the explanation clear and readable for the audience. In short, ask yourself whether in terms of his purpose and audience the author accomplishes what he sets out to accomplish. This is the key question in this method of evaluation, and on your answer to it depends your overall judgment.

The following article appeared in *This Week* Magazine. Its author, Dr. Fred P. Thieme, is a member of the Department of Anthropology at the University of Michigan. The article is an example of a type of explanation which we encounter on all sides: popularized science. After reading the article, follow the questions at the end in evaluating its efficiency as explanation.

FRED P. THIEME

500,000 years from now what will we look like?

PROBABLY on the theory that atom bombs and flying saucers aren't enough for people to worry about, our comic-book and science-fiction artists have been busy inventing a new hobgoblin which they label "the man of the future." « 1

This alleged descendant of ours has been stepping out of illustrators' inkwells and into space ships as if his inheritance of the universe were a certainty. He is pictured as aglow with rays, aquiver with antennae, and combining the build of a praying mantis with the soul of an ice cube. « 2

It is unfortunate for public peace of mind that this comic pipe dream is the only "man of the future" familiar to most readers. Little by little he seems to be insinuating himself into the national subconscious where he is being accepted as perhaps a pretty fair version of what *Homo sapiens* of the future will look like. « 3

From the anthropologist's vantage point this brain-child of science-fiction is a total impossibility. No matter what upheavals in environment should occur, for instance, it is inconceivable that we would ever develop an external skeleton, or three legs, or two heads. The ground plan of the human being as an erect mammal has been well established. « 4

However, variations on the theme of man are definitely possible. They will take place in accordance with patterns already laid down by evolution. « 5

What are some of these developments which the path of evolution thus far might allow us to predict for, say, the year 500,000 A.D.? « 6

Broadly speaking, the man of the future will probably have some childhood characteristics of the present man. His face would perhaps strike us as immature and feminized. Along with this should go a general decrease in his muscular development. « 7

The bones of modern man are already less massive than those of his ancestor. We can, therefore, expect our distant descendants to be even less powerful and not so well equipped for a life demanding physical strength. « 8

A slightly top-heavy appearance may result from the fact that, while losing bulk in body, future man is almost certain to have a larger head. Growth of the brain has been a constant factor throughout man's history. Within the requirements imposed by childbirth, this expansion undoubtedly should continue in the future. « 9

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Housing this enlarged area of gray matter requires a larger skull. This will be managed by a bulging of the forehead and the lateral brain areas. « 10

A thing of beauty, this man of tomorrow? Perhaps not, by present standards. But as an intellectual giant, our superbrained progeny may make us look (or rather, think) like a race of kindergarteners. « 11

Despite the larger head, barbers won't be able to charge more for a haircut. The sad truth is that evolution may root out the profession of barbering completely. « 12

Since the beginning of history, mankind has been losing hair. The prosperity of the hair-restoring business shows that this tendency is not yielding to the blandishments of either lotion or massage and indicates that we are probably entering the final era of Whiskerless Wonders. « 13

Probably the most radical changes of all are those scheduled for the teeth. There will be fewer teeth and those that survive will be smaller in size. The third molar, one of the worst trouble-makers in the mouth, should be the first casualty. By 500,000 A.D., it may have vanished from our masticatory system. « 14

Much present trouble in the dental department is due to another alteration in man's anatomy: a steady diminution in the size of the jaw. Our teeth already require more space than is available to them. This reduction in the jaw is proceeding at a more rapid rate than the reduction in tooth size. Hence—the 20th-century's plague of impactions, malformations and the emergence of a prosperous new specialist: the orthodontist. « 15

Reduction in the dimensions and number of teeth is evolution's way of adapting to the impasse. By 500,000 A.D., it can be expected that man's allotment of 32 teeth will have fallen to as few as 28, 24, or even 20. « 16

One of the less fortunate by-products of the smaller, receding jaw will be its accentuation, by comparison, of the size of the nose. The nose of man, and woman, has appeared to grow larger through the ages due to the gradual recession of the face. « 17

Reaching its zenith in the man of 500,000 A.D., the further exaggeration of apparent nose size will pose a definite challenge to beauticians of the future, besides luring the unemployed barbers into seeking their fortune as plastic surgeons. « 18

Transformations in details of the human foot are also indicated. The relative size and importance of the great toes—each now carries about half the weight placed on the foot—will probably increase. « 19

Conversely, those readers with a sentimental attachment for the little toe will be saddened to learn that this "little piggy" will stop "going to market" one day in the dim, distant future. Already practically unemployed, the little toe by 500,000 A.D. may be a thing of the past. « 20

The accuracy of these predictions is, of course, open to some question. Since evolution in animal forms results from a process of adaptation to their physical environment, we should know what the future world will be like before drawing definitive portraits of its inhabitants. « 21

An atom-bomb war or significant changes in the ways of urban living, and even perhaps new ideas, could seriously affect man's evolutionary future. « 22

But whatever happens, there will be no radar ears, periscope eyes, or grasshopper limbs: the archeologist of 500,000 A.D. will certainly recognize the remains of today's human beings as those of man and his close ancestors. « 23

Questions

WHAT is the author's apparent purpose or purposes in writing the article?

2. Rather clearly there are many developments in man that the author might have tried to explain. Considering the many developments he omits and the few he includes, what do you think his criteria for selection of material were?

3. What can you determine about the reading audience to whom this article is directed: their age, education, interest in a subject like this, probable knowledge of anthropology?

4. Are the details sufficient in number to make the explanation understandable? Are the details specific and graphic enough to make it interesting? Are the details the kind the reading audience is likely to understand?

5. What is the reason for introducing the article by referring to comic books and science-fiction? Where do you find the central idea stated? What are the main divisions in the article? What basic expository arrangement or arrangements that you studied in Part One of this book do you find Dr. Thieme using? Is the conclusion an effective one? In summary, does the organization help to make this a clear explanation?

6. Compare the length of the paragraphs in this article with those of paragraphs in other selections in this book. Do you think the paragraph length is suitable to the four-column format of *This Week* Magazine? How have the sentences been adapted to an audience of magazine readers? Would you call this diction technical, formal, informal, homespun, or a combination? On the whole do you think Dr. Thieme's style is suited to the purpose and the readers? Suppose that he were writing a chapter on this subject for an anthropology textbook. In what ways would the style probably be different?

7. What is your overall evaluation of this article as explanation for the readers of *This Week* Magazine? How would you evaluate it as explanation if it had been written for a group of kindergarten youngsters? for college students in a class in anthropology? for a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science?

Argument

As you already know, if a work sets out to make the reader believe something or do something, it is an argument. Again, in reading argument, if you are measuring the work in its own terms, you must decide on its efficiency. How well does it do what it sets out to do?

In evaluating the truth of a work, it is often not important to make a careful distinction between explanations and arguments But in this type of evaluation it is essential. Rather clearly, you need to know in general what a work sets out to accomplish before you can say how well it accomplishes it. In the case of arguments the general aim is ordinarily fairly easy to determine since the author will make it abundantly evident that he wants you to believe or do something. Occasionally, however, you encounter a work whose tone is a bit puzzling. For example, the work may seem to be argumentative in intent; yet all of its outward characteristics may suggest an explanation. The author may subtly be urging you to do something by explaining the situation as it is. There is nothing improper about such a procedure, since the case for a change in belief or action must always rest—if the case is a sound one—upon the realization that there is a need for a change. Thus a writer may do little more than explain the rent situation in the Negro section of Chicago's South Side and compare rent scales there with scales in other sections of the city; yet you may be impelled by the gross inequalities he brings to light to send money to an organization which is attempting to bring about rent adjustments. Now, is the author explaining or arguing? You have to make some decision so that you can decide how well he does what he sets out to do. In these borderline cases you have to make the best judgment you can, based on the overall effect the work has on you. You may be helped in your reading by the following rule of thumb which some readers have found helpful: if the subject is controversial, the work is probably argumentative in its basic purpose.

Having decided that a work is argumentative, you need next to determine its specific purpose and the audience for whom it is intended. In most cases the specific purpose will be perfectly obvious. Where it eludes you completely, however, you can probably by this method of evaluation write off the work as a failure and go about your business. The clues to the nature of the audience are substantially the same as those in explanations If the work was delivered first as a speech, find out all you can about the listeners. If its original version was in writing, look for specific statements by the author in a preface or in the text itself. Hints may be gleaned, too, from the nature of the work's publication. If the argument is a refutation, find out something about the audience at whom the original argument was directed, for the refutation will presumably be aimed at the same group. Lastly, and with great care, you can make some inferences from the content, emotional appeals, and style But remember the warning against circular reasoning in the section just preceding this one (p. 120).

The next logical step is to decide how well the contents, organization, emotional appeals, sentences, and words are adapted to the purpose and the audience. The questions at the ends of the following selections indicate how your thinking on almost any argument may

proceed if you are to reach a sound and thoughtful judgment on these matters. The selections themselves represent a form in which argument appears frequently these days—letters to the editor. The question discussed by the letters is one which has been raised many times in the last hundred years by those interested in the plays of William Shakespeare: did Shakespeare write the plays attributed to him or did someone else use his name? Most commonly, those who say that Shakespeare was not the author argue in favor of Francis Bacon. Here, however, a claim is made for Edward De Vere, Earl of Oxford.

GELETT BURGESS Pseudonym, Shakespeare

SIR: In the review of G. B. Harrison's "Shakespeare: 23 Plays and the Sonnets" [*SRL* June 5] there is a misstatement so gross as to vitiate any claims to scholarship. Mr. Redman speaks of "those who hold fuzzily to the notion that 'we know nothing about him' [Shakespeare] instead of realizing that we know more about him than about 'any other Elizabethan dramatist.'" «1

The most meager knowledge of the Shakespeare mystery cognizes the fact that all we know of the Stratford Shakespeare, Shacksper, or Shakspe, could easily be printed on a half-column of this page. It consists of perhaps a score of often sordid facts—baptisms, marriage, real estate deals, lawsuits, fines, etc. Not one of these records indicates in the slightest way that the Stratfordian was a writer. Nor do the few recorded items regarding the actor Shakespeare (who may or may not have been the Stratfordian) give any such evidence. «2

While there were many laudatory references to the *author* "Shakespeare" by his contemporaries, not one of them identifies him as the man of Stratford. The name was as much a pseudonym as Mark Twain or O. Henry, and it was a common practice in Elizabethan times to use stooges, often ignorant, whose names were put on title pages, even by the clergy. The anonymity of several important Elizabethan works has never been pierced. «3

What Mr. Harrison and Mr. Redman "know" about Shakespeare is a fictitious biography based on hearsay, conjecture, and old wives' tales collected by the actor Betterton seventy years after the Stratfordian's death, and, in Mr. Harrison's case, inflated by inferential interpretations of topical subjects in the "Plays and Sonnets." The assertion that Shakespeare of Stratford was the author was not asserted in print until many years after his death. «4

From *The Saturday Review of Literature*, October 2, 1948. Reprinted by permission of *The Saturday Review of Literature* and Gelett Burgess.

On the other hand, what we know about "other Elizabethan dramatists" is considerable. Of such writers as Edmund Spenser, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Nash, Lyly, Peele, and others we have a good picture of their education, the books they owned, and their artistic interests which qualified them as writers. «5

While many of the best-known and most influential scholars in England—such men as the Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, the Canon of Chelmsford Cathedral, principal of Victoria College, University of Liverpool, head master of the Charterhouse School, the professor of English at the Royal Naval Academy, etc.—have publicly attested to their belief that the true author was Edward De Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford, hardly a single important professor of English literature in the United States has been willing even to consider the new historical evidence that has changed the whole Elizabethan picture. They rest content, like the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, with historical data derived from sources no later than 1897. Many of the college faculties have been invited to refute, if possible, the new evidence that has accumulated since then. All have refused. «6

It is true what Mr. Redman says, that we know more about Shakespeare than about any other Elizabethan writer—but the "Shakespeare" is not the Shakespeare of Stratford. He was the brightest star in the firmament of talent in that splendid era. A royal ward, brought up at Court, he was familiar with its usages. Highly educated, with degrees from both Oxford and Cambridge, familiar with the Greek and Latin classics, he could give the plays their sophisticated touch. A student at Gray's Inn for three years, his references to the intricacies of law are easily accounted for. Traveled in Italy, a champion in the tournament, an aristocrat *pur sang*, an expert falconer, a musician, a poet praised as the best, and excellent in comedy, and above all, as Lord Great Chamberlain in charge for years of the company of players who performed Shakespeare's dramas, he had every possible qualification for authorship, while the dummy of Stratford had not one. «7

Questions

WHAT is the specific purpose of the writer of the first letter to *The Saturday Review of Literature*?

2. What is the nature of his audience?

3. Describe the evidence. Is it concrete? first-hand? substantial? convincing?

4. What are the main divisions of the argument? Show why this arrangement is effective or ineffective.

5. What emotional appeals are used? Are they suited to the audience?

6. Is Mr. Burgess' style suited to the subject and audience? Explain your answer.

7. Is this a good argument? Explain your answer.

CLARK KINNAIRD

A reply to Mr. Burgess

SIR: Mr. Gelett Burgess's discovery that there are ignoramuses who, after all the evidence presented to the contrary, still believe the plays attributed to Shakespeare were actually written by that unlettered lout of a horseholder, has alarmed me. I am now convinced that any further delay in arousing the reading public's attention regarding certain facts about George Bernard Shaw, as he is called, may make it more difficult to establish the true authorship of the plays bearing his name. «1

It will be seen from the evidence I am presenting that it is just as unlikely that the real Shaw wrote the plays attributed to him as that Shakespeare wrote the plays of Edward De Vere. «2

Let us consider that the facts about Shaw's life are no better established than that "perhaps score of sordid facts," as Mr. Burgess puts it, we have about Shakespeare. We are dependent upon birth and marriage records, reports in the notoriously unreliable press, and biographies which disagree throughout, and which are questionable on other grounds. For example, we know that the so-called biography of Shaw by one who supposedly knew him, Frank Harris, was written by one Frank Scully, who never saw Shaw and therefore could not prove Shaw ever lived! In other cases, Shaw, as he is called, when mysteriously given access to the Ms., changed the original text of the author to suit his purpose. (We shall show what the purpose was!) «3

From the small body of uncontestable fact about Shaw, it is certain that he was not of royal blood, or even lordly lineage. His father was no more than a corn merchant. George Bernard Shaw, as he is called, never had any formal schooling after the age of fourteen. Indeed, it is questionable whether he had much schooling earlier, because of his apparent inability to spell or punctuate correctly. Any who have seen his letters know them to be studded with "thru," "dont" (without the apostrophe), etc. «4

How could one who never went to college or even high school have possibly written such a masterpiece as "Candida"? «5

There is no evidence whatever that the real Shaw even tried to write anything in his youth. He was certainly content to work for five years in, of all places, a real estate office. It's simply incredible that the author of "Pygmalion" could have existed five years in such a stultifying atmosphere. However, we do not have to believe our senses; for staring us in the face is indisputable evidence of the man Shaw's ineptitude as a writer when he did

From *The Saturday Review of Literature*, November 6, 1948. Reprinted by permission of *The Saturday Review of Literature* and Clark Kinnaird.

try to make his living with a pen. In nine years after he left the real estate office (under circumstances which we can conjecture), he earned exactly £6. Four novels, as they were called, were rejected one after the other by publishers. One was about prize-fighting, which is only further evidence of what low tastes he had. Try to couple that with the authorship of "Saint Joan"! « 6

His family had to struggle for existence. "I did not throw myself into it, I threw my mother into it," Shaw said. That sufficiently characterizes the man who some persons believe, oddly, wrote "Mrs. Warren's Profession." « 7

The real Shaw did, it seems, work in the lowest type of literary endeavor, criticism, but drifted from publication to publication—*Pall Mall Gazette*, *The Star*, *The Saturday Review*, apparently unable to keep a job. It is well known that any person capable of creating first-rate plays (such as "The Apple Cart," "On the Rocks," etc.) devotes himself to creative work and does not resort to making a living as scavenger among other men's ideas; the critic at best is one who knows how but cannot do it himself. « 8

Realization of this might have made him disposed to allow his name to be used on another man's work. He practised such deceit himself, as those aware of the relationship of Shaw and Corno di Bassetto know. But that is another story. « 9

And now for a conjecture. « 10

The other man with great plays in his mind and heart was in a position that required deceit, as De Vere was. He was an aristocrat, son of a lord and grandson of a duke. He had the education, background, and ability for his chosen profession of playwright, such as De Vere had. But playwriting was no occupation for one of his social position. Persons of the theatre were not acceptable in his set. Also, the kind of plays he was determined to write would, he realized, inevitably compromise the political career for which he was destined by his family and its traditions—if presented in his own name. « 11

The circumstances demanded that the plays bear another's name. A nom-de-plume would be more easily penetrated. So a deal was made, I conjecture. How wise the playwright must have regarded his decision when he rose to high office—the highest office! How embarrassing it might have been for him then if Backbenchers had quoted lines he put in John Tanner's mouth in "Man and Superman." Or for him to have had to receive an ambassador from Bulgaria who was aware the prime minister was the author of "Arms and the Man." « 12

That reference gives you a hint as to the true identity of the author of George Bernard Shaw's plays. You will find stronger hints in a comparison of the literary styles of a recent autobiographical work of an exalted person-

age in Great Britain. But I now present, for the first time, plainer evidence of the true author of Shaw's plays. His name is concealed in the titles of the plays! Look:

"*W*idower's Houses"
"Sa*i*nt Joan"
"Ma*n* and Superman"
"Arm*s* and the Man"
"*T*he Philanderer"
"To*o* Good to Be True"
"A*n*drocles and the Lion"

"Mr*s*. Warren's Profession"
"*P*ygmalion"
"Ov*e*r-Ruled"
"O*n* the Rocks"
"Ba*c*k to Methuselah"
"G*e*tting Married"
"G*r*eat Catherine"

"The Doc*t*or's Dilemma"
"*H*eartbreak House"
"Yo*u* Never Can Tell"
"Majo*r* Barbara"
"*C*aesar and Cleopatra"
"T*h*e Man of Destiny"
"Cand*i*da"
"Misa*l*liance"
"John Bu*l*l's Other Island" « 13

Questions

WHAT is the writer's apparent purpose? What is his real purpose?

2. What is the nature of his audience?

3. Describe in detail the nature of the evidence the writer uses. Does it convince you that Churchill wrote Shaw's plays? Does the writer want to convince you? Explain your answer.

4. Is this a direct or indirect attack? What emotional appeals are used?

5. Is this a convincing refutation of the Burgess argument? Explain your answer.

HOY CRANSTON

A reply to Mr. Burgess

SIR: The present Oxford theorist affirms that Oxford wrote the plays, but assumed the name of Shakespeare; and the Stratford Shakespeare whom he calls the "Dummy of Stratford" hadn't the qualifications to produce them. «1

1. If Shakespeare was only a country bumpkin, and without any education, why was he buried in the Stratford church, and a carved stone bust of him placed on the chancel wall? This stone bust represents Shakespeare with one hand resting on a scroll, and a pen in his other hand. So the bust is a memorial to a writer. «2

2. At the age of about nineteen Shakespeare went to London. He had a brother, an actor, there. Richard Burbidge, a famous London actor who subsequently played leading roles in Shakespeare's great dramas, was a Stratford man. There is no doubt that these two Stratford men read specimens of Shakespeare's work, and induced him to go to London, the Mecca for talented youth. «3

3. In London Shakespeare had his poem "Venus and Adonis" published. He wrote this in Stratford. The very man who published his poem was a printer who also went from Stratford to London a few years before Shakespeare. Shakespeare had known this printer in Stratford. His name was Richard Field, and his father was a tanner in the town. Shakespeare dedicated "Venus and Adonis" to the Earl of Southampton, and called the poem: "The first heir of my invention." Here we have evidence that the Stratford Shakespeare states that he is a writer. «4

4. In Shakespeare's plays you will find names of people he knew in Stratford. In the Induction to "The Taming of the Shrew," Sly the tinker is the chief character. There was a tinker in Stratford by the name of Sly. In the same comedy Sly refers to a woman who kept a public house in the village of Wincot, a village near Stratford. Sly says: "Ask Marian Hacket the fat ale-wife of Wincot." Sly states that he is the son of old Sly of Burton Heath, a village near Stratford. «5

5. Two associates of Shakespeare's in London, and men who were also actors in his plays, collected Mss. of all Shakespeare's plays and published them seven years after his death. There are documents extant that also prove that Shakespeare was a Stratford man, for Shakespeare's youngest daughter, Judith, took from Stratford a bundle of Mss. to her own home, soon after her father died. «6

From *The Saturday Review of Literature*, November 6, 1948. Reprinted by permission of *The Saturday Review of Literature* and Hoy Cranston.

6. Shakespeare's will proves that he was a Stratford man, that he frequently went there from London, that he died and was buried in Stratford. His will also proves that he was the same Shakespeare who wrote plays and produced them in London. In his will which was made and signed in Stratford, he left legacies to relatives and friends living in Stratford. He bequeathed his Stratford home to his daughter Susanna. All this proves that Shakespeare was a Stratford man. The will also proves that the same Shakespeare produced plays of his own in London theatres. We find in the will the following: "And to my Fellows (all actors with shares in London theatres) John Hemmynges, Henry Cundell, Richard Burbidge XXVi^{s} Viij^{d} apiece to buy them rings." Burbidge was leading tragedian in Shakespeare's great tragedies. The other two men were Shakespeare's associates and fellow actors in London. "Fellows" means associates. Hemmynges and Cundell were the first to publish all Shakespeare's plays in one volume which is called "The 1623 Folio." Shakespeare's will alone furnishes absolute proof that the Shakespeare who produced the plays was a Stratford man, and not a Stratford "dummy." We know that Shakespeare was also an actor, and speeches in his tragedies prove it, for he knew the art of making points. «7

Many years ago Mr. William Winter the greatest dramatic critic in America, took me with him to see Edwin Booth as Othello. After the wonderful performance Mr. Winter said: "Shakespeare did not make those great speeches of Othello's sitting down alone in a room. I'm sure he dictated them, while standing, and when roused to 'the top of his bent'." Shakespeare the actor-dramatist knew how to fit an actor with a "role to tear a cat in," the kind Bottom the weaver required to properly demonstrate his histrionic ability. «8

Questions

WHAT is Mr. Cranston's purpose in writing this letter? Is his purpose the same as Mr. Kinnaird's?

2. Show in detail how his method of refutation differs from that of Mr. Kinnaird. In your answer, consider the mode of attack, the nature of the contents, the arrangement of contents, the emotional appeals, and the style of each of the two letters.

3. Do you find this convincing refutation?

4. Which of the three arguments thus far do you think is best *as argument*?

5. Which of the three would you rank first if you were evaluating them for their *truth*?

GELETT BURGESS

The butcher boy of Stratford

In this piece of counterrefutation, Mr. Burgess ignores Mr. Kinnaird's letter but replies in some detail to Mr. Cranston's. The statements about Mr. Hoepfner and Mr. Humphreys are references to letters not reprinted here.

SIR: My recent communication relative to Oxford-is-Shakespeare elicited responses which evince and hypostatize the bigoted renitency usual in orthodox addicts. For the Stratfordian mythology has engendered a strange nympholepsy like a fanatical religion which is not amenable to reason or logic, and abrogates all scientific method. «1

The lay enthusiasts for the precocious butcher boy of Stratford have displayed of late not only an egregious lack of truth but of courtesy. To accuse me of falsehood in an intellectual discussion, as has Mr. Hoepfner, without specifying wherein I lied, seems like hitting below the belt. And when Mr. Humphreys implies that humorists can never be taken seriously, a gentleman, even if an M. A., should know that a resort to personalities is the surest sign that the unparliamentary satirist feels insecure in his legitimate argument. No doubt he would question the accuracy of Charles L. Dodgson's "Treatise on Determinants" because he happened to write "Alice in Wonderland." «2

The redargution of my correspondents contains too many mistakes to correct in this space. But, to illustrate their general incompetency, I may hit a few high lights of ignorance. I am childishly taken to task by Mr. Hoepfner, for example, for including Edmund Spenser in a list of Elizabethan dramatists. He should read more carefully. Spenser's biographers all mention, amongst his missing papers, nine comedies. And Gabriel Harvey, an eminent critic of the era, must also have considered Spenser a dramatist, for in his letter he hopes that he himself will not be made fun of on the stage by his friend Edmund. «3

Mr. Hoy Cranston, too, has drunk none too deeply of the Pierian Spring. His amusing "proof" that the Stratford man was a writer because his bust shows him with a pen in his hand, gives one an insight into Mr. Cranston's limited erudition. For he should know that the monument in the Stratford church dates, in its present condition, only from 1748-49. It differs materially from the original bust as sketched by Dugdale for his book on Warwickshire published in 1656. That showed a sad, cadaverous gent with a long, droop-

From *The Saturday Review of Literature*, February 5, 1949. Reprinted by permission of *The Saturday Review of Literature* and Gelett Burgess.

ing mustache, his arms awkwardly outangled, his hands resting on a cushion. *No pen.* Still another picture of that bust, or another, was the frontispiece to Nicholas Rowe's edition of Shakespeare, 1709. This differed from both the others, but also showed no pen in the hand of the Bard. « 4

Mr. Cranston's assertion that Judith Shakspere "took from Stratford a bundle of Ms. to her own home" is a wild flight of fancy. It is supported by no known record. All we know is that when Thomas Quiney, her husband, after having been twice fined for keeping a disorderly house ("The Cage" tavern), disappeared from Stratford, an inventory of his goods itemed a box of books. No Mss. are mentioned. The rest of the Cranston pseudo-information is mere conjecture. « 5

But why break these silly butterflies on the wheel? The man who is acknowledged to be the greatest living authority on Shakespeare's life has said the last word on the subject. Sir Edmund Chambers (*not* an Oxfordian), author of monumental volumes on the Elizabethan stage, published in 1930 his final documentary life of the Bard in two volumes, after years of preparation. This is his conclusion as to the Stratford man's career as a playwright in London:

It is no use guessing. As in so many other historical investigations, after all the careful scrutiny of clues and all the patient balancing of possibilities, the last word for a self-respecting scholarship can only be that of nescience. « 6

Questions

WHAT is Mr. Burgess' purpose in his second letter to *The Saturday Review*?

2. What is the nature of his audience? How does it differ from the nature of his original audience?

3. In what ways does he attempt to undermine Mr. Cranston's argument? In answering this, read once more the comments on refutation, page 48.

4. What various types of emotional appeal are employed? In answering this, comment especially on the device of using such words as *hypostatize, nympholepsy, redargution* in the same letter with expressions like *hitting below the belt.*

5. Do you feel that this argument is successful as argument? Does it dispose of the Cranston argument? Give your reasons in detail.

6. On the basis of these four letters alone, which side in your estimation wins the argument?

History

EVALUATING a historical account in its own terms is a more difficult task than it might first appear. Written history is both a record and an interpretation of past events. In the sense that it is a record, it is clearly explanation; in the sense that it is an interpretation, it is substantially an argument for a proposition of fact. Frequently it is more of an argument than you think. The stuff of history is human affairs, and human affairs inevitably involve controversy. Historians, being human, are bound to take sides on many of the controversial questions—either unconsciously or deliberately. Thus a patriotic Englishman is likely to interpret events leading up to the American Revolution in one way, a patriotic American in another. Each, while explaining the facts, is arguing for his interpretation of the facts. This suggests the immediate problem. To evaluate a historical account in its own terms, you first have to determine rather precisely what those terms are. What exactly is the historian trying to do? To what extent is he simply trying to relate the facts of history? To what extent is he arguing for his own interpretation of these facts? The two extremes might be found in (1) an encyclopedia account of the Revolutionary War in which the writer attempts primarily to list the major events, and (2) a Marxist account of the same war in which the author selects and organizes the facts so that they correspond with his theory of economic determinism. In the first case, the writer wants you to have certain information; in the second, he wants you to believe that this information is evidence in support of his politico-economic theory.

Once you have the author's specific purpose in mind, you need to do a little thinking about the people for whom the history was apparently written. Determine as closely as you can their age, education, geographical distribution, and experience as readers of history. After some consideration, you should be able to say, for instance, that the work was designed for American high-school students, or for American adults who are not specialists in history, or for college professors who are specialists in American constitutional history.

Now you are ready to determine whether in terms of its purpose and audience the history does a competent job. The basic considerations—content, organization, and style—are much the same as those in exposition and argument. Your problem, again, is to see how well they have been adapted to the writer's purpose and to his readers, and in the light of your judgments to evaluate the efficiency of the work as a whole.

The following selection deals with the immediate causes for and the nature of the Declaration of Independence. It is taken from a two-volume work entitled *The Growth of the American Republic*, written by Samuel E. Morison and Henry S. Commager, both of them eminent American historians.

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON
HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

Independence and the great Declaration

STILL, THE IDEA of independence was repugnant to many members of Congress and to a large part of the American people. The ostensible purpose of the two Continental Congresses had been to get the Coercive Acts repealed, restore imperial relations as before 1763, and thus avert both war and independence. As late as the autumn of 1775 the legislatures of North Carolina, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and Maryland went on record against independence. Public opinion was not yet ready for any drastic action. Yet the colonies could not forever remain half in, half out of the empire, professing allegiance while refusing obedience. Moderates persuaded themselves that they were not fighting the king or the mother country, but the "unprincipled hirelings of a venal ministry." They referred to the enemy as the "ministerial," not the British army; they hoped for a political crisis in England that would place their friends in power; as late as January 1776 the king's health was toasted nightly in the officers' mess presided over by General Washington. Radicals acquiesced in this policy because they expected that it would have the contrary effect, and make Britain more uncompromising; as it did. «1

As the months wore on, the difficulties of prosecuting a war while still a part of the empire became more and more patent. Independence was desirable for military success; without it the colonies could scarcely expect that assistance from France upon which they based great hopes. Furthermore, it became clearer every day that the first Congress's policy of non-importation and non-exportation was a complete failure. Commercial pressure was not effective after fighting had aroused passion. It simply prevented the Americans from getting needed supplies, and hurt them more than it did the British. And after so many lives had been lost, at Bunker Hill and in the vain assault on Quebec (December 1775), there came a feeling that something of permanent value ought to be achieved. «2

No compromise came from England. King George, naturally regarding as insincere an "olive-branch" petition from a body that was carrying on armed rebellion, refused to receive it, and instead issued a proclamation declaring the colonies to be in a state of rebellion (23 August 1775). And on 22

From *The Growth of the American Republic*, by Samuel Eliot Morison and Henry Steele Commager, copyright 1930, 1937, 1942, 1950 by Oxford University Press, Inc.

December 1775, all trade and intercourse with the Thirteen Colonies was interdicted by Parliament. The triumphant comment of John Adams reveals how this Act helped the American radicals: «3

I know not whether you have seen the Act of Parliament called the Restraining Act or Prohibitory Act, or Piratical Act or Act of Independency—for by all these titles it is called. I think that the most apposite is the Act of Independency; the King, Lords and Commons have united in sundering this country from that, I think forever. It is a complete dismemberment of the British Empire. It throws thirteen colonies out of the royal protection, and makes us independent in spite of supplications and entreaties. «4

In January 1776 Thomas Paine's pamphlet *Common Sense* was published. This book was to the American Revolution what *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was to the Civil War. Sweeping aside dialectic and sentiment, Paine stated the case for independence in a crisp, vigorous language, that appealed to the ordinary American. It presented in popular form the natural rights philosophy that was to be embodied in the Declaration of Independence. "Society in every state is a blessing, but Government, even in its best state, is but a necessary evil; in its worst, an intolerable one. Government, like dress, is the badge of lost innocence; the palaces of kings are built upon the ruins of the bowers of Paradise." With ruthless disregard for tradition and sentiment Paine attacked the monarchy, the British Constitution, and the empire. Monarchy itself, he argued, is an absurd form of government; one honest man worth "all the crowned ruffians that ever lived"; and George III, "the Royal Brute of Great Britain," the worst of monarchs. Such words were sweet music to democratic ears. How absurd, too, that a continent should be governed by an island! Such an unnatural connection merely subjected the colonies to exploitation, and involved them in every European war. Separation would not only avert these evils, but bring positive benefits—such as a world market for American trade. Anticipating the idea of isolation, Paine announced it to be "the true interest of America to steer clear of European contentions, which she can never do while, by her dependence on Great Britain, she is made the make-weight in the scale of British politics." «5

Thus with persuasive simplicity Paine presented the alternatives: continued submission to a tyrannous king, an outworn government, and a vicious economic system; or liberty and happiness as a self-sufficient independent republic. The loyalists he lumped together and denounced as "interested men who are not to be trusted, weak men who *cannot* see, prejudiced men who will not see, and a certain set of moderate men who think better of the European world than it deserves." And he closed with the eloquent peroration: «6

O! ye that love mankind! Ye that dare oppose not only the tyranny but the tyrant, stand forth! Every spot of the old world is overrun with oppression. Freedom hath been hunted round the Globe. Asia and Africa have long expelled her. Europe regards her as a stranger and England hath given her warning to depart. O! receive the fugitive and prepare in time an asylum for mankind. «7

The influence of this amazing pamphlet cannot well be exaggerated. Within a few months it had been read by or to almost every American. It rallied the undecided and the wavering, and proved a trumpet call to the radicals. "Every Post and every Day rolls in upon us Independence like a Torrent," observed John Adams exultantly. Among the makers of the new nation few played a more dynamic part than Thomas Paine, sometime staymaker of Norfolk in old England. «8

In each colony now a keen struggle was going on between conservatives and radicals for control of the delegations in Congress. As yet only a few delegations were definitely instructed for independence: it was the task of the radicals to force everyone into line. The struggle coincided with the class and sectional divisions which we have already described as present in most of the colonies. Everywhere the radicals were using the powerful lever of independence to oust the conservatives and put themselves in control, and, under cover of a popular war, push through their programs of democratic reform. The alternative that faced the conservatives in such colonies as New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and South Carolina was not pleasant. If they tried to stem the popular tide, they would see themselves denounced as tories, hurled out of office, and old institutions exposed to the mercies of the radical democrats. They could maintain their accustomed position and influence, and save their property, only by acquiescing in a policy of war and separation. In Pennsylvania the struggle was particularly bitter, coinciding as it did with the ancient feud of Scotch-Irish frontiersmen and the city artisans against the Quaker oligarchy and the wealthier Germans. The success of the radicals here was achieved only by overthrowing the old government, establishing a new one with full representation of the frontier counties, and drawing up a new constitution. This new revolutionary government promptly instructed the Pennsylvania delegates for independence. The effect of this radical victory upon the Congress, sitting in Philadelphia, was tremendous. «9

Events now moved rapidly toward independence. In January 1776 came the burning of Norfolk by the patriots to prevent it falling into the power of Lord Dunmore, and Virginia loyalists had to seek the protection of the British fleet. The next month the embattled farmers of the South repulsed royal troops and native loyalists at Moore's Creek Bridge. In March the legislature of North Carolina instructed its delegates to declare independence

and form foreign alliances. Congress then threw the ports of America open to the commerce of the world, and sent an agent to France to obtain assistance. On 10 May Congress advised the states to establish independent governments, as several had done already. On 7 June Richard Henry Lee, pursuant to instructions from his native state, rose in Congress and moved "That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States." After a terrific debate in which sturdy John Adams pled the cause of independence, Lee's motion was carried on 2 July. Meantime Congress had appointed a committee consisting of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert Livingston to prepare a formal declaration "setting forth the causes which impelled us to this mighty resolution." This Declaration of Independence, written by Thomas Jefferson, was adopted 4 July 1776. « 10

The Declaration of Independence not only announced the birth of a new nation; the philosophy which it set forth has been a dynamic force in the entire Western world throughout the nineteenth century. "Out of a decent respect for the opinions of mankind," Jefferson summed up, not only the reasons which impelled Americans to independence, but the political and social principles upon which the Revolution itself rested. The particular "abuses and usurpations" which are charged against the king, and which fill a large part of the Declaration, are not advanced as the basis for revolution, but merely as proof that George III had "in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states." The Declaration rests, therefore, not upon particular grievances, but upon a broad basis which commanded general support not only in America but in Europe as well. The grievances are scarcely those which appeal to the student of that period as fundamental; examined in the candid light of history many seem distorted, others inconsequential, some unfair. One of the strongest, an indictment of the slave trade, was struck out at the insistence of Southern and New England delegates. But the historical accuracy of the grievances is not the yardstick by which they are to be measured. Jefferson was making history, not writing it. « 11

Jefferson's indictment is drawn against George III, despite the fact that for twelve years the dispute between the colonies and Britain had centered on the question of parliamentary authority. The only reference to Parliament is in the clause, "He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution and unacknowledged by our laws, giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation." Entire odium of parliamentary misdeeds is transferred to the hapless George III. The reason for this shift was not that the king's influence over politics was understood, but that Congress had finally accepted the position of Adams, Jefferson, and Wilson regarding Parliament as merely the legislative body of Great Britain, each

colonial legislature being a co-equal and coordinate body, having exclusive power (with the king or his representative) over that particular colony. « 12

The political philosophy of the Declaration is set forth clearly and succinctly in the second paragraph:

> We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any form of government becomes destructive to these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

"These truths" were not the creatures of Jefferson's mind; they formed a political theory "self-evident" to his generation. The obvious sources for this philosophy were Harrington and Sidney, John Locke's *Second Treatise on Government*, and the actual experience of Americans. It is unnecessary to seek further. « 13

And what was the nature of this ideal government? It was one created by social compact. Originally, so Locke and Jefferson held, men lived equal in a state of nature. When necessity required some form of control, they got together and set up a government by popular consent. It is the function and purpose of government to protect men in their life, liberty, and property. Jefferson substituted for the term "property" the phrase "pursuit of happiness": a characteristic and illuminating stroke on the part of this social philosopher who throughout his life placed human rights first. If government fails to perform these functions, "it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it altogether, and to institute new government"—as the Americans were doing. To the troublesome charge that such popular power would lead to anarchy, Jefferson replied, "all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right them by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed." « 14

It is futile and irrelevant to argue that this theory of the origin of government does not square with nineteenth-century experience and twentieth-century anthropological knowledge. Whatever the origin of government may have been in prehistoric times, in America it often arose just as Jefferson described. As in the Mayflower Compact of 1620, so in countless frontier settlements from the Watauga to the Willamette, men came together spontaneously and organized a government. Jefferson's political philosophy seemed to them merely the common sense of the matter. And the ideas of the Declaration were vital throughout in the nineteenth century. Historical facts derive their significance not as they are judged correct or incorrect by

some abstract criterion, but by the place they come to hold in the minds and imaginations of men. By a curious transfer of ideas Jefferson's doctrine that all men are *created* equal has gradually come to mean that all men *are* equal, or that if not they ought to be. And although Jefferson did not mean to include slaves as men, public opinion finally came to regard slavery as inconsistent with the Declaration. Most of the great liberal reform movements of the nineteenth century—abolition, universal suffrage, labor laws, popular education; most of the nationalist movements—in Ireland, Finland, Italy, Germany in '48, Czecho-Slovakia—based their philosophy on the Declaration of Independence; and the American Union could not have been saved in 1861-65 without it. The timelessness of its doctrines and the haunting beauty of its phrasing insure immortality to the Great Declaration. « 15

Questions

WHAT is the specific purpose of the authors in this passage? Is this purpose wholly a matter of explaining what happened or do the authors argue for a point of view? In answering this, consider among other things whether they want you to think that the action of the colonists was just and admirable. Might an English historian have another point of view in presenting these facts?

2. Describe the reading audience for whom you think this account is intended.

3. In obtaining their material, what sources other than the Declaration itself must the authors have used? By referring to the document itself, page 53, show how much of the Declaration is quoted, how much paraphrased, and how much ignored. Do you think there is enough factual material for your understanding of these particular events in American history? Is there enough material to support the implied proposition that what the colonists did was just and admirable?

4. Show in detail how the selection is organized. Even though it is only part of a larger whole, do you think it has an effective beginning and ending? What is the purpose of the section originally entitled "Independence" (paragraphs 1-10)? the section originally entitled "The Great Declaration" (paragraphs 11-15)? How are the two related? Can you follow the organization easily? If not, what suggestions would you have for changing it?

5. How do the sentences and words here differ from those in the article from *This Week* Magazine (p. 121) and in the letters to the editor (pp. 125-133)? Be specific and detailed. Account for these differences in terms of the authors' purposes, readers, and form of publication. What special stylistic devices, like the repeated use of quotations, do you find here? Are these devices justified? On the whole, is the style appropriate or inappropriate? Explain your answer.

6. What changes in the selection as it stands would probably be made by the authors if they had started with the assumption that the colonists were a pack of radicals and that what they did was reprehensible?

7. What changes would probably be evident if the authors had written this for eighth-grade students?

8. What is your final evaluation of this history as history?

9. How would you rate the Declaration itself as history? Why?

Biography

SINCE biography can be thought of as simply a special type of history, almost everything that was said about the latter holds true for the former. In most respects the ends and the means are similar.

To sharpen up your thinking, however, it might be useful before tackling the selection given here to recall some of the most common purposes of biographers. Here is a tabulation of a few of them: (1) to give the bare facts of the subject's life, as in the brief accounts in *Who's Who in America* and the *Dictionary of American Biography;* (2) to present an example of a virtuous and successful life for the edification, particularly, of the young; (3) to pay tribute to a personal or popular hero; (4) to debunk a popular hero; (5) to define a class, like Americans of the nineteenth century, by describing a typical example; (6) to reinterpret the life of a man about whom several biographies have already been written; (7) to write a good story based more or less on the facts of someone's life. With one exception, these purposes can be found at the root of autobiographies, too: It is probably seldom that a man sets out to debunk his own reputation, but he might well wish to set forth the facts, interpret the facts, or offer himself as a splendid example of what all men should be.

The following selection from Carl Sandburg's long biography on Abraham Lincoln describes the details of Lincoln's assassination. It gives you a good opportunity to study the relation between means and ends, and to evaluate a piece of biography for its efficiency.

CARL SANDBURG The assassination of Lincoln

THE PLAY PROCEEDS, not unpleasant, often stupid, sprinkled with silly puns, drab and aimless dialogues, forced humor, characters neither truly English nor truly American nor fetching as caricatures. The story centers around the Yankee lighting his cigar with an old will, burning the document to ashes and thereby throwing a fortune of $400,000 away from himself into the hands of an English cousin. The mediocre comedy is somewhat redeemed by the way the players are doing it. The audience agrees it is not bad. The applause and laughter say the audience is having a good time. « 1

Mrs. Lincoln sits close to her husband, at one moment leaning on him fondly, suddenly realizing they are not alone, saying with humor, "What will Miss Harris think of my hanging on to you so?" and hearing his: "She won't think anything about it." « 2

From *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years* by Carl Sandburg. Copyright, 1939, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc. Reprinted by permission of Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

From the upholstered rocking armchair in which Lincoln sits he can see only the persons in the box with him, the players on the stage, and any persons offstage on the left. The box on the opposite side of the theatre is empty. With the box wall at his back and the closely woven lace curtains at his left arm, he is screened from the audience at his back and from the musicians in the orchestra pit, which is below and partly behind him. «3

The box has two doors. Sometimes by a movable cross partition it is converted into two boxes, each having its door. The door forward is locked. For this evening the President's party has the roominess and convenience of double space, extra armchairs, side chairs, a small sofa. In the privacy achieved he is in sight only of his chosen companions, the actors he has come to see render a play, and the few people who may be offstage to the left. «4

This privacy however has a flaw. It is not as complete as it seems. A few feet behind the President is the box door, the only entry to the box unless by a climb from the stage. In this door is a small hole, bored that afternoon to serve as a peephole—from the outside. Through this peephole it is the intention of the Outsider who made it with a gimlet to stand and watch the President, then at a chosen moment to enter the box. This door opens from the box on a narrow hallway that leads to another door which opens on the balcony of the theatre. «5

Through these two doors the Outsider must pass in order to enter the President's box. Close to the door connecting with the balcony two inches of plaster have been cut from the brick wall of the narrow hallway. The intention of the Outsider is that a bar placed in this cut-away wall niche and then braced against the panel of the door will hold that door against intruders, will serve to stop anyone from interference with the Outsider while making his observations of the President through the gimleted hole in the box door. «6

At either of these doors, the one to the box or the one to the hallway, it is the assigned duty and expected responsibility of John F. Parker to stand or sit constantly and without fail. A Ward Lamon or an Eckert on this duty would probably have noticed the gimleted hole, the newly made wall niche, and been doubly watchful. If Lincoln believes what he told Crook that afternoon, that he trusted the men assigned to guard him, then as he sits in the upholstered rocking armchair in the box he believes that John F. Parker in steady fidelity is just outside the box door, in plain clothes ready with the revolver Pendel at the White House had told him to be sure to have with him. «7

In such a trust Lincoln is mistaken. Whatever dim fog of thought or duty may move John F. Parker in his best moments is not operating tonight. His life habit of never letting trouble trouble him is on him this night; his motive

is to have no motive. He has always got along somehow. Why care about anything, why really care? He can always find good liquor and bad women. You take your fun as you find it. He can never be a somebody, so he will enjoy himself as a nobody—though he can't imagine how perfect a cipher, how completely the little end of nothing, one John F. Parker may appear as a result of one slack easygoing hour. « 8

"The guard . . . acting as my substitute," wrote the faithful Crook later, "took his position at the rear of the box, close to an entrance leading into the box. . . . His orders were to stand there, fully armed, and to permit no unauthorized person to pass into the box. His orders were to stand there and protect the President at all hazards. From the spot where he was thus stationed, this guard could not see the stage or the actors; but he could hear the words the actors spoke, and he became so interested in them that, incredible as it may seem, he quietly deserted his post of duty, and walking down the dimly-lighted side aisle, deliberately took a seat." « 9

The custom was for a chair to be placed in the narrow hallway for the guard to sit in. The doorkeeper Buckingham told Crook that such a chair was provided this evening for the accommodation of the guard. "Whether Parker occupied it at all, I do not know," wrote Crook. "Mr. Buckingham is of the impression that he did. If he did, he left it almost immediately, for he confessed to me the next day that he went to a seat, so that he could see the play." The door to the President's box is shut. It is not kept open so that the box occupants can see the guard on duty. « 10

Either between acts or at some time when the play was not lively enough to suit him or because of an urge for a pony of whiskey under his belt, John F. Parker leaves his seat in the balcony and goes down to the street and joins companions in a little whiff of liquor—this on the basis of a statement of the coachman Burns, who declared he stayed outside on the street with his carriage and horses, except for one interlude when "the special police officer (meaning John F. Parker) and the footman of the President (Forbes) came up to him and asked him to take a drink with them; which he did." « 11

Thus circumstance favors the lurking and vigilant Outsider who in the afternoon gimleted a hole in the door of the President's box and cut a two-inch niche in a wall to brace a bar against a door panel and hold it against interference while he should operate. « 12

The play goes on. The evening and the drama are much like many other evenings when the acting is pleasant enough, the play mediocre and so-so, the audience having no thrills of great performance but enjoying itself. The most excited man in the house, with little doubt, is the orchestra leader, Withers. He has left the pit and gone backstage, where, as he related, "I was giving the stage manager a piece of my mind. I had written a song for

Laura Keene to sing. When she left it out I was mad. We had no cue, and the music was thrown out of gear. So I hurried round on the stage on my left to see what it was done for." « 13

And of what is Abraham Lincoln thinking? As he leans back in this easy rocking chair, where does he roam in thought? If it is life he is thinking about, no one could fathom the subtle speculations and hazy reveries resulting from his fifty-six years of adventures drab and dazzling in life. Who had gone farther on so little to begin with? Who else as a living figure of republican government, of democracy, in practice, as a symbol touching freedom for all men—who else had gone farther over America, over the world? If it is death he is thinking about, who better than himself might interpret his dream that he lay in winding sheets on a catafalque in the White House and people were wringing their hands and crying "The President is dead!" —who could make clear this dream better than himself? Furthermore if it is death he is thinking about, has he not philosophized about it and dreamed about it and considered himself as a mark and a target until no one is better prepared than he for any sudden deed? Has he not a thousand times said to himself, and several times to friends and intimates, that he must accommodate himself to the thought of sudden death? Has he not wearied of the constructions placed on his secret night ride through Baltimore to escape a plot aimed at his death? Has he not laughed to the overhead night stars at a hole shot in his hat by a hidden marksman he never mentioned even to his boon companion Hill Lamon? And who can say but that Death is a friend, and who else should be more a familiar of Death than a man who has been the central figure of the bloodiest war ever known to the Human Family—who else should more appropriately and decently walk with Death? And who can say but Death is a friend and a nurse and a lover and a benefactor bringing peace and lasting reconciliation? The play tonight is stupid. Shakespeare would be better. "Duncan is in his grave . . . he sleeps well." « 14

Yes, of what is Abraham Lincoln thinking? Draped before him in salute is a silk flag of the Union, a banner of the same design as the one at Independence Hall in Philadelphia in February of '61 which he pulled aloft saying, "I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it," saying the flag in its very origins "gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance." Possibly his mind recurs for a fleeting instant to that one line in his letter to a Boston widow woman: "the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom." Or a phrase from the Gettysburg speech: "we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain." « 15

Out in a main-floor seat enjoying the show is one Julia Adelaide Shephard, who wrote a letter to her father about this Good Friday evening at the theatre. "Cousin Julia has just told me," she reported, "that the President is in yonder upper right hand private box so handsomely decked with silken flags festooned over a picture of George Washington. The young and lovely daughter of Senator Harris is the only one of his party we see as the flags hide the rest. But we know Father Abraham is there like a Father watching what interests his children, for their pleasure rather than his own. It had been announced in the papers he would be there. How sociable it seems like one family sitting around their parlor fire. Everyone has been so jubilant for days that they laugh and shout at every clownish witticism such is the excited state of the public mind. One of the actresses whose part is that of a very delicate young lady talks about wishing to avoid the draft when her lover tells her not to be alarmed 'for there is to be no more draft' at which the applause is loud and long. The American cousin has just been making love to a young lady who says she'll never marry for love but when her mother and herself find out that he has lost his property they retreat in disgust at the left hand of the stage while the American cousin goes out at the right. We are waiting for the next scene." « 16

And the next scene? « 17

The next scene is to crash and blare as one of the wildest, one of the most inconceivably fateful and chaotic, that ever stunned and shocked a world that heard the story. « 18

The moment of high fate was not seen by the theatre audience. Only one man saw that moment. He was the Outsider. He was the one who had waited and lurked and made his preparations, planning and plotting that he should be the single and lone spectator of what happened. He had come through the outer door into the little hallway, fastened the strong though slender bar into the two-inch niche in the brick wall, and braced it against the door panel. He had moved softly to the box door and through the little hole he had gimleted that afternoon he had studied the box occupants and his Human Target seated in an upholstered rocking armchair. Softly he had opened the door and stepped toward his prey, in his right hand a one-shot brass derringer pistol, a little eight-ounce vest-pocket weapon winged for death, in his left hand a steel dagger. He was cool and precise and timed his every move. He raised the derringer, lengthened his right arm, ran his eye along the barrel in a line with the head of his victim less than five feet away—and pulled the trigger. « 19

A lead ball somewhat less than a half-inch in diameter crashed into the left side of the head of the Human Target, into the back of the head, in a line with and three inches from the left ear. "The course of the ball was

obliquely forward toward the right eye, crossing the brain in an obliqu manner and lodging a few inches behind that eye. In the track of the woun were found fragments of bone, which had been driven forward by th ball, which was embedded in the anterior lobe of the left hemisphere c the brain." « 20

For Abraham Lincoln it was lights out, good night, farewell and a lon farewell to the good earth and its trees, its enjoyable companions, and th Union of States and the world Family of Man he had loved. He was nc dead yet. He was to linger in dying. But the living man could never agai speak nor see nor hear nor awaken into conscious being. « 21

Near the prompt desk offstage stands W. J. Ferguson, an actor. He look in the direction of a shot he hears, and sees "Mr. Lincoln lean back in hi rocking chair, his head coming to rest against the wall which stood betwee him and the audience . . . well inside the curtains"—no struggle or mov "save in the slight backward sway." « 22

Of this the audience in their one thousand seats know nothing. « 23

Major Rathbone leaps from his chair. Rushing at him with a knife is strange human creature, terribly alive, a lithe wild animal, a tiger for speec a wildcat of a man bareheaded, raven-haired—a smooth sinister face wit glaring eyeballs. He wears a dark sack suit. He stabs straight at the hear of Rathbone, a fast and ugly lunge. Rathbone parries it with his uppe right arm, which gets a deep slash of the dagger. Rathbone is staggerec reels back. The tigerish stranger mounts the box railing. Rathbone recover leaps again for the stranger, who feels the hand of Rathbone holding hir back, slashes again at Rathbone, then leaps for the stage. « 24

This is the moment the audience wonders whether something unusua is happening—or is it part of the play? « 25

From the box railing the Strange Man leaps for the stage, perhaps a ten foot fall. His leap is slightly interrupted. On this slight interruption th Strange Man in his fine calculations had not figured. The draped Unio flag of silk reaches out and tangles itself in a spur of one riding-boot, throw ing him out of control. He falls to the stage landing on his left leg, breakin the shinbone a little above the instep. « 26

Of what he has done the audience as yet knows nothing. They wonde what this swift, raven-haired, wild-eyed Strange Man portends. They se him rush across the stage, three feet to a stride, and vanish. Some hav heard Rathbone's cry "Stop that man!" Many have seen a man leap fron a front seat up on the stage and chase after the weird Stranger, cryin "Stop that man!" « 27

It is a peculiar night, an odd evening, a little weird, says the audience t itself. The action is fast. It is less than half a minute since the Strange Ma mounted the box railing, made the stage, and strode off. « 28

Offstage between Laura Keene and W. J. Ferguson he dashes at breakneck speed, out of an entrance, forty feet to a little door opening on an alley. There stands a fast bay horse, a slow-witted chore boy nicknamed John Peanuts holding the reins. He kicks the boy, mounts the mare; hoofs on the cobblestones are heard but a few moments. In all it is maybe sixty or seventy seconds since he loosed the one shot of his eight-ounce brass derringer. « 29

Whether the Strange Man now riding away on a fast bay horse has paused a moment on the stage and shouted a dramatic line of speech, there was disagreement afterward. Some said he ran off as though every second of time counted and his one purpose was to escape. Others said he faced the audience a moment, brandished a dagger still bloody from slashing Rathbone, and shouted the State motto of Virginia, the slogan of Brutus as he drove the assassin's knife into imperial Caesar: "*Sic semper tyrannis*"—"Thus be it ever to tyrants." Miss Shephard and others believed they heard him shriek as he brandished the dagger: "The South is avenged!" Others: "The South shall be free!" "Revenge!" "Freedom!" « 30

Some said the lights went out in the theatre, others adding the detail that the assassin had stabbed the gasman and pulled the lever, throwing the house into darkness. Others a thousand miles from the theatre said they saw the moon come out from behind clouds blood-red. It is a night of many eyewitnesses, shaken and moaning eyewitnesses. « 31

The audience is up and out of its one thousand seats, standing, moving. Panic is in the air, fear of what may happen next. Many merely stand up from their seats, fixed and motionless, waiting to hear what has happened, waiting to see what further is to happen. The question is spoken quietly or is murmured anxiously—"What is it? What has happened?" The question is bawled with anger, is yelled with anguish—"For God's sake, what is it? What has happened?" « 32

A woman's scream pierces the air. Some say afterward it was Mrs. Lincoln. The scream carries a shock and a creeping shiver to many hearing it. "He has shot the President!" Miss Shephard looks from the main floor toward the box and sees "Miss Harris wringing her hands and calling for water." There are moanings. "No, for God's sake, it can't be true—no! no! for God's sake!" « 33

Men are swarming up to the edge of the stage, over the gas-jet footlights onto the stage. The aisles fill with people not sure where to go; to leave would be safe, but they want to know what has happened, what else they may see this wild night. Men are asking whether some God-damned fool has for sure tried to shoot the President. Others take it as true. The man who ran across the stage did it. There are cries: "Kill him! Shoot him!" On the stage now are policemen, army officers, soldiers, besides actors and actresses in make-up and costume. Cries for "Water! water!" Cries for "A

surgeon! a surgeon!" Someone brings water. It is passed up to the box. « 34

An army surgeon climbs to the stage and is lifted up and clambers over the railing into the box. Some two hundred soldiers arrive to clear the theatre. The wailing and the crazy chaos let down in the emptying playhouse —and flare up again in the street outside, where some man is accused of saying he is glad it happened, a sudden little mob dragging him to a lamppost with a ready rope to hang him when six policemen with clubs and drawn revolvers manage to get him away and put him in jail for safekeeping. « 35

Mrs. Lincoln in the box has turned from the railing, has turned from where she saw the wild-eyed raven-haired man vanish off the stage, sees her husband seated in the rocking chair, his head slumped forward. Never before has she seen her husband so completely helpless, so strangely not himself. With little moaning cries she springs toward him and with her hands keeps him from tumbling to the floor. Major Rathbone has shouted for a surgeon, has run out of the box into the narrow hallway, and with one arm bleeding and burning with pain he fumbles to unfasten the bar between wall and door panel. An usher from the outside tries to help him. They get the bar loose. Back of the usher is a jam of people. He holds them back, allowing only one man to enter. « 36

This is a young-looking man, twenty-three years old, with mustache and sideburns. Charles A. Leale, assistant surgeon, United States Volunteers, who had left the army General Hospital at Armory Square, where he was in charge of the wounded commissioned officers' ward, saying he would be gone only a short time. Rathbone shows Dr. Leale his bleeding arm, "beseeching me to attend to his wound," related Leale later. "I placed my hand under his chin, looking into his eyes an almost instantaneous glance revealed the fact that he was in no immediate danger, and in response to appeals from Mrs. Lincoln and Miss Harris, who were standing by the high-backed armchair in which President Lincoln sat, I went immediately to their assistance, saying I was a United States army surgeon." « 37

Leale holds Mrs. Lincoln's outstretched hand while she cries piteously: "Oh, Doctor! Is he dead? Can he recover? Will you take charge of him? Do what you can for him. Oh, my dear husband! my dear husband!" He soothes her a little, telling her he will do all that can possibly be done. « 38

The body in the chair at first scrutiny seems to be that of a dead man, eyes closed, no certainty it is breathing. Dr. Leale with help from others lifts the body from the chair and moves it to a lying position on the floor. He holds the head and shoulders while doing this, his hand meeting a clot of blood near the left shoulder. Dr. Leale recalls seeing a dagger flashed by the assassin on the stage and the knife wound of Rathbone, and now supposes the President has a stab wound. He has the coat and shirt slit open, thinking

to check perhaps a hemorrhage. He finds no wounds. He lifts the eyelids and sees evidence of a brain injury. He rapidly passes the separated fingers of both hands through the blood-matted hair of the head, finding a wound and removing a clot of blood, which relieves pressure on the brain and brings shallow breathing and a weak pulse. "The assassin," Leale commented later, ". . . had evidently planned to shoot to produce instant death, as the wound he made was situated within two inches of the physiological point of selection, when instant death is desired." «39

Dr. Leale bends over, puts a knee at each side of the body, and tries to start the breathing apparatus, attempts to stimulate respiration by putting his two fingers into the throat and pressing down and out on the base of the tongue to free the larynx of secretion. Dr. Charles Sabin Taft, the army surgeon lifted from the stage into the box, now arrives. Another physician, Dr. Albert F. A. King, arrives. Leale asks them each to manipulate an arm while he presses upward on the diaphragm and elsewhere to stimulate heart action. The body responds with an improvement in the pulse and the irregular breathing. «40

Dr. Leale is sure, however, that with the shock and prostration the body has undergone, more must now be done to keep life going. And as he told it later: "I leaned forcibly forward directly over his body, thorax to thorax, face to face, and several times drew in a long breath, then forcibly breathed directly into his mouth and nostrils, which expanded his lungs and improved his respirations. After waiting a moment I placed my ear over his thorax and found the action of the heart improving. I arose to the erect kneeling posture, then watched for a short time and saw that the President could continue independent breathing and that instant death would not occur. I then pronounced my diagnosis and prognosis: 'His wound is mortal; it is impossible for him to recover.'" «41

Questions

WHAT is Sandburg's specific purpose in this section of his biography? Is this a purely objective recital of the facts, or is an interpretation of the facts apparent? In answering this, consider whether or not Sandburg establishes any attitude toward Lincoln, John Wilkes Booth, and John F. Parker.

2. Describe the reading audience for whom you think this biography is intended.

3. What sources of information must Sandburg have used in collecting his facts for this selection? Do you find details that must be pure inference or guess work on Sandburg's part? If so, do you find them annoying? How does the kind of details given here differ from the kind given in the Morison and Commager selection (p. 135)? What reasons can you give for this difference? Compare the details given here for quantity and quality with the details in some other biography you have read.

4. This is obviously the narrative type biography. What are the divisions within the narrative? What is the climax? How does Sandburg build up to a climax? Do you think a historian is justified in creating a climax? Explain your answer.

5. How do the sentences and words here differ from those in the Morison and Commager selection? Be as definite as you can. Can you account for some of these differences by noticing the differences in the natures of biography and history? Sandburg's style, whether in poetry or prose, is always interesting. What is gained, for example, by writing in the present tense? What results from terms like "the Outsider," "the Human Target," and "the Strange Man"? Does any paragraph approach poetry in its phrasing and effect?

6. In retrospect, do you find that the content, organization, and style are appropriate to the purpose you described in your answer to question 1 and the audience you defined in your answer to question 2?

7. How would this selection have to be changed if Sandburg had desired primarily to explain Booth's motives? If he had wanted to show that Lincoln's death was a good thing? If he had been writing for grade-school youngsters? For professors of history?

8. What is your final evaluation of this biography as biography?

Criticism

THE word *critic* comes from the Greek word *krinein,* meaning "to judge." The chief purpose of the critic, if we may follow this etymological lead, is to make judgments. But judgments of what? The answer is, of almost anything. It is your first function as a reader to discover precisely *what* the critic is judging, and this may not be so simple as it seems. For example, in a long critical essay like Stephen Pepper's *The Basis of Criticism in the Arts,* you will find the author interested primarily in evaluating methods of literary judgments; in a typical newspaper review you will find the writer attempting to evaluate a single work; in another critical work you may find the critic evaluating not the work of the author but the purpose of the author in writing the work; in still another, you may find the critic evaluating the achievements of a whole era. And so on. It seems unnecessary to labor so obvious a point, and yet many readers go awry in reading critical essays simply because they never come to realize precisely enough what the critic is trying to evaluate.

Knowing that criticism is judgment-making and having determined what the critic is trying to evaluate, you are now ready to determine his specific purpose. In doing this, you might well keep in mind that a criticism is really an argument for a proposition of fact. Without too much thought, you can understand why this should be. Resting ultimately on our individual tastes, critical judgments vary widely and are, therefore, controversial. The successful critic is the one who can assemble evidence and present it in such a fashion as to convince other thoughtful readers that his judgments (propositions) are sound and

worth holding. In stating the critic's specific purpose, therefore, you will find it useful to put the statement of it in the form of a proposition. Don't be content with some vague statement to the effect that the critic's purpose is to evaluate *The Scarlet Letter*; state his precise proposition (e.g., *The Scarlet Letter*, despite a weak ending and certain flaws in style, continues to be a great novel).

The clues to the nature of the critic's audience are substantially the same as those you have found in reading other types of factual discourse. Especially important is the place where the critical work appears. The Chicago *Sun-Times*, for instance, has one reading audience; the *Virginia Quarterly Review* has quite another.

As usual, the main part of your task as the critical reader is to decide how well the means have been adapted to the author's purposes and his audience. Only one point needs to be added here to what has been said in the previous discussion of this problem. This point deals with content. Criticism is almost invariably a matter of selecting and applying standards to the thing being criticized. Even when you say a cherry pie is good, you are selecting and employing standards which you think are applicable to cherry pies, such standards as tartness, juiciness, and the like. These standards are really part of what you have to say, part of the content of your statement. Thus you cannot say that you know what is in a critical discourse until you are able to state what the author's standards of excellence are. This may not always be easy to do. Especially in short reviews, and even in some long treatises, the author is unlikely to make his standards explicit. Frequently, therefore, you must push beneath the words themselves to see what the author is assuming about the nature of good books, good plays, good gasoline stoves, or whatever the class is to which the specific object belongs. In short, you cannot evaluate the efficiency of a critic in making a critical measurement until you know what measuring sticks he is using.

The following essay by Edmund Wilson falls in type between the newspaper review of a particular work and a book treating an author's total artistic accomplishment. It deals with more than one work; yet its purpose is limited and clearly discernible. It was published first in the *New Republic* and then appeared as part of a collection of essays entitled *The Boys in the Back Room*. Your problem is to see how well Mr. Wilson does what he sets out to do.

EDMUND WILSON John Steinbeck

JOHN STEINBECK is also a native Californian, and he has occupied himself more with the life of the state than any of these other writers. His exploration in his novels of the region of the Salinas Valley has been more thoroughgoing and tenacious than anything else of the kind in our recent

From *The Boys in the Back Room* by Edmund Wilson, 1941. Reprinted by permission of The Colt Press.

fiction, with the exception of William Faulkner's concentration on the State of Mississippi. «1

And what has Mr. Steinbeck found in this country he knows so well? I believe that his virtuosity in a purely technical way has tended to obscure his themes. He has published eight volumes of fiction, which represent a great variety of forms and which have therefore seemed to people to be written from a variety of points of view. *Tortilla Flat* was a comic idyl, with the simplification almost of a folk tale; *In Dubious Battle* was a strike novel, centering around Communist organizers and following a fairly conventional pattern; *Of Mice and Men* was a compact little drama, contrived with almost too much cleverness, and a parable which criticized humanity from a non-political point of view; *The Long Valley* was a series of short stories, dealing mostly with animals, in which poetic symbols were presented in realistic settings and built up with concrete detail; *The Grapes of Wrath* was a propaganda novel, full of preachments and sociological interludes, and developed on an epic scale. Thus attention has been diverted from the content of Mr. Steinbeck's work by the fact that whenever he appears, he seems to put on a different kind of show. He is such an accomplished performer that he has been able to hold people's interest by the story he is telling at the moment without their inquiring what is behind it. «2

Yet there is in Mr. Steinbeck's fiction a substratum which remains constant and which gives it a certain basic seriousness that that of the mere performer does not have. What is constant in Mr. Steinbeck is his preoccupation with biology. He is a biologist in the literal sense that he interests himself in biological research. The biological laboratory in the short story called *The Snake* is obviously something which he knows at first hand and for which he has a strong special feeling; and it is one of the peculiarities of his vocabulary that it runs to biological terms. But the laboratory described in *The Snake*, the tight little building over the water, where the scientist feeds white rats to rattlesnakes and fertilizes starfish ova, is also one of the key images of his fiction. It is the symbol of his tendency in his stories to present life in animal terms. «3

Mr. Steinbeck almost always in his fiction is dealing either with the lower animals or with human beings so rudimentary that they are almost on the animal level; and the close relationship of the people with the animals equals even the zoöphilia of D. H. Lawrence and David Garnett. The idiot in *The Pastures of Heaven*, who is called Little Frog and Coyote, shows his kinship with the animal world by continually drawing birds and beasts. In *Tortilla Flat*, there is the Pirate, who lives in a kennel with his dogs and has practically forgotten human companionship. In *In Dubious Battle*, there is another character whose personality is confused with that of his dogs.

In *The Grapes of Wrath*, the journey of the Joads is figured at the beginning by the progress of a turtle, and is accompanied and parodied all the way by animals, insects and birds. When the expropriated sharecroppers are compelled to abandon their farm in Oklahoma, we get an extended picture of the invasion of the house by the bats, the weasels, the owls, the mice, and the pet cats that have gone back to the wild. Lennie in *Of Mice and Men* likes to carry around pet animals, toward which as well as toward human beings he has murderous animal instincts. The stories in *The Long Valley* are almost entirely about plants and animals; and Mr. Steinbeck does not have the effect, as Lawrence or Kipling does, of romantically raising the animals to the stature of human beings, but rather of assimilating the human beings to animals. *The Chrysanthemums*, *The White Quail* and *The Snake* deal with women who identify themselves with, respectively, chrysanthemums, a white quail and a snake. In *Flight*, a young Mexican boy, who has killed a man and run away into the mountains, is finally reduced to a state so close to that of the beasts that he is taken by a mountain lion for one of themselves; and in the fantasy *Saint Katy the Virgin*, where a bad pig is made to repent and become a saint, the result is not to dignify the animal as the *Little Flowers of Saint Francis* does with the wolf of Agubbio, for example, but to reduce human religion to absurdity. «4

Nor does Steinbeck love his animals as Lawrence does. The peculiar point of view is well explained in connection with Thomas Wayne in *To a God Unknown*: "He was not kind to animals; at least no kinder than they were to each other, but he must have acted with a consistency beasts could understand, for all creatures trusted him. . . . Thomas liked animals and understood them, and he killed them with no more feeling than they had about killing each other. He was too much an animal himself to be sentimental." And Steinbeck does not even dwell much, as Lawrence does again, on the beauty of his animals in their kinds. It is what they do, not what they look like, that interests him. «5

The chief subject of Mr. Steinbeck's fiction has been thus not those aspects of humanity in which it is most thoughtful, imaginative, constructive, nor even those aspects of animals that seem most attractive to humans, but rather the processes of life itself. In the natural course of nature, living organisms are continually being destroyed, and among the principal things that destroy them are the predatory appetite and the competitive instinct that are necessary for the very survival of eating and breeding creatures. This impulse of the killer has been preserved in a simpleton like Lennie in a form in which it is almost innocent; and yet Lennie has learned from his more highly developed friend that to yield to it is to do something "bad." In his struggle against the instinct, he loses. Is Lennie bad or good? He is betrayed as

Mr. Steinbeck implies, all our human intentions are: by the uncertainties of our animal nature. «6

And it is only, as a rule, on this primitive level that Mr. Steinbeck deals with moral questions: the virtues like the crimes for Mr. Steinbeck are still a part of these planless and almost aimless, of these almost unconscious, processes of life. The preacher in *The Grapes of Wrath* is disillusioned about the human moralities, and his sermon at the grave of Grandpa Joad, so lecherous and mean during his lifetime, evidently gives expression to Mr. Steinbeck's point of view: "This here ol' man jus' lived a life and jus' died out of it. I don't know whether he was good or bad, but that don't matter much. He was alive, an' that's what matters. An' now he's dead, an' that don't matter. Heard a fella tell a poem one time, an' he says 'All that lives is holy.'" «7

The subject of *The Grapes of Wrath,* which is supposed to deal with human society, is the same as that of *The Red Pony,* which is supposed to deal with horses: loyalty to life itself. The men who feel the responsibility for having let the red pony die must retrieve themselves by sacrificing the mare in order to bring a new pony into life. And so Rose of Sharon Joad, with her undernourished baby born dead, must offer her milk, in the desolate barn which is all she has left for a shelter, to another wretched victim of famine and flood, on the point of death from starvation. To what good that ponies and Okies should continue to live on the earth? "And I wouldn' pray for a ol' fella that's dead," the preacher goes on to say. "He's awright. He got a job to do, but it's all laid out for 'im an' there's on'y one way to do it. But us, we got a job to do, and they's a thousan' ways, an' we don't know which one to take. An' if I was to pray, it'd be for the folks that don't know which way to turn." «8

This preacher who has lost his religion does find a way to turn: he becomes a labor agitator; and this theme has already been dealt with more fully in the earlier novel, *In Dubious Battle.* But what differentiates Mr. Steinbeck's picture of a labor movement with radical leadership from most books on such subjects of its period is again the biological point of view. The strike leaders, here as in other novels, are Communists, but the book is not really based on the formulas of Communist ideology. The kind of character produced by the Communist movement and the Communist strategy in strikes (of the Communism of the day before yesterday) are *described* by Mr. Steinbeck, and they are described with a certain amount of admiration; yet the party member of *In Dubious Battle* does not talk like a Marxist of even the Stalinist revision. The principled cruelty of these revolutionists, though in their struggle they must immolate themselves, is not palliated any more than the cruelty of the half-witted Lennie; and we are made to

feel throughout that we are witnessing examples of human behavior from which the only conclusion that the author seems confident in drawing is that this is how life in our age behaves. There is developed in the course of the book—especially by a fellow-traveler doctor who seems to come closer than the Communist to expressing Mr. Steinbeck's own ideas—a whole philosophy of "group-man" as an "animal." « 9

"It might be like this, Mac: When group-man wants to move, he makes a standard. 'God wills that we recapture the Holy Land'; or he says 'We fight to make the world safe for democracy'; or he says, 'We will wipe out social injustice with communism.' But the group doesn't care about the Holy Land, or Democracy, or Communism. Maybe the group simply wants to move, to fight, and uses these words simply to reassure the brains of individual men. . . ." « 10

"How," asks Mac, "do you account for people like me, directing things, moving things? That puts your group-man out." « 11

"You might be an effect as well as a cause, Mac. You might be an expression of group-man, a cell endowed with a special function, like an eye cell, drawing your force from group-man, and at the same time directing him, like an eye. Your eye both takes orders from and gives orders to your brain." « 12

"This isn't practical," objects Mac. "What's all this kind of talk got to do with hungry men, with lay-offs and unemployment?" « 13

"It might have a great deal to do with them. It isn't a very long time since tetanus and lockjaw were not connected. There are still primitives in the world who don't know children are the result of intercourse. Yes, it might be worth while to know more about group-man, to know his nature, his ends, his desires. They're not the same as ours. The pleasure we get in scratching an itch causes death to a great number of cells. Maybe group-man gets pleasure when individual men are wiped out in a way." « 14

Later, when the mob of striking fruit-pickers begins to get out of hand, the Communists themselves begin to think of them in these infra-human terms: « 15

"They're down there now. God, Mac, you ought to of seen them. It was like all of them disappeared, and it was just one big animal, going down the road. Just all one animal. . . ." « 16

"The *animal* don't want the barricade. I don't know what it wants. Trouble is, guys that study people always think it's men, and it isn't men. It's a different kind of animal. It's as different from men as dogs are. Jim, it's swell when we can use it, but we don't know enough. When it gets started it might do anything." « 17

So the old pioneer of *The Leader of the People* describes the westward

migration which he led as "a whole bunch of people made into one big crawling beast. . . . Every man wanted something for himself, but the big beast that was all of them wanted only westering." «18

This animalizing tendency of Mr. Steinbeck's is, I believe, at the bottom of his relative unsuccess at representing human beings. «19

The *paisanos* of *Tortilla Flat* are really not quite human beings: they are cunning little living dolls that amuse us like pet guinea-pigs or rabbits. A special convention had been created to remove them from kinship with the author and the reader. In *The Grapes of Wrath*, on the other hand, Mr. Steinbeck has summoned all his resources to make the reader feel his human relationship with the family of dispossessed farmers; yet the effect of this, too, is not quite real. The characters of *The Grapes of Wrath* are animated and put through their paces rather than brought to life; they are like excellent character actors giving very conscientious performances in a fairly well-written play. Their dialect is well done, but they talk stagily; and, in spite of Mr. Steinbeck's attempts to make them figure as heroic human symbols, you cannot help feeling that they, too, do not quite exist seriously for him as people. It is as if human sentiments and speeches had been assigned to a flock of lemmings on their way to throw themselves into the sea. One remembers the short story called *Johnny Bear.* Johnny Bear is another of Steinbeck's idiots: he has exactly the physique of a bear and seems in almost every way subhuman; but he is endowed with an uncanny gift for reproducing with perfect mimicry the conversations he overhears, though he understands nothing of their human meaning. «20

And it is illuminating to go back from *The Grapes of Wrath* to one of the earliest of Steinbeck's novels, *To a God Unknown.* Here he is dealing quite frankly with the destructive and reproductive forces as the central principles of all nature. The hero is told by one of the other characters that he has "never known a person": "You aren't aware of persons, Joseph; only people. You can't see units, Joseph, only the whole." He finds himself, almost unconsciously and in contravention of Christianity, practising a primitive nature cult, to which, in time of terrible drought, he sacrifices first his wife, then himself, as blood offerings that bring the rain. This story, though absurd, has a certain interest, and it evidently represented on Steinbeck's part an honorably sincere attempt to find expression for the way the world looked to him and his conception of the powers that animate it. When you husk away the mawkish verbiage from the people of his later novels, you get a very similar impression of humanity as perceived not in "units" but as a "whole" and a vision equally grim of its cycles of extinction and renewal. «21

Not, however, that Mr. Steinbeck's picture of human beings as lemmings, as grass that is left to die, hasn't its partial validity. It has even its special pertinence to the world as we see it in our time. In our day, Shakespeare's angry ape, drest in his little brief authority, seems to make of all the rest of mankind angry apes or cowering rodents. The one thing that was imagined with intensity in Aldous Huxley's last novel was the eighteenth-century exploiter of the slave trade degenerating into a fetal anthropoid. Many parts of the world are today being flooded with migrants like the Joads, deprived of the dignity of a human society, forbidden the dignity of human work, and made to flee from their houses like prairie-dogs driven before a prairie fire. « 22

Aldous Huxley has a good deal to say, as our American Humanists did, about the importance of distinguishing clearly between the human and the animal levels; and, like the Humanists, he has been frightened back into one of those synthetic moral cults which do duty for our evaporated religions. The doctor in *In Dubious Battle* deprecates even those elements of religion that have entered into the labor cause; and he takes no stock in the utopianism of the Communists. When he is depressed by the barbarity of the conflict and is reminded by the neophyte Jim that he "ought to think only of the end: out of all this struggle a good thing is going to grow," he answers that in his "little experience the end is never very different in its nature from the means. . . . It seems to me that man has engaged in a blind and fearful struggle out of a past he can't remember, into a future he can't foresee nor understand. And man has met and defeated every obstacle, every enemy except one. He cannot win over himself. How mankind hates itself." "We don't hate ourselves," says Jim. "We hate the invested capital that keeps us down." "The other side is made of men, Jim, men like you. Man hates himself. Psychologists say a man's self-love is balanced neatly with self-hate. Mankind must be the same. We fight ourselves and we can only win by killing every man." « 23

The philosophy of Mr. Steinbeck is obviously not enough for us either in its earlier or its later form. He has nothing to oppose this vision of man's hating and destroying himself except an irreducible faith in life; and the very tracts he writes for the social struggle let us see through to the biological realism which is his natural habit of mind. Yet I prefer his approach to the animal-man to the mysticism of Mr. Huxley; and I believe that we shall be more likely to find out something of value for the control and ennoblement of life by studying human behavior in this spirit than by the code of self-contemplation which seems to grow so rootlessly and palely in the decay of scientific tradition which this latest of the Huxleys represents. « 24

For the rest, Mr. Steinbeck has invention, observation, a certain color of style which for some reason does not possess what is called magic. None of his novels seems to me precisely first-rate. He has provided a panorama of California farm-life and California landscape which is unique in our literature; and there are passages in some ways so brilliant that we are troubled at being forced to recognize that there is something artistically bad about them. Who has ever caught so well such a West Coast scene as that in *To a God Unknown* in which we visit the exalted old man with the burros who has built his hut high on the cliff so that he can look down on the straight pillars of the redwoods and off at the sea far below, and know that he is the last man in the western world to see the sun go down. What is bad here is the animal sacrifice which the old man performs at this moment and which reminds us of the ever-present problem of the mixture of seriousness and trashiness in the writing of Mr. Steinbeck. I am not sure that *Tortilla Flat*, by reason of the very limitations imposed by its folk-tale convention, is not artistically his most successful production. « 25

Yet there remains behind the journalism, the theatricalism, and the tricks of his other books a mind which does seem first-rate in its unpanicky scrutiny of life. « 26

Questions

Is Edmund Wilson's general purpose evaluation? What exactly is he evaluating? State in the form of a declarative sentence his specific purpose.

2. Describe the reading audience for whom you think this critical essay is intended. Is Wilson's a style that would appeal to this reading audience? To what audiences might it not appeal? How would the style have to be changed if Wilson were writing for people generally uninterested in books?

3. What are Wilson's standards for good novel writing? To what extent does he make these standards explicit? What proportion of the essay is devoted to a discussion of standards? What proportion to an application of the standards? Does he give you enough specific material from Steinbeck's novels to make his contentions seem sound? What kinds of specific material do you find (e.g., plots, characters, symbols, excerpts)?

4. The main proposition of a criticism is almost always a value judgment. At what point in the essay do you find this unifying statement of value? What are the main divisions of the essay? How would these main divisions and the material in them have had to be changed if Wilson's purpose had been to show that Steinbeck is a better writer than Erskine Caldwell? to show that Steinbeck improved steadily as he continued to write?

5. Do you think that this essay does well what it sets out to do?

EVALUATING A WORK AS LITERATURE

When you evaluate a factual work in its own terms, you judge its efficiency in performing its task. When you evaluate the truth of a factual work, you test its accuracy. A third kind of evaluation tests the value of a factual work as *literature*. Literary evaluations depend upon tastes, and tastes, of course, differ. If you have disagreed with someone about the value of a movie or a novel, your discussion has shown how your tastes in imaginative literature contrast with the tastes of your opponent. Similarly, your tastes may cause you to judge factual writings differently from the ways some other readers judge them. Nevertheless, you will probably find that even those standards of judgment which differ from yours make a good deal of sense.

The simplest way for a reader to judge the literary value of a piece of factual prose is by noticing its effect upon him. The reader may ask simply, "Does it give me valuable information, interest me, excite me?" and decide that it is good or bad according to his answer. Such an evaluation, in a sense, is final, since each reader knows best, of course, how he himself reacts while reading. Furthermore, practically all of us naturally use such a test. On second thought, however, most of us will not be satisfied to stop with this test—a test which, used alone, involves only our personal reactions.

Most of us, therefore, will start by taking this test for granted, and will take a further step; that is, we will try to formulate and discuss our *reasons* for reacting favorably or unfavorably to a piece of writing. Such a procedure relieves us of the need to talk about ourselves alone and allows us to talk about important aspects of the work as well. Let us consider now what these aspects of the work may be.

Some readers may say, "What I demand of a factual piece of writing if I am to like it is truth." Such readers believe that literary excellence and truthfulness of some sort or other are one and the same thing, and they make tests much like those you applied in comparing Hitler's remarks with those of Shapiro (pp. 109–119). Of course, if you use the truth of a work as a measure, however, you will probably want to distinguish between the kind of truth it reveals and other kinds of truth. You may, for instance, value works in terms of the usefulness of the truth they unfold. You may prize originality, and value works expressing unfamiliar truths above those which express familiar truths. Or you may rate great truths above lesser ones. Regardless, the element of truth in a work will be particularly important to you

Some readers may say, "If a work of any sort does well the chore it sets out to do, it is—to my way of judging—a good work." Such persons feel that a literary evaluation does not differ greatly from the evaluation of a work in its own terms (p. 119). They may, to be sure, distinguish between the complexity of the chore performed, and they may dis-

tinguish between poor, merely satisfactory, and brilliant performance of the chore. But if you use this yardstick, you will be chiefly interested in seeing how the author has adapted his method to his material and to the audience which he is addressing.

Still other readers may judge works by criteria which differ from any which have so far been discussed. They may be interested, for instance, in some aspect of the author's technique. They may be interested in the overall organization. More often, they may be interested in the author's style. "I am most pleased and impressed," some readers may say, "by an author who uses words, phrases, and sentences in an appealing fashion." If you use this kind of test, you will naturally attend to details in the author's manner of expression. You will have preferences among kinds of words—concrete or abstract, emotive or neutral, figurative or literal, homely or learned. Or perhaps you will take pleasure in finding that an author uses words of several kinds to secure variety, emphasis, and contrast. You will have preferences among kinds of sentences—simple or complicated, lengthy or brief, normally ordered or inverted—or perhaps you will admire an author who can use several kinds according to the kind of job he wants the sentences to perform. You may be interested in the author's handling of sound—rhythmical or unrhythmical, melodious or harsh, and so forth.

Another group of readers may be strongly influenced in their judgment by the personality of the author of a piece of factual prose. "I can't care much," such readers will say, "for a piece of factual prose which doesn't give me some sense of its author's personality. And naturally I like most the work of an author whose personality—at least as it appears in the work—is somehow appealing." An appealing personality, to be sure, may be one of many kinds—humorous or full of righteous anger, friendly and intimate or majestically remote, full of common sense or unusual learning, and so on. But if you are interested in this element, you will not be satisfied with any factual prose which does not acquaint you with a personality which, for some reason, you like or admire.

These are perhaps the chief single tests. Naturally, though, many readers —those who probably get the most enjoyment out of reading—apply not one of these measuring sticks in isolation but two or more in combination. If, for instance, you say, "Of course I want a piece of factual prose to do its job well; in addition I want it to express great truths in an appealing style," you have three criteria: the efficiency of the work, the kind of truth it expresses, and its style. If you say, "A great work, in my opinion, is one which embodies the expression of a great thought by a great man," you combine an interest in the truth of a work with an interest in its author's personality.

The usefulness to others of your evaluation of any given work will depend upon two things: (1) their agreement or disagreement with your general criterion or criteria, and (2) their opinion of the way you apply your measurement to a given work. In other words, your evaluation of a work includes two steps, the formulation of your principle —your major premise—and the application of your principle to a particular work—your minor premise. Both steps are important in a satisfactory evalua-

tion. And the second step requires that you look in detail at the piece of writing itself and that you find evidence there to support your claim that the work does its job well, that it expresses a great truth, that it is written in an appealing style, that it expresses an attractive personality, or that it does two or more of these things.

Some of these standards, and some of the applications of these standards, will be better than others, naturally. most of us will agree, modestly, that our own standards and our use of them are superior. There will be none, perhaps, about which everybody will agree. But one statement which most of us will approve is that it is desirable for us as readers to have defensible literary standards, and to apply them consciously and intelligently when judging the literary values of a work.

The first two of the following selections do not require you to make any judgments as to literary excellence but to note how other critics make judgments. The last three selections, however, require you to make your own judgments. After reading all of these selections and answering the questions on them you might profitably return to the earlier selections in this part of the book, Part Two, and re-evaluate them, this time for their literary excellence. You may be interested in seeing how closely your appraisals reached by this method correspond to evaluations you reached by other methods.

PERCY HOLMES BOYNTON Emerson's prose

IF PEOPLE were puzzled to follow the drift of Emerson's lectures—and they often were—it was because most of them were so vague in outline. They literally did drift. There were two or three explanations for this defect. One was that Emerson seldom set himself the task of "composing" a complete essay. His method of writing was to put down in his morning hours at the desk the ideas that came to him. As thoughts on subjects dear to him flitted through his mind he captured some of them as they passed. These were related,—like the moon and the tides and the best times for digging clams,—but when he assembled various paragraphs into a lecture he took no pains to establish "theme coherence" by explaining the connections that were quite clear in his own mind. It happened further, as the years went on, that in making up a new discourse he would select paragraphs from earlier manuscripts, relying on them to hang together with a confidence that was sometimes misplaced. And auditors of his lectures in the last years recall how, as he passed from one page to the next, a look of doubt and slight amusement would sometimes confess without apology to an utter lack of connection even between the parts of a sentence. «1

From *A History of American Literature* by Percy Holmes Boynton. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Ginn and Company.

In his sentences and his choice of words, however, there were perfect simplicity and clearness. Here is a passage to illustrate, drawn by the simplest of methods—opening the first volume of Emerson at hand and taking the first paragraph. It happens to be in the essay on "Compensation."

> Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the wood the track of every partridge and fox and squirrel and mole. You cannot recall the spoken word, you cannot wipe out the foot-track, you cannot draw up the ladder, so as to leave no inlet or clew. Some damning circumstance always transpires. The laws and substances of nature—water, snow, wind, gravitation—become penalties to the thief. «2

In this passage of ninety words more than seventy are words of one syllable, and only one of the other eighteen—*transpires*—can baffle the reader or listener even for a moment. The general idea in Emerson's mind is expressed by a series of definite and picturesque comparisons. "Be sure your sin will find you out," he said. "You commit the wicked deed, creep, dodge, run away, come to your hiding place, climb the ladder, and hope for escape. But nature or God—has laid a trap for you. Your footprints are on the new-fallen snow; human eyes follow them to the tell-tale ladder leading to your window; and you are caught. The laws of the universe have combined against you in the snowfall, the impress of your feet, and the weight of the ladder which you could not raise." «3

There is, perhaps, no great difference in the language used by Emerson and that in the paraphrase, but in the way the sentences are put together Emerson's method of composing is once more illustrated. Emerson suggests; the paraphrase explains. Emerson assumes that the reader is alert and knowing; the paraphraser, that he is a little inattentive and a little dull. Lowell has summed up the whole matter: "A diction at once so rich and homely as his I know not where to match in these days of writing by the page; it is like home-spun cloth-of-gold. The many cannot miss the meaning, and only the few can find it." This is another way of saying, "Anybody can understand him sentence by sentence, but the wiser the reader the more he can understand of the meaning as a whole." «4

Questions

WHAT does Boynton say about the overall organization of Emerson's essays? Does he approve or disapprove?

2. How does Boynton prove that "In his sentences and his choice of words . . . there were perfect simplicity and clearness"? Is the proof sound?

3. What does Boynton try to prove by paraphrasing the paragraph from "Compensation"? Comment upon the value of the demonstration.

4. What preparation has there been for Lowell's statement about Emerson's diction?

5. What would appear to be Boynton's criteria for judging Emerson? What is your attitude toward such criteria?

DWIGHT MACDONALD

The Bible in modern undress [1]

IF THE Revisers had changed K.J.V. only where modern scholarship found its translation defective, one would hardly notice the alterations. But what they are really translating is not the original Greek and Hebrew but the English of the King James Version, and the language they have put it into is modern expository prose, direct and clear, and also flat, insipid, and mediocre. To accomplish this alchemy in reverse, they have had to do a number of things. They have, first of all, modernized the usage. "Thou," "ye," "thy," and "thine" are replaced by "you" and "your"; the obsolete verb endings "-est" and "-eth" are dropped; inverted word order is generally avoided; "unto" becomes "to," "whither" "where," "whatsoever" "whatever," and so on. This was done not for comprehensibility, since any literate person knows what the old forms mean, but as part of the policy of making the Bible more "accessible" to the modern reader or listener. And, indeed, R.S.V. does slip more smoothly into the modern ear, but it also slides out more easily; the very strangeness and antique ceremony of the old forms make them linger in the mind. The 1901 American Standard Version kept the old usage, and I think rightly. For there are other considerations, too. One is the loss of familiarity. It is extraordinary what a difference modernization makes; even passages otherwise undisturbed have a blurred, slightly off-register effect. The Hebrew Old Testament is an archaic document, far more primitive even than Homer, and the old usage seems more appropriate. "Thus saith the Lord" is more Lordly than "Thus says the Lord," "Praise ye the Lord!" is more exalted than "Praise the Lord!" The Ten Commandments lose when the awesome "Thou shalt not" is stepped down to the querulous "You shall not"; the prophet Nathan's terrible denunciation to King David, "Thou art the man!," collapses in the police-report "You are the man!," and God's solemn words to Adam, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," are flattened in the conversational "You are dust, and to dust you shall return." A better case can be made for modernizing the New Testament's usage, since it was written in the everyday Greek of the common people. But the Common Man of the first century A.D. was a considerably more poetic and (if he was a Christian) devout creature than his similar of the twentieth century, and

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[1] Reprinted by permission of the author. Copr. 1953 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. This is part of a long review of the Revised Standard Version of the Bible (referred to as R.S.V.), prepared by a committee of scholars and published in 1952. This new translation was intended to supplant the King James Version (called K.J.V.), first published in 1611 and revised in 1885 and 1901. After treating changes in translation for greater accuracy and revisions for greater clarity, Mr. MacDonald turns, in the passage which follows, to other kinds of changes.

the religious passion of Jesus and Paul, transcending modern experience, needs an exalted idiom to be adequately conveyed. "Verily, verily I say unto you" gets it better than "Truly, truly I say to you"; Jesus's "Suffer the little children to come unto me" (Mark 10:14) is more moving than R.S.V.'s "Let the children come to me," which sounds like a mother at a picnic. « I

The Revisers state that the old usage has been preserved in "language addressed to God or in exalted poetic apostrophe." The first exemption has been respected—why God's own language should not also be permitted some antique elevation I cannot see—but the second often has not. Surely the Psalms are "exalted poetic apostrophe," yet in the Nineteenth Psalm, "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge" is diminished to "Day to day pours forth speech, and night to night declares knowledge." Even the sacred (one would think) Twenty-third Psalm comes out a bit fuzzy: "He makes me lie down" for the rhythmic "He maketh me to lie down," and instead of the triumphant "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death" the tamer "Even though I walk." The most damaging effect of modernizing the usage is the alteration of rhythm, which is all-important in a book so often read aloud; quite aside from literary grace, the ceremonial effect of the Bible is enhanced by the interesting, varied, and suitable rhythms of K.J.V. But to (partially) avoid inversion, the Revisers render "Male and female created He them" (Genesis 1:27) "Male and female He created them," breaking the rhythm's back simply by changing the position of two words. In K.J.V., Ecclesiastes moves to a slow, mourning music:

> What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun? One generation passeth and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth forever. . . . For there is no remembrance of the wise more than of the fool for ever, seeing that which now is in the days to come shall all be forgotten. And how dieth the wise man? As the fool.

This now steps along to a brisker, less complex, and also less authoritative measure:

> What does a man gain by all the toil at which he toils under the sun? A generation goes and a generation comes, but the earth remains forever. . . . For of the wise man as of the fool there is no enduring remembrance, seeing that in the days to come all will have been long forgotten. How the wise man dies just like the fool!

Ruth's familiar and moving "Whither thou goest, I will go" loses its cadenced charm when it is transmuted into "Where you go, I will go." So, too, Philippians 4:8 ("Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just") is robbed of its earnest gravity

when it is speeded up by replacing "whatsoever" with "whatever," just as Matthew 11:28 ("Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden") becomes inappropriately brisk when it is modernized to "Come to me, all who labor." I won't comment on changing Luke 16:3 from "I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed" to "I am not strong enough to dig, and I am ashamed to beg." « 2

In this modernization there is an understandable, if misguided, principle at work. But many changes seem to derive not from principle but merely from officiousness, from the restlessness that causes people to pluck imaginary or microscopic bits of fluff off coat lapels. Too frequently some great and familiar phrase is marred or obliterated for the sake of a trivial change in the sense, or none at all. "Den of thieves" is now "den of robbers," "Let the dead bury their dead" is now "Leave the dead to bury their own dead," "maid" becomes "maiden" in "the way of a man with a maid," hypocrites are "whitewashed tombs" instead of the familiar "whited sepulchres," "O death where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory?" yields to the just-out-of-focus "O death where is thy victory, O death where is thy sting?" and Jesus's "Can the blind lead the blind? Shall they not both fall into the ditch?" is capriciously rephrased into "Can a blind man lead a blind man? Will they not both fall into a pit?" « 3

More numerous are the changes that involve a slight change in sense. But granting that Joseph really wore not "a coat of many colors" but "a long robe with sleeves," that the Gaderene swine were really the Gerasene swine and Calvary was more properly called The Skull, that "the children of Israel" is less accurate than "the people of Israel" and that these children, or people, refrained from putting their new wine into old wineskins and not old bottles, that the Old Testament desert actually blossomed not like a rose but like a crocus, that Job really put the price of wisdom above pearls and not above rubies, that the silver cord was "snapped" rather than "loosed," that the widow gave not her "mites" but "two copper coins," that the writing on Belshazzar's wall was not "Mene mene tekel upharsin" but "Mene mene tekel and parsin," that the Psalmist saw the wicked man "towering like a cedar" instead of "spreading himself like a green bay tree," that Adam was not "of the earth, earthy" but "from the earth, a man of dust," and that "my cup overflows" and "by the mouth of babes and infants" are more up-to-date locutions than "my cup runneth over" and "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings"—granting all this, it is still doubtful that such trivial gains in accuracy are not outweighed by the loss of such long-cherished beauty of phrasing. Might not the Revisers have let well enough, and indeed a good deal better than well enough, alone? « 4

Other doubts swarm. I can't understand why "The spirit of God moved

upon the face of the waters" had to be changed to "was moving over the face of the waters" or why the Nineteenth Psalm had to be altered from "The heavens declare the glory of God" to "The heavens are telling the glory of God." I don't know why "there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth" (Matthew 22:13) had to become "there men will weep and gnash their teeth" or why Paul's magnificent eloquence (in K.J.V., at least) has to be hamstrung by pettifogging and needless alterations. For example, in I Corinthians 13:1, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal" is mutilated to "a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal," and in Ephesians 6:12, the familiar grandeur of "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places" is revised to "For we are not contending against flesh and blood but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world rulers of this present darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places." Substituting "noisy gong" for "sounding brass" and the weak, abstract "contending" for the vivid "wrestle" seems to me malicious mischief, if not assault and battery. « 5

They have even rewritten the Lord's Prayer. "As we forgive our debtors" is changed to "as we also have forgiven our debtors," a bit of lint-picking that might have been forgone in the interest of tradition—and euphony. "For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen" is omitted (though given in a footnote) because they believe it a corruption of the original text. But, after all, the fact that Bernini's colonnades were not part of the original plan of St. Peter's is hardly a reason for doing away with them. Some of the manuscripts discovered last spring in that Dead Sea cave may turn out to be more ancient and uncorrupted than anything discovered up to now. They may also turn out to differ importantly from what has been known for the last thousand years as "The Bible." Maybe the Ten Commandments are a late interpolation. But if they are, I should think that even the Revisers would hesitate to give the public this Bible, pure and uncorrupted though it be, in place of the familiar text. « 6

The *raison d'être* of R.S.V., however, is not scholarly but stylistic; to produce a more "readable" Bible. This being an age much more matter-of-fact than the seventeenth century—or the first century, for that matter—an age more used to skimming rapidly over a large quantity of journalistic prose than to dwelling intensively on a few poetic works, to make the Bible "readable" means to have it "make sense" to a reader who wants to know simply What's It All About. Poetic intensity or prophetic exaltation interferes with this easy, rapid assimilation partly because such language is

idiosyncratic and partly because it strikes down to depths of response which it takes time and effort for the reader to reach. Literature, and especially religious literature, is not primarily concerned with being clear and reasonable; it is connotative rather than direct, suggestive rather than explicit, decorative and incantatory rather than functional. To make the Bible readable in the modern sense means to flatten out, tone down, and convert into tepid expository prose what in K.J.V. is wild, full of awe, poetic, and passionate. It means stepping down the voltage of K.J.V. so it won't blow any fuses. The Revisers have admirably and horribly succeeded; babes and sucklings (or infants) can play with R.S.V. without the slightest danger of electrocution. « 7

In K.J.V., God describes the battle horse to Job: "Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? . . . The glory of his nostrils is terrible. . . . He saith among the trumpets, Ha, Ha." R.S.V. steps it down to "Do you give the horse his might? Do you clothe his neck with strength? . . . His majestic snorting is terrible. . . . When the trumpet sounds, he says, 'Aha!'" The trick is turned by replacing the metaphorical "thunder" with the literal "strength," by converting the thrilling "glory of his nostrils" into the prosaic "majestic snorting" (a snort can be many things, but never majestic), and toning down the wild "Ha, Ha" into the conversational "Aha!" A like fate has overtaken the Sermon on the Mount. Comparing this as rendered in K.J.V. and in R.S.V. is like hearing a poet read his verses while someone stands by and paraphrases. The exalted has become flat, the pungent bland, the rhythm crippled, phrases dear for centuries to English-speaking people have disappeared or are maimed. For example:

But let your communication be "Yea, Yea," "Nay, Nay."
Let what you say be simply, "Yes" or "No."

Behold the fowls of the air.
Look at the birds of the air.

And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

And why are you anxious about clothing? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they neither toil nor spin; yet I tell you, even Solomon, etc. . . .

Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat; because strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

Enter by the narrow gate: for the gate is wide and the way is easy that leads to

destruction, and those who enter by it are many. For the gate is narrow and the way is hard that leads to life, and those who find it are few.

Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.
Thus you will know them by their fruits. « 8

The Song of Solomon is now slightly off key. "Our vines have tender grapes" has become "Our vineyards are in blossom"—the Revisers have a weakness for Spelling It Out. Instead of "Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor" we get "Your navel is a rounded bowl that never lacks mixed wine," which disturbingly suggests a cocktail party; the lyrical "How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!" is changed into the mawkish and stumbling "How fair and pleasant you are, O loved one, delectable maiden!" Repetition, another poetic (and hieratic) device, is generally avoided, perhaps because it is felt to be of no expository value. The K.J.V. Lord cries out, "I have seen, I have seen the affliction of my people" (Acts 7:34), but the R.S.V. Lord merely states, "I have surely seen the ill-treatment of my people." The ominous and brooding effect, in the description of hell in Mark 9, of repeating in verses 44, 46, and 48, the great line "Where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched" is escaped by omitting verses 44 and 46. « 9

There *is* an attempt at poetry; a fancy "literary" word is often used in place of a homely one. Now, as Wordsworth observed, a simple word is always more poetic than a "poetic" one. A stylistic virtue of K.J.V. is the tact with which it uses stately, sonorous Latin-root abstract words *and* humble, concrete Anglo-Saxon words, each in its appropriate place. If the Revisers pull to earth K.J.V.'s swelling Latin passages, they also give a bogus elevation, a false refinement to its direct, homely passages; if they tone down some strings, they tone up others, adjusting them all to produce a dead monotone. Thus "dirt" becomes "mire" (Psalms 18:42), "clothes" "mantle" (Matthew 24:18), "I brake the jaws of the wicked" "I broke the fangs of the unrighteous" (Job 29:17), in each case a more archaic word being put in place of a modern (but homely) one. In K.J.V. sin "lieth" at the door, but it is "couching" in R.S.V.; the blind "see" and the hungry "are filled" in K.J.V., but in R.S.V. they "receive their sight" and "are satisfied"; K.J.V. renders I Samuel 4:22: "The glory is departed from Israel, for the ark of God is taken," but this is too stark for R.S.V., which changes it to "the ark of God has been captured." Often the Revisers inflate the simplicity and understatement of K.J.V. into prose resembling cotton candy. The lovely phrase in Ecclesiastes 12:5, "Man goeth to his long home," with its sombre, long-drawn-out "o"s and its austere melancholy, is Spelled Out into "Man goes

to his eternal home," which sounds like a mortician's ad. K.J.V. often uses concrete action words to metaphorically suggest an abstract meaning, but R.S.V. prefers less vivid abstractions. In her perceptive article in the *Ladies' Home Journal* on the two versions, Dorothy Thompson gave a perfect example of this. Psalms 42:1 reads, in K.J.V., "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God." R.S.V. makes it "As a hart longs for flowing streams, so longs my soul for Thee, O God!" As Miss Thompson remarked, a hart pants but does not long, or if he does, he can, being inarticulate, express his emotions only in some action like panting. The passionate vigor of K.J.V. depends on the hart's being an animal, not a sentimental human being in a deerskin. If however, there is a chance for a good, safe cliché—another method of making the Bible more "readable"—R.S.V. reverses this process; "When he thought thereon, he wept" becomes "He broke down and wept," "All things have I seen in the days of my vanity" becomes "In my vain life I have seen everything," and "They were pricked in their heart" becomes "They were cut to the heart." « 10

R.S.V. has also departed from simplicity in certain matters of "taste," mostly involving sex. If only to avoid adolescent giggles in church, some Elizabethan terms must be avoided in this degenerate and refined age—as in I Samuel 25:22, in which the expression "any that pisseth against the wall" is discreetly omitted—but Nice Nellie is altogether too prominent. Thus "whore" is rendered "harlot," although the former term is still current while the latter is archaic (but, for that very reason, Nicer). Thus the wise and the foolish virgins have become "maidens," as well as more archaic and less sexy, costing us, incidentally, still another familiar expression. "My bowels boiled" is now "My heart is in turmoil," "sore boils" are "loathesome sores," "dung hill" is "ash heap." The Revisers even fear "belly." "Fill his belly with the east wind" becomes "fill himself" and Psalms 22:10 is changed from "I was cast upon Thee from the womb; Thou art my God from my mother's belly" to "Upon Thee was I cast from my birth, and since my mother bore me Thou hast been my God," which is also a good example of Spelling It Out. "'Belly,'" says H. W. Fowler in "Modern English Usage," "is a good word now almost done to death by genteelism." « 11

"The King James Bible," write the Revisers, apropos the failure of the 1885 and the 1901 revisions to replace it, "has still continued to hold its place upon the lecterns of the majority of churches. . . . Congregations have gone on loving it best because it seemed to them incomparably beautiful." One wonders how they could think their version preserves this beauty. K.J.V.'s "dignity and profundity," they go on, "are the result of the utmost clarity, directness, and simplicity. These qualities have been earnestly sought in R.S.V." But K.J.V. also has very different qualities—strange, wild,

romantic, complex turns of style, since Elizabethan English was as much in the rococo as in the classic mode. This is especially true of the Old Testament. Clarity, directness, and simplicity are hardly an adequate definition of the qualities of poetry. Milton's "simple, sensuous, and passionate" is more adequate; R.S.V. usually achieves the first, rarely the second (rhythm being the chief sensuous element in poetry), and almost never the third. "Poetry differs from prose in the concrete colors of its diction. It is not enough for it to furnish a meaning to philosophers. It must also appeal to emotions with the charm of direct impression, flashing through regions where the intellect can only grope. Poetry must render what is said, not what is merely meant." So writes the prince of modern translators, Ezra Pound who might have made a much better job of the new Bible than the Dean of the Yale Divinity School and his learned but unliterate colleagues. « 12

"Our conversation [compared to that of the Elizabethans] is direct and tense; our narrative . . . swift and unadorned," the Revisers state. "Our words are likely to be shorter and our sentences, too. . . . Therefore in this translation, it has been a constant purpose to make every word and sentence clear, to avoid involved constructions, and to make the current of the central thought flow in such a straight sure channel that the minds of the listeners will be carried forward unmistakably and not dropped into verbal whirlpools by the way. . . . The style is, as nearly as possible, such as the rank and file of Bible readers today will understand with as little difficulty as possible . . . so as to permit the attention of the hearer or reader to center on the message and not be diverted by the language." But style is not mere decoration, and it is precisely the function of language to "divert" the reader; form, in a work of art like K.J.V., cannot be separated from content, nor can the central current be separated from "verbal whirlpools." It is true that today K.J.V. is harder to read than R.S.V. This difficulty, though, is not a defect but the inevitable accompaniment of virtues that R.S.V. has had to remove in order to remove the difficulty. The difficulty in reading K.J.V. is simply that it is high art, which will always demand more from the reader, for it makes its appeal on so many planes. "Ulysses" and "The Waste Land," while modern works, are more difficult in this sense than an eighteenth-century newspaper. It is the price of artistic quality, and the Revisers are unwilling to pay it. Probably the main obstacle in K.J.V. today is its archaic style—the obsolete grammatical usage, the inversions, and all the other devices of Elizabethan English. But our culture is lucky—or was until R.S.V. came along—in having in K.J.V. a great literary monument to which, because it also happens to have a religious function, practically everybody, no matter how unliterary or meagrely educated, was at some time exposed, in church or Sunday school or at home. « 13

Questions

IN THE first paragraph, what does the author mean by the phrase, "to accomplish this alchemy in reverse"? How does he claim the revisers have done this? Do the examples which he gives in paragraphs 1 and 2 justify his claims?

2. In paragraph 3, the author mentions "officiousness." What does he mean by this? Through how many paragraphs does his discussion of this extend? How valid are his attitudes in these paragraphs?

3. Further along in the essay, MacDonald complains that the poetic qualities found in the K.J.V. have vanished from the R.S V. What qualities do you think he has in mind? Are these properly called "poetic"? Are his criticisms under this heading sound?

4. What are the author's chief criteria? Do you approve or disapprove of them? Why?

5. Judging by the standard of efficiency (see pp. 159–160), how do you rate for literary excellence the passages by (a) Shapiro (p. 113), (b) Sandburg (p. 141), Morison and Commager (p 135)? How do you rate these same pieces as literature using the standard of truth?

6. Are any of the passages mentioned in question 5 "great" prose? Good prose? Justify your answer.

7. What elements of distinction do you find in Edmund Wilson's essay (p. 151)? What passages would you cite to justify your claims?

THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA

Fort Laramie National Monument

FORT LARAMIE NATIONAL MONUMENT, 214.41 acres, E Wyo., SE of Casper. Fort Laramie, on the west bank of the Laramie c.2 mi. above its junction with the North Platte, was founded (1834) as a trading post by Sublette and Campbell. It came into the possession of the American Fur Company in 1836. In 1849 it became a U.S. military post, which in subsequent years was a major stopping place on the OVERLAND TRAIL. The fort was garrisoned until 1890. In 1938 it was made a national monument. See L. R. Hafen and F. M. Young, *Fort Laramie and the Pageant of the West* (1938). « I

Questions

WHAT is the purpose of the author of this article from *The Columbia Encyclopedia*? To what extent do you think he accomplishes his purpose?

2. By what standards of literary excellence can this be called good writing? by what standards, undistinguished writing?

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L. R. HAFEN and F. M. YOUNG

Fort Laramie in 1846

THE EMIGRATION that passed Fort Laramie in 1846 numbered about half that of the preceding year. Among these homeseekers were such prominent persons as ex-Governor L. W. Boggs and his family from Missouri; W. H. Russell, later to be Father of the Pony Express; and Edwin Bryant, journalist of this year's migration.[1] « 1

At the Laramie river the advance wagons found a raft made of logs tied together with buffalo hide on which they were able to ferry their wagons across the stream.[2] « 2

Mr. Bryant visited Fort Laramie and recorded for us his observations. "On three sides of the court, next to the walls," he writes, "are various offices, store-rooms, and mechanical shops. The other side is occupied by the main building of the fort, two stories in height." He noted two brass swivels defending the gate. « 3

Attempts had been made at growing corn, wheat and potatoes, he learned, but these experiments had met with little success. The Indians were averse to all agriculture and had on one or two occasions destroyed the growing corn and vegetables. But the Fur company employees were raising some cattle and poultry and provided milk and butter for their own use. Mr. Bryant was invited to dine at the fort, the dinner consisting of boiled beef, biscuit and milk. Bordeau, the thirty-year-old principal of the establishment, explained that this was their usual fare, when they had flour. But in the absence of bread they lived on fresh buffalo meat, venison, salt beef and milk.[3] « 4

One of the companies of this year, the Donner party, was destined to be remembered because of its fate. On reaching Fort Bridger it took the Hastings Cutoff south of Great Salt Lake. Being compelled to make a new road it was so delayed that it was caught in the snows of the high Sierras. Of the eighty-one in the party, only forty-five survived the terrible ordeals of that fateful winter.[4] « 5

There was much excitement and preparation for war among the Sioux in the summer of 1846. "The Whirlwind," Oglala chief, was leader in these plans, which were directed against the Shoshones (Snakes). Inasmuch as

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[1] Edwin Bryant, *Rocky Mountain Adventures.* See also *Niles Register,* LXX, 211 (June 6, 1846).

[2] Luella Dickenson, *Reminiscences of a Trip Across the Plains in 1846* (1904), 16.

[3] Bryant, *op. cit.,* 109.

[4] C. F. McGlashan, *History of the Donner Party,* gives a good general account.

war would interfere greatly with the trade, Bordeau exerted himself in behalf of peace. He gave presents to the chief and impressed upon him the losses that resulted from war. Whisky obtained at Fort Bernard by some of the cooperating bands caused jealousies and rivalries to develop which disrupted the campaign against the Snakes.[5] « 6

The Indians must have devoted themselves more to buffalo hunting than to war during the winter, for the Fort Laramie traders were able to procure from them 1100 packs of robes. There was, however, at least one Indian battle—between the Sioux and the Pawnees at the forks of the Platte in late January, 1847—in which 32 Pawnees and one Sioux were killed.[6] « 7

[5] Francis Parkman, *The Oregon Trail*, 113, 129–130.

[6] *Publications of the Nebraska State Historical Society*, xx, 172.

Questions

WHAT IS the purpose of the authors in this excerpt from their historical account? To what degree do they achieve their purpose?

2. By what standards of literary excellence can this be called good writing? undistinguished writing?

3. What is the purpose of the footnotes? Do the footnotes affect any of your judgments about the literary worth of the passage? Do you think footnotes inevitably detract from the literary excellence of a piece of writing or do you think that they are an irrelevant consideration when you are criticizing writing for its literary qualities?

FRANCIS PARKMAN Fort Laramie

LOOKING back, after the expiration of a year, upon Fort Laramie and its inmates, they seem less like a reality than like some fanciful picture of the olden time; so different was the scene from any which this tamer side of the world can present. Tall Indians, enveloped in their white buffalo-robes, were striding across the area or reclining at full length on the low roofs of the buildings which enclosed it. Numerous squaws, gayly bedizened sat grouped in front of the rooms they occupied; their mongrel offspring, restless and vociferous, rambled in every direction through the fort; and the trappers, traders, and *engagés* of the establishment were busy at their labor or their amusements. « 1

We were met at the gate, but by no means cordially welcomed. Indeed, we seemed objects of some distrust and suspicion, until Henry Chatillon explained that we were not traders, and we, in confirmation, handed to the *bourgeois* a letter of introduction from his principals. He took it, turned it upside down, and tried hard to read it; but his literary attainments not

being adequate to the task, he applied for relief to the clerk, a sleek, smiling Frenchman, named Monthalon. « 2

The letter read, Bordeaux (the *bourgeois*) seemed gradually to awaken to a sense of what was expected of him. Though not deficient in hospitable intentions, he was wholly unaccustomed to act as master of ceremonies. Discarding all formalities of reception, he did not honor us with a single word, but walked swiftly across the area, while we followed in some admiration to a railing and a flight of steps opposite the entrance. He signed to us that we had better fasten our horses to the railing; then he walked up the steps, tramped along a rude balcony, and, kicking open a door, displayed a large room, rather more elaborately furnished than a barn. For furniture it had a rough bedstead, but no bed; two chairs, a chest of drawers, a tin pail to hold water, and a board to cut tobacco upon. A brass crucifix hung on the wall, and close at hand a recent scalp, with hair full a yard long, was suspended from a nail. I shall again have occasion to mention this dismal trophy, its history being connected with that of our subsequent proceedings. « 3

This apartment, the best in Fort Laramie, was that usually occupied by the legitimate *bourgeois*, Papin, in whose absence the command devolved upon Bordeaux. The latter, a stout, bluff little fellow, much inflated by a sense of his new authority, began to roar for buffalo-robes. These being brought and spread upon the floor, formed our beds; much better ones than we had of late been accustomed to. « 4

Our arrangements made, we stepped out to the balcony to take a more leisurely survey of the long-looked-for haven at which we had arrived at last. Beneath us was the square area surrounded by little rooms, or rather cells, which opened upon it. These were devoted to various purposes, but served chiefly for the accommodation of the men employed at the fort, or of the equally numerous squaws whom they were allowed to maintain in it. Opposite to us rose the blockhouse above the gateway; it was adorned with the figure of a horse at full speed, daubed upon the boards with red paint, and exhibiting a degree of skill which might rival that displayed by the Indians in executing similar designs upon their robes and lodges. A busy scene was enacting in the area. The wagons of Vaskiss, an old trader, were about to set out for a remote post in the mountains, and the Canadians were going through their preparations with all possible bustle, while here and there an Indian stood looking on with imperturbable gravity. « 5

Fort Laramie is one of the posts established by the "American Fur Company," which wellnigh monopolizes the Indian trade of this region. Here its officials rule with an absolute sway; the arm of the United States has little force; for when we were there, the extreme outposts of her troops were about seven hundred miles to the eastward. The little fort is built of bricks dried in the sun, and externally is of an oblong form, with bastions of

clay, in the form of ordinary blockhouses, at two of the corners. The walls are about fifteen feet high, and surmounted by a slender palisade. The roofs of the apartments within, which are built close against the walls, serve the purpose of a banquette. « 6

Within, the fort is divided by a partition: on one side is the square area, surrounded by the store-rooms, offices, and apartments of the inmates; on the other is the *corral*, a narrow place, encompassed by the high clay walls, where at night, or in presence of dangerous Indians, the horses and mules of the fort are crowded for safe keeping. The main entrance has two gates, with an arched passage intervening. A little square window, high above the ground, opens laterally from an adjoining chamber into this passage; so that when the inner gate is closed and barred, a person without may still hold communication with those within, through this narrow aperture. This obviates the necessity of admitting suspicious Indians, for purposes of trading, into the body of the fort; for when danger is apprehended, the inner gate is shut fast, and all traffic is carried on by means of the window. This precaution, though necessary at some of the company's posts, is seldom resorted to at Fort Laramie; where, though men are frequently killed in the neighborhood, no apprehensions are felt of any general designs of hostility from the Indians. « 7

We did not long enjoy our new quarters undisturbed. The door was silently pushed open, and two eyeballs and a visage as black as night looked in upon us; then a red arm and shoulder intruded themselves, and a tall Indian, gliding in, shook us by the hand, grunted his salutation, and sat down on the floor. Others followed, with faces of the natural hue, and letting fall their heavy robes from their shoulders, took their seats, quite at ease, in a semicircle before us. The pipe was now to be lighted and passed from one to another; and this was the only entertainment that at present they expected from us. These visitors were fathers, brothers, or other relatives of the squaws in the fort, where they were permitted to remain, loitering about in perfect idleness. « 8

All those who smoked with us were men of standing and repute. Two or three others dropped in also; young fellows who neither by their years nor their exploits were entitled to rank with the old men and warriors, and who, abashed in the presence of their superiors, stood aloof, never withdrawing their eyes from us. Their cheeks were adorned with vermilion, their ears with pendants of shell, and their necks with beads. Never yet having signalized themselves as hunters, or performed the honorable exploit of killing a man, they were held in slight esteem, and were diffident and bashful in proportion. Certain formidable inconveniences attended this influx of visitors. They were bent on inspecting everything in the room; our equipments and our dress alike underwent their scrutiny; for though the contrary has

been asserted, few beings have more curiosity than Indians in regard to subjects within their ordinary range of thought. « 9

As to other matters, indeed, they seem utterly indifferent. They will not trouble themselves to inquire into what they cannot comprehend, but are quite contented to place their hands over their mouths in token of wonder, and exclaim that it is "great medicine." With this comprehensive solution, an Indian never is at a loss. He never launches into speculation and conjecture; his reason moves in its beaten track. His soul is dormant; and no exertions of the missionaries, Jesuit or Puritan, of the old world or of the new, have as yet availed to arouse it. « 10

As we were looking, at sunset, from the wall, upon the desolate plains that surround the fort, we observed a cluster of strange objects, like scaffolds, rising in the distance against the red western sky. They bore aloft some singular-looking burdens; and at their foot glimmered something white, like bones. This was the place of sepulture of some Dahcotah chiefs, whose remains their people are fond of placing in the vicinity of the fort, in the hope that they may thus be protected from violation at the hands of their enemies. Yet it has happened more than once, and quite recently, that war-parties of the Crow Indians, ranging through the country, have thrown the bodies from the scaffolds, and broken them to pieces, amid the yells of the Dahcotah, who remained pent up in the fort, too few to defend the honored relics from insult. The white objects upon the ground were buffalo skulls, arranged in the mystic circle commonly seen at Indian places of sepulture upon the prairie. « 11

Questions

WHAT is Parkman's purpose in this excerpt from *The Oregon Trail?* How well does he achieve his purpose?

2. By what standards of literary excellence can this be called good writing? undistinguished writing?

3. Compare the three selections. (The Hafen and Young selection, incidentally, deals with the history of Fort Laramie for the year that Parkman stopped there on his trip to the West.) How do the selections differ in purpose? in the information they provide? in the pictorial quality of the details? in sentence structure? in diction? in sentence flow and rhythm? in literary excellence? In answering the last question, list a number of criteria for literary excellence and show how the selections differ in excellence according to each criterion.

4. Discuss the relationship between the author's purpose and the literary excellence of his writing, basing your discussion on the relationships you observe in these three passages.

5. Someone has defined literature as "human experience so focused and presented that we may readily participate in the experience and more readily than in everyday life perceive its especial qualities and meaning." Using this definition as a measuring stick, which of the three passages do you think best deserves to be called literature? Why?

part 3
Problems of the modern world

Introduction

THE selections in Part Three of this book deal with important problems and issues of the world today. You will find that these articles vary in excellence according to any of the evaluative tests which you have learned to apply to factual prose. They embody varied forms; in literary excellence they range from competent to superb; and each group sets forth contrasting or conflicting attitudes. In an important sense, therefore, they typify the range of the factual reading available to anyone interested in current affairs.

A word about the arrangement of these selections: The divisions treat in turn education; language; literature and the arts; religion and ethics; mass media; environment; and government. Each of these divisions is introduced by an autobiographical passage which tells of the personal discovery by some writer of the matter dealt with in that group. Some of these contacts are shocking, some are full of delight, some are a mingling of pain and pleasure, one is comical. All, however, show insights into experience of the sort that makes problems important to us as individuals Thereafter, in each division, authors argue for or explain varying points of view.

EDUCATION

IN 1786, Thomas Jefferson wrote, "I think by far the most important bill in our whole code is that for the diffusion of knowledge among the people. No other sure foundation can be devised for the preservation of freedom and happiness." Thomas Jefferson expressed an attitude with which Americans still enthusiastically agree. But there always have been, and probably always will be, arguments about the precise means and ends of "the diffusion of knowledge." The passage which introduces this section tells how Lincoln Steffens, a well-known journalist and commentator on American politics, made a very important personal discovery about education. Thereafter, the section draws together the varying formulas set forth by three opposite-minded educators, Robert Maynard Hutchins, Professor John Dewey, and Professor Ernest Earnest. These educators, among them, advocate the chief solutions which are offered to the problem being posed by college leaders today.

LINCOLN STEFFENS

I become a student

A personal discovery

IT IS POSSIBLE to get an education at a university. It has been done; not often, but the fact that a proportion, however small, of college students do get a start in interested, methodical study, proves my thesis, and the two personal experiences I have to offer illustrate it and show how to circumvent the faculty, the other students, and the whole college system of mind-fixing. My method might lose a boy his degree, but a degree is not worth so much as the capacity and the drive to learn, and the undergraduate desire for an empty baccalaureate is one of the holds the educational system has on students. Wise students some day will refuse to take degrees, as the best men (in England, for instance) give, but do not themselves accept, titles.

My method [used at the University of California, 1885-1889] was hit on by accident and some instinct. I specialized. With several courses prescribed, I concentrated on the one or two that interested me most, and letting the others go, I worked intensively on my favorites. In my first two years, for example, I worked at English and political economy and read philosophy. At the beginning of my junior year I had several cinches in history. Now I liked history; I had neglected it partly because I rebelled at the way it was taught, as positive knowledge unrelated to politics, art, life, or anything else. The professors gave us chapters out of a few books to read, con, and be quizzed on. Blessed as I was with a "bad memory," I could not commit to it anything that I did not understand and intellectually need. The bare record of the story of man, with names, dates, and irrelative events, bored me. But I had discovered in my readings of literature, philosophy, and political economy that history had light to throw upon unhistorical questions. So I proposed in my junior and senior years to specialize in history, taking all the courses required and those also that I had flunked in. With this in mind I listened attentively to the first introductory talk of Professor William Cary Jones on American constitutional history. He was a dull lecturer, but I noticed that, after telling us what pages of what books we must be prepared in, he mumbled off some other references "for those that may care to dig deeper."

When the rest of the class rushed out into the sunshine, I went up to the professor and, to his surprise, asked for this memorandum. He gave it to me. Up in the library I ran through the required chapters in the two different books, and they differed on several points. Turning to the other authorities,

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I saw that they disagreed on the same facts and also on others. The librarian, appealed to, helped me search the book-shelves till the library closed, and then I called on Professor Jones for more references. He was astonished, invited me in, and began to approve my industry, which astonished me. I was not trying to be a good boy; I was better than that: I was a curious boy. He lent me a couple of his books, and I went off to my club to read them. They only deepened the mystery, clearing up the historical question, but leaving the answer to be dug for and written.

The historians did not know! History was not a science, but a field for research, a field for me, for any young man, to explore, to make discoveries in and write a scientific report about. I was fascinated. As I went on from chapter to chapter, day after day, finding frequently essential differences of opinion and of fact, I saw more and more work to do. In this course, American constitutional history, I hunted far enough to suspect that the Fathers of the Republic who wrote our sacred Constitution of the United States not only did not, but did not want to, establish a democratic government, and I dreamed for a while—as I used as a child to play I was Napoleon or a trapper—I promised myself to write a true history of the making of the American Constitution. I did not do it; that chapter has been done or well begun since by two men: Smith of the University of Washington and Beard (then) of Columbia (afterward forced out, perhaps for this very work). I found other events, men, and epochs waiting for students. In all my other courses, in ancient, in European, and in modern history, the disagreeing authorities carried me back to the need of a fresh search for (or of) the original documents or other clinching testimony. Of course I did well in my classes. The history professor soon knew me as a student and seldom put a question to me except when the class had flunked it. Then Professor Jones would say, "Well, Steffens, tell them about it."

Fine. But vanity wasn't my ruling passion then. What I had was a quickening sense that I was learning a method of studying history and that every chapter of it, from the beginning of the world to the end, is crying out to be rewritten. There was something for Youth to do; these superior old men had not done anything, finally.

Years afterward I came out of the graft prosecution office in San Francisco with Rudolph Spreckels, the banker and backer of the investigation. We were to go somewhere, quick, in his car, and we couldn't. The chauffeur was trying to repair something wrong. Mr. Spreckels smiled; he looked closely at the defective part, and to my silent, wondering inquiry he answered: "Always, when I see something badly done or not done at all, I see an opportunity to make a fortune. I never kick at bad work by my class: there's lots of it and we suffer from it. But our failures and neglects are chances for the young fellows coming along and looking for work."

Nothing is done. Everything in the world remains to be done or done over. "The greatest picture is not yet painted, the greatest play isn't written (not even by Shakespeare), the greatest poem is unsung. There isn't in all the world a perfect railroad, nor a good government, nor a sound law." Physics, mathematics, and especially the most advanced and exact of the sciences, are being fundamentally revised. Chemistry is just becoming a science; psychology, economics, and sociology are awaiting a Darwin, whose work in turn is awaiting an Einstein. If the rah-rah boys in our colleges could be told this, they might not all be such specialists in football, petting parties, and unearned degrees. They are not told it, however; they are told to learn what is known. This is nothing, philosophically speaking.

Somehow or other in my later years at Berkeley, two professors, Moses and Howison, representing opposite schools of thought, got into a controversy, probably about their classes. They brought together in the house of one of them a few of their picked students, with the evident intention of letting us show in conversation how much or how little we had understood of their respective teachings. I don't remember just what the subject was that they threw into the ring, but we wrestled with it till the professors could stand it no longer. Then they broke in, and while we sat silent and highly entertained, they went at each other hard and fast and long. It was after midnight when, the debate over, we went home. I asked the other fellows what they had got out of it, and their answers showed that they had seen nothing but a fine, fair fight. When I laughed, they asked me what I, the D.S.,[1] had seen that was so much more profound.

I said that I had seen two highly-trained, well-educated Masters of Arts and Doctors of Philosophy disagreeing upon every essential point of thought and knowledge. They had all there was of the sciences; and yet they could not find any knowledge upon which they could base an acceptable conclusion. They had no test of knowledge; they didn't know what is and what is not. And they have no test of right and wrong; they have no basis for even an ethics.

Well, and what of it? They asked me that, and that I did not answer. I was stunned by the discovery that it was philosophically true, in a most literal sense, that nothing is known; that it is precisely the foundation that is lacking for science; that all we call knowledge rested upon assumptions which the scientists did not all accept; and that, likewise, there is no scientific reason for saying, for example, that stealing is wrong. In brief: there was no scientific basis for an ethics. No wonder men said one thing and did another; no wonder they could settle nothing either in life or in the academies.

[1] "Damned Stinker," a nickname given by the other students to Steffens because of his activities as commander of the cadet corps in the military department.

I could hardly believe this. Maybe these professors, whom I greatly respected, did not know it all. I read the books over again with a fresh eye, with real interest, and I could see that, as in history, so in other branches of knowledge, everything was in the air. And I was glad of it. Rebel though I was, I had got the religion of scholarship and science; I was in awe of the authorities in the academic world. It was a release to feel my worship cool and pass. But I could not be sure. I must go elsewhere, see and hear other professors, men these California professors quoted and looked up to as their high priests. I decided to go as a student to Europe when I was through with Berkeley, and I would start with the German universities.

My father listened to my plan, and he was disappointed. He had hoped I would succeed him in his business; it was for that that he was staying in it. When I said that, whatever I might do, I would never go into business, he said, rather sadly, that he would sell out his interest and retire. And he did soon after our talk. But he wanted me to stay home and, to keep me, offered to buy an interest in a certain San Francisco daily paper. He had evidently had this in mind for some time. I had always done some writing, verse at the poetical age of puberty, then a novel which my mother alone treasured. Journalism was the business for a boy who liked to write, he thought, and he said I had often spoken of a newspaper as my ambition. No doubt I had in the intervals between my campaigns as Napoleon. But no more. I was now going to be a scientist, a philosopher. He sighed; he thought it over, and with the approval of my mother, who was for every sort of education, he gave his consent.

ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS

The autobiography of an uneducated man

I WAS BORN in the usual way forty-three years ago and brought up in a way that was not unusual for persons born at that time. We had morning prayers with a Bible reading every day. We went to church twice on Sunday. The result of the first is that I was amazed three weeks ago when in a class I was teaching I found a senior at the University of Chicago who had never heard of Joshua. The result of the second is that it is very hard for me to go to church now and that I find myself singing, humming, or moaning third-

From *Education for Freedom* by Robert M. Hutchins, 1943. Reprinted by permission of the Louisiana State University Press.

rate hymns like "Blest Be the Tie That Binds" while shaving, while waiting on the platform to make a speech, or in other moments of abstraction or crisis.

We had at that time many advantages that have been denied to college students in recent years, but that may be restored to their successors. We had no radios, and for all practical purposes no automobiles, no movies, and no slick-paper magazines. We had to entertain ourselves. We could not by turning a small knob or paying a small fee get somebody else to do it for us. It never occurred to us that unless we could go somewhere or do something our lives were empty. We had nowhere to go, and no way to get there. Our recreations were limited to two: reading and physical exercise. The first meant reading anything you could lay your hands on. The second meant playing tennis.

You will notice that the circumstances under which I was brought up gave me some knowledge of one great book, the Bible, and the habit of reading. The habit of physical exercise I was fortunately forced to abandon at an early date. You will notice, too, that the educational system had nothing to do with any of these accomplishments or habits. I do not remember that I ever thought about being educated at all. I thought of getting through school. This, as I recall it, was a business of passing examinations and meeting requirements, all of which were meaningless to me but presumably had some meaning to those who had me in their power. I have no doubt that the Latin and Greek I studied did me good. All I can say is that I was not aware of it at the time. Nor did I have any idea of the particular kind of good it was intended to do me. Since I had got the habit of reading at home, I was perfectly willing to read anything anybody gave me. Apart from a few plays of Shakespeare nobody gave me anything good to read until I was a sophomore in college. Then I was allowed to examine the grammar and philology of the *Apology* of Socrates in a Greek course. And since I had had an unusual amount of German, I was permitted to study *Faust*.

My father once happened to remark to me that he had never liked mathematics. Since I admired my father very much, it became a point of honor with me not to like mathematics either. I finally squeezed through Solid Geometry. But when, at the age of sixteen, I entered Oberlin College, I found that the authorities felt that one hard course was all anybody ought to be asked to carry. You could take either mathematics or Greek. Of course if you took Greek you were allowed to drop Latin. I did not hesitate a moment. Languages were pie for me. It would have been unfilial to take mathematics. I took Greek, and have never seen a mathematics book since. I have been permitted to glory in the possession of an unmathematical mind.

My scientific attainments were of the same order. I had a course in physics in prep school. Every Oberlin student had to take one course in science,

because every Oberlin student had to take one course in everything—in everything, that is, except Greek and mathematics. After I had blown up all the retorts in the chemistry laboratory doing the Marsh test for arsenic, the chemistry teacher was glad to give me a passing grade and let me go.

My philosophical attainments were such as may be derived from a ten weeks' course in the History of Philosophy. I do not remember anything about the course except that the book was green and that it contained pictures of Plato and Aristotle. I learned later that the pictures were wholly imaginary representations of these writers. I have some reason to believe that the contents of the books bore the same relation to their doctrines.

So I arrived at the age of eighteen and the end of my sophomore year. My formal education had given me no understanding of science, mathematics, or philosophy. It had added almost nothing to my knowledge of literature. I had some facility with languages, but today I cannot read Greek or Latin except by guesswork. What is perhaps more important, I had no idea what I was doing or why. My father was a minister and a professor. The sons of ministers and the sons of professors were supposed to go to college. College was a lot of courses. You toiled your way through those which were required and for the rest wandered around taking those that seemed most entertaining. The days of the week and the hours of the day at which courses were offered were perhaps the most important factor in determining the student's course of study.

I spent the next two years in the Army. Here I developed some knowledge of French and Italian. I learned to roll cigarettes, to blow rings, and to swear. I discovered that there was a world far from Oberlin, Ohio, devoted to wine, women, and song; but I was too well brought up even to sing.

The horrors of war are all that they are supposed to be. They are even worse; for the worst horror can never be written about or communicated. It is the frightful monotony and boredom which is the lot of the private with nothing to think about. Since my education had given me nothing to think about, I devoted myself, as the alternative to suicide, to the mastery of all the arts implied in the verb "to soldier." I learned to protract the performance of any task so that I would not be asked to do another. By the end of the war I could give the impression that I was busy digging a ditch without putting my pick into the ground all day. I have found this training very useful in my present capacity. But on the whole, aside from the physiological benefits conferred upon me by a regular, outdoor life, I write off my years in the Army as a complete blank. The arts of soldiering, at least at the buck-private level, are not liberal arts. The manual of arms is not a great book.

When the war was over, I went to Yale. I thought I would study history, because I could not study mathematics, science, or philosophy; and history

was about all there was left. I found that the Yale history department was on sabbatical leave. But I found, too, that you could take your senior year in the Law School with credit for the bachelor's degree. So I decided to stay two years in the Yale College doing all of my last year's work in the Law School.

Yale was dissatisfied with my year of blowing up retorts in the Oberlin chemistry laboratory. Yale said I had to take another science; any science would do. Discussion with my friends revealed the fact that the elementary course in biology was not considered difficult even for people like me. I took that and spent a good deal of time in the laboratory cutting up frogs. I don't know why. I can tell you nothing now about the inside of a frog. In addition to the laboratory we had lectures. All I remember about them is that the lecturer lectured with his eyes closed. He was the leading expert in the country on the paramecium. We all believed that he lectured with his eyes closed because he had to stay up all night watching the paramecia reproduce. Beyond this experience Yale imposed no requirements on me, and I wandered aimlessly around until senior year.

In that year I did all my work in the Law School, except that I had to obey a regulation of obscure origin and purpose which compelled every Yale College student working in the Law School to take one two-hour course in the College. I took a two-hour course in American Literature because it was the only two-hour course in the College which came at twelve o'clock. A special advantage of this course was that the instructor, who was much in demand as a lecturer to popular audiences, often had to leave at 12:20 to make the 12:29 for New York.

I see now that my formal education began in the Law School. My formal education began, that is, at the age of twenty-one. I do not mean to say that I knew then that I was getting an education. I am sure the professors did not know they were giving me one. They would have been shocked at such an insinuation. They thought they were teaching me law. They did not teach me any law. But they did something far more important: they introduced me to the liberal arts.

It is sad but true that the only place in an American university where the student is taught to read, write, and speak is the law school. The principal, if not the sole, merit of the case method of instruction is that the student is compelled to read accurately and carefully, to state accurately and carefully the meaning of what he has read, to criticize the reasoning of opposing cases, and to write very extended examinations in which the same standards of accuracy, care, and criticism are imposed. It is too bad that this experience is limited to very few students and that those few arrive at the stage where they may avail themselves of it at about age twenty-two. It is unfortunate

that the teachers have no training in the liberal arts as such. The whole thing is on a rough-and-ready basis, but it is grammar, rhetoric, and logic just the same, and a good deal better than none at all.

One may regret, too, that the materials upon which these disciplines are employed are no more significant than they are. No case book is a great book. Not more than two or three judges in the history of Anglo-American law have been great writers. One who is immersed long enough in the turgidities of some of the masters of the split infinitive who have graced the American bench may eventually come to write like them.

One may regret as well that no serious attempt is made in the law schools to have the student learn anything about the intellectual history of the intellectual content of the law. At only one law school that I know of is it thought important to connect the law with ethics and politics. In most law schools there is a course in Jurisprudence. At Yale in my day it was an elective one-semester course in the last year, and was ordinarily taken by about ten students. Still, the Yale Law School did begin my formal education. Though it was too little and too late, it was something, and I shall always be grateful for it.

After I graduated from college and ended my first year of law I took a year and a half off and taught English and History in a preparatory school. This continued my education in the liberal arts. I did not learn any history, because the school was solely interested in getting boys through the College Board Examinations. We taught from textbooks, usually the most compact we could find, for we were reasonably sure that if the boys had memorized what was in the textbook they could pass the examinations. We did not allow them to read anything except the textbook for fear of confusing their minds.

But in teaching, and especially in teaching English Composition, I discovered that there were rules of reading, writing, and speaking, and that it was worthwhile to learn them, and even to try to teach them. I came to suspect, for the first time, that my teachers in school had had something in mind. I began to fall into a dangerous heresy, the heresy that since the best way to learn something is to teach it, the only way to learn anything is to teach it. I am sure that in what is called "the curriculum" of the conventional school, college, or university the only people who are getting an education are the teachers. They work in more or less coherent, if somewhat narrow, fields, and they work in more or less intelligible ways. The student, on the other hand, works through a multifarious collection of disconnected courses in such a way that the realms of knowledge are likely to become less and less intelligible as he proceeds. In such an institution the only way to learn anything is to teach it. The difficulty with this procedure is that in the

teacher's early years, at least, it is likely to make the education of his students even worse than it would otherwise have been.

After continuing my education in the liberal arts in this rather unpleasant and inefficient way, I returned to Yale at the age of twenty-three, became an officer of the University, and finished my law work out of hours. Just before I was about to graduate from the Law School at the age of twenty-six, a man who was scheduled to teach in the School that summer got appendicitis, and a substitute had to be found. Since I was already on the pay roll and everybody else was out of town, I became a member of the faculty of the Law School.

Here I continued my education in the liberal arts, this time unconsciously, for I was no more aware than the rest of the faculty that the liberal arts were what we were teaching. At the end of my first year of this the man who was teaching the law of Evidence resigned, and, because of my unusual qualifications, I was put in his place. My qualifications were that I had never studied the subject, in or out of law school, and that I knew nothing of the disciplines on which the law of Evidence is founded, namely psychology and logic.

The law of Evidence bothered me. I couldn't understand what made it go. There is a rule, for example, that evidence of flight from the scene of a crime is admissible as tending to show guilt. After painful research the only foundation I could find for this was the statement, emanating, I grant, from the very highest source, that the wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as a lion.

There is a rule which admits, as worthy the attention of the jury, utterances made immediately after a blow on the head, or after any sudden shock, such as having somebody say "boo" to you. As far as I could discover, this doctrine rested on the psychological principle, long held incontrovertible, that a blow on the head or having somebody say "boo" to him prevents even the habitual liar, momentarily but effectually, from indulging in the practice of his art. Since I was supposed to lead my students to the knowledge of what the rules ought to be, and not merely of what they were, I wanted to find out whether the wicked really do flee when no man pursueth, whether the righteous really are as bold as a lion, and whether you really can startle a liar out of his disregard for the truth.

It was obviously impossible to conduct controlled experiments on these interesting questions. I could not think about them, because I had had no education. The psychologists and logicians I met could not think about them, because they had had no education either. I could think about legal problems as legal. They could think about psychological problems as psychological. I didn't know how to think about legal problems as psycho-

logical; they didn't know how to think about psychological problems as legal. Finally, I heard that there was a young psychologist, logician, and philosopher at Columbia by the name of Adler who was actually examining the bible of all Evidence teachers, the seven volumes of *Wigmore on Evidence.* A man who was willing to make such sacrifices deserved investigation, and I got in touch with Mr. Adler right away.

I found that Mr. Adler was just as uneducated as I was, but that he had begun to get over it, and to do so in a way that struck me as very odd. He had been teaching for several years in John Erskine's Honors Course in the Great Books at Columbia. I paid no attention and went on trying to find out how I could put a stopwatch on the return of power to lie after a blow on the head.

I now transport you forward four years, from 1925–to 1929. I am President of the University of Chicago. Mr. Adler is a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago. We had fled from New Haven and New York, and we must have been guilty, for we had fled when I assure you no man had any idea of pursuing us. By this time Mr. Adler had had four more years with the Great Books at Columbia. He looked on me, my work, my education, and my prospects and found us not good. He had discovered that merely reading was not enough. He had found out that the usefulness of reading was some way related to the excellence of what was read and the plan for reading it. I knew that reading was a good thing, but had hitherto been under the impression that it didn't make any difference what you read or how it was related to anything else you read. I had arrived at the age of thirty, you will remember, with some knowledge of the Bible, of Shakespeare, of *Faust,* of one dialogue of Plato, and of the opinions of many semi-literate and a few literate judges, and that was about all. Mr. Adler further represented to me that the sole reading matter of university presidents was the telephone book. He intimated that unless I did something drastic I would close my educational career a wholly uneducated man. He broadly hinted that the president of an educational institution ought to have some education. For two years we discussed these matters, and then, at the age of thirty-two, my education began in earnest.

For eleven years we have taught the Great Books in various parts of the University: in University High School, in the College, in the Humanities Division, in the Law School, in the Department of Education, in University College, the extension division, four hours a week three quarters of the year. All this and the preparation for it has had to be carried on between board meetings, faculty meetings, committee meetings, conferences, trips, speeches, money-raising efforts, and attempts to abolish football, to award the B.A. at the end of the sophomore year, and otherwise to wreck the educational sys-

tem. Thanks to the kind co-operation of the students, I have made some progress with my education. In my more optimistic moments I flatter myself that I have arrived at about the stage which I think the American sophomore should have reached. But this is an exaggeration. The American sophomore, to qualify for the bachelor's degree, should not be ignorant of mathematics and science.

Now what I want to know is why I should have had to wait until age forty-three to get an education somewhat worse than that which any sophomore ought to have. The liberal arts are the arts of freedom. To be free a man must understand the tradition in which he lives. A great book is one which yields up through the liberal arts a clear and important understanding of our tradition. An education which consisted of the liberal arts as understood through great books and of great books understood through the liberal arts would be one and the only one which would enable us to comprehend the tradition in which we live. It must follow that if we want to educate our students for freedom, we must educate them in the liberal arts and in the great books. And this education we must give them, not by the age of forty-three, but by the time they are eighteen, or at the latest twenty.

We have been so preoccupied with trying to find out how to teach everybody to read anything that we have forgotten the importance of what is read. Yet it is obvious that if we succeeded in teaching everybody to read, and everybody read nothing but pulp magazines, obscene literature, and *Mein Kampf*, the last state of the nation would be worse than the first. Literacy is not enough.

The common answer is that the great books are too difficult for the modern pupil. All I can say is that it is amazing how the number of too difficult books has increased in recent years. The books that are now too difficult for candidates for the doctorate were the regular fare of grammar-school boys in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Most of the great books of the world were written for ordinary people, not for professors alone. Mr. Adler and I have found that the books are more rather than less effective the younger the students are. Students in University High School have never heard that these books are too hard for them and that they shouldn't read them. They have not had time to get as miseducated as their elders. They read the books and like them because they think they are good books about important matters. The experience at St. John's College, in the Humanities General Course at Columbia, in the General Courses of the College of the University of Chicago, and the University of Chicago College course known as Reading, Writing, and Criticism is the same.

Ask any foreign scholar you meet what he thinks about American students. He will tell you that they are eager and able to learn, that they will respond

to the best that is offered them, but that they are miserably trained and dreadfully unenlightened. If you put these two statements together you can come to only one conclusion, and that is that it is not the inadequacy of the students but the inadequacy of the environment and the irresolution of teachers that is responsible for the shortcomings of American education.

So Quintilian said: "For there is absolutely no foundation for the complaint that but few men have the power to take in the knowledge that is imparted to them, and that the majority are so slow of understanding that education is a waste of time and labor. On the contrary you will find that most are quick to reason and ready to learn. Reasoning comes as naturally to man as flying to birds, speed to horses and ferocity to beasts of prey: our minds are endowed by nature with such activity and sagacity that the soul is believed to proceed from heaven. Those who are dull and unteachable are as abnormal as prodigious births and monstrosities, and are but few in number. A proof of what I say is to be found in the fact that boys commonly show promise of many accomplishments, and when such promise dies away as they grow up, this is plainly due not to the failure of natural gifts, but to lack of the requisite care. But, it will be urged, there are degrees of talent. Undoubtedly, I reply, and there will be a corresponding variation in actual accomplishment: but that there are any who gain nothing from education, I absolutely deny."

When we remember that only a little more than 1500 years ago the ancestors of most of us, many of them painted blue, were roaming the trackless forests of Caledonia, Britain, Germany, and transalpine Gaul, despised by the civilized citizens of Rome and Antioch, interested, in the intervals of rapine, only in deep drinking and high gaming; savage, barbarous, cruel, and illiterate, we may reflect with awe and expectation on the potentialities of our race. When we remember, too, that it is only a little more than fifty years ago that the "average man" began to have the chance to get an education, we must recognize that it is too early to despair of him.

The President of Dalhousie has correctly said, "Over most of Europe the books and monuments have been destroyed and bombed. To destroy European civilization in America you do not need to burn its records in a single fire. Leave those records unread for a few generations and the effect will be the same."

The alternatives before us are clear. Either we must abandon the ideal of freedom or we must educate our people for freedom. If an education in the liberal arts and in the great books is the education for freedom, then we must make the attempt to give this education to all our citizens. And since it is a long job, and one upon which the fate of our country in war and peace may depend, we shall have to start now.

JOHN DEWEY

The democratic faith and education

NOT EVEN THE MOST far-seeing of men could have predicted, no longer ago than fifty years, the course events have taken. The expectations that were entertained by men of generous outlook are in fact chiefly notable in that the actual course of events has moved, and with violence, in the opposite direction. The ardent and hopeful social idealist of the last century or so has been proved so wrong that a reaction to the opposite extreme has taken place. A recent writer has even proposed a confraternity of pessimists who should live together in some sort of social oasis. It is a fairly easy matter to list the articles of that old faith which, from the standpoint of today, have been tragically frustrated.

The first article on the list had to do with the prospects of the abolition of war. It was held that the revolution which was taking place in commerce and communication would break down the barriers which had kept the peoples of the earth alien and hostile and would create a state of interdependence which in time would insure lasting peace. Only an extreme pessimist ventured to suggest that interdependence might multiply points of friction and conflict.

Another item of that creed was the belief that a general development of enlightenment and rationality was bound to follow the increase in knowledge and the diffusion which would result from the revolution in science that was taking place. Since it had long been held that rationality and freedom were intimately allied, it was held that the movement toward democratic institutions and popular government which had produced in succession the British, American, and French Revolutions was bound to spread until freedom and equality were the foundations of political government in every country of the globe.

A time of general ignorance and popular unenlightenment and a time of despotic and oppressive governmental rule were taken to be practically synonymous. Hence the third article of faith. There was a general belief among social philosophers that governmental activities were necessarily more or less oppressive; that governmental action tended to be an artificial interference with the operation of natural laws. Consequently the spread of enlightenment and democratic institutions would produce a gradual but assured withering away of the powers of the political state. Freedom was supposed to be so deeply rooted in the very nature of men that given the spread of rational enlightenment it would take care of itself with only a minimum of political action confined to insuring external police order.

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The other article of faith to be mentioned was the general belief that the vast, the almost incalculable, increase in productivity resulting from the industrial revolution was bound to raise the general standard of living to a point where extreme poverty would be practically eliminated. It was believed that the opportunity to lead a decent, self-respecting, because self-sufficient, economic life would be assured to everyone who was physically and morally normal.

The course of events culminating in the present situation suffice to show without any elaborate argument how grievously these generous expectations have been disappointed. Instead of universal peace, there are two wars worldwide in extent and destructive beyond anything known in all history. Instead of uniform and steady growth of democratic freedom and equality, we have the rise of powerful totalitarian states with thorough-going suppression of liberty of belief and expression, outdoing the most despotic states of previous history. We have an actual growth in importance and range of governmental action in legislation and administration as necessary means of rendering freedom on the part of the many an assured actual fact. Instead of promotion of economic security and movement toward the elimination of poverty, we have had a great increase in the extent and the intensity of industrial crises with great increase of inability of workers to find employment. Social instability has reached a point that may portend revolution if it goes on unchecked.

Externally it looks as if the pessimists had the best of the case. But before we reach a conclusion on that point, we have to inquire concerning the solidity of the premise upon which the idealistic optimists rested their case. This principle was that the desirable goals held in view were to be accomplished by a complex of forces to which in their entirety the name "Nature" was given. In practical effect, acceptance of this principle was equivalent to adoption of a policy of drift as far as human intelligence and effort were concerned. No conclusion is warranted until we have inquired how far failure and frustration are consequences of putting our trust in a policy of drift; a policy of letting "George" in the shape of Nature and Natural Law do the work which only human intelligence and effort could possibly accomplish. No conclusion can be reached until we have considered an alternative: What is likely to happen if we recognize that the responsibility for creating a state of peace internationally, and of freedom and economic security internally, has to be carried by deliberate cooperative human effort? Technically speaking the policy known as *Laissez-faire* is one of limited application. But its limited and technical significance is one instance of a manifestation of widespread trust in the ability of impersonal forces, popularly called Nature, to do a work that has in fact to be done by human insight, foresight, and purposeful planning.

Not all the men of the earlier period were of the idealistic type. The idealistic philosophy was a positive factor in permitting those who prided themselves upon being realistic to turn events so as to produce consequences dictated by their own private and class advantage. The failure of cooperative and collective intelligence and effort to intervene was an invitation to immediate short-term intervention by those who had an eye to their own profit. The consequences were wholesale destruction and waste of natural resources, increase of social instability, and mortgaging of the future to a transitory and brief present of so-called prosperity. If "idealists" were misguided in what they failed to do, "realists" were wrong in what they did. If the former erred in supposing that the drift (called by them progress or evolution) was inevitably toward the better, the latter were more actively harmful because their insistence upon trusting to natural laws was definitely in the interest of personal and class profit.

The omitted premise in the case of both groups is the fact that neither science nor technology is an impersonal cosmic force. They operate only in the medium of human desire, foresight, aim, and effort. Science and technology are transactions in which man and nature work together and in which the human factor is that directly open to modification and direction. That man takes part along with physical conditions in invention and use of the devices, implements, and machinery of industry and commerce no one would think of denying.

But in practice, if not in so many words, it has been denied that man has any responsibility for the consequences that result from what he invents and employs. This denial is implicit in our widespread refusal to engage in large-scale collective planning. Not a day passes, even in the present crisis, when the whole idea of such planning is not ridiculed as an emanation from the brain of starry-eyed professors or of others equally inept in practical affairs. And all of this in the face of the fact that there is not a successful industrial organization that does not owe its success to persistent planning within a limited field—with an eye to profit—to say nothing of the terribly high price we have paid in the way of insecurity and war for putting our trust in drift.

Refusal to accept responsibility for looking ahead and for planning in matters national and international is based upon refusal to employ in social affairs, in the field of human relations, the methods of observation, interpretation, and test that are matters of course in dealing with physical things, and to which we owe the conquest of physical nature. The net result is a state of imbalance, of profoundly disturbed equilibrium between our physical knowledge and our social-moral knowledge. This lack of harmony is a powerful factor in producing the present crisis with all its tragic features. For physical knowledge and physical technology have far outstripped social

or humane knowledge and human engineering. Our failure to use in matters of direct human concern the scientific methods which have revolutionized physical knowledge has permitted the latter to dominate the social scene.

The change in the physical aspect of the world has gone on so rapidly that there is probably no ground for surprise in the fact that our psychological and moral knowledge has not kept pace. But there is cause for astonishment in the fact that after the catastrophe of war, insecurity, and the threat to democratic institutions have shown the need for new moral and intellectual attitudes and habits that will correspond with the changed state of the world, there should be a definite campaign to make the scientific attitude the scapegoat for present evils, while a return to the beliefs and practices of a prescientific and pretechnological age is urged as the road to our salvation.

II

THE ORGANIZED ATTACK now being made against science and against technology as inherently materialistic and as usurping the place properly held by abstract moral precepts—abstract because divorcing ends from the means by which they must be realized—defines the issue we now have to face. Shall we go backwards or shall we go ahead to discover and put into practice the means by which science and technology shall be made fundamental in the promotion of human welfare? The failure to use scientific methods in creating understanding of human relationships and interests and in planning measures and policies that correspond in human affairs to the technologies in physical use is easily explained in historical terms. The new science began with things at the furthest remove from human affairs, namely with the stars of the heavens. From astronomy the new methods went on to win their victories in physics and chemistry. Still later science was applied in physiological and biological subject-matter. At every stage, the advance met determined resistance from the representatives of established institutions who felt their prestige was bound up with maintenance of old beliefs and found their class-control of others being threatened. In consequence, many workers in science found that the easiest way in which to procure an opportunity to carry on their inquiries was to adopt an attitude of extreme specialization. The effect was equivalent to the position that their methods and conclusions were not and could not be "dangerous," since they had no point of contact with man's serious moral concerns. This position in turn served to perpetuate and confirm the older separation of man as man from the rest of nature and to intensify the split between the "material" and the moral and "ideal."

Thus it has come about that when scientific inquiry began to move from its virtually complete victories in astronomy and physics and its partial victory in the field of living things over into the field of human affairs and

concerns, the interests and institutions that offered resistance to its earlier advance are gathering themselves together for a final attack upon that aspect of science which in truth constitutes its supreme and culminating significance. On the principle that offense is the best defense, respect for science and loyalty to its outlook are attacked as the chief source of all our present social ills. One may read, for example, in current literature such a condescending concession as marks the following passage: "Of course, the scientific attitude, though often leading to such a catastrophe, is not to be condemned," the immediate context showing that the particular "catastrophe" in mind consists of "errors leading to war . . . derived from an incorrect theory of truth." Since these errors are produced by belief in the applicability of scientific method to human as well as physical facts, the remedy, according to this writer, is to abandon "the erroneous application of the methods and results of natural science to the problems of human life."

In three respects the passage is typical of the organized campaign now in active operation. There is first the assertion that such catastrophes as that of the present war are the result of devotion to scientific method and conclusions. The denunciation of "natural" science as applied to human affairs carries, in the second place, the implication that man is outside of and above nature, and the consequent necessity of returning to the medieval prescientific doctrine of a supernatural foundation and outlook in all social and moral subjects. Then thirdly there is the assumption, directly contrary to fact, that the scientific method has at the present time been seriously and systematically applied to the problems of human life.

I dignify the passage quoted by this reference to it because it serves quite as well as a multitude of other passages from reactionaries would to convey a sense of the present issue. It is true that the *results* of natural science have had a large share, for evil as well as for good, in bringing the world to its present pass. But it is equally true that "natural" science has been identified with *physical* science in a sense in which the physical is set over against the human. It is true that the interests and institutions which are now attacking science are just the forces which in behalf of a supernatural center of gravity are those that strive to maintain this tragic split in human affairs. Now the issue, as is becoming clearer every day, is whether we shall go backward or whether we shall go forward toward recognition in theory and practice of the indissoluble unity of the humanistic and the naturalistic.

III

WHAT HAS ALL THIS to do with education? The answer to this question may be gathered from the fact that those who are engaged in assault upon science center their attacks upon the increased attention given by our schools to science and to its application in vocational training. In a world

which is largely what it is today because of science and technology they propose that education should turn its back upon even the degree of recognition science and technology have received. They propose we turn our face to the medievalism in which so-called "liberal" arts were identified with literary arts: a course natural to adopt in an age innocent of knowledge of nature, an age in which the literary arts were the readiest means of rising above barbarism through acquaintance with the achievements of Greek-Roman culture. Their proposal is so remote from the facts of the present world, it involves such a bland ignoring of actualities, that there is a temptation to dismiss it as idle vaporing. But it would be a tragic mistake to take the reactionary assaults so lightly. For they are an expression of just the forces that keep science penned up in a compartment labelled "materialistic and antihuman." They strengthen all the habits and institutions which render that which is morally "ideal" impotent in action and which leave the "material" to operate without humane direction.

Let me return for the moment to my initial statement that the basic error of social idealists was the assumption that something called "natural law" could be trusted, with only incidental cooperation by human beings, to bring about the desired ends. The lesson to be learned is that human attitudes and efforts are the strategic center for promotion of the generous aims of peace among nations; promotion of economic security; the use of political means in order to advance freedom and equality; and the worldwide cause of democratic institutions. Anyone who starts from this premise is bound to see that it carries with it the basic importance of education in creating the habits and the outlook that are able and eager to secure the ends of peace, democracy, and economic stability.

When this is seen, it will also be seen how little has actually been done in our schools to render science and technology active agencies in creating the attitudes and dispositions and in securing the kinds of knowledge that are capable of coping with the problems of men and women today. Externally a great modification has taken place in subjects taught and in methods of teaching them. But when the changes are critically examined it is found that they consist largely in emergency concessions and accommodation to the urgent conditions and issues of the contemporary world. The standards and the controlling methods in education are still mainly those of a prescientific and pretechnological age. This statement will seem to many persons to be exaggerated. But consider the purposes which as a rule still govern instruction in just those subjects that are taken to be decisively "modern," namely science and vocational preparation. Science is taught upon the whole as a body of readymade information and technical skills. It is not

taught as furnishing in its method the pattern for all effective intelligent conduct. It is taught upon the whole not with respect to the way in which it actually enters into human life, and hence as a supremely humanistic subject, but as if it had to do with a world which is "external" to human concerns. It is not presented in connection with the ways in which it actually enters into every aspect and phase of present human life. And it is hardly necessary to add that still less is it taught in connection with what scientific knowledge of human affairs might do in overcoming sheer drift. Scientific method and conclusions will not have gained a fundamentally important place in education until they are seen and treated as supreme agencies in giving direction to collective and cooperative human behavior.

The same sort of thing is to be said about the kind of use now made in education of practical and vocational subjects, so called. The reactionary critics are busy urging that the latter subjects be taught to the masses—who are said to be incapable of rising to the plane of the "intellectual" but who do the useful work which somebody has to do, and who may be taught by vocational education to do it more effectively. This view is of course an open and avowed attempt to return to that dualistic separation of ideas and action, of the "intellectual" and the "practical," of the liberal and servile arts, that marked the feudal age. And this reactionary move in perpetuation of the split from which the world is suffering is offered as a cure, a panacea, not as the social and moral quackery it actually is. As is the case with science, the thing supremely needful is to go forward. And the forward movement in the case of technology as in the case of science is to do away with the chasm which ancient and medieval educational practice and theory set up between the liberal and the vocational, not to treat the void, the hole, constituted by this chasm, as if it were a foundation for the creation of free society.

There is nothing whatever inherent in the occupations that are socially necessary and useful to divide them into those which are "learned" professions and those which are menial, servile, and illiberal. As far as such a separation exists in fact it is an inheritance from the earlier class structure of human relations. It is a denial of democracy. At the very time when an important, perhaps *the* important, problem in education is to fill education having an occupational direction with a genuinely liberal content, we have, believe it or not, a movement, such as is sponsored for example by President Hutchins, to cut vocational training off from any contact with what is liberating by relegating it to special schools devoted to inculcation of technical skills. Inspiring vocational education with a liberal spirit and filling it with a liberal content is not a utopian dream. It is a demonstrated possibility in

schools here and there in which subjects usually labelled "practically useful" are taught charged with scientific understanding and with a sense of the social-moral applications they potentially possess.

IV

IF LITTLE IS SAID in the foregoing remarks specifically upon the topic of democratic faith, it is because their bearing upon a democratic outlook largely appears upon their very face. Conditions in this country when the democratic philosophy of life and democratic institutions were taking shape were such as to encourage a belief that the latter were so natural to man, so appropriate to his very being, that if they were once established they would tend to maintain themselves. I cannot rehearse here the list of events that have given this naive faith a shock. They are contained in every deliberate attack upon democracy and in every expression of cynicism about its past failures and pessimism about its future—attacks and expressions which have to be taken seriously if they are looked at as signs of trying to establish democracy as an end in separation from the concrete means upon which the end depends.

Democracy is not an easy road to take and follow. On the contrary, it is as far as its realization is concerned in the complex conditions of the contemporary world a supremely difficult one. Upon the whole we are entitled to take courage from the fact that it has worked as well as it has done. But to this courage we must add, if our courage is to be intelligent rather than blind, the fact that successful maintenance of democracy demands the utmost in use of the best available methods to procure a social knowledge that is reasonably commensurate with our physical knowledge, and the invention and use of forms of social engineering reasonably commensurate with our technological abilities in physical affairs.

This then is the task indicated. It is, if we employ large terms, to humanize science. This task in the concrete cannot be accomplished save as the fruit of science, which is named technology, is also humanized. And the task can be executed in the concrete only as it is broken up into vital applications of intelligence in a multitude of fields to a vast diversity of problems so that science and technology may be rendered servants of the democratic hope and faith. The cause is capable of inspiring loyalty in thought and deed. But there has to be joined to aspiration and effort the formation of free, wide-ranging, trained attitudes of observation and understanding such as incorporate within themselves, as a matter so habitual as to be unconscious, the vital principles of scientific method. In this achievement science, education, and the democratic cause meet as one. May we be equal to the occasion. For it is our human problem and if a solution is found it will be through the medium of human desire, human understanding, and human endeavor.

ERNEST EARNEST

Even A.B.'s must eat

THERE IS CONSIDERABLE current alarm about the future of the Liberal Arts College. Naturally this emotion is felt most keenly by persons whose livelihood depends upon the continued existence of that type of institution. They usually defend their bread and butter by eloquent pleas for the non-material values. Thus the many articles in academic journals are likely to be labeled "A Defense of Humanism," or "The Humanities and the Opportunity of Peace." And the discussions are filled with phrases like: "stimulating . . . a critical and aesthetic taste"; "an appreciative love for what is truly and enduringly beautiful"; "teach hope, love, and courage"; "recognize or retrieve those eternal truths which are above the stream of evolution and change"; ". . . true education is but a continuous process of re-examining, re-appraising, and re-vitalizing the interrelationships of existence." And of course there is always the old stand-by: education for democracy.

Now I have no quarrel with any or all of these objectives except, perhaps, with their vagueness. There is always the suspicion that when a use cannot be found for something, it will be asserted to have "higher values"—like an impractical coffee urn kept in the china closet as an *objet d'art.* Our Victorian ancestors were more prone to that sort of thing than we are—though the whatnot has come back in decorator-designed interiors. The magazines are beginning to speak of "the revival of the style of a more leisurely and comfortable age." There is a suspicious parallel between the advertising of Victorian reproductions of furniture and the arguments of the humanists. Please don't ask for a definition of humanist or humanity; there seems to be no agreement on that point. A working definition might be *humanist:* a person who teaches some subject other than science or a vocation; and *humanity:* a subject that students must be *required* to take along with the ones they really want.

Now I, for one, do not believe that a college course in Lunchroom Management or Clothing Selection is preferable to one in aesthetics or Greek history. I am not at all sure that the first two are the more practical. But I do not believe that any number of eloquent pleas for recapturing the "lost soul" of society is going to entice students into the Colleges of Liberal Arts. In fact any students who are attracted by the grandiloquent phrases are likely to be aesthetes, impractical idealists, or potential school teachers. Boys and girls from wealthy homes may come also, but they come for very practical reasons: four years of pleasant life, social polish, and a certificate

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of culture useful in certain social circles. As a rule the Liberal Arts College is very efficient in supplying these requirements. Certainly more efficient than a school offering training in lunchroom management or methods of teaching shorthand.

It is quite another matter to educate one to appreciate "what is truly and enduringly beautiful" or to "recognize or retrieve . . . eternal truths." Too often it is assumed that these things can be taught as entities unrelated to other considerations—that there is a world in which morality, truth, and beauty exist apart from the ethics of business, or the truth of a scientific or social theory, or the beauty of a particular poem or office building.

The advocates of liberal arts training will deny this. They will argue that a knowledge of philosophy helps one to understand the values in contemporary life (or more often the alleged lack of values); that mathematics trains the accurate use of the reason (an idea long since exploded by psychologists); that history helps in an understanding of today's politics; and that literature and art give one standards of judgment to apply to contemporary literature or art, or that they do something or other for one's personality—something very fine, of course.

Students often pay lip service to these doctrines: they say that they want college to give them "culture." But that is almost always a secondary aim. The vast majority of students are in college to become engineers, accountants, physicians, social workers, teachers—or even chiropodists and undertakers. If at the same time they can acquire the mystic quality called culture by taking a few courses in language, history, and literature they are willing to spare a little time from their real purpose. But few pre-meds will elect Fine Arts 1 if it conflicts with Biology 127; and fewer civil engineers will study Chaucer when they can get Strength of Materials instead.

All this may be simply an indication of mistaken values, the symptoms of a materialistic national culture, the worship of false gods. I believe that it is rather an indication of faulty methods. Two deeply religious men may both desire the kingdom of heaven; one may try to reach it by praying continually, wearing a hair shirt, and refusing to bathe; the other by ministering to the sick. It is quite possible that the second man will find very little time to examine his soul or clarify points of theology. He therefore spends less time on his "specialty" than does the ascetic, but he may be more fully obtaining his objective.

The analogy may apply to a liberal education. It is quite possible that extreme specialization is not the best preparation for most professions or intellectual occupations. It is impossible in a paper of this sort to support this point of view in detail. But it is a point of view almost universal among believers in a liberal education.

However, I venture upon two assertions: one, that the liberal arts colleges fail to implement this point of view; and two, that they fail to demonstrate its validity. To put the case more specifically: I believe that the liberal arts college fails to relate its work to the world the students must face, and that it fails to make the student understand its aims. In colloquial phraseology, the liberal arts college high-hats the vocational phases of education, and it fails to sell itself to its customers.

Almost all the defenders of a liberal education use a tone of moral superiority. The phrases quoted at the beginning of this essay suggest an out-of-this-world point of view. Yet if the liberal arts college is to survive, it must function in this world and must make that function clear. In a democratic society, the primary function demanded of a college or university is that it prepare its students to earn a living. The point of view stated by Jacques Barzun: "Vocational training has nothing to do with education," implies that education is only for a leisure class or a scholarly elite. Only at their peril can liberal arts colleges cater to a Brahmin caste. Most students and parents are certainly not going to be less materialistic about their bread and butter than are the defenders of a liberal education.

It may seem that this premise denies any possibility of preserving the liberal arts. Not at all. I have already pointed out that the arts colleges insist on the superior value of their training as preparation for an intellectual vocation or profession. I agree with this point of view. In the rapidly changing world of business, technology, and social order, a narrowly specialized training is often obsolete before the student graduates. Many of my former college mates are in fields of activity which did not exist twenty years ago. No vocational training then offered could have helped them. A contemporary radio news analyst would certainly find his college work in European history more valuable than his course in News Story Write-Up. History, language, literature, philosophy have vocational value. More obvious is the vocational aspect of social science and psychology. All these are elements in a liberal arts program.

Specifically I suggest that the liberal arts colleges integrate their programs with vocational fields. For instance: what courses should be elected by a student interested in entering the diplomatic field, or social security, or a host of other governmental activities for which the A.B. course is the best preparation? Few faculty advisers have this information. Students themselves are often unaware that certain of these fields exist; more have no idea how to prepare for them. So, instead, they take a degree in marketing or dentistry or advertising—anything with a label indicating possible usefulness. Students are often amazed to find that they can enter law school with an A.B. in history and literature instead of a B.S. in "pre-law."

This brings us to my second recommendation: a better publicizing of the vocational usefulness of a liberal arts education. Bulletins and catalogs of vocational schools often have much to say about opportunities in the fields they train for; those of liberal arts colleges are extremely reticent on this point. Except for occasional listings of requirements for medical school or teaching, there is almost no discussion of so crass a topic as preparing for a job. For instance, in a recent study of training for the field of social security, Karl de Schweinitz states that the best possible background is the academic discipline and a cultural education. It is significant that this study was made for the Social Security Board and not under the auspices of the colleges.

All this may seem to imply that the liberal arts colleges should turn themselves into vocational schools. The answer is that they are vocational schools and always have been. Harvard College was founded specifically to train ministers of the gospel. The classical education of the nineteenth century was regarded as the best possible training for the law and the church. Today students in liberal arts colleges are preparing to become biologists, psychologists, sociologists, teachers, and lawyers.

What I suggest, then, is not a revision of the curriculum: no addition of gadget courses to attract uncritical customers. It is simply that the colleges accept the fact that they have a vocational function and that they exercise that function intelligently. That means vocational guidance for students, not in a haphazard way, but by trained counselors with adequate budgets for research; it means well run placement bureaus; it means making vocational information readily available to students; and it means a constant and intelligent study of the changing needs of the community. It is shortsighted if not unethical to turn out thousands more pre-meds than the medical schools will accept; to produce English teachers far in excess of demand, and at the same time to ignore fields where educated persons are desperately needed.

But what happens to "culture" in all this? Does it mean that we forget all about the permanently true and beautiful? My answer is that "culture" is always a by-product of something else. Shakespeare's plays are now studied chiefly for their cultural value; they were written to attract patrons to the box office. Architects have always designed their buildings for specific utilitarian purposes. Stiegel produced his famous glass for a market; he went bankrupt when he overestimated the market. The arts have always been closely linked with the business of living. It is only when they become art for art's sake that they wither. Similarly, culture for culture's sake becomes exotic and unreal. If literature and history and philosophy cannot be related to the life of the community, they have no very important values. In other words, if a psychologist is not a better psychologist because he knows some-

thing about the development of human thought and the expression of human nature through art, then there is little hope for philosophy, history, and literature.

Many of the defenders of a liberal education emphasize its broader social values: the making of intelligent citizens; the training for life rather than making a living; the understanding of ethical and moral values. But a member of a democratic society functions in that society chiefly through his occupation. A man's contribution to his age is above all his contribution as a physician, a manufacturer, a chemist, a writer, a publisher. A physician's knowledge or lack of knowledge of sociology will appear during dinner table conversations and at the polls. But it is vastly more important in his work as a physician and member of a medical association. It is there that his knowledge or lack of knowledge chiefly affects society.

Culture does not function in a vacuum. The "lost soul" of society will be found not in college courses, but in the market place and the laboratory and the court of law. The liberal arts college cannot educate some sort of mythical men of vision; it must educate chemists and sociologists and journalists with vision. When it fully accepts this function, it will no longer be troubled by falling enrollments. The professors can cease to worry about their own bread and butter when they recognize that even an A.B. must eat.

LANGUAGE

THIS section, which deals with language, takes up a subject that must be an immediate and fundamental concern of all students in college English courses. The writers represented here approach the subject variously. Robert Benchley simply reports humorously on the kind of experience we have all had with the irregularities of English word forms. Somewhat more seriously, Jacques Barzun strikes out against what he terms the "infinite duplication of dufferism" and calls for greater purity in the use of language. Irving Lee is particularly concerned about people's tendency to "talk past each other," and urges greater attention to the exact communication of ideas. William H. Whyte, Jr., by indirection suggests that clear communication is not necessarily what is achieved by the currently casual style. Finally, Somerset Maugham, who has thought much about his craft, tells us what he has come to believe are the important achievements in expression for a good writer.

ROBERT BENCHLEY Word torture

A personal tribulation

IN HIS COLUMN a short time ago Mr. O. O. McIntyre asked who could tell, without looking it up, the present tense of the verb of which "wrought" is the past participle. That was, let us say, of a Thursday. Today my last finger-nail went.

At first I thought that it was so easy that I passed it by. But, somewhere in the back of that shaggy-maned head of mine, a mischievous little voice said: "All right—what is it?"

"What is what?" I asked, stalling.

"You know very well what the question was. What is the present tense of the verb from which the word 'wrought' comes?"

I started out with a rush. "I *wright*," I fairly screamed. Then, a little lower: "I wrught." Then, very low: "I wrouft." Then silence.

From *After 1903—What?* by Robert Benchley. Copyright, 1938, by Robert Benchley. Reprinted by permission of Harper & Brothers.

From that day until now I have been muttering to myself: "I wright—I wraft—I wronjst. You wruft—he wragst—we wrinjsen." I'll be darned if I'll look it up, and it looks now as if I'll be incarcerated before I get it.

People hear me murmuring and ask me what I am saying.

"I wrujhst," is all that I can say in reply.

"I know," they say, "but what were you *saying* just now?"

"I wringst."

This gets me nowhere.

While I am working on it, however, and just before the boys come to get me to take me to the laughing academy, I will ask Mr. McIntyre if he can help me out on something that has almost the same possibilities for brain seepage. And no fair looking *this* up, either.

What is a man who lives in Flanders and speaks Flemish? A Flem? A Flan? A Floom? (This is a lot easier than "wrought," but it may take attention away from me while I am writhing on the floor.) And, when you think you have got it the easy way, remember there is another name for him, too, one that rhymes with "balloon." I finally looked that one up.

At present I'm working on "wrought."

JACQUES BARZUN English as she's not taught

At an educational conference held in Vancouver last summer, leaders of the Canadian school system generally agreed that from half to three quarters of their students in the first year of college were incompetent in grammar, syntax, and analysis of thought. What was notable in the discussion was that nearly every participant used the English language with uncommon force and precision. Any looseness or jargon heard there came from the three American guests, of whom I was one. Most of our hosts—Canadian teachers, principals, supervisors, and university instructors—had obviously gone through the mill of a classical education; the chairman made a mild pun involving Latin and was rewarded with an immediate laugh. Yet they declared themselves unable to pass on their linguistic accomplishment to the present school generation, and they wanted to know why.

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In the United States the same complaint and inquiry has been endemic, commonplace, for quite a while. You come across it in the papers. You hear parents, school people, editors and publishers, lawyers and ministers, men of science and of business, lamenting the fact that their charges or their offspring or their employees can neither spell nor write "decent English." The deplorers blame the modern progressive school or the comics or TV; they feel that in school and outside, something which they call discipline is lacking, and they vaguely connect this lack with a supposed decline in morality, an upsurge of "crisis." Like everything else, bad English is attributed to our bad times, and the past (which came to an end with the speaker's graduation from college) is credited with one more virtue, that of literary elegance.

The facts seem to me quite different, the causes much more tangled, and the explanation of our linguistic state at once more complex and less vague. For many years now I have been concerned with the art of writing and kept busy at the invidious task of improving other people's utterance, and I cannot see that performance has deteriorated. The level is low but it has not fallen. As a reader of history I am steadily reminded that the writing of any language has always been a hit-and-miss affair. Here is Amos Barrett, our chief source on the battles of Concord and Lexington: "It wont long before their was other minit Compneys . . . We marched Down about a mild or a mild half and we see them acomming . . ." and so on. An illiterate New England farmer? Not so, since he could write; he had been taught and in some way represents "the past." The question he poses is, how do people write who are not professionals or accomplished amateurs? The answer is: badly, at all times.

Writing is at the very least a knack, like drawing or being facile on the piano. Because everybody can speak and form letters, we mistakenly suppose that good, plain, simple writing is within everybody's power. Would we say this of good, straightforward, accurate drawing? Would we say it of melodic sense and correct, fluent harmonizing at the keyboard? Surely not. We say these are "gifts." Well, so is writing, even the writing of a bread-and-butter note or a simple public notice; and this last suggests that something has happened within the last hundred years to change the relation of the written word to daily life.

Whether it is the records we have to keep in every business and profession or the ceaseless communicating at a distance which modern transport and industry require, the world's work is now unmanageable, unthinkable, without *literature*. Just see how many steps you can take without being confronted with something written or with the necessity of writing something yourself. Having been away for a couple of weeks during the summer, I

find a bill from the window washer, who luckily came on a day when the cleaning woman was in the apartment. He has therefore scribbled below the date: "The windows have been cleaned Wed. 12:30 P.M. Your maid was their to veryfey the statement"—perfectly clear and adequate. One can even appreciate the change of tenses as his mind went from the job just finished to the future when I would be reading this message from the past.

Call this bad writing if you like, it remains perfectly harmless. The danger to the language, if any, does not come from such trifles. It comes rather from the college-bred millions who regularly write and who in the course of their daily work circulate the prevailing mixture of jargon, cant, vogue words, and loose syntax that passes for prose. And the greater part of this verbiage is published, circulated, presumably read. A committee won't sit if its drivelings are not destined for print. Even an interoffice memo goes out in sixteen copies and the schoolchildren's compositions appear verbatim in a mimeographed magazine. Multiply these cultural facts by the huge number of activities which (it would seem) exist only to bombard us with paper, and you have found the source of the belief in a "decline" in writing ability —no decline at all, simply the infinite duplication of dufferism. This it is which leads us into false comparisons and gloomy thoughts.

The apparent deterioration of language is a general phenomenon which is denounced throughout Western Europe. One had only to read the Catalogue of the British Exhibition of 1951 to see the common symptoms in England. Sir Ernest Gowers's excellent little book of a few years earlier, *Plain Words*, was an attempt to cure the universal disease in one congested spot, the Civil Service, which is presumably the most highly educated professional group in Britain.

In France, the newspapers, the reports of Parliamentary debates, and the literary reviews show to what extent ignorance of forms and insensitivity to usage can successfully compete against a training obsessively aimed at verbal competence. And by way of confirmation, M. Jean Delorme, a native observer of the language in French Canada, recently declared the classic speech "infected" on this side of the Atlantic too. As for Germany, a foreign colleague and correspondent of mine, a person of catholic tastes and broad judgment, volunteers the opinion that "people who cultivate good pure German are nowadays generally unpopular, especially among the devotees of newspaper fiction and articles. The universal barbarism of language has already gone well into the grotesque."

So much for the democratic reality. But great as has been the effect of enlarged "literacy," it does not alone account for what is now seen as linguistic decadence. The educated, in fact the leaders of modern thought,

have done as much if not more to confuse the judgment. For what is meant by the misnomer "pure speech" is simply a habit of respect toward usage, which insures a certain fixity in vocabulary, forms, and syntax. Language cannot stand still, but it can change more or less rapidly and violently. During the last hundred years, nearly every intellectual force has worked, in all innocence, against language. The strongest, science and technology, did two damaging things: they poured quantities of awkward new words into the language and this in turn persuaded everybody that each new thing must have a name, preferably "scientific." These new words, technical or commercial, were fashioned to impress, an air of profundity being imparted by the particularly scientific letters *k, x,* and *o* = Kodak, Kleenex, Sapolio. The new technological words that came in were sinful hybrids like "electrocute" and "triphibian," or misunderstood phrases like "personal equation," "*n*th degree," or "psychological moment"—brain addlers of the greatest potency.

The passion for jargon was soon at its height, from which it shows no sign of descending. Every real or pseudo science poured new verbiage into the street, every separate school or -ism did likewise, without shame or restraint. We can gauge the result from the disappearance of the Dictionary properly so called. Consult the most recent and in many ways the best of them, *Webster's New World Dictionary,* and what you find is a miniature encyclopedia filled with the explanation of initials, proper names, and entries like "macrosporangium" or "abhenry," which are not and never will be words of the English language.

Under the spate of awe-inspiring vocables, the layman naturally felt that he too must dignify his doings and not be left behind in the race for prestige. Common acts must suggest a technical process. Thus we get "contact" and "funnel" as workaday verbs—and "process" itself: "we'll process your application"—as if it were necessary to name the steps or choices of daily life with scientific generality. I know a young businessman who makes jottings of his business thoughts; when he has enough on one topic he *folderizes* them.

What is wrong with all this is not merely that it is new, heedless, vulgar, and unnecessary (all signs of harmful vice in a language) but that jargon swamps thought. The habit of talking through cant words destroys the power of seeing things plain. "I'll contact you to finalize the agreement." What does it mean? The drift is plain enough, but compare: "I'll call at your office to sign the contract." The former raises no clear image or expectation, the latter does. Moreover, the former smells of inflated ego, it fills the mouth in a silly bumptious way.

But who cares? Why fuss?—good questions both. Nobody cares much because—we all think—it's the deed (or the thing) that counts, not the words.

This conviction, too, is a product of modern technology, and its effect is great though unremarked. The power of words over nature, which has played such a role in human history, is now an exploded belief, a dead emotion. Far from words controlling things, it is now things that dictate words. As soon as science was able to chop up the physical world and recombine it in new forms, language followed suit; and this not only among scientists making up new vocables, but among the supposed guardians of the language, the poets and men of letters. It is highly significant that around 1860 writers deliberately began to defy usage and turn syntax upside down. Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear made good fun with it; "obscure" poets such as Rimbaud sought new depths of meaning. There was in this a strong impulse to destroy all convention, for Victorian moralism had made the idea of conventionality at once suspect and hateful. The revolt succeeded and its spirit is still alive; novelty-hunting is now a linguistic virtue, or to express it differently, a common influence is at work in Jabberwocky and James Joyce, in the scientist's lingo and in the advertiser's "Dynaflow," "Hydramatic," or "Frigidaire"—which end by becoming household words. In short, modern man is feeling his oats as the manipulator of objects and he shows it in his manhandling of words.

This helps to explain why the predominant fault of the bad English encountered today is not the crude vulgarism of the untaught but the blithe irresponsibility of the taught. The language is no longer regarded as a common treasure to be hoarded and protected as far as possible. Rather, it is loot from the enemy to be played with, squandered, plastered on for one's adornment. Literary words imperfectly grasped, meanings assumed from bare inspection, monsters spawned for a trivial cause—these are but a few of the signs of squandering. To give examples: the hotel clerk giving me a good room feels bound to mention the well-known person whom "we last hospitalized in that room." Not to lag behind Joyce, the advertiser bids you "slip your feet into these easy-going *leisuals* and breathe a sigh of real comfort."

Undoubtedly these strange desires are often born of the need to ram an idea down unwilling throats. We all fear our neighbor's wandering attention and try to keep him awake by little shocks of singularity, or again by an overdose of meaning. Unfortunately, novelty-hunting proceeds from the known to the unknown by a leap of faith. "It was pleasant," writes the author of very workmanlike detective stories, "to watch her face and find his resentment *vitiate* as he made excuses for her."

The notable fact is that all this occurs in printed books, written by writers, published (usually) by first-rate firms that employ editors. In speech, the

same blunders and distortions come from educated people. It is all very well to say, as one expert has confidently done, that "what certain words really mean is moving toward what they seem to mean," the implication being that after a while everything will be in place. Actually, this leaves meaning nowhere, if only because we're not all moving in step. The *New Yorker* spotted a movie theater sign on which "adultery" was used to mean "adulthood." From an English periodical I learn that some new houses "*affront* the opposite side of the street." If Mrs. Malaprop is going to become the patron saint of English, what is going to prevent "contention" from meaning the same thing as "contentment" or the maker of woodcuts from being called a woodcutter?

There is no getting around it: meaning implies convention, and the discovery that meanings change does not alter the fact that when convention is broken misunderstanding and chaos are close at hand. Mr. Churchill has told how Allied leaders nearly came to blows because of the single word "table," a verb which to the Americans meant dismiss from the discussion, whereas to the English, on the contrary, it meant put on the agenda. This is an extraordinary instance, and the vagaries of those who pervert good words to careless misuse may be thought more often ludicrous than harmful. This would be true if language, like a great maw, could digest anything and dispose of it in time. But language is not a kind of ostrich. Language is alive only by a metaphor drawn from the life of its users. Hence every defect in the language is a defect in somebody.

For language is either the incarnation of our thoughts and feelings or a cloak for their absence. When the ordinary man who has prepared a report on sales up to June 30 rumbles on about "the frame of reference in which the coördination campaign was conceived," he is filling the air with noises, not thoughts.

For self-protection, no doubt, the contemporary mind is opposed to all this quibbling. It speaks with the backing of popular approval when it says: "Stop it! You understand perfectly well what all these people mean. Don't be a dirty purist looking under the surface and meddling with democratic self-expression." To haggle over language *is* quibbling, of course. All precision is quibbling, whether about decimals in mathematics or grains of drugs in prescriptions—fairly important quibbles. The question is whether in language the results justify the quibble. Well, the public is here the best judge, and it is evident that as a consumer of the written word, the public is always complaining that it cannot understand what it is asked to read: the government blanks, the instructions on the bottle or gadget, the gobbledygook of every trade, the highbrow jargon of the educators, psychiatrists, and social workers, and—one must also add—the prose of literary critics. The great

cry today is for improved communication, mass communication, the arts of communication, and yet under the pretext of being free and easy and above quibbling, those who do the most talking and writing indulge themselves in the very obscurities and ambiguities that cause the outcry.

They are abetted, moreover, by another offspring of the scientific spirit, the professional student of language. In his modern embodiment, the linguist takes the view that whatever occurs in anybody's speech is a fact of language and must not be tampered with, but only caught in flight and pinned on a card. This is "scientific detachment," and it has gone so far that under its influence in many schools all the categories of grammar, syntax, and rhetoric have been discarded. The modern way to learn English or a foreign language is to absorb a phrase-by-phrase enumeration of all that might conceivably be said in ordinary talk—a directory instead of a grammar.

This brings us back to our first difficulty, how to teach the millions the use of their mother tongue *in composition.* We have made nearly everybody literate in the sense of able to read and write words. But that is not writing. Even those who profess disdain for the literary art and the literary quibbles respond automatically to good writing, which they find unexpectedly easy to read and retain, mysteriously "pleasant" as compared with their neighbors' matted prose. The linguists themselves pay lip service to "effective" speech, approving the end while forbidding discrimination among the means.

Now many thousands of people in the United States today exercise this discrimination; there is amid the garbage a steady supply of good writing, modestly done and published—in every newspaper and magazine, over TV and radio, in millions of ads and public notices, in railroad timetables, travel booklets, and printed instructions on objects of daily use. Good writing is good writing wherever it occurs, and some of the impugned comics which are supposed to defile the native well of English in our young are far better than acceptable.

It is therefore idle and erroneous to condemn "the newspapers" or "the radio" en masse. Here too one must discriminate, and the failure to do so is one cause of the trouble—the strange cultural trait whose origin I have sketched and which makes us at once indifferent to our language, full of complaints about it, and irresponsible about mangling it still more. In these conditions people who write well learn to do so by virtue of a strong desire, developed usually under necessity: their job requires lucidity, precision, brevity. If they write advertising copy they must not only make it fit the space but make the words yield the tone.

Tone—that is the starting point of any teaching in composition. What

effect are you producing and at what cost of words? The fewer the words, and the more transparent they are, the easier they will be to understand. The closer the ideas they stand for and the more natural their linkage, the more easily will the meaning be retained. Simple in appearance, this formula is yet extremely difficult to apply, and even more arduous to teach. You cannot work on more than one pupil at a time and you must be willing to observe and enter into his mind. On his part, the discipline calls for a thorough immersion in the medium. He must form the habit of attending to words, constructions, accents, and etymologies in everything he reads or hears —just as the painter unceasingly notes line and color and the musician tones. The would-be writer has the harder task because words are entangled with the business of life and he must stand off from it to look at them, hearing at the same time their harmonies and discords. It is an endless duty, which finally becomes automatic. The ideal writer would mentally recast his own death sentence as he was reading it—if it was a bad sentence.

Now such a discipline cannot be imposed from without, and not everybody needs it in full. But its principle, which suffices for ordinary purposes, should be made clear to every beginner, child or adult. Unfortunately, the school system, even when progressive, makes writing an irrational chore approached in the mood of rebellion. The school does this in two ways: by requiring length and by concentrating on correctness. I know very well that correctness was supposedly given up long ago. The modern teacher does not mention it. But if the teacher marks spelling and grammatical errors and speaks of little else, what is a child to think? He gets a mark with the comment "imaginative" or "not imaginative enough" and most often: "too short," and he is left with no more idea of composition than a cow in a field has of landscape painting. How *does* one judge the right length and get it out of a reluctant brain? Nobody answers, except perhaps with the word "creative," which has brought unmerited gloom to many a cheerful child. Who can be creative on demand, by next Tuesday, and in the requisite amount? In all but a few chatterboxes, mental frostbite is the only result.

Meanwhile the things that are teachable, the ways of translating the flashes of thought into consecutive sentences, are neglected. They have been, most often, neglected in the teachers themselves. How do *they* write or speak, what do *they* read? If they read and write educational literature, as they often must for advancement, are they fit to teach composition? And what of the teachers of other subjects, whose professional jargon also infects their speech, what is their countervailing effect on a child to whom a good English teacher has just imparted a notion of the writer's craft? Suppose the teacher of a course on family life has just been reading *Social*

Casework and his mind is irradiated with this: "Familial societality is already a settled question biologically, structured in our inherited bodies and physiology, but the answer to those other questions are not yet safely and irrevocably anatomized." Unless this is immediately thrown up like the nux vomica it is, it will contaminate everybody it touches from pupil to public—in fact the whole blooming familial societality.

The cure is harsh and likely to be unpopular, for it must start with self-denial. It can be initiated by the school but it must not stop there. As many of us as possible must work out of our system, first, all the vogue words that almost always mean nothing but temporary vacancy of mind—such words as "basic," "major," "over-all," "personal," "values," "exciting" (everything from a new handbag to a new baby); then all the wormy expressions indicative of bad conscience, false modesty, and genteelism, as in: "Frankly, I don't know too much about it"—a typical formula which tries through candor and whining to minimize ignorance while claiming a kind of merit for it; finally, all the tribal adornments which being cast off may disclose the plain man we would like to be: no frames of reference, field theories, or apperception protocols; no texture, prior to, or in terms of; and the least amount of coördination, dynamics, and concepts.

After the vocabulary has been cleansed, the patient is ready for what our Canadian friends at the Vancouver conference deplored the lack of in the modern undergraduate: analysis of thought. To show what is meant and let criticism begin at home, I choose an example from a New York City report of 1952 entitled "The English Language Arts." It begins: "Because language arts or English is so—" Stop right there! What are language arts? —A perfectly unnecessary phrase of the pseudo-scientific kind which tries to "cover." Besides, "language arts or English" is nonsense: ever hear of another language? Moreover, "language arts . . . is" doesn't sound like a happy opening for a report by and to English teachers. Let us go on: English is so what? Well, "language arts or English is so intimately connected with all knowledge and all living, it is the subject which most often bursts the dikes separating it from others." What do you mean, language is *connected* with living? And how does English connect with *all* knowledge and *all* living? Is the practical knowledge of the Russian engineer intimately connected with English? Do the amoebas speak English? And if this intimacy does exist, then what are these dikes that separate English from other subjects? Are these subjects not part of "all knowledge" with which English is connected—or rather, of which it too is a part?

Cruel work, but necessary if anything akin to thought is to arise from the written word. The Neanderthal glimmer from which the quoted sen-

tence sprang is irrecoverable but its developed form should run something like this: "English, being a medium of communication, cannot be confined within set limits like other subjects; to the peoples whose speech it is, all theoretical knowledge, and indeed most of life, is inseparable from its use."

And this is so true that it justifies the operation just performed on the specimen of non-thought. For although it is possible to think without words and to communicate by signs, our civilization depends, as I said before, on the written word. Writing is embodied thought, and the thought is clear or muddy, graspable or fugitive, according to the purity of the medium. Communication means one thought held in common. What could be more practical than to try making that thought unmistakable?

As for the receiver, the reader, his pleasure or grief is in direct proportion to the pains taken by the writer; to which one can add that the taking of pains brings its special pleasure. I do not mean the satisfaction of vanity, for after a bout of careful writing one is too tired to care; I mean the new perceptions—sensuous or intellectual or comic—to be had all day long in one's encounters with language. Imagine the fun people miss who find nothing remarkable in the sentence (from Sax Rohmer): "The woman's emotions were too tropical for analysis"; or who, trusting too far my disallowance of "contact" as a verb, miss the chance of using it at the hottest, stickiest time of year: "On a day like this, I wouldn't contact anybody for the world."

IRVING LEE They talk past each other

"It takes," says Thoreau, in the noblest and most useful passage I remember to have read in any modern author, "two to speak truth—one to speak and another to hear." —Robert Louis Stevenson, "Truth of Intercourse," *Virginibus Puerisque*, J. M. Dent & Sons, 1925, p. 32.

How misunderstanding happens

THE ONE thing people tend to take for granted when talking to others is that they understand each other. It is rare, indeed, in a meeting to have someone hold up his own argument long enough to say, "I think you said. . . . Did you?" or "Was I right in thinking you meant . . . ?" We found people ever so eager to parry what a man says without ever wondering whether *that* is what the man said.

From *How to Talk with People* by Irving Lee, Harper & Brothers. Copyright, 1952, by Harper & Brothers.

In the give-and-take of talk things go fast, and one is so busy organizing his reply that he doesn't take the time to make sure he knows what he is replying to. This is unfortunate because it often means that, instead of talking with others, people talk past or by-pass each other.

Note some by-passings.

1. The British Staff prepared a paper which they wished to raise as a matter of urgency, and informed their American colleagues that they wished to "table it." To the American staff "tabling" a paper meant putting it away in a drawer and forgetting it. A long and even acrimonious argument ensued before both parties realised that they were agreed on the merits and wanted the same thing.[1]

2. I remember a worrisome young man who, one day, came back from the X-ray room wringing his hands and trembling with fear. "It is all up with me," he said. "The X-ray man said I have a hopeless cancer of the stomach." Knowing that the roentgenologist would never have said such a thing, I asked, "Just what did he say?" and the answer was on dismissing him, the roentgenologist said to an assistant, "N. P." In Mayo clinic cipher this meant "no plates," and indicated that the X-ray man was so satisfied with the normal appearance of the stomach on the X-ray screen that he did not see any use in making films. But to the patient, watching in an agony of fear for some portent of disaster, it meant "nothing possible": in other words that the situation was hopeless! [2]

3. A foreman told a machine operator he was passing: "Better clean up around here." It was ten minutes later when the foreman's assistant phoned: "Say, boss, isn't that bearing Sipert is working on due up in engineering pronto?"

"You bet your sweet life it is. Why?"

"He says you told him to drop it and sweep the place up. I thought I'd better make sure."

"Listen," the foreman flared into the phone, "get him right back on that job. It's got to be ready in twenty minutes."

. . . What [the foreman] had in mind was for Sipert to gather up the oily waste, which was a fire and accident hazard. This would not have taken more than a couple of minutes, and there would have been plenty of time to finish the bearing. Sipert, of course, should have been able to figure this out for himself—except that something in the foreman's tone of voice, or in his own mental state at the time, made him misunderstand the foreman's intent. He wasn't geared to what the foreman had said.[3]

4. Lady recently ordered some writing paper at a department store and asked to have her initials engraved thereon. The salesgirl suggested placing them in the upper right-hand corner or the upper left-hand corner, but the customer said no,

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[1] Winston Churchill, "The Second World War," Vol. III, Book II, *The New York Times*, February 28, 1950, p. 31.

[2] Walter C. Alvarez, *Nervousness, Indigestion and Pain*, Paul B. Hoeber, Inc., 1943, p. 74.

[3] *The Foreman's Letter*, National Foreman's Institute, Inc., February 8, 1950, p. 3.

put them in the center. Well, the stationery has arrived, every sheet marked with her initials equidistant from right and left and from top and bottom.[4]

5. In a private conversation with Mr. Molotov, it became apparent that another difficult misunderstanding in language had arisen between ourselves and the Russians. At the San Francisco Conference when the question of establishing a trusteeship system within the United Nations was being considered, the Soviet delegation had asked Mr. Stettinius what the American attitude would be toward the assumption by the Soviet Union of a trusteeship. Mr. Stettinius replied in general terms, expressing the opinion that the Soviet Union was "eligible" to receive a territory for administration under trusteeship. Mr. Molotov took this to mean we would support a Soviet request for a trusteeship.[5]

In each case a word or phrase or sentence was used one way by the speaker and interpreted in another way by the listener. This is possible because words are versatile. Except for those intended for highly specialized purposes (like tetrasporangium, icosahedron, bisulfite), it is not unusual to find most words put to rather varied uses. A seventh-grade class in English was able to make up thirty sentences in which the word "set" was used differently each time. Even "word" is listed in sixteen different ways in *The American College Dictionary.*

The naive speaker of a language usually has the feeling that, in general, words have a meaning, and he is seldom conscious of the great "area" of meaning for all except highly technical words. It is in this respect that the student's observation first needs widening and sharpening. Frequently we have tried to "build vocabularies" by adding more units or words. But to push first the addition of more vocabulary units in order to increase the number of words may interfere with, rather than help, effective mastery of language. This is the process that produces a Mrs. Malaprop. Most frequently the student needs first to know well the various areas of use of the units he is already familiar with; he needs to be made conscious of the great diversity of uses or meanings for commonly used words. He must be made aware, for example, that the statement "The children did not *count*" can mean that they did not *utter the words* for the numbers in a series, or that the children *were not considered.* Ordinarily we just don't believe without considerable careful examination that for the five hundred most used words in English (according to the Thorndike *Word Book*) the Oxford Dictionary records and illustrates from our literature 14,070 separate meanings.[6]

At different times the same words may be used differently.

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[4] "The Talk of the Town," *The New Yorker,* January 28, 1950, p. 21. Reprinted by permission. Copyright, 1950, The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

[5] James F. Byrnes, *Speaking Frankly,* Harper & Brothers, 1947, p. 96.

[6] Charles C. Fries, "Using the Dictionary," *Inside the ACD,* October 1948, p. 1.

When Francis Bacon referred to various people in the course of his *Essays* as *indifferent, obnoxious,* and *officious,* he was describing them as "impartial," "submissive," and "ready to serve." When King James II observed that the new St. Paul's Cathedral was *amusing, awful,* and *artificial,* he implied that Sir Christopher Wren's recent creation was "pleasing, awe-inspiring, and skilfully achieved." When Dr. Johnson averred that Milton's *Lycidas* was "*easy, vulgar,* and therefore *disgusting,*" he intended to say that it was "effortless, popular, and therefore not in good taste." [7]

The role of experience also affects the varieties of usage. Brander Matthews provided an example from a dinner-party conversation:

> The second topic . . . was a definition of the image called up in our several minds by the word *forest.* Until that evening I had never thought of forest as clothing itself in different colors and taking on different forms in the eyes of different men; but I then discovered that even the most innocent word may don strange disguises. To Hardy forest suggested the sturdy oaks to be assaulted by the woodlanders of Wessex; and to Du Maurier it evoked the trim and tidy avenues of the national domain of France. To Black the word naturally brought to mind the low scrub of the so-called deer-forests of Scotland; and to Gosse it summoned up a view of the green-clad mountains that towered up from the Scandinavian fiords. To Howells it recalled the thick woods that in his youth fringed the rivers of Ohio; and to me there came back swiftly the memory of the wild growths bristling up unrestrained by man, in the Chippewa Reservation which I had crossed fourteen years before in my canoe trip from Lake Superior to the Mississippi. Simple as the word seemed, it was interpreted by each of us in accord with his previous personal experience.[8]

This conclusion about the range and possible uses of a word is easily verified. When it is forgotten, a listener just as easily comes to believe that (1) there is but one way to use a word—*his*—and (2) the speaker is doing with his words what the listener would were the listener doing the talking.

Can you see these beliefs at work in the examples given above?

In short, what *you* understand by any word or statement may not be what someone else intends to say. In a way, this is so obvious that most of us feel no obligation to think more about it. However, when one is aware of the fact it does not necessarily follow that he will act in terms of it. And there is some evidence that, unless people can be made sensitive to the possibility of by-passing, they make only meager efforts to stop it.

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[7] Simeon Potter, *Our Language,* Pelican Books, 1950, p. 116.

[8] Brander Matthews, *These Many Years: Recollections of a New Yorker,* Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917, pp. 287–288. Quoted from the essay by Allen Walker Read, "Linguistic Revision as a Requisite for the Increasing of Rigor in Scientific Method," read at the Third Congress on General Semantics, July 22, 1949.

I have no wish here to give comfort to the bore who gets so much pleasure squelching discussions with his defiant "Define your terms." His maneuver results in shifting the burden in communication to the other fellow. Both must be brought into the act. We would have the listener work just a bit, too. So we urge him to state his notion of what was being said. Incidentally, that bore may sometimes be routed with this: "What definition of my words have you in mind? Perhaps we are thinking together after all."

The "plain-talk" and "say-it-in-simple-words" teachers have been in vogue but they haven't been especially helpful. They, too, tend to put the emphasis on one side of the communication line. Putting the burden for understanding on the speaker is a kind of implied invitation to the listener to sit back and contentedly assume he has nothing to do but wait his turn. And besides, even the simple words have uses which too frequently vary between man and man.

We once observed eight meetings of a group of nine men, who functioned as a standing committee in a corporation having wide public responsibilities. Five had taken one or more courses and had studied some of the books on "talking plainly." One of the items checked had to do with "the assumption of understanding." Can men be differentiated according to their readiness to believe they know what the other fellow is referring to? We looked in their replies for such indications as *questions* for assurance that the asker is "with" the speaker, *qualifications* like "If I understand what you say" or "If I knew what you mean . . . ," *invitations* like "Correct me if I'm off the beam" or "Tell me whether I answered what you intended to say. . . ."

We were hardly prepared to find that four of the "plain-talk students" did the least amount of questioning, qualifying, inviting, etc. This may, of course, be an accident. Before a conclusion worth much can be drawn we should have a broader sampling of the population. And before a cause can be assigned with confidence much more investigation would be needed. Nevertheless, *these particular men*, knowing the ways to "plainness" and using them, tended to think they had done enough when they spoke so. They seemed to focus attention on *their* talking. They made no comparable effort to look to the character of what they heard.

I am not at all arguing that this finding in these particular cases means that training in plain talking makes for poor listening. I am trying to suggest only that training in the explicit effort at understanding may be a difficult sort of thing and may not automatically carry over from other training.

Cardinal Manning once said something relevant:

I have no doubt that I will hear that I am talking of what I do not understand; but in my defence I think I may say, I am about to talk of what I do not understand for this reason: I cannot get those who talk about it to tell me what they mean. I know what I mean by it, but I am not at all sure that I know what they mean by it; and those who use the same words in different senses are like men that run up and down the two sides of a hedge, and so can never meet.

It is helpful to think of the radio in this. The performer in the studio can talk his heart out, but if the man in the easy chair is tuned in elsewhere it really makes no difference what is being said. Unless the receiver is on the same wave length, the character of what is sent out hardly governs the communication process.[9]

This is not to imply that a speaker cannot help by putting what he has to say in clear, listenable language. Anything he does to define, simplify, amplify, illustrate, is all to the good. But it is only part of the process. The listener has a job to do, too. He must make the effort to come to terms with the speaker to keep from assuming that he inevitably knows what the speaker has in mind. At the very least he might temper his arrogance with a question now and then just to make sure.

It takes two to make communication.

Are you on his communication line?

The preceding pages of this chapter were mimeographed and given to three groups, one meeting for study of the Bible, one considering matters of policy in a business corporation, and one working on problems in the administration of a college fraternity. Every member of each group read a portion out loud. We then talked about the main point—it takes two to make communication. We agreed that this was rather simple stuff and that we would try to talk with the possibility of by-passing in mind. We agreed, further, that no one of us would be insulted if asked to clarify or "talk some more" on any doubtful point. Nor would anyone feel hesitant about trying to get on the same wave length with anyone else. We gave each a small card with the inscription, "Are you on *his* communication line?"

What happened?

In each case the business of the meeting was slowed down. Only half as many items on the agenda could be covered. There was a certain amount of unfruitful wrangling about small points. Some members became tongue-tied in the face of so much freedom. Others became impatient with what

[9] This image is well developed in the article by Charles T. Estes, "Speech and Human Relations in Industry," *The Quarterly Journal of Speech*, April 1946, pp. 160–169.

seemed a waste of time, this trying to get to the speaker. The first sessions were always the worst. Most members felt comfortable only after the second or third.

And then we came upon something interesting. A man was being listened to. He found that others were actually waiting until he finished. He felt flattered in turn by the fact that another was trying to reach him rather than argue at him. He found himself trying to make his points so that his hearers would have less trouble with them. They were trying harder to read the cards he was putting on the table. The ornery member, normally so quick to doubt, stayed to question. The timid member found that the social pressure about the participation was all on his side.

We are inclined to think that the long-run results were worth the time and trouble.

The purist's dogma

In a number of experimental discussion groups generous enough to submit to such instruction there was a curious resistance to this seemingly obvious doctrine. I would be asked questions like these: Do you mean to say that a word doesn't have some definite, accurate meaning of its own regardless of the person who uses it? Isn't there a right or correct use for each word? If somebody fails to use a word exactly isn't he violating some rule in rhetoric or grammar?

How did these people come under the spell of the purist's dogma? Were they remembering some menacing drillmaster with a word list asking "What is *the* meaning of ———?" Or had they been badgered by vocabulary tests with entries like *glabrous heads: bald, over-sized, hairy, square, round; his stilted manner: irresolute, improper, cordial, stiffly formal* with instructions to circle the meaning? Or maybe they grew up when Alexander Woollcott was campaigning against certain current usage. He fought the use of "alibi" as a synonym for excuse; he wanted it saved for its "elsewhere" sense. He sneered when "flair" was used in the sense of knack or aptitude. He wanted it reserved for "capacity to detect." He and the traditional handbooks had a long list of such "reservations."

Or maybe they got their moorings from the pronouncements of Richard Grant White, who once said, "There is a misuse of words that can be justified by no authority, however great, and by no usage, however general." Or maybe they got no further in *Through the Looking Glass* than

". . . How old did you say you were?"
Alice made a short calculation, and said, "Seven years and six months."

"Wrong!" Humpty Dumpty exclaimed triumphantly. "You never said a word like it!"

"I thought you meant 'How old *are* you?' " Alice explained.

"If I'd meant that, I'd have said it," said Humpty Dumpty.

Regardless of the source, they used this dogma as the basis for a theory of their own about the cause of misunderstanding. If a speaker didn't use a word correctly it was only natural if a listener who did know the exact meaning was misled. Just get people to use words in their right meaning and then everyone will understand everyone else.

Indeed, this might be a way—but how can we do it? Who has the authority to declare *the* correct use and who has the time to learn it? There are more than 600,000 words in the Merriam-Webster unabridged dictionary and perhaps half as many more in the technical vocabularies of medicine, engineering, law, etc. And when the dictionary gives several meanings, which is *the* one? And just how is anyone going to curb those who, like Humpty Dumpty, would have their own ways with words:

". . . Impenetrability! That's what I say!"

"Would you tell me please," said Alice, "what that means?"

"Now you talk like a reasonable child," said Humpty Dumpty, looking very much pleased. "I meant by 'impenetrability' that we've had enough of that subject, and it would be just as well if you'd mention what you mean to do next, as I suppose you don't mean to stop here all the rest of your life."

"That's a great deal to make one word mean," Alice said in a thoughtful tone.

"When I make a word do a lot of work like that," said Humpty Dumpty, "I always pay it extra."

And what is more crucial, why do we look at words alone? Are words not most often used with other words in phrases, clauses, sentences? May not the setting affect the word?

We tried to get around this ill-advised zeal for exactness by suggesting that a word might be compared with a tool which can be used in a variety of ways. Thus, a screwdriver might be designed to drive screws, but once available it can be used to stir paint, jimmy a tight window, or, lacking any other weapon, to defend oneself with. You might, if you wish, insist that the screw function is the "right" or "correct" one and that a pistol is a much more effective weapon. But your insistence will hardly stop me from using the screwdriver in these other ways if I find it convenient or necessary to do so. A carpenter with a full rack of tools may have good reason for reserving each for but one use, but if some other purpose is served there is

nothing in the nature of the tool which could prevent that other use. The desire for the restriction, then, is personal rather than functional.

Within limits, especially in technical disciplines, it is possible to standardize word usage. One is usually safe in assuming that the workers in specialized areas will conform to some established, stipulated word usages. In the military establishment and in legal affairs, for example, it is often possible as well as necessary to insist that particular words be used in particular ways.

Once outside the range of the specialist's interests, however, we are wise if we expect words to be used variously. A speaker's concern at any moment is not to use a word but to make a statement. In his eagerness to speak his piece he is more concerned with his continuous expression than with his total effect. If he happens to range outside his listeners' conventional usage, they will get nowhere lamenting his lexicographical heresy. And if they do not get to his usage they are likely to assume that he said what he never intended to.

We have come to see wisdom in this advice: Never mind what words mean. What did *he* mean?

It may take time to find out what a man means. It may demand a patient listening and questioning. It may be an unexciting effort. But it should help to bring people into an area of awareness which they are too often on the outside of. Mr. Justice Jackson's experience in a situation more momentous than anything we were exposed to adds to our confidence in the advice:

> It was my experience with the Soviet lawyers at Nurnberg that the most important factor in collaboration with the Soviet was patiently and persistently to make sure, when a proposition is first advanced, that it is thoroughly understood and that both sides are using their words to express the same sense. When this was done, the Soviet lawyers kept their agreements with us quite as scrupulously as American lawyers would. They may or may not regard that as a compliment, but my intentions are good. But it was my experience that it took infinite patience with them, as they thought it took infinite patience with us, to get to a point where there was a real meeting of minds as distinguished from some textual abstract formula which both could accept only because concretely it meant nothing or meant different things to each. And I have sometimes wondered how much misunderstanding could have been avoided if arrangements between the two countries had not often been concluded so hurriedly, in the stress of events, that this time-consuming and dreary process of reducing generalities to concrete agreements was omitted.[10]

[10] Excerpt from address by Mr. Justice Robert H. Jackson at the Bar Dinner of the New York County Lawyers' Association, December 8, 1949.

WILLIAM H. WHYTE, JR.

You, too, can write the casual style

A REVOLUTION has taken place in American prose. No longer the short huffs and puffs, the unqualified word, the crude gusto of the declarative sentence. Today the fashion is to write casually.

The Casual Style is not exactly new. Originated in the early Twenties, it has been refined and improved and refined again by a relatively small band of writers, principally for the *New Yorker,* until now their mannerisms have become standards of sophistication. Everybody is trying to join the club. Newspaper columnists have forsaken the beloved metaphors of the sports page for the Casual Style, and one of the quickest ways for an ad man to snag an award from other ad men is to give his copy the low-key, casual pitch; the copy shouldn't sing these days—it should whisper. Even Dr. Rudolf Flesch, who has been doing so much to teach people how to write like other people, is counseling his followers to use the Casual Style. Everywhere the ideal seems the same: be casual.

But how? There is very little down-to-earth advice. We hear about the rapier-like handling of the bromide, the keen eye for sham and pretension, the exquisite sense of nuance, the unerring ear for the vulgate. But not much about actual technique. The layman, as a consequence, is apt to look on the Casual Style as a mandarin dialect which he fears he could never master.

Nonsense. The Casual Style is within everyone's grasp. It has now become so perfected by constant polishing that its devices may readily be identified, and they change so little that their use need be no more difficult for the novice than for the expert. (That's not quite all there is to it, of course. Some apparently casual writers, Thurber and E. B. White, among others, rarely use the devices.)

The subject matter, in the first place, is not to be ignored. Generally speaking, the more uneventful it is, or the more pallid the writer's reaction to it, the better do form and content marry. Take, for example, the cocktail party at which the writer can show how bored everyone is with everyone else, and how utterly fatuous they all are anyhow. Since a non-casual statement—*e.g.*, "The party was a bore"—would destroy the reason for writing about it at all, the Casual Style here is not only desirable but mandatory.

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Whatever the subject, however, twelve devices are the rock on which all else is built. I will present them one by one, illustrating them with examples from such leading casual stylists as Wolcott Gibbs, John Crosby, John McCarten, and (on occasion) this magazine's "Mr. Harper." If the reader will digest what follows, he should be able to dash off a paragraph indistinguishable from the best casual writing being done today.

(1) *Heightened Understatement.* Where the old-style writer would say, "I don't like it," "It is not good," or something equally banal, the casual writer says it is "*something less than* good." He avoids direct statement and strong words—except, as we will note, where he is setting them up to have something to knock down. In any event, he qualifies. "Somewhat" and "rather," the bread-and-butter words of the casual writer, should become habitual with you; similarly with such phrases as "I suppose," "it seems to me," "I guess," or "I'm afraid." "Elusive" or "elude" are good, too, and if you see the word "charm" in a casual sentence you can be pretty sure that "eludes me," or "I find elusive," will not be far behind.

(2) *The Multiple Hedge.* Set up an ostensibly strong statement, and then, with your qualifiers, shoot a series of alternately negative and positive charges into the sentence until finally you neutralize the whole thing. Let's take, for example, the clause, "certain names have a guaranteed nostalgic magic." Challenge enough here; the names not only have magic, they have guaranteed magic. A double hedge reverses the charge. "Names which have, *I suppose* [hedge 1], a guaranteed nostalgic magic, *though there are times that I doubt it* [hedge 2]. . . ."

We didn't have to say they were guaranteed in the first place, of course, but without such straw phrases we wouldn't have anything to construct a hedge on and, frequently, nothing to write at all. The virtue of the hedge is that by its very negative effect it makes any sentence infinitely expansible. Even if you have so torn down your original statement with one or two hedges that you seem to have come to the end of the line, you have only to slip in an anti-hedge, a strengthening word (*e.g.*, "definitely," "unqualified," etc.), and begin the process all over again. Witness the following quadruple hedge: "I found Mr. Home entertaining *from time to time* [hedge 1] on the ground, *I guess* [hedge 2], that the singular idiom and unearthly detachment of the British upper classes have *always* [anti-hedge] seemed *reasonably* [hedge 3] droll to me, *at least in moderation* [hedge 4]." The art of plain talk, as has been pointed out, does not entail undue brevity.

If you've pulled hedge on hedge and the effect still remains too vigorous, simply wipe the slate clean with a cancellation clause at the end. "It was all exactly as foolish as it sounds," says Wolcott Gibbs, winding up some 570 casual words on a subject, "and I wouldn't give it another thought."

(3) *Narcissizing Your Prose.* The casual style is nothing if not personal;

indeed, you will usually find in it as many references to the writer as to what he's supposed to be talking about. For you do not talk about the subject; you talk about its impact on you. With the reader peering over your shoulder, you look into the mirror and observe your own responses as you run the entire range of the casual writer's emotions. You may reveal yourself as, in turn, listless ("the audience seemed not to share my boredom"); insouciant ("I was really quite happy with it"); irritated ("The whole thing left me tired and cross"); comparatively gracious ("Being in a comparatively gracious mood, I won't go into the details I didn't like"); or hesitant ("I wish I could say that I could accept his hypothesis").

(4) *Preparation for the Witticism.* When the casual writer hits upon a clever turn of phrase or a nice conceit, he uses this device to insure that his conceit will not pass unnoticed. Suppose, for example, you have thought of something to say that is pretty damn good if you say so yourself. The device, in effect, is to say so yourself. If you want to devastate a certain work as "a study of vulgarity in high places," don't say this flat out. Earlier in the sentence prepare the reader for the drollery ahead with something like "what I am tempted to call" or "what could best be described as" or "If it had to be defined in a sentence, it might well be called. . . ."

Every writer his own claque.

(5) *Deciphered Notes Device; or Cute-Things-I-Have-Said.* In this one you are your own stooge as well. You feed yourself lines. By means of the slender fiction that you have written something on the back of an envelope or the margin of a program, you catch yourself good-humoredly trying to decipher these shrewd, if cryptic, little jottings. *Viz.:* "Their diagnoses are not nearly as crisp as those I find in my notes"; ". . . sounds like an inadequate description, but it's all I have on my notes, and it may conceivably be a very high compliment."

(6) *The Kicker.* An echo effect. "My reactions [included] an irritable feeling that eleven o'clock was past Miss Keim's bedtime,"—and now the Kicker—"*not to mention my own.*" This type of thing practically writes itself. "She returns home. She should never have left home in the first place. —— ——— ——— —." [1]

(7) *Wit of Omission.* By calling attention to the fact that you are not going to say it, you suggest that there is something very funny you could say if only you wanted to. "A thought occurred to me at this point," you may say, when otherwise stymied, "but I think we had better not go into *that.*"

(8) *The Planned Colloquialism.* The casual writer savors colloquialisms. This is not ordinary colloquial talk—nobody is more quickly provoked than the casual writer by ordinary usage. It is, rather, a playful descent into the vulgate. Phrases like "darn," "awfully," "as all getout," "mighty," and other

[1] "And neither should I."

folksy idioms are ideal. The less you would be likely to use the word normally yourself the more pointed the effect. Contrast is what you are after, for it is the facetious interplay of language levels—a blending, as it were, of the East Fifties and the Sticks—that gives the Casual Style its off-hand charm.

(9) *Feigned Forgetfulness.* Conversation gropes; it is full of "what I really meant was" and "maybe I should have added," backings and fillings and second thoughts of one kind or another. Writing is different; theoretically, ironing out second thoughts beforehand is one of the things writers are paid to do. In the Casual Style, however, it is exactly this exposure of the writer composing in public that makes it so casual. For the professional touch, then, ramble, rebuke yourself in print ("what I really meant, I guess"), and if you have something you feel you should have said earlier, don't say it earlier, but say later that you guess you should have said it earlier.

(10) *The Subject-Apologizer, or Pardon-Me-for-Living.* The Casual Stylist must always allow for the possibility that his subject is just as boring to the reader as it is to him. He may forestall this by seeming to have stumbled on it by accident, or by using phrases like: "If this is as much news to you as it is to me," or "This, in case you've been living in a cave lately, is. . . ."

(11) *The Omitted Word.* This all began modestly enough the day a *New Yorker* writer dropped the articles "the" and "a" from the initial sentence of an anecdote (*e.g.*, "Man we know told us"; "Fellow name of Brown"). Now even such resolutely lowbrow writers as Robert Ruark affect it, and they are applying it to any part of speech anywhere in the sentence. You can drop a pronoun ("Says they're shaped like pyramids"); verb ("You been away from soap opera the last couple of weeks?"); or preposition ("Far as glamour goes . . .").

(12) *The Right Word.* In the lexicon of the casual writer there are a dozen or so adjectives which in any context have, to borrow a phrase, a guaranteed charm. Attrition is high—"brittle," "febrile," "confected," for example, are at the end of the run. Ten, however, defy obsolescence: *antic, arch, blurred, chaste, chill, crisp, churlish, disheveled, dim, disembodied.*

They are good singly, but they are even better when used in tandem; *cf.*, "In an arch, antic sort of way"; "In an arch, blurred sort of way"; "In an arch, crisp sort of way." And so on.

Finally, the most multi-purpose word of them all: "altogether." Frequently it is the companion of "charming" and "delightful," and in this coupling is indispensable to any kind of drama criticism. It can also modify the writer himself (*e.g.*, "Altogether, I think . . ."). Used best, however, it just floats, unbeholden to any other part of the sentence.

Once you have mastered these twelve devices, you too should be able to write as casually as all getout. At least it seems to me, though I may be wrong, that they convey an elusive archness which the crisp literary craftsman, in his own dim sort of way, should altogether cultivate these days. Come to think of it, the charm of the Casual Style is something less than clear to me, but we needn't go into *that*. Fellow I know from another magazine says this point of view best described as churlish. Not, of course, that it matters.

lucidity (clarity)
euphony (words sound good)
simplicity

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM Three aims for writers

I KNEW that I should never write as well as I could wish, but I thought with pains I could arrive at writing as well as my natural defects allowed. On taking thought it seemed to me that I must aim at lucidity, simplicity and euphony. I have put these three qualities in the order of the importance I assigned to them.

I have never had much patience with the writers who claim from the reader an effort to understand their meaning. You have only to go to the great philosophers to see that it is possible to express with lucidity the most subtle reflections. You may find it difficult to understand the thought of Hume, and if you have no philosophical training its implications will doubtless escape you; but no one with any education at all can fail to understand exactly what the meaning of each sentence is. Few people have written English with more grace than Berkeley. There are two sorts of obscurity that you find in writers. One is due to negligence and the other to wilfulness. People often write obscurely because they have never taken the trouble to learn to write clearly. This sort of obscurity you find too often in modern philosophers, in men of science, and even in literary critics. Here it is indeed strange. You would have thought that men who passed their lives in the study of the great masters of literature would be sufficiently sensitive to the beauty of language to write if not beautifully at least with perspicuity. Yet you will find in their works sentence after sentence that you must read twice to discover the sense. Often you can only guess at it, for the writers have evidently not said what they intended.

Another cause of obscurity is that the writer is himself not quite sure of his meaning. He has a vague impression of what he wants to say, but has not, either from lack of mental power or from laziness, exactly formulated it

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in his mind and it is natural enough that he should not find a precise expression for a confused idea. This is due largely to the fact that many writers think, not before, but as they write. The pen originates the thought. The disadvantage of this, and indeed it is a danger against which the author must be always on his guard, is that there is a sort of magic in the written word. The idea acquires substance by taking on a visible nature, and then stands in the way of its own clarification. But this sort of obscurity merges very easily into the wilful. Some writers who do not think clearly are inclined to suppose that their thoughts have a significance greater than at first sight appears. It is flattering to believe that they are too profound to be expressed so clearly that all who run may read, and very naturally it does not occur to such writers that the fault is with their own minds which have not the faculty of precise reflection. Here again the magic of the written word obtains. It is very easy to persuade oneself that a phrase that one does not quite understand may mean a great deal more than one realizes. From this there is only a little way to go to fall into the habit of setting down one's impressions in all their original vagueness. Fools can always be found to discover a hidden sense in them. There is another form of wilful obscurity that masquerades as aristocratic exclusiveness. The author wraps his meaning in mystery so that the vulgar shall not participate in it. His soul is a secret garden into which the elect may penetrate only after overcoming a number of perilous obstacles. But this kind of obscurity is not only pretentious; it is short-sighted. For time plays it an odd trick. If the sense is meagre time reduces it to a meaningless verbiage that no one thinks of reading. This is the fate that has befallen the lucubrations of those French writers who were seduced by the example of Guillaume Apollinaire. But occasionally it throws a sharp cold light on what had seemed profound and thus discloses the fact that these contortions of language disguised very commonplace notions. There are few of Mallarmé's poems now that are not clear; one cannot fail to notice that his thought singularly lacked originality. Some of his phrases were beautiful; the materials of his verse were the poetic platitudes of his day.

SIMPLICITY IS not such an obvious merit as lucidity. I have aimed at it because I have no gift for richness. Within limits I admire richness in others, though I find it difficult to digest in quantity. I can read one page of Ruskin with delight, but twenty only with weariness. The rolling period, the stately epithet, the noun rich in poetic associations, the subordinate clauses that give the sentence weight and magnificence, the grandeur like that of wave following wave in the open sea; there is no doubt that in all this there is something inspiring. Words thus strung together fall on the ear like music.

The appeal is sensuous rather than intellectual, and the beauty of the sound leads you easily to conclude that you need not bother about the meaning. But words are tyrannical things, they exist for their meanings, and if you will not pay attention to these, you cannot pay attention at all. Your mind wanders. This kind of writing demands a subject that will suit it. It is surely out of place to write in the grand style of inconsiderable things. No one wrote in this manner with greater success than Sir Thomas Browne, but even he did not always escape this pitfall. In the last chapter of *Hydriotaphia* the matter, which is the destiny of man, wonderfully fits the baroque splendour of the language, and here the Norwich doctor produced a piece of prose that has never been surpassed in our literature; but when he describes the finding of his urns in the same splendid manner the effect (at least to my taste) is less happy. When a modern writer is grandiloquent to tell you whether or no a little trollop shall hop into bed with a commonplace young man you are right to be disgusted.

But if richness needs gifts with which everyone is not endowed, simplicity by no means comes by nature. To achieve it needs rigid discipline. So far as I know ours is the only language in which it has been found necessary to give a name to the piece of prose which is described as the purple patch; it would not have been necessary to do so unless it were characteristic. English prose is elaborate rather than simple. It was not always so. Nothing could be more racy, straightforward and alive than the prose of Shakespeare; but it must be remembered that this was dialogue written to be spoken. We do not know how he would have written if like Corneille he had composed prefaces to his plays. It may be that they would have been as euphuistic as the letters of Queen Elizabeth. But earlier prose, the prose of Sir Thomas More, for instance, is neither ponderous, flowery nor oratorical. It smacks of the English soil. To my mind King James's Bible has been a very harmful influence on English prose. I am not so stupid as to deny its great beauty. It is majestical. But the Bible is an oriental book. Its alien imagery has nothing to do with us. Those hyperboles, those luscious metaphors, are foreign to our genius. I cannot but think that not the least of the misfortunes that the Secession from Rome brought upon the spiritual life of our country is that this work for so long a period became the daily, and with many the only, reading of our people. Those rhythms, that powerful vocabulary, that grandiloquence, became part and parcel of the national sensibility. The plain, honest English speech was overwhelmed with ornament. Blunt Englishmen twisted their tongues to speak like Hebrew prophets. There was evidently something in the English temper to which this was congenial, perhaps a native lack of precision in thought, perhaps a naïve delight in fine words for their own sake, an innate eccentricity and love of embroidery, I do not know;

but the fact remains that ever since, English prose has had to struggle against the tendency to luxuriance. When from time to time the spirit of the language has reasserted itself, as it did with Dryden and the writers of Queen Anne, it was only to be submerged once more by the pomposities of Gibbon and Dr. Johnson. When English prose recovered simplicity with Hazlitt, the Shelley of the letters and Charles Lamb at his best, it lost it again with De Quincey, Carlyle, Meredith and Walter Pater. It is obvious that the grand style is more striking than the plain. Indeed many people think that a style that does not attract notice is not style. They will admire Walter Pater's, but will read an essay by Matthew Arnold without giving a moment's attention to the elegance, distinction and sobriety with which he set down what he had to say.

The dictum that the style is the man is well known. It is one of those aphorisms that say too much to mean a great deal. Where is the man in Goethe, in his birdlike lyrics or in his clumsy prose? And Hazlitt? But I suppose that if a man has a confused mind he will write in a confused way, if his temper is capricious his prose will be fantastical, and if he has a quick, darting intelligence that is reminded by the matter in hand of a hundred things he will, unless he has great self-control, load his pages with metaphor and simile. There is a great difference between the magniloquence of the Jacobean writers, who were intoxicated with the new wealth that had lately been brought into the language, and the turgidity of Gibbon and Dr. Johnson, who were the victims of bad theories. I can read every word that Dr. Johnson wrote with delight, for he had good sense, charm and wit. No one could have written better if he had not wilfully set himself to write in the grand style. He knew good English when he saw it. No critic has praised Dryden's prose more aptly. He said of him that he appeared to have no art other than that of expressing with clearness what he thought with vigour. And one of his Lives he finished with the words: "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." But when he himself sat down to write it was with a very different aim. He mistook the orotund for the dignified. He had not the good breeding to see that simplicity and naturalness are the truest marks of distinction.

For to write good prose is an affair of good manners. It is, unlike verse, a civil art. Poetry is baroque. Baroque is tragic, massive and mystical. It is elemental. It demands depth and insight. I cannot but feel that the prose writers of the baroque period, the authors of King James's Bible, Sir Thomas Browne, Glanville, were poets who had lost their way. Prose is a rococo art. It needs taste rather than power, decorum rather than inspiration and vigour rather than grandeur. Form for the poet is the bit and the bridle without

which (unless you are an acrobat) you cannot ride your horse; but for the writer of prose it is the chassis without which your car does not exist. It is not an accident that the best prose was written when rococo with its elegance and moderation, at its birth attained its greatest excellence. For rococo was evolved when baroque had become declamatory and the world, tired of the stupendous, asked for restraint. It was the natural expression of persons who valued a civilized life. Humour, tolerance and horse sense made the great tragic issues that had preoccupied the first half of the seventeenth century seem excessive. The world was a more comfortable place to live in and perhaps for the first time in centuries the cultivated classes could sit back and enjoy their leisure. It has been said that good prose should resemble the conversation of a well-bred man. Conversation is only possible when men's minds are free from pressing anxieties. Their lives must be reasonably secure and they must have no grave concern about their souls. They must attach importance to the refinements of civilization. They must value courtesy, they must pay attention to their persons (and have we not also been told that good prose should be like the clothes of a well-dressed man, appropriate but unobtrusive?), they must fear to bore, they must be neither flippant nor solemn, but always apt; and they must look upon "enthusiasm" with a critical glance. This is a soil very suitable for prose. It is not to be wondered at that it gave a fitting opportunity for the appearance of the best writer of prose that our modern world has seen, Voltaire. The writers of English, perhaps owing to the poetic nature of the language, have seldom reached the excellence that seems to have come so naturally to him. It is in so far as they have approached the ease, sobriety and precision of the great French masters that they are admirable.

WHETHER YOU ASCRIBE importance to euphony, the last of the three characteristics that I mentioned, must depend on the sensitiveness of your ear. A great many readers, and many admirable writers, are devoid of this quality. Poets as we know have always made a great use of alliteration. They are persuaded that the repetition of a sound gives an effect of beauty. I do not think it does so in prose. It seems to me that in prose alliteration should be used only for a special reason; when used by accident it falls on the ear very disagreeably. But its accidental use is so common that one can only suppose that the sound of it is not universally offensive. Many writers without distress will put two rhyming words together, join a monstrous long adjective to a monstrous long noun, or between the end of one word and the beginning of another have a conjunction of consonants that almost breaks your jaw. These are trivial and obvious instances. I mention them only to prove that if careful writers can do such things it is only

because they have no ear. Words have weight, sound and appearance; it is only by considering these that you can write a sentence that is good to look at and good to listen to.

I have read many books on English prose, but have found it hard to profit by them; for the most part they are vague, unduly theoretical, and often scolding. But you cannot say this of Fowler's Dictionary of Modern English Usage. It is a valuable work. I do not think anyone writes so well that he cannot learn much from it. It is lively reading. Fowler liked simplicity, straightforwardness and common sense. He had no patience with pretentiousness. He had a sound feeling that idiom was the backbone of a language and he was all for the racy phrase. He was no slavish admirer of logic and was willing enough to give usage right of way through the exact demesnes of grammar. English grammar is very difficult and few writers have avoided making mistakes in it. So heedful a writer as Henry James, for instance, on occasion wrote so ungrammatically that a schoolmaster, finding such errors in a schoolboy's essay, would be justly indignant. It is necessary to know grammar, and it is better to write grammatically than not, but it is well to remember that grammar is common speech formulated. Usage is the only test. I would prefer a phrase that was easy and unaffected to a phrase that was grammatical. One of the differences between French and English is that in French you can be grammatical with complete naturalness, but in English not invariably. It is a difficulty in writing English that the sound of the living voice dominates the look of the printed word. I have given the matter of style a great deal of thought and have taken great pains. I have written few pages that I feel I could not improve and far too many that I have left with dissatisfaction because, try as I would, I could do no better. I cannot say of myself what Johnson said of Pope: "He never passed a fault unamended by indifference, nor quitted it by despair." I do not write as I want to; I write as I can.

But Fowler had no ear. He did not see that simplicity may sometimes make concessions to euphony. I do not think a far-fetched, an archaic or even an affected word is out of place when it sounds better than the blunt, obvious one or when it gives a sentence a better balance. But, I hasten to add, though I think you may without misgiving make this concession to pleasant sound, I think you should make none to what may obscure your meaning. Anything is better than not to write clearly. There is nothing to be said against lucidity, and against simplicity only the possibility of dryness. This is a risk that is well worth taking when you reflect how much better it is to be bald than to wear a curly wig. But there is in euphony a danger that must be considered. It is very likely to be monotonous. When George

Moore began to write, his style was poor; it gave you the impression that he wrote on wrapping paper with a blunt pencil. But he developed gradually a very musical English. He learnt to write sentences that fall away on the ear with a misty languor and it delighted him so much that he could never have enough of it. He did not escape monotony. It is like the sound of water lapping a shingly beach, so soothing that you presently cease to be sensible of it. It is so mellifluous that you hanker for some harshness, for an abrupt dissonance, that will interrupt the silky concord. I do not know how one can guard against this. I suppose the best chance is to have a more lively faculty of boredom than one's readers so that one is wearied before they are. One must always be on the watch for mannerisms and when certain cadences come too easily to the pen ask oneself whether they have not become mechanical. It is very hard to discover the exact point where the idiom one has formed to express oneself has lost its tang. As Dr. Johnson said: "He that has once studiously formed a style, rarely writes afterwards with complete ease." Admirably as I think Matthew Arnold's style was suited to his particular purposes, I must admit that his mannerisms are often irritating. His style was an instrument that he had forged once for all; it was not like the human hand capable of performing a variety of actions.

If you could write lucidly, simply, euphoniously and yet with liveliness you would write perfectly: you would write like Voltaire. And yet we know how fatal the pursuit of liveliness may be: it may result in the tiresome acrobatics of Meredith. Macaulay and Carlyle were in their different ways arresting; but at the heavy cost of naturalness. Their flashy effects distract the mind. They destroy their persuasiveness; you would not believe a man was very intent on ploughing a furrow if he carried a hoop with him and jumped through it at every other step. A good style should show no sign of effort. What is written should seem a happy accident. I think no one in France now writes more admirably than Colette, and such is the ease of her expression that you cannot bring yourself to believe that she takes any trouble over it. I am told that there are pianists who have a natural technique so that they can play in a manner that most executants can achieve only as the result of unremitting toil, and I am willing to believe that there are writers who are equally fortunate. Among them I was much inclined to place Colette. I asked her. I was exceedingly surprised to hear that she wrote everything over and over again. She told me that she would often spend a whole morning working upon a single page. But it does not matter how one gets the effect of ease. For my part, if I get it at all, it is only by strenuous effort. Nature seldom provides me with the word, the turn of phrase, that is appropriate without being far-fetched or commonplace.

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

THE six writers of this section draw on their own experiences for their discussion of some important questions regarding literature and the arts. First H. L. Mencken describes his early formative experiences as a reader. The following three writers are concerned in part with attitudes toward literature and the arts. Sylvia Wright is concerned with the attitudes of the general public. Art, she argues, is not susceptible of statistical analysis or of secondhand explanation. Politicians, propagandists, all of us, must let art speak for itself. William Faulkner is concerned with the attitudes of the artist. The writer, he feels, must not be content simply to report but must "help man endure by lifting his heart." Theodore Morrison is concerned with the attitudes of the critics. His "story" shows a series of critics each making his approach to a particular work of art—a poem. Implicit in the selections by Faulkner and Morrison are ideas about the nature of literature. In the two articles which follow, Aaron Copland, a composer, describes the process involved in creating music and Alfred H. Barr, Jr., discusses the problem of understanding and appreciating modern painting.

H. L. MENCKEN Larval stage of a bookworm

A personal discovery

THE FIRST LONG STORY I ever read was "The Moose Hunters," a tale of the adventures of four half-grown boys in the woods of Maine, published in *Chatterbox* for 1887. *Chatterbox*, which now seems to be pretty well forgotten, was an English annual that had a large sale, in those days, in the American colonies, and "The Moose Hunters" seems to have been printed as a sort of sop or compliment to that trade, just as an English novelist of today lards his narrative with such cheery native bait as "waal, pardner," "you betcha" and "geminy-crickets." The rest of the 1887 issue was made up of intensely English stuff; indeed, it was so English that, reading it and looking at the woodcuts, I sucked in an immense mass of useless information about English history and the English scene, so that to this day I know more about Henry VIII and Lincoln Cathedral than I know about Millard Fillmore or the Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City.

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"The Moose Hunters," which ran to the length of a full-length juvenile, was not printed in one gob, but spread through *Chatterbox* in installments. This was an excellent device, for literary fans in the youngest brackets do their reading slowly and painfully, and like to come up frequently for air. But writing down to them is something else again, and that error the anonymous author of "The Moose Hunters" avoided diligently. Instead, he wrote in the best journalese of the era, and treated his sixteen-year-old heroes precisely as if they were grown men. So I liked his story very much, and stuck to it until, in a series of perhaps twenty sessions, I had got it down.

This was in the Summer of 1888 and during hot weather, for I remember sitting with the volume on the high marble front steps of our house in Hollins street, in the quiet of approaching dusk, and hearing my mother's warnings that reading by failing light would ruin my eyes. The neighborhood apprentices to gang life went howling up and down the sidewalk, trying to lure me into their games of follow-your-leader and run-sheep-run, but I was not to be lured, for I had discovered a new realm of being and a new and powerful enchantment. What was follow-your-leader to fighting savage Canucks on the Little Magalloway river, and what was chasing imaginary sheep to shooting real meese? I was near the end of the story, with the Canucks all beaten off and two carcasses of gigantic meese hanging to trees, before the author made it clear to me that the word *moose* had no plural, but remained unchanged *ad infinitum*.

Such discoveries give a boy a considerable thrill, and augment his sense of dignity. It is no light matter, at eight, to penetrate suddenly to the difference between *to*, *two* and *too*, or to that between *run* in baseball and *run* in topographical science, or *cats* and *Katz*. The effect is massive and profound, and at least comparable to that which flows, in later life, out of filling a royal flush or debauching the wife of a major-general of cavalry. I must have made some effort to read *Chatterbox* at the time my Grandmother Mencken gave it to me, which was at Christmas, 1887, but for a while it was no go. I could spell out the shorter pieces at the bottoms of columns, but the longer stories were only jumbles of strange and baffling words. But then, as if by miracle, I found suddenly that I could read them, so I tackled "The Moose Hunters" at once, and stuck to it to the end. There were still, of course, many hard words, but they were no longer insurmountable obstacles. If I staggered and stumbled somewhat, I nevertheless hung on, and by the Fourth of July, 1888, I had blooded my first book.

An interval of rough hunting followed in Hollins street and the adjacent alleys, with imaginary Indians, robbers and sheep and very real tomcats as the quarry. Also, I was introduced to chewing tobacco by the garbageman, who passed me his plug as I lay on the roof of the ash-shed at the end of

the backyard, watching him at his public-spirited work. If he expected me to roll off the roof, clutching at my midriff, he was fooled, for I managed to hold on until he was out of sight, and I was only faintly dizzy even then. Again, I applied myself diligently to practicing leap-frog with my brother Charlie, and to mastering the rules of top-spinning, catty and one-two-three. I recall well how it impressed me to learn that, by boys' law, every new top had to have a license burned into it with a red-hot nail, and that no strange boy on the prowl for loot, however black-hearted, would venture to grab a top so marked. That discovery gave me a sense of the majesty of the law which still sustains me, and I always take off my hat when I meet a judge—if, of course, it is in any place where a judge is not afraid to have his office known.

But pretty soon I was again feeling the powerful suction of beautiful letters—so strange, so thrilling, and so curiously suggestive of the later suction of amour—, and before Christmas I was sweating through the translation of Grimms' Fairy Tales that had been bestowed upon me, "for industry and good deportment," at the closing exercises of F. Knapp's Institute on June 28. This volume had been put into lame, almost pathological English by a lady translator, and my struggles with it awoke in me the first faint gutterings of the critical faculty. Just what was wrong with it I couldn't, of course, make out, for my gifts had not yet flowered, but I was acutely and unhappily conscious that it was much harder going than "The Moose Hunters," and after a month or so of unpleasantly wrestling with it I put it on the shelf. There it remained for more than fifty years. Indeed, it was not until the appearance of "Snow White" as a movie that I took it down and tried it again, and gagged at it again.

The second experiment convinced me that the fault, back in 1888, must have been that of either the brothers Grimm or their lady translator, but I should add that there was also some apparent resistant within my own psyche. I was born, in truth, without any natural taste for fairy tales, or, indeed, for any other writing of a fanciful and unearthly character. The fact explains, I suppose, my lifelong distrust of poetry, and may help to account for my inability to memorize even a few stanzas of it at school. It probably failed to stick in my mind simply because my mind rejected it as nonsense —sometimes, to be sure, very jingly and juicy nonsense, but still only nonsense. No doubt the same infirmity was responsible for the feebleness of my appetite for the hortatory and incredible juvenile fiction fashionable in my nonage—the endless works of Oliver Optic, Horatio Alger, Harry Castlemon and so on. I tried this fiction more than once, for some of the boys I knew admired it vastly, but I always ran aground in it. So far as I can recall, I never read a single volume of it to the end, and most of it finished me in a few pages.

What I disliked about it I couldn't have told you then, and I can account for my aversion even now only on the theory that I appear to have come into the world with a highly literal mind, geared well enough to take in overt (and usually unpleasant) facts, but very ill adapted to engulfing the pearls of the imagination. All such pearls tend to get entangled in my mental *vibrissae*, and the effort to engulf them is as disagreeable to me as listening to a sermon or reading an editorial in a second-rate (or even first-rate) newspaper. I was a grown man, and far gone in sin, before I ever brought myself to tackle "Alice in Wonderland," and even then I made some big skips, and wondered sadly how and why such feeble jocosity had got so high a reputation. I am willing to grant that it must be a masterpiece, as my betters allege—but not to *my* taste, not for *me*. To the present moment I can't tell you what is in any of the other juvenile best-sellers of my youth, of moral and sociological hallucination all compact, just as I can't tell you what is in the Bhagavad-Gita (which Will Levington Comfort urged me to read in 1912 or thereabout), or in the works of Martin Tupper, or in the report of Vassar Female College for 1865. I tried dime-novels once, encouraged by a boy who aspired to be a train-robber, but they only made me laugh. At a later time, discovering the pseudo-scientific marvels of Jules Verne, I read his whole canon, and I recall also sweating through a serial in a boys' weekly called *Golden Days*, but this last dealt likewise with *savants* and their prodigies, and was no more a juvenile, as juveniles were then understood, than "Ten Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."

But before you set me down a prig, let me tell you the rest of it. That rest of it is my discovery of "Huckleberry Finn," probably the most stupendous event of my whole life. The time was the early part of 1889, and I wandered into Paradise by a kind of accident. Itching to exercise my newly acquired art of reading, and with "The Moose Hunters" exhausted and Grimms' Fairy Tales playing me false, I began exploring the house for print. The Baltimore *Sunpaper* and *Evening News*, which came in daily, stumped me sadly, for they were full of political diatribes in the fashion of the time, and I knew no more about politics than a chimpanzee. My mother's long file of *Godey's Lady's Book* and her new but growing file of the *Ladies' Home Journal* were worse, for they dealt gloomily with cooking, etiquette, the policing of children, and the design and construction of millinery, all of them sciences that still baffle me. Nor was there any pabulum for me in the hired girl's dog's-eared files of *Bow Bells* and the *Fireside Companion*, the first with its ghastly woodcuts of English milkmaids in bustles skedaddling from concupiscent baronets in frock-coats and corkscrew mustaches. So I gradually oscillated, almost in despair, toward the old-fashioned secretary in the sitting-room, the upper works of which were full of dismal volumes in the black cloth and gilt stamping of the era. I had often eyed them from afar, wonder-

ing how long it would be before I would be ripe enough to explore them. Now I climbed up on a chair, and began to take them down.

They had been assembled by my father, whose taste for literature in its purer states was of generally low order of visibility. Had he lived into the days of my practice as a literary critic, I daresay he would have been affected almost as unpleasantly as if I had turned out a clergyman, or a circus clown, or a labor leader. He read every evening after dinner, but it was chiefly newspapers that he read, for the era was one of red-hot politics, and he was convinced that the country was going to Hell. Now and then he took up a book, but I found out long afterward that it was usually some pamphlet on the insoluble issues of the hour, say "Looking Backward," or "If Christ Came to Chicago," or "Life Among the Mormons." These works disquieted him, and he naturally withheld them from his innocent first-born. Moreover, he was still unaware that I could read—that is, fluently, glibly, as a pleasure rather than a chore, in the manner of grown-ups.

Nevertheless, he had managed somehow to bring together a far from contemptible collection of books, ranging from a set of Chambers' Encyclopedia in five volumes, bound in leather like the Revised Statutes, down to "Atlantis: the Antediluvian World," by Ignatius Donnelly, and "Around the World in the Yacht *Sunbeam*." It included a two-volume folio of Shakespeare in embossed morocco, with fifty-odd steel plates, that had been taken to the field in the Civil War by "William H. Abercrombie, 1st Lieut. Company H, 6th Regiment, Md. Vol. Inftr.," and showed a corresponding dilapidation. Who this gallant officer was I don't know, or whether he survived the carnage, or how his cherished text of the Bard ever fell into my father's hands. Also, there were Dickens in three thick volumes, George Eliot in three more, and William Carleton's Irish novels in a third three. Again, there were "Our Living World," by the Rev. J. G. Woods; "A History of the War For the Union," by E. A. Duyckinck; "Our Country," by Benson J. Lossing, LL.D., and "A Pictorial History of the World's Great Nations From the Earliest Dates to the Present Time," by Charlotte M. Yonge—all of them likewise in threes, folio, with lavish illustrations on steel, stone and wood, and smelling heavily of the book-agent. Finally, there were forty or fifty miscellaneous books, among them, as I recall, "Peculiarities of American Cities," by Captain Willard Glazier; "Our Native Land," by George T. Ferris; "A Compendium of Forms," by one Glaskell; "Adventures Among Cannibals" (with horrible pictures of missionaries being roasted, boiled and fried), "Uncle Remus," "Ben Hur," "Peck's Bad Boy," "The Adventures of Baron Münchhausen," "One Thousand Proofs That the Earth Is Not a Globe" (by a forgotten Baltimore advanced thinker named Carpenter), and a deadly-looking

"History of Freemasonry in Maryland," by Brother Edward T. Schultz, 32°, in five coal-black volumes.

I leave the best to the last. All of the above, on my first exploration, repelled and alarmed me; indeed, I have never read some of them to this day. But among them, thumbing round, I found a series of eight or ten volumes cheek by jowl, and it appeared on investigation that the whole lot had been written by a man named Mark Twain. I had heard my father mention this gentleman once or twice in talking to my mother, but I had no idea who he was or what he had done: he might have been, for all I knew, a bartender, a baseball-player, or one of the boozy politicoes my father was always meeting in Washington. But here was evidence that he was a man who wrote books, and I noted at once that the pictures in those books were not of the usual funereal character, but light, loose and lively. So I proceeded with my inquiry, and in a little while I had taken down one of them, a green quarto, sneaked it to my bedroom, and stretched out on my bed to look into it. It was, as smarties will have guessed by now, "Huckleberry Finn."

If I undertook to tell you the effect it had upon me my talk would sound frantic, and even delirious. Its impact was genuinely terrific. I had not gone further than the first incomparable chapter before I realized, child though I was, that I had entered a domain of new and gorgeous wonders, and thereafter I pressed on steadily to the last word. My gait, of course, was still slow, but it became steadily faster as I proceeded. As the blurbs on the slip-covers of murder mysteries say, I simply couldn't put the book down. After dinner that evening, braving a possible uproar, I took it into the family sitting-room, and resumed it while my father searched the *Evening News* hopefully for reports of the arrest, clubbing and hanging of labor leaders. Anon, he noticed what I was at, and demanded to know the name of the book I was reading. When I held up the green volume his comment was "Well, I'll be durned!"

I sensed instantly that there was no reproof in this, but a kind of shy rejoicing. Then he told me that he had once been a great reader of Mark Twain himself—in his younger days. He had got hold of all the volumes as they came out—"The Innocents" in 1869, when he was still a boy himself; "Roughing It" in 1872, "The Gilded Age" in 1873, "Tom Sawyer" in 1876, "A Tramp Abroad" in 1880, the year of my birth, and so on down to date. (All these far from pristine firsts are still in the Biblioteca Menckeniana in Hollins street, minus a few that were lent to neighbor boys and never returned, and had to be replaced.) My father read them in the halcyon days before children, labor troubles and Grover Cleveland had begun to frazzle him, and he still got them down from the shelf on quiet evenings, after the

first-named were packed off to bed. But a man of advancing years and cares had to consider also the sorrows of the world, and so he read in Mark less than aforetime.

As for me, I proceeded to take the whole canon at a gulp—and presently gagged distressfully. "Huckleberry Finn," of course, was as transparent to a boy of eight as to a man of eighty, and almost as pungent and exhilarating, but there were passages in "A Tramp Abroad" that baffled me, and many more in "The Innocents," and a whole swarm in "A Gilded Age." I well recall wrestling with the woodcut by W. F. Brown on page 113 of the "Tramp." It shows five little German girls swinging on a heavy chain stretched between two stone posts on a street in Heilbronn, and the legend under it is "Generations of Bare Feet." That legend is silly, for all the girls have shoes on, but what puzzled me about it was something quite different. It was a confusion between the word *generation* and the word *federation*, which latter was often in my father's speech in those days, for the American Federation of Labor had got under way only a few years before, and was just beginning in earnest to harass and alarm employers. Why I didn't consult the dictionary (or my mother, or my father himself) I simply can't tell you. At eight or nine, I suppose, intelligence is no more than a small spot of light on the floor of a large and murky room. So instead of seeking help I passed on, wondering idiotically what possible relation there could be between a gang of little girls in pigtails and the Haymarket anarchists, and it was six or seven years later before the "Tramp" became clear to me, and began to delight me.

It then had the curious effect of generating in me both a great interest in Germany and a vast contempt for the German language. I was already aware, of course, that the Mencken family was of German origin, for my Grandfather Mencken, in his care for me as *Stammhalter*, did not neglect to describe eloquently its past glories at the German universities, and to expound its connections to the most remote degrees. But my father, who was only half German, had no apparent interest in either the German land or its people, and when he spoke of the latter at all, which was not often, it was usually in sniffish terms. He never visited Germany, and never signified any desire to do so, though I recall my mother suggesting, more than once, that a trip there would be swell. It was "A Tramp Abroad" that made me German-conscious, and I still believe that it is the best guidebook to Germany ever written. Today, of course, it is archaic, but it was still reliable down to 1910, when I made my own first trip. The uproarious essay on "The Awful German Language," which appears at the end of it as an appendix, worked the other way. That is to say, it confirmed my growing feeling, born of my struggles with the conjugations and declensions taught at F.

Knapp's Institute, that German was an irrational and even insane tongue, and not worth the sufferings of a freeborn American. These diverse impressions have continued with me ever since. I am still convinced that Germany, in the intervals of peace, is the most pleasant country to travel in ever heard of, and I am still convinced that the German language is of a generally preposterous and malignant character.

"Huck," of course, was my favorite, and I read it over and over. In fact, I read it regularly not less than annually down to my forties, and only a few months ago I hauled it out and read it once more—and found it as magnificent as ever.

SYLVIA WRIGHT Self-consciousness, culture, and the Carthaginians

DURING the war, when writers in the Office of War Information had to explain the difficulties of supplying our armies, they used the following statistic: "It takes one ton of equipment to land an American soldier in the European battle zone, and seven tons a month to keep him fighting."

This compact and handy fact soon came so trippingly from various typewriters that one editor used to comment somberly, "Here comes old one-ton-seven-tons again." Old one-ton-seven-tons was one of many, including "One-third of America's manpower is woman power" (war production) and "From Guadalcanal to Tokyo is six times the distance from Paris to Berlin."

In recent months I have been working for the State Department as an editor of a booklet called *The Arts in the United States,* for distribution overseas under the information program. Again I tapped a mine of neat, self-contained facts that come easily to the typewriter—this time not about war but about American culture. In the field of music, for example: "Since 1936, there has been an enormous increase in the number of summer music schools and music festivals in the United States." (I am ashamed to say that the word "burgeon" often creeps in.) "During twenty years at the Eastman School Festival of American Music, 900 orchestral works by more than 400 American composers have been played."

The elemental and classic quote in this galaxy was used by Frederick Lewis Allen in an article called "The Spirit of the Times" in the July issue

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of *Harper's:* "In 1900 there were only a handful of symphony orchestras in the country; by May 1951 there were 659 'symphonic groups'—including 52 professional, 343 community, 231 college, and a scattering of miscellaneous amateur groups. Fifteen hundred American cities and towns now support annual series of concerts."

I could give you similar meaningful facts about American literature, painting, and the other arts.

If you write propaganda you need facts like these, and it can't be helped if they become clichés. It can't be helped either if things are always entering the main stream of American culture or some American art form is always coming of age. American literature has come of age at least four separate times—which reminds me again of the old OWI, where there were four different turning points for the Second World War.

In putting together a booklet on the arts in the United States, the Division of Publications of the State Department was moved by the worthy ambition of correcting some false impressions and convincing the outside world that we *are* a cultured people—traditional European belief, the wails of our avant-garde, and the general appearance of things to the contrary notwithstanding. What more natural than to describe an increasing interest in the arts all over the country, the huge new audience for classic ballet, the new audience for artistic films, and even, on the basis of Gian-Carlo Menotti's television opera "Amahl and the Night Visitors," to hold out hope for television as the source of a huge new audience for opera?

This is the "659-symphonic-groups" approach to American culture. I think it's just, it's dignified, it's worthy, and I don't like it.

At one point when my colleagues and I despaired of producing a booklet that would be anything but boring in the face of this approach, we decided to be Frenchmen producing a propaganda booklet on the arts in France. It was a breeze. Outside pressure prevented us from arriving at a complete table of contents, but it contained something like the following: at least one article on the philosophy of fashion; a hitherto unpublished and startling set of limericks from recently unearthed notebooks of a late great French savant; a lyrically written article called "The Morality of Evil," on the beauty of early morning in the red-light district of Paris (this was composed by a new fifteen-year-old writer in the jail where he was serving a term for peddling dope and was illustrated by Brassai or Cartier-Bresson photographs); somewhere in the book there was, of course, a full-page photograph of Jean Cocteau's hands; the lead article, by Sartre and entitled *"L'Etre, ce n'est pas moi,"* announced that Sartre had ceased to exist and was therefore repudiating existentialism.

You see what I mean. There were no statistics, nothing about how the population loved art, nothing about little orchestras sawing away in re-

mote *départements.* The French booklet took for granted that France had culture and dealt with specific products—the work of artists.

Mr. Allen of *Harper's,* like the State Department, prefers the symphonic approach. He takes a comparison from the late President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard between the civilization of Greece, which influenced the whole world because the Greeks respected learning, philosophy, and the arts, and Carthage, which had no influence at all because its civilization was purely commercial. Mr. Allen sets out to prove that the United States is not a Carthage, that although we are not as religious as our ancestors, we have a new sort of morality that is not entirely to be sneezed at, and that many of us Americans are constantly busy with cultural activities of all kinds.

Now, about the Carthaginians. They were deeply religious in their own peculiar way—probably more so than we are—and there were a number of well-educated and able Carthaginians like Hannibal. But as a whole they concentrated their energy on trading all over the Mediterranean, and their education, designed to promote money-making, emphasized handwriting, arithmetic, and bookkeeping. In short, they had no culture.

But the real reason Carthage made little mark on history is not that the Carthaginians were a money-grubbing lot, but that in seven hundred years they produced only three or four good writers—and the magnum opus of one of these was a twenty-eight-volume work on animal husbandry. My own hunch is that most of the people who could write spent their time turning out propaganda pamphlets for the Romans, the Libyans, and the Numidians: "It takes one elephant to get a Carthaginian soldier to Italy, and seven elephants a month to keep him fighting"; "Carthaginians attend at least three hundred lectures on cultural subjects every year"; "Fifty thousand Carthaginians study the lyre and the flute"; "Although respect for the gods isn't as great as it was in the time of Hanno, still, during the past year twenty-seven new temples were built and four thousand aristocratic children under the age of six were sacrificed to Moloch."

The Roman reaction to this kind of thing was to announce at regular intervals that Carthage must be destroyed.

Leaving the Carthaginians out of it, it is something new to describe a country's civilization in terms of the number of people engaged in cultural activities. I've never heard how many Elizabethans sang in amateur madrigal groups or put on experimental masques in small community theaters all over England. When I went to college, we learned about the great artists of the Elizabethan period. We did hear that Shakespeare always drew large audiences, but I don't remember figures on the study groups of farmers and workers who met to discuss the plays. In fact, from some of the descriptions, Shakespeare's audiences sound pretty uncultured.

How do you determine how cultured a population at large is, and who cares? Worrying about your culture is dangerous: You can get sacred and mystical, and then you are in the soup. (See Germany.) The only other country I can think of which gets so upset about its culture is the Soviet Union, where, as various commentators have pointed out, everyone rushes to clean up washrooms, speak politely, and produce more tanks if his behavior is criticized as "*nyet kulturni.*" I could make out an argument (but I won't) that in emphasizing our culture, the State Department is being un-American.

In a thousand or two thousand or three thousand years, what historian of civilization will care that we played in 659 "symphonic groups," in one year, bought 231 million pocket books (including 350,000 copies of the Odyssey), and visited art museums fifty million strong, if he possesses one recording of *Appalachian Spring,* one copy of *The Wild Palms,* a Cummings poem, or a Marin water color?

Propaganda writers are supposed to project American democracy, so perhaps it is natural that they should talk about the arts in terms of the largest group of people involved—the audience. But this is like talking about swimming the English Channel in terms of the number of minnows frightened by the swimmer. Art has nothing to do with large groups of people. It is lonely, ruthless, and ademocratic. We have a tradition that any American boy can be President. We should call a halt before we find ourselves believing that any American boy can be Hemingway. One is plenty.

But it is true that if he is called on to talk about the artists themselves, the propaganda writer is in trouble. "What are their politics?" demands a Congressman or one of the several security agencies set up to screen material before it gets to the point where Congress can leap on it. While those Congressmen who get artists—particularly abstract ones—mixed up with Communists are relatively few, their influence, which is out of all proportion to their number, permeates the minds of government workers with doubt and fear, and forces them to confine American art to those artists who have never signed a petition, made an ill-advised statement, written an ill-advised letter to the newspapers, or loved a doubtful friend.

Artists who have never done any of these things are either half dead or wholly dead, in which case they are considered O.K. to write about. For example, it is much easier to compose a State Department booklet on American painting of the nineteenth century than that of the twentieth. Thomas Eakins never had a chance to belong to an organization on the Attorney General's list, or Albert Ryder to sign a petition for sending aid to Loyalist Spain. The mind boggles at what Whitman, if he were alive today, might have involved himself in. But he's dead, so he can be the father of modern American poetry. It is obvious why propaganda writers head for those

"symphonic groups" like homing pigeons. (Query from the State Department editor: "Could you change the pigeons? In translation, it might come out as a reference to That Dove.")

But in the end even the Congressman will not be soothed or enlightened by reading about how cultured we are as a nation. If you give him statistics, he will say, "Fine, we have all the culture Europe has, and we have a lot of other things besides." He will be quite happy until he hears the community symphonic group playing something by Henry Cowell or John Cage, and then he will start looking up the conductor in a list of subversives. All that can be done about him is to throw as much straight art as possible at him. In time he may realize that it is profoundly more subversive than even he thought, but perhaps he will also realize that in a free country it doesn't matter.

When I suggest that we should talk more about our artists and less about our cultured population, it is clear that I think our artists are doing all right, and that some of them are superb. A good many better-qualified people don't agree. Artists today in America, they say, are in despair. The gilt is off the gingerbread and there is no God. Well, artists are frequently in despair, usually because they can't get on with the next chapter, and a cheery, cultured attitude on the part of the rest of the population isn't going to make them do anything but snarl. Besides, while despair may not be a fruitful state for a non-artist, it can be fruitful for an artist, who must know as much as possible about all emotions.

The strongest argument against what I am saying is that a cultured population is important because it is the seed bed for artists. A learned and brilliant case could be made for this, but I am not sure that it is valid. Many critics have outlined the conditions under which art can and does blossom. Yet the arrival of an artist remains something unpredictable. He is an inexplicable and unexpected gift of God, a man of unusual talent and insight, of course, but, perhaps more important, of unusual energy, for this makes him able to carry through the most heartbreakingly difficult work in the world. Symphonic groups cannot distract him nor mass culture harm, for he is looking in another direction, into himself for the thing which is peculiarly his and which he must draw painfully up, like a heavy anchor out of a sea fathoms deep. There is no way the rest of us can help him except by leaving him alone, and yet we must ceaselessly hunt him down in order to find out what he has to tell us. In the modern world, there may be no God visible, but if He is here, the artist will see Him.

What the artist produces is particular to his time and place, and yet it is also what all the propaganda writers are looking for and wish were theirs, a true Esperanto, the only language which crosses national boundaries and which can be understood by men in all countries. From it the rest of the

world will learn far more about the United States than from statistics about symphonic groups. Let us export our music, our painting, and our literature and forget about the advertising leaflets and preliminary selling copy. It is both logical and practical to do so, because, being international, our art is the most easily exportable product we manufacture. The thread gauges of art are the same all over the world. Artists use only one system of measurement.

WILLIAM FAULKNER The writer's duty

I FEEL that this award was not made to me as a man but to my work—a life's work in the agony and sweat of the human spirit, not for glory and least of all for profit, but to create out of the materials of the human spirit something which did not exist before. So this award is only mine in trust. It will not be difficult to find a dedication for the money part of it commensurate with the purpose and significance of its origin. But I would like to do the same with the acclaim too, by using this moment as a pinnacle from which I might be listened to by the young men and women already dedicated to the same anguish and travail, among whom is already that one who will someday stand here where I am standing.

Our tragedy today is a general and universal physical fear so long sustained by now that we can even bear it. There are no longer problems of the spirit. There is only the question: When will I be blown up? Because of this, the young man or woman writing today has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself which alone can make good writing because only that is worth writing about, worth the agony and the sweat.

He must learn them again. He must teach himself that the basest of all things is to be afraid; and, teaching himself that, forget it forever, leaving no room in his workshop for anything but the old verities and truths of the heart, the old universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed—love and honor and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice. Until he does so he labors under a curse. He writes not of love but of lust, of defeats in which nobody loses anything of value, of victories without hope and worst of all without pity or compassion. His griefs grieve on no universal bones, leaving no scars. He writes not of the heart but of the glands.

Until he relearns these things he will write as though he stood among and watched the end of man. I decline to accept the end of man. It is easy

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Upon receiving the Nobel Prize, Stockholm, December 10, 1950. Courtesy of Random House, Inc.

enough to say that man is immortal simply because he will endure; th when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the last wortl less rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even thei there will still be one more sound: that of his puny inexhaustible voice, still talking. I refuse to accept this. I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance. The poet's, the writer's, duty is to write about these things. It is his privilege to help man endure by lifting his heart, by reminding him of the courage and honor and hope and pride and compassion and pity and sacrifice which have been the glory of his past. The poet's voice need not merely be the record of man, it can be one of the props, the pillars to help him endure and prevail.

THEODORE MORRISON Dover Beach revisited

Told though it is in the form of a story, this interesting magazine article is in fact a shrewd commentary upon different kinds of literary criticism. Because it is at times less explicit than magazine articles usually are, the reader needs to note particularly its implications.

EARLY IN THE YEAR 1939 a certain Professor of Educational Psychology, occupying a well-paid chair at a large endowed university, conceived a plot. From his desk in the imposing Hall of the Social Sciences where the Research Institute in Education was housed he had long burned with resentment against teachers of literature, especially against English departments. It seemed to him that the professors of English stood square across the path of his major professional ambition. His great desire in life was to introduce into the study, the teaching, the critical evaluation of literature some of the systematic method, some of the "objective procedure" as he liked to call it, some of the certainty of result which he believed to be characteristic of the physical sciences. "You make such a fetish of science," a colleague once said to him, "why aren't you a chemist?"—a question that annoyed him deeply.

If such a poem as Milton's "Lycidas" has a value—and most English teachers, even to-day, would start with that as a cardinal fact—then that value must be measurable and expressible in terms that do not shift and change from moment to moment and person to person with every subjective whim. They would agree, these teachers of literature, these professors of

From *Harper's Magazine*, February 1940. Reprinted by permission of Theodore Morrison.

English, that the value of the poem is in some sense objective; they would never agree to undertake any objective procedure to determine what that value is. They would not clearly define what they meant by achievement in the study of literature, and they bridled and snorted when anyone else attempted to define it. He remembered what had happened when he had once been incautious enough to suggest to a professor of English in his own college that it might be possible to establish norms for the appreciation of Milton. The fellow had simply exploded into a peal of histrionic laughter and then had tried to wither him with an equally histrionic look of incredulity and disgust.

He would like to see what would happen if the teachers of English were forced or lured, by some scheme or other, into a public exposure of their position. It would put them in the light of intellectual charlatanism, nothing less . . . and suddenly Professor Chartly (for so he was nicknamed) began to see his way.

It was a simple plan that popped into his head, simple yet bold and practical. It was a challenge that could not be refused. A strategically placed friend in one of the large educational foundations could be counted on: there would be money for clerical expenses, for travel if need be. He took his pipe from his pocket, filled it, and began to puff exultantly. Tomorrow he must broach the scheme to one or two colleagues; to-night, over cheese and beer, would not be too soon. He reached for the telephone.

The plan that he unfolded to his associates that evening aroused considerable skepticism at first, but gradually they succumbed to his enthusiasm. A number of well-known professors of literature at representative colleges up and down the land would be asked to write a critical evaluation of a poem prominent enough to form part of the standard reading in all large English courses. They would be asked to state the criteria on which they based their judgment. When all the answers had been received the whole dossier would be sent to a moderator, a trusted elder statesman of education, known everywhere for his dignity, liberality of intelligence, and long experience. He would be asked to make a preliminary examination of all the documents and to determine from the point of view of a teacher of literature whether they provided any basis for a common understanding. The moderator would then forward all the documents to Professor Chartly, who would make what in his own mind he was frank to call a more scientific analysis. Then the jaws of the trap would be ready to spring.

Once the conspirators had agreed on their plot their first difficulty came in the choice of a poem. Suffice it to say that someone eventually hit on Arnold's "Dover Beach," and the suggestion withstood all attack. "Dover Beach" was universally known, almost universally praised; it was remote enough so that contemporary jealousies and cults were not seriously in-

volved, yet near enough not to call for any special expertness, historical or linguistic, as a prerequisite for judgment; it was generally given credit for skill as a work of art, yet it contained also, in its author's own phrase, a "criticism of life."

Rapidly in the days following the first meeting the representative teachers were chosen and invited to participate in the plan. Professional courtesy seemed to require the inclusion of an Arnold expert. But the one selected excused himself from producing a value judgment of "Dover Beach" on the ground that he was busy investigating a fresh clue to the identity of "Marguerite." He had evidence that the woman in question, after the episode hinted at in the famous poems, had married her deceased sister's husband, thus perhaps affecting Arnold's views on a social question about which he had said a good deal in his prose writings. The expert pointed out that he had been given a half-year's leave of absence and a research grant to pursue the shadow of Marguerite through Europe, wherever it might lead him. If only war did not break out he hoped to complete this research and solve one of the vexing problems that had always confronted Arnold's biographers. His energies would be too much engaged in this special investigation to deal justly with the more general questions raised by Professor Chartly's invitation. But he asked to be kept informed, since the results of the experiment could not fail to be of interest to him.

After a few hitches and delays from other quarters, the scheme was ripe. The requests were mailed out, and the Professor of Educational Psychology sat back in grim confidence to await the outcome.

II

IT CHANCED that the first of the representative teachers who received and answered Professor Chartly's letter was thought of on his own campus as giving off a distinct though not unpleasant odor of the ivory tower. He would have resented the imputation himself. At forty-five Bradley Dewing was handsome in a somewhat speciously virile style, graying at the temples, but still well-knit and active. He prided himself on being able to beat most of his students at tennis; once a year he would play the third or fourth man on the varsity and go down to creditable defeat with some elegiac phrases on the ravages of time. He thought of himself as a man of the world; it was well for his contentment, which was seldom visibly ruffled, that he never heard the class mimic reproducing at a fraternity house or beer parlor his manner of saying: "After all, gentlemen, it is pure poetry that lasts. We must never forget the staying power of pure art." The class mimic never represents the whole of class opinion, but he can usually make everyone within earshot laugh.

Professor Dewing could remember clearly what his own teachers had said about "Dover Beach" in the days when he was a freshman in college himself, phrases rounded with distant professional unction: faith and doubt in the Victorian era; disturbing influence of Darwin on religious belief; Browning the optimist; Tennyson coming up with firm faith after a long struggle in the waters of doubt; Matthew Arnold, prophet of skepticism. How would "Dover Beach" stack up now as a poem? Pull Arnold down from the shelf and find out.

Ah, yes, how the familiar phrases came back. The sea is calm, the tide is full, the cliffs of England stand. . . . And then the lines he particularly liked:

> Come to the window, sweet is the night air!
> Only, from the long line of spray
> Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
> Listen! you hear the grating roar
> Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
> At their return, up the high strand,
> Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
> With tremulous cadence slow . . .

Good poetry, that! No one could mistake it. Onomatopoeia was a relatively cheap effect most of the time. Poe, for instance: "And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain." Anyone could put a string of s's together and make them rustle. But these lines in "Dover Beach" were different. The onomatopoeia was involved in the whole scene, and it in turn involved the whole rhythmical movement of the verse, not the mere noise made by the consonants or vowels as such. The pauses—only, listen, draw back, fling, begin, cease—how they infused a subdued melancholy into the moonlit panorama at the same time that they gave it the utmost physical reality by suggesting the endless iteration of the waves! And then the phrase "With tremulous cadence slow" coming as yet one more touch, one "fine excess," when it seemed that every phrase and pause the scene could bear had already been lavished on it: that was Miltonic, Virgilian.

But the rest of the poem?

> The Sea of Faith
> Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
> Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd . . .

Of course Arnold had evoked the whole scene only to bring before us this metaphor of faith in its ebb-tide. But that did not save the figure from triteness and from an even more fatal vagueness. Everything in second-rate poetry is compared to the sea: love is as deep, grief as salty, passion as turbulent. The sea may look like a bright girdle sometimes, though Profes-

sor Dewing did not think it particularly impressive to say so. And in what sense is *faith* a bright girdle? Is it the function of faith to embrace, to bind, to hold up a petticoat, or what? And what is the faith that Arnold has in mind? The poet evokes no precise concept of it. He throws us the simple undifferentiated word, unites its loose emotional connotations with those of the sea, and leaves the whole matter there. And the concluding figure of "Dover Beach":

> . . . we are here as on a darkling plain
> Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
> Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Splendid in itself, this memorable image. But the sea had been forgotten now; the darkling plain had displaced the figure from which the whole poem tacitly promised to evolve. It would not have been so if John Donne had been the craftsman. A single bold yet accurate analogy, with constantly developing implications, would have served him for the whole poem.

Thus mused Professor Dewing, the lines of his verdict taking shape in his head. A critic of poetry of course was not at liberty to pass judgment on a poet's thought; he could only judge whether in treating of the thought or sensibility he had received from his age, the poet had produced a satisfactory work of art. Arnold, Professor Dewing felt, had not been able to escape from the didactic tone or from a certain commonness and vagueness of expression. With deep personal misgivings about his position in a world both socially and spiritually barbarous, he had sought an image for his emotion, and had found it in the sea—a natural phenomenon still obscured by the drapings of conventional beauty and used by all manner of poets to express all manner of feelings. "Dover Beach" would always remain notable, Professor Dewing decided, as an expression of Victorian sensibility. It contained lines of every memorable poetic skill. But it could not, he felt, be accepted as a uniformly satisfactory example of poetic art.

III

IT WAS OCCASIONALLY a source of wonder to those about him just why Professor Oliver Twitchell spent so much time and eloquence urging that man's lower nature must be repressed, his animal instincts kept in bounds by the exertion of the higher will. To the casual observer, Professor Twitchell himself did not seem to possess much animal nature. It seemed incredible that a desperate struggle with powerful bestial passions might be going on at any moment within his own slight frame, behind his delicate white face in which the most prominent feature was the octagonal glasses that focused his eyes on the outside world. Professor Twitchell was a good deal given to discipleship but not much to friendship. He had himself been

a disciple of the great Irving Babbitt, and he attracted a small number of disciples among his own more earnest students. But no one knew him well. Only one of his colleagues, who took a somewhat sardonic interest in the mysteries of human nature, possessed a possible clue to the origin of his efforts to repress man's lower nature and vindicate his higher. This colleague had wormed his way sufficiently into Oliver Twitchell's confidence to learn about his family, which he did not often mention. Professor Twitchell, it turned out, had come of decidedly unacademic stock. One of his brothers was the chief salesman for a company that made domestic fire-alarm appliances. At a moment's notice he would whip out a sample from his bag or pocket, plug it into the nearest electric outlet, and while the bystanders waited in terrified suspense, would explain that in the dead of night, if the house caught fire, the thing would go off with a whoop loud enough to warn the soundest sleeper. Lined up with his whole string of brothers and sisters, all older than he, all abounding in spirits, Professor Twitchell looked like the runt of the litter. His colleague decided that he must have had a very hard childhood, and that it was not his own animal nature that he needed so constantly to repress, but his family's.

Whatever the reasons, Professor Twitchell felt no reality in the teaching of literature except as he could extract from it definitions and illustrations of man's moral struggle in the world. For him recent history had been a history of intellectual confusion and degradation, and hence of social confusion and degradation. Western thought had fallen into a heresy. It had failed to maintain the fundamental grounds of a true humanism. It had blurred the distinction between man, God, and nature. Under the influence of the sciences, it had set up a monism in which the moral as well as physical constitution of man was included within nature and the laws of nature. It had, therefore, exalted man as naturally good, and exalted the free expression of all his impulses. What were the results of this heresy? An age, complained Professor Twitchell bitterly, in which young women talked about sexual perversions at the dinner table; an age in which everyone agreed that society was in dissolution and insisted on the privilege of being dissolute; an age without any common standards of value in morals or art; an age, in short, without discipline, without self-restraint in private life or public.

Oliver Twitchell when he received Professor Chartly's envelope sat down with a strong favorable predisposition toward his task. He accepted wholeheartedly Arnold's attitude toward literature: the demand that poetry should be serious, that it should present us with a criticism of life, that it should be measured by standards not merely personal, but in some sense *real.*

"Dover Beach" had become Arnold's best-known poem, admired as his masterpiece. It would surely contain, therefore, a distillation of his attitude.

Professor Twitchell pulled down his copy of Arnold and began to read; and as he read he felt himself overtaken by surprised misgiving. The poem began well enough. The allusion to Sophocles, who had heard the sound of the retreating tide by the Aegean centuries ago, admirably prepared the groundwork of high seriousness for a poem which would culminate in a real criticism of human experience. But did the poem so culminate? It was true that the world

> Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
> Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain

if one meant the world as the worldling knows it, the man who conducts his life by unreflective natural impulse. Such a man will soon enough encounter the disappointments of ambition, the instability of all bonds and ties founded on nothing firmer than passion or self-interest. But this incertitude of the world, to a true disciple of culture, should become a means of self-discipline. It should lead him to ask how life may be purified and ennobled, how we may by wisdom and self-restraint oppose to the accidents of the world a true human culture based on the exertion of a higher will. No call to such a positive moral will, Professor Twitchell reluctantly discovered, can be heard in "Dover Beach." Man is an ignorant soldier struggling confusedly in a blind battle. Was this the culminating truth that Arnold the poet had given men in his masterpiece? Professor Twitchell sadly revised his value-judgment of the poem. He could not feel that in his most widely admired performance Arnold had seen life steadily or seen it whole; rather he had seen it only on its worldly side, and seen it under an aspect of terror. "Dover Beach" would always be justly respected for its poetic art, but the famous lines on Sophocles better exemplified the poet as a critic of life.

IV

As a novelist still referred to in his late thirties as "young" and "promising," Rudolph Mole found himself in a curious relation toward his academic colleagues. He wrote for the public, not for the learned journals; hence he was spared the necessity of becoming a pedant. At the same time the more lucrative fruits of pedantry were denied to him by his quiet exclusion from the guild. Younger men sweating for promotion, living in shabby genteel poverty on yearly appointments, their childless wives mimicking their academic shop-talk in bluestocking phrases, would look up from the stacks of five-by-three cards on which they were constantly accumulating notes and references, and would say to him, "You don't realize how lucky you are, teaching composition. You aren't expected to know anything." Sometimes an older colleague, who had passed through several stages of the mysteries of preferment, would belittle professional scholarship to him with

an elaborate show of graciousness and envy. "We are all just pedants," he would say. "You teach the students what they really want and need." Rudolph noticed that the self-confessed pedant went busily on publishing monographs and being promoted, while he himself remained, year by year, the English Department's most eminent poor relation.

He was not embittered. His dealings with students were pleasant and interesting. There was a sense of reality and purpose in trying to elicit from them a better expression of their thoughts, trying to increase their understanding of the literary crafts. He could attack their minds on any front he chose, and he could follow his intellectual hobbies as freely as he liked, without being confined to the artificial boundaries of a professional field of learning.

Freud, for example. When Professor Chartly and his accomplices decided that a teacher of creative writing should be included in their scheme and chose Rudolph Mole for the post, they happened to catch him at the height of his enthusiasm for Freud. Not that he expected to psychoanalyze authors through their works; that, he avowed, was not his purpose. You can't deduce the specific secrets of a man's life, he would cheerfully admit, by trying to fit his works into the text-book patterns of complexes and psychoses. The critic, in any case, is interested only in the man to the extent that he is involved in his work. But everyone agrees, Rudolph maintained, that the man is involved in his work. Some part of the psychic constitution of the author finds expression in every line that he writes. We can't understand the work unless we can understand the psychic traits that have gained expression in it. We may never be able to trace back these traits to their ultimate sources and causes, probably buried deep in the author's childhood. But we need to gain as much light on them as we can, since they appear in the work we are trying to apprehend, and determine its character. This is what criticism has always sought to do. Freud simply brings new light to the old task.

Rudolph was fortunate enough at the outset to pick up at the college bookstore a copy of Mr. Lionel Trilling's recent study of Matthew Arnold. In this volume he found much of his work already done for him. A footnote to Mr. Trilling's text, citing evidence from Professors Tinker and Lowry, made it clear that "Dover Beach" may well have been written in 1850, some seventeen years before it was first published. This, for Rudolph's purposes, was a priceless discovery. It meant that all the traditional talk about the poem was largely null and void. The poem was not a repercussion of the bombshell that Darwin dropped on the religious sensibilities of the Victorians. It was far more deeply personal and individual than that. Perhaps

when Arnold published it his own sense of what it expressed or how it would be understood had changed. But clearly the poem came into being as an expression of what Arnold felt to be the particular kind of affection and passion he needed from a woman. It was a love poem, and took its place with utmost naturalness, once the clue had been given, in the group of similar and related poems addressed to "Marguerite." Mr. Trilling summed up in a fine sentence one strain in these poems, and the principal strain in "Dover Beach," when he wrote that for Arnold "fidelity is a word relevant only to those lovers who see the world as a place of sorrow and in their common suffering require the comfort of constancy."

> Ah, love, let us be true
> To one another! for the world . . .
> Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light . . .

The point was unmistakable. And from the whole group of poems to which "Dover Beach" belonged, a sketch of Arnold as an erotic personality could be derived. The question whether a "real Marguerite" existed was an idle one, for the traits that found expression in the poems were at least "real" enough to produce the poems and to determine their character.

And what an odd spectacle it made, the self-expressed character of Arnold as a lover! The ordinary degree of aggressiveness, the normal joy of conquest and possession, seemed to be wholly absent from him. The love he asked for was essentially a protective love, sisterly or motherly; in its unavoidable ingredient of passion he felt a constant danger, which repelled and unsettled him. He addressed Marguerite as "My sister!" He avowed and deplored his own womanish fits of instability:

> I too have wish'd, no woman more,
> This starting, feverish heart, away.

He emphasized his nervous anguish and contrary impulses. He was a "teas'd o'erlabour'd heart," "an aimless unallay'd Desire." He could not break through his fundamental isolation and submerge himself in another human soul, and he believed that all men shared this plight:

> Yes: in the sea of life enisl'd,
> With echoing straits between us thrown,
> Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
> We mortal millions live *alone.*

He never "without remorse" allowed himself "To haunt the place where passions reign," yet it was clear that whether he had ever succeeded in giving himself up wholeheartedly to a passion, he had wanted to. There could hardly be a more telltale phrase than "Once-long'd-for storms of love."

In short much more illumination fell on "Dover Beach" from certain other verses of Arnold's than from Darwin and all his commentators:

> Truth—what is truth? Two bleeding hearts
> Wounded by men, by Fortune tried,
> Outwearied with their lonely parts,
> Vow to beat henceforth side by side.
> The world to them was stern and drear;
> Their lot was but to weep and moan.
> Ah, let them keep their faith sincere,
> For neither could subsist alone!

Here was the nub. "Dover Beach" grew directly from and repeated the same emotion, but no doubt generalized and enlarged this emotion, sweeping into one intense and far-reaching conviction of insecurity not only Arnold's personal fortunes in love, but the social and religious faith of the world he lived in. That much could be said for the traditional interpretation.

Of course, as Mr. Trilling did not fail to mention, anguished love affairs, harassed by mysterious inner incompatibilities, formed a well-established literary convention. But the fundamental sense of insecurity in "Dover Beach" was too genuine, too often repeated in other works, to be written off altogether to that account. The same sense of insecurity, the same need for some rock of protection, cried out again and again, not merely in Arnold's love poems but in his elegies, reflective pieces, and fragments of epic as well. Whenever Arnold produced a genuine and striking burst of poetry, with the stamp of true self-expression on it, he seemed always to be in the dumps. Everywhere dejection, confusion, weakness, contention of soul. No adequate cause could be found in the events of Arnold's life for such an acute sense of incertitude; it must have been of psychic origin. Only in one line of effort this fundamental insecurity did not hamper, sadden, or depress him, and that was in the free play of his intelligence as a critic of letters and society. Even there, if it did not hamper his efforts, it directed them. Arnold valiantly tried to erect a barrier of culture against the chaos and squalor of society, against the contentiousness of men. What was this barrier but an elaborate protective device?

The origin of the psychic pattern that expressed itself in Arnold's poems could probably never be discovered. No doubt the influence that Arnold's father exercised over his emotions and his thinking, even though Arnold rebelled to the extent at least of casting off his father's religious beliefs, was of great importance. But much more would have to be known to give a definite clue—more than ever could be known. Arnold was secure from any attempt to spy out the heart of his mystery. But if criticism could not discover the cause, it could assess the result, and could do so (thought Rudolph

Mole) with greater understanding by an attempt, with up-to-date psychological aid, to delve a little deeper into the essential traits that manifested themselves in that result.

V

In 1917 Reuben Hale, a young instructor in a Western college, had lost his job and done time in the penitentiary for speaking against conscription and for organizing pacifist demonstrations. In the twenties he had lost two more academic posts for his sympathies with Soviet Russia and his inability to forget his Marxist principles while teaching literature. His contentious, eager, lovable, exasperating temperament tried the patience of one college administration after another. As he advanced into middle age, and his growing family suffered repeated upheavals, his friends began to fear that his robust quarrels with established order would leave him a penniless outcast at fifty. Then he was invited to take a flattering post at a girls' college known for its liberality of views. The connection proved surprisingly durable; in fact it became Professor Hale's turn to be apprehensive. He began to be morally alarmed at his own security, to fear that the bourgeois system which he had attacked so valiantly had somehow outwitted him and betrayed him into allegiance. When the C.I.O. made its initial drive and seemed to be carrying everything before it, he did his best to unseat himself again by rushing joyfully to the nearest picket lines and getting himself photographed by an alert press. Even this expedient failed, and he reconciled himself, not without wonder, to apparent academic permanence.

On winter afternoons his voice could be heard booming out through the closed door of his study to girls who came to consult him on all manner of subjects, from the merits of Plekhanov as a Marxist critic to their own most personal dilemmas. They called him Ben; he called them Smith, Jones, and Robinson. He never relaxed his cheerful bombardment of the milieu into which they were born, and of the larger social structure which made bourgeois wealth, bourgeois art, morals, and religion possible. But when a sophomore found herself pregnant it was to Professor Hale that she came for advice. Should she have an abortion or go through with it and heroically bear the social stigma? And it was Professor Hale who kept the affair from the Dean's office and the newspapers, sought out the boy, persuaded the young couple that they were desperately in love with each other, and that pending the revolution a respectable marriage would be the most prudent course, not to say the happiest.

James Joyce remarks of one of his characters that she dealt with moral problems as a cleaver deals with meat. Professor Hale's critical methods were comparably simple and direct. Literature, like the other arts, is in form and substance a product of society, and reflects the structure of society.

The structure of society is a class structure: it is conditioned by the mode of production of goods, and by the legal conventions of ownership and control by which the ruling class keeps itself in power and endows itself with the necessary freedom to exploit men and materials for profit. A healthy literature, in a society so constituted, can exist only if writers perceive the essential economic problem and ally themselves firmly with the working class.

Anyone could see the trouble with Arnold. His intelligence revealed to him the chaos that disrupted the society about him; the selfishness and brutality of the ruling class; the ugliness of the world which the industrial revolution had created, and which imperialism and "liberalism" were extending. Arnold was at his best in his critical satire of this world and of the ignorance of those who governed it. But his intelligence far outran his will, and his defect of will finally blinded his intelligence. He was too much a child of his class to disown it and fight his way to a workable remedy for social injustice. He caught a true vision of himself and of his times as standing between "two worlds, one dead, one powerless to be born." But he had not courage or stomach enough to lend his own powers to the birth struggle. Had he thrown in his sympathies unreservedly with the working class, and labored for the inescapable revolution, "Dover Beach" would not have ended in pessimism and confusion. It would have ended in a cheerful, strenuous, and hopeful call to action. But Arnold could not divorce himself from the world of polite letters, of education, of culture, into which he had been born. He did his best to purify them, to make them into an instrument for the reform of society. But instinctively he knew that "culture" as he understood the term was not a social force in the world around him. Instinctively he knew that what he loved was doomed to defeat. And so "Dover Beach" ended in a futile plea for protection against the hideousness of the darkling plain and the confused alarms of struggle and flight.

Professor Chartly's envelope brought Reuben Hale his best opportunity since the first C.I.O. picket lines to vindicate his critical and social principles. He plunged into his answer with complete zest.

VI

WHEN Peter Lee Prampton agreed to act as moderator in Professor Chartly's experiment he congratulated himself that this would be his last great academic chore. He had enjoyed his career of scholarship and teaching, no man ever more keenly. But now it was drawing to an end. He was loaded with honors from two continents. The universities of Germany, France, and Britain had first laid their formative hands on his learning and cultivation, then given their most coveted recognition to its fruits. But the

honor and the glory seemed a little vague on the June morning when the expressman brought into his library the sizable package of papers which Professor Chartly had boxed and shipped to him. He had kept all his life a certain simplicity of heart. At seventy-four he could still tote a pack with an easy endurance that humiliated men of forty. Now he found himself giving in more and more completely to a lust for trout. Half a century of hastily snatched vacations in Cape Breton or the Scottish Highlands had never allowed him really to fill up that hollow craving to find a wild stream and fish it which would sometimes rise in his throat even in the midst of a lecture.

Well, there would be time left before he died. And meanwhile here was this business of "Dover Beach." Matthew Arnold during one of his American lecture tours had been entertained by neighbors of the Pramptons. Peter Lee Prampton's father had dined with the great man, and had repeated his conversation and imitated his accent at the family table. Peter himself, as a boy of nineteen or so, had gone to hear Arnold lecture. That, he thought with a smile, was probably a good deal more than could be said for any of these poor hacks who had taken Professor Chartly's bait.

At the thought of Arnold he could still hear the carriage wheels grate on the pebbly road as he had driven, fifty odd years ago, to the lecture in town, the prospective Mrs. Prampton beside him. His fishing rod lay under the seat. He chuckled out loud as he remembered how a pound-and-a-half trout had jumped in the pool under the clattering planks of a bridge, and how he had pulled up the horse, jumped out, and tried to cast while Miss Osgood sat scolding in the carriage and shivering in the autumn air. They had been just a little late reaching the lecture, but the trout, wrapped in damp leaves, lay safely beside the rod.

It was queer that "Dover Beach" had not come more recently into his mind. Now that he turned his thoughts in that direction the poem was there in its entirety, waiting to be put on again like a coat that one has worn many times with pleasure and accidentally neglected for a while.

The Sea of Faith was once, too, at the full.

How those old Victorian battles had raged about the Prampton table when he was a boy! How the names of Arnold, Huxley, Darwin, Carlyle, Morris, Ruskin had been pelted back and forth by the excited disputants! *Literature and Dogma, God and the Bible, Culture and Anarchy.* The familiar titles brought an odd image into his mind: the tall figure of his father stretching up to turn on the gas lamps in the evening as the family sat down to dinner; the terrific pop of the pilot light as it exploded into a net of white flame, shaped like a little beehive; the buzz and whine of a jet turned up too high.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain . . .

Peter Lee Prampton shivered in the warmth of his sunny library, shivered with that flash of perception into the past which sometimes enables a man to see how all that has happened in his life, for good or ill, turned on the narrowest edge of chance. He lived again in the world of dreams that his own youth had spread before him, a world truly various, beautiful, and new; full of promise, adventure, and liberty of choice, based on the opportunities which his father's wealth provided, and holding out the prospect of a smooth advance into a distinguished career. Then, within six months, a lavish demonstration that the world has neither certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain: his mother's death by cancer, his father's financial overthrow and suicide, the ruin of his own smooth hopes and the prospect instead of a long, hampered, and obscure fight toward his perhaps impossible ambition. He lived again through the night hours when he had tramped out with himself the youthful question whether he could hold Miss Osgood to her promise in the face of such reversals. And he did not forget how she took his long-sleepless face between her hands, kissed him, and smiled away his anxiety with unsteady lips. Surely everyone discovers at some time or another that the world is not a place of certitude; surely everyone cries out to some other human being for the fidelity which alone can make it so. What more could be asked of a poet than to take so profound and universal an experience and turn it into lines that could still speak long after he and his age were dead?

The best of it was that no one could miss the human feeling, the cry from the heart, in "Dover Beach"; it spoke so clearly and eloquently, in a language everyone could understand, in a form classically pure and simple. Or did it? Who could tell what any job-lot of academicians might be trusted to see or fail to see? And this assortment in Chartly's package might be a queer kettle of fish! Peter Lee Prampton had lived through the *Yellow Book* days of Art for Art's sake; he had read the muckrakers, and watched the rise of the Marxists and the Freudians. Could "Dover Beach" be condemned as unsympathetic with labor? Could a neurosis or a complex be discovered in it? His heart sank at the sharp sudden conviction that indeed these and worse discoveries about the poem might be seriously advanced. Well, he had always tried to go on the principle that every school of criticism should be free to exercise any sincere claim on men's interest and attention which it could win for itself. When he actually applied himself to the con-

tents of Professor Chartly's bale he would be as charitable as he could, as receptive to light from any quarter as he could bring himself to be.

But the task could wait. He felt the need of a period of adjustment before he could approach it with reasonable equanimity. And in the meanwhile he could indulge himself in some long-needed editorial work on his dry-fly book.

AARON COPLAND The creative process in music

MOST PEOPLE want to know how things are made. They frankly admit, however, that they feel completely at sea when it comes to understanding how a piece of music is made. Where a composer begins, how he manages to keep going—in fact, how and where he learns his trade—all are shrouded in impenetrable darkness. The composer, in short, is a man of mystery to most people, and the composer's workshop an unapproachable ivory tower.

One of the first things most people want to hear discussed in relation to composing is the question of inspiration. They find it difficult to believe that composers are not as preoccupied with that question as they had supposed. The layman always finds it hard to realize how natural it is for the composer to compose. He has a tendency to put himself into the position of the composer and to visualize the problems involved, including that of inspiration, from the perspective of the layman. He forgets that composing to a composer is like fulfilling a natural function. It is like eating or sleeping. It is something that the composer happens to have been born to do; and, because of that, it loses the character of a special virtue in the composer's eyes.

The composer, therefore, confronted with the question of inspiration, does not say to himself: "Do I feel inspired?" He says to himself: "Do I feel like composing today?" And if he feels like composing, he does. It is more or less like saying to himself: "Do I feel sleepy?" If you feel sleepy, you go to sleep. If you don't feel sleepy, you stay up. If the composer doesn't feel like composing, he doesn't compose. It's as simple as that.

Of course, after you have finished composing, you hope that everyone, including yourself, will recognize the thing you have written as having been inspired. But that is really an idea tacked on at the end.

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Someone once asked me, in a public forum, whether I waited for inspiration. My answer was: "Every day!" But that does not, by any means, imply a passive waiting around for the divine afflatus. That is exactly what separates the professional from the dilettante. The professional composer can sit down day after day and turn out some kind of music. On some days it will undoubtedly be better than on others; but the primary fact is the ability to compose. Inspiration is often only a by-product.

The second question that most people find intriguing is generally worded thus: "Do you or don't you write your music at the piano?" A current idea exists that there is something shameful about writing a piece of music at the piano. Along with that goes a mental picture of Beethoven composing out in the fields. Think about it a moment and you will realize that writing away from the piano nowadays is not nearly so simple a matter as it was in Mozart or Beethoven's day. For one thing, harmony is so much more complex than it was then. Few composers are capable of writing down entire compositions without at least a passing reference to the piano. In fact, Stravinsky in his *Autobiography* has even gone so far as to say that it is a bad thing to write music away from the piano because the composer should always be in contact with *la matière sonore.* That's a violent taking of the opposite side. But, in the end, the way in which a composer writes is a personal matter. The method is unimportant. It is the result that counts.

The really important question is: "What does the composer start with; where does he begin?" The answer to that is, Every composer begins with a musical idea—a *musical* idea, you understand, not a mental, literary, or extramusical idea. Suddenly a theme comes to him. (Theme is used as synonymous with musical idea.) The composer starts with his theme; and the theme is a gift from Heaven. He doesn't know where it comes from—has no control over it. It comes almost like automatic writing. That's why he keeps a book very often and writes themes down whenever they come. He collects musical ideas. You can't do anything about that element of composing.

The idea itself may come in various forms. It may come as a melody—just a one-line simple melody which you might hum to yourself. Or it may come to the composer as a melody with an accompaniment. At times he may not even hear a melody; he may simply conceive an accompanimental figure to which a melody will probably be added later. Or, on the other hand, the theme may take the form of a purely rhythmic idea. He hears a particular kind of drumbeat, and that will be enough to start him off. Over it he will soon begin hearing an accompaniment and melody. The original conception, however, was a mere rhythm. Or, a different type of composer may possibly begin with a contrapuntal web of two or three melodies which are

heard at the same instant. That, however, is a less usual species of thematic inspiration.

All these are different ways in which the musical idea may present itself to the composer.

Now, the composer has the idea. He has a number of them in his book, and he examines them in more or less the way that you, the listener, would examine them if you looked at them. He wants to know what he has. He examines the musical line for its purely formal beauty. He likes to see the way it rises and falls, as if it were a drawn line instead of a musical one. He may even try to retouch it, just as you might in drawing a line, so that the rise and fall of the melodic contour might be improved.

But he also wants to know the emotional significance of his theme. If all music has expressive value, then the composer must become conscious of the expressive values of his theme. He may be unable to put it into so many words, but he feels it! He instinctively knows whether he has a gay or a sad theme, a noble or diabolic one. Sometimes he may be mystified himself as to its exact quality. But sooner or later he will probably instinctively decide what the emotional nature of his theme is, because that's the thing he is about to work with.

Always remember that a theme is, after all, only a succession of notes. Merely by changing the dynamics, that is, by playing it loudly and bravely or softly and timidly, one can transform the emotional feeling of the very same succession of notes. By a change of harmony a new poignancy may be given the theme; or by a different rhythmic treatment the same notes may result in a war dance instead of a lullaby. Every composer keeps in mind the possible metamorphoses of his succession of notes. First he tries to find its essential nature, and then he tries to find what might be done with it—how that essential nature may momentarily be changed.

As a matter of fact, the experience of most composers has been that the more complete a theme is the less possibility there is of seeing it in various aspects. If the theme itself, in its original form, is long enough and complete enough, the composer may have difficulty in seeing it in any other way. It already exists in its definitive form. That is why great music can be written on themes that in themselves are insignificant. One might very well say that the less complete, the less important, the theme the more likely it is to be open to new connotations. Some of Bach's greatest organ fugues are constructed on themes that are comparatively uninteresting in themselves.

The current notion that all music is beautiful according to whether the theme is beautiful or not doesn't hold true in many cases. Certainly the composer does not judge his theme by that criterion alone.

Having looked at his thematic material, the composer must now decide what sound medium will best fit it. Is it a theme that belongs in a symphony, or does it seem more intimate in character and therefore better fitted for a string quartet? Is it a lyrical theme that would be used to best advantage in a song; or had it better be saved, because of its dramatic quality, for operatic treatment? A composer sometimes has a work half finished before he understands the medium for which it is best fitted.

Thus far I have been presupposing an abstract composer before an abstract theme. But actually I can see three different types of composers in musical history, each of whom conceives music in a somewhat different fashion.

The type that has fired public imagination most is that of the spontaneously inspired composer—the Franz Schubert type, in other words. All composers are inspired of course, but this type is more spontaneously inspired. Music simply wells out of him. He can't get it down on paper fast enough. You can almost always tell this type of composer by his prolific output. In certain months, Schubert wrote a song a day. Hugo Wolf did the same.

In a sense, men of this kind begin not so much with a musical theme as with a completed composition. They invariably work best in the shorter forms. It is much easier to improvise a song than it is to improvise a symphony. It isn't easy to be inspired in that spontaneous way for long periods at a stretch. Even Schubert was more successful in handling the shorter forms of music. The spontaneously inspired man is only one type of composer, with his own limitations.

Beethoven symbolizes the second type—the constructive type, one might call it. This type exemplifies my theory of the creative process in music better than any other, because in this case the composer really does begin with a musical theme. In Beethoven's case there is no doubt about it, for we have the notebooks in which he put the themes down. We can see from his notebooks how he worked over his themes—how he would not let them be until they were as perfect as he could make them. Beethoven was not a spontaneously inspired composer in the Schubert sense at all. He was the type that begins with a theme; makes it a germinal idea; and upon that constructs a musical work, day after day, in painstaking fashion. Most composers since Beethoven's day belong to this second type.

The third type of creator I can only call, for lack of a better name, the traditionalist type. Men like Palestrina and Bach belong in this category. They both exemplify the kind of composer who is born in a particular period of musical history, when a certain musical style is about to reach its

fullest development. It is a question at such a time of creating music in a well-known and accepted style and doing it in a way that is better than anyone has done it before you.

Beethoven and Schubert started from a different premise. They both had serious pretensions to originality! After all, Schubert practically created the song form singlehanded; and the whole face of music changed after Beethoven lived. But Bach and Palestrina simply improved on what had gone before them.

The traditionalist type of composer begins with a pattern rather than with a theme. The creative act with Palestrina is not the thematic conception so much as the personal treatment of a well-established pattern. And even Bach, who conceived forty-eight of the most varied and inspired themes in his *Well Tempered Clavichord,* knew in advance the general formal mold that they were to fill. It goes without saying that we are not living in a traditionalist period nowadays.

One might add, for the sake of completeness, a fourth type of composer—the pioneer type: men like Gesualdo in the seventeenth century, Moussorgsky and Berlioz in the nineteenth, Debussy and Edgar Varese in the twentieth. It is difficult to summarize the composing methods of so variegated a group. One can safely say that their approach to composition is the opposite of the traditionalist type. They clearly oppose conventional solutions of musical problems. In many ways, their attitude is experimental—they seek to add new harmonies, new sonorities, new formal principles. The pioneer type was the characteristic one at the turn of the seventeenth century and also at the beginning of the twentieth century, but it is much less evident today.

But let's return to our theoretical composer. We have him with his idea—his musical idea—with some conception of its expressive nature, with a sense of what can be done with it, and with a preconceived notion of what medium is best fitted for it. Still he hasn't a piece. A musical idea is not the same as a piece of music. It only induces a piece of music. The composer knows very well that something else is needed in order to create the finished composition.

He tries, first of all, to find other ideas that seem to go with the original one. They may be ideas of a similar character, or they may be contrasting ones. These additional ideas will probably not be so important as the one that came first—usually they play a subsidiary role. Yet they definitely seem necessary in order to complete the first one. Still that's not enough! Some way must be found for getting from one idea to the next, and it is generally achieved through use of so-called bridge material.

There are also two other important ways in which the composer can add to his original material. One is the elongation process. Often the composer finds that a particular theme needs elongating so that its character may be more clearly defined. Wagner was a master at elongation. I referred to the other way when I visualized the composer's examining the possible metamorphoses of his theme. That is the much written-about development of his material, which is a very important part of his job.

All these things are necessary for the creation of a full-sized piece—the germinal idea, the addition of other lesser ideas, the elongation of the ideas, the bridge material for the connection of the ideas, and their full development.

Now comes the most difficult task of all—the welding together of all that material so that it makes a coherent whole. In the finished product, everything must be in its place. The listener must be able to find his way around in the piece. There should be no possible chance of his confusing the principal theme with the bridge material, or vice versa. The composition must have a beginning, a middle, and an end; and it is up to the composer to see to it that the listener always has some sense of where he is in relation to beginning, middle, and end. Moreover, the whole thing should be managed artfully so that none can say where the soldering began—where the composer's spontaneous invention left off and the hard work began.

Of course, I do not mean to suggest that in putting his materials together the composer necessarily begins from scratch. On the contrary, every well-trained composer has, as his stock in trade, certain normal structural molds on which to lean for the basic framework of his compositions. These formal molds I speak of have all been gradually evolved over hundreds of years as the combined efforts of numberless composers seeking a way to ensure the coherence of their compositions. . . .

But whatever the form the composer chooses to adopt, there is always one great desideratum: The form must have what in my student days we used to call *la grande ligne* (the long line). It is difficult adequately to explain the meaning of that phrase to the layman. To be properly understood in relation to a piece of music, it must be felt. In mere words, it simply means that every good piece of music must give us a sense of flow—a sense of continuity from first note to last. Every elementary music student knows the principle, but to put it into practice has challenged the greatest minds in music! A great symphony is a man-made Mississippi down which we irresistibly flow from the instant of our leave-taking to a long foreseen destination. Music must always flow, for that is part of its very essence, but the creation of that continuity and flow—that long line—constitutes the be-all and end-all of every composer's existence.

ALFRED H. BARR, JR.

What is modern painting?

WHAT is modern painting? It is not easy to answer this question in writing, for writing is done with words while paintings are made of shapes and colors. The best words can do is to give you some information, point out a few things you might overlook, and if, to begin with, you feel that you don't like modern painting anyway, words may help you to change your mind. But in the end you must look at these works of art with your own eyes and heart and head. This may not be easy, but most people who make the effort find their lives richer, more worth living.

What is modern painting? Stop reading a few minutes, turn the pages of this selection and look at the pictures, keeping in mind that these small reproductions represent paintings which actually are very different in size and color.[1]

What is your first impression? Bewildering variety? Yes, that is true. The variety of modern art reflects the complexity of modern life; though this may give us mental and emotional indigestion, it does offer each of us a wide range to choose from.

But it is important not to choose too quickly. The art which makes a quick appeal or is easy to understand right away may wear thin like a catchy tune which you hear twice, whistle ten times and then can't stand any more.

It is just as important not to fool yourself. Don't pretend to like what you dislike or can't understand. Be honest with yourself. We don't all have to like the same things. Some people have no ear for music; a few have no eye for painting—or say they haven't because they are timid or don't want to make the effort.

Yet everybody who can see has an eye for pictures. Most of us see hundreds, maybe thousands, of pictures every week, some of them very good ones too—photographs in newspapers and magazines, cartoons, illustrations and comics, advertising in buses and subways: Joe Palooka Happy Atom Scientists Buy Sweetie Pie Soap Buck Rogers Vote For McLevy Dallam Scores in Third Wreck Near Trenton Zowie The Pause That Refreshes—pictures which try to get you to buy this or that, tell you something you may forget tomorrow or give you a moment's lazy entertainment. (And do you remember the pictures on the walls of your home?)

Reprinted by permission from *What Is Modern Painting?* by Alfred H. Barr, Jr., The Museum of Modern Art, 1952.

[1] The book from which this selection is taken includes a number of reproductions of modern painting. On pages 273–276 you will find eight interesting examples from this larger collection.

When you look at the pictures in this selection you may be upset because you can't understand them all at first glance. These paintings are not intended to sell you anything or tell you yesterday's news, though they may help you to understand our modern world.

Some of them may take a good deal of study, for although we have seen a million pictures in our lives we may never have learned to look at painting as an art. For the art of painting, though it has little to do with words, is like a language which you have to learn to read. Some pictures are easy, like a primer, and some are hard with long words and complex ideas; and some are prose, others are poetry, and others still are like algebra or geometry. But one thing is easy, there are no foreign languages in painting as there are in speech; there are only local dialects which can be understood internationally, for painting is a kind of visual Esperanto. Therefore it has a special value in this riven world.

The greatest modern artists are pioneers just as are modern scientists, inventors and explorers. This makes modern art both more difficult and often more exciting than the art we are already used to. Galileo, Columbus, the Wright brothers suffered neglect, disbelief, even ridicule. Read the lives of the modern artists of seventy years ago, Whistler or van Gogh for instance, and you will keep an open mind about the art you may not like or understand today. Unless you can look at art with some spirit of adventure, the pioneer artists of our own day may suffer too. This might be your loss as well as theirs.

Perhaps you feel that these pictures have little to do with our everyday lives. This is partly true; some of them don't, and that is largely their value —by their poetry they have the power to lift us out of humdrum ruts. But others have a lot to do with ordinary life: vanity and devotion, joy and sadness, the beauty of landscape, animals and people, or even the appearance of our houses and our kitchen floors. And still others have to do with the crucial problems of our civilization: war, the character of democracy and tyranny, the effects of industrialization, the exploration of the subconscious mind, the survival of religion, the liberty and restraint of the individual.

The artist is a human being like the rest of us. He cannot solve these problems except as one of us; but through his art he can help us see and understand them, for artists are the sensitive antennae of society.

Beyond these comparatively practical matters art has another more important function: the work of art is a symbol, a visible symbol of the human spirit in its search for truth, for freedom and for perfection.

Contrasts: two landscapes

It is good to rest the eye on Dean Fausett's peaceful Vermont valley. The style of *Derby View* (p. 274), the way it is painted, is as relaxed and

free from strain as the subject. The artist has spread before you the panorama of green hills with broad, easy brush strokes. The paint itself has a fresh beauty of color and texture which unobtrusively enhances the pictured beauty of the landscape.

Fausett, though he is a young American, paints his summer scene in a manner handed down from English artists of over a hundred years ago. Stuart Davis is older than Fausett but he works in a more "modern" style. Davis' *Summer Landscape* (p. 273) does not depend for its chief interest upon what the artist saw in nature but upon how he has changed what he saw.

The photograph, although it was taken in winter with no leaves on the trees, shows the scene on which Davis based his picture. Comparing it with the painting we can see how the artist has transformed a prosaic, commonplace view into a lively, decorative composition.

How did he go about it? First he drew the forms in simple outlines, leaving out unimportant or confusing details and reducing board fences, clouds and ripples to a lively linear shorthand. By omitting all shadows he lets you see these essential shapes and patterns more clearly. He moves houses around and even keeps half the house to the left of the telephone pole while throwing the other half away—probably without your noticing it. But with all these omissions and simplifications and rearrangements Davis has given a clearer and more complete idea of the village than does the snapshot. And when you see the original painting you may agree that he has not only created a crisp, vivacious, gayly colored design but has even caught the lighthearted spirit of a summer day.

Perhaps when you compare Fausett's *Derby View* and Davis' *Summer Landscape* you will find it hard to choose between them, but it is not hard to decide which shows the more imagination, the greater will to select, control, arrange and organize.

Contrasts: two war pictures

To help us not to forget World War II, its glory and its agony, we have these two paintings, one of them by a young English artist, the other by a famous Mexican. Both were painted in 1940 but they are so unlike that they seem done in different centuries, even in different worlds.

In the foreground of Richard Eurich's *Withdrawal from Dunkirk* (p. 274) British troops, thick as ants, are ferried out through the surf to embark on small steamers and fishing craft. At the right a destroyer swings away toward England; and in the distance beyond the lighthouse rises a vast, black umbrella of smoke. The painter has recorded all this patiently, with exact detail and British reticence. His picture is as calm as the blue sky above the scene, clearer than a photograph and almost as impersonal. From the

way he paints you would not guess that his subject was one of the crucial and overwhelmingly dramatic moments of the entire War.

Orozco's mural *Dive Bomber and Tank* (p. 275) was painted two months after Dunkirk. His mind, like ours, was full of the shock of the mechanical warfare which had just crushed western Europe. But instead of picturing an actual incident with technically accurate details he makes us feel the essential horror of modern war—the human being mangled in the crunch and grind of grappling monsters "that tear each other in their slime." We can see suggestions of the bomber's tail and wings, of tank treads and armor plate and human legs dangling from the jaws of shattered wreckage. Beneath emerge three great sightless masks weighted with chains which hang from pierced lips or eyes. The ancient symbols of dramatic agony and doom are fused with the shapes of modern destruction to give the scene a sense of timeless human tragedy.

As you can see, Orozco makes full use of the modern artist's freedom: he combines real and unreal objects, employs the cubist technique of breaking up nature into half-abstract, angular planes and uses emphatic, emotional, expressionist drawing.

Eurich's technique was developed five hundred years ago. Orozco's belongs to the twentieth century. Stop a moment and look at them both again. Subject matter aside, which style, which way of painting means more to you? Or do both have value?

Contrasts: two portraits

In 1877 John Ruskin, the renowned art critic, visited an exhibition where he saw several paintings by Whistler, who had for years been the storm center of art in London. Ruskin was outraged, called Whistler impudent and accused him of "flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." Whistler brought suit for libel but the trial was a farce; the public and the court sided with Ruskin, and Whistler, although he won half a cent damages, was forced into bankruptcy by legal expenses.

It was really the freedom of the artist which had been on trial. Ruskin and the public insisted that painting should be an exact, detailed, realistic picture of some object, scene or event. Whistler answered—but let him use his own words:

"The vast majority of folk cannot and will not consider a picture as a picture, apart from any story which it may be supposed to tell . . . As music is the poetry of sound, so is painting the poetry of sight, and the subject matter has nothing to do with harmony of sound or of color.

"Take the picture of my mother, exhibited at the Royal Academy as an

Arrangement in Grey and Black (p. 276). Now that is what it is. To me it is interesting as a picture of my mother; but what can or ought the public to care about the identity of the portrait?"

Whistler's *Mother* did not actually figure in the trial. It was painted six years before and, though this is hard to believe now, it had been rejected when Whistler sent it to the annual national exhibition at the Royal Academy. Only after one of the more open-minded members threatened to resign was it finally exhibited. For the next twenty years it remained unsold, even traveling to America, where no one offered to buy it. Ultimately the French Government acquired it for eight hundred dollars. Forty years later, in 1932, when it was again brought to America for exhibition by the Museum of Modern Art, it was insured for $500,000.

Looking back on the astonishing story of Whistler, we can see that the public was blind and intolerant. To them the *Mother* seemed dull in color, unpleasantly flat and simplified in style. And they resented the artist's calling it an "arrangement." But Whistler was mistaken too in asking the public to ignore the human interest of his painting, the quality which has made it one of the world's most popular pictures.

Whistler's ideas were not only ahead of his time—they were actually ahead of his own art. He wanted people to look at his paintings as "harmonies" or "arrangements" without paying attention to the subject matter. Therefore if he had followed his principles to a logical conclusion he might have made his intention clearer by leaving out the figure of his mother entirely from his *Arrangement in Grey and Black*—since he had already asked us to ignore her emotionally. We would then have had left a composition of rectangles, as in the diagram below. And this diagram is not very different from the abstract *Composition in White, Black and Red* (p. 276) painted by Mondrian in 1936, many years after Whistler died. (Of course Whistler would

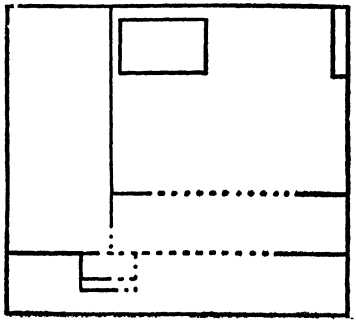
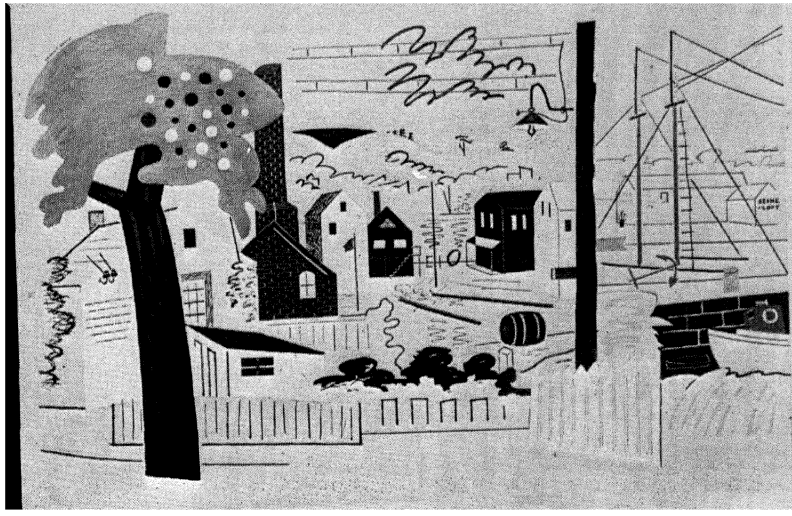


Diagram showing the main lines of Whistler's composition (p. 276) with the figure omitted. Compare the Mondrian, page 276.

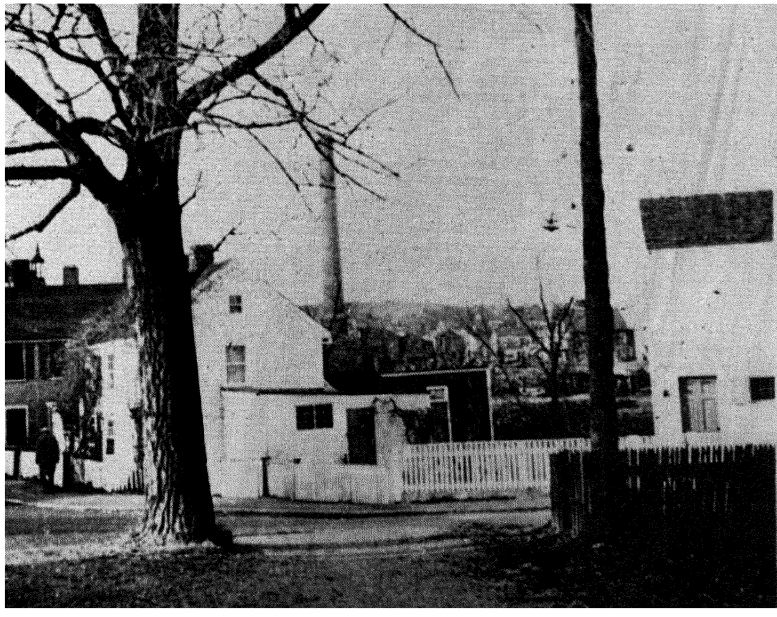
have pointed out quite justly that by omitting his mother's silhouette his design had been spoiled—so let us put her back in again so that we can distinguish her from Dove's *Grandmother* (p. 276).)

If you like you can also look at Arthur Dove's composition called *Grandmother* as an arrangement of rectangles and irregular forms, an arrangement made all the more interesting to the eye because the forms are not painted but are actual textures formed by cloth, wood, paper. But if you do look at it simply as an arrangement you will miss half the point of the picture, for the artist in making his composition has taken a page from an old Bible concordance, some pressed ferns and flowers, a piece of faded needlepoint embroidery and a row of weathered shingles turned silvery grey with age; these he has combined into a visual poem, each element, each metaphor of which suggests some aspect of the idea of grandmother: her age, her fragility, her silvery hair, her patience, her piety.

So we find Whistler calling his portrait of his mother an *Arrangement in Grey and Black* and, fifty years later, Dove naming his arrangement of assorted textures and shapes *Grandmother.* During those fifty years many things happened in the history of art which help to explain how this paradox came about. But the important matter here and now is not history but the relation between yourself and these two pictures, no matter whether you prefer to look at them as compositions or portraits of old ladies or both. And the same is true of the two landscapes and the two battle pictures. Each pair has shown you two very different ways of treating a similar subject. Actually there are a hundred ways, a thousand—as many as there are pictures. Have you open eyes and a free mind?

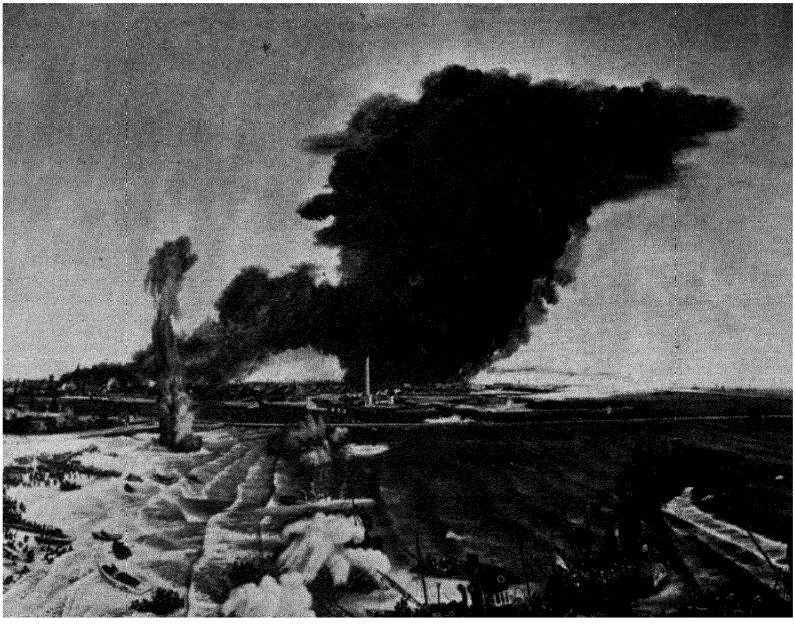


DAVIS: *Summer Landscape.* 1930. Oil, 29 x 42". Museum of Modern Art. *Stuart Davis,* American, born 1894.

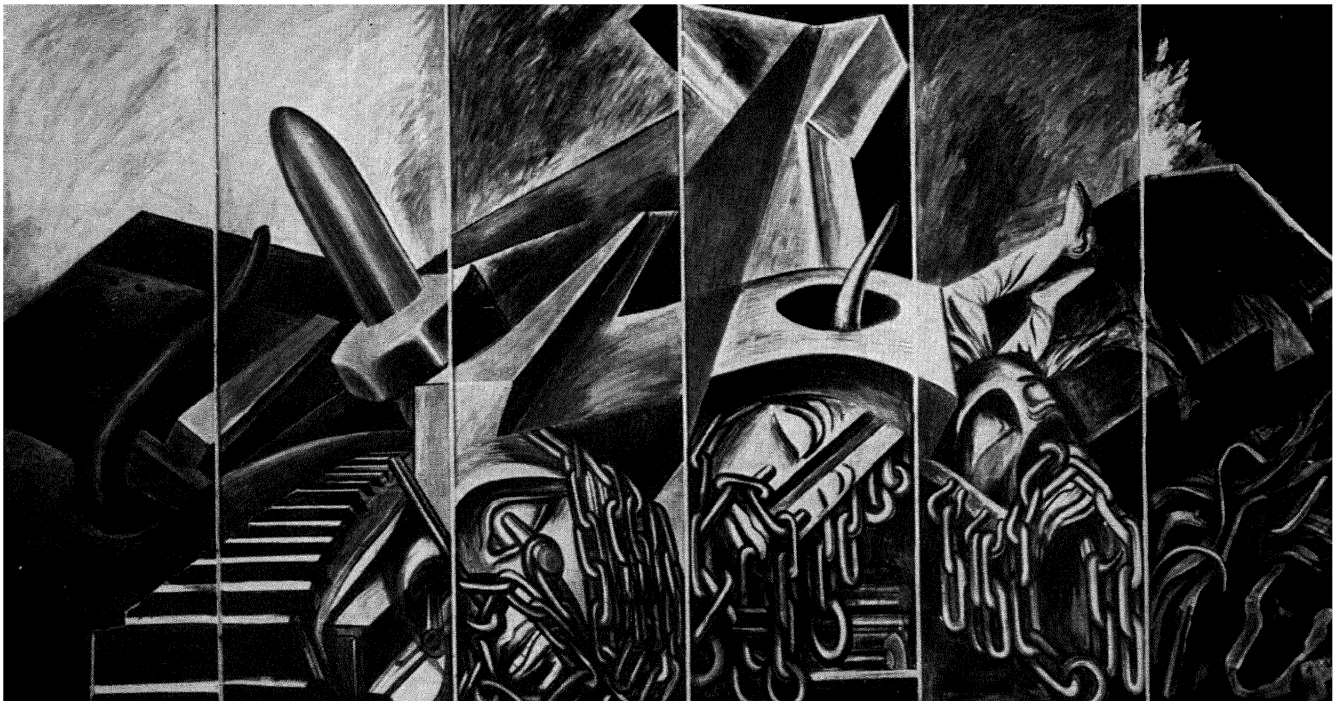


Photograph of the original scene upon which Davis based his painting *Summer Landscape.*

FAUSETT: *Derby View*. 1939. Oil 24⅛ x 40". Museum of Modern Art. *Dean Fausett,* American, born 1913.

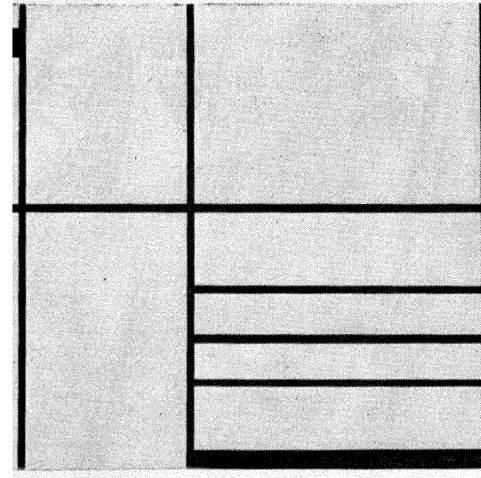


EURICH: *Withdrawal from Dunkirk*. 1940. Oil, 30 x 40". Owned by the British Government. *Richard Eurich* (Yurik), British, born 1903.

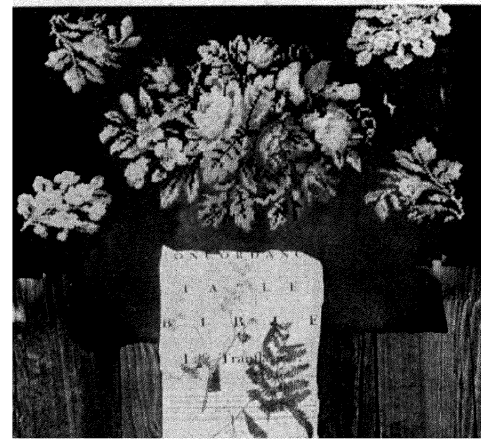


OROZCO: *Dive Bomber and Tank.* 1940. Fresco, 9 x 18 feet, divided into 6 movable panels. Museum of Modern Art, commissioned through the Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Purchase Fund. *José Clemente Orozco,* Mexican, 1883-1949.

WHISTLER: *Arrangement in Grey and Black (Portrait of the Artist's Mother).* c. 1871. Oil, 56 x 64". The Louvre Museum, Paris. *James Abbott McNeill Whistler,* American, born Lowell, Mass., 1834; died in London, 1903.



MONDRIAN: *Composition in White, Black and Red.* 1936. Oil, 40¼ x 41". Museum of Modern Art, gift of the Advisory Committee. *Piet Mondrian,* born The Netherlands, 1872; worked in Paris; died New York, 1944.



DOVE: *Grandmother.* 1925. Shingles, needlepoint, printed paper, pressed flowers, 20 x 21¼". Museum of Modern Art, gift of Philip L. Goodwin. *Arthur G. Dove,* American, 1880–1946.

RELIGION AND ETHICS

FROM time immemorial, one of the unceasing quests of man has been for a satisfactory religion, a satisfactory pathway to virtue. The autobiographical passage by the essayist Agnes Repplier which opens this section tells a touching story of a little girl's first serious encounter with ethical problems. The four selections which follow offer a series of contrasting answers, given by men with different attitudes, to the questions, "What should a man believe?" and "How is a man to live?" They are arranged chronologically. The first sets forth the doctrines of the founder of the Christian religion. The second states the beliefs of an American mystic, Henry David Thoreau, who wrote a literary and philosophical masterpiece, the book *Walden*, in the middle of the nineteenth century. The third and fourth give two twentieth-century viewpoints, one by Albert Einstein, the famous scientist, and the other by Buell G. Gallagher, president of the City College of New York.

AGNES REPPLIER Sin

A personal discovery

I WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD, and very happy in my convent school. I did not particularly mind studying my lessons, and I sometimes persuaded the less experienced nuns to accept a retentive memory as a substitute for intelligent understanding, with which it has nothing to do. I "got along" with other children, and I enjoyed my friends; and of such simple things is the life of a child composed.

Then came a disturbing letter from my mother, a letter which threatened the heart of my content. It was sensible and reasonable, and it said very plainly and very kindly that I had better not make an especial friend of Lilly Milton; "not an exclusive friend," wrote my mother, "not one whom you would expect to see intimately after you leave school."

I knew what all that meant. I was as innocent as a kitten; but divorces were not common in those conservative years, and Mrs. Milton had as many to her credit as if she were living—a highly esteemed and popular lady—to-day. I regretted my mother's tendency to confuse issues with unimpor-

From *The Atlantic Monthly*, June 1938. Reprinted by permission of *The Atlantic Monthly* and Agnes Repplier.

tant details (a mistake which grown-up people often made), and I felt sure that if she knew Lilly—who was also as innocent as a kitten, and was blessed with the sweetest temper that God ever gave a little girl—she would be delighted that I had such an excellent friend. So I went on happily enough until ten days later, when Madame Rayburn, a nun for whom I cherished a very warm affection, was talking to me upon a familiar theme—the diverse ways in which I might improve my classwork and my general behavior. The subject did not interest me deeply,—repetition had staled its vivacity,—until my companion said the one thing that had plainly been uppermost in her mind: "And Agnes, how did you come to tell Lilly Milton that your mother did not want you to go with her? I never thought you could have been so deliberately unkind."

This brought me to my feet with a bound. "Tell Lilly!" I cried. "You could not have believed such a thing. It was Madame Bouron who told her."

A silence followed this revelation. The convent discipline was as strict for the nuns as for the pupils, and it was not their custom to criticize their superiors. Madame Bouron was mistress general, ranking next to the august head, and of infinitely more importance to us. She was a cold, severe, sardonic woman, and the general dislike felt for her had shaped itself into a cult. I had accepted this cult in simple good faith, having no personal grudge until she did this dreadful thing; and I may add that it was the eminently unwise custom of reading all the letters written to or by the pupils which stood responsible for the trouble. The order of nuns was a French one, and the habit of surveillance, which did not seem amiss in France, was ill-adapted to America. I had never before wasted a thought upon it. My weekly home letter and the less frequent but more communicative epistles from my mother might have been read in the market place for all I cared, until this miserable episode proved that a bad usage may be trusted to produce, sooner or later, bad results.

It was with visible reluctance that Madame Rayburn said after a long pause: "That alters the case. If Madame Bouron told Lilly, she must have had some good reason for doing so."

"There was no good reason," I protested. "There couldn't have been. But it doesn't matter. I told Lilly it wasn't so, and she believed me."

Madame Rayburn stared at me aghast. "You told Lilly it was not so?" she repeated.

I nodded. "I could not find out for two days what was the matter," I explained; "but I got it out of her at last, and I told her that my mother had never written a line to me about her. And she believed me."

"But my dear child," said the nun, "you have told a very grievous lie.

What is more, you have borne false witness against your neighbor. When you said to Lilly that your mother had not written that letter, you made her believe that Madame Bouron had lied to her."

"She didn't mind believing that," I observed cheerfully, "and there was nothing else that I could say to make her feel all right."

"But a lie is a lie," protested the nun. "You will have to tell Lilly the truth."

I said nothing, but my silence was not the silence of acquiescence. Madame Rayburn must have recognized this fact, for she took another line of attack. When she spoke next, it was in a low voice and very earnestly. "Listen to me," she said. "Friday is the first of May. You are going to confession on Thursday. You will tell Father O'Harra the whole story just as you have told it to me, and whatever he bids you do, you must do it. Remember that if you go to confession and do not tell this you will commit the very great sin of sacrilege; and if you do not obey your confessor you will commit the sin of open disobedience to the Church."

I was more than a little frightened. It seemed to me that for the first time in my life I was confronted by grown-up iniquities to which I had been a stranger. The thought sobered me for two days. On the third I went to confession, and when I had finished with my customary offenses—which, as they seldom varied, were probably as familiar to the priest as they were to me—I told my serious tale. The silence with which it was received bore witness to its seriousness. No question was asked me; I had been too explicit to render questions needful. But after two minutes (which seemed like two hours) of thinking my confessor said: "A lie is a lie. It must be retracted. To-morrow you will do one of two things. You will tell your friend the truth, or you will tell Madame Bouron the whole story just as you told it to me. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I said in a faint little voice, no louder than a sigh.

"And you will do as I bid you?"

"Yes," I breathed again.

"Then I will give you absolution, and you may go to Communion. But remember, no later than to-morrow. Believe me, it will get no easier by delay."

Of that I felt tolerably sure, and it was with the courage of desperation that I knocked the next morning at the door of Madame Bouron's office. She gave me a glance of wonderment (I had never before paid her a voluntary call), and without pause or preamble I told my tale, told it with such bald uncompromising verity that it sounded worse than ever. She listened at first in amazement, then in anger. "So Lilly thinks I lied to her," she said at last.

"Yes," I answered.

"And suppose I send for her now and undeceive her."

"You can't do that," I said. "I should tell her again my mother did not write the letter, and she would believe me."

"If you told another such lie, you would be sent from the school."

"If I were sent home, Lilly would believe me. She would believe me all the more."

The anger died out of Madame Bouron's eyes, and a look of bewilderment came into them. I am disposed to think that despite her wide experience as nun and teacher, she had never before encountered an *idée fixe*, and found out that the pyramids are flexible compared to it. "You know," she said uncertainly, "that sooner or later you will have to do as your mother desires."

I made no answer. The "sooner or later" did not interest me at all. I was living now.

There was another long pause. When Madame Bouron spoke again it was in a grave and low voice. "I wish I had said nothing about your mother's letter," she said. "I thought I could settle matters quickly that way, but I was mistaken, and I must take the consequences of my error. You may go now. I will not speak to Lilly, or to anyone else about this affair."

I did not go. I sat stunned, and asking myself if she knew all that her silence would imply. Children seldom give adults much credit for intelligence. "But," I began feebly—

"But me no buts," she interrupted, rising to her feet. "I know what you are going to say; but I have not been the head of a school for years without bearing more than one injustice."

Now when I heard these words sadly spoken something broke up inside of me. It did not break gently, like the dissolving of a cloud; it broke like the bursting of a dam. Sobs shook my lean little body as though they would have torn it apart. Tears blinded me. With difficulty I gasped out three words. "You are good," I said.

Madame Bouron propelled me gently to the door, which I could not see because of my tears. "I wish I could say as much for you," she answered, "but I cannot. You have been very bad. You have been false to your mother, to whom you owe respect and obedience; you have been false to me; and you have been false to God. But you have been true to your friend."

She put me out of the door, and I stood in the corridor facing the clock. I was still shaken by sobs, but my heart was light as a bird. And, believe it or not, the supreme reason for my happiness was—not that my difficulties were over, though I was glad of that; and not that Lilly was safe from hurt, though I was glad of that; but that Madame Bouron, whom I had thought bad, had proved herself to be, according to the standards of childhood, as good as gold. My joy was like the joy of the blessed saints in Paradise.

The Sermon on the Mount

AND SEEING THE MULTITUDES, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him. And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying: Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven. For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment. But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in

danger of hell fire. Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift. Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery. But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

It hath been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement, but I say unto you, That whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery.

Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths, but I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne; nor by the earth; for it his his footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so?

Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have the glory of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward.

But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth that thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly.

And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.

After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

Moreover when ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance: for they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face; that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father, which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!

No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love

the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?

And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

For after all these things do the Gentiles seek. For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.

Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.

Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat, because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.

Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock. And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.

And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand. And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.

And it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine. For he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU Higher laws

As I CAME HOME through the woods with my string of fish, trailing my pole, it being now quite dark, I caught a glimpse of a woodchuck stealing across my path, and felt a strange thrill of savage delight, and was strongly tempted to seize and devour him raw; not that I was hungry then, except for that wildness which he represented. Once or twice, however, while I lived at the pond, I found myself ranging the woods, like a half-

starved hound, with a strange abandonment, seeking some kind of venison which I might devour, and no morsel could have been too savage for me. The wildest scenes had become unaccountably familiar. I found in myself, and still find, an instinct toward a higher, or, as it is named, spiritual life, as do most men, and another toward a primitive, rank and savage one, and I reverence them both. I love the wild not less than the good. The wildness and adventure that are in fishing still recommended it to me. I like sometimes to take rank hold on life and spend my day more as the animals do. Perhaps I have owed to this employment and to hunting, when quite young, my closest acquaintance with Nature. They early introduce us to and detain us in scenery with which otherwise, at that age, we should have little acquaintance. Fishermen, hunters, woodchoppers, and others, spending their lives in the fields and woods, in a peculiar sense a part of Nature themselves, are often in a more favorable mood for observing her, in the intervals of their pursuits, than philosophers or poets even, who approach her with expectation. She is not afraid to exhibit herself to them. The traveller on the prairie is naturally a hunter, on the head waters of the Missouri and Columbia a trapper, and at the Falls of St. Mary a fisherman. He who is only a traveller learns things at second-hand and by the halves, and is poor authority. We are most interested when science reports what those men already know practically or instinctively, for that alone is a true *humanity*, or account of human experience.

They mistake who assert that the Yankee has few amusements, because he has not so many public holidays, and men and boys do not play so many games as they do in England, for here the more primitive but solitary amusements of hunting, fishing, and the like have not yet given place to the former. Almost every New England boy among my contemporaries shouldered a fowling-piece between the ages of ten and fourteen; and his hunting and fishing grounds were not limited, like the preserves of an English nobleman, but were more boundless even than those of a savage. No wonder, then, that he did not oftener stay to play on the common. But already a change is taking place, owing, not to an increased humanity, but to an increased scarcity of game, for perhaps the hunter is the greatest friend of the animals hunted, not excepting the Humane Society.

Moreover, when at the pond, I wished sometimes to add fish to my fare for variety. I have actually fished from the same kind of necessity that the first fishers did. Whatever humanity I might conjure up against it was all factitious, and concerned my philosophy more than my feelings. I speak of fishing only now, for I had long felt differently about fowling, and sold my gun before I went to the woods. Not that I am less humane than others, but I did not perceive that my feelings were much affected. I did not pity the fishes nor the worms. This was habit. As for fowling, during the last years

that I carried a gun my excuse was that I was studying ornithology, and sought only new or rare birds. But I confess that I am now inclined to think that there is a finer way of studying ornithology than this. It requires so much closer attention to the habits of the birds, that, if for that reason only, I have been willing to omit the gun. Yet notwithstanding the objection on the score of humanity, I am compelled to doubt if equally valuable sports are ever substituted for these; and when some of my friends have asked me anxiously about their boys, whether they should let them hunt, I have answered, yes,—remembering that it was one of the best parts of my education,—*make* them hunters, though sportsmen only at first, if possible, mighty hunters at last, so that they shall not find game large enough for them in this or any vegetable wilderness,—hunters as well as fishers of men. Thus far I am of the opinion of Chaucer's nun, who

> "yave not of the text a pulled hen
> That saith that hunters ben not holy men."

There is a period in the history of the individual, as of the race, when the hunters are the "best men," as the Algonquins called them. We cannot but pity the boy who has never fired a gun; he is no more humane, while his education has been sadly neglected. This was my answer with respect to those youths who were bent on this pursuit, trusting that they would soon outgrow it. No humane being, past the thoughtless age of boyhood, will wantonly murder any creature which holds its life by the same tenure that he does. The hare in its extremity cries like a child. I warn you, mothers, that my sympathies do not always make the usual phil*anthropic* distinctions.

Such is oftenest the young man's introduction to the forest, and the most original part of himself. He goes thither at first as a hunter and fisher, until at last, if he has the seeds of a better life in him, he distinguishes his proper objects, as a poet or naturalist it may be, and leaves the gun and fish-pole behind. The mass of men are still and always young in this respect. In some countries a hunting parson is no uncommon sight. Such a one might make a good shepherd's dog, but is far from being the Good Shepherd. I have been surprised to consider that the only obvious employment, except wood-chopping, ice-cutting, or the like business, whichever to my knowledge detained at Walden Pond for a whole half-day any of my fellow-citizens, whether fathers or children of the town, with just one exception, was fishing. Commonly they did not think that they were lucky, or well paid for their time, unless they got a long string of fish, though they had the opportunity of seeing the pond all the while. They might go there a thousand times before the sediment of fishing would sink to the bottom and leave their purpose pure; but no doubt such a clarifying process would be going on all the while. The Governor and his Council faintly remember the pond, for

they went a-fishing there when they were boys; but now they are too old and dignified to go a-fishing, and so they know it no more forever. Yet even they expect to go to heaven at last. If the legislature regards it, it is chiefly to regulate the number of hooks to be used there; but they know nothing about the hook of hooks with which to angle for the pond itself, impaling the legislature for a bait. Thus, even in civilized communities, the embryo man passes through the hunter stage of development.

I have found repeatedly, of late years, that I cannot fish without falling a little in self-respect. I have tried it again and again. I have skill at it, and, like many of my fellows, a certain instinct for it, which revives from time to time, but always when I have done I feel that it would have been better if I had not fished. I think that I do not mistake. It is a faint intimation, yet so are the first streaks of morning. There is unquestionably this instinct in me which belongs to the lower orders of creation; yet with every year I am less a fisherman, though without more humanity or even wisdom; at present I am no fisherman at all. But I see that if I were to live in a wilderness I should again be tempted to become a fisher and hunter in earnest. Beside, there is something essentially unclean about this diet and all flesh, and I began to see where housework commences, and whence the endeavor, which costs so much, to wear a tidy and respectable appearance each day, to keep the house sweet and free from all ill odors and sights. Having been my own butcher and scullion and cook, as well as the gentleman for whom the dishes were served up, I can speak from an unusually complete experience. The practical objection to animal food in my case was its uncleanness; and besides, when I had caught and cleaned and cooked and eaten my fish, they seemed not to have fed me essentially. It was insignificant and unnecessary, and cost more than it came to. A little bread or a few potatoes would have done as well, with less trouble and filth. Like many of my contemporaries, I had rarely for many years used animal food, or tea, or coffee, etc.; not so much because of any ill effects which I had traced to them, as because they were not agreeable to my imagination. The repugnance to animal food is not the effect of experience, but is an instinct. It appeared more beautiful to live low and fare hard in many respects; and though I never did so, I went far enough to please my imagination. I believe that every man who has ever been earnest to preserve his higher or poetic faculties in the best condition has been particularly inclined to abstain from animal food, and from much food of any kind. It is a significant fact stated by entomologists,—I find it in Kirby and Spence,—that "some insects in their perfect state, though furnished with organs of feeding, make no use of them;" and they lay it down as "a general rule, that almost all insects in this state eat much less than in that of larvae. The voracious caterpillar when transformed into a butterfly . . . and the gluttonous maggot when become a fly"

content themselves with a drop or two of honey or some other sweet liquid. The abdomen under the wings of the butterfly still represents the larva. This is the tidbit which tempts his insectivorous fate. The gross feeder is a man in the larva state; and there are whole nations in that condition, nations without fancy or imagination, whose vast abdomens betray them.

It is hard to provide and cook so simple and clean a diet as will not offend the imagination; but this, I think, is to be fed when we feed the body; they should both sit down at the same table. Yet perhaps this may be done. The fruits eaten temperately need not make us ashamed of our appetites, nor interrupt the worthiest pursuits. But put an extra condiment into your dish, and it will poison you. It is not worth the while to live by rich cookery. Most men would feel shame if caught preparing with their own hands precisely such a dinner, whether of animal or vegetable food, as is every day prepared for them by others. Yet till this is otherwise we are not civilized, and, if gentlemen and ladies, are not true men and women. This certainly suggests what change is to be made. It may be vain to ask why the imagination will not be reconciled to flesh and fat. I am satisfied that it is not. Is it not a reproach that man is a carnivorous animal? True, he can and does live, in a great measure, by preying on other animals; but this is a miserable way, —as any one who will go to snaring rabbits, or slaughtering lambs, may learn,—and he will be regarded as a benefactor of his race who shall teach man to confine himself to a more innocent and wholesome diet. Whatever my own practice may be, I have no doubt that it is a part of the destiny of the human race, in its gradual improvement, to leave off eating animals, as surely as the savage tribes have left off eating each other when they came in contact with the more civilized.

If one listens to the faintest but constant suggestions of his genius, which are certainly true, he sees not to what extremes, or even insanity, it may lead him; and yet that way, as he grows more resolute and faithful, his road lies. The faintest assured objection which one healthy man feels will at length prevail over the arguments and customs of mankind. No man ever followed his genius till it misled him Though the result were bodily weakness, yet perhaps no one can say that the consequences were to be regretted, for these were a life in conformity to higher principles. If the day and the night are such that you greet them with joy, and life emits a fragrance like flowers and sweet-scented herbs, is more elastic, more starry, more immortal, —that is your success. All nature is your congratulation, and you have cause momentarily to bless yourself. The greatest gains and values are farthest from being appreciated. We easily come to doubt if they exist. We soon forget them. They are the highest reality. Perhaps the facts most astounding and most real are never communicated by man to man. The true harvest of my daily life is somewhat as intangible and indescribable as the tints of morn-

ing or evening. It is a little star-dust caught, a segment of the rainbow which I have clutched.

Yet, for my part, I was never unusually squeamish; I could sometimes eat a fried rat with a good relish, if it were necessary. I am glad to have drunk water so long, for the same reason that I prefer the natural sky to an opium-eater's heaven. I would fain keep sober always; and there are infinite degrees of drunkenness. I believe that water is the only drink for a wise man; wine is not so noble a liquor; and think of dashing the hopes of a morning with a cup of warm coffee, or of an evening with a dish of tea! Ah, how low I fall when I am tempted by them! Even music may be intoxicating. Such apparently slight causes destroyed Greece and Rome, and will destroy England and America. Of all ebriosity, who does not prefer to be intoxicated by the air he breathes? I have found it to be the most serious objection to coarse labors long continued, that they compelled me to eat and drink coarsely also. But to tell the truth, I find myself at present somewhat less particular in these respects. I carry less religion to the table, ask no blessing; not because I am wiser than I was, but, I am obliged to confess, because, however much it is to be regretted, with years I have grown more coarse and indifferent. Perhaps these questions are entertained only in youth, as most believe of poetry. My practice is "nowhere," my opinion is here. Nevertheless I am far from regarding myself as one of those privileged ones to whom the Ved refers when it says, that "he who has true faith in the Omnipresent Supreme Being may eat all that exists," that is, is not bound to inquire what is his food, or who prepares it; and even in their case it is to be observed, as a Hindoo commentator has remarked, that the Vedant limits this privilege to "the time of distress."

Who has not sometimes derived an inexpressible satisfaction from his food in which appetite had no share? I have been thrilled to think that I owed a mental perception to the commonly gross sense of taste, that I have been inspired through the palate, that some berries which I had eaten on a hillside had fed my genius. "The soul not being mistress of herself," says Thseng-tseu, "one looks, and one does not see; one listens, and one does not hear; one eats, and one does not know the savor of food." He who distinguishes the true savor of his food can never be a glutton; he who does not cannot be otherwise. A puritan may go to his brown-bread crust with as gross an appetite as ever an alderman to his turtle. Not that food which entereth into the mouth defileth a man, but the appetite with which it is eaten. It is neither the quality nor the quantity, but the devotion to sensual savors; when that which is eaten is not a viand to sustain our animal, or inspire our spiritual life, but food for the worms that possess us. If the hunter has a taste for mud-turtles, muskrats, and other such savage tidbits, the fine lady indulges a taste for jelly made of a calf's foot, or for sardines

from over the sea, and they are even. He goes to the mill-pond, she to her preserve-pot. The wonder is how they, how you and I, can live this slimy, beastly life, eating and drinking.

Our whole life is startlingly moral. There is never an instant's truce between virtue and vice. Goodness is the only investment that never fails. In the music of the harp which trembles round the world it is the insisting on this which thrills us. The harp is the travelling patterer for the Universe's Insurance Company, recommending its laws, and our little goodness is all the assessment that we pay. Though the youth at last grows indifferent, the laws of the universe are not indifferent, but are forever on the side of the most sensitive. Listen to every zephyr for some reproof, for it is surely there, and he is unfortunate who does not hear it. We cannot touch a string or move a stop but the charming moral transfixes us. Many an irksome noise, go a long way off, is heard as music, a proud, sweet satire on the meanness of our lives.

We are conscious of an animal in us, which awakens in proportion as our higher nature slumbers. It is reptile and sensual, and perhaps cannot be wholly expelled; like the worms which, even in life and health, occupy our bodies. Possibly we may withdraw from it, but never change its nature. I fear that it may enjoy a certain health of its own; that we may be well, yet not pure. The other day I picked up the lower jaw of a hog, with white and sound teeth and tusks which suggested that there was an animal health and vigor distinct from the spiritual. This creature succeeded by other means than temperance and purity. "That in which men differ from brute beasts," says Mencius, "is a thing very inconsiderable; the common herd lose it very soon; superior men preserve it carefully." Who knows what sort of life would result if we had attained to purity? If I knew so wise a man as could teach me purity I would go to seek him forthwith. "A command over our passions, and over the external senses of the body, and good acts, are declared by the Ved to be indispensable in the mind's approximation to God." Yet the spirit can for the time pervade and control every member and function of the body, and transmute what in form is the grossest sensuality into purity and devotion. The generative energy, which, when we are loose, dissipates and makes us unclean, when we are continent invigorates and inspires us. Chastity is the flowering of man; and what are called Genius, Heroism, Holiness, and the like, are but various fruits which succeed it. Man flows at once to God when the channel of purity is open. By turns our purity inspires and our impurity casts us down. He is blessed who is assured that the animal is dying out in him day by day, and the divine being established. Perhaps there is none but has cause for shame on account of the inferior and brutish nature to which he is allied. I fear that we are such gods or demigods only as fauns and satyrs, the divine allied to beasts,

the creatures of appetite, and that, to some extent, our very life is our disgrace.—

> "How happy's he who hath due place assigned
> To his beasts and disafforested his mind! . . .
> Can use his horse, goat, wolf, and ev'ry beast,
> And is not ass himself to all the rest!
> Else man not only is the herd of swine,
> But he's those devils too which did incline
> Them to a headlong rage, and made them worse."

All sensuality is one, though it takes many forms; all purity is one. It is the same whether a man eat, or drink, or cohabit, or sleep sensually. They are but one appetite, and we only need to see a person do any one of these things to know how great a sensualist he is. The impure can neither stand nor sit with purity. When the reptile is attacked at one mouth of his burrow, he shows himself at another. If you would be chaste, you must be temperate. What is chastity? How shall a man know if he is chaste? He shall not know it. We have heard of this virtue, but we know not what it is. We speak conformably to the rumor which we have heard. From exertion come wisdom and purity; from sloth ignorance and sensuality. In the student sensuality is a sluggish habit of mind. An unclean person is universally a slothful one, one who sits by a stove, whom the sun shines on prostrate, who reposes without being fatigued. If you would avoid uncleanness, and all the sins, work earnestly, though it be at cleaning a stable. Nature is hard to be overcome, but she must be overcome. What avails it that you are Christian, if you are not purer than the heathen, if you deny yourself no more, if you are not more religious? I know of many systems of religion esteemed heathenish whose precepts fill the reader with shame, and provoke him to new endeavors, though it be to the performance of rites merely.

I hesitate to say these things, but it is not because of the subject—I care not how obscene my *words* are,—but because I cannot speak of them without betraying my impurity. We discourse freely without shame of one form of sensuality, and are silent about another. We are so degraded that we cannot speak simply of the necessary functions of human nature. In earlier ages, in some countries, every function was reverently spoken of and regulated by law. Nothing was too trivial for the Hindoo lawgiver, however offensive it may be to modern taste. He teaches how to eat, drink, cohabit, void excrement and urine, and the like, elevating what is mean, and does not falsely excuse himself by calling these things trifles.

Every man is the builder of a temple, called his body, to the god he worships, after a style purely his own, nor can he get off by hammering marble instead. We are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them.

John Farmer sat at his door one September evening, after a hard day's work, his mind still running on his labor more or less. Having bathed, he sat down to re-create his intellectual man. It was a rather cool evening, and some of his neighbors were apprehending a frost. He had not attended to the train of his thoughts long when he heard some one playing on a flute, and that sound harmonized with his mood. Still he thought of his work; but the burden of his thought was, that though this kept running in his head, and he found himself planning and contriving it against his will, yet it concerned him very little. It was no more than the scurf of his skin, which was constantly shuffled off. But the notes of the flute came home to his ears out of a different sphere from that he worked in, and suggested work for certain faculties which slumbered in him. They gently did away with the street, and the village, and the state in which he lived. A voice said to him, Why do you stay here and live this mean moiling life, when a glorious existence is possible for you? Those same stars twinkle over other fields than these.—But how to come out of this condition and actually migrate thither? All that he could think of was to practice some new austerity, to let his mind descend into his body and redeem it, and treat himself with ever increasing respect.

ALBERT EINSTEIN Science and religion

IT WOULD not be difficult to come to an agreement as to what we understand by science. Science is the century-old endeavor to bring together by means of systematic thought the perceptible phenomena of this world into as thoroughgoing an association as possible. To put it boldly, it is the attempt at the posterior reconstruction of existence by the process of conceptualization. But when asking myself what religion is, I cannot think of the answer so easily. And even after finding an answer which may satisfy me at this particular moment, I still remain convinced that I can never under any circumstances bring together, even to a slight extent, all those who have given this question serious consideration.

At first, then, instead of asking what religion is, I should prefer to ask what characterizes the aspirations of a person who gives me the impression of being religious: a person who is religiously enlightened appears to me to be one who has, to the best of his ability, liberated himself from the fetters of his selfish desires and is preoccupied with thoughts, feelings, and aspirations to which he clings because of their super-personal value. It seems to me that what is important is the force of this super-personal content and the

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depth of the conviction concerning its overpowering meaningfulness, regardless of whether any attempt is made to unite this content with a Divine Being, for otherwise it would not be possible to count Buddha and Spinoza as religious personalities. Accordingly, a religious person is devout in the sense that he has no doubt of the significance and loftiness of those supersonal objects and goals which neither require nor are capable of rational foundation. They exist with the same necessity and matter-of-factness as he himself. In this sense religion is the age-old endeavor of mankind to become clearly and completely conscious of these values and goals and constantly to strengthen and extend their effects. If one conceives of religion and science according to these definitions then a conflict between them appears impossible. For science can only ascertain what *is*, but not what should be, and outside of its domain value judgments of all kinds remain necessary. Religion, on the other hand, deals only with evaluations of human thought and action; it cannot justifiably speak of facts and relationships between facts. According to this interpretation, the well-known conflicts between religion and science in the past must all be ascribed to a misapprehension of the situation which has been described.

For example, a conflict arises when a religious community insists on the absolute truthfulness of all statements recorded in the Bible. This means an intervention on the part of religion into the sphere of science; this is where the struggle of the Church against the doctrines of Galileo and Darwin belongs. On the other hand, representatives of science have often made an attempt to arrive at fundamental judgments with respect to values and ends on the basis of scientific method, and in this way have set themselves in opposition to religion. These conflicts have all sprung from fatal errors.

Now, even though the realms of religion and science in themselves are clearly marked off from each other, nevertheless there exist between the two, strong reciprocal relationships and dependencies. Though religion may be that which determines the goal, it has, nevertheless, learned from science, in the broadest sense, what means will contribute to the attainment of the goals it has set up. But science can only be created by those who are thoroughly imbued with the aspiration towards truth and understanding. This source of feeling, however, springs from the sphere of religion. To this there also belongs the faith in the possibility that the regulations valid for the world of existence are rational, that is comprehensible to reason. I cannot conceive of a genuine scientist without that profound faith. The situation may be expressed by an image: science without religion is lame, religion without science is blind.

Though I have asserted above, that in truth a legitimate conflict between religion and science cannot exist, I must nevertheless qualify this assertion once again on an essential point, with reference to the actual content of his-

torical religions. This qualification has to do with the concept of God. During the youthful period of mankind's spiritual evolution, human fantasy created gods in man's own image, who, by the operations of their will were supposed to determine, or at any rate to influence, the phenomenal world. Man sought to alter the disposition of these gods in his own favor by means of magic and prayer. The idea of God in the religions taught at present is a sublimation of that old conception of the gods. Its anthropomorphic character is shown, for instance, by the fact that men appeal to the Divine Being in prayers and plead for the fulfilment of their wishes.

Nobody, certainly, will deny that the idea of the existence of an omnipotent, just and omnibeneficent personal God is able to accord man solace, help, and guidance; also, by virtue of its simplicity the concept is accessible to the most undeveloped mind. But, on the other hand, there are decisive weaknesses attached to this idea in itself, which have been painfully felt since the beginning of history. That is, if this Being is omnipotent, then every occurrence, including every human action, every human thought, and every human feeling and aspiration is also His work; how is it possible to think of holding men responsible for their deeds and thoughts before such an Almighty Being? In giving out punishment and rewards He would to a certain extent be passing judgment on Himself. How can this be combined with the goodness and righteousness ascribed to Him?

The main source of the present-day conflicts between the spheres of religion and of science lies in this concept of a personal God. It is the aim of science to establish general rules which determine the reciprocal connection of objects and events in time and space. For these rules, or laws of nature, absolutely general validity is required—not proven. It is mainly a program, and faith in the possibility of its accomplishment in principle is only founded on partial success. But hardly anyone could be found who would deny these partial successes and ascribe them to human self-deception. The fact that on the basis of such laws we are able to predict the temporal behavior of phenomena in certain domains with great precision and certainty, is deeply embedded in the consciousness of the modern man, even though he may have grasped very little of the contents of those laws. He need only consider that planetary courses within the solar system may be calculated in advance with great exactitude on the basis of a limited number of simple laws. In a similar way, though not with the same precision, it is possible to calculate in advance the mode of operation of an electric motor, a transmission system, or of a wireless apparatus, even when dealing with a novel development.

To be sure, when the number of factors coming into play in a phenomenological complex is too large, scientific method in most cases fails us. One need only think of the weather, in which case prediction even for a few days

ahead is impossible. Nevertheless no one doubts that we are confronted with a causal connection whose causal components are in the main known to us. Occurrences in this domain are beyond the reach of exact prediction because of the variety of factors in operation, not because of any lack of order in nature.

We have penetrated far less deeply into the regularities obtaining within the realm of living things, but deeply enough nevertheless to sense at least the rule of fixed necessity. One need only think of the systematic order in heredity, and in the effect of poisons, as for instance alcohol on the behavior of organic beings. What is still lacking here is a grasp of connections of profound generality, but not a knowledge of order in itself.

The more a man is imbued with the ordered regularity of all events, the firmer becomes his conviction that there is no room left by the side of this ordered regularity for causes of a different nature. For him neither the rule of human nor the rule of Divine Will exists as an independent cause of natural events. To be sure, the doctrine of a personal God interfering with natural events could never be *refuted*, in the real sense, by science, for this doctrine can always take refuge in those domains in which scientific knowledge has not yet been able to set foot.

But I am persuaded that such behavior on the part of the representatives of religion would not only be unworthy but also fatal. For a doctrine which is able to maintain itself not in clear light but only in the dark, will of necessity lose its effect on mankind, with incalculable harm to human progress. In their struggle for the ethical good, teachers of religion must have the stature to give up the doctrine of a personal God, that is, give up that source of fear and hope which in the past placed such vast power in the hands of priests. In their labors they will have to avail themselves of those forces which are capable of cultivating the Good, the True, and the Beautiful in humanity itself. This is, to be sure, a more difficult but an incomparably more worthy task.[1] After religious teachers accomplish the refining process indicated, they will surely recognize with joy that true religion has been ennobled and made more profound by scientific knowledge.

If it is one of the goals of religion to liberate mankind as far as possible from the bondage of egocentric cravings, desires, and fears, scientific reasoning can aid religion in yet another sense. Although it is true that it is the goal of science to discover rules which permit the association and foretelling of facts, this is not its only aim. It also seeks to reduce the connections discovered to the smallest possible number of mutually independent conceptual elements. It is in this striving after the rational unification of the manifold that it encounters its greatest successes, even though it is precisely this at-

[1] This thought is convincingly presented in Herbert Samuel's book, "Belief and Action."

tempt which causes it to run the greatest risk of falling a prey to illusions. But whoever has undergone the intense experience of successful advances made in this domain, is moved by profound reverence for the rationality made manifest in existence. By way of the understanding he achieves a far-reaching emancipation from the shackles of personal hopes and desires, and thereby attains that humble attitude of mind towards the grandeur of reason incarnate in existence, which, in its profoundest depths, is inaccessible to man. This attitude, however, appears to me to be religious, in the highest sense of the word. And so it seems to me that science not only purifies the religious impulse of the dross of its anthropomorphism, but also contributes to a religious spiritualization of our understanding of life.

The further the spiritual evolution of mankind advances, the more certain it seems to me that the path to genuine religiosity does not lie through the fear of life, and the fear of death, and blind faith, but through striving after rational knowledge. In this sense I believe that the priest must become a teacher if he wishes to do justice to his lofty educational mission.

BUELL G. GALLAGHER Armored with genuine faith

JOHN BUNYAN'S allegory is as good a beginning as any for this discussion. Confronted in the Valley of Humiliation by an horrendous adversary, Christian began "to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back or to stand his ground. But he considered again that he had no armour for his back. . . . Therefore, he resolved to venture and to stand his ground."

Valor is the better part of faith. In my book, valor is also the better part of discretion. We will be able to sing of the land of the free only as long as it continues to be the home of the brave. What is true of our secular liberties is true *a fortiori* of religious freedoms and of the meaning of life—not to mention the mere continuance of life itself.

Our forefathers in the Hebraic-Christian tradition knew these things. Their loins were girded with resolution and their faith was a shield and breastplate to them. How else did Jews endure and survive the pogrom and the ghetto? How else did Christians defy the rack and survive the hostilities of dominant secularism? They are wrong who suppose that faith comes to the coward. There is no religious resource to cover the nakedness of him who runs from Apollyon.

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A massive, awful, terrible apprehension has been with us for nearing nine years. Just after the explosion of the Atomic Age, Norman Cousins argued that there must be an atomic solvent for the atomic problem. His demand is far too modest. Nothing short of a cosmic solution will suffice. Man has unleashed the ultimate source of cosmic energy. He must avail himself of cosmic controls—or, what states the same thing more accurately, he must put his destiny under cosmic controls. Each step-up in destructive potential increases the dimensions of concern: From atomic to hydrogenic, to cobaltic bombs we go. And the words of the spiritual were never more true than now: "There's no hidin' place down there."

Where fears are not dominant, fatigue is. The war-weary peoples of Western Europe rally with slowness to NATO or to any other measure which calls for self-resolve.

And frustration follows on fear and fatigue. For those who do manage to rally themselves to idealistic endeavor, the height of the ideal becomes merely an index of the depth of frustration. Cynicism, which is idealism gone sour, follows readily.

The only armor which will serve our purposes in this day of fear, fatigue, and frustration is a genuine faith. Pragmatic realism should convince us of that, just as it did Bunyan's Pilgrim. Deciding not to run but to stand face-forward toward the threat, Christian said, "Had I no more in mine eye than the saving of my life, it would be the best way to stand."

But the reason is deeper than pragmatic. It strikes to the character of life itself, in terms of cosmic meaning. Granted a cosmic meaning to the moral struggle, we can face the present with hope for the future. Denied it, we have armor neither for our backs nor our breasts.

What, then, is the difficulty? Can religion and religious morality provide the medicine of this hour?

Two principal strands make up the essential meaning of our heritage in Western civilization. They may be suggested by two great legends—Greek and Hebraic.

Prometheus stole fire from the gods. According to this view the slow progress of the arts and sciences, the whole of technological growth and the development of civilization stems from man's appropriation of knowledge which belongs to the gods. But that knowledge comes at great pain and with a price. For his presumption, Prometheus is chained to the rock, and through eternity "the winged hound of Zeus" tears out his liver and eats it. For man's pride and presumption: eternal agony.

The story of Adam gives a different emphasis. Created in perfection and placed in Paradise, man needs only to use knowledge and power wisely and well. Instead, he uses them ill and stupidly. He sins. Unlike the Greek

gods, the Hebrew god is not jealous or apprehensive of man's power. God commits Himself to the fact of man's moral freedom; and in so committing Himself, shares the consequences. Man's pride and sin lead to pain and a price: agony of the eternal!

These two traditions enshrine variant ideas of the place of man and God in the cosmic scheme, and of the relationship of man to knowledge, power, and morality. The essential difference is an emphasis on the knowledge which is power, as against the righteousness which is violated at great peril. Woven together in a unified pattern, these two strands of Western culture provided the synthesis of the high Middle Ages, a seamless unity of knowledge with righteousness, of power with goodness. In Aquinas, Aristotle and the prophets become one.

But temporary gain proved ultimate undoing. Stability was the prime need of Aquinas' day: preservation of a crumbling feudal order. To preserve status and order, thought and morality must be static. Therefore morality and theology must be fixed and final, and knowledge must likewise be contained in static vessels. Thus was science constricted and brought to heel, to serve the Queen of the Sciences.

Augustine had penned his pious and saintly "Hymn to Unlearning," but perverse Prometheus did not easily wear the uneven yoke which tied him to Adam in the medieval synthesis. And since the static patterns which were adequate to the defenses of the thirteenth century could not permanently restrain the ebullient pressures of subsequent times, what had been fashioned as society's coat of mail finally became civilization's strait jacket.

From the Renaissance to the Enlightenment, with the Reformation and Counter-Reformation sandwiched in between, half a millennium of struggle followed. It was the struggle by which Prometheus severed himself from his symbiotic attachment to Adam. When Galileo fought for the Copernican as against the Ptolemaic cosmology, he was only trying to save the faith from the depredations of science by cutting science loose from its entanglement with religion. When Descartes brought to its provisional climax the work Galileo had initiated, he made the same affirmation. Finally, the Church (both Protestant and Catholic) gladly accepted the compromise which was devised. Science was to be free to inquire without let or hindrance—provided that the realms of First Cause, of Ultimates, and of the world of souls in between, were reserved inviolate for theology. This tragic separation of science and religion, while it is understandable as seen in historical perspective, nevertheless has brought us to the brink of atomic destruction.

From the seventeenth century onwards, Adam has been in eclipse, Prometheus in control. As Francis Bacon lyrically put it, "Knowledge is power!" Not until the twentieth century was religion to rise again in majesty and

reassert its full claims to enter into the whole of life. And then it was to be discovered that the abdicator regains a throne with extreme difficulty. Indeed, the former Queen of the Sciences is now challenged as a usurper.

The blinding explosion over Hiroshima on Aug. 5, 1945 is the precise equivalent of the legend of Prometheus, with one profound difference. Hiroshima is not myth but fact. Possessed of the knowledge of nuclear fission and union, Promethean man is about to learn in fact that such knowledge comes at great pain and with a price. The question—and I mean *the* question—is whether Prometheus will now be joined to Adam, and this time not in static but dynamic terms.

I hold that annihilation is not inevitable: it is evitable. Fatalism is not the only possible fruitage of fear, fatigue, and frustration.

In this fateful moment of history, which will be brief if we do not act, there is laid upon us the tremendous task of remaking religion so that it has something to say which is understandable by and relevant to the present crisis. It has been done before. Catholicism, for example, made the tremendous polar shift from Plato and Augustine to Aristotle and Aquinas; Protestantism, in its turn, has digested the results of its Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy; while Judaism makes its corresponding adjustments to the dynamics of new demands.

One thing is different now. The time is short. However much Prometheus may rationally and emotionally sense his need of Adam (and scientists are among those most loudly calling for moral controls in the name of survival), Adam in his turn has yet clearly to recognize and assume his responsibility. Since the day when (in the words of Horace)

> Prometheus first transmuted
> Atoms culled for human clay,

down to this present hour in which atomic power without moral control promises to give humanity back to the dust, man has never stood in more urgent peril. Therein lies our hope of action.

If some one now suggests that religion is a weak reed to lean upon in a day when postponement of the atomic debacle appears merely to provide opportunity for increasing demagoguery at home and for spreading Communist imperialism abroad, I give him Pilgrim's answer. I want none of a religion which claims to give man armor for his back. The only religion I recognize as genuine is one which enables a man of faith to stand his ground.

MASS MEDIA

THE mass media are the means of communication, such as television, the moving picture, radio, and the press, which reach vast numbers of Americans. Members of the great audiences to which they appeal are tremendously influenced by them in their ways of thinking and looking at things. In a democracy, therefore, these media are of great importance. Their audiences have the responsibility of knowing them for what they are, of gauging them, of judging them. Those in control of them have the responsibility of using them wisely and fairly. The first passage in this section, a part of the autobiography of Eric Sevareid, journalist and radio and television commentator, tells how Sevareid, working on a newspaper when he was eighteen, became aware of some of the problems of the press. Edgar Dale's "The Effects of the Mass Media" notes the significant effects of mass media in general, and suggests some practical ways of assuring that these forces for good or evil will be put to the best use. Arthur Mayer's "Hollywood Verdict: Gilt but Not Guilty" discusses the responsibilities of motion picture audiences. George Gallup's "Mass Information or Mass Entertainment" deals with the responsibility of radio and television audiences to make use of these media for gaining information. Adlai E. Stevenson's "The One-Party Press" criticizes America's newspapers for what he considers their partiality to one political party—a partiality which did not appeal to him since he was a presidential candidate of the other party.

ERIC SEVAREID Cub reporter

A personal discovery

IF A YOUNG MAN goes directly from secondary school to the university, and completes the study of his profession in theory and principle before entering his first office, everything is quite different. The faces, the titles, the very arrangement of the desks and departments he sees as a functional pattern. He has his mind on the end product of the concern; he knows how and why his product came about in modern society; he knows its present status in terms of history, and he no doubt understands the relationship of himself and his work to the times in which he lives. It must be a great advantage to begin that way, but it also means missing a brief period of complete enchantment. The old Minneapolis *Journal*, no longer

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extant, was an imposing and venerable institution in that northwest country, identified with the permanent structures of the landscape—the original buildings of Fort Snelling, the first dam on the upper Mississippi, the first roadbed laid by Jim Hill, the Empire Builder. It spoke with authority in the land, if not with wisdom, and it was an interconnecting cog in the social machinery of a widely scattered civilization. I was unaware that its directors were in, hand and glove, with the potentates of railroad, timber, and milling who for a very long time dictated, as if by kingly right, the political and economic affairs of this civilization. I was unaware that the men who wrote its pages *were* aware, bitterly so, of the paper's true function. To me at eighteen it was that most remarkable, most fascinating of all human institutions, a daily newspaper, peopled with those glamorous, incomparable men known as reporters and editors, actually there, alive, touchable, knowable. The ceremony of the "ghost walking" with the pay envelopes on Saturday afternoon was merely one of the more delightful moments of the week, a necessary bit of the engrossing ritual that preceded the ceremony of drinking beer down below at the "Greasy Spoon." The pay check of course was not really essential, these superhuman creatures being above anything so prosaic as the need for food, but was merely a kind of token and badge to signify that one Belonged. There was a positive sensual pleasure when one hurried from below-zero weather, so early it was scarcely light, into the warmth and smells of the city room where the telegraph editor was already waiting for the first yellow strips from the press association machines, into the warmer, noisier, greasier composing room upstairs where the limp, moist galley proofs of overset matter were piled and waiting for distribution below. The movement and noise built up with every hour, with the ordered cacophony of improvised symphony to the thundering finale by the great presses below the street, followed by the quiet aftermath of triumph when I would stagger into the city room with fifty fresh, pungent copies in my arms for the relaxing virtuosi who waited there, feet upon their instruments, gifted fingers lighting cigarettes.

This was my entry into the world of private enterprise in which most Americans pass their earthly existence. Surely, this was the best of all possible systems of life, where one simply chose the thing he most wanted to do, and, because he loved it, worked as hard as he could, and, because he worked hard, steadily rose from position to position, until he had "arrived," when the world would hold no more secrets or problems, and life gracefully leveled out on a plane of confidence, security, and happiness. I was convinced of the truth of this when after only six weeks as a copy runner I was made a reporter, with a desk of my own, admission to the Saturday night poker game around the copy desk, and fifteen dollars a

week. Up to that time I had never made an enemy, never known anyone to feel that I was a threat to him, nor felt that anyone else was a threat to me. When I broke the great news that I was to become a reporter, to a rewrite man I worshipped, I received the first shock and hurt and began to learn. I expected warm congratulations and perhaps admiring predictions of future greatness. Instead, the Godlike journalist looked at me coldly and said: "For Christ's sake. The bastards." It was some time before I realized that experienced reporters, family men who required more than fifteen dollars a week, were being rebuffed each day in their search for employment.

My one regular chore on the paper, the inescapable heritage of the newest and rawest cub, was to spend each Friday as "religious editor," which meant putting together a page of copy with a summed-up story of Sunday's events, followed by several columns of "church notices" in six-point type. It meant interviewing a few visiting clerics of distinction, who never turned down the request. One of these was Billy Sunday, the evangelist, then in his last days. In his case, no questions were needed. He bounded about the hotel room, now peering intently out the window with one foot on the sill, now grasping the dressing table firmly in both hands while lecturing his reflection in the mirror. I never opened my mouth after introducing myself and scarcely remembered a word of what he said. Suddenly he ceased talking and darted out of the room, whereupon "Ma" Sunday unhooked a half-dozen typewritten sheets from a loose-leaf folder and handed them to me. This was the interview, all prepared, his emphasis marked by capitalized words and phrases in red ink with many exclamation marks. When I first took over this task on the paper I mentioned it one day to a Protestant pastor I happened to know rather well. He clasped his hands together, cast a brief glance upwards, and said: "Thank God for that! I have been grieving over the lack of publicity for our little church." He gripped my shoulder in a brotherly manner and said: "I hope this will be the answer to my prayers." I was quickly to learn that of all the citizens who rang the newspaper or came to the lobby seeking publicity, the men of the church were the most demanding and insatiable. I was frequently embroiled in controversy with pastors who would demand why I had not run the photographs of themselves which they had just sent in, whereas Pastor X had had *his* picture in the paper twice in the last three months. The rabbis were equally desirous, but generally more clever about it, while the important Catholic priests simply let their assistants handle the publicity question and rarely entered the negotiations in person. I learned that the newspaper was frightened of the preachers. The city desk could tell a vaudeville press agent to go to hell when his demands overreached the decent limit, but nobody ever spoke anything but soft words

to the press agent of a church. I could see why nobody else wanted my task, but no doubt it was good training in basic diplomacy.

I was firmly convinced that a newspaper reporter "saw life" as did no one else in current society. (He sees no more of life than the iceman does, but he is compelled to note down and comment and thus acquires some habit of observation, if not reflection. That's all the difference there is.) I wanted to observe "human nature" and for some reason did not believe preachers exhibited any manifestations of human nature. So I seized any other kind of assignment anybody else was too lazy or too wise to want: interviews with the drinkers of canned heat who lived, and often died, in the caves and shacks along the riverbed, with movie stars of more majestic condescension than any bishop. Once I dressed as a waiter and served Katharine Hepburn her breakfast in bed after she had kept the reporters waiting in bitter cold for two hours at the station, then refused to see them. I have a vivid memory of knocking at apartment doors in the dead of night, to inform a young wife that her husband had just been killed in an accident or a police shooting, and did she have a photograph of him? Usually she turned white and ran to grab up the baby from its crib. These experiences left me limp and shaking. But somehow these wretched people —if they were poor, with poor people's belief that newspapers are powerful things with unquestioned rights—would find a photograph, would, between sobs, answer my questions. It was a surprise to find that the rich did not react the same way. When I went to ask questions of the wife of a manufacturer who had killed a man in disgraceful circumstances, she waited until I had spoken, then coolly requested me to leave the premises before she called the police. I spent three weeks in police headquarters, in Washington Avenue saloons, in the parlors of innumerable citizens, trying to solve the celebrated local mystery of the missing baby, stolen from the bed of its fifteen-year-old "unwed mother" in the city hospital. I worked morning, noon, and night, uncovered various bits of evidence, and finally located a youthful suspect who the police were convinced was the kidnapper, but whom they were unable to convict. I had always had the normal citizen's respect for the police, but during this experience discovered to my surprise that we reporters were frequently hours and days ahead of them unraveling the mystery.

One became, at that age, aware of social structure but not of social forces. One knew that certain individuals represented certain levels of the structure, in the city and inside the office, but one was scarcely aware that these individuals themselves were pushed and pulled by invisible pressures of a class allegiance, in society and business. It took me a long time to understand that the publisher had far more in common with, far more loyalty to, the bankers or grain merchants with whom he lunched

at the Minneapolis Club than to the editors and reporters who worked with him to produce the paper. I began work with an idealistic view of the newspaper as the mounted knight of society, pure in heart, its strength as the strength of ten, owing no favor, fearing no man. I did not know that, while many great organs had begun that way (a few retained their integrity) with rugged, incorruptible founders, they had been handed down to sons and grandsons who were less interested in the true social function of the institution than in its money-making capacities which secured their position in the luxury class to which they, unlike their fathers and grandfathers, were born. You learned. You learned by listening to the servile voices of the women who wrote the society pages as they asked the great ladies of Lowry Hill to be so very kind as to give them the names of their reception guests. You learned by discovering that if you became involved in controversy with an important businessman about the handling of a given story, you were always wrong and the businessman was always right. You learned by finding that if a picture were published of a Negro, however distinguished, and one of the great ladies, who happened to be from Georgia, telephoned to protest that she was offended, profuse apologies would be offered the sensitive creature.

With this general discovery of the structure of community life came the simultaneous discovery that nearly all men, working in a large American concern, did their daily work under the tyranny of fear. It varied in intensity from man to man, from prosperity to depression, but it was always there. The reporters were afraid of the city editor, the assistant city editor was afraid of the city editor, and the city editor, worried about his job, was afraid of his assistant. All were afraid of the managing editor, who in turn was afraid of the publisher. None of them wanted to feel that way, few were really "after" another's position, but each understood the pressures on the other which might at any moment cause the latter in self-protection to bear down upon the former. I might have learned all this much earlier, as most boys do from their fathers, who come home at night and relate to their wives at dinner the latest move in their "office politics." But my father had been an independent operator most of his life, and even when he did join a large establishment his sense of personal dignity and honor forbade him to discuss his superiors or inferiors, even with his family. And so I had begun working life in the simple faith that one's rise or fall was a matter solely of one's own capacities.

There was a charming old man who lived like an office hermit in a musty room in the interior labyrinths of the *Journal.* He was a scholar of some distinction, in love with the history of the northwest country, and he wrote graceful essays and homilies for the Sunday edition. I was charmed by his style and occasionally would take my portable lunch and bottle of milk

at noon to eat with him. I assumed that with his literary attainments he was an important and respected person in the establishment. Once I stayed longer than usual; we were both spellbound with his own fascinating account of a vanished village. He looked suddenly at his watch. He became extremely agitated, grabbed up his copy in trembling fingers, and said: "Excuse me, excuse me. The editors. They will be very rough with me. I am very late." His bent figure shuffled rapidly from the room. He had spent his life on that newspaper.

The financial editor worked at a desk directly behind my own. One night when I was working exceptionally late, he came in slightly unsteady from drinking. He emptied into a suitcase the contents of his locker, a few books, a batch of clippings, a pair of golf shoes. I asked in surprise if he was leaving. He said: "I've been on this paper eighteen years, son. I've just been fired by a guy I used to teach where to put commas." He staggered out, leaving me with a sick, hollow feeling in the pit of my stomach and a dark light dawning in my head. Innocence departed. Life, it seemed, was a relentless, never-ending battle; one never "arrived"; loyalty, achievement, could be forgotten in a moment; a single man's whim could ruin one. I began to take stock of the situation and discovered that the men who got to the top, no matter how long they stayed there, were nearly all men who had studied in universities, who knew something besides the routine of their own desks. It was fear as much as anything else that drove me to college, purely personal ambition as much as curiosity about the world I lived in and what had made it the way I found it to be.

EDGAR DALE The effects of the mass media

MAYOR Jimmy Walker of New York City once challenged the censors by pointing out that he had never heard of any girl being ruined by a book. Morris Ernst, noted exponent of civil liberties, asked members of an audience whether any of them had ever been morally injured by reading any book, or seeing a play or motion picture. The inference in both cases was that no girl was ever ruined by a book or that no individual was ever hurt by the mass media.

Are these men saying that books, or movies, or plays have no effects—good or bad? Morris Ernst would hardly have written *The First Freedom* just for his own pleasure. If books have no effect, then why concern our-

From *The News Letter*, November 1953, edited by Edgar Dale, Professor of Education, Bureau of Educational Research, Ohio State University.

selves about the censorship of such books? It seems to me that those who argue against censorship on the ground that the mass media have no significant effects on behavior are on shaky ground. We oppose censorship of books, newspapers, films, or television precisely because these media *do* have significant effects.

Further, we are for free and open discussion of ideas because this is one way of trying to figure out just what effects such ideas may have. It is also a way of changing the effects, as I shall point out later. We prohibit the communication of ideas only when they are obscene or when harmful action may follow the communication so closely that there will be no time for discussing and evaluating the ideas. You can go to jail for yelling "Fire!" in a theater only because the immediate effect is likely to be panic. You can yell "Fire!" in a park to your heart's content—even though there is no fire. Listeners may conclude that you are either crazy or a congenital liar. We see, then, that the situation helps determine what the effect will be.

But let us look a little more closely at the word "effect." One of our problems in discussing the effects of the mass media is one of definition. If we use the word "effect" as meaning only a precipitating event, the last event in a chain of related events, the final triggering action, we would have to admit that a book, a film, a letter, or many communication devices can finally trigger off an action.

Thus, if a boy commits a robbery by imitating a specific method shown in a movie or TV program, we must first ask what kind of boy he was. Was he ready to rob in any of another half dozen ways? If he had not seen the movie, is it likely he would have made no other attempt? Did the movie "load the gun," or merely pull the trigger?

We could hardly expect that television and other media could refrain from portrayal of all actions which might be imitated with disastrous effects. A playmate of mine seeing a circus acrobat dive into a net decided after reaching home to dive out of the haymow onto a spring mattress, thus permanently injuring his spine. But we could hardly argue that high diving should not be permitted in circuses because little boys may imitate it with dangerous results.

When we talk about the mass media, therefore, we must distinguish between those immediate triggering effects which might also be set off by other activities exclusive of mass media and those influences which have "a persistent, shaping effect upon the thought and behavior of human beings, singly or collectively," as noted by Louis Gottschalk in his book *Understanding History*.

What are some of these possible shaping effects upon our ways of using leisure time? At least five thousand motion picture theaters have closed

in the last few years. This has an effect on the way former patrons will now use their leisure time. Perhaps they now attend a larger movie theater, but more than likely they are spending the movie time looking at television. They have changed their habits, but whether for good or ill is an extraordinarily difficult question to answer. But a truly massive effect has already been made upon the way they spend their leisure time.

Do the mass media have a persistent shaping effect upon specific behavior? Some maintain that the mass media do influence behavior but only on the good side of the ledger. The mass media can reinforce good, they say, but not the bad. However, if it is reasonable to assume that a medium can have "beneficial" effects, then we must also assume that it can produce "harmful" effects. Consequent behavior can move in socially disapproved or socially approved directions.

As one reads the literature on the effects of the mass media, he notes the hardly debatable conclusion that it is much easier to reinforce present values than to change values. It will obviously be easier to bring about more learning in a particular field than to get unlearning plus relearning. Thus it is usually less difficult to interest a man in improving his golf game than it is to persuade him to quit it and learn another sport. One may also conclude that transfer of learning will occur under certain conditions. It took twenty years of work with mass media and demonstration to get Iowa farmers to accept hybrid corn. But the introduction of hybrid oats, following hybrid corn, took only three years.

What about the effect of the mass media upon the shaping of specific attitudes? On this point Joseph T. Klapper in *The Effects of Mass Media* says: "Thousands of experiments have established beyond reasonable doubt that persuasion can be achieved by the planned, or even unplanned presentation of appropriate content through mass media."

One finds this specifically documented in the Payne Fund studies of Thurstone and Peterson, *Motion Pictures and Attitudes of Children*. Their major conclusion was "that motion pictures have definite, lasting effects on the social attitudes of children and that a number of pictures pertaining to the same issue may have a cumulative effect on attitude."

The fact that films or radio programs or written material can be used to change attitudes does not mean that it is easy to do it. About half of the films selected by Thurstone and Peterson to study for possible effects did not produce the expected effect. One film brought about the exact opposite of what had been predicted. Carefully laid public relations programs sometimes boomerang. As noted above, it is easier to produce an effect which means merely giving increased momentum to one's attitudes than it is to decelerate and reverse the attitude.

What about the use of the mass media in shaping erroneous ideas about people, in causing them to accept false information as true? Here again, the findings are like those relating to attitudes. There is a tendency to accept as true what is seen on the screen unless it is patently false or unless the person already has sound information with which to evaluate it. Thus if you don't know what college is like, you are likely to accept the picture presented in a movie. If you have good sense about what the world is like, nonsense can take care of itself. It will be seen as foolish, or funny, or fantastic. But when the truth is not known, the inaccurate is accepted as truth and the dream is seen as reality.

One of the most illuminating findings about effects of mass media relates to latency. Thus in the studies in the armed forces it was discovered that some expected effects were not found just after the film exposure but that they did appear several months later.

The mass media, then, do have significant effects. Some are merely triggers to set off a gun that somebody else, some other agency of communication, has loaded and cocked. But the mass media play their own role, too, and influence the ideas, the attitudes, and the stock of information which people have about the real world.

What can we do about it? First, we must try to convince people that they are not immune to the symbolic world as brought to us through movies, television, radio, and the press. It is subtly influencing our ways of thinking.

Second, we reject the idea that the free flow of ideas should be impeded either by censorship or by monopoly control. There is no simple answer to the problem of one-newspaper towns, newspaper chains, four television networks, concentration of film production. Some argue cogently that large-scale operation is a necessity and that competition among the various media makes monopoly difficult.

We need to make certain that the mass media are not monopolized by persons who have the same ideas about labor, capital, religion, taxation, or whatever the field may be. Perhaps we need some more *Christian Science Monitors* or labor dailies. There should be competition of ideas in the marketplace of opinion. In all the shouting of the mass media there must be room for the opposing voices to be heard.

Third, we must bend every effort to develop the discriminating viewer, listener, and reader. There are so many falsehoods presented through the mass media (e.g., the toothpaste ads), so many accusations, so many divergent claims, that we must develop some rough yardsticks as to whom to believe. The remedy for this avalanche of claims and counterclaims is not to doubt everything but to learn how to tell what is true and what is false, a truly tough job.

Our schools must give students contact with excellence wherever it appears in the mass media. Provision must be made in colleges, for example, for students to see the best in films—theatrical, documentary, and educational films. This association with excellence is good vaccination against what is phony. Students should have an opportunity somewhere in their English or social studies curriculum to become acquainted with excellent magazines and daily newspapers.

Certainly we can expect that there will be discriminating teaching in reference to television. Students can be asked to report on programs best and least liked and to give reasons for their choices. They can sample programs recommended by fellow students or by teachers. They can contrast and evaluate styles of news commentators. They can discuss which ones seem to appeal primarily to one's emotions and which depend upon facts and reasoning for their judgments.

If mass media are having a persistent shaping effect upon our information, our outlook, our attitudes, then parents, schools, and colleges have an obligation to help children and young people to think through what these effects are and whether they are good or bad. If the effects are deemed desirable, then we ask how such effects may be accelerated. If the effects are contrary to sound parental teachings or to public policy, then we must ask how harmful effects can be minimized or eliminated. We must work with national organizations which are constructively trying to improve taste in television. Perhaps more than anything else, the consumer of the mass media should not think of them as "out of this world." They are in the same world he is, and he should make the most of it.

ARTHUR MAYER Hollywood verdict: gilt but not guilty

I HAVE a profound respect for experts—in all fields except my own. When they assure us that there has been a substantial advance in the past decade in American appreciation of literature, drama, and music I unhesitatingly accept their happy findings. But when they assert, as they frequently do, that similar progress has taken place in movie taste I can only caution hold your horses—or at least your 3-D glasses.

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There is considerable justification for the indictment so frequently presented against the movie moguls that they themselves have, over the years, fashioned their own audience and are now saddled with it—an audience avid for escape, acquiescent to saccharine formulae, and allergic to what it disparagingly terms "message" pictures. On the other hand, I am unfortunately so venerable that I vividly recall the resentment of picturegoers when Goldwyn released "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," the first full-length film to challenge the reign of realism on the screen; I remember, too, the catastrophic failure of Von Stroheim's "Greed," probably the most cinematically imaginative American picture ever made, and the other similar mishaps too numerous to catalogue which overtook adventurous pioneers who in early movie days overestimated the intelligence of their public. Little, however, can be gained by seeking to establish the relative guilt of producers, exhibitors, and the public. They all share in the errors of the past and the perplexities of the present.

At least I am perplexed, although not my highbrow friends. Almost daily for the past thirty years they have assured me that the public is at last eager for more adult, thought-provoking pictures than it is receiving. Whether they have arrived at this cheerful conclusion through research, revelation, or merely wishful thinking I am not aware. It seems to me, after a lifetime largely devoted to the pursuit of patrons, that there are many publics, and that nobody knows with any degree of consistency what any of these publics wants—neither Spyros Skouras, the indefatigable president of Twentieth Century-Fox, nor his critics, nor the various publics themselves. Of the three, however, I distrust Mr. Skouras's judgments the least. He, at any rate, makes his guesses neither on the basis of hunch nor hope but on a continuing study of his company's finances and their fluctuations with its films—good, bad, and indifferent. Indeed, if we really desire to be helpful rather than hep it would be well to stop indulging in the time-honored sport of throwing spite-balls at Mr. Skouras and his fellow movie magnates—if for no other reason than that they have become experts at dodging them. Moreover, as the captain of the *Texas* shouted to his sailors when the Spanish ships off Santiago were sinking, "Don't cheer, those poor devils are dying." If we are genuinely interested in the production of more "mature films" (to use a phrase that I detest but do not know how to improve) let's stop talking loosely about how the producers underestimate their public and analyze what have been the roadblocks encountered by such films and to what extent they can, under existing conditions, be destroyed or bypassed.

Briefly, they can be summarized as follows:

(1) The fabulous financial success of the industry discouraged experimentation and the search for marginal markets.

(2) The equally fabulous cost of Hollywood picture-producing made mass appeal the safest and quickest method of assuring a profit.

(3) Most of the so-called "prestige" movies which were produced, and the foreign films which were imported, failed to receive sufficient public support to encourage increased activities of this nature.

At the outset we must disabuse our minds of the stereotype of the illiterate movie tycoon with the twelve-year-old mentality. Anyone who regards Mr. Schenck of M-G-M or Mr. Balaban of Paramount as lacking horse sense had better not try horse trading with them. Neither of these unassuming, likable gentlemen went to college, but if they had they surely would have made Phi Beta Kappa and been elected "the man most apt to succeed" in their respective classes.

They and their competitors have only seen fit to submit to the iron laws of capitalist economics rather than to the equally inflexible precepts of contemporary uplifters. If, as they found out early in their careers, wonderful pictures like Bob Flaherty's starve and Shirley Temple films break attendance records, it appeared prudent to them to pay more deference to little girls with dimples than to distinguished explorers with a yen for showing how strange people live and think in distant places. If controversial films provided little cash and many repercussions from pressure groups of every hue, company presidents anxious to retain their jobs and emoluments decreed fewer dramatic treatments of the burning issues of the day like "The Watch on the Rhine" and more excursions into never-never land like "Lost Horizon." If Robert Montgomery fans were shocked when he appeared in "Night Must Fall" as a psychopathic murderer rather than in his customary role of a light and debonair lover, studio executives concluded that type-casting was what their public preferred and thenceforward heroes remained heroic and bad men persisted in their villainies.

There were annual gestures, indeed more than are generally acknowledged, in the direction of biography, art, and defiance of formula, such as "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," "The Long Way Home," and "The Ox-Bow Incident," but they met with so little popular favor that prudent presidents followed the line of least resistance, and—like the manufacturers of automobiles or zippers—gave the customers what they seemed most eager to pay for. They regarded their obligation to their stockholders as more pressing than the educational and cultural needs of the nation. While we must deplore this strictly commercial approach to the operation of a great medium of communication, we must also remember that had they acted otherwise they would quickly have been replaced by hungry rivals more rapacious and even less civic-minded.

Conducting the industry as a business rather than as a social trust, they

created a worldwide entertainment empire the like of which had never been conceived before. The courts have judged them guilty of conspiracy in the distribution and exhibition of their wares, but in production cut-throat competition prevailed. The battle for stars, stories, and technicians beggars description and would have beggared any less indestructible an enterprise. Production budgets zoomed to astronomic heights. Efficiency experts representing banks and other gimlet-eyed investors journeyed regularly to Hollywood to see who was crazy and returned home raving maniacs themselves. As costs continued to soar, so inevitably did the pressure for a mass market. During the Thirties and Forties this was maintained by trade practices such as producer-ownership of the leading theatre circuits and the block-booking system under which exhibitors seeking to purchase major box-office attractions were also compelled to buy the less desirable pictures. When the courts eventually declared these procedures illegal, and every picture had to be sold strictly on its merits, or what passed for merits, it had to be fashioned and merchandised even more than previously for its appeal to the widest (frequently interpreted as synonymous with the lowest) common denominator of public taste. Under the much-abused system of block-booking unpretentious films with novel situations and fresh attitudes, such as "A Man to Remember" or "The Curse of the Cat People," occasionally crept through and were crammed down the throats of helpless exhibitors. Now, in the classic words of *Variety*, it was "boffo or busto," meaning there was no longer any middle ground and every picture was either a click or a cluck.

Most commentators fret about the ethics of the industry, but what actually went hopelessly haywire was its economics. The average negative cost at Twentieth Century-Fox in 1949 was $2,200,000 and other major studios did not lag far behind. Orson Welles recently remarked: "If I am a painter and want to paint I go out, buy an easel, some paints and brushes, and go to work. I am an artist. But if I want to make a moving picture I have to raise a million dollars. And when I do that I become a businessman."

A modest theatrical production can be staged for $40,000; a novel with a sale of some 8,000 copies can pay its way; CBS regards a listening audience of a million as "impressive." But the average Hollywood feature film to return its investment must be seen by at least 15,000,000 people. In the face of the need for so vast an audience only an occasional daring producer, such as John Huston or Stanley Kramer, tempts fate with a "Red Badge of Courage" or a "Member of the Wedding." Such pictures frequently are referred to as "artistic failures" although they may play to audiences of five to ten million which, by any other standard than Hollywood's inflated production costs, would be ample to return a huge profit. Under its present set-up the

industry can and does turn out fine entertaining pictures which appeal to every class in the community such as "From Here to Eternity" or "Roman Holiday" but those who seek subtlety or sophistication will not find it in their movies any more frequently than they do so in the pages of the *Ladies Home Journal* or *Cosmopolitan.*

Because of this or in spite of it, or probably because all other desirable commodities were rationed while cash was plentiful, the public flocked to the movies in the years following World War II as never before. The profits of the six leading companies in 1946 amounted to 332 million dollars. Weekly domestic theatre attendance was estimated, probably somewhat generously, at 80,000,000.

And then almost overnight television reared its ugly antennae on the rooftops of the nation. Within four years twenty-five million living rooms were converted into miniature theatres. Movie men, softened by years of easy success, faced a youthful aggressive competitor which was prepared, through commercial sponsorship, to furnish entertainment gratis—maybe not so lavish or star-studded as Hollywood's, but entertainment minus queues, minus parking, minus baby sitters, minus box office.

Producers and exhibitors alike reeled under the impact. Receipts declined 44 per cent and over 5,000 of the 18,500 conventional indoor type of theatres closed. To combat the challenge of television M-G-M and Twentieth Century-Fox, at that time the best organized and most alert studios in Hollywood (though maybe I think so only because they diagnosed the malady much as I did), decided that the time was ripe to supply the screens of the nation with a product directed at a higher intellectual level than had in the past proved palatable or profitable. The addicts of quantity in entertainment could, they figured, linger at home, hugging their consoles as well as their consorts, while those who preferred quality would at long last find their more rarefied tastes gratified with greater frequency at their local theatre.

Never before had these two companies, thanks to their gifted studio heads, Dore Schary and Darryl Zanuck, so copiously expended their resources and talents to create a superior product. Never before had they turned out so high a percentage of adult films. And never before did they suffer such catastrophic consequences. Movies were better than ever, but business was worse. "Intruder in the Dust," "Asphalt Jungle," "Magnificent Yankee," "Fourteen Hours," "S.S. Teakettle," "Decision Before Dawn," one after another proved resounding flops. If they had not released a few massive spectacles like "Quo Vadis" and "David and Bathsheba" and a few smash musicals like "The Great Caruso" and "Showboat," and if their foreign markets had not greatly expanded, both companies would have shown

heavy losses. As it was, Twentieth's earnings at the height of its liaison with the adult, if not the adulterous, nose-dived to one cent per share.

Confronted by disaster, they rapidly reversed their field. The sensational success of Cinerama and of the first 3-D quickie, "Bwana Devil," suggested a new and more promising method of enticing patrons back to the picture palaces. Overnight the industry was again looking at the future through rose-colored glasses, if only by courtesy of the Polaroid Company of America. What price maturity if Warner's "House of Wax" or Paramount's "Sangaree" could bring out crowds the like of which had not been seen since 1947? Mr. Harry Warner was so enthralled that he prophesied that a pair of polarizing glasses would soon become as essential to the average man's wardrobe as a wristwatch or a fountain pen. Mr. Milton Gunzberg, proponent of something called "natural vision," declared that those who attended it "received as much eye benefit in some instances as they might from experiencing a dozen treatments for exercises in a doctor's office."

Suddenly we all became authorities on interaxial spacing, distorted convergence, and anamorphic lenses. Never since the advent of sound had there been so much excitement in Hollywood, and never—even then—so much confusion. Almost every day the trade papers heralded the invention of some new scheme for showing stereoscopic or wide-screen pictures or both. There was Depth-O-Vision, Metrovision, and Paravision, Vistorama, Triorama, TriOpticon, True Stereo, and Bolex Stereo. The Russians, as was to be anticipated, announced that they had scooped the universe and had been showing 3-D films without glasses for lo these many years.

This is neither the suitable place, nor am I the suitable authority, to adequately explain these technical innovations. Suffice it to say that the indomitable Mr. Skouras emerged with perhaps the best and certainly the most publicized process. Christened CinemaScope, it dispenses with the glasses required for 3-D and the three projectors which make Cinerama too costly for widespread theatre installation. It is projected on a huge curved screen, with a width more than 2½ times its height, and accompanied by a cacophonic roar known as stereophonic sound. Actually, the picture projected is not stereoscopic, but is designed to engulf and overwhelm theatre patrons to such an extent that they feel themselves part and parcel of what they are witnessing. At least on the initial week of its showing at the Roxy Theatre, "The Robe," Twentieth Century-Fox's first CinemaScope masterpiece, overpowered the New York public to the tune of $317,000 (including taxes), establishing an all-time theatrical box-office record.

Mr. Skouras has announced that hereafter all of his company's productions will be shot exclusively for CinemaScope, and although exhibitors may bewail the cost of new equipment and esthetes its "mail slot" proportions,

there can be little question that CinemaScope or some similar process has come to stay. There are now in production, or about to be produced by different companies, 124 films designed either for 3-D or the wide screen. The new processes call for "big pictures"—for the spectacular and the epic, rather than for the intimate and the tender. While these techniques are in the ascendancy, "Quo Vadis" will be the prevalent movie model rather than "Lili."

The expense of producing such pictures will make all previous records appear miserly. Twentieth Century-Fox has appropriated $35,000,000 for its first fourteen CinemaScope productions. What "Oklahoma!" will cost Todd A. O. and "Seven Wonders of the World" Cinerama, no one has even dared to announce. There will not be over 250 pictures made by the major companies in 1954—less than half the number which Hollywood in its heyday used to produce—but the total outlay will probably be the greatest in its history.

The prospects for the future, however, are not as bleak and forbidding as all this may sound. There are many theatres which because of their limited size, bankroll, or enthusiasm, are unprepared to install 3-D and/or wide-angle lenses. There are many picturegoers who will find themselves unable to adjust to the eye and ear strain of the stereoscopic and stereophonic and who will declare themselves allergic to colossal closeups, lengthy scenes, and diminished tempo.

These recalcitrant exhibitors and patrons constitute potential recruits for what are now unfortunately known as "art houses." Actually, their name is no more misleading than are the reports, sedulously circulated by wishful thinkers, concerning their rapidly expanding numbers and prosperity. They rarely, except as an added attraction, play genuine art films such as "The Titan" or "Leonardo Da Vinci"—their current plight, if they did, would be even worse. Only those who occasionally manage to book such Hollywood forays into the adult world as "The Moon Is Blue" or "Death of a Salesman" show a reasonable return, if any, on their investment.

At present less than 500 theatres play foreign and English films with reasonable consistency, and the majority of these do so only when a suitable product is available—said product being more apt to consist of "Bitter Rice" or "Anna," with sex appeal thinly disguised as art, than of Continental films of genuine distinction such as "The Little World of Don Camillo" or "Forbidden Games." One hundred twenty of them are located in the New York metropolitan area, forty-four in Los Angeles, and thirty-four in San Francisco. In all, they exist in only seventy communities and they represent less than 3 per cent of the total number of theatre seats in the United States.

The existence of this handful of houses is, however, of far greater con-

sequence than their limited number or success would indicate. Its real significance is suggested by Frederick Lewis Allen in "The Big Change," when he writes in quite another connection: "The job before those Americans who would like to see the United States a Greece rather than a Carthage is to try to develop, alongside the media of entertainment and equipment which satisfy the people's present needs, others which will satisfy more exacting taste and will be on hand for them when they are ready for more rewarding fare." Those of us who, like Mr. Allen, realize the necessity for such outposts of culture would be of greater service to our cause if we talked less glowingly about the progress of the art houses and sought more zealously to understand the nature of their current status.

Their problems are many. The two primary difficulties, however, consist of a scarcity of pictures and of patrons. The Sutton or the Paris Theatres in New York can flourish with three or four successful pictures a year, the Squirrel Hill in Pittsburgh may need twenty, but before the Roxy of Fargo, North Dakota, for example, can feel reasonably safe in abandoning a strictly commercial policy it requires the assurance of a steady flow of product. And until we have art theatres in the Fargos as well as in New York and Pittsburgh the movement will never be built on a solid national foundation.

Nor can it have such a solid foundation without ardent local supporters. The reactions of the non-habitual moviegoers are, at best, tardy. It does not make a vital difference to a publisher if his book sells in the first week of its publication or in the tenth, but with movies prompt patronage is of the essence. Every first-run theatre has a weekly holdover figure. If a picture falls below this amount of business it is losing money and few exhibitors have the intestinal fortitude to prolong the engagement in the hope that patronage will "build." After an unsuccessful showing of this nature it becomes almost impossible to obtain subsequent runs for a picture. The finest French film of the Resistance, "Bataille Du Rail," for example, has been exhibited on less than half-a-dozen occasions. Time after time friends have told me that they heard that a picture which I was handling was superb and that they fully intended to see it. Before they could tear themselves away, however, from such agreeable pastimes as discussing how juvenile were most movies, it had been relegated to a can on a shelf, only occasionally dusted off for a select showing at a university or an art museum.

The success of a limited number of English importations like "Tight Little Island," "Kind Hearts and Coronets," and "The Cruel Sea" at New York City small first-run houses has led to premature rejoicing among myopic Manhattanites. West of the Hudson, however, and south of the Bay, such films are still regarded with profound suspicion. Small-town patrons find their Oxford intonation so unintelligible that they suggest the need

of subtitles similar to those used for French or Italian importations.

Two years ago my associates and I imported an English melodrama, "Seven Days to Noon," which dealt with the threat to mankind encased in the atomic bomb. The picture grossed less than $225,000 and of this disappointing figure we took about 65 per cent out of the New York metropolitan area. The average for a Hollywood picture for that territory is 15 per cent! "Hamlet" and "Henry V," aided by the vigorous support of Women's Clubs, school authorities, and other public-spirited groups, which apparently Shakespeare can enlist but which we have never been able to muster for authors who have the misfortune to be alive, both grossed over two and a half million dollars. But for every "Henry V" there are a dozen other English pictures which fail even to return the cost of prints, accessories, and advertising. Such splendid features as "Cry the Beloved Country," "Ivory Hunter," and "The Brave Don't Cry," will not transfer an American dime to their dollar-hungry creators. As for foreign-language films, their business, contrary to the general impression, has been steadily shrinking since the halcyon days of "Open City" and "Paisan." Rarely do they succeed in obtaining 200 bookings; fifty is much closer to the average, and many secure even less.

If the art theatre is to justify its existence it must free itself from its present bondage to the films of foreign nations. Much as we may appreciate European realism and candor, it does not appear to me unduly jingoistic to believe that we also require pictures about the American scene written by American authors, directed by men with an American point of view, and performed by American actors. Fortunately, or unfortunately, there are many such men and women now available. Some of them are Hollywood exiles whose youthful idealism misled them into joining organizations which a decade or more ago gave the impression of being wholly praiseworthy in their objectives. Many of them in the past participated in making some of our best pictures. They are now out of work and eager to demonstrate their devotion to democratic rather than totalitarian ideals. In addition, there are the old-time non-ideological rebels who never were able to adjust themselves to big studio practices or politics, not to mention the 1953 brand of irreconcilables bitterly averse to the new epic techniques. Lastly, there is a talented younger generation knocking on the door—a door which with a production cut of probably 50 per cent will prove harder to pry open than ever before.

In the past, independent pictures—except for the costly creations of such intrepid entrepreneurs as Goldwyn and Selznick—have been almost exclusively imitative in intent. The films distributed by Lippert or Monogram were designed solely to duplicate with inferior casts, stories, and produc-

tion facilities the successes of their bigger rivals. They were never intended for art-house showing but only to serve as secondary attractions on double-feature bills.

There have, however, been a handful of exceptions, enough to prove that it is only by suffrance that Europe continues to enjoy its present monopoly in the field of the experimental or the sophisticated cinema—exceptions such as "The Quiet One," "Navajo Boy," "The Well," and "The Little Fugitive." Bucking the present tendency towards the lush and the lavish, there are, even in Hollywood, young men like Clarence Greene, Russell Rouse, and others who apparently have mastered the art of making for $150,000 films that are not an insult to the intelligence.

Under existing conditions, however, pictures budgeted even at this low figure are unable to return a profit if exhibited exclusively in art houses. To cure this situation there should be at least 50 per cent more such theatres. They cannot continue to be confined to a limited number of highly competitive situations but must be spread across the country until there is one in each of the 106 American cities with populations of over 100,000, and at least two or three in the larger communities. What with bad business, shortages of product, and the dilemma of the new techniques, there are a plethora of commercial theatres prepared to experiment with a new policy. They will do so just as soon as suitable pictures in adequate quantities are available. And such pictures will, in turn, be available just as soon as more patrons rally to the support of those now in circulation.

Neither of the ancient bogeys—Hollywood moguls or inflexible exhibitors —stand in the way. All that is necessary is for the intellectuals to stop paying lip service to the better cinema and to start paying admission. When they do so the exciting thing about American movies will be, not how much wider they are, but how much better.

GEORGE GALLUP Mass information or mass entertainment

ONE OF the real threats to America's future place in the world is a citizenry which daily elects to be entertained and not informed.

From the time the typical citizen arises and looks at his morning news-

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paper until he turns off his radio or television set before going to bed, he has unwittingly cast his vote a hundred times for entertainment or for education.

Without his knowing it, he has helped to determine the very character of our three most important media of communication: the press, radio, and television.

The sad and irrefutable fact is that the choice of the American public is going so heavily in favor of entertainment that we may, as the saying goes, eventually "kill ourselves laughing."

What is the evidence? Let's look first at television. To appreciate the extent to which entertainment has taken over this medium, one should glance over the newspaper listing of the programs, for just one week. Or better still, study the popularity ratings of all shows on TV. The variety shows, mysteries, comedies, westerns, completely dominate the lists. You'll find only a handful of shows which I would describe as truly informational.

The fault can't be attributed to the medium nor to the advertisers who make the final decision as to which shows they will sponsor. The fault is almost entirely with the television viewers.

I have known many a valiant attempt on the part of advertisers to put information shows on the air, only to be compelled by good business practice to withdraw them after it was clearly demonstrated that the public was not interested in this type of serious fare.

Those who own and control the networks and independent stations of the country would prefer a better balance, if the public could somehow be induced to give relatively more time to information and less to entertainment.

The present lack of interest in the informative type of television show is shocking. The total number of hours devoted by the American public to just *two* shows, "I Love Lucy" and the "Show of Shows" is greater than the total number of hours spent on all information or educational shows put together.

And perhaps here I need to make myself clear on one point. I am not in any sense opposed to entertainment shows. The American public can not be criticized for its love of entertainment. That is one of our more attractive qualities as a people. I do wish to argue strenuously, however, that there should be a better balance between entertainment and education.

The situation in respect to radio programs is essentially the same as in the case of television. In the entire history of this medium not one serious, educational show has ever reached a top rating. And most programs of this type have such small audiences that they are kept on the air solely for pres-

tige purposes, that is to say, to prove to legislators and critics that it is possible to find a few educational shows amongst the hundreds of entertainment shows offered weekly by this medium.

There has been a rash of quiz shows on radio and to a lesser extent on television. But I have never found much justification for listing these as educational. It seems to me that it makes little difference whether the people of this country know how long a fly can stand on the ceiling or whether Martha Washington had an upper plate. Without the lavish prizes that are handed out to almost anyone who can remember his own name, these shows would all have died a-borning.

The newspaper itself has had to make great concessions to this ever-growing demand on the part of the public to be entertained. Within the last two decades the number of comic strips printed daily and Sunday has increased by many times. And don't for one minute assume that only children read them. Actually, more adults read the most popular comic strip on a typical day than read the most important news story on the front page.

During the last war one of the saddest sights to me was to see grown men, most of them with high school or college training, poring over comic books in railroad and bus stations and apparently wholly unconcerned with the happenings in the world, which would almost certainly affect their destiny.

In a recent study of metropolitan newspapers, it was found that the average amount of time which a reader spends daily on the important news of his country and of the world is less than four minutes. He spends ten times as much time on sports, local gossip, and the service and entertainment features.

For many years I have been interested in the problems of the motion-picture industry, the chief of which is, of course, the problem of making pictures which net a profit. In estimating picture "grosses," we discovered that one question is absolutely essential on the questionnaires given to movie-goers. He is asked to tell whether, on the basis of the title and a synopsis of the story, he believes the picture to be "educational." If the answer is "yes," it is safe to predict almost certain failure for the picture at the box office.

From the field of book reading comes further evidence of our lack of intellectual interests. For many years I have had the opportunity to probe into the book reading habits of the American people.

Despite the fact that we have the highest level of formal education in the world, fewer people buy and read books in this nation than in any other modern democracy. The typical Englishman, with far less formal educa-

tion, reads nearly three times as many books as our typical citizen. In fact, an Englishman who leaves school at the age of fourteen reads about as many books as our college graduate.

This lack of interest in books is reflected by the number of bookstores in the United States. In this country, about 1450 stores sell a fairly complete line of books. In Denmark, a nation whose population is just about half that of New York City, there are some 650 full-fledged bookstores. If we had the same proportion in this country as Denmark, we would have not 1450 bookstores—but 23,000!

But some will say that whereas we have few bookstores we have a great many free libraries. We do, but certainly not to the extent of the Scandinavian countries. In the United States there are about 7500 free public libraries. In Sweden, a nation only one twenty-fifth the size of the United States in population, there are 6500 free public libraries. Or to put this comparison in another way, the United States would have to have not 7500 libraries—but 150,000 to equal Sweden!

Recent reports from Moscow tell of the great interest in books in that city. Frank Rounds, Jr., in the *United States News,* describes the numerous bookstores in Moscow, and the large number of persons who read serious books on the subways. The libraries of Moscow open at 9 A.M. and close at 11:30 P.M. and all day long people queue up to get into them.

Have you seen any queues in front of our libraries lately?

It is understandable perhaps why citizens in the United States who have had little or no schooling would not be interested in books. The discouraging fact is that our high school and college trained citizens read so few books of a serious nature.

In a recent survey of college graduates which I undertook, it was discovered that five out of every six had not done any reading of a serious nature in the few months just prior to the interview—that is, reading which was not immediately connected with their business or occupation.

Of the entire group, only a little more than half—55%—could name any recently published book which they would like to read.

The ignorance of these college graduates about the classics was overwhelming. Only one in ten could name the author of "Tom Jones," three out of four could not name the author of "Wealth of Nations," six in ten could not name the author of "Vanity Fair." One college graduate interviewed frankly admitted that he had not read a book since he left college ten years ago. He knew nothing about any of the current best-sellers. In answer to some questions which attempted to probe into his knowledge of authors, he "guessed that" Shakespeare wrote Canterbury Tales, and that

an author he identified as "longsworth" wrote Tom Jones. And yet this mar is a Bachelor of Arts.

I have heard it said that pocket-size books which sell at every newsstand and drugstore now meet America's requirement for books and that the sensational growth in sales of these inexpensive, paper-bound books really explains why book sales are low and why libraries are so empty.

Actually, more than two hundred million pocket books will be sold this year. This could give us a lot of comfort were it not for two important statistics. The first is that three fourths of all pocket books are bought by approximately ten per cent of the population—72,000,000 persons have never bought a single copy in their lives. The second statistic is that it is not the books of cultural value which account for the bulk of the 200,000,000 sales, but the westerns, mysteries, and raw sex stories.

Another answer sometimes offered to explain why Americans read so few books is that we are a magazine-reading nation. It is true that we buy millions and millions of copies of magazines, just as we buy some 54,000,000 copies of newspapers daily. The strange fact is that, despite this great circulation of newspapers and magazines, we manage to remain rather poorly informed on many of the vital issues of the day.

You may recall the attention accorded the two political conventions last summer by newspapers and magazines. During the two conventions, American newspapers gave over most of their front pages and inside pages to reports on convention happenings. The news magazines, likewise, went all out to provide complete coverage of these events. Moreover, you could hear or see little else on radio and television. Even so, only one adult in every four throughout the country could name the two men selected as vice-presidential candidates.

It is the daily experience of poll takers to discover how little high school and college graduates as a group know about tariffs, about the progress of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, our Point Four Program, the struggle in Asia, and similar issues which affect not only their pocketbooks, but their very lives.

Even simple matters of geography which should have been learned in grade school remain a mystery;—such things, for example, as the location of Formosa, Manchuria, Yugoslavia, or the population of China, Canada, France. In fact, a good many college students and former students can not take an outline map of the United States and put their finger on the state of Illinois.

I trust that I am not one who places too much emphasis upon "book learning." In the course of polling the American public over a period of

nearly two decades I have found that our people are wonderfully endowed with what is best described as "horse sense." The collective judgment of the people, up to this point in history, has been extraordinarily sound. There is a mountain of evidence to prove that the public is generally right in its opinions and usually far ahead of its representatives in government.

If I could be sure that the problems of the world would become less complex, if I thought that all nations might lapse into that blissful state of "innocuous desuetude" once described by one of our presidents,—then I would feel far less concerned.

What can we do to help restore a proper balance in this country between entertainment and education?

Ultimately, the responsibility must rest on each individual. The media of communication can do many things to make information more palatable to their readers or listeners. Some interesting work is now being undertaken by a number of newspapers, and particularly by the International Press Institute headed by Lester Markel of the *New York Times.* The Ford Foundation is attempting to develop educational programs for television which will attract large audiences, and our leading magazines are constantly trying to get more persons to read the serious material which they publish, in contrast to the fiction and service material.

Without doubt the outstanding success of the twentieth century in making worth-while information interesting to the great mass of readers is the *Reader's Digest,* whose success has extended throughout the world. If any persons in the communications world today deserve to be called geniuses, De Witt and Lila Wallace are those persons.

While I believe that every individual owes it to himself and to his country to be reasonably well informed, and while it is true that the various media of communication are daily working on the problem of getting more readers and listeners to attend to the important rather than to the entertaining—I believe that the great hope of the future must lie in our educational system.

I am thoroughly convinced that we must change our whole basic philosophy of education. We must begin to recognize that the years *after* graduation from grade school, high school or college are the really important years, and not the years spent in school.

We must realize that self education is all-important and that formal education received in the schools is good only to the extent that it aids and abets self-education.

Too many students today hold the belief that when they are "through" school, that is to say, when they have been graduated, they "have had it." And too many of our teachers, oddly enough, never attempted in any way to disabuse them of this belief.

We must begin to understand that the process of learning is a process which must continue throughout life. As Sir Richard Livingstone has said, "who can suppose that spiritual and intellectual growth ceases and knowledge and wisdom are finally achieved when a university degree is taken, or that the need of knowledge does not grow more urgent with the passing of the years?"

The importance of the years after school can be arrived at through simple arithmetic. The typical high school student is graduated at age seventeen or eighteen; the typical college student, at age twenty-two. If we consider the normal life span, the college graduate spends fifty years after leaving college,—the high school graduate, fifty-four.

The opportunity to learn and to increase one's mental stature is thus far greater in the non-school years than in school years, even though only part of the time of an adult can be devoted to study. Experience in life adds meaning to learning and gives it direction. So, in a real sense, the education of every person should begin and not end with graduation.

If we are ever to make this transition, if we are ever to place full emphasis on self-education, we must start at the college level, as they do in the universities of Europe.

I have always resisted the idea, widely held in this country, that college students are too immature to be left to make any but the most simple type of decisions for themselves. And I have always resisted the idea that college students must be shepherded about as if they were still adolescent.

Students enrolled in European universities are more carefully selected than ours. Yet I can not help believing that if we transferred most of the responsibility, not only for learning, but for conduct to the students themselves, our students would mature much faster.

After studying the operation of European universities and in the light of my own experience in teaching college courses here, I have come reluctantly but inevitably to the conclusion that the enemies of learning at the university level are the textbook, the classroom lecture, and our course system.

At Oxford, for example, the student is left pretty much on his own. He reports at weekly or bi-weekly intervals to his professor or don, who offers his guidance and criticism. But there are no lectures which he MUST attend. His reading covers a broad field, and to a great extent the books which he consults in the course of preparing papers are books of his own selection.

In this country, we lean heavily on textbooks which consist for the most part of bits and pieces of knowledge cannibalized from other textbooks. Too often the teacher, in his classroom lecture, merely repeats the material covered by the textbooks. And the student, once he has memorized and

then regurgitated the textbook material in a true-false quiz can forget the whole business.

The heavy emphasis which we place upon memorizing facts—in contrast to learning how to use facts—was pointed out by a British student now taking graduate work in Princeton. In an article written for the *Daily Telegraph* of London he wrote:

"The student in the United States must have a thousand streamlined facts at his finger tips, and be able to retell everything in answer to a question, like a tic-tac man giving the latest odds on the next horse race. He must scan the scurrying fashions in ideas as Paris dressmakers watch London."

Obviously the whole school system, from the grades up to college, must be revised if we are to turn out a more mature product.

And it occurs to me that the way to do this is rather simple. The first step is to agree on the goals of education. And the second is to test our graduates to see how successfully they attain these goals.

In conversations with college professors throughout the country, I have found rather general agreement on these goals. Most educators will agree that our universities should train students 1) to think independently, 2) to write reasonably well, 3) to know something about the world of today and the world of yesterday, and 4) to want to enlarge their intellectual horizons.

I am confident that if we were to study our graduates who have been out of college for one, ten or twenty years, we would be appalled at how far short of these goals most of them fall. And I am equally confident that our whole basic philosophy of education would change as a result of this knowledge. If an intellectual renaissance is to get under way in this country, the natural place for it to be born is in our universities.

If our teachers and our schools lead the way, we will have less reason to worry about an uninformed citizenry. And our media of communication can devote an increasing amount of time and space to enlightening a receptive public.

ADLAI E. STEVENSON The one-party press

IT IS very pleasant to consider today that I have a group of editors and publishers temporarily at my mercy. I know it won't last long. But, since the press—some of it—keeps describing me as a captive candidate, I particularly enjoy speaking to a captive audience.

This speech (abridged) was delivered during the 1952 presidential campaign at the Portland *Journal* luncheon for Oregon newspapermen, September 8, 1952.

In addition, I have had a strange feeling these past weeks that people are following me. They all seem to be friendly, inquisitive and rumpled; they wear hats and keep writing things down on pieces of paper. I cannot drink a milk-shake or put on a pair of shoes without their friendly but implacable surveillance. Given this relentless observation, I find it an agreeable change to stand here and look straight back at such a distinguished group of what I believe are called "opinion molders."

If ignorance, apathy and excessive partisanship are still the greatest enemies of democracy—as I believe Bryce said some forty or fifty years ago—then of course it is up to a free press to help us on all three counts and all the time. Otherwise neither democratic government nor a free press can be sure of permanency.

In short, government—our brand of representative government—depends on you, and, something which I think your profession sometimes overlooks, you depend on government, for the ultimate protection of a free press is in the Constitution.

That is why the rock-bottom foundation of a free press is the integrity of the people who run it. Our press may make a million mistakes of judgment without doing itself permanent harm so long as its proprietors are steadfast in their adherence to truth. I have no doubt whatever that the bulk of owners and publishers and editors are doing an honest job with the news.

I ought to know, because I am straining the impartiality of the press to the limit these days. Yet, as a candidate in a hard-fought campaign, I have been well impressed by the fair treatment accorded me by most newspapers, including most of those aligned editorially with the opposition. I am convinced that nearly all publishers are doing their honest best, according to their lights—even if I must confess that sometimes their lights seem to me a little dim.

I am glad to pay this tribute to the press. It is true, and I think it should be said. I am grateful for the impartiality and fullness of your news columns. Yet I am not recommending complacency. And, from my vantage point, certain defects are apparent. If I were still an editorial writer I suppose I would say that there are some ominous tendencies, or even that these tendencies could weaken the fabric of the Republic.

In my new role in life, I can't help noticing from time to time—I want to put it as delicately as I can—that the overwhelming majority of the newspapers of the country are supporting the opposition candidate. This is something, I find, that even my best friends *will* tell me! And I certainly don't take it personally. In fact, I would have been somewhat startled and unhappy if I received much press support after the reception given my

Democratic predecessors, Mr. Truman and Mr. Roosevelt. Some people might even have considered such support an ill omen.

It would seem that the overwhelming majority of the press is just against Democrats. And it is against Democrats, so far as I can see, not after a sober and considered review of the alternatives, but automatically, as dogs are against cats. As soon as a newspaper—I speak of the great majority, not of the enlightened ten per cent—sees a Democratic candidate it is filled with an unconquerable yen to chase him up an alley.

I still haven't got over the way some of our nation's great papers rushed to commit themselves to a candidate last spring, long before they knew what that candidate stood for, or what his party platform would be, or who his opponent was, or what would be the issues of the campaign. I know where a young publisher's fancy turns in that season of the year, and I don't blame them for a moment. But I feel that some of them may yet regret the impetuosity of their wooing now that autumn is here.

I am touched when I read in these papers solicitous editorials about the survival of the two-party system. Now I really can't bring myself to believe that the Republican Party is about to fade away, even if it loses in 1952. If so, it is staging one of the longest and loudest deathbed scenes in history. How can the Republican Party disappear when about 90 per cent of the press for ten or fifteen years has been telling the American people day in and day out that the Republican Party alone can save the Republic? Surely Republican publishers and editors don't honestly believe that they have so little influence!

I am in favor of a two-party system in politics. And I think we have a pretty healthy two-party system at this moment. But I am in favor of a two-party system in our press too. And I am, frankly, considerably concerned when I see the extent to which we are developing a one-party press in a two-party country.

I earnestly wish that the newspapers so highly agitated over the two-party system in politics would contemplate the very real dangers of the one-party system in the press. I don't say this because of any concern over the coming election. My party has done all right in recent elections in spite of the country's editorial pages, and I have a hunch we will do all right this year too.

But, as an ex-newspaperman and as a citizen, I am gravely concerned about the implications of this one-party system for our American press and our free society.

A free society means a society based on free competition and there is no more important competition than competition in ideas, competition in opin-

ion. This form of competition is essential to the preservation of a free press. Indeed, I think the press should set an example to the nation in increasing opposition to uniformity.

What I think I detect is a growing uniformity of outlook among publishers —a tendency toward the trade-association mentality of uniformity of attitude toward the public, the customer, if not toward one another as producers of consumer goods. I doubt if this shoe fits the peculiar function of the newspaper.

I think you will agree that we cannot risk complacency. We need to be rededicated every day to the unfinished task of keeping our free press truly free. We need to work even harder for the time when all editors will honor their profession, when all publishers will have a sense of responsibility equal to their power and thus regain their power, if I may put it that way.

It's not honest convictions honestly stated that concern me. Rather it is the tendency of many papers, and I include columnists, commentators, analysts, feature writers, and so on, to argue editorially from the personal objective, rather than from the whole truth. As the old jury lawyer said: "And these, gentlemen, are the conclusions on which I base my facts."

In short, it seems to me that facts, truth, should be just as sacred in the editorial column as the news column. And, as I have said, happily most papers, but by no means all, do struggle with sincerity for accuracy in the news. Coming from Chicago, of course, I am not unfamiliar with the phenomenon of an editorial in every news column!

What I am saying is that the press cannot condemn demagoguery, claptrap, distortion and falsehood in politicians and public life on the one hand and practice the same abuses on the public themselves, on the other. I know the people are smarter than many politicians think and sometimes I suspect that even editors underestimate them.

The free press is the mother of all our liberties and of our progress under liberty. That's easy to say, but while saying it, it is well to remember what it means.

. . . . . .

Of course, the campaign itself bulks large in our eyes today. I would like to conclude with the warning that we must not let it obscure the outlines of the world crisis in which we are involved. This generation has been summoned to a great battle—the battle to determine whether we are equal to the task of world leadership. I am deeply persuaded that the press can be our shield and our spear in this battle. I believe Jefferson said, "If a nation expects to be ignorant and free in a state of civilization it expects what never was and never will be."

We must look largely to the press for the enlightenment that will arm us for this conflict. We should be able to look to the press for much of the sober certainty that will carry us to victory and peace. Our government and our arms and our wealth will avail us little if the editors do not accept this invitation to greatness. The agents of confusion and fear must not usurp the seats of the custodians of truth and patriotism.

In saying this, I want to emphasize my belief that the leadership for this development of a free press must come entirely from the profession itself. Government has its co-operative part to play. It must do everything possible to oppose censorship and to free the channels of communication. Beyond that point, it cannot safely go. The basic job can be done only within and by the free press itself, by you gentlemen. I know you can do it superbly. We have solemn reason to pray it will be done that way.

ENVIRONMENT

THE world in which we live—the world of farms as well as of towns and cities—confronts us with important environmental problems. We need to know what is happening to our natural resources, what we as Americans have become, what hopes there are for the future. These matters are the concerns of this section. The first selection is a description by Sherwood Anderson of his early life, the poverty of his home, and the effect poverty had on the children in the family. There follows a discussion of our "plundered nation" by Fairfield Osborn, an examination of the results of our reckless waste of natural resources. James West reports on a detailed study of a small American community. His report shows how interests, values, and behavior vary dramatically with socio-economic position. The section concludes with an essay by Frederick Lewis Allen which presents a summary description of the American environment, its materialism and its culture, its present and the possibilities for its future.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON Poverty

A personal discovery

THE BRICK HOUSE in Clyde indeed was very small. How we all managed to live in it is still a mystery to me, for other children continually were coming. More children coming and father often without work. In Clyde he soon lost his place in the harness shop. It may have been due to one of the periods of depression, the two men who owned the shop, the brothers Irwin, compelled to retrench, no more work coming in, no new harness being sold, or it may have been father's fault, his work neglected, he running off to some reunion of Civil War veterans or perhaps gone into one of his periods of drinking when he could not work.

But, at any rate, there is a winter of hardship fixed in my mind, mother struggling to in some way take father's place as the family breadwinner. She had father paint a sign on cardboard and hang on the front door of our house. It said that mother would take in family sewing. I do not believe that any sewing ever came to her.

From *Sherwood Anderson's Memoirs* by Sherwood Anderson, copyright 1942 by Eleanor Anderson. Reprinted by permission of Eleanor Anderson.

I remember my resentment. It may have been that mother was again big with child and could not work. She would already, during that for us so terrible winter, have begun taking in family washing but, the new child being on the way, would have had to give up that work while we became objects of charity, neighbors bringing food to our door, we children half unaware of the terror of actual hunger and yet, even as small children, vaguely conscious of our mother's fright and sadness, the tears often coming suddenly to her eyes so that we all began to cry loudly in sympathy with her. There would be the strange long periods of silence in the house, myself, with the two other children, Karl and Stella, going along neighboring railroad tracks on winter days and picking up pieces of coal dropped from trains to keep the one stove in our house going, we all, in winter evenings, huddled about the stove in the little kitchen, no lamp burning, as there would have been no oil for it, and then the crawling into bed in the darkness, all of us in one bed, frightened by something we had seen in mother's eyes and huddled together for safety and warmth.

Father would have been much from home during that winter. It was our hardest one. Painting the sign announcing mother's willingness to become a seamstress may have set off the artist in him. It may have been that winter that he became a sign painter, going off somewhere seeking jobs.

But I have written much of my father in another book of mine, *A Story Teller's Story*, of his many vagaries and, I trust, a little of his charm, and must not too much repeat, although (it may be because so many of my father's characteristics are also mine) he will always be a tempting subject to me. And what I am wondering as I write is whether during that, our hardest winter, mother was carrying my brother Earl. For I am quite sure there was in me already a resentment of the fact of her pregnancy, a resentment that must have also been in my brother Karl and my sister Stella. At the time we could hardly have known by what mysterious process our mother had become pregnant but also there may have been a vague realization of the father's having to do with it. My sister and I had seen the little pigs born of the mother pig in the field. After the event, it was never spoken of between my sister and myself but it would have been remembered. It is quite possible that Karl and perhaps Stella were already going to school and would have seen the obscene drawings I was later to see scrawled on the schoolhouse fence and on the walls of the boys' privy. They may have been laughed at for the notion of children dropped into houses from the sky by birds.

I am also wondering if the same resentment of renewed pregnancy is not in all children born in all families among the poor? At any rate, it was a resentment that my brother Earl, the last but one of the seven children

mother bore, felt all his life. All through his life and until his premature death he continued to feel himself an unwanted child.

But I will not here attempt to tell of my brother Earl's strange fate. Here I only want to suggest that at the end of his life when I went to him as he lay paralyzed and dying, and after the long years when he kept himself hidden away from the rest of us in the little workman's boarding house in the city of Brooklyn, in the room that my brother Karl, when he went to him after the stroke that laid him low, found filled with paintings, paintings under his bed, paintings packed away in his closet, paintings everywhere, no one of which had been sold or even shown to others—when I sat beside him as he lay dying and unable to speak, he took a pencil into his hand and wrote the words: "I was unwanted. You others did not want me to be born and mother did not want me."

As I said, I will write of Earl's strange life in another and later part of this book. Here I am only thinking of the dim awareness and resentment of a mother's pregnancy in small children in a destitute family. It was sharp in me. It is the feeling that comes thus to a small child, seeing the sudden new shapelessness of a mother, sensing without quite knowing of, the coming event—is it jealousy of a mother's love which must again be more widely distributed? I only know the feeling as a part of the experience of that particular winter, along with resentment that other children of the neighborhood could be more warmly clad, that they did not have to go to the railroad to search for coal with half-frozen fingers, that they could have new shoes when the soles of my own and my brother's and sister's had become loose so that our toes stuck out, that they lived in warmer houses and their fathers seemed to have a kind of dignity our father could not achieve; I only know that along with these resentments was this other and sharper one, so that when the child was born I hated it also, and when I had been called into a room to see it lying so small and red in the bed beside mother I crept away into a little shed at the back of the house and had a good long and lonely cry.

FAIRFIELD OSBORN Our plundered nation

THE STORY OF OUR NATION in the last century as regards the use of forests, grasslands, wildlife and water sources is the most violent and the most destructive of any written in the long history of civilization. The velocity of events is unparalleled and we today are still so near to it that it is almost

From *Our Plundered Planet* by Fairfield Osborn. Copyright 1948 by Fairfield Osborn. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Co.

impossible to realize what has happened, or, far more important, what is still happening. Actually it is the story of human energy unthinking and uncontrolled. No wonder there is this new concept of man as a large-scale geological force, mentioned on an earlier page.

In the attempt to gain at least some perspective let us review a little. Our people came to a country of unique natural advantages, of varying yet favorable climates, where the earth's resources were apparently limitless. Incredible energy marked the effort of a young nation to hack new homes for freedom-loving people out of the vast wilderness of forests that extended interminably to the grassland areas of the Midwest. Inevitably the quickest methods were used in putting the land to cultivation, not the desirable methods. Great areas of forest were completely denuded by ax or fire, without thought of the relationship of forests to water sources, or to the soil itself. Constantly there was the rising pressure for cultivable land caused by the rapid inpouring of new settlers. By about 1830 most of the better land east of the Mississippi was occupied. In that year there were approximately 13,000,000 people in this country, or less than one tenth of the present population. In the meanwhile the land in the South, long occupied and part of the original colonies, was being devoted more and more extensively to cotton, highly profitable as export to the looms in England, and tobacco, for which there was a growing world market. These are known as clean-tilled crops, meaning that the earth is left completely bare except for the plantings and is a type of land use most susceptible to loss of topsoil by erosion. Today a large proportion, in many areas from one third to one half, of the land originally put to productive use for the growing of cotton and tobacco has become wasteland and has had to be abandoned. It is not unusual for Southerners to blame the Civil War and its aftereffects for their impoverishment. There are other reasons.

There is no particular point in tracing the westward surge of settlers over the great grass plains that lay beyond the Mississippi and on to the vast forested slopes bordering the Pacific. Everyone knows the story. It is significant, however, that the movement, dramatic as any incident in human history, was symbolized by the phrases "subjugating the land" and "conquering the continent." It was a positive conquest in terms of human fortitude and energy. It was a destructive conquest, and still continues to be one, in terms of human understanding that nature is an ally and not an enemy.

Incidentally, it is not generally realized that the prairies, the long-grass country, and the plains, the short-grass country, occupy nearly 40 per cent of the land surface of the United States. Here today are the greatest corn and grain producing regions in the world—as well as the great natural ranges for cattle and other livestock. Here limitless areas of natural grassland have been plowed for crop production. The possibilities of a continued and re-

lentless process of land deterioration are involved. Proper land use can prevent these, but are we prepared and organized to apply the available knowledges regarding the correct utilization and long-term protection of productive soils? One is reminded of the farmer who was not doing right by his land and was urged to go to a meeting on methods of soil conservation. "There's no use my going to that meeting about farming better," he said. "I don't farm as good as I know how to now." The final test for our nation, a crisis yet to be met, is whether the national attitude will be similar to that of the farmer, or will we have the foresight and intelligence to act before we are met with the disaster that is steadily drawing nearer?

A detailed presentation of what has happened area by area would fill many volumes. A large amount of precise information has been gathered together by various governmental services, by other conservation agencies, and by a handful of individuals whose perception has led them to give attention to an unfolding drama that is as yet visible to so few.

The submission of the following general facts may serve to throw light on what has happened to our land since those bright days when we began to "conquer the continent."

The land area of the United States amounts to approximately one billion nine hundred million acres. In its original or natural state about 40 per cent was primeval forest, nearly an equal amount was grass or range lands, the remainder being natural desert or extremely mountainous.

Today the primeval or virgin forest has been so reduced that it covers less than 7 per cent of our entire land area. If to this there are added other forested areas consisting of stands of second- or even third-growth forests, many of which are in poor condition, and if scattered farm woodlands are also included, it is found that the forested areas now aggregate only slightly more than 20 per cent of the total land area of our country. If urban lands, desert and wastelands, and mountaintop areas, are subtracted there is left somewhat over one billion acres which can be roughly divided into three categories: farm croplands, farm pasture lands and range-grazing lands.

The situation as to our remaining forests is becoming increasingly serious. Some idea of recent and present trends can be gained from the information contained in the last annual report of the Forest Service of the Federal Government, wherein it is stated that the estimated total stand of saw timber in the country in 1909 was 2826 billion board feet and that the estimate for the year 1945 totaled only 1601 billion board feet, indicating that in 36 years the nation's "woodpile" has been reduced by 44 per cent. The report goes on to state that the drop in volume of standing timber since 1909 has been much greater than these figures indicate. Many kinds of trees which were considered of no value in 1909 are now being used and are included in the 1945 estimate. It is significantly pointed out that more than half of the

present total saw-timber resource is in what is left of our virgin forests and that 96 per cent of the virgin timber is in the Western states. This latter statement is of particular interest in the light of a new and serious kind of threat that will be commented on in a moment.

While the drain on our forests for fuel wood, pulpwood, and manufacturing uses, together with losses resulting from fires, wind and ice storms, damage by insects and tree diseases, is almost being met by each year's growth, the bulk of our forestry industry depends on saw timber. For this purpose the annual drain on the nation's forests approximates 54 billion board feet, while the annual growth is only approximately 35 billion board feet. In other words the annual loss exceeds growth by more than 50 per cent. It does not take much mathematics to prove that our country cannot go on this way much longer. We are repeating the errors that, as we have seen, have undermined so many other countries in earlier periods of history.

At this very moment a new body blow is being struck at our forests. This is a triple-threat blow, because a blow at forest reserves is one of synchronized impact upon water sources and fertile soils—as deadly ultimately as any delayed-action bomb. Highly organized minority groups are now engaged in determined attempts to wrest away the public lands of the Western states, and turn these regions to their own uses. Within the boundaries of these public domains lie the extensive grazing lands that help support the cattle industry of the West. These lands are open to use by individual cattle owners at small, in fact, nominal cost. Within these boundaries, too, lie almost all our last great forest reserves. These public lands, in which every American owns a share, lie principally in eleven Western states, namely: Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington, Wyoming.

The public lands came into existence in the earliest days of our nation. They were created as a solution to a vexatious question that arose in the deliberations of the thirteen original states at the time the Union was formed. The small seaboard states insisted that provision be made in the Articles of Confederation to prevent the land-rich states on the Appalachian frontier from expanding their boundaries indefinitely to the West and thus dominating the government. All of the original states at that time agreed to give up their claims to the Western lands and ceded them to the Federal Government. As settlement progressed westward, it was planned that these vast tracts would be formed into new states with the same rights as enjoyed by the original states. In 1787 the Constitution that was evolved upon this basic understanding became a fundamental of American law. Since that year the United States has been enlarged by a series of acquisitions under treaties with other powers, such as the Louisiana Purchase, the Florida Purchase and the Admission of Texas. That is another story. In all thirty-

five states have been carved from the public domain, each of them receiving a gift of land, often of many millions of acres, and yet, as each new state was created, there were retained in the name of the Federal Government, for the benefit of all the people of the nation, these areas of public lands. During the nineteenth century land appeared to be limitless and few people were at all concerned about how it was used, although even as early as 1836 bills began to appear in Congress to provide some protecting regulations for the lands owned by the government. The proportion of Federal lands remaining as public domain varies in each state, ranging from under 100,000 acres in Iowa to 87 per cent in Nevada. This disparity in the ratio of Federal lands to state and private holdings is one of the reasons for the present controversy. It should not be thought of as a major reason, however. The powerful attacks now being made by small minority groups upon the public lands of the West have one primary motivation and one consuming objective —to exploit the grazing lands and these last forest reserves for every dollar of profit that can be wrung from them. As we have seen in other countries the profit motive, if carried to the extreme, has one certain result—the ultimate death of the land.

The eleven Western states which contain the largest proportion of Federal lands have become known as the "public land states." In practically all of them either the cattle business or lumbering is the major industry. Use of the public lands by cattle owners has always been permitted, and, in turn, permits for controlled cutting in the national forests are regularly granted. These rights have frequently been gained at extremely low cost. The fees paid today by cattle-grazing permittees are to all intents and purposes merely nominal ones. Overgrazing in the public lands reached such an alarming point a number of years ago that legislation known as the Taylor Grazing Act was passed in 1934 to control the abuses. For a while this legislation did some good, but as far as beneficial results today are concerned, this act, which was designed to "prevent over-grazing and soil deterioration," might almost as well never have been enacted into law. Powerful minority groups of cattlemen now dominate its administration, their representatives comprising the personnel of the advisory boards that were established in each of the cattle-industry states. In effect these boards are not advisory at all but over the years have acquired sufficient power to greatly influence the regulations, as to both the number of cattle that can graze in a region and the fees for grazing rights to be paid by cattle owners, half of which go to the counties in which the land is situated, mainly for the benefit of rural schools, and the other half to the Federal Government.

The maneuvers of the powerful minority groups of livestock men, skillfully supported by their representatives in Congress, have a definite bearing on the preservation of the remaining reserves of forests in the Western states.

Having taken over virtual control of the Federal Grazing Service they now are attempting similarly to control the Forest Service, and, from their point of view, with good reason. The national forests in the Western states contain approximately 135,000,000 acres of land, of which some 80,000,000 acres are now being grazed by cattle or sheep. So far the Forest Service's control of the number of animals permitted to graze in a region has been reasonably effective, although actually there has already been considerable overgrazing in some of the national forests.

But the livestock owners are not satisfied and want more privileges. The game is almost too easy, the methods of getting what they want almost too simple. The Grazing Service was emasculated by Congress's reducing its field service budget to one third of what was needed to provide proper supervision of the ranges. There's generally more than one way of accomplishing an end! Overgrazing in forested areas is ultimately as damaging to forests, because of soil erosion, as slash cutting for the sawmill. As to the latter, let no American think that certain self-seeking groups in the lumber industry are not out to hack what they can from the public domain. They will pay for the right to cut but they can never pay enough because there are not enough forests left. Heretofore our national parks have been held inviolate but even now one of them, the Olympic in the state of Washington, is threatened by legislation pending in Congress that would turn over to exploitation a tract of some 56,000 acres of virgin timber. Wilderness heritages going to the buzz-saw!

The assault now being made upon the public lands finds its expression in a number of bills that have been presented to Congress within the last two or three years. They represent an attack more desperate in its nature than any similar one in the history of our country. The purpose of this proposed legislation is, in the main, to transfer the control of these resources from the Federal Government to the several states, with the implicit danger that thereafter they will fall into the hands of individuals for final liquidation. If any of this proposed legislation were enacted into law it would be the opening wedge; if the assault were generally successful it would irremediably injure a great region whose living natural resources serve as a wellspring to the well-being of our entire nation. Shades of the Mesta!

A consideration of the situation of land resources in our country shows that other than forests there are, as mentioned above, about a billion acres that fall into the three categories of farm croplands, farm pasture lands and open-range grazing lands. Of these, farm croplands are the largest in area, running to approximately 460,000,000 acres. What has happened in regard to these resources and what is going on now?

The most recent report of the Soil Conservation Service of the government contains a number of pertinent statements. They are a factual recital.

They point to a velocity of loss of the basic living elements of our country which, if continued, will bring upon us a national catastrophe. Already every American is beginning to be affected in one way or another by what is happening. This report indicates that of the above billion acres considerably more than one quarter have now been ruined or severely impoverished, and that the remainder are damaged in varying degrees. Furthermore, the damage is continuing on all kinds of land—cropland, grazing land and pasture land. Here are other highlights in the report:

The loss we sustain by this continuing erosion is staggering. Careful estimates based on actual measurements indicate that soil losses by erosion from all lands in the United States total 5,400,000,000 tons annually. From farm lands alone, the annual loss is about 3 billion tons, enough to fill a freight train which would girdle the globe 18 times. If these losses were to go on unchecked, the results would be tragic for America and for the world.

The results would not only be disastrous—they already are far too costly for the country to continue to bear. For example, in a normal production year, erosion by wind and water removes 21 times as much plant food from the soil as is removed in the crops sold off this land.

Nor is loss of plant food our only expense from erosion. The total annual cost to the United States as a result of uncontrolled erosion and water runoff is estimated at $3,844,000,000. This includes the value of the eroded soil material and the plant nutrients it contains, the direct loss sustained by farmers, and damages caused by floods and erosion to highways, railroads, waterways, and other facilities and resources.

The loss in the productive capacity of our farms cannot be figured so easily, but it is plain that farm lands which have lost so much topsoil and plant nutrients cannot produce as bountifully as they did before they were slashed and impoverished by erosion.

In that fact lies the significance of America's erosion problem for America's citizens. We do not have too much good cropland available for production of our essential food and fiber crops in the future. If we do not protect what we have, and rebuild the land which can still be restored for productive use, the time inevitably will come—as it already has come to some areas of the world—when United States farm lands cannot produce enough for us and our descendants to eat and to wear.

The Soil Conservation Service has only been in existence since 1935. It was created by Congress in that year not so much as a result of the government's vision or strategy but principally because the people of this country had been struck with dread by the revulsion of nature against man that was evidenced by the Dust Bowl incident on May 12 of the previous year. On that day, it will be recalled, the sun was darkened from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic by vast clouds of soil particles borne by the wind from

the Great Plains lying in western Kansas, Texas, Oklahoma and eastern New Mexico and Colorado—once an area of fertile grasslands but now denuded by misuse, much of it to the point of permanent desolation. In the years since its inception this government service has gained extraordinary results in advancing the science of proper land use and in assisting soil conservation districts, set up under state law, and encouraging voluntary and co-operative action among farmers. These conservation districts now exist in all the states and have been the medium through which better methods of land use have been adopted in many of the farming regions. At best, however, this vital program—one of the most elemental that affects the lives of the people of our country—is only well started.

In a book published just before the war dealing with the world problem of erosion the authors state that the United States is more erosion-conscious than any other country and is organizing itself more effectively than other nations to cope with this danger. Compare this observation with the statements just quoted from one of the governmental departments that are attempting to combat this menace. Attempting to! We have barely made a start. Appropriations of the Federal Government towards conservation purposes of every nature—soils, forests, wildlife, water control, reclamation projects and others—are less than 1 per cent of our present national annual budget. While to this should be added moneys spent for conservation by individual states, yet the aggregate of governmental expenditures is but a fraction of what is needed to protect the basic elements of our nation's present and future strength.

It would be a grave error to think that the increasing emergency facing our country is one of easy solution. Soil erosion is only one factor in a disturbance of continental magnitude. It is the end-result of other conditions, both physical and economic, and even social and political.

In its physical aspects the battle to control soil erosion will not be won until we have reached the point of protecting our forests so that the annual drain upon them does not exceed their annual growth. A great part of the vast expenditure now being made in flood control will in the years to come be written off as dead loss unless the watersheds are protected both as to adequate forest cover and as to the curbing of erosion in the grasslands and croplands that lie within them. So far we have not come to the point of synchronized effort. Our flood-control engineers are not looking upstream. In the Rio Grande watershed in New Mexico, for example, flood control and river development plans are in the making that are estimated to cost more than $100,000,000, regardless of the need for the establishment of a contemporaneous plan for work upon the eroding and silt-producing lands of the abused watershed. This region has been referred to as "the doomed

valley, an example of regional suicide." There are other such critical points —too many. The assault on the public lands of the West, if successful, will breed more.

How about the valley of the greatest river of them all, the Mississippi, its bed so lifted, its waters so choked, so blocked with the wash of productive lands, that the river at flood crests runs high above the streets of New Orleans? As in historical times, the power of nature in revolt will one day overwhelm the bonds that even the most ingenious modern engineer can prepare. It should by now be clear that natural forces cannot be dealt with in this way. And, too, like echoes from the long past, there are discernible among the earlier causes that have brought the Rio Grande Valley to its present difficulties the age-long and disastrous conflicts between the herdsman and the agriculturist—echoes from the wasted lands of Asia Minor, of Palestine, of Greece and of Spain. Today the story has different overtones. The raids of the herdsmen of earlier times find their twentieth-century counterpart in the work of political pressure groups representing powerful livestock owners in the halls of Congress. Representatives of the lumber industry are there too, striving to effect arrangements so that the profits of their corporations may be assured and, if possible, increased. There is nothing unethical about all of this under the present scheme of things. For the moment it is the American way of doing business. Now, however, in the light of the provable facts, the use of our productive land and our renewable resources—forests, wildlife and waterways—must be directed solely to the benefit of all the people. Ethics, too, are involved. Under our present criminal code anyone who steals food from a groceryman's counter can be put in jail. His act hurts only the proprietor of the store. But if, for the benefit of his own pocketbook, the owner of timberlands at the head of a river strips the hills of their forests, the net result is that food is taken not from one "proprietor" but from all the "proprietors," or farm owners, down the valley, because the removal of forest cover on an upper watershed will inevitably damage the water supply in the valley below, even to the point of causing the complete drying-up of wells and springs. Countless thousands of landowners in America have in this very way been brought to bankruptcy. In the face of such things, how equitable are our present moral codes?

There is nothing revolutionary in the concept that renewable resources are the property of all the people and, therefore, that land use must be coordinated into an overall plan. This principle has been recognized in other democracies. In several countries in western Europe, for example, an individual owning forests can under no circumstances cut down a tree on his own property unless such cutting conforms with the principles of sound forest treatment as prescribed by the Forestry Department of his government. In

effect, private ownership of the country's resources is countenanced only if the use of such resources is directed towards the interests of the people as a whole.

The United States has, within the last decade, begun to move in this direction. The first step of co-ordinating land resources into a unified program found expression in the Tennessee Valley Authority created by Congress, after much heart searching, in 1933. This enterprise, conceived in accordance with the American slogan "When you do something, do it big," is an experiment in the unified planning and development of a great river valley and of its water and land resources. It directly affects the lives and fortunes of more than 3,000,000 people. Ably administered, it has, within the span of little more than a decade, justified itself not only as a social experiment but as an effort to harmonize human needs with the processes of nature. Above all, it provides an example from which lessons can be drawn for the solution of the problem that faces the entire country. The interdependence of all the elements in the creative machinery of nature points clearly to the fact that any program devised to meet the situation calls for a supreme co-ordinated nationwide effort. Many conditions are involved—social, financial, political, as well as physical. Such a program still is awaiting formulation.

The question remains. Are we to continue on the same dusty perilous road once traveled to its dead end by other mighty and splendid nations, or, in our wisdom, are we going to choose the only route that does not lead to the disaster that has already befallen so many other peoples of the earth?

JAMES WEST The class system of Plainville

Introductory

THE CLASS system of Plainville might well be called a "superorganization," because it provides for every person living there a master pattern for arranging according to relative rank every other individual, and every family, clique, lodge, club, church, and other organization or association in Plainville society. It provides also a set of patterns for expected behavior according to class, and a way of judging all norms and deviations from these norms in individual behavior.

Yet many, if not most, Plainvillers completely deny the existence of class

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in their community. They are aware that class distinctions exist "outside," and speak of city dwellers as divided rather exactly between two unevenly sized categories of "rich" and "poor" (or an "idle class" and a "working class"), or among three classes which they call the "rich," the "middle class," and the "poor." About Plainville and most of Woodland County they often say with some pride, "This is *one* place where ever'body is equal. You don't find no classes here." In equating themselves loosely with members of the greater society, they identify verbally with the "working class," or with "the poorer people in cities," though they contrast unfavorably the lot of city wage earners, who "work (or slave) for others," with their own "independence" and "freedom," whether as merchants, farm owners, farm tenants, or odd jobbers. Further, their respect for "property" is so intense that they in general disapprove heatedly of unions, strikes, collective bargaining, or any other devices by which city workers organize or act to further their own interests against those of ownership or invested wealth.

According to their individual rank people tend to recognize the local class system for what it is, or are at least more able or willing to verbalize regarding it: "higher ups" speak more clearly and frankly about the system than do their inferiors. Politicians, mortgage entrepreneurs, traders, professional men, and socially ambitious people seem to understand the system better than many other people do, because they have had to study it and use it, in manipulating people to their own advantage. The strongest preventives toward full recognition of class as it exists and operates here are these: (1) the deeply rooted American moral attitude that class distinctions are wrong; (2) a traditional conviction that rigid class distinctions occur only in cities (or in the South, where Negroes constitute an "inferior" class); and (3) the local etiquette governing interclass relations—no one must be reminded overtly of his "inferiority" ("Everybody here is treated equal").

"People know their place" well enough, however, and in actual daily life few errors are committed against the rules under which people meet, work, transact business, talk sociably, and maintain before inferiors the fiction of living in a classless society.

The categories and criteria of class

The Plainville class system, as it appears to the average "better class" adult who "bothers to think about it," is represented in Figure 1, which suggests a diamond-shaped numerical distribution of the population according to class.[1] The labels on the diagram, except the designations "religious" and

[1] I am indebted for this concept to Robert K. Merton's review in *Survey Graphic*, October 1942, of *The Social Life of a Modern Community*, by W. Lloyd Warner and Paul S. Lunt.

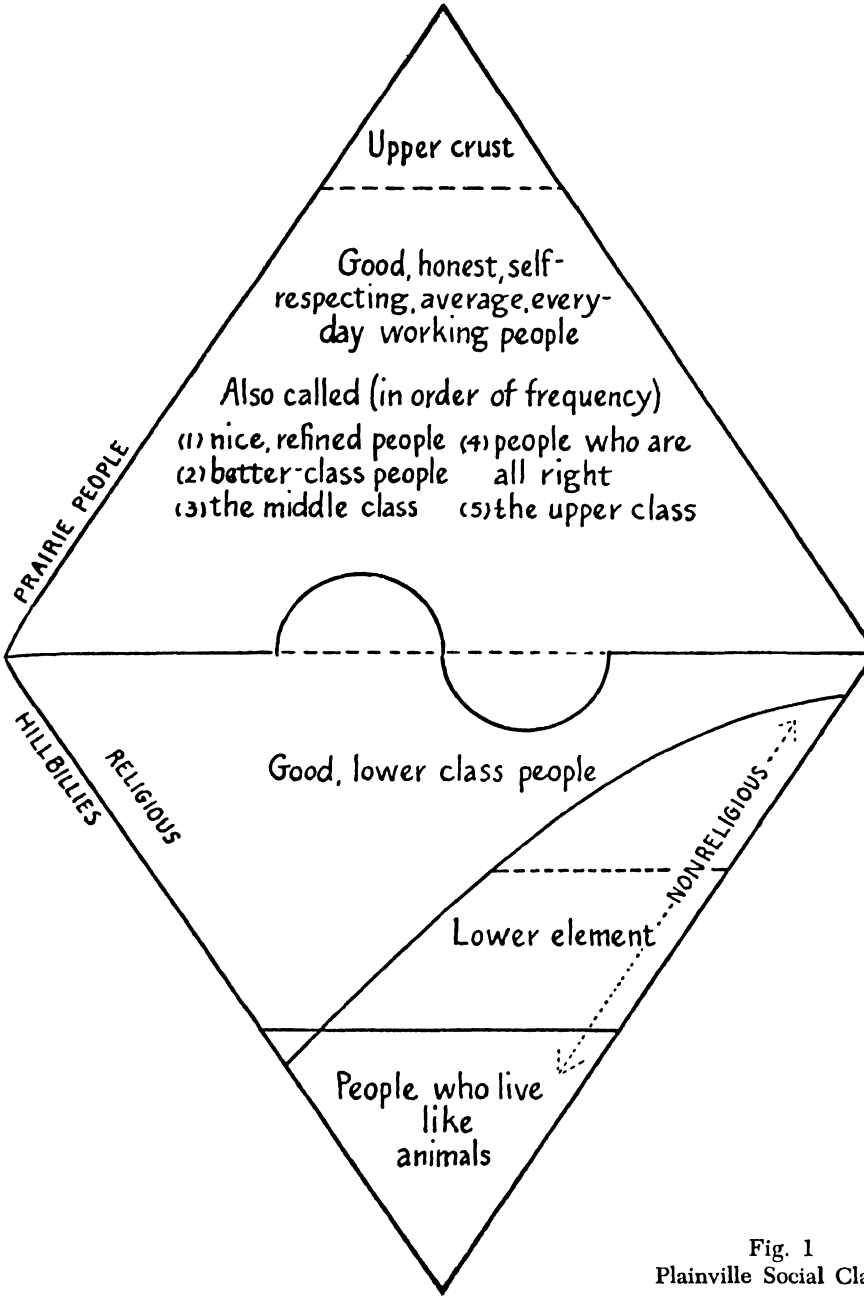


Fig. 1
Plainville Social Classes

"nonreligious," which are added for convenience in this discussion, are the most frequently repeated terms, among a wealth of synonyms, by which upper-class people classify both themselves and others. The diagram was drawn, and its labels were selected and appended, after listening during fifteen months to hundreds of Plainville people discuss, criticize, ridicule, condemn, and approve their neighbors. I believe that the nearly 300 household units of Plainville and its trade area could be evenly distributed over the diagram without grave injustice to upper-class opinion regarding the relative rank of each family head.

People do not always agree on just how "high" or "low" an individual deserves to stand within the sector of the society where he "belongs"—no two people control exactly the same facts about an individual, nor do they weight the facts equally—but upper-class people do not disagree in identifying an individual with one of the two main classes. They disagree seldom, if he is "lower class," in locating him definitely in one of its three sub-categories. In fact, people are much more willing to use the word "class" in reference to others whom they consider inferior than in reference to those whom they consider equal or superior to themselves.

To an observer who patiently listens to Plainville gossip, the criteria of discrimination by which Plainvillers judge and rank each other seem at first to be nearly infinite, because every item of human possession and behavior seems to be involved. Due to the society's muting of the concept of class, and also to the peculiar styles followed in local humor and gossip, comments suggesting class ranking are more frequently made by inference and innuendo than by outright statement. Another fact at first confusing to the observer is that few people agree verbally on what traits count most in assigning status to a neighbor. What the Plainviller says he does in judging another is "add ever'thing I know about him up in my head and strike an average." What he usually really accomplishes by this process, however, is not the assignment of class status, but the designation of the "respect" which he feels is due that person *within* the ranks of the class where he "belongs." Respect and class are separate aspects of the prestige system, as will be seen later.

Before examining the criteria of class, let us look briefly at the classes themselves.

The "backbone" of the Plainville community is said to be the "good, honest, self-respecting, average, everyday working people." Various adjectives from this lengthy label can be applied to people in "respect," without indication of their class status, but when the whole phrase is rolled off the tongue to describe an individual's connections, there is no doubt about his position in the community. He "belongs." The phrases "people who are

all right," "nice, refined people," "better-class people," "the middle class," and the "upper class (here)" are rarer and more daring designations of members of the upper class.

This upper class includes about half the people in the community. Though its members vary in relative rank, the class does not break up into clear subdivisions. A few families "near the top" are sometimes called, satirically or resentfully, the "upper crust" or the "would-be upper crust," but people who "stand out," or "try to hold their heads up" above what people choose to call the "average level of life around here," are condemned, and no one would admit to upper-crust classification for himself or family. The upper class prides itself on being "plain," "average," and not outstanding. It sets the tone for the society.

The other half of the people belong to the "lower class," and there is no doubt in upper-class minds regarding who these people are. The lower class, however, unlike the upper class, does not present a single uniform "average" front or tone to the world, but is subsected, in upper-class eyes, into three sub-classes. Those members of the lower class whose mores most closely imitate—especially in financial honesty, willingness to work, and personal morals, the main criteria of "respect"—the stated ideals of the upper class, are called "good lower-class people." A somewhat less numerous group, considered deficient in these respect-worthy qualities, is called the "lower element." Still lower is a small group of people who are considered almost sub-human; their behavior is not judged by the conventional standards of "responsible people." They are often called "people who live like the animals." How the society appears to each of these groups will be described in due course.

Let us now examine the criteria by which people actually fall into their proper ranking by classes. The diamond of Figure 1 is bisected laterally by a line which separates the Prairie people from the Hill people. The line is drawn because the "better class of people" live out on the prairie; the "lower class" live "back in the hills." That is what people say, and the statement is almost exactly true at present. One exception to it lies in the fact that the very best land is the bottoms; the homes of the "rich bottom farmers" can be reached only by traversing the hills. If the bottom farmers "live like prairie people," they are "better-class people"; if they "live like hill people," they are not. The two curves in the central line, however, refer mainly not to the bottom farmers, who are very few, but to certain hill-farm families who are "better people," and to people actually dwelling on the prairie who are not. The former, again, "live like prairie people," the latter, "like hill people," and both rank accordingly. The most visible and obvious criterion of class status, therefore, happens to be geographical.

The second criterion relates to the first, and can be called "technology." The prairie land is better than hill land. It is less rocky, and in all ways is better suited for tillage by modern farming practices. Those who farm it imitate the technological patterns of Midwestern agriculture. The bulk of the modern machinery, whether powered by teams or motors, is on the prairie farms. Prairie fields are larger than hill fields and a greater variety and acreage of crops are grown on the prairie than are grown in the hills. There is a similar difference between the livestock of the two areas: more domestic animals and more kinds of animals are found on the prairie farms; "pure-bred stock" as opposed to "scrub stock" is valued more by prairie farmers than by hill farmers. In the hills "old-style patch farming" has survived better, as has the even older pattern of living from stream and woods—from fishing, hunting, trapping, and gathering, and from woodchopping. The "way a man makes a living" is an important item of social discrimination. The better-class families who actually live in the hills follow farming practices more modern than those followed by their neighbors, and the lower-class people who live on the prairie "scratch out a living" with little regard to the predominant styles of prairie agriculture. No "hunter and trapper" or "patch farmer" or "wood chopper" belongs to the upper class, and no prairie dweller who "farms the way people farm nowadays" is lower class.

A third and very important criterion is lineage. "Good families" (so labeled by any number of synonyms) are contrasted with "poor families," or "low-class," or "lower-element," or "no-account," or "trashy" families. So rigid are the restrictions governing courtship, visiting, worship, and so forth, and so firmly set are the patterns of behavior expected from each member of the society according to "what kind of a family he comes from," that lineage can almost be described at present as an absolute criterion. However, many of the "good prairie families" are connected by various links of kinship with many hill families, and since people have no hesitation in "stating their kin," the present arrangement of families in the class structure must have arisen since 1870–90, when the prairie was brought under cultivation.

A fourth criterion, as might be expected, is "worth" or wealth. Its extremes are, on the one hand, "real wealth" (say, property worth $20,000–$50,000), or more reasonably, "independence" ("They own their own home . . . They are independent . . . They have enough to *do* with"); on the other, "poverty." Degree of wealth again correlates with residence on the prairie or in the hills. The average wealth per prairie family exceeds that of hill families in land value per acre; in size, quality, and appearance of houses and other improvements, including fences; in number and quality of livestock herds and poultry flocks; and in many other items of use and appearance on which discriminatory judgments can be made, such as im-

plements and tools, cars, clothes, furniture, and food. Many people, when asked outright, "What gives a man his rank among his fellows?" will answer, "The only thing that counts in other people's eyes is, how much money has he got?" The facts partially belie such an answer, however, because fully a third of the lower-class people living in the hills are better off financially than the poorer third of the better-class prairie people.

As a fifth criterion, "morals" is given much local lip service. The common moral traits which most people agree in stressing are "honesty" (which primarily means regularity and promptness in the payment of debts), willingness to do hard work, "temperance" (regarding alcohol), and performance of all domestic duties. Traits most commonly condemned as "immoral" are dishonesty, idleness or laziness, family cruelty or neglect, gambling, drunkenness, and, of course, any serious "law breaking." Other, and severer, moral points are also stressed by many. These include church membership, or "salvation," and negatively, complete taboos against drinking beer or spirits, dancing, cardplaying, smoking (especially cigarette smoking, and particularly cigarette smoking by women), other uses of tobacco, swearing, obscene talk, ostentation in dress, and so forth. Regarding these severer norms of moral behavior, there is much difference in opinion and in intensity of opinion. A good many people, including some who do not stress all the severe taboos listed, say and apparently believe that "to live right and do right" is the one critical criterion by which people are and should be judged. Actually, however, no one ever crosses the main class line, from lower class to upper class or vice versa, as the result of moral distinction or moral delinquency alone. Within the upper class, morals are a critical criterion only for approval and "respect," and therefore only for relative rank within the class.

Morals count for more in judging lower-class people. Except for its lowest and smallest group, the lower class is subdivided mainly by the criterion of morality. Most "good lower-class people" past the age of adolescence have been "saved," and the majority of them are members of the Holiness Church. The life of this large group is active, neighborly, and moral, by all the positive traits and taboos that have been given. Though they "strive to better themselves" financially, of course, no other criterion of status is as important as morals in their social judgments of themselves or of others. Upper-class people would include in the list of "good lower-class people" a group of families who are not affiliated with churches but whom they still consider "good citizens," inasmuch as they work hard, pay their bills, and cause no trouble in the community, but who are lower class because of lineage, living in the timber, and old-fashioned ways.

Beneath "good lower-class people" is the "lower element," a group of hill families who range from a reputation for "backwardness" in regard to mod-

ern ways, downward to a reputation for outright criminality. Few lower-element people "ever darken a church door." The best of these people "are good enough citizens in a way," though "mighty rough" or "mighty ignorant." The less respected "absolutely won't do a day's work," or "they like to come to town and get drunk and get into fights," or "they get arrested and get into jail" (for fighting, disturbing the peace, drunken driving, etc.). The least respected "run hounds all night in the timber," or they "steal chickens and meat."

The word "morals" is useful in describing the "people who live like the animals" only because they are considered too lowly and too "ignorant" to be accountable either morally or legally for what they do. If a man and a woman of this class choose to live together without marriage, everybody else in the community considers this breach of convention to be comic but not reprehensible. No one would "have the law on" a man of this class for chicken stealing or corn stealing. The owner of the stolen property would instead scold the culprit "like a child," or attempt to frighten him out of further ill-doing, preferably with a practical joke. Favorite jokes of this type are shooting "at" the thief, with no intention of injuring him, or loading a shotgun shell with salt instead of shot, and "letting him have it in his backsides where it'll sting a little and scare him a lot." A few whole families and several individual men are in this class. All are believed to be, and seem to be, somewhat subnormal mentally, though most mental subnormals are classed socially with their immediate families.

The sixth criterion of class is of enormous complexity, because it involves all the other criteria, renders them meaningful, and in a sense supersedes them. At the same time it governs interclass relationships and is critical in matters of class mobility. This criterion is "manners." The number of traits associated with manners is so nearly infinite that no effort can be made to describe them all. All relate in some way to the fundamental division of the society into two main "ways of life": the older, more isolated, and more self-subsistent hill life, and the newer, more up-to-date life on the prairie. To begin with, the thousands of traits connected with prairie versus hill residence, technology, and average wealth should be considered, not only as items of functional use, but in the additional light of "manners." People on the prairie have better and more modern cars, improvements, farming implements, livestock, furniture, clothing, etc., than the hill people have, but such things represent not only the greater productivity, or wealth, of the prairie; they represent also the habits and tastes of prairie people, and their "feelings" of what it is appropriate for their class to possess, use, and display, in their increasing efforts to do things as they are done in better farming regions outside. They represent "manners," in short. For example, trac-

tors are increasing on the prairie, though all the agricultural experts agree that tractors can be profitably used on few Woodland County farms. The frequent purchase of new automobiles by many prairie farmers also puts a great and unnecessary strain on their limited financial resources, carrying them further and further from the real independence of subsistence farming into the web of debt that is here connected with a cash economy. Yet relatively good cars, in contrast with "jalopies," are a part of prairie manners. Certainly many "old-style" backwoods people are in a better financial position than many of their social "betters" to afford material possessions regarding which discriminations are made. People say of them, "They ride in that old big-wagon, drive that jalopy, live in that unpainted hill shack, wear them old clothes, eat the grub they eat, because they *like* it better."

Of lower-class life and manners people also often say, "Them kind of folks live the way they live because they don't *know* any better." "Knowledge" is one of the most important discriminatory traits that appear in local conversation. People say of those they consider "ignorant"—and the upper class considers the lower class to be very ignorant—"They don't know how to live . . . farm . . . take care of their stuff (stock, crops, houses, money) . . . dress . . . cook . . . eat . . . talk . . . talk proper . . . talk to people . . . act . . . act in public (or in front of people) . . . act in town . . . act in church . . . act anywheres outside of the timber." "They don't know what to raise . . . buy . . . feed their children (or stock)." "Half of 'em don't know enough to take a bath over once a year." "They don't know nothin' except houn' dogs, huntin', and fishin'—and runnin' the timber. . . . They don't know nothin' except cornbread and molasses. . . . They don't know nothin' except hoes and axes, and doin' it the *hard way*. . . . They don't know nothin' excep' ignorance!" "Lots of them women and children back in the hills and timber is afraid of strangers. If a stranger goes up to one of them houses, all the dogs start barkin', and then you see the women and children, and the chickens, hogs, and dogs all start runnin' for the brush." Contrarily it is said, "Them's the happiest, cheerfulest people in the world, because they don't want anything more'n they've got."

The lower element is described in similar terms, with phrases of moral reproach added. "They are rough (that is, profane or obscene) . . . their men and boys cuss right in the house. . . . Their women cuss just like men . . . their boys and girls talk the same language and tell the same kind of stories. . . . All they know is just drink, dance, and carouse. . . . Some of them children don't know who their own daddies are. . . . I wouldn't want to live among people as lazy as them: some of 'em would rather steal what they eat than raise it. You'd have to put locks on your house, your smokehouse, and your corncrib if you lived in *their* neighborhood."

As upper-class gossip progresses downward through the personnel of the lower class, the spirit of ridicule increases, and condemnation in general tends to decrease. The people who live like the animals are subjects only for mirth. They "don't hardly know nothin' only just how to get along, if people help 'em a little." Most of them live in cabins or shacks on other people's property "way back in the timber," subsisting from meager gardening and hunting, from occasional odd jobs at woodchopping, brush cutting, or field work, and sometimes aided by gifts of home-grown food by neighbors who "keep an eye on them to see that they don't starve." For all its love of malicious gossip and anecdote, the community is "kindly" in seeing that nobody "really goes hungry."

Enough has been said to show the importance of manners as a criterion of social ranking. Manners separate the two main classes much more effectually than any other criteria. Residence on the prairie or in the hills, like lineage or family or wealth (if accompanied by appropriate manners), merely establishes at birth an environment, with an expectancy that the new-born individual will learn specific patterns of behavior that belong to his class. The children of families that live in the hills are expected to grow up "ignorant" of many things which prairie children know. They are expected to learn a different and "inferior" technology, to be "content with less," to have different "morals"—either the stricter, "fanatical" taboos of lower-class religious people, or the less strict, sometimes "criminal" morality of the lower element. They are all expected to grow up with "backwoodsy" manners.

This description of classes has dealt only with Plainville "country people." It would serve with some modification for other farming communities in the county, and with more modifications for other farming communities in adjoining counties. The salient peculiarity for Plainville is its surrounding prairie, about which a whole cluster of "modern traits" has been localized. The same prairie traits are important for Stanton and for the town "A" in the northeast corner of the county. The "best people" who trade at Discovery (and several other little towns) are the bottom farmers. The "best people" *in* Discovery, however, are the county officers and the federal employees. The best people in Stanton are the town "aristocracy" of merchants, an aristocracy which is sneered at throughout the rest of the county for "trying to hold its head above," and which tends to sneer at the other trading centers as "hillbilly communities."

Plainville "town people" belong to one or another of these classes as their lineage, wealth, income, morals and whole way of life (their "manners") fit them in. The family a man "comes from" (if a local family) counts extremely high in judging "what you can expect from him." ("His *family* lives in the hills . . . on the prairie.") Modernity of life, as indicated by cars, clothes,

language, extensive use of electricity, etc., and its opposite largely replace the prairie-hills diagnostics where, as among "newcomers," these are not sustained by active kin ties. Professional people (the doctor, the Christian preacher, the undertaker, the vocational agriculture teacher, and other teachers) stand high. Among many people "respect" for the undertaker diminished greatly when he became involved in a scandalous lawsuit; respect for the doctor diminished among the other half of the people when he "sided against" the undertaker in court—but respect is only one aspect of prestige: no one is declassed for simply losing the moral respect of the community. Owners of the more "modern" business houses rank high, provided they do not sell beer or spirits; other business owners rank according to the conventional criteria. Odd-jobbers rank low, and WPA workers and "reliefers" rank lower; I doubt if over a dozen upper-class people in the county ever accepted relief or WPA jobs, except foremanships, or office or managerial work. Until recent years Plainville, like Stanton, had its little "town aristocracy" of dominant business men—a banking family and several important owners of "general stores"—but with the passing of these families and the decline in small town business this distinction has disappeared. The social difference by which town people *as town people* once outranked country people *as country people* has also disappeared almost completely. ("There ain't no country boys any more.")

Differential attitudes toward the class structure [2]

Figure 1 shows how better-class Plainville people rank the members of their community. It is necessary to show how the class system appears to certain other Plainvillers.

To tell how "everybody sees the classes" would, of course require many diagrams, because the tradition of denying class enables individuals to attach more weight to one criterion than to another. For example, the "pure money-grubber" may sometimes view his neighbors as arranged only in a prestige-diamond of hard-won wealth—inherited wealth, it may be said in passing, carries less respect than earned wealth. For women, throughout the community, the class lines are much more sharply drawn than for men, because men cross the lines freely in business dealings, trading, loafing, and all other activities lying outside the "home," while women, confined more sharply to the home, have much less contact across the class lines. For small children there are almost no distinctions. The ideas of how they are expected to "treat children from other families" are only gradually implanted in their

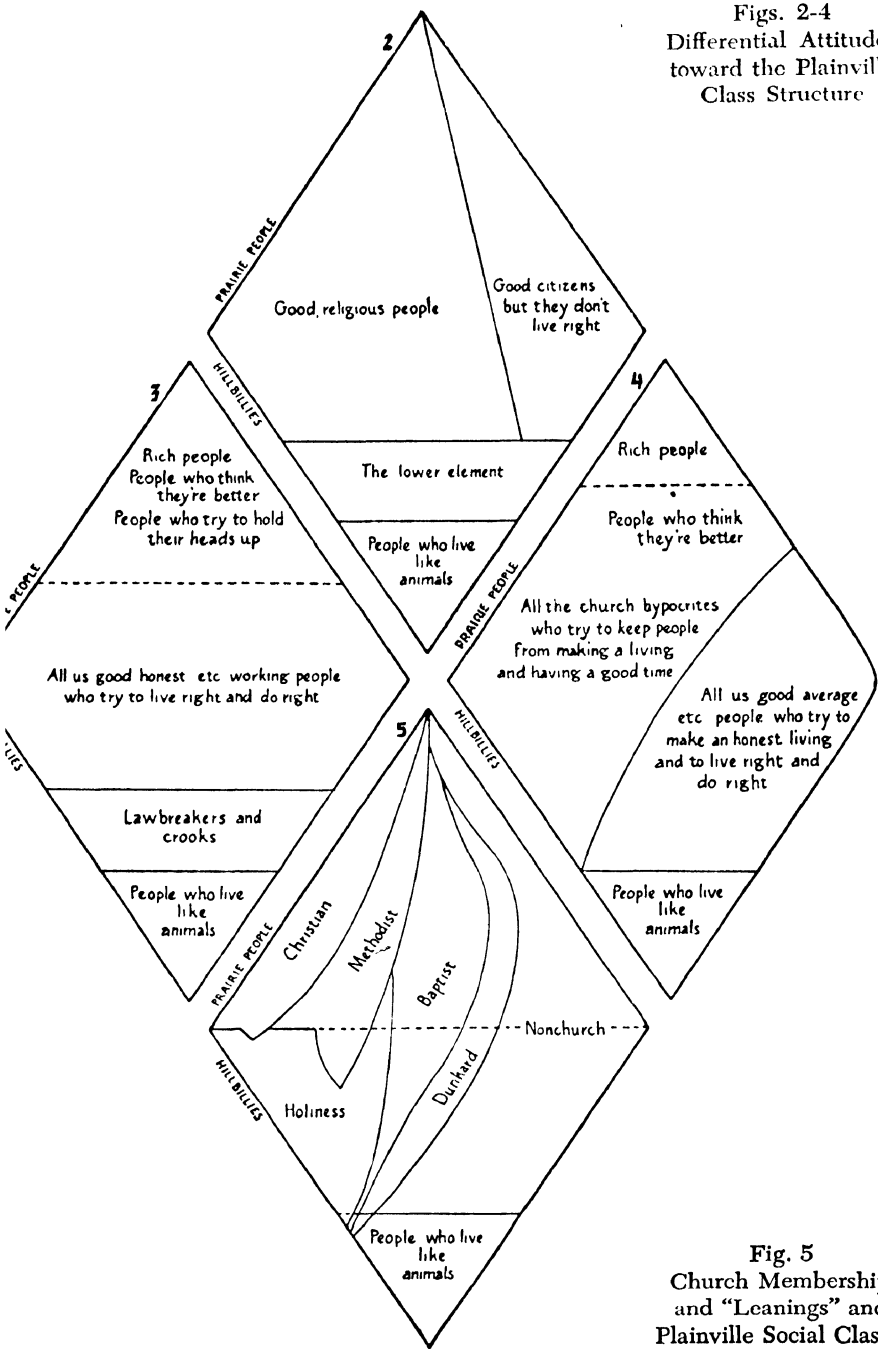
[2] For an excellent analysis of differential attitudes toward a class system in a Southern community, see Allison Davis, Burleigh B. Gardner, and May B. Gardner, *Deep South*, (University of Chicago, 1941).

minds, through home and other influences. Girls have learned "most of the differences" before adolescence, while it is not important that boys learn them so accurately until they start "going with girls." The techniques for teaching children their "place" and the place of others are very subtle in a society where people seldom say, "We are better," but often say and oftener infer, "They are worse."

The most significant modification of the class diamond appears in Figure 2, which suggests the valuation placed on "salvation" by all the "good religious people." Distribution of the community's families on this diagram would be determined first by pious morality, and second, by some summing up of the criteria of residence, technology, worth, and family. The placing of families would differ considerably according to the church of the informant.

Among the entire Holiness congregation and among most rural Baptists and Methodists, the criterion of morality would be supreme. "It makes no difference what you've got or who you are. The only question is: how do you stand with God?" Only Holiness people, however, have set up an integrated social system of neighborliness, by which they are able to deny wholeheartedly for themselves the standards of the dominant class. They would include all "real believing" church members of any denomination among "good religious people." They would also grant high "worldly" status to a good many upper-class "good citizens—though they don't live right." Thus they are aware that their own main criterion does not agree with the dominant standards of the community, though they live as if it did, and "hope that a day will arrive when all will live godly lives." The "lower element," as they see it, agrees pretty well with the lower element as seen by upper-class people, though they draw the line more sharply, at any given time, between themselves and the lower element than upper-class people draw the line between lower-class religious people and the lower element. As for the "people who live like animals," even the Holiness people, more eager than any others in the community to welcome new members into their fold—regardless of "past sins and past lives," provided that a sinner is properly "converted"—even the Holiness people treat this sharply set-off group as if it has no souls to be saved. Most preachers of any sect, if asked to tell what kinds of people constitute the community, will set up categories similar to those in Figure 2, but the Christian preacher would hardly visit any "lower-element" sick, or "pay his respects" to their dead by attending one of their funerals unless asked to preach it. Then, of course, "he could hardly refuse."

The fact that more ways and more varied ways of ranking members of the community exist among nonreligious lower-class people than in any other sector of the society seemed at first very surprising. The main reason why



Figs. 2-4
Differential Attitudes toward the Plainville Class Structure

Fig. 5
Church Membership and "Leanings" and Plainville Social Classes

they do so, however, is their great social isolation, not only from exposure to prairie technology, attitudes, and manners, but from the unifying influence of a church. They are "unorganized" on any community-wide basis, but live "back in the hills" in knots of two or three families (often kinsmen), with whom they do their main "neighboring." The leading symbol of unity of all their kind in the community is "resistance to authority," including particularly "churches" and "law" (especially game laws and the law for compulsory school attendance). Their pattern of life is the "oldest" in the community, in that they have resisted money economy, modern technology, education, and law more than any other group.

Some lower-class people, lacking any religious pressure to see the community in "the Holiness way," describe the class system as it is viewed by the upper class. About their own position in it they may laughingly say, "They call people like *me* 'lower class' around here because I don't break my neck tryin' to make a livin' the way I don't want to . . . They call me 'lower class' because I don't roll an' moan an' make a fool of myself in church."

Others, more resentful of the dominant class, lump together the "main bulk" of the community into "all us good honest average everyday working people who try to live right and do right." Above them are "the rich people," or the "people who *think* they're better," or the "people who try to hold their heads up." Beneath them are the "law-breakers and crooks." ("Of course *every* community's got a few of *them*.") Still further beneath are the people who live like animals (Figure 3). Others, still more resentful, especially of the important role of churches in dictating and criticizing moral conduct, describe the society as it is pictured in Figure 4.

Most striking, among the lower element, is the number of cultural traits which are condemned or ridiculed by the dominant class, and to which this class attaches positive prestige values. All the "hound-dog people" belong to the lower element. No sound is sweeter music to a "hound-lover's" ears than the baying of hounds at night. No sound is uglier to average "better-class" ears. No Holiness people keep and run hounds; hounds are owned without much condemnation by a few upper-class men of impregnable status, but few men between these two extremes will tolerate hounds. Yet a lower-element man skilled at raising, training, and running hounds is highly admired by "his crowd."

Similarly, ability to "live out of the river and timber" is esteemed among the lower element. They place a great positive value upon numerous "pioneer" traits, no longer much respected out on the prairie. These include hunting, trapping, shooting (a "good shot" is admired by every one, but "a man shouldn't spend his life at it"), "living without much money," and

"living without much hard farm work." Knowledge of nature is more respected among this class than any other.

A good many "immoral" traits even have positive value to "more reckless" lower-element people. They respect good dancing and fiddling. Some of them respect "a good fighter." Some respect a "good hard drinker." Some not only respect freedom from the authority of religion, but condemn and ridicule church people. Most of them respect game-law evaders, though this trait is not unique with them. A few must respect the idea of living as much as possible through thievery, because most of the petty thievery is done by this class.

The small group of people who "live like animals" have no very clear picture, or, at best, a very garbled picture of the society about them. One reason why they "understand so little" lies in their real or apparent mental subnormality. Another lies in the fact that through practical joking their "betters" deliberately fictionalize the world for these people, as well as their role in it. For example, at a "wood-sawing" where Lafe Drumm was hired to help, the sport of the entire day was baiting Lafe in a way designed to convince him that he was a man of great talent and social importance. His wife—according to local folklore he had bought her from his brother for "a shotgun and six dollars to boot"—was discussed as "a wonderful woman. Why don't she join the woman's club in this neighborhood and show 'em how to *do* this pressure-cannin' and chicken-raisin'?" Lafe's "timbering" was treated as a "great enterprise." "If you could just git the contract to haul wood to the schoolhouse, you'd be one of the biggest business men in this country." Finally, he was urged to run for office—"if people thought you'd run, you wouldn't have an opponent." Lafe receives such remarks with some suspicion, but he is also flattered and puts some credence in them.

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN — The spirit of the times

THE LATE President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard was an extempore speaker so brilliant that he could go to a public dinner quite without notes, listen to three preliminary speakers, and then, rising to speak himself, comment aptly on the remarks of those who had preceded him and lead easily into an eloquent peroration of his own. His favorite peroration dealt with the difference between two ancient civilizations, each of them rich and

From *The Big Change* by Frederick Lewis Allen, Harper & Brothers. Copyright, 1952, by Frederick Lewis Allen.

flourishing—Greece and Carthage. One of these, he would say, lives on in men's memories, influences all of us today; the other left no imprint on the ages to follow it. For Carthage, by contrast with Greece, had a purely commercial civilization in which there was little respect for learning, philosophy, or the arts. "Is America in danger of becoming a Carthage?" Lowell would ask—and then he would launch into an exposition of the enduring importance of universities.

There are a great many people today, there have been a great many people throughout American history, who have in effect called the United States a Carthage. There are those who argue that during the past half-century, despite the spread of good living among its people, it has been headed in the Carthaginian direction; has been producing a mass culture in which religion and philosophy languish, the arts are smothered by the barbarian demands of mass entertainment, freedom is constricted by the dead weight of mass opinion, and the life of the spirit wanes. There are millions in Europe, for instance, to whom contemporary American culture, as they understand it, is no culture at all; to whom the typical American is a man of money, a crude, loud fellow who knows no values but mechanical and commercial ones. And there are Americans aplenty, old and young, who say that achievement in the realm of the mind and spirit has become ominously more difficult in recent years, and that our technological and economic triumphs are barren because they have brought us no inner peace.

Some of the charges against contemporary American culture one may perhaps be permitted to discount in advance. Thus one may discount the laments, by people with twenty thousand a year, that other people whose incomes have risen from two thousand to four are becoming demoralized by material success; or the nostalgia of those who, when they compare past with present, are obviously matching their own youth in pleasantly sheltered circumstances with the conditions and behavior of a much more inclusive group today. One may also point out a persistently recurring error in European appraisals of the American people: many Europeans, being accustomed to thinking of men and women who travel freely and spend amply as members of an elite, have a tendency to compare certain undeniably crude, harsh, and unimaginative visitors from the States with fellow-countrymen of theirs whose social discipline has been quite different—who belong, in European terms, to another class entirely. It is extraordinarily hard for many people, both here and abroad, to adjust themselves to the fact that the prime characteristic of the American scene is a broadening of opportunity, and that the first fruits of a broadening of opportunity may not be a lowered voice and a suitable deference toward unfamiliar customs.

So let us begin by giving the floor to a man who may be relied upon not

to slip into these pitfalls, yet who nevertheless takes a hard view of what the past half-century has done to his country.

In his introduction to the book *Twentieth Century Unlimited* Bruce Bliven says that in his opinion "the most significant fact about the changes in the past half-century" has been "the alteration in the moral climate from one of overwhelming optimism to one which comes pretty close to despair.

"Half a century ago," continues Mr. Bliven, "mankind, and especially the American section of mankind, was firmly entrenched in the theory that this is the best of all possible worlds and getting better by the minute. . . . There was a kindly God in the heavens, whose chief concern was the welfare, happiness, and continuous improvement of mankind, though his ways were often inscrutable."

Today, says Mr. Bliven, we have lost faith and are "frightened to death"—of war, atom bombs, and the looming prospect of a general brutalization and deterioration of the human species.

Have we, then, become since 1900 a comparatively irreligious and rudderless people?

Church statistics do not help us far toward an answer to this question. They show steady gains in membership for most church groups, roughly comparable to the gain in population; but they are suspect because of a very human tendency to keep on the rolls people who never go to church any more except for weddings and funerals, and there is no way of knowing whether the compilers of church statistics have become more or less scrupulous in the past few decades. My own definite impression is that during the first thirty or forty years of the half-century there was a pretty steady drift away from church attendance and from a feeling of identification with the church and its creed and institutions, at least on the part of well-to-do Americans (except perhaps among the Roman Catholics, who were under an exceptionally rigid discipline). It became customary among larger and larger numbers of the solid citizenry of the land to sleep late on Sunday morning and then grapple with the increasing poundage of the Sunday paper, or have a 10.30 appointment at the first tee, or drive over to the Joneses' for midday cocktails, or pack the family into the car for a jaunt to the shore or the hills. I myself, making many weekend visits every year over several decades, noted that as time went on it was less and less likely that my host would ask on Saturday evening what guests were planning to go to church the next morning; that by the nineteen-twenties or -thirties it was generally assumed that none would be. And although the households in which I visited may not have been representative, they at least were of more or less the same types throughout this whole period. Today I should imagine that in the

heavy out-of-town traffic on a Friday afternoon there are not many people who will be inside a church on Sunday morning.

It has been my further observation that during at least the first thirty and perhaps the first forty years of the century there was an equally steady drift away from a sense of identification with the faiths for which the churches stood. Among some people there was a feeling that science, and in particular the doctrine of evolution, left no room for the old-time God, and that it was exceedingly hard to imagine any sort of God who was reconcilable with what science was demonstrating and would at the same time be at home in the local church. Among others there was a rising moral impatience with an institution which seemed to pay too much attention to the necessity of being unspotted by such alleged vices as drinking, smoking, cardplaying, and Sunday golfing, and too little to human brotherhood; the churches, or many of them, made a resolute effort to meet this criticism by becoming complex institutions dedicated to social service and the social gospel, with schools, classes, women's auxiliaries, young people's groups, sports, and theatricals, but not many of them held their whole congregation—at least on Sunday morning. Still others felt that the clergy were too deferential to wealthy parishioners of dubious civic virtue, or too isolated from the main currents of life. Among many there was a vague sense that the churches represented an old-fashioned way of living and thinking and that modern-minded people were outgrowing their influence. And as the feeling of compulsion to be among the churchgoers and churchworkers weakened, there were naturally many to whom the automobile or the country club or the beach or an eleven o'clock breakfast was simply too agreeable to pass up.

Whether or not this drift away from formal religion is still the prevailing tide, there was manifest during the nineteen-forties a countermovement. In many men and women it took no more definite form than an uneasy conviction that in times of stress and anxiety there was something missing from their lives: they wished they had something to tie to, some faith that would give them a measure of inner peace and security. The appearance on the best-seller lists in recent years of such books as *The Robe, The Cardinal, Peace of Mind,* and *The Seven Storey Mountain* has indicated a widespread hunger and curiosity. Some have returned to the churches—or entered them for the first time. In families here and there one has noted a curious reversal: parents who had abandoned the church in a mood of rebellion against outworn ecclesiastical customs have found their children in turn rebelling against what seemed to them the parents' outworn pagan customs. The Catholic Church in particular has made many converts, some of them counterrebels of this sort, and has spectacularly served as a haven for

ex-Communists who have swung all the way from one set of disciplinary bonds to another. Whether the incoming tide is yet stronger than the outgoing one, or what the later drift may be, is still anybody's guess; but at least there is a confusion in the flow of religious feeling and habit.

Meanwhile, in quantities of families, the abandonment of church allegiance has deprived the children of an occasionally effective teacher of decent behavior. Some parents have been able to fill the vacuum themselves; others have not, and have become dismayed that their young not only do not recognize Bible quotations but have somehow missed out on acquiring a clear-cut moral code. There are other parents whose conscientious study of psychological principles, including the Freudian, and whose somewhat imperfect digestion of the ideas of progressive educators have so filled them with uncertainty as to what moral teachings to deliver and whether any sort of discipline might not damage young spirits that these young spirits have become—at least for the time being—brats of a singular offensiveness. And even if there have always been brats in the world, it has been easy for observers of such families to conclude that moral behavior is indeed deteriorating, and that basketball scandals and football scandals and teen-age holdup gangs and official corruption in Washington are all signs of a widespread ethical decay.

This conclusion is of doubtful validity, I am convinced. There has probably never been a generation some members of which did not wonder whether the next generation was not bound for hell in a handcar. It may be argued that at the mid-century the *manners* of many teen-agers have suffered from their mothers' and fathers' disbelief in stern measures; but that their *ethical standards* are inferior to those of their predecessors seems to me doubtful indeed. As for today's adults, there are undoubtedly many whose lack of connection with organized religion has left them without any secure principles; but as I think of the people I have actually known over a long period of time, I detect no general deterioration of the conscience: those I see today do a good many things that their grandparents would have considered improper, but few things that they would have regarded as paltry or mean. And there has been taking place among these people, and in the country at large, a change of attitude that I am convinced is of great importance. During the half-century the ancient question, "Who is my neighbor?" has been receiving a broader and broader answer.

There are still ladies and gentlemen who feel that they are of the elect, and that the masses of their fellow-countrymen are of negligible importance; but their snobbery is today less complacently assured, more defiant, than in the days when Society was a word to conjure with. The insect on the leaf is less often found "proclaiming on the too much life among his hungry

brothers in the dust." There are still business executives with an inflated sense of their own value in the scheme of things, but the "studied insolence" which Mark Sullivan noted among the coal operators of 1902 when confronted by the union representatives and the President of the United States, and which magnates often displayed on the witness stand in those days, is no longer to be seen (except perhaps among such underworld gentry as Mr. Frank Costello). People who today look at what were originally the servants' quarters in an old mansion, or even in a swank apartment of the 1920 vintage, are shocked at their meagerness: is it possible, they ask themselves, that decent men and women could have had such disregard for the human needs of men and women living cheek by jowl with them?

The concept of the national income, the idea of measuring the distribution of this income, the idea of the national economy as an entity affected by the economic behavior of every one of us, the very widespread interest in surveying sociologically the status of this and that group of Americans the country over, in the conviction that their fortunes are interdependent with ours: all these have developed during this half-century. The ideal of equality of educational opportunity never before commanded such general acceptance. In recent years there has been a marked shift of attitudes toward our most disadvantaged group, the Negroes, and no less noticeably in the South than elsewhere. One notes a widespread gain in group tact, as when the Hospital for the Ruptured and Crippled is renamed the Hospital for Special Surgery, and the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor becomes the Community Service Society. The concept of responsibility to the general public has become more and more widespread among the managers of pivotal businesses. The amount of time which individual men and women give to good works in the broadest sense—including church work, volunteer hospital work, parent-teacher associations, the Boy Scouts, the Red Cross, the League of Women Voters, local symphony orchestras, the World Federalists, the American Legion, the service activities of Rotary, and so on endlessly—is in its total incalculable. (There are communities, I am told, where the number of people who engage in money-raising for the churches is larger than the number of churchgoers.) In sum, our sense of public obligation has expanded.

The change has had its amusing aspects. There comes to one's mind Anne Cleveland's cartoon of a Vassar girl dining with her parents and exclaiming, "How can I explain the position of organized labor to Father when you keep passing me chocolate sauce?" One thinks of a banker's daughter of one's acquaintance, who in her first job was much more deeply interested in the plight of the file clerk whom she regarded as underpaid, than in helping the company make money. And of the receipt by Dr. Ralph Bunche in June

1951 of no less than thirteen honorary degrees in rapid succession, the singular unanimity of his choice by so many institutions undoubtedly reflecting in part a delight at finding an unexceptionable opportunity to pay tribute to a Negro.

That the change should meet, here and there, with heated resistance, is likewise natural. The democratic ideal imposes a great strain upon the tolerance and understanding of humankind. So we find a conscious and active anti-Semitism invading many a suburban community which once took satisfaction in its homogeneity and now finds it can no longer live to itself; or a savage anti-Negro feeling rising in an industrial town in which Negroes were formerly few and far between. And here one should add a footnote about the behavior of our armed forces abroad. For a variety of not easily defined reasons—including undoubtedly the traditionally proletarian position of the foreign-language-speaking immigrant in the United States—there is an obscure feeling among a great many Americans that the acceptance of the principle of human dignity stops at the water's edge: that a man who would be fiercely concerned over an apparent injustice to a fellow-private in the American Army may be rude to Arabs, manhandle Koreans, and cheat Germans, and not lose status thereby—and this, perhaps, at the very moment when his representatives in Congress are appropriating billions for the aid of the very sorts of people of whom he is so scornful.

Yet in spite of these adverse facts there has been, I am convinced, an increasing over-all acceptance in America of what Dr. Frank Tannenbaum has called "the commitment to equality . . . spiritual equality." Whether, as Walter H. Wheeler, Jr., has suggested, we may be "depleting and living off inherited spiritual capital" is far from certain. Yet at any rate this may be said: If we as a people do not obey the first and great commandment as numerously and fervently as we used to, at least we have been doing fairly well with the second.

II

We come now to another question to which the answer must be even more two-sided and uncertain. Does the spread of American prosperity threaten quality? Are we achieving a mass of second-rate education, second-rate culture, second-rate thinking, and squeezing out the first-rate?

The charge that we are indeed doing this comes in deafening volume. To quote no less a sage than T. S. Eliot: "We can assert with some confidence that our own period is one of decline; that the standards of culture are lower than they were fifty years ago; and that the evidences of this decline are visible in every department of human activity." And if this seems a rather general indictment, without special reference to the United States,

it may be added that Mr. Eliot has given abundant evidence that he is out of sympathy with the American trend, preferring as he does a "graded society" in which "the lower class still exists."

One could pile up a mountain of quotations by critics of the American drift, playing the changes upon the two notions that, according to C. Hartley Grattan's article in the November 1951 number of *Harper's,* account for the *Katzenjammer* of American writers today: "(1) a feeling . . . that the values by which men have lived these many years are today in an advanced state of decomposition, with no replacements in sight; and (2) that whatever a man's private values may be, he cannot expect in any case consistently to act on them successfully because the individual is, in the present-day world, at the mercy of ever more oppressive and arbitrary institutions." In other words, that the man of original bent—the writer, painter, musician, architect, philosopher, or intellectual or spiritual pioneer or maverick of any sort—not only faces what Eugene O'Neill called the "sickness of today," which in Lloyd Morris's phrasing has "resulted from the death of the old God and the failure of science and materialism to give any satisfactory new one," but must also confront a world in which the biggest rewards for literary creation go to manufacturers of sexy costume romances; in which the Broadway theater, after a glorious period of fresh creation in the nineteen-twenties, is almost in the discard, having succumbed to the high cost of featherbedding labor and the competition of the movies; in which the movies in their turn, after a generation of richly recompensing those who could attract audiences by the millions and stifling those whose productions had doubtful box-office value, are succumbing to television; in which the highest television acclaim goes to Milton Berle rather than to Burr Tillstrom; and in which the poet finds his market well-nigh gone. One might sum up the charge in another way by saying that the dynamic logic of mass production, while serving admirably to bring us good automobiles and good nylons, enforces mediocrity on the market for intellectual wares.

This is a very severe charge. But there are a number of matters to be considered and weighed before one is ready for judgment upon it.

One is the fact that those who have most eloquently lamented the hard plight of the man or woman of creative talent have chiefly been writers, and more especially *avant-garde* writers and their more appreciative critics, and that the position occupied by these people has been a somewhat special one.

During the years immediately preceding World War I the inventors and innovators in American literature were in no such prevailing mood of dismay. On the contrary, they were having a high old time. In Chicago, such men as Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters, Sherwood Anderson, Ring Lardner, and Carl Sandburg were experimenting with gusto and confidence.

In New York, the young Bohemians of Greenwich Village were hotly and rambunctiously enamored of a great variety of unorthodoxies, ranging from free verse, imagism, postimpressionism, cubism, and the realism of the "Ash-can School" of art to woman's suffrage, socialism, and communism (of an innocently idealistic variety compared with what later developed in Moscow). When Alfred Stieglitz preached modern art at "291," when the Armory Show was staged in 1913, when Max Eastman and John Reed crusaded for labor, when Floyd Dell talked about the liberation of literature, they saw before them a bright new world in which progress would in due course bring triumph to their wild notions.

But the war brought an immense disillusionment. And the prevailing mood shifted.

The novelists of the Lost Generation concentrated their attention upon the meannesses and cruelties of contemporary life, and often their keynote was one of despair. Mencken led a chorus of scoffers at American vulgarity and sentimentality, not indignantly but cynically; when asked why he continued to live in a land in which he found so little to revere, he asked, "Why do men go to zoos?" Sinclair Lewis lampooned Main Street and George F. Babbitt; Scott Fitzgerald underscored the baseness of respectable folk who went to Jay Gatsby's lavish parties and then deserted him in his hour of need. And many of the *avant-garde* and their admirers and imitators went to Paris, where Gertrude Stein said that "the future is not important any more," and Hemingway's characters in *The Sun Also Rises* acted as if it were not. But in a world without hope one could still cherish art, the one thing left that was worth while, keeping it aloof from politics and business; and one could particularly cherish that art which it was most difficult for the vulgarians of politics and business to comprehend. To these refugees from twentieth-century America, "difficulty itself became a primary virtue," as Van Wyck Brooks has remarked: they paid special homage to the aristocratic elaborations of Henry James, the subtleties of the recluse Marcel Proust, the scholarly allusiveness of Eliot, and the linguistic puzzles of Joyce. And a pattern was set, quite different from the pattern of 1910. To have a literary conscience was to take a bleak view of American life, human life in general, and the way the world was going; and also of the ability of any readers but a few to understand and appreciate true literary excellence.

This credo was to prove astonishingly durable. During the nineteen-thirties it had to contend with another emotional force. The economy had broken down, revolution was in the wind (or so it seemed to many at the time), and many writers felt a generous urge to condemn the cruelty of capitalism to "one-third of a nation" and to espouse the cause of embattled labor. Thus they abandoned hopelessness for militancy. There was an outpouring of proletarian novels by writers whose firsthand knowledge of fac-

tory workers was highly limited. Yet even among many of the writers and critics who were most valiant in support of the common man there remained a conviction that the man of sensibility and integrity must inevitably write in terms intelligible only to the very uncommon man; and we beheld the diverting spectacle of authors and students of advanced composition returning from mass meetings held on behalf of sharecroppers and Okies to pore over the sacred texts of Henry James, who would have been oblivious to sharecroppers, and Eliot, who was certainly out of tune with the Okies.

During the war the impulse to defend labor turned into an impulse to defend the GI against the military brass. The older impulse to depict the world as a dismal place turned into an impulse to show how brutal men at war could be including, often, the very GI who was supposed to engage the reader's sympathy; and the belief that quality was bound to go unappreciated by all but a very few turned into a general pessimism over the future of culture that seemed almost to welcome defeat for any sort of excellence.

"It is a source of continual astonishment to me," wrote W. H. Auden in this magazine in 1948, "that the nation which has the world-wide reputation of being the most optimistic, the most gregarious, and the freest on earth should see itself through the eyes of its most sensitive members as a society of helpless victims, shady characters, and displaced persons. . . . In novel after novel one encounters heroes without honor or history; heroes who succumb so monotonously to temptation that they cannot truly be said to be tempted at all; heroes who, even if they are successful in a worldly sense, remain nevertheless but the passive recipients of good fortune; heroes whose sole moral virtue is a stoic endurance of pain and disaster."

Could it be that such novelists have been following a fashion set longer ago than they realize? That the reason why sales of novels in very recent years have been disappointing is that, as Mr. Grattan has suggested, "contemporary writers appear to have given up before contemporary readers are ready to do so," and that perhaps the readers are today ahead of the writers? That the continuing notion among many advanced writers that only difficult writing is good writing has led them to pay too little attention to the art of communication? And that a sort of contagion of defeatism among literary folk today should lead one to accept with a certain reserve their unhappy conclusions concerning the state of American culture?

Let us note their laments and look a little further.

III

One who has worked for a great many years for a magazine which nowadays can pay its authors no more than it did a decade ago, because it has to pay its typographers and shipping men so much more, is not

likely to be complacent about the lot of the man of letters today. Nor is one who has felt he was waging a steady uphill fight on behalf of what he perhaps fondly considered distinguished journalism—uphill because there were constantly appearing new magazines aimed at readers by the millions, and because advertisers tend to want to reach those millions—likely to be complacent about the conditions of literary institutions. It seems to me undeniable that the great success of the mass-circulation magazines and the rise of the staff-written magazines have between them made life harder for the free-lance author who lacks the popular touch and who will not do potboiling, or cannot do it successfully, and who has no other assured source of income. But then he almost never has had things very easy financially. And there is this to be said: one reason why magazines with severely high standards find the going difficult is that they have no monopoly on material of high quality, for during the past few decades an increasing amount of such material has been finding a place in the mass periodicals. (For a couple of random examples, let me cite Winston Churchill's memoirs, appearing in *Life,* and Faulkner's short stories, coming out in the *Saturday Evening Post.*) Furthermore, the number of writers of talent who make good incomes by writing for the mass magazines without the sacrifice of an iota of their integrity is much larger than one might assume from the talk of the *avant-gardists.* The picture is a mixed one.

So too with regard to books. The market for the output of the "original" publishers, meaning those who sell newly-written books at standard prices, chiefly through the bookstores, is somewhat larger than before the war, but it is manifest that price increases, reflecting high labor costs, have been deterring buyers. The share of a few very successful writers in the total revenue of authors increases; and it becomes more difficult than it used to be for those whose books are not likely to sell more than a few thousand copies (these include nearly all poets) to get their work accepted. Yet here again the situation is not as black as it has been painted. I agree with Bernard DeVoto that no book really worth publishing fails of publication by some unit of a very diversified industry; and I would add that while there is trash on the best-seller lists, most of the books which reach those lofty positions, with very pleasant results for their authors' pocketbooks, are among the best of their time.

And there is more to it than this. For there are also numerous book clubs, at least two of which—the Book-of-the-Month Club and the Literary Guild—sell books by the hundreds of thousands each month. There are the quarterly Condensed Books brought out by the *Reader's Digest*—four or five novels or non-fiction books condensed in one volume—which, launched in 1950, were selling by early 1952 at the rate of more than a million apiece.

And there are the paper-bound reprint houses, whose volumes, priced at 25 or 35 cents for the newsstand and drugstore trade, are bought in phenomenal lots. In the year 1950 the total was no less than 214 million; in 1951 the figure had jumped to 231 million.

Two-thirds or more of these paper-bound books, to be sure, were novels or mysteries—thus falling into classifications too inclusive to be reassuring as to the public taste—and some were rubbish by any tolerable standard (the publishers of such wares having learned, as one cynic has put it, that you can sell almost anything adorned on the cover with a picture connoting sex or violence, or preferably both, as in a picture of a luscious girl getting her dress ripped off by a gunman). But consider these sales figures (as of January 1952) for a few paper-bound books: Tennessee Williams' *A Streetcar Named Desire,* over half a million; George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-four,* over three-quarters of a million; Ruth Benedict's *Patterns of Culture,* 400,000; and—to cite an incontrovertibly classical example—a translation of *The Odyssey* (with an abstract cover design), 350,000. And remember that these sales, which are above and beyond bookclub sales and regular bookstore sales, have been achieved in a nation of avid magazine readers. It is true that the financial returns to the author from such low-priced books are meager: he gets less revenue from a million of them than from 20,000 sold at standard prices. Nevertheless there is an interesting phenomenon here. There is a big American market for good writing if it and the price are within easy reach.

Let us look at the market for art. The painter of today faces two great difficulties. The first is that his work is offered to the public at high prices (if he can get any price at all) because he can sell only his original work, to one collector or institution, and cannot dispose of thousands at a time; and collectors with money are scarce. The second is that the abler young painters of the day have mostly swung all the way to the abstract, which to most potential buyers is pretty incomprehensible. Yet the signs of interest among the public are striking. Forbes Watson is authority for the statement that there were more sales of paintings in the nineteen-forties than in all the previous history of the United States; that in the year 1948 there were a hundred exhibitions of American art in American museums; and that the total attendance at art exhibitions that year was over 50 million. One should also take note of the greatly enlarged number of local museums; of the lively promotion of an interest in art by many universities and colleges; the rising sale of reproductions, in book form and otherwise; and the recent sharp increase in the number of Sunday amateur dabblers with a paintbrush. Sales of artists' materials had a tenfold increase between 1939 and 1949. The suspicion comes over one that there is something stirring here,

too, and that the plight of the contemporary artist, like the plight of the contemporary writer, may be partly due to the fact that the market for his output may not yet be geared to the potential demand.

We turn to music—and confront an astonishing spectacle.

In 1900 there were only a handful of symphony orchestras in the country; by May 1951 there were 659 "symphonic groups"—including 52 professional, 343 community, 231 college, and a scattering of miscellaneous amateur groups. Fifteen hundred American cities and towns now support annual series of concerts. Summer music festivals attract audiences which would have been unimaginable even thirty years ago. To quote Cecil Smith in *Twentieth Century Unlimited*, "The dollar-hungry countries of Europe are setting up music festivals by the dozen, not to give American tourists the music they would not hear at home, but to make sure they do not stay at home because of the lack of music in Europe. The programs at Edinburgh, Strasbourg, Amsterdam, Florence, and Aix-en-Provence are designed as competition for Tanglewood, Bethlehem, Ravinia, the Cincinnati Zoo, and the Hollywood Bowl." Mr. Smith cites further facts of interest: that the Austin, Texas, symphony recently took over a drive-in movie for outdoor summer concerts; that Kentucky hill people come in their bare feet when the Louisville Orchestra plays in Berea; and that "an all-Stravinsky program, conducted by the composer, strikes Urbana, Illinois, as a perfectly normal attraction."

During the nineteen-twenties the phonograph record business was threatened with virtual extinction by the rise of radio. But presently radio began giving millions upon millions of Americans such a variety of music—popular, jazz, and classical—in such quantity, year after year, that a good many of these people began to want to hear music on their own terms, and the record business went into a prolonged and phenomenal boom. The expansion was accelerated by the wild vogue of jazz, whose more serious votaries soon learned that if you were to become a really serious student of what Benny Goodman and Duke Ellington were producing, you must collect old recordings and become a connoisseur of Handy, Beiderbecke and Armstrong. By the middle and late nineteen-forties, young people who in earlier years would have gone off dancing of an evening were finding that it was very agreeable to sit on the floor and listen to a record-player, with a few bottles of beer to wash the music down. Many people whose taste in books and in art was very limited were not only becoming able to identify the most famous symphonies by their first few notes, but were developing a pride in their acquaintance with the works of Bach's obscure contemporaries, and in their connoisseurship of the comparative merits of recordings by various orchestras. A very rough estimate of the sales of records during the year 1951, made

by *Billboard* magazine, put the grand total at some 190 million—more than one for every man, woman, and child in the United States—and the total sale of records in the "classical" category at perhaps 10 to 15 per cent of that 190 million: let us say something like twenty to thirty million classical records. To give a single example: as many as 20,000 sets of Wanda Landowska's harpsichord recordings of the Goldberg Variations were sold in the first three months after they were issued. And a shrewd student of American culture tells me that as he goes about the United States he keeps being told, in place after place, "Our town is sort of unusual. I suppose the most exciting thing, to us, that's going on here isn't anything in business but the way we've put over our symphony orchestra (or our string quartet, or our community chorus)."

Verily, as one looks about the field of the arts, the picture is confused. Here is an incredible boom in public interest in music, along with expanding audiences for the ballet, old-style and new-style. Here is the Broadway theater almost ready for the Pulmotor—and local civic theaters and college theaters in what looks like a promising adolescence. Here are the movies, beloved by millions (and berated by highbrow critics) for decades, losing audiences little by little to television, which has not yet outgrown a preposterous crudity. Here is architecture, which has outgrown its earlier imitation of old European styles and is producing superb industrial buildings along with highly experimental and sometimes absurd modern residences—while the peripheries of our great cities, whether New York or Chicago or St. Louis or Los Angeles, display to the bus traveler from airport to town almost no trace of the handiwork of any architects at all. Here are lovely (if monotonous) motor parkways—and along the other main highways a succession of roadtown eyesores—garages, tourist courts, filling stations, billboards, junk dealers, and more billboards—which make the motor parkways seem, by contrast, like avenues for escapists.

Is not the truth of the situation perhaps something like this: Here is a great nation which is conducting an unprecedented experiment. It has made an incredible number of people, previously quite unsophisticated and alien to art or contemptuous of it, prosperous by any previous standard known to man. These multitudes offer a huge market for him who would sell them equipment or entertainment that they can understand and enjoy. Let us say it in italics: *This is something new: there has never been anything like it before.*

The job before those Americans who would like to see the United States a Greece rather than a Carthage is to try to develop, alongside the media of entertainment and equipment which satisfy these people's present needs, others which will satisfy more exacting tastes and will be on hand for them

when they are ready for more rewarding fare. The problem is an economic one as well as an artistic one. Whether it can be solved is still anybody's guess. But in a day when, despite the discouragement of many literati, much of the best writing in the world is being done in the United States; when the impoverishment of foreign institutions of learning has made American universities no mere followers on the road of learning, but leaders despite themselves, attracting students from many continents; and when, willy nilly, a burden of responsibility for the cultural condition of the world rests heavily upon America, it should do us good to look at the army of music-lovers that we have produced. For if this is what auspicious economic conditions can bring in the area of one of the great arts, possibly the miracle may be effected elsewhere too, and the all-American culture may prove to have been, not the enemy of excellence, but its seed-bed.

GOVERNMENT

THE passages in this section deal with a problem that began when men first agreed to surrender certain of their personal liberties for the sake of mutual protection and betterment. It is the problem of the individual and his relation to both a national and an international organization. The section begins with the personal discovery made by Fiorello H LaGuardia, who was a congressman, later a mayor of New York City, and still later an administrator of postwar relief overseas. He tells in his account how he first became aware of the importance of the state even to a boy living in an army post in Arizona. The selections which follow range from the distant past to the present. The first four selections (by an early Hebrew, a Greek philosopher who lived several centuries before the time of Christ, a nineteenth-century Englishman, and a twentieth-century American) present widely varying points of view on the relation of the individual to his national government. The concluding selections in this section (by the editor of *U.S. News and World Report*, the United States representative to the United Nations, and a writer for *The New Yorker*) take up the problem of international organization in the form of the United Nations.

FIORELLO H. LA GUARDIA

My first encounters with politics

A personal discovery

WHAT I SAW and heard and learned in my boyhood days in Arizona made lasting impressions on me. Many of the things on which I have such strong feelings—feelings which some of my opponents have regarded as unreasonable obsessions—were first impressed on my mind during those early days, and the knowledge I acquired then never left me. On some of those things I believe I am so right in my attitude that I remain uncompromising.

For instance, there is the professional politician. Though I have been in politics for well over forty years, I loathe the professional politician. I have never been a regular. I have fought political machines and party politics at every opportunity. This attitude had its origin in the loudly dressed, slick

From *The Making of an Insurgent* by Fiorello H. La Guardia. Copyright 1948, by J. B. Lippincott Company. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

and sly Indian agents, political appointees, I saw come into Arizona. The first time I ever heard the word politician was at Fort Huachuca, when I was still a small child. The word was applied to those Indian agents. I learned afterwards that they got the jobs because they were small-fry ward heelers. I saw hungry Indians, and the little Indian kids watched us while we munched a Kansas apple or ate a cookie Mother baked. I knew, even as a child, that the government in Washington provided food for all those Indians, but that the "politicians" sold the rations to miners and even to general stores, robbing the Indians of the food the government provided for them. That was my first contact with "politicians."

I had my first experience with a lobby when I was about twelve. My father received a letter from someone in Washington stating that the pay of band leaders could be increased to $100 a month. The pay was then $60 a month. The letter also stated that band leaders could become commissioned officers. I can see the gleam in Dad's eye to this day as he fancied himself adorned with shoulder straps. It all seemed so easy; just sign the agreement to pay one month's salary when the bill became the law, and no further obligation except to send $50 for necessary expenses.

Even as a kid I could not understand this. Why the expenses? There were hints in the letter that it was necessary to see certain Representatives and Senators, and that there were disbursements to be met. It was rather crude. But this technique of the 'nineties didn't differ so much from the technique of our own 'forties. I don't know why, but I felt instinctively that it was wrong. And Mother was on my side. I figured it out that if the men in the various regiments at our post sent in this money, it would amount to $2,250. That was a lot of money in those days. "It's a fake, a swindle," I shouted, and when I ran out of adjectives in denouncing the scheme to my father, I resorted to what to me has always been the most odious thing you could say about people: "They're a bunch of politicians." Father, a musician, who never bothered with politics, was soon talked out of joining the plan. The band leaders of the Army are still waiting for those shoulder straps some of them sent their money to get. . . .

. . . It was during my boyhood in Arizona that I first learned about corrupt local government, and I got my political education from Pulitzer's New York *World*. We had two newspapers in Prescott, the *Journal Miner* and the Prescott *Courier*. These were typical Bret Harte Western newspapers, devoted mostly to local news. When the Sunday edition of the New York *World* arrived in Prescott on the following Friday or Saturday, I would rush to Ross's drugstore where it was on display. There I had looked at the first funny sections I had ever seen, featuring the Yellow Kid. From that comic strip came the expression "yellow journalism." I have enjoyed the comics ever since.

When I got home with the Sunday *World*, I would carefully read every word of the *World's* fight against the corrupt Tammany machine in New York. That was the period of the lurid disclosures made by the Lexow investigation of corruption in the Police Department that extended throughout the political structure of the city. The papers then were filled with stories of startling crookedness on the part of the police and the politicians in New York. Unlike boys who grew up in the city and who hear from childhood about such things as graft and corruption, the amazing disclosures hit me like a shock. I could not understand how the people of the greatest city in the country could put up with the vice and crime that existed there. A resentment against Tammany was created in me at that time, which I admit is to this day almost an obsession. But I did not become cynical or lose faith in government. I was certain that good people could eliminate bad people from public office. But as I grew older, my hatred of corrupt politicians and my feeling against dishonest and inefficient government increased with the years in proportion with my experience of it.

When I went to live in New York again after my return from Europe in 1906, Tammany was once more all-powerful. It was the era of "honest graft." When I had to choose a political party, my choice was easy. I joined the Republican Party. I was young and innocent. A party in the minority cannot help being good and pure. That seemed the only avenue I could choose at the time in order to carry out my boyhood dreams of going to work against corrupt government.

There was, of course, great excitement at Whipple Barracks in Prescott when the news reached us that the U. S. battleship *Maine* had been blown up in the harbor of Havana, Cuba, on the fifteenth of February 1898. The Postal Telegraph operator in Prescott pasted up Associated Press bulletins on the *Maine* disaster as soon as they came in, and along with the other children of Army men, as well as the parents, I watched and waited eagerly for the latest news. We expected war momentarily, especially after the news came that two hundred and fifty American lives had been lost.

Within about ten days, orders came for our regiment to get itself ready for war. Inventories were taken. The equipment of some other regiments and of National Guard units was not up to date, but our regiment had the modern Krag-Jörgensen rifles. Some of our noncommissioned officers had seen service in the Civil War.

As the weeks passed and there was still no declaration of war, there was a feeling in our military circles that President McKinley was hesitating too long. But it finally came on April twenty-fifth, and our regiment was soon sent to Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Missouri. It remained there for a few days and then went into camp at Mobile, Alabama, but the families of the officers and enlisted men remained in quarters at Jefferson Barracks.

Though I was only fifteen years old, I was restless and wanted to join the Army. My age, and the fact that I was short and under the required weight, made that impossible. But I persuaded the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* to pay my fare to the camp at Mobile where my father was stationed. I did a couple of articles for the *Post-Dispatch* from the camp.

As an Army child I was familiar with drill and other training courses. I noticed at that time that it was very difficult to train Army officers quickly, though it was easy to train a large body of men in a hurry once you had the officers to do the job. This knowledge was very useful to me later when I was a legislator, and particularly when I became a member of the House Committee on Military Affairs. I also noticed at that time that the Medical Corps was both inefficient and unsufficient in the Spanish-American War. During the first world war the Medical Corps brought its technique and efficiency almost to perfection. In the second world war it surpassed anything that had been attained previously in this and, perhaps, in any other country. But the government's record as a whole during the Spanish-American War was not up to the heroism of our men who took part in that war.

My particular Spanish-American War hero was "Bucky" O'Neil. I remember that he came to our school soon after the declaration of war and told us what that declaration meant, and what war meant. He expressed the opinion that when we won this war, no other nation would ever again attempt to dominate territory in the Western Hemisphere. When Arizona provided a troop for Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders, "Bucky" O'Neil became a member of that troop. I felt he should have commanded it. He was killed in action during the famous charge on San Juan Hill.

One of the worst scandals of our entire military history occurred during this short Spanish-American War and made a lasting impression upon me, for my father was one of its victims. Corrupt contractors supplied the Army with diseased beef. My father became so ill as a result of eating some of this diseased beef that he had to be discharged from the service on account of disability. Though we did not know it then, he had only a few years to live because of the work of crooked Army contractors.

That experience never left my mind. When I became a Congressman during World War I, the first measure I introduced in the House was a bill providing the death penalty for contractors who supplied defective food or other supplies and equipment in time of war, and a heavy jail sentence, if they sold such stuff in time of peace. I introduced that measure on April 3, 1917, a few days before Congress declared war on Germany. It was referred to the Committee on Judiciary, where it was allowed to languish. But I still think it is a good idea. It might prevent other families from losing their fathers.

After Father's discharge from the Army, our family returned to New York City, where we renewed old acquaintances. Then the family went to Trieste, to live with my mother's family. It was while we were in Trieste that my father died in 1901, a victim of condemned Army meat.

Ancient concepts

THE BIBLE Selections from Exodus

In these chapters the ancient scribe outlines the more general regulations ordained by God for the conduct of the Israelites. Though bound by the fairly rigid code of the patriarchal system, the people still recognize God as the ultimate power in their government. That they do not necessarily act according to His desires is abundantly evident.

IN THE THIRD MONTH, when the children of Israel were gone forth out of the land of Egypt, the same day came they into the wilderness of Sinai.

For they were departed from Rephidim, and were come to the desert of Sinai, and had pitched in the wilderness; and there Israel camped before the mount.

And Moses went up unto God, and the Lord called unto him out of the mountain, saying, Thus shalt thou say to the house of Jacob, and tell the children of Israel;

Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself.

Now therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people: for all the earth is mine:

And ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests, and an holy nation. These are the words which thou shalt speak unto the children of Israel.

And Moses came and called for the elders of the people, and laid before their faces all these words which the Lord commanded him.

And all the people answered together, and said, All that the Lord hath spoken we will do. And Moses returned the words of the people unto the Lord.

And the Lord said unto Moses, Lo, I come unto thee in a thick cloud, that

the people may hear when I speak with thee, and believe thee for ever. And Moses told the words of the people unto the Lord.

And the Lord said unto Moses, Go unto the people, and sanctify them to day and to morrow, and let them wash their clothes.

And be ready against the third day: for the third day the Lord will come down in the sight of all the people upon mount Sinai.

And thou shalt set bounds unto the people round about, saying, Take heed to yourselves, that ye go not up into the mount, or touch the border of it: whosoever toucheth the mount shall be surely put to death:

There shall not an hand touch it, but he shall surely be stoned, or shot through; whether it be beast or man, it shall not live: when the trumpet soundeth long, they shall come up to the mount.

And Moses went down from the mount unto the people, and sanctified the people; and they washed their clothes.

And he said unto the people, Be ready against the third day: come not at your wives.

And it came to pass on the third day in the morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the people that was in the camp trembled.

And Moses brought forth the people out of the camp to meet with God; and they stood at the nether part of the mount.

And mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire: and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly.

And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice.

And the Lord came down upon mount Sinai, on the top of the mount: and the Lord called Moses up to the top of the mount; and Moses went up.

And the Lord said unto Moses, Go down, charge the people, lest they break through unto the Lord to gaze, and many of them perish.

And let the priests also, which come near to the Lord, sanctify themselves, lest the Lord break forth upon them.

And Moses said unto the Lord, The people cannot come up to mount Sinai: for thou chargedst us, saying, Set bounds about the mount, and sanctify it.

And the Lord said unto him, Away, get thee down, and thou shalt come up, thou, and Aaron with thee: but let not the priests and the people break through to come up unto the Lord, lest he break forth upon them.

So Moses went down unto the people, and spake unto them.—Exodus 19

And God spake all these words, saying,

I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth:

Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me;

And shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.

Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work:

But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates:

For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Thou shalt not kill.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not c
bour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his
nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.

And all the people saw the thunderings, and the light
of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking: and when
removed, and stood afar off.

And they said unto Moses, Speak thou with us
not God speak with us, lest we die.

And Moses said unto the people, Fear not
and that his fear may be before your face

And the people stood afar off, and M
ness where God was.—Exodus 20:1-21

And when the people saw that Moses delayed to come down out of the mount, the people gathered themselves together unto Aaron, and said unto him, Up, make us gods, which shall go before us; for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him.

And Aaron said unto them, Break off the golden earrings, which are in the ears of your wives, of your sons, and of your daughters, and bring them unto me.

And all the people brake off the golden earrings which were in their ears, and brought them unto Aaron.

And he received them at their hand, and fashioned it with a graving tool, after he had made it a molten calf: and they said, These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt.

And when Aaron saw it, he built an altar before it; and Aaron made proclamation, and said, To morrow is a feast to the Lord.

And they rose up early on the morrow, and offered burnt offerings, and
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the testimony were in his hand: the tables were written on both their sides; on the one side and on the other were they written.

And the tables were the work of God, and the writing was the writing of God, graven upon the tables.

And when Joshua heard the noise of the people as they shouted, he said unto Moses, There is a noise of war in the camp.

And he said, It is not the voice of them that shout for mastery, neither is it the voice of them that cry for being overcome: but the noise of them that sing do I hear.

And it came to pass, as soon as he came nigh unto the camp, that he saw the calf, and the dancing: and Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the mount.

And he took the calf which they had made, and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder, and strawed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it.

And Moses said unto Aaron, What did this people unto thee, that thou hast brought so great a sin upon them?

And Aaron said, Let not the anger of my lord wax hot: thou knowest the people, that they are set on mischief.

For they said unto me, Make us gods, which shall go before us: for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him.

And I said unto them, Whosoever hath any gold, let them break it off. So they gave it me: then I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf.

And when Moses saw that the people were naked; (for Aaron had made them naked unto their shame among their enemies:)

Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me. And all the sons of Levi gathered themselves together unto him.

And he said unto them, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbour.

And the children of Levi did according to the word of Moses: and there fell of the people that day about three thousand men.

For Moses had said, Consecrate yourselves to day to the Lord, even every man upon his son and upon his brother; that he may bestow upon you a blessing this day.

And it came to pass on the morrow, that Moses said unto the people, Ye have sinned a great sin: and now I will go up unto the Lord; peradventure I shall make an atonement for your sin.

And Moses returned unto the Lord, and said, Oh, this people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold.

Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written.

And the Lord said unto Moses, Whosoever hath sinned against me, him will I blot out of my book.

Therefore now go, lead the people unto the place of which I have spoken unto thee: behold, mine Angel shall go before thee: nevertheless in the day when I visit I will visit their sin upon them.

And the Lord plagued the people, because they made the calf, which Aaron made.—Exodus 32

PLATO Crito

Plato was a pupil of Socrates from 407 B.C. until the latter's death in 399. In this dialogue Plato relates what presumably was the final attitude of Socrates upon the subject of the state. Socrates has been condemned to death by the Athenians for subversive teaching. His friend Crito visits him in prison.

SOCRATES. Why have you come at this hour, Crito? it must be quite early?

CRITO. Yes, certainly.

SOCRATES. What is the exact time?

CRITO. The dawn is breaking.

SOCRATES. I wonder that the keeper of the prison would let you in.

CRITO. He knows me, because I often come, Socrates; moreover I have done him a kindness.

SOCRATES. And are you only just come?

CRITO. No, I came some time ago.

SOCRATES. Then why did you sit and say nothing, instead of awakening me at once?

CRITO. Why, indeed, Socrates, I myself would rather not have all this sleeplessness and sorrow. But I have been wondering at your peaceful slumbers, and that was the reason why I did not awaken you, because I wanted you to be out of pain. I have always thought you happy in the calmness of your temperament; but never did I see the like of the easy, cheerful way in which you bear this calamity.

SOCRATES. Why, Crito, when a man has reached my age he ought not to be repining at the prospect of death.

CRITO. And yet other old men find themselves in similar misfortunes, and age does not prevent them from repining.

SOCRATES. That may be. But you have not told me why you come at this early hour.

CRITO. I come to bring you a message which is sad and painful; not, as I believe, to yourself, but to all of us who are your friends, and saddest of all to me.

SOCRATES. What! I suppose that the ship has come from Delos, on the arrival of which I am to die?

CRITO. No, the ship has not actually arrived, but she will probably be here to-day, as persons who have come from Sunium tell me that they left her there; and therefore to-morrow, Socrates, will be the last day of your life.

SOCRATES. Very well, Crito; if such is the will of God, I am willing; but my belief is that there will be a delay of a day.

CRITO. Why do you say this?

SOCRATES. I will tell you. I am to die on the day after the arrival of the ship?

CRITO. Yes; that is what the authorities say.

SOCRATES. But I do not think that the ship will be here until to-morrow; this I gather from a vision which I had last night, or rather only just now, when you fortunately allowed me to sleep.

CRITO. And what was the nature of the vision?

SOCRATES. There came to me the likeness of a woman, fair and comely, clothed in white raiment, who called to me and said: "O Socrates, the third day hence to Phthia shalt thou go."

CRITO. What a singular dream, Socrates!

SOCRATES. There can be no doubt about the meaning, Crito, I think.

CRITO. Yes; the meaning is only too clear. But, Oh! my beloved Socrates, let me entreat you once more to take my advice and escape. For if you die I shall not only lose a friend who can never be replaced, but there is another evil: people who do not know you and me will believe that I might have saved you if I had been willing to give money, but that I did not care. Now, can there be a worse disgrace than this—that I should be thought to value money more than the life of a friend? For the many will not be persuaded that I wanted you to escape, and that you refused.

SOCRATES. But why, my dear Crito, should we care about the opinion of the many? Good men, and they are the only persons who are worth considering, will think of these things truly as they happened.

CRITO. But do you see, Socrates, that the opinion of the many must be regarded, as is evident in your own case, because they can do the very greatest evil to any one who has lost their good opinion.

SOCRATES. I only wish, Crito, that they could; for then they could also do

the greatest good, and that would be well. But the truth is, that they can do neither good nor evil: they can not make a man wise or make him foolish; and whatever they do is the result of chance.

CRITO. Well, I will not dispute about that; but please to tell me, Socrates, whether you are not acting out of regard to me and your other friends: are you not afraid that if you escape hence we may get into trouble with the informers for having stolen you away, and lose either the whole or a great part of our property; or that even a worse evil may happen to us? Now, if this is your fear, be at ease; for in order to save you we ought surely to run this, or even a greater risk; be persuaded, then, and do as I say.

SOCRATES. Yes. Crito, that is one fear which you mention, but by no means the only one.

CRITO. Fear not. There are persons who at no great cost are willing to save you and bring you out of prison; and as for the informers, you may observe that they are far from being exorbitant in their demands; a little money will satisfy them. My means, which, as I am sure, are ample, are at your service, and if you have a scruple about spending all mine, here are strangers who will give you the use of theirs; and one of them, Simmias the Theban, has brought a sum of money for this very purpose; and Cebes and many others are willing to spend their money too. I say therefore, do not on that account hesitate about making your escape, and do not say, as you did in the court, that you will have a difficulty in knowing what to do with yourself if you escape. For men will love you in other places to which you may go, and not in Athens only; there are friends of mine in Thessaly, if you like to go to them, who will value and protect you, and no Thessalian will give you any trouble. Nor can I think that you are justified, Socrates, in betraying your own life when you might be saved; this is playing into the hands of your enemies and destroyers; and moreover I should say that you were betraying your children; for you might bring them up and educate them; instead of which you go away and leave them, and they will have to take their chance; and if they do not meet with the usual fate of orphans, there will be small thanks to you. No man should bring children into the world who is unwilling to persevere to the end in their nurture and education. But you are choosing the easier part, as I think, not the better and manlier, which would rather have become one who professes virtue in all his actions, like yourself. And indeed, I am ashamed not only of you, but of us who are your friends, when I reflect that this entire business of yours will be attributed to our want of courage. The trial need never have come on, or might have been brought to another issue; and the end of all, which is the crowning absurdity, will seem to have been permitted by us, through cowardice and baseness, who might

have saved you, as you might have saved yourself, if we had been good for anything (for there was no difficulty in escaping); and we did not see how disgraceful, Socrates, and also miserable all this will be to us as well as to you. Make your mind up then, or rather have your mind already made up, for the time of deliberation is over, and there is only one thing to be done, which must be done, if at all, this very night, and which any delay will render all but impossible; I beseech you therefore, Socrates, to be persuaded by me, and to do as I say.

SOCRATES. Dear Crito, your zeal is invaluable, if a right one; but if wrong, the greater the zeal the greater the evil; and therefore we ought to consider whether these things shall be done or not. For I am and always have been one of those natures who must be guided by reason, whatever the reason may be which upon reflection appears to me to be the best; and now that this fortune has come upon me, I can not put away the reasons which I have before given: the principles which I have hitherto honored and revered I still honor, and unless we can find other and better principles on the instant, I am certain not to agree with you; no, not even if the power of the multitude could inflict many more imprisonments, confiscations, deaths, frightening us like children with hobgoblin terrors. But what will be the fairest way of considering the question? Shall I return to your old argument about the opinions of men? some of which are to be regarded, and others, as we were saying, are not to be regarded. Now were we right in maintaining this before I was condemned? And has the argument which was once good now proved to be talk for the sake of talking;—in fact an amusement only, and altogether vanity? That is what I want to consider with your help, Crito:—whether, under my present circumstances, the argument appears to be in any way different or not; and is to be allowed by me or disallowed. That argument, which, as I believe, is maintained by many who assume to be authorities, was to the effect, as I was saying, that the opinions of some men are to be regarded, and of other men not to be regarded. Now you, Crito, are a disinterested person who are not going to die to-morrow—at least, there is no human probability of this, and you are therefore not liable to be deceived by the circumstances in which you are placed. Tell me then, whether I am right in saying that some opinions, and the opinions of some men only, are to be valued, and other opinions, and the opinions of other men, are not to be valued. I ask you whether I was right in maintaining this?

CRITO. Certainly.

SOCRATES. The good are to be regarded, and not the bad?

CRITO. Yes.

SOCRATES. And the opinions of the wise are good, and the opinions of the unwise are evil?

CRITO. Certainly.

SOCRATES. And what was said about another matter? Was the disciple in gymnastics supposed to attend to the praise and blame and opinion of every man, or of one man only—his physician or trainer, whoever that was?

CRITO. Of one man only.

SOCRATES. And he ought to fear the censure and welcome the praise of that one only, and not of the many?

CRITO. That is clear.

SOCRATES. And he ought to live and train, and eat and drink in the way which seems good to his single master who has understanding, rather than according to the opinion of all other men put together?

CRITO. True.

SOCRATES. And if he disobeys and disregards the opinion and approval of the one, and regards the opinion of the many who have no understanding, will he not suffer evil?

CRITO. Certainly he will.

SOCRATES. And what will the evil be, whither tending and what affecting, in the disobedient person?

CRITO. Clearly, affecting the body; that is what is destroyed by the evil.

SOCRATES. Very good; and is not this true, Crito, of other things which we need not separately enumerate? In the matter of just and unjust, fair and foul, good and evil, which are the subjects of our present consultation, ought we to follow the opinion of the many and to fear them; or the opinion of the one man who has understanding, and whom we ought to fear and reverence more than all the rest of the world: and whom deserting we shall destroy and injure that principle in us which may be assumed to be improved by justice and deteriorated by injustice;—is there not such a principle?

CRITO. Certainly there is, Socrates.

SOCRATES. Take a parallel instance:—if, acting under the advice of men who have no understanding, we destroy that which is improvable by health and deteriorated by disease—when that has been destroyed, I say, would life be worth having? And that is—the body?

CRITO. Yes.

SOCRATES. Could we live, having an evil and corrupted body?

CRITO. Certainly not.

SOCRATES. And will life be worth having, if that higher part of man be depraved, which is improved by justice and deteriorated by injustice? Do we suppose that principle, whatever it may be in man, which has to do with justice and injustice, to be inferior to the body?

CRITO. Certainly not.

SOCRATES. More honored, then?

CRITO. Far more honored.

SOCRATES. Then, my friend, we must not regard what the many say of us: but what he, the one man who has understanding of just and unjust, will say, and what the truth will say. And therefore you begin in error when you suggest that we should regard the opinion of the many about just and unjust, good and evil, honorable and dishonorable.—Well, some one will say, "but the many can kill us."

CRITO. Yes, Socrates; that will clearly be the answer.

SOCRATES. That is true: but still I find with surprise that the old argument is, as I conceive, unshaken as ever. And I should like to know whether I may say the same of another proposition—that not life, but a good life, is to be chiefly valued?

CRITO. Yes, that also remains.

SOCRATES. And a good life is equivalent to a just and honorable one—that holds also?

CRITO. Yes, that holds.

SOCRATES. From these premises I proceed to argue the question whether I ought or ought not to try and escape without the consent of the Athenians: and if I am clearly right in escaping, then I will make the attempt; but if not, I will abstain. The other considerations which you mention, of money and loss of character and the duty of educating children, are, as I fear, only the doctrines of the multitude, who would be as ready to call people to life, if they were able, as they are to put them to death—and with as little reason. But now, since the argument has thus far prevailed, the only question which remains to be considered is, whether we shall do rightly either in escaping or in suffering others to aid in our escape and paying them in money and thanks, or whether we shall not do rightly; and if the latter, then death or any other calamity which may ensue on my remaining here must not be allowed to enter into the calculation.

CRITO. I think that you are right, Socrates; how then shall we proceed?

SOCRATES. Let us consider the matter together, and do you either refute me if you can, and I will be convinced, or else cease, my dear friend, from repeating to me that I ought to escape against the wishes of the Athenians: for I am extremely desirous to be persuaded by you, but not against my own better judgment. And now please to consider my first position, and do your best to answer me.

CRITO. I will do my best.

SOCRATES. Are we to say that we are never intentionally to do wrong, or that in one way we ought and in another way we ought not to do wrong, or is doing wrong always evil and dishonorable, as I was just now saying, and as has been already acknowledged by us? Are all our former admissions which were made within a few days to be thrown away? And have we,

at our age, been earnestly discoursing with one another all our life long only to discover that we are no better than children? Or are we to rest assured, in spite of the opinion of the many, and in spite of consequences whether better or worse, of the truth of what was then said, that injustice is always an evil and dishonor to him who acts unjustly? Shall we affirm that?

CRITO. Yes.

SOCRATES. Then we must do no wrong?

CRITO. Certainly not.

SOCRATES. Nor when injured injure in return, as the many imagine; for we must injure no one at all?

CRITO. Clearly not.

SOCRATES. Again, Crito, may we do evil?

CRITO. Surely not, Socrates.

SOCRATES. And what of doing evil in return for evil, which is the morality of the many—is that just or not?

CRITO. Not just.

SOCRATES. For doing evil to another is the same as injuring him?

CRITO. Very true.

SOCRATES. Then we ought not to retaliate or render evil for evil to any one, whatever evil we may have suffered from him. But I would have you consider, Crito, whether you really mean what you are saying. For this opinion has never been held, and never will be held, by any considerable number of persons; and those who are agreed and those who are not agreed upon this point have no common ground, and can only despise one another when they see how widely they differ. Tell me, then, whether you agree with and assent to my first principle, that neither injury nor retaliation nor warding off evil by evil is ever right. And shall that be the premiss of our argument? Or do you decline and dissent from this? For this has been of old and is still my opinion; but, if you are of another opinion, let me hear what you have to say. If, however, you remain of the same mind as formerly, I will proceed to the next step.

CRITO. You may proceed, for I have not changed my mind.

SOCRATES. Then I will proceed to the next step, which may be put in the form of a question:—Ought a man to do what he admits to be right, or ought he to betray the right?

CRITO. He ought to do what he thinks right.

SOCRATES. But if this is true, what is the application? In leaving the prison against the will of the Athenians, do I wrong any? or rather do I not wrong those whom I ought least to wrong? Do I not desert the principles which were acknowledged by us to be just? What do you say?

CRITO. I can not tell, Socrates; for I do not know.

SOCRATES. Then consider the matter in this way:—Imagine that I am about to play truant (you may call the proceeding by any name which you like), and the laws and the government come and interrogate me: "Tell us, Socrates," they say; "what are you about? are you going by an act of yours to overturn us—the laws and the whole state, as far as in you lies? Do you imagine that a state can subsist and not be overthrown, in which the decisions of law have no power, but are set aside and overthrown by individuals?" What will be our answer, Crito, to these and the like words? Any one, and especially a clever rhetorician, will have a good deal to urge about the evil of setting aside the law which requires a sentence to be carried out; and we might reply, "Yes, but the state has injured us and given an unjust sentence." Suppose I say that?

CRITO. Very good, Socrates.

SOCRATES. "And was that our agreement with you?" the law would say; "or were you to abide by the sentence of the state?" And if I were to express astonishment at their saying this, the law would probably add: "Answer, Socrates, instead of opening your eyes: you are in the habit of asking and answering questions. Tell us what complaint you have to make against us which justifies you in attempting to destroy us and the state? In the first place did we not bring you into existence? Your father married your mother by our aid and begat you. Say whether you have any objection to urge against those of us who regulate marriage?" None, I should reply. "Or against those of us who regulate the system of nurture and education of children in which you were trained? Were not the laws, who have the charge of this, right in commanding your father to train you in music and gymnastic?" Right, I should reply. "Well then, since you were brought into the world and nurtured and educated by us, can you deny in the first place that you are our child and slave, as your fathers were before you? And if this is true you are not on equal terms with us; nor can you think that you have a right to do to us what we are doing to you. Would you have any right to strike or revile or do any other evil to a father or to your master, if you had one, when you have been struck or reviled by him, or received some other evil at his hands?—you would not say this? And because we think right to destroy you, do you think that you have any right to destroy us in return, and your country as far as in you lies? And will you, O professor of true virtue, say that you are justified in this? Has a philosopher like you failed to discover that our country is more to be valued and higher and holier far than mother or father or any ancestor, and more to be regarded in the eyes of the gods and of men of understanding? also to be soothed, and gently and reverently entreated when angry, even more than a father, and if not persuaded, obeyed? And when we are punished by her, whether with imprisonment or stripes, the

punishment is to be endured in silence; and if she lead us to wounds or death in battle, thither we follow as is right; neither may any one yield or retreat or leave his rank, but whether in battle or in a court of law, or in any other place, he must do what his city and his country order him; or he must change their view of what is just: and if he may do no violence to his father or mother, much less may he do violence to his country." What answer shall we make to this, Crito? Do the laws speak truly, or do they not?

CRITO. I think that they do.

SOCRATES. Then the laws will say: "Consider, Socrates, if this is true, that in your present attempt you are going to do us wrong. For, after having brought you into the world, and nurtured and educated you, and given you and every other citizen a share in every good that we had to give, we further proclaim and give the right to every Athenian, that if he does not like us when he has come of age and has seen the ways of the city, and made our acquaintance, he may go where he pleases and take his goods with him; and none of us laws will forbid him or interfere with him. Any of you who does not like us and the city, and who wants to go to a colony or to any other city, may go where he likes, and take his goods with him. But he who has experience of the manner in which we order justice and administer the state, and still remains, has entered into an implied contract that he will do as we command him. And he who disobeys us is, as we maintain, thrice wrong; first, because in disobeying us he is disobeying his parents; secondly, because we are the authors of his education; thirdly, because he has made an agreement with us that he will duly obey our commands; and he neither obeys them nor convinces us that our commands are wrong; and we do not rudely impose them, but give them the alternative of obeying or convincing us;—that is what we offer, and he does neither. These are the sort of accusations to which, as we were saying, you, Socrates, will be exposed if you accomplish your intentions; you, above all other Athenians." Suppose I ask, why is this? they will justly retort upon me that I above all other men have acknowledged the agreement. "There is clear proof," they will say, "Socrates, that we and the city were not displeasing to you. Of all Athenians you have been the most constant resident in the city, which, as you never leave, you may be supposed to love. For you never went out of the city either to see the games, except once when you went to the Isthmus, or to any other place unless when you were on military service; nor did you travel as other men do. Nor had you any curiosity to know other states or their laws: your affections did not go beyond us and our state; we were your special favorites, and you acquiesced in our government of you; and this is the state in which you begat your children, which is proof of your satisfaction.

Moreover, you might, if you had liked, have fixed the penalty at banishment in the course of the trial—the state which refuses to let you go now would have let you go then. But you pretended that you preferred death to exile, and that you were not grieved at death. And now you have forgotten these fine sentiments, and pay no respect to us the laws, of whom you are the destroyer; and are doing what only a miserable slave would do, running away and turning your back upon the compacts and agreements which you made as a citizen. And first of all answer this very question: Are we right in saying that you agreed to be governed according to us in deed, and not in word only? Is that true or not?" How shall we answer that, Crito? Must we not agree?

CRITO. There is no help, Socrates.

SOCRATES. Then will they not say: "You, Socrates, are breaking the covenants and agreements which you made with us at your leisure, not in any haste or under any compulsion or deception, but having had seventy years to think of them, during which time you were at liberty to leave the city, if we were not to your mind, or if our covenants appeared to you to be unfair. You had your choice, and might have gone either to Lacedaemon or Crete, which you often praise for their good government, or to some other Hellenic or foreign state. Whereas you, above all other Athenians, seemed to be so fond of the state, or, in other words, of us her laws (for who would like a state that has no laws), that you never stirred out of her; the halt, the blind, the maimed were not more stationary in her than you were. And now you run away and forsake your agreements. Not so, Socrates, if you will take our advice; do not make yourself ridiculous by escaping out of the city.

"For just consider, if you transgress and err in this sort of way, what good will you do either to yourself or to your friends? That your friends will be driven into exile and deprived of citizenship, or will lose their property, is tolerably certain; and you yourself, if you fly to one of the neighboring cities, as, for example, Thebes or Megara, both of which are well-governed cities, will come to them as an enemy, Socrates, and their government will be against you, and all patriotic citizens will cast an evil eye upon you as a subverter of the laws, and you will confirm in the minds of the judges the justice of their own condemnation of you. For he who is a corruptor of the laws is more than likely to be corruptor of the young and foolish portion of mankind. Will you then flee from well-ordered cities and virtuous men? and is existence worth having on these terms? Or will you go to them without shame, and talk to them, Socrates? And what will you say to them? What you say here about virtue and justice and institutions and laws being the best things among men. Would that be decent of you? Surely not. But if you go away from well-governed

states to Crito's friends in Thessaly, where there is a great disorder and license, they will be charmed to have the tale of your escape from prison, set off with ludicrous particulars of the manner in which you were wrapped in a goatskin or some other disguise, and metamorphosed as the fashion of runaways is—that is very likely; but will there be no one to remind you that in your old age you violated the most sacred laws from a miserable desire of a little more life. Perhaps not, if you keep them in a good temper; but if they are out of temper you will hear many degrading things; *you will live, but how?*—as the flatterer of all men, and the servant of all men; and doing what?—eating and drinking in Thessaly, having gone abroad in order that you may get a dinner. And where will be your fine sentiments about justice and virtue then? Say that you wish to live for the sake of your *children*, that you may bring them up and educate them—will you take them into Thessaly and deprive them of Athenian citizenship? Is that the benefit which you would confer upon them? Or are you under the impression that they will be better cared for and educated here if you are still alive, although absent from them; for that your friends will take care of them? Do you fancy that if you are an inhabitant of Thessaly they will take care of them, and if you are an inhabitant of the other world they will not take care of them? Nay; but if they who call themselves friends are truly friends, they surely will.

"Listen, then, Socrates, to us who have brought you up. Think not of life and children first, and of justice afterwards, but of justice first, that you may be justified before the princes of the world below. For neither will you nor any that belong to you be happier or holier or juster in this life, or happier in another, if you do as Crito bids. Now you depart in innocence, a sufferer and not a doer of evil; a victim, not of the laws, but of men. But if you go forth, returning evil for evil, and injury for injury, breaking the covenants and agreements which you have made with us, and wronging those whom you ought least to wrong, that is to say, yourself, your friends, your country, and us, we shall be angry with you while you live, and our brethren, the laws in the world below, will receive you as an enemy; for they will know that you have done your best to destroy us. Listen, then, to us and not to Crito."

This is the voice which I seem to hear murmuring in my ears like the sound of the flute in the ears of the mystic; that voice, I say, is humming in my ears, and prevents me from hearing any other. And I know that anything more which you may say will be vain. Yet speak, if you have anything to say.

CRITO. I have nothing to say, Socrates.

SOCRATES. Then let me follow the intimations of the will of God.

Modern democratic concepts

JOHN STUART MILL

The limits of government interference

I HAVE reserved for the last place [in this discussion] a large class of questions respecting the limits of government interference. . . . These are cases in which the reasons against interference do not turn upon the principle of liberty: the question is not about restraining the actions of individuals, but about helping them: it is asked whether the government should do, or cause to be done, something for their benefit, instead of leaving it to be done by themselves, individually, or in voluntary combination.

The objections to government interference, when it is not such as to involve infringement of liberty, may be of three kinds.

The first is, when the thing to be done is likely to be better done by individuals than by the government. Speaking generally, there is no one so fit to conduct any business, or to determine how or by whom it shall be conducted, as those who are personally interested in it. This principle condemns the interferences, once so common, of the legislature, or the officers of government, with the ordinary processes of industry. But this part of the subject has been sufficiently enlarged upon by political economists, and is not particularly related to the principles of this Essay.

The second objection is more nearly allied to our subject. In many cases, though individuals may not do the particular thing so well, on the average, as the officers of government, it is nevertheless desirable that it should be done by them, rather than by the government, as a means to their own mental education—a mode of strengthening their active faculties, exercising their judgment, and giving them a familiar knowledge of the subjects with which they are thus left to deal. This is a principal, though not the sole, recommendation of jury trial (in cases not political); of free and popular local and municipal institutions; of the conduct of industrial and philanthropic enterprises by voluntary associations. These are not questions of liberty, and are connected with that subject only by remote tendencies; but they are questions of development. It belongs to a different occasion from the present to dwell on these things as parts of national education; as being, in truth, the peculiar training of a citizen, the practical part of the political education of a free people, taking them out of the narrow circle of personal and family selfishness, and accustoming them to the com-

prehension of joint interests, the management of joint concerns—habituating them to act from public or semi-public motives, and guide their conduct by aims which unite instead of isolating them from one another. Without these habits and powers, a free constitution can neither be worked nor preserved; as is exemplified by the too-often transitory nature of political freedom in countries where it does not rest upon a sufficient basis of local liberties. The management of purely local business by the localities, and of the great enterprises of industry by the union of those who voluntarily supply the pecuniary means, is further recommended by all the advantages which have been set forth in this Essay as belonging to individuality of development, and diversity of modes of action. Government operations tend to be everywhere alike. With individuals and voluntary associations, on the contrary, there are varied experiments, and endless diversity of experience. What the State can usefully do is to make itself a central depository, and active circulator and diffuser, of the experience resulting from many trials. Its business is to enable each experimentalist to benefit by the experiments of others; instead of tolerating no experiments but its own.

The third, and most cogent reason for restricting the interference of government is the great evil of adding unnecessarily to its power. Every function superadded to those already exercised by the government causes its influence over hopes and fears to be more widely diffused, and converts, more and more, the active and ambitious part of the public into hangers-on of the government, or of some party which aims at becoming the government. If the roads, the railways, the banks, the insurance offices, the great joint-stock companies, the universities, and the public charities, were all of them branches of the government; if, in addition, the municipal corporations and local boards, with all that now devolves on them, became departments of the central administration; if the employees of all these different enterprises were appointed and paid by the government, and looked to the government for every rise in life; not all the freedom of the press and popular constitution of the legislature would make this or any other country free otherwise than in name. And the evil would be greater, the more efficiently and scientifically the administrative machinery was constructed —the more skilful the arrangements for obtaining the best qualified hands and heads with which to work it. In England it has of late been proposed that all the members of the civil service of government should be selected by competitive examination, to obtain for these employments the most intelligent and instructed persons procurable; and much has been said and written for and against this proposal. One of the arguments most insisted on by its opponents, is that the occupation of a permanent official servant of the State does not hold out sufficient prospects of emolument and im-

portance to attract the highest talents, which will always be able to find a more inviting career in the professions, or in the service of companies and other public bodies. One would not have been surprised if this argument had been used by the friends of the proposition, as an answer to its principal difficulty. Coming from the opponents it is strange enough. What is urged as an objection is the safety-valve of the proposed system. If indeed all the high talent of the country *could* be drawn into the service of the government, a proposal tending to bring about that result might well inspire uneasiness. If every part of the business of society which required organized concert, or large and comprehensive views, were in the hands of the government, and if government offices were universally filled by the ablest men, all the enlarged culture and practised intelligence in the country, except the purely speculative, would be concentrated in a numerous bureaucracy, to whom alone the rest of the community would look for all things: the multitude for direction and dictation in all they had to do; the able and aspiring for personal advancement. To be admitted into the ranks of this bureaucracy, and when admitted, to rise therein, would be the sole objects of ambition. Under this régime, not only is the outside public ill-qualified, for want of practical experience, to criticize or check the mode of operation of the bureaucracy, but even if the accidents of despotic or the natural working of popular institutions occasionally raise to the summit a ruler or rulers of reforming inclinations, no reform can be effected which is contrary to the interest of the bureaucracy. Such is the melancholy condition of the Russian empire, as shown in the accounts of those who have had sufficient opportunity of observation. The Czar himself is powerless against the bureaucratic body; he can send any one of them to Siberia, but he cannot govern without them, or against their will. On every decree of his they have a tacit veto, by merely refraining from carrying it into effect. In countries of more advanced civilization and of a more insurrectionary spirit, the public, accustomed to expect everything to be done for them by the State, or at least to do nothing for themselves without asking from the State not only leave to do it, but even how it is to be done, naturally hold the State responsible for all evil which befalls them, and when the evil exceeds their amount of patience, they rise against the government, and make what is called a revolution; whereupon somebody else, with or without legitimate authority from the nation, vaults into the seat, issues his orders to the bureaucracy, and everything goes on much as it did before; the bureaucracy being unchanged, and nobody else being capable of taking their place.

A very different spectacle is exhibited among a people accustomed to transact their own business. In France, a large part of the people, having

been engaged in military service, many of whom have held at least the rank of non-commissioned officers, there are in every popular insurrection several persons competent to take the lead, and improvise some tolerable plan of action. What the French are in military affairs, the Americans are in every kind of civil business; let them be left without a government, every body of Americans is able to improvise one, and to carry on that or any other public business with a sufficient amount of intelligence, order, and decision. This is what every free people ought to be: and a people capable of this is certain to be free; it will never let itself be enslaved by any man or body of men because these are able to seize and pull the reins of the central administration. No bureaucracy can hope to make such a people as this do or undergo anything that they do not like. But where everything is done through the bureaucracy, nothing to which the bureaucracy is really adverse can be done at all. The constitution of such countries is an organization of the experience and practical ability of the nation into a disciplined body for the purpose of governing the rest; and the more perfect that organization is in itself, the more successful in drawing to itself and educating for itself the persons of greatest capacity from all ranks of the community, the more complete is the bondage of all, the members of the bureaucracy included. For the governors are as much the slaves of their organization and discipline as the governed are of the governors. A Chinese mandarin is as much the tool and creature of a despotism as the humblest cultivator. An individual Jesuit is to the utmost degree of abasement the slave of his order, though the order itself exists for the collective power and importance of its members.

It is not, also, to be forgotten, that the absorption of all the principal ability of the country into the governing body is fatal, sooner or later, to the mental activity and progressiveness of the body itself. Banded together as they are—working a system which, like all systems, necessarily proceeds in a great measure by fixed rules—the official body are under the constant temptation of sinking into indolent routine, or, if they now and then desert that mill-horse round, of rushing into some half-examined crudity which has struck the fancy of some leading member of the corps: and the sole check to these closely allied, though seemingly opposite, tendencies, the only stimulus which can keep the ability of the body itself up to a high standard, is liability to the watchful criticism of equal ability outside the body. It is indispensable, therefore, that the means should exist, independently of the government, of forming such ability, and furnishing it with the opportunities and experience necessary for a correct judgment of great practical affairs. If we would possess permanently a skilful and efficient body of functionaries—above all, a body able to originate and willing to adopt improvements; if we would not have our bureaucracy degenerate

into a pedantocracy, this body must not engross all the occupations which form and cultivate the faculties required for the government of mankind.

To determine the point at which evils, so formidable to human freedom and advancement, begin, or rather at which they begin to predominate over the benefits attending the collective application of the force of society, under its recognized chiefs, for the removal of the obstacles which stand in the way of its well-being; to secure as much of the advantages of centralized power and intelligence as can be had without turning into governmental channels too great a proportion of the general activity—is one of the most difficult and complicated questions in the art of government. It is, in a great measure, a question of detail, in which many and various considerations must be kept in view, and no absolute rule can be laid down. But I believe that the practical principle in which safety resides, the ideal to be kept in view, the standard by which to test all arrangements intended for overcoming the difficulty, may be conveyed in these words: the greatest dissemination of power consistent with efficiency; but the greatest possible centralization of information, and diffusion of it from the centre. Thus, in municipal administration, there would be, as in the New England States, a very minute division among separate officers, chosen by the localities, of all business which is not better left to the persons directly interested; but besides this, there would be, in each department of local affairs, a central superintendence, forming a branch of the general government. The organ of this superintendence would concentrate, as in a focus, the variety of information and experience derived from the conduct of that branch of public business in all the localities, from everything analogous which is done in foreign countries, and from the general principles of political science. This central organ should have a right to know all that is done, and its special duty should be that of making the knowledge acquired in one place available for others. Emancipated from the petty prejudices and narrow views of a locality by its elevated position and comprehensive sphere of observation, its advice would naturally carry much authority; but its actual power, as a permanent institution, should, I conceive, be limited to compelling the local officers to obey the laws laid down for their guidance. In all things not provided for by general rules, those officers should be left to their own judgment, under responsibility to their constituents. For the violation of rules, they should be responsible to law, and the rules themselves should be laid down by the legislature; the central administrative authority only watching over their execution, and if they were not properly carried into effect, appealing, according to the nature of the case, to the tribunals to enforce the law, or to the constituencies to dismiss the functionaries who had not executed it according to its spirit. Such, in its general conception, is the central superintendence which the Poor Law Board is

intended to exercise over the administrators of the Poor Rate throughout the country. Whatever powers the Board exercises beyond this limit were right and necessary in that peculiar case, for the cure of rooted habits of maladministration in matters deeply affecting not the localities merely, but the whole community; since no locality has a moral right to make itself by mismanagement a nest of pauperism, necessarily overflowing into other localities, and impairing the moral and physical condition of the whole labouring community. The powers of administrative coercion and subordinate legislation possessed by the Poor Law Board (but which, owing to the state of opinion on the subject, are very scantily exercised by them), though perfectly justifiable in a case of first-rate national interest, would be wholly out of place in the superintendence of interests purely local. But a central organ of information and instruction for all the localities would be equally valuable in all departments of administration. A government cannot have too much of the kind of activity which does not impede, but aids and stimulates, individual exertion and development. The mischief begins when, instead of calling forth the activity and powers of individuals and bodies, it substitutes its own activity for theirs; when, instead of informing, advising, and, upon occasion, denouncing, it makes them work in fetters, or bids them stand aside and does their work instead of them. The worth of a State, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it; and a State which postpones the interests of *their* mental expansion and elevation to a little more of administrative skill, or of that semblance of it which practice gives, in the details of business; a State which dwarfs its men, in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands even for beneficial purposes—will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished; and that the perfection of machinery to which it has sacrificed everything will in the end avail it nothing, for want of the vital power which, in order that the machine might work more smoothly, it has preferred to banish.

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT Progressive government

MY FRIENDS: I count it a privilege to be invited to address the Commonwealth Club. It has stood in the life of this city and State, and it is perhaps accurate to add, the Nation, as a group of citizen leaders interested in fundamental problems of Government, and chiefly concerned with achieve-

From *The Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt,* Volume I, Random House, Inc. This speech was made before the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco, during the 1932 campaign for the presidency and in the midst of a nation-wide depression.

ment of progress in Government through non-partisan means. The privilege of addressing you, therefore, in the heat of a political campaign, is great. I want to respond to your courtesy in terms consistent with your policy.

I want to speak not of politics but of Government. I want to speak not of parties, but of universal principles. They are not political, except in that larger sense in which a great American once expressed a definition of politics, that nothing in all of human life is foreign to the science of politics.

I do want to give you, however, a recollection of a long life spent for a large part in public office. Some of my conclusions and observations have been deeply accentuated in these past few weeks. I have traveled far—from Albany to the Golden Gate. I have seen many people, and heard many things, and today, when in a sense my journey has reached the half-way mark, I am glad of the opportunity to discuss with you what it all means to me.

Sometimes, my friends, particularly in years such as these, the hand of discouragement falls upon us. It seems that things are in a rut, fixed, settled, that the world has grown old and tired and very much out of joint. This is the mood of depression, of dire and weary depression.

But then we look around us in America, and everything tells us that we are wrong. America is new. It is in the process of change and development. It has the great potentialities of youth, and particularly is this true of the great West, and of this coast, and of California.

I would not have you feel that I regard this as in any sense a new community. I have traveled in many parts of the world, but never have I felt the arresting thought of the change and development more than here, where the old, mystic East would seem to be near to us, where the currents of life and thought and commerce of the whole world meet us. This factor alone is sufficient to cause man to stop and think of the deeper meaning of things, when he stands in this community.

But more than that, I appreciate that the membership of this club consists of men who are thinking in terms beyond the immediate present, beyond their own immediate tasks, beyond their own individual interests. I want to invite you, therefore, to consider with me in the large, some of the relationships of Government and economic life that go deeply into our daily lives, our happiness, our future and our security.

The issue of Government has always been whether individual men and women will have to serve some system of Government or economics, or whether a system of Government and economics exists to serve individual men and women. This question has persistently dominated the discussion of Government for many generations. On questions relating to these things men have differed, and for time immemorial it is probable that honest men will continue to differ.

The final word belongs to no man; yet we can still believe in change and in progress. Democracy, as a dear old friend of mine in Indiana, Meredith Nicholson, has called it, is a quest, a never-ending seeking for better things, and in the seeking for these things and the striving for them, there are many roads to follow. But, if we map the course of these roads, we find that there are only two general directions.

When we look about us, we are likely to forget how hard people have worked to win the privilege of Government. The growth of the national Governments of Europe was the struggle for the development of a centralized force in the Nation, strong enough to impose peace upon ruling barons. In many instances the victory of the central Government, the creation of a strong central Government, was a haven of refuge to the individual. The people preferred the master far away to the exploitation and cruelty of the smaller master near at hand.

But the creators of national Government were perforce ruthless men. They were often cruel in their methods, but they did strive steadily toward something that society needed and very much wanted, a strong central State able to keep the peace, to stamp out civil war, to put the unruly nobleman in his place, and to permit the bulk of individuals to live safely. The man of ruthless force had his place in developing a pioneer country, just as he did in fixing the power of the central Government in the development of Nations. Society paid him well for his services and its development. When the development among the Nations of Europe, however, had been completed, ambition and ruthlessness, having served their term, tended to overstep their mark.

There came a growing feeling that Government was conducted for the benefit of a few who thrived unduly at the expense of all. The people sought a balancing—a limiting force. There came gradually, through town councils, trade guilds, national parliaments, by constitution and by popular participation and control, limitations on arbitrary power.

Another factor that tended to limit the power of those who ruled, was the rise of the ethical conception that a ruler bore a responsibility for the welfare of his subjects.

The American colonies were born in this struggle. The American Revolution was a turning point in it. After the Revolution the struggle continued and shaped itself in the public life of the country. There were those who because they had seen the confusion which attended the years of war for American independence surrendered to the belief that popular Government was essentially dangerous and essentially unworkable. They were honest people, my friends, and we cannot deny that their experience had warranted some measure of fear. The most brilliant, honest and able exponent of this

point of view was Hamilton. He was too impatient of slow-moving methods. Fundamentally he believed that the safety of the republic lay in the autocratic strength of its Government, that the destiny of individuals was to serve that Government, and that fundamentally a great and strong group of central institutions, guided by a small group of able and public spirited citizens, could best direct all Government.

But Mr. Jefferson, in the summer of 1776, after drafting the Declaration of Independence turned his mind to the same problem and took a different view. He did not deceive himself with outward forms. Government to him was a means to an end, not an end in itself; it might be either a refuge and a help or a threat and a danger, depending on the circumstances. We find him carefully analyzing the society for which he was to organize a Government. "We have no paupers. The great mass of our population is of laborers, our rich who cannot live without labor, either manual or professional, being few and of moderate wealth. Most of the laboring class possess property, cultivate their own lands, have families and from the demand for their labor, are enabled to exact from the rich and the competent such prices as enable them to feed abundantly, clothe above mere decency, to labor moderately and raise their families."

These people, he considered, had two sets of rights, those of "personal competency" and those involved in acquiring and possessing property. By "personal competency" he meant the right of free thinking, freedom of forming and expressing opinions, and freedom of personal living, each man according to his own lights. To insure the first set of rights, a Government must so order its functions as not to interfere with the individual. But even Jefferson realized that the exercise of the property rights might so interfere with the rights of the individual that the Government, without whose assistance the property rights could not exist, must intervene, not to destroy individualism, but to protect it.

You are familiar with the great political duel which followed; and how Hamilton, and his friends, building toward a dominant centralized power were at length defeated in the great election of 1800, by Mr. Jefferson's party. Out of that duel came the two parties, Republican and Democratic, as we know them today.

So began, in American political life, the new day, the day of the individual against the system, the day in which individualism was made the great watchword of American life. The happiest of economic conditions made that day long and splendid. On the Western frontier, land was substantially free. No one, who did not shirk the task of earning a living, was entirely without opportunity to do so. Depressions could, and did, come and go; but they could not alter the fundamental fact that most of the people lived partly by

selling their labor and partly by extracting their livelihood from the soil, so that starvation and dislocation were practically impossible. At the very worst there was always the possibility of climbing into a covered wagon and moving west where the untilled prairies afforded a haven for men to whom the East did not provide a place. So great were our natural resources that we could offer this relief not only to our own people, but to the distressed of all the world; we could invite immigration from Europe, and welcome it with open arms. Traditionally, when a depression came a new section of land was opened in the West; and even our temporary misfortune served our manifest destiny.

It was in the middle of the nineteenth century that a new force was released and a new dream created. The force was what is called the industrial revolution, the advance of steam and machinery and the rise of the forerunners of the modern industrial plant. The dream was the dream of an economic machine, able to raise the standard of living for everyone; to bring luxury within the reach of the humblest; to annihilate distance by steam power and later by electricity, and to release everyone from the drudgery of the heaviest manual toil. It was to be expected that this would necessarily affect Government. Heretofore, Government had merely been called upon to produce conditions within which people could live happily, labor peacefully, and rest secure. Now it was called upon to aid in the consummation of this new dream. There was, however, a shadow over the dream. To be made real, it required use of the talents of men of tremendous will and tremendous ambition, since by no other force could the problems of financing and engineering and new developments be brought to a consummation.

So manifest were the advantages of the machine age, however, that the United States fearlessly, cheerfully, and, I think, rightly, accepted the bitter with the sweet. It was thought that no price was too high to pay for the advantages which we could draw from a finished industrial system. The history of the last half century is accordingly in large measure a history of a group of financial Titans whose methods were not scrutinized with too much care, and who were honored in proportion as they produced the results, irrespective of the means they used. The financiers who pushed the railroads to the Pacific were always ruthless, often wasteful, and frequently corrupt; but they did build railroads, and we have them today. It has been estimated that the American investor paid for the American railroad system more than three times over in the process; but despite this fact the net advantage was to the United States. As long as we had free land; as long as population was growing by leaps and bounds; as long as our industrial plants were insufficient to supply our own needs, society chose to give the ambitious man free play and unlimited reward provided only that he produced the economic plant so much desired.

During this period of expansion, there was equal opportunity for all, and the business of Government was not to interfere but to assist in the development of industry. This was done at the request of business men themselves. The tariff was originally imposed for the purpose of "fostering our infant industry," a phrase I think the older among you will remember as a political issue not so long ago. The railroads were subsidized, sometimes by grants of money, oftener by grants of land; some of the most valuable oil lands in the United States were granted to assist the financing of the railroad which pushed through the Southwest. A nascent merchant marine was assisted by grants of money, or by mail subsidies, so that our steam shipping might ply the seven seas. Some of my friends tell me that they do not want the Government in business. With this I agree; but I wonder whether they realize the implications of the past. For while it has been American doctrine that the Government must not go into business in competition with private enterprises, still it has been traditional, particularly in Republican administrations, for business urgently to ask the Government to put at private disposal all kinds of Government assistance. The same man who tells you that he does not want to see the Government interfere in business—and he means it, and has plenty of good reasons for saying so—is the first to go to Washington and ask the Government for a prohibitory tariff on his product. When things get just bad enough, as they did two years ago, he will go with equal speed to the United States Government and ask for a loan; and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation is the outcome of it. Each group has sought protection from the Government for its own special interests, without realizing that the function of Government must be to favor no small group at the expense of its duty to protect the rights of personal freedom and of private property of all its citizens.

In retrospect we can now see that the turn of the tide came with the turn of the century. We were reaching our last frontier; there was no more free land and our industrial combinations had become great uncontrolled and irresponsible units of power within the State. Clear-sighted men saw with fear the danger that opportunity would no longer be equal; that the growing corporation, like the feudal baron of old, might threaten the economic freedom of individuals to earn a living. In that hour, our anti-trust laws were born. The cry was raised against the great corporations. Theodore Roosevelt, the first great Republican Progressive, fought a Presidential campaign on the issue of "trust busting" and talked freely about malefactors of great wealth. If the Government had a policy it was rather to turn the clock back, to destroy the large combinations and to return to the time when every man owned his individual small business.

This was impossible; Theodore Roosevelt, abandoning the idea of "trust busting," was forced to work out a difference between "good" trusts and

"bad" trusts. The Supreme Court set forth the famous "rule of reason" by which it seems to have meant that a concentration of industrial power was permissible if the method by which it got its power, and the use it made of that power, were reasonable.

Woodrow Wilson, elected in 1912, saw the situation more clearly. Where Jefferson had feared the encroachment of political power on the lives of individuals, Wilson knew that the new power was financial. He saw, in the highly centralized economic system, the despot of the twentieth century, on whom great masses of individuals relied for their safety and their livelihood, and whose irresponsibility and greed (if they were not controlled) would reduce them to starvation and penury. The concentration of financial power had not proceeded so far in 1912 as it has today; but it had grown far enough for Mr. Wilson to realize fully its implications. It is interesting, now, to read his speeches. What is called "radical" today (and I have reason to know whereof I speak) is mild compared to the campaign of Mr. Wilson. "No man can deny," he said, "that the lines of endeavor have more and more narrowed and stiffened; no man who knows anything about the development of industry in this country can have failed to observe that the larger kinds of credit are more and more difficult to obtain unless you obtain them upon terms of uniting your efforts with those who already control the industry of the country, and nobody can fail to observe that every man who tries to set himself up in competition with any process of manufacture which has taken place under the control of large combinations of capital will presently find himself either squeezed out or obliged to sell and allow himself to be absorbed." Had there been no World War—had Mr. Wilson been able to devote eight years to domestic instead of to international affairs—we might have had a wholly different situation at the present time. However, the then distant roar of European cannon, growing ever louder, forced him to abandon the study of this issue. The problem he saw so clearly is left with us as a legacy; and no one of us on either side of the political controversy can deny that it is a matter of grave concern to the Government.

A glance at the situation today only too clearly indicates that equality of opportunity as we have known it no longer exists. Our industrial plant is built; the problem just now is whether under existing conditions it is not overbuilt. Our last frontier has long since been reached, and there is practically no more free land. More than half of our people do not live on the farms or on lands and cannot derive a living by cultivating their own property. There is no safety valve in the form of a Western prairie to which those thrown out of work by Eastern economic machines can go for a new start. We are not able to invite the immigration from Europe to share our endless plenty. We are now providing a drab living for our own people.

Our system of constantly rising tariffs has at last reacted against us to the point of closing our Canadian frontier on the north, our European markets on the east, many of our Latin-American markets to the south, and a goodly proportion of our Pacific markets on the west, through the retaliatory tariffs of those countries. It has forced many of our great industrial institutions which exported their surplus production to such countries, to establish plants in such countries, within the tariff walls. This has resulted in the reduction of the operation of their American plants, and opportunity for employment.

Just as freedom to farm has ceased, so also the opportunity in business has narrowed. It still is true that men can start small enterprises, trusting to native shrewdness and ability to keep abreast of competitors; but area after area has been preempted altogether by the great corporations, and even in the fields which still have no great concerns, the small man starts under a handicap. The unfeeling statistics of the past three decades show that the independent business man is running a losing race. Perhaps he is forced to the wall; perhaps he cannot command credit; perhaps he is "squeezed out," in Mr. Wilson's words, by highly organized corporate competitors, as your corner grocery man can tell you. Recently a careful study was made of the concentration of business in the United States. It showed that our economic life was dominated by some six hundred odd corporations who controlled two-thirds of American industry. Ten million small business men divided the other third. More striking still, it appeared that if the process of concentration goes on at the same rate, at the end of another century we shall have all American industry controlled by a dozen corporations, and run by perhaps a hundred men. Put plainly, we are steering a steady course toward economic oligarchy, if we are not there already.

Clearly, all this calls for a re-appraisal of values. A mere builder of more industrial plants, a creator of more railroad systems, an organizer of more corporations, is as likely to be a danger as a help. The day of the great promoter or the financial Titan, to whom we granted anything if only he would build, or develop, is over. Our task now is not discovery or exploitation of natural resources, or necessarily producing more goods. It is the soberer, less dramatic business of administering resources and plants already in hand, of seeking to reestablish foreign markets for our surplus production, of meeting the problem of underconsumption, of adjusting production to consumption, of distributing wealth and products more equitably, of adapting existing economic organizations to the service of the people. The day of enlightened administration has come.

Just as in older times the central Government was first a haven of refuge, and then a threat, so now in a closer economic system the central and ambitious financial unit is no longer a servant of national desire, but a danger.

I would draw the parallel one step farther. We did not think because national Government had become a threat in the 18th century that therefore we should abandon the principle of national Government. Nor today should we abandon the principle of strong economic units called corporations, merely because their power is susceptible of easy abuse. In other times we dealt with the problem of an unduly ambitious central Government by modifying it gradually into a constitutional democratic Government. So today we are modifying and controlling our economic units.

As I see it, the task of Government in its relation to business is to assist the development of an economic declaration of rights, an economic constitutional order. This is the common task of statesman and business man. It is the minimum requirement of a more permanently safe order of things.

Happily, the times indicate that to create such an order not only is the proper policy of Government, but it is the only line of safety for our economic structures as well. We know, now, that these economic units cannot exist unless prosperity is uniform, that is, unless purchasing power is well distributed throughout every group in the Nation. That is why even the most selfish of corporations for its own interest would be glad to see wages restored and unemployment ended and to bring the Western farmer back to his accustomed level of prosperity and to assure a permanent safety to both groups. That is why some enlightened industries themselves endeavor to limit the freedom of action of each man and business group within the industry in the common interest of all; why business men everywhere are asking a form of organization which will bring the scheme of things into balance, even though it may in some measure qualify the freedom of action of individual units within the business.

The exposition need not further be elaborated. It is brief and incomplete, but you will be able to expand it in terms of your own business or occupation without difficulty. I think everyone who has actually entered the economic struggle—which means everyone who was not born to safe wealth—knows in his own experience and his own life that we have now to apply the earlier concepts of American Government to the conditions of today.

The Declaration of Independence discusses the problem of Government in terms of a contract. Government is a relation of give and take, a contract, perforce, if we would follow the thinking out of which it grew. Under such a contract rulers were accorded power, and the people assented to that power on consideration that they be accorded certain rights. The task of statesmanship has always been the re-definition of these rights in terms of a changing and growing social order. New conditions impose new requirements upon Government and those who conduct Government.

I held, for example, in proceedings before me as Governor, the purpose of which was the removal of the Sheriff of New York, that under modern conditions it was not enough for a public official merely to evade the legal terms of official wrong-doing. He owed a positive duty as well. I said in substance that if he had acquired large sums of money, he was when accused required to explain the sources of such wealth. To that extent this wealth was colored with a public interest. I said that in financial matters, public servants should, even beyond private citizens, be held to a stern and uncompromising rectitude.

I feel that we are coming to a view through the drift of our legislation and our public thinking in the past quarter century that private economic power is, to enlarge an old phrase, a public trust as well. I hold that continued enjoyment of that power by any individual or group must depend upon the fulfillment of that trust. The men who have reached the summit of American business life know this best; happily, many of these urge the binding quality of this greater social contract.

The terms of that contract are as old as the Republic, and as new as the new economic order.

Every man has a right to life; and this means that he has also a right to make a comfortable living. He may by sloth or crime decline to exercise that right; but it may not be denied him. We have no actual famine or dearth; our industrial and agricultural mechanism can produce enough and to spare. Our Government, formal and informal, political and economic, owes to everyone an avenue to possess himself of a portion of that plenty sufficient for his needs, through his own work.

Every man has a right to his own property; which means a right to be assured, to the fullest extent attainable, in the safety of his savings. By no other means can men carry the burdens of those parts of life which, in the nature of things, afford no chance of labor; childhood, sickness, old age. In all thought of property, this right is paramount; all other property rights must yield to it. If, in accord with this principle, we must restrict the operations of the speculator, the manipulator, even the financier, I believe we must accept the restriction as needful, not to hamper individualism but to protect it.

These two requirements must be satisfied, in the main, by the individuals who claim and hold control of the great industrial and financial combinations which dominate so large a part of our industrial life. They have undertaken to be, not business men, but princes of property. I am not prepared to say that the system which produces them is wrong. I am very clear that they must fearlessly and competently assume the responsibility which goes

with the power. So many enlightened business men know this that the statement would be little more than a platitude, were it not for an added implication.

This implication is, briefly, that the responsible heads of finance and industry instead of acting each for himself, must work together to achieve the common end. They must, where necessary, sacrifice this or that private advantage; and in reciprocal self-denial must seek a general advantage. It is here that formal Government—political Government, if you choose—comes in. Whenever in the pursuit of this objective the lone wolf, the unethical competitor, the reckless promoter, the Ishmael or Insull whose hand is against every man's, declines to join in achieving an end recognized as being for the public welfare, and threatens to drag the industry back to a state of anarchy, the Government may properly be asked to apply restraint. Likewise, should the group ever use its collective power contrary to the public welfare, the Government must be swift to enter and protect the public interest.

The Government should assume the function of economic regulation only as a last resort, to be tried only when private initiative, inspired by high responsibility, with such assistance and balance as Government can give, has finally failed. As yet there has been no final failure, because there has been no attempt; and I decline to assume that this Nation is unable to meet the situation.

The final term of the high contract was for liberty and the pursuit of happiness. We have learned a great deal of both in the past century. We know that individual liberty and individual happiness mean nothing unless both are ordered in the sense that one man's meat is not another man's poison. We know that the old "rights of personal competency," the right to read, to think, to speak, to choose and live a mode of life, must be respected at all hazards. We know that liberty to do anything which deprives others of those elemental rights is outside the protection of any compact; and that Government in this regard is the maintenance of a balance, within which every individual may have a place if he will take it; in which every individual may find safety if he wishes it; in which every individual may attain such power as his ability permits, consistent with his assuming the accompanying responsibility.

All this is a long, slow talk. Nothing is more striking than the simple innocence of the men who insist, whenever an objective is present, on the prompt production of a patent scheme guaranteed to produce a result. Human endeavor is not so simple as that. Government includes the art of formulating a policy, and using the political technique to attain so much of that policy as will receive general support; persuading, leading, sacrificing, teaching always, because the greatest duty of a statesman is to educate. But in the

matters of which I have spoken, we are learning rapidly, in a severe school. The lessons so learned must not be forgotten, even in the mental lethargy of a speculative upturn. We must build toward the time when a major depression cannot occur again; and if this means sacrificing the easy profits of inflationist booms, then let them go; and good riddance.

Faith in America, faith in our tradition of personal responsibility, faith in our institutions, faith in ourselves demand that we recognize the new terms of the old social contract. We shall fulfill them, as we fulfilled the obligation of the apparent Utopia which Jefferson imagined for us in 1776, and which Jefferson, Roosevelt and Wilson sought to bring to realization. We must do so, lest a rising tide of misery, engendered by our common failure, engulf us all. But failure is not an American habit; and in the strength of great hope we must all shoulder our common load.

International organization

DAVID LAWRENCE The death of the U.N.[1]

THE UNITED NATIONS as an organization designed to enforce peace in the world has come to a humiliating end.

Like its predecessor—the League of Nations—it has been killed by statesmen faithless to the ideals they had once professed.

The Korean war was in our times the acid test of the power of an international organization to operate as a military alliance against aggressors.

When the showdown came, one set of members was arming against another set in Europe. Other members were claiming to be "neutral" in Asia. Still others were deliberately furnishing the aggressors with arms to help kill the soldiers of other states resisting aggression.

The U.N. lacked the moral courage to denounce Soviet Russia for aiding the common enemy—the Communist Chinese and North Korean Communist armies.

No more flagrant example of the decay of international morality could be

[1] A copyrighted editorial in the July 3, 1953, issue of *U.S. News & World Report*, an independent weekly news magazine published at Washington. Mr. Lawrence has long been a supporter of international cooperation and collective security through both the League of Nations and the United Nations. In other editorials he has elaborated on the idea of the U.N. as an international forum, especially for the mobilization of moral force.

cited than the concerted behavior of the note-writers in the foreign offices of Great Britain, France, the United States, Canada and India in their recent assault on the little government of Korea. What was its crime? It refused to keep its own brothers from the North in further bondage while the Communists were to send in their agents to "brainwash" those same prisoners—all this under the auspices of a commission of five countries, with the deciding vote held by a pro-Communist government, calling itself "neutral." Was it so ignoble on the part of Korea—not even a U.N. member—to assert its sovereign right as an ally to act against such palpable trickery? [1]

How can the smaller nations of the world ever look again to the larger nations for justice when, with a might-makes-right flourish, the major powers ignored the protest of the Republic of Korea, which had lost 200,000 soldiers in battle and more than 1,000,000 civilians in the ravages of war?

What, then, has the U.N. accomplished? It has failed to discipline the principal aggressors. It has succeeded only in bullying the principal victim of aggression—forcing it to choose between a dishonorable armistice and national suicide.

It is the merest sophistry to pretend that the U.N. intervened in Korea in June 1950 solely to repel aggression at the 38th parallel. The record shows that the U.N. authorized the crossing of the 38th parallel by its military forces, and then a few days later—on October 7, 1950—adopted a resolution declaring that "the United Nations armed forces" must take "all appropriate steps" to "ensure conditions of stability throughout Korea."

Let us concede that the U.N. subsequently met defeat on the battlefields of Korea, when Soviet Russia sent the armies of Communist China into the fray—a defeat imposed by the timidity of the U.N. alliance which refused to allow maximum military power to be used at a crucial moment against the enemy.

Let us concede that this alliance was afraid of Soviet Russia and an enlarged war.

Would it not have been the better part of candor to say so frankly in a formal resolution repealing the previous objective, rather than to claim—nearly three years later—that the U.N. never intended to unify Korea by military means?

The United States is desirous, to be sure, of helping to enforce world peace, sending men and money to foreign lands to achieve that objective. But let us do it with allies who are ready to make the same sacrifices we are willing to make.

[1] The reference is to the release on June 18, 1953, of 27,000 anti-Communist prisoners of war by South Korean guards at Syngman Rhee's order. This action was contrary to the truce agreement.

Let us resurrect the U.N. only as a forum for international debate, but not as an instrument of collective security. For we have learned now to our sorrow that by a system of majority voting we cannot expect anything but collective insecurity.

Alliances are necessary. We cannot go it alone. But let us not become constricted in a strait jacket of international parliamentarism wherein the lives of our own citizens are of so much less concern to other nations than they are to us.

Our duty is to preserve this nation's independence—to maintain our rightful sovereignty and to make alliances which impose specific obligations not merely on ourselves but on nations capable of reciprocal action.

The U.N. is dead—it was killed by the Korean war. May real alliances emerge as a substitute now to enforce peace!

Methods of enforcing peace can no longer be left to the votes of an all-inclusive international organization which fails to differentiate between friend and foe. Let us forsake an organization which in the name of freedom squelches the aspirations of small nations when they seek emancipation from imperialists as well as from aggressors. This is the American tradition born July 4, 1776. May God give us the courage to preserve the basic principles of the American faith as we see unmoral diplomacy writing, with deceptive phrases, equivocations and quibbles, the inglorious epitaph of the United Nations!

HENRY CABOT LODGE, JR. What the United Nations means to the United States

IT IS A great honor to be speaking in this historic place before this important audience. Here, in this old colonial capitol, are symbolized events which gave birth to this country—events which are still as fresh, as vivid, and as contagious as they were on the day that Patrick Henry, standing on this very place, spoke out fearlessly, eloquently, immortally against tyranny and the forces of tyranny. Every day that goes by sees brave men coming through the Iron Curtain at the risk of their lives in search of freedom because, like Patrick Henry, they prefer death to slavery.

This address was delivered before the Virginia House of Burgesses at Williamsburg, Virginia, on January 30, 1954. Reprinted from *The Department of State Bulletin*, February 15, 1954.

Coming from Massachusetts, in whose State House also events took place which played a vital part in the forming of this country, and as one who has served in the Legislature of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, I naturally have a deep appreciation of what it means to address the Legislature of Virginia. You are the authentic voice of the sovereign people, and anyone occupying the office which I now hold must count it a privilege to be able to report to you.

Today, I ask you to look at the United Nations, to scrutinize its purposes, its achievements, its shortcomings, its utility, and its future promise—all with the utmost frankness. The times are far too serious for self-delusion. We must see this thing as it is—we must coolly appraise its value. We must ask ourselves the great question which we always ask ourselves in our official capacity as legislators: Is it good for America?

In bluntest terms, the United Nations is an international device whose primary purpose is "to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war" by developing enough strength to deter aggression and, if in spite of the United Nations it should occur, to repel it.

It was created by a charter, which was ratified by the Senate by a vote of 89 to 2 in 1945 at the close of the bloodiest war in history. It was invited to establish itself in the United States by a unanimous vote of the United States Congress and has its headquarters in New York City.

To promote peace, the charter created a Security Council of 11 members which has the power, subject to the veto of any one of its 5 permanent members, in case of aggression to issue action orders which are legally binding on all United Nations members.

It also set up a General Assembly, which cannot issue orders but has power to debate and to recommend. In the General Assembly each of the 60 member nations has one vote, regardless of size.

When the United Nations was founded, it was assumed that the great allies of World War II would stay together to keep peace. But the Soviet Union became hostile to the free world and, by its abuse of the veto, caused the Security Council to become less and less active, with the result that the General Assembly has become the busy place. (A veto-proof method has at last been evolved for bringing a collective defense program into being by recommendations passed by a two-thirds vote of the General Assembly. When, as, and if aggression occurs in the future, we will no longer be paralyzed by the Communist abuse of the veto.)

This growth of the General Assembly is in many ways a sound development because a solid foundation for peace actually depends on two things: (1) the existence of common practical interests; and (2) the existence of a common sense of justice, which means a common sense of right and wrong

and a common view of the relation of the individual to his government.

Until both of these things exist, those who insist on schemes for world union or world government do more harm than good because, like someone feeding fried potatoes to a newborn baby, they are trying to ram something down the throat of the world which it cannot digest. If any one of the 13 colonies, at the time of the American Revolution, had had a view of life as different from the rest of the world as the view of the Soviet Union is different from the free world today, there would have been no United States. The American revolutionists, unlike the people of the world today, all had the same general thoughts about the nature of man.

In the modern world there is already a growing knowledge that countries have many common practical interests. But the growth of a common sense of justice seems to come more slowly—and, as any effective scheme for world order depends on such a sense of justice, the essential first step is a world forum where issues can be debated and put to a vote and where world public opinion can develop. The General Assembly is thus a place where they "talk and vote"—just as they do in any democratic assemblage—because it is by talking and voting that you sometimes avert war, and it is by talking and voting that you build a world sense of right and wrong.

The 60 member nations of the United Nations are a sizeable majority of the world's nations and of the world's population. The General Assembly is, therefore, the indispensable first step—the necessary foundation for any future world order which mankind may wish to build. It is as far as we can go now. But we should go this far.

Accomplishments of the United Nations

THE UNITED NATIONS IS a place where:

. . . public opinion is developed—and public opinion makes things happen in spite of iron curtains.

. . . we can see what the Communists are doing in the war of ideas—and sometimes in other ways. Without it we could not see nearly as much.

. . . you can get authoritative reactions quickly on the state of opinion in almost any part of the world, which it would take days, if not weeks, to get otherwise.

. . . Americans can see how their American public servants are conducting the American side of the cold war. It therefore enables us to correct our mistakes more quickly and with greater sureness than we could do otherwise.

. . . the free world gets consolidated. Being free, the non-Communist nations naturally tend to go their own way and to drift apart. But sooner

or later some Communist spokesman will make some statement that is so monstrous that you can almost see the free nations getting together before your very eyes. This more than counterbalances whatever advantages the Communists may get out of their propaganda.

. . . we have developed valuable allies—certainly not as many as we should have liked. But, equally certain, whatever allies we have are welcome and are that much clear gain.

. . . six of the member nations are peoples who were under alien control when the charter was signed. Of the 800 million people in the free world who were dependent 10 years ago, some 600 million—or three-fourths—have won full independence since 1945. The newly independent countries which belong to the United Nations include India, Pakistan, Burma, the Philippines, Indonesia, and Israel.

. . . representatives of nations can meet without formality to settle disputes. Those who want to divide and rule are impeded, for this is a hard game to play when the entire free world is looking on.

. . . the threat of war in Iran in 1946, due to pressure of Russian troops, was moderated and gradually extinguished.

. . . the initiative was taken, with substantial American backing, to prevent Communist encroachment on Greece in 1947.

. . . open warfare over Kashmir between India and Pakistan was stopped.

. . . the advent of Israel into the family of nations was determined and an end put to a bloody war in the Holy Land, although the situation is still dangerous.

. . . working with the Netherlands and the Indonesians, full independence was given to the 76 million peoples inhabiting Indonesia.

. . . part of the free world was organized to repel the bloody aggression in Korea, which threatened the whole free world—and not only in Asia.

. . . the Kremlin has a real headache in the United Nations. They cannot control the United Nations; they cannot break it up; they dare not leave it.

What United Nations is not

THE UNITED NATIONS IS not a world government. It cannot impose a tax of any kind. It cannot draft a single soldier—from any country for service in Korea or elsewhere. Its charter specifically prohibits its intervention in domestic matters (article 2, paragraph 7). Your representative at the United Nations is called Ambassador by act of Congress, for the simple reason that he represents a sovereign state and not a political subdivision. It would, of course, be a manifest absurdity to give the large and small states each one vote in a body which had the powers of a government.

It is not a heavy burden on the United States taxpayer—16 cents per citizen in Year 11 of the Atomic Age. This is less than half of what is spent for

the sanitation of the city of New York, or one-fourteenth of what is spent for cigarettes. The amount spent, according to the New York *Times* figures, by the United Nations, foreign delegations, and secretariat members living in New York far exceeds our annual contribution to the United Nations and the specialized agencies—and the American contribution was reduced both in percentage and in actual dollars at the last session of the General Assembly.

It does not threaten the destruction of our Constitution because, as the Supreme Court has said, "the treaty making power does not extend as far as to authorize what the Constitution forbids." There is only one organ of the United Nations which can take action which is legally binding. That is the Security Council and there the United States is completely protected by the veto. None of the other things the United Nations can do are anything but recommendatory.

It is not a nest of Communist spies, because there is nothing to spy on in the United Nations—which is why the Soviets haven't even filled their quota of employees. No United States citizen employed by the United Nations has ever been prosecuted for espionage. Every United States citizen employed there will within a few months have been screened in accordance with a Civil Service Commission-FBI plan. With so many good Americans to choose from there is no justification whatever for employing a single American in the United Nations who is a Communist.

It is not a snare which dragged the United States into the Korean war. The United States took the initiative in getting the United Nations to take action against the Communist aggressor in Korea.

It is certainly not a device which has had an unbroken record of successes. Far from it. It did not prevent the Communist victory in China. Neither did the United States. Communist successes in other parts of the world have taken place in spite of the United Nations. Yet it not only survives but actually functions helpfully, though imperfectly, in spite of the fact that the Communist bloc is in a cold war with the rest of the world.

Its future

THE NEED for the United Nations is sure to grow as rapidly as science progresses. Today, none of the 60 nations comprising the United Nations is able to maintain itself alone—except for the Soviet Union, which does it by harsh slave labor. The United States cannot exist without supplies far in excess of what we produce here. If we were denied as few as 20 essential materials we would be completely crippled economically. The whole of North America, with guided missiles and atomic weapons, can be crippled militarily. Maybe it was possible to get along without a place like the United Nations in the days when the 4½ day boat to Europe

was the quickest way to travel across the seas, although even in those days we got into two world wars. But a place like the United Nations is as necessary now in international politics as an airport in international travel.

It is perhaps because of this need that the United Nations, with all its faults, has been able, more than any other body in modern history, to organize peace and security—in spite of the great threats to peace and security at large in the world.

This is, undoubtedly, why war would be inevitable if the United Nations disappeared.

If war came in spite of the United Nations, it would then be the indispensable instrument for repelling the aggression—which is probably one reason why the Communists don't leave it.

This explains why men of good will throughout the world would be straining every nerve to create even the imperfect device which we have now if the United Nations did not exist.

Therefore there is a need for the United Nations, a need as real as the yearning of mankind no longer to send its sons off to slaughter.

Three questions have been raised in the United States with regard to the United Nations, and satisfactory answers to these questions must be given.

One concerns the loyalty of United States personnel on the payroll, and, as I have said, within a few months every American employed there will have been screened in accordance with the Civil Service Commission-FBI plan.

The second is that the Soviets used the United Nations to fight their cold war battles whereas the United States did not. This situation does not exist in the United Nations today. We follow the policy of actively using the United Nations as the one great world forum for international presentation and rebuttal. At the last session of the General Assembly we used it as a place in which the big truth could be used to demolish the big lie.

To give a few examples, Dr. Charles Mayo of the Mayo Clinic, who was an American delegate, made a smashing demonstration of the diabolical falsity of the Communist charge that the United States has been using germ warfare in Korea. Other delegates focused the spotlight of world attention on forced labor behind the Iron Curtain and on treatment of World War II prisoners of war. I presented the dreadful story of Communist atrocities in Korea which so moved the General Assembly that it adopted a condemnatory resolution. In addition to these specific topics, we have adopted the practice of always answering a Communist speaker immediately so that no news story goes out of the United Nations to the world public consisting only of the Communist side. In that news story there is always something from the side of the free world.

In November the President came to the conclusion that, if the legislature of Puerto Rico adopted a resolution asking for complete independence, he would be glad to do all in his power to see that Puerto Rico got it. The President chose the United Nations as the place at which that announcement should be made. When it was made, it created great good will for the United States among Latin American countries and also in countries in Asia and Africa where the colonial question is a matter of active interest.

The third question asks whether it is true that the United States has given an undue proportion of manpower to the Korean war and that the other members of the United Nations have put in too little.

There is no doubt that the contribution of the United States to the war in Korea was of overriding importance and was in fact utterly indispensable. In combat manpower alone the contribution of the United States was far larger than that of any one country except the Republic of Korea—and it is the United States which trained and equipped the Republic of Korea army.

It is also true that the other United Nations members put up the equivalent of two divisions. The United States divisions at World War II figures cost $600 million a year. The cost today is probably greater, but is a secret. If, therefore, the United States had had to furnish these two divisions, the added dollar cost would have been at least $600 million. When you compare that with our annual contribution of $25 million, you can see that on a financial basis alone the United Nations is not a bad deal.

Carrying the fiscal argument still further, remember that the most expert studies indicate that after every last bill has been paid, World War II will have cost us $1 trillion, 300 billion—which again makes our $25 million contribution to the United Nations seem smaller.

Of course, money is not the only, and not even the most important, consideration. If the United States had had to supply two more divisions there would have been that many more American casualties, that many more tragedies in American homes, which were instead suffered in homes of other countries whose brave men answered the call.

Many persons had the idea at the end of World War II that the United Nations would be an automatic peace producer—that a few gifted lawyers scattered around the world would draft a charter; that this charter would be ratified by the nations; that a handsome building would be erected; and that then the world would have an automatic device for peace.

No automatic device for peace

THE TRUTH is that there is no automatic device for peace. If the United Nations is as automatic as a burglar alarm, it is doing well. But what

happens after the bell rings is up to the members, and you will get results solely in proportion as you contribute. In the grim struggle for peace, the payments which must be made are not merely in money; they are chiefly in the service of men. In the face of something as critical as an impending war nothing less than human muscle, human hearts, and human service will do the job.

Rather than draft a charter and then look for troops it might have been more logical at the time for the nations to have earmarked the troops and then drafted the charter. But history is not always logical and we do progress.

In the struggle for peace, as in every other human endeavor, the success of the struggle depends directly on how hard you work, how deeply you sacrifice, how sincerely you care, how much in the service of your sons you are willing to put in. No amount of diplomatic nicety and verbal courtesy can alter this fact, and the future of the United Nations is bound up in it.

The United Nations is a place where the nations of the world may take whatever collective action they are at any given moment capable of taking. Such a place is a vital necessity.

While the need for the United Nations is as strong and as steady as the human yearning for peace, its future success depends entirely on the extent to which its members support it. It is up to them. They can drop it impatiently and destroy it because it had not brought the millennium, or they can kill it by failure to support it. Or, like the Wright brothers with their first airplane in 1903, they can perfect it and transform it into something which will make future generations forever grateful that we in the 1950's had the patience and the foresight to make this beginning.

For Americans the United Nations is not only a place to promote peace, it is the greatest single place in which to develop partners who, valuing their own freedom, will fight to defend it whenever it is attacked and thus, on a basis of mutual respect, help us in our struggle to survive. For a nation like the United States, which has most of the world's wealth and only 6 percent of the world's population, the conclusion must be obvious that we cannot have too many partners to help us carry the load of combat.

The United Nations is primitive; it is evolutionary; it has not brought, and will not bring, the millennium. But it is useful; its cost is small; it is an intelligent first step; it stands between us and international anarchy. It thus stands between us and World War III or the extinction of human freedom—or both. Finally, it represents another important step in man's long march toward freedom—a march with so many impressive associations with this historic city and this historic House of Burgesses.

Plug the weep-holes in the spandrels [1]

For us, one of the excitements of New York in these racy days is living near enough to the United Nations headquarters so that we can wander in now and again and sit in the new chairs and listen to the old debates. For about eight years, we have followed the U.N. around the country, have sat with it in sadness in the queer dwellings where, for lack of any better place to go, it has parked its briefcase. Opera houses, hotel rooms, college gyms, skating rinks, gyroscope factories. And now the little green shebang on the East River. All its homes have been queer; all have had one quality in common—a kind of dreaminess compounded of modern interiors, ancient animosities, and the aching hopes of invisible millions.

We saw an article in a Texas paper not long ago about the U.N.—a warning by an educator that grade-school children are being indoctrinated with one-worldism. He felt that it is improper, or inadvisable, to introduce youngsters in their formative years to anything as mysterious and complex as this international forum, and to what he called "the false mirage of hope." His argument was that until children have become acquainted with their own America, and have attained maturity of judgment, it is dangerous to introduce them to the United Nations and to "bespeak its virtues." He wants school children to "see America first." He suspects a sinister motivation behind the attempt to teach school children about the U.N. His concern is a genuine concern, obviously, and his argument is a familiar one, for the question of the United Nations has bothered many a board of education.

It seems to us that the answer is rather simple. Of course children should see America first; they are bound to see it first anyway, as it is what they see when they look out the window, or at the blackboard, or into the faces of their teachers and their contemporaries. But one of the many visible facts about America today is that it is, for better or for worse, participating in the United Nations. It would be indefensible to tell school children that the United Nations is working well, but we think it's equally indefensible to pretend that it doesn't exist, or that we're not involved deeply in it. The writer of the article in the paper describes the U.N. as "ill-sired and begotten." Well, we were there at the birth, and we came away with the impression that the U.N. had indeed a very odd parentage: its dam was hope, its

[1] Reprinted by permission. Copyright 1953 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

sire was fear. The result was a weak constitution. The infant is, we admit, unpromising. But the desires and passions that brought nations and peoples together in 1945 are by no means unpromising. There was something about that affair eight years ago that was inevitable, and shaky though it be today, it is a fact. No Texas educator should try to conceal the facts of life. Kids have always been quick to pick them up, despite the prudish attempts of their elders to prettify things.

We were thinking of these matters the other day as we sat moodily watching a meeting of the Political and Security Committee of the General Assembly. We wondered whether the Texas educator had ever wandered around much inside the U.N., as we do from time to time. We wondered whether he'd actually experienced the strange atmosphere of the place—the atmosphere he wants to keep secret from children. It is, we agree, a hall of fantasy. The fantasy is partly physical: the interiors always a little too good, the doors transparent, not really separating one area from another, the carpets too soft and deep, the words too hard and shallow, the corridors lonely, the chairs and facilities luxurious far beyond the facts of international harmony. Everywhere a sense of modernity, of elegance, of unreality. And over all a brooding excitement. Here under this roof are gathered every tension, every dream, every trick, every philosophy, every tongue. In many respects, when added all together, it is without meaning. There are days when it seems wholly without meaning. Yet in one respect it is the most significant place of all, and to keep a child from experiencing this side of it seems to us to misjudge the power of children to know and to understand. Any reasonably intelligent child of seven is capable of realizing that he has an opposite number somewhere in the world—some other seven-year-old, who is endowed with essentially the same properties and desires, if not the same opportunities and protections, and who is estranged because of distance and estranged because of language, and who is about to grow up into either an enemy or a friend.

The U.N. is a home that hasn't been lived in; the rooms are the work of a decorator, not of a wife. There is no more chilling sight than the spectacle of the preliminaries: the delegates standing around the periphery, talking in low tones, each in his own tongue; the wise smiles on the wise faces; the strategy of the day being plotted—the strategy that plays with the lives of millions all over the globe, including, we must sadly add, the lives of school children in Texas. This is the chilliest sight we ever saw. And the photographers closing in on Vishinsky as though he were the last man on earth, as though he had some special meaning that could be revealed to the world through the power of the lens.

The place often reminds us of a hospital. Recently we walked in and the

public-address system was paging the delegate from Iran (as in a hospital you hear a doctor being called, and you shudder with the feeling that somewhere a patient has taken a turn for the worse). In the U.N. you hear them calling, calling, "The delegate from Iran," hear it sound importantly in the corridors, and you wonder if something in the Middle East has taken a turn for the worse. The U.N. is that kind of place—a chamber of horrors, but not anything you can keep from children. Even the building itself leaks; it has weep-holes in the spandrels, and is open to the rains and the winds of the world. Confronted with its unsuccess, confronted with its frauds and its trickeries and its interminable debates, we yet stand inside the place and feel the winds of the world weeping into our own body, feel the force underlying the United Nations, the force that is beyond question and beyond compare and not beyond the understanding of children. It will be their task (as it is ours) to plug the weep-holes in the spandrels.

6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 64 63 62 61 60 59 58

Book Two: Literature

part 1
The nature of imaginative writing

'FICTION' VERSUS 'FACT'

A NATURAL question at the beginning of a study of the reading of fiction, drama, and poetry is, "What is it that literature does that other types of writing do not do?" Common sense suggests that we may answer this question, in part at least, by contrasting the purposes and achievements of literature on the one hand and of nonliterary accounts on the other. Let us compare several factual passages and a literary passage, all of our selections dealing with similar subject matter, whales and whaling. Our first three passages have been drawn respectively from science, economics, and history, the fourth from a novel. The group will help us contrast informative writing ("fact") with imaginative writing ("fiction"). The scientific selection follows:

AMONG mammals which have turned to aquatic life, the whales—the order Cetacea—constitute the largest and most important group and the best adapted to an existence in the water. Both structurally and functionally they have become completely divorced from their former land life and are helpless if stranded. Only in their need for air breathing do they exhibit any functional reminiscence for their former terrestrial existence. . . .

Marine life has been accompanied by many internal modifications. The original whales appear to have been fish-eating carnivores. The majority of modern whales are still toothed, but, as in the seals, the teeth have been simplified, usually to simple pegs. The number has in many cases increased greatly over the primitive placental forty-four; in others teeth have been reduced in number or entirely abandoned for a straining apparatus of whalebone. The anterior portion of the skull has been elongated from the first. But in correlation with the breathing problem in diving types, the nostrils have moved backward in the skull and in typical living whales are placed, as the blowhole, on the top of the head. . . .

Whales may be divided into three suborders: the Archaeocetes, of the early Tertiary; and two living groups—the Odontoceti, or toothed whales, and the Mysticeti, or whalebone whales.—ALFRED S. ROMER, *Vertebrate Paleontology* (University of Chicago Press, 1945), pp. 486 f.

Clearly Romer here wanted to do one thing only: to instruct us about whales. To this end, he set down what we popularly call "facts"—phenomena which, in this case, can and have been observed, counted, measured, compared, and contrasted. When he says that in typical living whales the nostrils are placed "as the blowhole, on the top of the head," he is not guessing or imagining: he is

describing an observed phenomenon. Even when Romer compares primitive whales with modern whales, he is still basing his statements upon observed material—in this case upon skeletal remains. Where the author is not completely certain, he takes pains to indicate the fact. The original whales, for example, he says, "*appear* to have been fish-eating carnivores." Note that he does not say that they *were* such creatures: he uses a word which distinguishes a likelihood from a certainty. In short, the passage consists of (a) statements describing and comparing what has been observed, and (b) statements that draw carefully weighed conclusions about what has been observed.

Since the conclusions are reached only after a methodical sorting of the facts, we find it useful to observe how the facts are ordered to convey information to us. After reading the first sentence, we know the scientific name for whales, we know that they belong to the class of mammals, and that within that class they are the group (or order) which is the largest, the most important, and the best adapted to water. We start, then, with a careful definition. The next two sentences tell us general facts about the adaptation of whales to marine life. The second paragraph, in the excerpted form given here, describes specific internal characteristics which developed as a result of this shift to an aquatic environment. Then the third paragraph separates members of the order into suborders. If you have studied much science, you will know that the author here is beginning the process called classification, and you will guess that his next step will be to describe each class of whales in detail.

Observe what the author does not do. Notice that he does not spin a yarn, describe a scene, or re-create an experience. Therefore, his statements here, based though they are on concrete details, are abstract. Notice that he does not employ words which either evoke pictures in the mind of the reader or stimulate emotional reactions. He does not order his material in such a way as to communicate an experience or a mood, but in such a way as to unfold a series of ideas. Finally, observe that *human* judgments and evaluations are not involved. The author does not maintain that the toothed whales, for example, are the best of living whales, or the most beautiful, or the truest to their class.

What we have noticed about this selection can be noticed about almost any typical work strictly in the natural sciences. The material consists of facts discovered and verified by observation and of hypotheses and of conclusions arrived at through an orderly consideration of the facts. The statements are ordinarily abstract rather than concrete, emotionless rather than emotive, and descriptive rather than evaluative. Turn now to a somewhat different—but also factual—passage:

THE PHYSICAL losses [in whaling] resulting from the destruction of vessels, cargoes, and equipment were indeed formidable when considered in the absolute; but when compared with the size of the entire fleet at sea during any given year, they constituted a smaller percentage of the whole than might reasonably have been expected as a result of the nature of the

have been slave-drivers; sperm oil from the Seychelles Islands and whalebone from Kamchatka; barnacles acquired in every one of the seven seas, scrimshaw work and Chinese tea, Oriental silk and souvenirs from the Fiji Islands; bonanza voyages and penniless hands; log-books telling of stove boats and accounts telling of exorbitant charges; rope-walks and sail-lofts, outfitters and ship-chandlers; Quaker and Cape Verde half-breed, Puritan and Kanaka; pure sperm oil which has been bailed out of the head of a cachalot and black and stinking whale oil which has been four years at sea; stories of murder and of rape in the South Seas; yarns of cheap love in Paita and of frozen noses in the Sea of Okhotsk; Seamen's Bethel and dens of drunken vice; counting-houses with high stools....

Cosmopolitan and provincial, of the great outlying world and of pinched New England, pious and abandoned, aesthetic and ugly, alluring and repulsive, colorful and drab, adventurous and cautious, courting danger and loving security—such was New Bedford....—ELMO PAUL HOHMAN, *The American Whaleman* (Longmans, Green, 1928), p. 47.

The areas of man's intellectual enterprise are roughly considered to be three: the natural sciences, the social studies, and the humanities. The passage just quoted is history not as social science but as humanistic evaluation. Those working in the humanities are not primarily interested in the description of our natural and social worlds: their chief concern (to which other concerns to be sure are subordinated) is in human values. Such workers are forever weighing human experience on scales of the good, the true, and the beautiful. The field includes such subjects as ethics, religion, philosophy, languages, the fine arts, literature, and certain kinds of history. In subjects such as religion and philosophy, the process of evaluation is usually clear and explicit. The process is also clear in the historical passage on New Bedford just quoted. The town in the great days of whaling, says Hohman, was "alluring and ludicrous"; it was "pious and abandoned, aesthetic and ugly." Obviously, human values are involved in these statements as well as in others in the passage.

The passage is made up of such generalizations (pars. 1 and 3) plus a number of details in the New Bedford scene which justify them (par. 2). The catalogue in the second paragraph typifies what has been called "impressionistic presentation." The author wishes to convey a certain impression or mood compounded of certain thoughts and certain feelings. He therefore presents a number of details which contribute to that impression. As always, the historian here, of course, is basing what he writes on his study of sources—histories of the town, newspapers, documents. As always, he is generalizing and presenting facts. This is factual writing, but in some ways it approaches imaginative literature.

However, literature—fiction, drama, and poetry—ordinarily differs markedly from all factual writings, even those in the humanistic fields. With the previous factual passages, let us contrast the fic-

tional excerpt which follows. During the voyage recounted in Herman Melville's famous novel *Moby Dick*, the crew of the *Pequod* has sighted a whale. Stubb (the second mate) in command of a whaling boat, Tashtego (the harpooner), and the crew are in pursuit as the passage begins:

AND THUS with oars and yells the keel cut the sea. Meanwhile, Stubb retaining his place in the van, still encouraged his men to the onset, all the while puffing the smoke from his mouth. Like desperadoes they tugged and they strained, till the welcome cry was heard—"Stand up, Tashtego!—give it to him!" The harpoon was hurled. "Stern all!" The oarsmen backed water; the same moment something went hot and hissing along every one of their wrists. It was the magical line. An instant before, Stubb had swiftly caught two additional turns with it round the loggerhead, whence, by reason of its increased rapid circlings, a hempen blue smoke now jetted up and mingled with the steady fumes from his pipe. As the line passed round and round the loggerhead, so also, just before reaching that point, it blisteringly passed through and through both of Stubb's hands, from which the hand-cloths, or squares of quilted canvas sometimes worn at these times, had accidentally dropped. It was like holding an enemy's sharp two-edged sword by the blade, and that enemy all the time striving to wrest it out of your clutch.

"Wet the line! wet the line!" cried Stubb to the tub oarsman (him seated by the tub) who, snatching off his hat, dashed the sea-water into it. More turns were taken, so that the line began holding its place. The boat now flew through the boiling water like a shark all fins. Stubb and Tashtego here changed places—stem for stern—a staggering business truly in that rocking commotion.

From the vibrating line extending the entire length of the upper part of the boat, and from its now being more tight than a harpstring, you would have thought the craft had two keels—one cleaving the water, the other the air—as the boat churned on through both opposing elements at once. A continual cascade played at the bows; a ceaseless whirling eddy in her wake; and, at the slightest motion from within, even but of a little finger, the vibrating, cracking craft canted over her spasmodic gunwhale into the sea. Thus they rushed; each man with might and main clinging to his seat, to prevent being tossed to the foam; and the tall form of Tashtego at the steering oar crouching almost double, in order to bring down his centre of gravity. Whole Atlantics and Pacifics seemed passed as they shot on their way, till at length the whale somewhat slackened his flight.

"Haul in—haul in!" cried Stubb to the bowsman! and, facing round towards the whale, all hands began pulling the boat up to him, while yet the

boat was being towed on. Soon ranging up by his flank, Stubb, firmly planting his knee in the clumsy cleat, darted dart after dart into the flying fish; at the word of command, the boat alternately sterning out of the way of the whale's horrible wallow, and then ranging up for another fling.

The red tide now poured from all sides of the monster like brooks down a hill. His tormented body rolled not in brine but in blood, which bubbled and seethed for furlongs behind in their wake. The slanting sun playing upon this crimson pond in the sea, sent back its reflection into every face, so that they all glowed to each other like red men. And all the while, jet after jet of white smoke was agonizingly shot from the spiracle of the whale, and vehement puff after puff from the mouth of the excited headsman; as at every dart, hauling in upon his crooked lance (by the line attached to it), Stubb straightened it again and again, by a few rapid blows against the gunwhale, then again and again sent it into the whale.

"Pull up—pull up!" he now cried to the bowsman, as the waning whale relaxed in his wrath. "Pull up!—close to!" and the boat ranged along the fish's flank. When reaching far over the bow, Stubb slowly churned his long sharp lance into the fish, and kept it there, carefully churning and churning, as if cautiously seeking to feel after some gold watch that the whale might have swallowed, and which he was fearful of breaking ere he could hook it out. But that gold watch he sought was the innermost life of the fish. And now it is struck; for, starting from his trance into that unspeakable thing called his "flurry," the monster horribly wallowed in his blood, overwrapped himself in impenetrable, mad, boiling spray, so that the imperilled craft, instantly dropping astern, had much ado blindly to struggle out from that phrensied twilight into the clear air of the day.

And now abating in his flurry, the whale once more rolled out into view; surging from side to side; spasmodically dilating and contracting his spout-hole, with sharp, cracking, agonized respirations. At last, gush after gush of clotted red gore, as if it had been the purple lees of red wine, shot into the frighted air; and falling back again, ran dripping down his motionless flanks into the sea. His heart had burst!

"He's dead, Mr. Stubb," said Daggoo.

"Yes; both pipes smoked out!" and withdrawing his own from his mouth, Stubb scattered the dead ashes over the water; and, for a moment, stood thoughtfully eyeing the vast corpse he had made.

Immediately we notice that Melville, in contrast to Romer and Hohman, is communicating not factual information but an imagined experience. Where the factual writers have generalized, he particularizes: He tells us not about whales and whalers in general but about one whale, one crew, and what happened to

them. Whereas the whales and whalers of the other passages actually existed, neither the whale nor the crew of Melville's account is historically "real"; Melville has "imagined" them (see p. 36). Romer and Hohman give us their ideas in an order like that of thought. Melville tells of the experiences of his whalers and his whale in an order like that of experiences in life itself. The factual passages cover ages or decades; this passage, though much longer, covers in concrete detail only a few minutes. And details are not classified and generalized: they are offered to our senses—as pictures, sounds, movements—individually, as they would come to us if we ourselves were on the scene.

As a result (if the author achieves the effect at which he aimed), when we read this last passage, we should react very differently from the way we should react when we read the factual passages. While reading the factual passages, we react intellectually; while reading Melville, we react both intellectually and emotionally. From the first two passages and even from the third we get more of a sense of watching a man thinking than we get of watching things happen in the actual world. The account drawn from *Moby Dick,* imagined though it is, gives us a sense of sharing a real experience.

At least part of our emotional reaction is the result of the fact that (unlike the authors of the passages concerning whales and whaling risks) Melville shows his own feelings about his subject matter. Even more than the passage about New Bedford, the selection from *Moby Dick* indicates by its details and its wording what its author's emotions are. Leo Stein suggested a contrast we notice in these passages when he said:

Art is the union of man and nature; its realities are essentially man-made. Science is the separation of man and nature, so far as in a man's universe this is possible. Science tries to see things as a disembodied intelligence, a robot intelligence, would see them. It prefers the testimony of a registering apparatus and pointer readings to the testimony of 'a simple separate person.' But without that simple separate person, there is no art.

Melville's way of writing indicates not only his emotional reactions but also his judgments of human affairs. Even in so brief a passage as this, we learn something of his way of looking at life; and when we read the whole novel of which this is a part, we see that the incident contributes its share to a work which sets forth a profound view of human life. We note, though, that neither here nor elsewhere in the novel does Melville state his interpretations explicitly, but that he *embodies* them in an imaginative narrative. They are implied rather than explicitly stated.

These, then, are some of the differences between one literary and three factual handlings of similar materials. How many of the contrasts noticed between the selections from Romer and Hohman, on the one hand, and from Melville, on the other, will be found if similar contrasts are made between other parallel factual and literary accounts? What generalizations are possible about the aims and the methods of imaginative authors, whether they write fiction or drama or poetry? What do these generalizations mean to you as readers? These are questions which you are to try to solve as you study the selections which follow.

The cases of Jean Muir and Alice Weller

Two passages, one factual and the other imaginative, which tell of similar happenings are printed on the pages which follow. Your purpose as you read the passages and answer the questions about them is to test and supplement what has been said in the previous pages about the aims and methods (and therefore the value to you as a reader) of imaginative literature. The first is from a factual story in a weekly news magazine. The second is from a novel, The Troubled Air. *In the novel, Clement Archer, a radio director, has been asked to discharge five actors who have been appearing on his weekly show because a magazine article has implied that they are Communists. Archer has requested and won the right to postpone action for two weeks, during which he is investigating the justice of the implicit accusations. During his interviews, he finds some of the cast innocent, some patently guilty, of subversive activity. The excerpt tells of his interview with one of the five, Alice Weller.*

NEWSWEEK

Purge of performers

ON SUNDAY, Aug. 27, Jean Muir arrived at an NBC studio about noon for the last rehearsals of The Aldrich Family, due to start its second year on TV that night. She brought a cake to celebrate with the other members of the cast. Then came the announcement that the show was canceled (*Newsweek,* Sept. 4).

No reason was given at the time, but General Foods Corp., the sponsor, subsequently stated what had already been rumored—that the postponement had been effected by twenty phone calls and two telegrams protesting Miss Muir's appearance as "Mother Aldrich." These protests, the company statement said, made her a "controversial personality." As such she might "provoke unfavorable criticism and even antagonism among sizable groups of consumers."

Reprinted by special permission from *Newsweek* Magazine, September 11, 1950 issue.

Jean Muir had become a "controversial personality" and occasioned the protests principally because her name is listed, along with 149 others, in the pamphlet "Red Channels: The Report of Communist Influence in Radio and Television." [1] The news of Miss Muir's replacement was the first publicized indication of the pamphlet's power.

The first purpose of "Red Channels" is "to show how the Communists have been able to carry out their plan of infiltration of the radio and television industry." This is done by listing after each name Red, Red-front, or suspected Red-front activities and organizations. The pamphlet carefully does not state that any "biographee" is a Communist, but the implication is there. Miss Muir's proclivity for such activities and groups has, according to "Red Channels," been fairly strong; nine entries appear after her name. She subsequently denied that she is or ever has been a Communist, claimed she "loathes" Communism, and stated she never heard of some of the organizations she was supposed to belong to.

Last week no network or advertising agency officials were willing to be quoted on whether a performer, director, writer, or producer listed in "Red Channels" will be hired. It is clear to them, however, that future "Muir incidents" can be avoided by referring to "Red Channels" or by checking with the six-month-old Joint Committee Against Communism, which has appointed a Radio Committee to "watch and monitor radio and television." This radio committee uses "Red Channels" as its main source. The pamphlet, according to spokesman Rabbi Benjamin Schultz, is only "one of our sources." Other sources are "in the radio game," and the members of the committee have "some knowledge ourselves." According to Dr. Schultz, the radio committee has already been receiving inquiries about performers from prospective employers. . . .

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[1] Published in June by *Counterattack,* a Communist fighting newsletter.

IRWIN SHAW Alice Weller

ALICE WELLER lived high up on Central Park West, in a building that had at one time been luxurious and genteel. By now it was only genteel. The carpets were threadbare and greenish, if they were any color, and the walls of the lobby were a dim olive stucco. The elevator clanked and groaned as it rattled up the shaft and the operator wheezed as he worked the lever.

"Mrs. Weller," Archer said.

"Fourth floor," the elevator man said. "Does she expect you?"

"Yes." Archer sniffed the mingled odors of oil, dust and age, and it brought back the memory of the pleasant evenings he had spent a long time ago in this house, when Alice's husband, who had been Archer's friend, was alive. Since his death, Archer had visited Alice less and less frequently, salving his conscience with the knowledge that he had found work for her more or less steadily ever since he had become a director, even though there had been times when he had to fight the producers of his shows to do it.

Alice opened the door herself. She was dressed in a ruinously youthful cotton dress that made her look older than she was. Her hair, just out of curlers, was too tightly bunched over her forehead. She smiled softly when Archer kissed her. "It's nice to see you here again," she said, without reproach. "It's been so long."

Her hands, Archer noticed, as she hung up his coat, were cracked and red, as though she had done a great many dishes very recently. She led the way into the living room, seeming, in the incongruous dress, not matronly but exhausted.

"Take that chair," she said, pointing. "The one you used to like has a broken spring."

Archer sat down obediently, feeling guilty that Alice remembered that he had liked a particular chair. He didn't remember any of the chairs.

"I think I'll sit me down here," Alice said, folding into the sofa, which gave off several grinding squeaks as her weight settled. It was her one affectation, Archer remembered. She said, I must sit me down, and I must wake me up and I must take me home. Probably it had charmed some man a long time ago and she had dimly clung to the trick, feeling momentarily younger each time she used it. Archer had always been uneasy when he heard her talk like that and he realized it still left him uneasy. She sat stiffly on the stiff couch, as though she had somehow lost the knack of grace.

"Ralph will be so glad to see you again." Alice was saying. "He's asked for you often."

"How is he?" Archer asked politely, wondering how long he would have decently to wait before telling Alice what he was here for.

"He's grown so tall you won't recognize him," Alice said, like a mother. "He wants to be a physicist now, he says. You know, the papers're so full of science these days, and they have professors down to talk to them all the time." She laughed softly. If you closed your eyes and just listened to the gentle melody of her voice, you would imagine a young, delightful, hesitant girl in the room with you. "I don't know what's happened to firemen and jockeys any more," Alice said. "The things the boys wanted to be when I was a young girl."

Ralph was her only child. Her husband had been an architect who had just begun to have his initial successes after years of struggle when he had been killed in an automobile accident in 1942. He had been something of a political thinker and had not believed in insurance. Looking around him at the meager room, with its worn furniture and mended curtains, and its air of being fragile and desperate, as though it was inhabited by people who could not bear another shock from life, Archer thought that it would have been better if the architect had not had such original notions and had taken out a policy or two in his wife's name before he took that automobile ride.

"So many problems come up," Alice was saying. "Just last week I was offered the role of the mother in the road company of *Breakwater*. It's a good part and the money was good and they wanted to give me a year's contract. But it would have meant leaving Ralph alone—sending him to a boarding school. I talked to him about it—he's amazingly grownup, you can discuss anything with him—and he was very brave about it. But at the last minute I told them no." She laughed sadly. "I don't know what I'll do when he grows up and decides to go off and get married. I'll probably behave terribly and get drunk and insult the bride." She waved her hands vaguely, apologizing. "I must shut me up," she said nervously. "I mustn't babble on about my family. What about you? You look very well these days. Very distinguished-looking. I've been meaning to tell you," she said, with a painful, dim echo of coquetry.

"I'm fine," Archer said, because that described it as well as any other one word. "The program keeps me alive."

Alice chuckled self-consciously. "It also keeps me alive," she said shyly. "And Ralph."

That was an unfortunate way for me to put it, Archer thought. The phrase went too deep when you examined it seriously, as Alice was doing.

"You're on it this week, too," Archer said, grateful that he could say that

much. One hundred dollars more for the complicated process of keeping Ralph and his mother alive. "Quite a nice part. Not very long, but juicy."

"Thanks, Clement." Alice's hands waved in front of her. Her gratitude, Archer thought, is always uncomfortably naked. "Mr. O'Neill called me this morning and told me."

Archer phoned in a list of people he was going to use each week and O'Neill made the necessary calls each Monday morning. There were going to be some bad Monday mornings for Alice from now on, sitting by the silent telephone, if Hutt had his way. Well, Archer thought, the longer I wait the harder it's going to be.

"Alice," he said, rubbing the top of his head nervously, "I'm in trouble."

"Oh." Alice took in her breath sharply. An expression of concern washed tremblingly over her face. "Can I help?" she asked.

"Something queer has come up," Archer said. "About you."

"About me?" Alice looked surprised, then frightened.

"You know," Archer said, "for the last year or so, agencies have been dropping people from programs because they've been. . ." He hesitated, searching for the least harmful word. "Because they've been accused of being Communists or fellow travelers, whatever that is."

"Clement," Alice peered worriedly at him, "you're not being fired, are you?"

Archer grinned weakly. "No, not at the moment."

Alice sighed with obvious relief. "These days," she said, "it's impossible to tell what's going to happen next."

"Alice," Archer said, determined to get it out without further delay, "the truth is, I've been asked to drop you."

Strangely, she smiled at him. It was a slow, hurt smile, an involuntary twitching of the muscles that had nothing to do with joy, but which, by some trick of mechanics, twisted her mouth upward at the corners. Clumsily, without seeming to notice what she was doing, she lifted her hands and poked aimlessly at the tight curls around her ears.

"But you're not doing it," Alice said. "You just said there was a nice part for me this Thursday. And O'Neill called at ten o'clock this morning. . ."

"Yes," said Archer, "that's right. I got us a period of grace." As he said it he wondered abstractedly why he had said us. "We have two weeks to do something about it."

"Two weeks." Alice's shoulders drooped and her hands dropped again. "What can you do in two weeks?"

"Don't give up in advance," Archer said, annoyed at Alice's quick acceptance of defeat. "We might do a great deal."

"I don't understand." Alice stood up heavily. She walked toward the

window, looking stout, hiding her face from Archer. "I don't know where to begin. What do they say about me?"

"Hutt received an advance copy of a magazine article," Archer said slowly and clearly, trying to pierce through Alice's vagueness. "In it you and several others are said to belong to various Communist-front organizations. Do you belong to any organizations that might be—suspect?"

Alice turned and faced him bewilderedly. "I don't know." She seemed distracted, as though she were having trouble focusing her mind on the subject. "I belong to several things. AFRA. Actors Equity. The Parent-Teachers' Association. Then there's a league that my husband used to give money to, for protecting Negroes' civil rights. I sometimes send them five dollars. . . Do you think it might be any of them?"

"Probably not," said Archer. "Is there anything else?"

"Well, I certainly don't belong to the Communist Party." Alice tried to smile. "I'm sometimes pretty vague but I'd know that, wouldn't I?"

"I'm sure you would." Archer smiled reassuringly.

"I haven't done anything illegal." Alice's voice became stronger as she began to get accustomed to the idea that she would have to defend herself and that Archer was there to help her. "I'd know it if I'd broken any laws, wouldn't I?"

"It isn't quite as simple as that," Archer said, "any more." He was unhappy about being the one who was forced to explain the new, melancholy, uncertain order of things to Alice. "Because of the strained relations between us and Russia," he said rhetorically, like a schoolteacher, "because of the tensions that have developed since the war—there's a kind of twilight zone now, in which people are placed without committing any overt acts. It's a zone of—of moral disapproval, I guess you could call it—for certain opinions, certain associations. . ."

"Opinions?" Alice laughed softly and sank into a chair, as though she were very tired. "Who knows what my opinions are? I don't know myself. Oh, dear, you must think I'm an absolute fool. In the last few years I seem to have grown incapable of thinking clearly about anything. I belong in a cartoon—in one of those hats, making a speech to a gardening club in the suburbs."

"Not at all," Archer said, feeling that his voice was too brisk.

"Yes, yes." Alice shook her head ruefully. "You don't have to be so polite. Even Ralph makes fun of me sometimes, and he's only fourteen years old." She picked up a photograph of her son that was on a bookcase and stared at it.

"Last year," Alice said suddenly, "it might have something to do with what happened last winter."

"What's that?" Archer asked, puzzled.

"I got a terrible letter. Printed. In pencil. All misspelled."

"What letter?" Archer tried to sound patient. "Try to remember everything you can, Alice."

"It was anonymous. I only read half of it and I threw it away," Alice said. "I couldn't bear to read it. It called me the most filthy names. You'd be surprised what people can send through the mails. It said why didn't I go back to where I came from if I didn't like it here." Alice essayed a laugh. "I don't know quite what they meant by that. My family's lived in New York for over a hundred years. They threatened me." She looked up at the ceiling, remembering, the sagging skin of her throat pulled tight. "'We're going to take care of you and your kind,' it said, 'soon. We are forming,' it said, 'and it won't take long now. In Europe they shaved the heads of women like you, but you won't get off just with a haircut.'"

Archer closed his eyes, ashamed for the people he passed every day, unrecognizingly, on the street. "Why didn't you show it to me?" he asked.

"I couldn't," Alice said. "Some of the names they called me you just couldn't show to anyone. I bought a new lock for the door and I had a chain put on." She laughed nervously. "It was really nothing. Nothing happened. I even managed to forget about it until today."

"Have you any idea why that letter was sent to you?" Archer asked, thinking, Now we are entering another field, the field of the anonymous threat to impoverished widows. Live in the big city and expose yourself to all its cultural advantages.

"Yes," Alice said, surprisingly definite. "It was after that big meeting last winter, that peace meeting at the Waldorf. The one that had those Russian writers and composers. . ."

"Were you there?" Archer asked incredulously.

"Yes, I was." Alice sounded defiant.

"What the hell were you doing there?"

"I was on the radio panel. I was supposed to make a speech, but I was too nervous and I got out of it. I was going to speak on the bad effects of the crime shows on children."

Hopeless, Archer thought, listening to the soft, defensive voice, absolutely hopeless.

"You have no idea how evil they are," Alice said earnestly. "Full of people being tortured and killed and hitting each other over the head. It's the only thing I fight about with Ralph. He sits there, listening, getting jumpy and over-stimulated, when he should be out in the open air or doing his homework. I feel quite strongly about it," she said primly, as though she were a little surprised at herself for permitting herself the luxury of feeling

quite strongly about anything. "But then, when the time approached, I knew I could never manage to stand up in front of all those important people. . ." She laughed embarrassedly. "I said I had a headache."

"There were thousands of pickets around the hotel all the time," Archer said, wonderingly. "Didn't you realize you were liable to get into trouble?"

"I saw those pickets. They looked like very low types. Very coarse and unreasonable," Alice said, invincibly ladylike. "Just the kind to send a woman an unprintable anonymous letter."

"Was your name on the program?" Archer asked wearily.

"Yes." Alice started to get up. "I think I have it in the desk if you'd like to. . ."

"Never mind. Never mind. Sit down." He stared consideringly at Alice, as she subsided. At least he knew now why the magazine had included her in its list. It didn't take much, he realized grimly. One undelivered speech on the effects of afternoon serials on the minds of growing boys. . . He shook his head, half in pity, half in exasperation. "How did you get mixed up in it, Alice?" he asked.

"Frances Motherwell told me about it," Alice said, "and asked me to appear in the radio section. She said it would focus the attention of the world on the necessity of avoiding a third world war."

Frances Motherwell, Archer thought bitterly, herself almost invulnerable, energetically supplying slogans and disaster to bereft ladies with low bank accounts.

"You mustn't be angry with me, Clement," Alice said unhappily. "I knew a lot of people thought that there was something wrong with the Conference, and the papers kept saying it was a Communist trick. And, really, they didn't seem to accomplish very much. But even if they accomplished just a tiny bit, even if it made people in Washington and Moscow just a fraction more unwilling to go to war, I had to go. . . I suppose a mother, especially if she only has one son, is kind of crazy on the subject of war. Ralph is fourteen. In four or five more years, he'll be just the age. . . My sister, she's older than I am, she lives in Chicago, she sent a son to the last one. He came back—but he was hit in the face, his chin was all shot away. They've operated on him ten times, but he still. . ." Alice stopped. "He refuses to go out. He refuses to see anyone. He sits in his room at the top of the house, all day long. You read the papers and every day they talk about being firm, about delivering ultimatums, about sending soldiers all over the world. . . They keep building new submarines, faster airplanes, rockets, bombs. You look at your son, fourteen years old, sitting in the front room, practicing the cello, and you think they're preparing it for him, all those old men in Washington, all those generals, all those people on the newspapers.

They're preparing to have Ralph shot. Blown up. That's what I think every time I read a general's speech in the papers, every time I see new planes in the newsreels. When I get home from the movies I go into Ralph's room and I look at him sleeping there and I think, 'They want to kill him. They want to kill him.' I'll tell you something, Clement," Alice said loudly, "if there was any place to go and I could scrape together the money, I'd take Ralph tomorrow. To the smallest island, the most backward country—and hide him there and stay there with him. Of course there's no place to go. They've made sure of that." There was a profound note of bitterness in Alice's voice that Archer had never heard before. "So I did what I could. I was very brave and I went to a meeting, one afternoon, at the Waldorf Astoria, on Park Avenue," she said with harsh sarcasm. "And I put a chain on my door."

"Alice, darling," Archer said gently, "did it ever occur to you that you were being used?"

"Good," Alice said. "They can use me all they want if it means there's not going to be a war."

"The Communists are for peace today," Archer said. "Tomorrow they're just as likely to be for war."

"All right," Alice said, stonily. "Tomorrow I won't let them use me. Today I will."

Archer shrugged. "OK," he said. "I know how you feel." He took his pipe from his pocket and filled it from his pouch.

"You think I'm wrong, don't you, Clement?" Alice asked, her voice pleading and hesitant again.

"No, I don't think so," Archer said, feeling that the question was too complex to answer in one afternoon. He stood up, holding the pipe in his hand. "I have to go now," he said.

Alice stood too. "Clement," she said, "what will I do if they won't let me work? How will I live? How will Ralph live?" She looked haggard and old, standing close to him, peering wildly into his eyes, her curls silly and out of place over her drawn face.

"Don't worry," Archer said, because he had to say something, but knowing as he said it that it was foolish.

"Are you going to let them fire me, Clement?" Her hands clutched fiercely at his shoulders. Her hands were large and very strong and he could feel the nails biting in through the cloth.

Archer took a deep breath. "I'm on your side, Alice," he said. "I want you to know that."

"Are you going to let them fire me?" Alice asked, ignoring his answer.

Archer put his arms around her. She was shivering, and he could feel the small, sweeping spasms going through her body. She wasn't crying. Her

body was thick and corseted and the material of the dress felt sleazy under his hands.

"Clement," she whispered despairingly, "are you going to let them fire me?"

Archer kissed her cheek, holding her close. Her skin felt harsh against his lips. "No," he said. "I promise you."

She clutched him convulsively for a second. Then she pulled away. She still wasn't crying. Her lips were quivering, but there were no tears.

"Some day," she said, "I'm going to tell you how grateful I am, Clement." She touched the pipe in his hand. "I'm so glad," she said, "you still like this pipe."

"What?" Archer began, looking down at the pipe. It was an old one that he had picked off his desk that morning because it had no ashes in it from the night before. Then he remembered, Alice had given it to him as a gift after he had given her a job on his first program, back in the years of the war. It was a straight-grain briar and he knew it must have been very expensive. It was a handsome pipe, but for some reason it never drew well and he rarely smoked it. "Yes," he said, "it's one of my favorites."

Questions

To which of the three main areas of intellectual enterprise, if any, does "Purge of Performers" belong? Justify your classification of it. What does your classification indicate about a suitable way of reading it?

2. Find passages in the two excerpts given here which convey similar facts. What contrasts are there between the ways the facts are conveyed to the reader in the two excerpts? How are these contrasts related to Joseph Wood Krutch's statement that when we read literature "we are not only learning about people, places, and manners of living of which we are ignorant, but learning about them by what seems actual experience"?

3. How is "Purge of Performers" organized? Why is such an organization appropriate for it? "Alice Weller" has a chronological, i.e., a time, organization. Why is this an appropriate organization? Why, in particular, should the section start with a description of the apartment house and end with Archer's leaving?

4. How many details, comparatively, do the two passages cause you to visualize (i.e., to see as if you were looking at actual people and events)? How many individuals, comparatively, do you come to know well as a result of reading the two passages? Discuss the accuracy of the following statement by E. M. Forster:

Human intercourse, as soon as we look at it for its own sake and not as a social adjunct, is seen to be haunted by a specter. We cannot understand each other, except in a rough and ready way; we cannot reveal ourselves, even when we want to; what we call intimacy is

only a makeshift; perfect knowledge is an illusion. But in the novel we can know people perfectly, and, apart from the general pleasure of reading, we can find a compensation for their dimness in life. In this, fiction is truer than history, because it goes beyond the evidence, and each of us knows from his own experience that there is something beyond the evidence. . . .

5. In which passage are judgments made of man's actions and attributes—i.e., are some actions and attributes made to seem admirable, some reprehensible? What, so far as the passages show, is (a) *Newsweek*'s feeling about Miss Muir? (b) Shaw's feeling about Mrs. Weller? What do you feel about the actresses as you read each passage? Account for your emotional reactions.

6. Discuss the difference between the kinds of language used in the two passages. How is this difference, in your opinion, related to the contrasting aims and methods of the two writers?

Riot in Rome

So far, the contrasts you have found between factual writing and imaginative writing have been relatively easy ones to formulate because the factual passages involved have been "purely" factual. We all know, however, that some factual works, unlike dispassionate treatises in the natural sciences and the social sciences, have aims and appeals in some ways like those of literature. In particular, histories and biographies in the field of the humanities are likely to offer us entertainment, excitement, and vivid depictions of the characters and actions of individuals. How do such writings as these contrast with stories, plays, and poems?

To answer this question—and to add to your conclusions about the aims and methods of imaginative works—we now ask you to contrast a passage from The Life of Brutus *by the famous Greek biographer, Plutarch, with a passage from Shakespeare's drama,* Julius Caesar. *Your contrast should help you reach valuable conclusions because (a) both the passages concern the same characters and practically the same events, and (b) both selections are by masters, and differences, therefore, will not result from the ineptitude of either author.*

If, as we hope, you have read Julius Caesar, *you will recall what happened before these passages begin: Julius Caesar, having won fame as a military leader and a governor, attained the height of his glory in 44* B.C., *when he was made dictator of Rome "for life." Some Romans became fearful that he had won too much power and that he coveted more. A group therefore conspired against him, led by Brutus, a high-minded but somewhat impractical idealist. On March 15, the conspirators slew Caesar. Most of the conspirators wanted to slay Antony also, but they were dissuaded by Brutus. Both passages begin with a meeting of the conspirators following the assassination.*

PLUTARCH *from* The Life of Brutus

WHEN this was done, they came to talk of Cæsar's will and testament, and of his funerals and tomb. Then Antonius thinking good his testament should be read openly, and also that his body should be honourably buried, and not in hugger-mugger, lest the people might thereby take occasion to be worse offended if they did otherwise: Cassius stoutly spake against it.

But Brutus went with the motion, and agreed unto it: wherein it seemeth he committed a second fault. For the first fault he did was, when he would not consent to his fellow-conspirators, that Antonius should be slain. And therefore he was justly accused, that thereby he had saved and strengthened a strong and grievous enemy of their conspiracy. The second fault was, when he agreed that Cæsar's funerals should be as Antonius would have them: the which indeed marred all. For first of all, when Cæsar's testament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome, seventy-five drachmas a man, and that he left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on this side of the river of Tiber, in the place where now the temple of Fortune is built: the people then loved him, and were marvellous sorry for him.

Afterwards when Cæsar's body was brought into the market-place, Antonius making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion: he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more, and taking Cæsar's gown all bloody in his hand, he laid it open to the sight of them all, shewing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it.

Therewithal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny, that there was no more order kept amongst the common people. For some of them cried out, Kill the murtherers: others plucked up forms, tables, and stalls about the market-place, as they had done before at the funerals of Clodius, and having laid them all on a heap together, they set them on fire, and thereupon did put the body of Cæsar, and burnt it in the midst of the most holy places. And furthermore, when the fire was thoroughly kindled, some here, some there, took burning firebrands, and ran with them to the murderers' houses that had killed him, to set them afire. Howbeit the conspirators, foreseeing the danger before, had wisely provided for themselves and fled.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

from The Tragedy of Julius Caesar

Act III, Scene 1. *Rome. Before the Capitol.*

(*Enter a* SERVANT)

BRUTUS. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
SERVANT. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving;
Say I love Brutus, and I honor him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honor'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.
BRUTUS. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied, and, by my honor,
Depart untouch'd.
SERVANT. I'll fetch him presently. (*Exit*)
BRUTUS. I know that we shall have him well to friend.
CASSIUS. I wish we may, but yet have I a mind
That fears him much, and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.
(*Re-enter* ANTONY)
BRUTUS. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony!
ANTONY. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?

122. *Soft!* an interjection meaning "Wait!" 126. *honest,* honorable. 131. *be resolv'd,* have his doubts dispelled. 136. *Thorough,* a dissyllabic form of "through." 140. *so please him,* if it please him. 142. *presently,* immediately. 143. *to friend,* as a friend. 145. *still,* always. 146. *shrewdly,* mischievously. Hence the meaning is "When I have misgivings, they always turn out to be mischievously correct."

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well!
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

BRUTUS. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done.
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

CASSIUS. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

BRUTUS. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

ANTONY. I doubt not of your wisdom.

152. *let blood,* bled. An allusion to "bleeding" as a remedy for illness. *rank,* diseased from repletion. The remedy was blood-letting. 157. *bear me hard,* bear a grudge against me. 158. *purpled hands,* blood-covered hands. 159. *Live,* if I live. 160. *apt,* ready. 161. *mean,* means. 162. *by Cæsar,* beside Caesar. 174. *in strength of malice,* violent in enmity. 178. *dignities,* offices. 181. *deliver,* report.

Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true;
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy Lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

CASSIUS. Mark Anthony,—

ANTONY. Pardon me, Caius Cassius.
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

CASSIUS. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANTONY. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed

191. *credit,* honor. 192. *conceit,* believe. 196. *dearer,* more keenly. 202. *close,* compromise. 204. *bay'd,* brought to bay. *hart,* a stag (a pun upon "heart" and "hart" is involved). 206. *Sign'd in,* marked with the signs of. *Lethe,* oblivion, hence, death. 213. *modesty,* moderation. 215. *compact,* agreement. 216. *prick'd,* marked.

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.
BRUTUS. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.
ANTONY. That's all I seek;
And am, moreover, suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
BRUTUS. You shall, Mark Antony.
CASSIUS. Brutus, a word with you.
(Aside to BRUTUS*)* You know not what you do. Do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?
BRUTUS. By your pardon.
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death.
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
CASSIUS. I know not what may fall; I like it not.
BRUTUS. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
ANTONY. Be it so.
I do desire no more.

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224. *full . . . regard,* worthy of approval, well considered. 228. *Produce,* bring forward. 230. *order,* course. 238. *protest,* make known. 242. *advantage,* benefit. 243. *fall,* befall.

BRUTUS. Prepare the body then, and follow us. *(Exeunt all but* ANTONY)

ANTONY. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue:
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;
And Cæsar'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
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

(Enter OCTAVIUS' SERVANT)

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

SERVANT. I do, Mark Antony.

ANTONY. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

SERVANT. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Cæsar!— *(Seeing the body)*

ANTONY. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

SERVANT. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

ANTONY. Post back with speed and tell him what hath chanc'd.

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257. *tide of times,* the ebb and flow of the ages. 264. *cumber,* encumber, burden. 266. *objects,* sights. 268. *quarter'd,* slaughtered. 269. *fell,* cruel. 271. *Ate,* goddess of vengeance. 272. *confines,* regions. 273. *"Havoc,"* a cry which meant "Kill without quarter." *let slip,* unleash. 274. *That,* so that. 275. *carrion,* dead and putrefying. 283. *Passion,* sorrow. 286. *lies,* is camped.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place. There shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. *(Exeunt with Cæsar's body)*

Scene II. *Rome. The Forum.*

(Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *with the* PLEBEIANS*)*

PLEBEIANS. We will be satisfied! Let us be satisfied!

BRUTUS. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1. PLEBEIAN. I will hear Brutus speak.

2. PLEBEIAN. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

(Exit CASSIUS, *with some of the* PLEBEIANS. BRUTUS *goes into the pulpit)*

3. PLEBEIAN. The noble Brutus is ascended; silence!

BRUTUS. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all

292. *try,* experiment to discover. 294. *issue,* deed. 295. *the which,* public sentiment. ACT III, SCENE II. 1. *satisfied,* completely informed. 4. *part the numbers,* divide the crowd. 10. *severally,* individually. 17. *censure,* judge. 18. *senses,* intellectual powers.

free-men? As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

ALL. None, Brutus, none.

BRUTUS. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

(Enter ANTONY *and others, with Cæsar's body)*

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

ALL. Live, Brutus! live, live!

1. PLEBEIAN. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2. PLEBEIAN. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3. PLEBEIAN. Let him be Cæsar.

4. PLEBEIAN. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1. PLEBEIAN. We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamors.

BRUTUS. My countrymen,—

2. PLEBEIAN. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

1. PLEBEIAN. Peace, ho!

BRUTUS. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. *(Exit)*

1. PLEBEIAN. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

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34. *rude,* boorish. 41. *question of . . . enroll'd.* The reasons for his death are recorded. 42. *extenuated,* understated. 43. *enforc'd,* exaggerated.

3. PLEBEIAN. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.
ANTONY. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. *(Goes into the pulpit)*
4. PLEBEIAN. What does he say of Brutus?
3. PLEBEIAN. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
4. PLEBEIAN. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
1. PLEBEIAN. This Cæsar was a tyrant.
3. PLEBEIAN. Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
2. PLEBEIAN. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
ANTONY. You gentle Romans,—
ALL. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
ANTONY. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest
(For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men),
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

70. *beholding,* beholden. 85. *answer'd it,* paid for it. 90. *just,* exact and punctual. 94. *general coffers,* public treasury.

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1. PLEBEIAN. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2. PLEBEIAN. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3. PLEBEIAN. Has he not, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4. PLEBEIAN. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1. PLEBEIAN. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2. PLEBEIAN. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3. PLEBEIAN. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4. PLEBEIAN. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

ANTONY. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world. Now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which (pardon me) I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

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119. *dear abide it,* pay dearly for it. 125. *to do,* as to do. 134. *closet,* private room 135. *commons,* common people. 138. *napkins,* handkerchiefs.

And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.
4. PLEBEIAN. We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.
ALL. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.
ANTONY. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men:
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!
4. PLEBEIAN. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony.
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.
ANTONY. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.
4. PLEBEIAN. They were traitors; honorable men!
ALL. The will! the testament!
2. PLEBEIAN. They were villains, murderers. The will! read the will.
ANTONY. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
ALL. Come down.
2. PLEBEIAN. Descend.
3. PLEBEIAN. You shall have leave.
(ANTONY *comes down from the pulpit)*
4. PLEBEIAN. A ring; stand round.
1. PLEBEIAN. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.
2. PLEBEIAN. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.
ANTONY. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
ALL. Stand back; room; bear back!
ANTONY. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on.
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.

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169. *hearse*, bier.

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd,
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty heart,
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity. These are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here: *(Lifting Cæsar's mantle)*
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1. PLEBEIAN. O piteous spectacle!
2. PLEBEIAN. O noble Cæsar!
3. PLEBEIAN. O woeful day!
4. PLEBEIAN. O traitors, villains!
1. PLEBEIAN. O most bloody sight!
2. PLEBEIAN. We will be reveng'd!

ALL. Revenge! About!
Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!
Let not a traitor live!

ANTONY. Stay, countrymen.

1. PLEBEIAN. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.
2. PLEBEIAN. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

ANTONY. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

179. *envious,* malicious. 183. *resolv'd,* assured. 185. *angel,* guardian spirit. 198. *dint,* impact. 215. *mutiny,* disorder.

They that have done this deed are honorable.
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him;
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on.
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

ALL. We'll mutiny.

1. PLEBEIAN. We'll burn the house of Brutus!

3. PLEBEIAN. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

ANTONY. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

ALL. Peace, ho! hear Antony, most noble Antony!

ANTONY. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not; I must tell you, then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.

ALL. Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

ANTONY. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2. PLEBEIAN. Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge his death.

3. PLEBEIAN. O royal Cæsar!

ANTONY. Hear me with patience.

ALL. Peace, ho!

ANTONY. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

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225. *wit*, intelligence. 226. *Action*, gesture. *utterance*, good delivery. 232. ***ruffle up***, arouse. 247. *drachmas*, Roman coins, each worth only about nineteen cents, but with a high purchasing power.

His private arbors and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?
1. PLEBEIAN. Never, never! Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
2. PLEBEIAN. Go fetch fire!
3. PLEBEIAN. Pluck down benches!
4. PLEBEIAN. Pluck down forms, windows, anything!
(Exeunt PLEBEIANS *with the body)*
ANTONY. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot.
Take thou what course thou wilt!

253. *orchards,* gardens. 255. *common pleasures,* parks. 264. *forms,* long benches.

Questions

STATE as specifically as you can the purposes of a typical biographer. To what extent does Plutarch achieve these purposes? Can you find, in this passage, any support for the claim of some that Plutarch was one of the "great" biographers?

2. (a) Plutarch says that Antony, in his talk with the conspirators, urged that Cæsar's will be made public. He also indicates that the will was read before the funeral address was delivered. What purposes of biography required that he set down these details?

(b) Shakespeare, by contrast, includes no mention of the will in Antony's conversation with the conspirators. Furthermore, he shows Antony first making public the contents of the will at the time when he delivers his funeral address. What purposes of drama—as distinguished from the purposes of biography—justified these manipulations?

3. Plutarch does not quote directly the remarks of any of the characters; Shakespeare quotes all their words throughout. Considering the different aims of the two authors, how may this difference be justified? (We don't want this answer: You don't have a play unless people talk.) Note, for instance, the protests of Cassius—III, i, 144-146, 211, 214-217, 232-235, 243.

4. Contrast the language employed by the two authors. How are the differences you find related to the differences between their aims?

5. Here are a few passages in the drama which parallel nothing in the biography and which, therefore, Shakespeare apparently invented. How did the invention and handling of each passage contribute to the drama—in other words, what justified his inventing the happenings?

(a) Antony's servant conveys Antony's regards and exacts a promise that Antony will not be harmed by the conspirators (III, i, 123-137). It may be

helpful to compare Antony's speech (III, i, 151-163).

(b) Antony addresses the dead Cæsar (III, i, 148-150, 194-210, 254-275), converses with Octavius' servant (III, i, 276-296), and comments upon the results of his funeral address (III, ii, 265-266).

(c) Brutus makes a speech and the populace reacts to it (III, ii, 1-76). Contrast Antony's speech and the public reaction.

(d) Antony not only shows Cæsar's gown and the "number of cuts and holes it had upon it"; he points out exactly which hole was made by each of the conspirators (III, ii, 178-190).

6. (a) Granville Barker classifies Shakespeare's Brutus, Cassius, and Antony, respectively, as "the idealist, the egoist, and the opportunist." He says that "the contrast between them, the action and reaction of one upon the other, is most carefully contrived." Are his statements about these men and the contrast between them justified by this scene? Contrast the way Plutarch portrays them in his biography, and explain why his treatment has to be different.

(b) E. K. Chambers sees the conflict between Brutus and Antony as "righteousness massed against efficiency and showing itself clearly impotent in the unequal contest." "Had we only to do with the fate of individuals," he continues, "it might pass. But the selection of the artist makes the puppets more than individuals. They stand for spiritual forces, and in the spiritual order the triumph of efficiency over righteousness is tragic stuff." What does he mean? How valid is the claim as a statement about the play? As a statement about Plutarch's biography? What does your consideration of play and biography in this light suggest about the aims and methods of imaginative literature?

7. Why is it more difficult to formulate differences between Plutarch's biography and Shakespeare's scenes than between (a) Romer and Melville, (b) Hohman and Melville, (c) *Newsweek* and Shaw?

8. On the basis of your reading so far, what generalizations are possible about (a) aims and methods of authors of imaginative works? (b) the values to the reader of imaginative writing?

9. What do your generalizations imply about an appropriate way to read fiction, drama, and poetry as contrasted with an appropriate way to read factual works?

MATTER AND MANNER

Happenings

Your contrasts between factual writing and imaginative writing have shown you what the latter, in some instances at least, may do. As you read other imaginative works, you will, of course, enlarge your list of possible achievements. Just now it is enough to say that typical imaginative writing may effectively show human feelings, motives, actions, and experience; that such writing may embody an emotional interpretation—the author's interpretation—of life; and that imaginative writing, therefore, may affect not only the thoughts but also the feelings of the reader.

How does an author shape his writings so they will do these things?—that is the next question for you to consider. The world, as we know it, is a collection of varied scenes thronging with multitudes of people whose characters and actions vary greatly. The author, looking at the world in his own individual way, is eager to represent and interpret it in a story, a drama, or a poem. How will he go about his task?

He will, of course, select characters, happenings, and scenes. Suppose that he decides that he will write about one man of the many he knows in life and in books: suppose that he decides to write about Andrew Jackson. A scientific biographer of Jackson might feel impelled to set down every detail about Jackson ascertainable from birth to death. The imaginative author, by contrast, might treat only a few hours in Jackson's life (as Vachel Lindsay did in his poem, "Old, Old, Old Andrew Jackson"). And certainly the imaginative writer would include only those details, real and imagined, which he thought significant for his representation and interpretation. Every imaginative author thus selects and arranges details, and uses words as well as he can, to communicate his insights to the reader. He strives to make all the elements in his work, all his technical procedures, contribute to his saying what he has to say.

Your purpose as you study the rest of this section is to learn about the manner of the author—the selection, the arrangement, and the handling of the matter of life in fiction, drama, and poetry. In other words you will be studying the craftsmanship used in managing important elements in imaginative literature. The elements to be studied will include *Happenings, Characters, Setting, Language, Tone,* and *Meaning.*

Selection and arrangement of happenings

The happenings in an imaginative work ordinarily are not chosen or set down in an aimless and unthinking fashion. Rarely does a storyteller follow a character from his birth to his death: usually he follows him through only a few years, days, or even minutes. And even when his narrative covers a brief period, the author usually leaves out many details. Probably very few authors would say, for instance: "Pete awoke at seven, yawned, scratched his nose, cleared his throat, decided that he must

get up, crawled out of the left side of bed, donned his slippers, went to the closet and got his bathrobe, went to the bathroom, took a shower, shaved, returned to the bedroom, dressed . . ." and so on interminably. A much wiser author quite possibly might skip all these dull and meaningless details and simply write, "Next morning Pete, at the office, began work on the big deal."

A moment's examination of almost any imaginative work will show that the author has taken for granted some incidents, merely referred to others, and recounted still others in great detail. Often authors take still other liberties and arrange occurrences in orders which do not follow the order of time. For instance, an author may outline his whole story and then go back to the start and cover the same time span for a second time; or he may confine his narrative to a single scene and outline what has gone before and imply what will follow.

Such omissions, simplifications, and manipulations are justified if they help the author create a work with more form, and therefore with more articulated meaning and impact, than life has. When an author selects and arranges happenings so that every gesture, every fleeting thought, every movement, and every deed has been related to a perceivable scheme or pattern, he has made a good start toward expressing such an articulated meaning. (The pattern itself, quite often, will have an implied meaning.) And when he has so handled other elements in the story—character and setting, for instance—as to make them, too, contribute their share to the whole work, the artist will have achieved his aim.

How, then, may an author select and arrange *happenings* so that they will follow such a pattern? He may "plot" his narrative in such a way as to make it both complete and economical. His "plot," as some critics call a patterned series of interrelated happenings, will be complete if it tells one story from beginning to end. The completeness will be perceivable if the happenings add up to a single significant change or lack of change, and if reasons may be found for the narrative's beginning, developing, and ending exactly as it does. The account will be economical if, as Edgar Allan Poe has put it in describing a perfect plot, "no part can be displaced without ruin to the whole." Aristotle, who, though a philosopher, had a good deal of common sense, suggested long ago that a patterned narrative—a plot—"must represent one action, a complete whole, with its several incidents so closely connected that the transposal or withdrawal of any one of them will disjoin and dislocate the whole."

Patterns of action

An author may create such a unified work in various ways. A detective story offers a completed line of action when it shows a brilliant sleuth who has been confronted with a problem working out a solution. The pattern properly starts with the problem and the detective, the development properly consists of a growing comprehension of the solution, and a proper ending is the solution of the problem. Another unified story may trace the growing love of a character for another from its beginning to an ending wherein the character's great love is proved beyond a doubt. Still another complete story—a typical one by Poe, say—may tell of a graduated development of some emotion, terror perhaps, which ends when the emotion reaches a

crescendo. In still another unified story, an ambitious character may decide to reach some goal, he may then strive to reach it, and the story may conclude when the goal is reached. Thus happenings which add up to a completely developed knowledge, a completely developed attitude, a completely developed emotion, or a completely developed achievement, may be complete and economical wholes. A scheme of this sort might be pictured thus: The rising line would represent a graduated change.

Another type of story might tell of a character or situation which does *not* change. Suppose the leading character is a rascal at the start of the story, that most of the happenings consist of people's trying to convert him, and that, at the end, he continues to be a reprobate. The significant fact would be that the character remains the same, and perhaps the picture would be this one:

Still another type of unified narrative might, by contrast, be pictured thus: Such a "two part" or "complex" narrative would involve a reversal. There is such a reversal in the scenes from *Julius Cæsar* (pp. 22-34): during the first (rising) part of the action, Brutus wins over the mob, then comes a turning point, or climax, and during the second (falling) part of the action, Antony, Brutus' rival, wins the mob's approval. In another such schematized narrative, after a character has been deceived for a time, he may catch a glimpse of truth, and from that time on his comprehension may grow. In still another, an emotion may change: terror, say, may be supplanted by bravery. Or a character, after progressing toward his goal, may fail. Such complex developments would contrast with the simple development of an attitude, or knowledge, or emotion, or achievement, described a couple of paragraphs ago. The counterpart of the reprobate story discussed above would, of course, be a narrative in which a character undergoes conversion.

Conflict

All three kinds of action patterns, more often than not, will involve one or more conflicts, contests between opposing forces—man versus nature, perhaps, man versus society, man versus "fate." Or the conflict may be an "internal" one—between two parts of a man's nature. In the simple scheme, one force will consistently move toward victory; in the "unchanging" scheme, a stubborn force will successfully resist change; in the complex scheme, one force will win for a time, and then the opposing force will gain the upper hand and go on to triumph.

In many narratives, not one but several strands such as these are followed to completion. In Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath,* for instance, the characters battle against an economic situation and are rather consistently defeated; they triumph over the obstacles of nature as they make their way to California; and they gradually comprehend their problem and its solution.

An imaginative writer who deals with happenings, then, copes with the problem of finding some complete and economic scheme for plotting and relating his incidents. A careful reader has the task of seeing what the happenings in a narrative are and how the author gives—or fails to give—unity to the pattern of action.

This is a simple account in verse of the exciting and sad adventures of the woman Frankie and the man who "done her wrong." It has been memorized and sung by thousands of people, both educated and uneducated, who are evidently enthralled by the story and the way it is told. Who wrote the first version (about 1888), nobody knows, and nobody knows how the words went in that first version because people have sung it from memory and some have consciously or unconsciously changed it. This does not mean—as the reader will see—that the account in the form presented below is not well handled.

ANONYMOUS

Frankie and Johnny

FRANKIE and Johnny were lovers, O, how that couple could love.
Swore to be true to each other, true as the stars above.
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie she was his woman, everybody knows.
She spent one hundred dollars for a suit of Johnny's clothes.
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie and Johnny went walking, Johnny in his bran' new suit,
"O good Lawd," says Frankie, "but don't my Johnnie look cute?"
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie went down to Memphis; she went on the evening train.
She paid one hundred dollars for Johnny a watch and chain.
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie went down to the corner, to buy a glass of beer;
She says to the bartender, "Has my loving man been here?
He is my man; he wouldn't do me wrong."

"Ain't going to tell you no story, ain't going to tell you no lie,
I seen your man 'bout an hour ago with a girl named Alice Fry.
If he's your man, he's doing you wrong."

Frankie went back to the hotel, she didn't go there for fun,

Under her long red kimono she toted a forty-four gun.
He was her man, he was doing her wrong.

Frankie went down to the hotel, looked in the window so high,
There was her lovin' Johnny a-lovin' up Alice Fry;
He was her man, he was doing her wrong.

Frankie threw back her kimono; took out the old forty-four;
Roota-toot-toot, three times she shot, right through that hotel door.
She shot her man, 'cause he done her wrong.

Johnny grabbed off his Stetson. "O good Lawd, Frankie, don't shoot."
But Frankie put her finger on the trigger, and the gun went roota-toot-toot.
He was her man, but she shot him down.

"Roll me over easy, roll me over slow,
Roll me over easy, boys, 'cause my wounds is hurting me so,
I was her man, but I done her wrong."

With the first shot Johnny staggered; with the second shot he fell;
When the third bullet hit him, there was a new man's face in hell.
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

"Oh, bring on your rubber-tired hearses, bring on your rubber-tired hacks,
They're takin' Johnny to the buryin' groun' but they'll never bring him back.
He was my man, but he done me wrong."

Happenings

Do the happenings in this narrative have a unified pattern? If not, prove that they do not. If so, state the exact nature of the unity and justify your answer by referring to the text.

2. What do the repetitions and the variations in the final lines of all the stanzas accomplish in the telling of the story? Precisely how?

3. Lines 1-12 set forth the situation and acquaint us with each of the lovers. How do they do this? Thereafter, the rest of the narrative is presented in a series of scenes. How many scenes are there? How can you account for the relative length of the development of each? Is the omission of some events justified or unjustified?

4. Which of the following does Johnny have: vanity, good taste, impeccable manners, fickleness, complete lack of moral sense, gratitude? Point out passages which lead you to draw your conclusions about him. How do his qualities make possible some of the happenings? What kind of person is Frankie? Relate her qualities to the events in the poem.

5. Are some stanzas unnecessary? Would you suggest rearranging any of the stanzas? Why or why not?

6. One version of the song adds the following four stanzas to the stanzas we have given:

The judge he said to the jury, "It's plain
as plain can be.
This woman shot her man, so it's mur-
der in the second degree.
He was her man, though he done her
wrong."

Now it wasn't murder in the second
degree, it wasn't murder in the
third.
Frankie simply dropped her man, like
a hunter drops a bird.
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

"Oh, put me in that dungeon. Oh, put
me in that cell.
Put me where the northeast wind blows
from the southwest corner of hell.
I shot my man 'cause he done me
wrong."

Frankie walked up to the scaffold, calm
as a girl could be,
She turned her eyes to heaven and said,
"Good Lord, I'm coming to thee.
He was my man, and I done him wrong."

How would the addition of these stanzas change the whole nature of the narrative? Would the new pattern be a unified one? How might Frankie's remark in the final line be justified as the culmination of the development which these stanzas trace?

7. In your opinion, do the happenings in this poem by themselves account for its continued fascination? If not, how would you account for the popularity of "Frankie and Johnny"?

Lord Dunsany by his own account has devoted ninety-seven per cent of his life to athletic activities and only three per cent to writing. Included in the "athletic activities" was his service in the Boer War and World War I. Although his writing seemingly has occupied a small part of his time, he has been a prolific author of plays and short stories. The combination of melodrama and fantasy in this play, his most famous, is found in many of his works.

LORD DUNSANY

A night at an inn

CHARACTERS

A. E. SCOTT-FORTESCUE (THE TOFF) — *a dilapidated gentleman*
WILLIAM JONES (BILL) — *merchant sailors*
ALBERT THOMAS — *merchant sailors*
JACOB SMITH (SNIGGERS) — *merchant sailors*
1ST PRIEST OF KLESH
2ND PRIEST OF KLESH
3RD PRIEST OF KLESH
KLESH

The Curtain rises on a room in an inn. SNIGGERS *and* BILL *are talking.* THE TOFF *is reading a paper.* ALBERT *sits a little apart.*

SNIGGERS. What's his idea, I wonder?
BILL. I don't know.
SNIGGERS. And how much longer will he keep us here?
BILL. We've been here three days.
SNIGGERS. And 'aven't seen a soul.
BILL. And a pretty penny it cost us when he rented the pub.
SNIGGERS. 'Ow long did 'e rent the pub for?
BILL. You never know with him.
SNIGGERS. It's lonely enough.
BILL. 'Ow long did you rent the pub for, Toffy?
(THE TOFF *continues to read a sporting paper; he takes no notice of what is said*)
SNIGGERS. 'E's such a toff.
BILL. Yet 'e's clever, no mistake.
SNIGGERS. Those clever ones are the beggars to make a muddle. Their plans

From *Plays of Gods and Men*, by Lord Dunsany. Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

are clever enough, but they don't work, and then they make a mess of things much worse than you or me.

BILL. Ah!

SNIGGERS. I don't like this place.

BILL. Why not?

SNIGGERS. I don't like the looks of it.

BILL. He's keeping us here because here those niggers can't find us. The three heathen priests what was looking for us so. But we want to go and sell our ruby soon.

ALBERT. There's no sense in it.

BILL. Why not, Albert?

ALBERT. Because I gave those black devils the slip in Hull.

BILL. You give 'em the slip, Albert?

ALBERT. The slip, all three of them. The fellows with the gold spots on their foreheads. I had the ruby then, and I give them the slip in Hull.

BILL. How did you do it, Albert?

ALBERT. I had the ruby and they were following me . . .

BILL. Who told them you had the ruby? You didn't show it?

ALBERT. No . . . But they kind of know.

SNIGGERS. They kind of know, Albert?

ALBERT. Yes, they know if you've got it. Well, they sort of mouched after me, and I tells a policeman and he says, O they were only three poor niggers and they wouldn't hurt me. Ugh! When I thought of what they did in Malta to poor old Jim.

BILL. Yes, and to George in Bombay before we started.

SNIGGERS. Ugh!

BILL. Why didn't you give 'em in charge?

ALBERT. What about the ruby, Bill?

BILL. Ah!

ALBERT. Well, I did better than that. I walks up and down through Hull. I walks slow enough. And then I turns a corner and I runs. I never sees a corner but I turns it. But sometimes I let a corner pass just to fool them. I twists about like a hare. Then I sits down and waits. No priests.

SNIGGERS. What?

ALBERT. No heathen black devils with gold spots on their face. I give 'em the slip.

BILL. Well done, Albert.

SNIGGERS *(after a sigh of content)*. Why didn't you tell us?

ALBERT. 'Cause 'e won't let you speak. 'E's got 'is plans and 'e thinks we're silly folk. Things must be done 'is way. And all the time I've give 'em the slip. Might 'ave 'ad one o' them crooked knives in him before now but for me who give 'em the slip in Hull.

BILL. Well done, Albert.

SNIGGERS. Do you hear that, Toffy? Albert has give 'em the slip.

THE TOFF. Yes, I hear.

SNIGGERS. Well, what do you say to that?

THE TOFF. O . . . Well done, Albert.

ALBERT. And what a' you going to do?

THE TOFF. Going to wait.

ALBERT. Don't seem to know what 'e's waiting for.

SNIGGERS. It's a nasty place.

ALBERT. It's getting silly, Bill. Our money's gone and we want to sell the ruby. Let's get on to a town.

BILL. But 'e won't come.

ALBERT. Then we'll leave him.

SNIGGERS. We'll be all right if we keep away from Hull.

ALBERT. We'll go to London.

BILL. But 'e must 'ave 'is share.

SNIGGERS. All right. Only let's go. *(To* THE TOFF*)* We're going, do you hear? Give us the ruby.

THE TOFF. Certainly.

(He gives them a ruby from his waistcoat pocket: it is the size of a small hen's egg. He goes on reading his paper)

ALBERT. Come on, Sniggers. *(Exeunt* ALBERT *and* SNIGGERS*)*

BILL. Good-bye, old man. We'll give you your fair share, but there's nothing to do here, no girls, no halls, and we must sell the ruby.

THE TOFF. I'm not a fool, Bill.

BILL. No, no, of course not. Of course you ain't, and you've helped us a lot. Good-bye. You'll say good-bye?

THE TOFF. Oh, yes. Good-bye.

(Still reads paper. Exit BILL. THE TOFF *puts a revolver on the table beside him and goes on with his paper)*

SNIGGERS *(out of breath).* We've come back, Toffy.

THE TOFF. So you have.

ALBERT. Toffy—how did they get here?

THE TOFF. They walked, of course.

ALBERT. But it's eighty miles.

SNIGGERS. Did you know they were here, Toffy?

THE TOFF. Expected them about now.

ALBERT. Eighty miles.

BILL. Toffy, old man—what are we to do?

THE TOFF. Ask Albert.

BILL. If they can do things like this there's no one can save us but you, Toffy —I always knew you were a clever one. We won't be fools any more. We'll obey you, Toffy.

THE TOFF. You're brave enough and strong enough. There isn't many that would steal a ruby eye out of an idol's head, and such an idol as that was to look at, and on such a night. You're brave enough, Bill. But you're all three of you fools. Jim would have none of my plans and where's Jim? And George. What did they do to him?

SNIGGERS. Don't, Toffy!

THE TOFF. Well, then, your strength is no use to you. You want cleverness; or they'll have you the way that they had George and Jim.

ALL. Ugh!

THE TOFF. Those black priests would follow you round the world in circles, year after year, till they got the idol's eye. And if we died with it they'd follow our grandchildren. That fool thinks he can escape men like that by running round three streets in the town of Hull.

ALBERT. God's truth, *you* 'aven't escaped them, because they're *'ere.*

THE TOFF. So I supposed.

ALBERT. You *supposed!*

THE TOFF. Yes, I believe there's no announcement in the Society papers. But I took this country seat especially to receive them. There's plenty of room if you dig; it is pleasantly situated and what is most important it is in a very quiet neighbourhood. So I am at home to them this afternoon.

BILL. Well, you're a deep one.

THE TOFF. And remember you've only my wits between you and death, and don't put your futile plans against those of an educated gentleman.

ALBERT. If you're a gentleman, why don't you go about among gentlemen instead of the likes of us?

THE TOFF. Because I was too clever for them as I am too clever for you.

ALBERT. Too clever for them?

THE TOFF. I never lost a game of cards in my life.

BILL. You never lost a game?

THE TOFF. Not when there was money on it.

BILL. Well, well.

THE TOFF. Have a game of poker?

ALL. No, thanks.

THE TOFF. Then do as you're told.

BILL. All right, Toffy.

SNIGGERS. I saw something just then. Hadn't we better draw the curtains?

THE TOFF. No.

SNIGGERS. What?

THE TOFF. Don't draw the curtains.

SNIGGERS. O all right.

BILL. But Toffy, they can see us. One doesn't let the enemy do that. I don't see why...

THE TOFF. No, of course you don't.

BILL. O all right, Toffy. *(All begin to pull out revolvers)*

THE TOFF *(putting his own away).* No revolvers, please.

ALBERT. Why not?

THE TOFF. Because I don't want any noise at my party. We might get guests that hadn't been invited. *Knives* are a different matter.

(All draw knives. THE TOFF *signs to them not to draw them yet.* TOFFY *has already taken back his ruby)*

BILL. I think they're coming, Toffy.

THE TOFF. Not yet.

ALBERT. When will they come?

THE TOFF. When I am quite ready to receive them. Not before.

SNIGGERS. I should like to get this over.

THE TOFF. Should you? Then we'll have them now.

SNIGGERS. Now?

THE TOFF. Yes. Listen to me. You shall do as you see me do. You will all pretend to go out. I'll show you how. I've got the ruby. When they see me alone they will come for their idol's eye.

BILL. How can they tell like this which of us has it?

THE TOFF. I confess I don't know, but they seem to.

SNIGGERS. What will you do when they come in?

THE TOFF. I shall do nothing.

SNIGGERS. What?

THE TOFF. They will creep up behind me. Then my friends, Sniggers and Bill and Albert, who gave them the slip, will do what they can.

BILL. All right, Toffy. Trust us.

THE TOFF. If you're a little slow you will see enacted the cheerful spectacle that accompanied the demise of Jim.

SNIGGERS. Don't, Toffy. We'll be there all right.

THE TOFF. Very well. Now watch me. *(He goes past the windows to the inner door* R.; *he opens it inwards. Then under cover of the open door he slips down on his knee and closes it, remaining on the inside, appearing to have gone out. He signs to the others who understand. Then he appears to re-enter in the same manner)* Now, I shall sit with my back to the door. You go out one by one so far as our friends can make out. Crouch very low

to be on the safe side. They mustn't see you through the window. (BILL *makes his sham exit)* Remember, no revolvers. The police are, I believe, proverbially inquisitive.

(The other two follow BILL. *All three are now crouching inside the door* R. THE TOFF *puts the ruby beside him on the table. He lights a cigarette. The door in back opens so slowly that you can hardly say at what moment it began.* THE TOFF *picks up his paper. A* NATIVE OF INDIA *wriggles along the floor ever so slowly, seeking cover from chairs. He moves* L. *where* THE TOFF *is. The three sailors are* R. SNIGGERS *and* ALBERT *lean forward.* BILL'S *arm keeps them back. An armchair had better conceal them from the* INDIAN. *The black* PRIEST *nears* THE TOFF. BILL *watches to see if any more are coming. Then he leaps forward alone [he has taken his boots off] and knifes the* PRIEST. *The* PRIEST *tries to shout but* BILL'S *left hand is over his mouth.* THE TOFF *continues to read his sporting paper. He never looks round)*

BILL *(sotto voce).* There's only one, Toffy. What shall we do?

THE TOFF *(without turning his head).* Only one?

BILL. Yes.

THE TOFF. Wait a moment. Let me think. *(Still apparently absorbed in his paper)* Ah, yes. You go back, Bill. We must attract another guest. Now are you ready?

BILL. Yes.

THE TOFF. All right. You shall now see my demise at my Yorkshire residence. You must receive guests for me. *(He leaps up in full view of the window, flings up both arms and falls on the floor near the dead* PRIEST.*)* Now be ready. *(His eyes close)*

(There is a long pause. Again the door opens, very, very slowly. Another PRIEST *creeps in. He has three golden spots upon his forehead. He looks round, then he creeps up to his companion and turns him over and looks inside each of his clenched hands. Then he looks at the recumbent* TOFF. *Then he creeps towards him.* BILL *slips after him and knifes him like the other with his left hand over his mouth)*

BILL *(sotto voce).* We've only got two, Toffy.

THE TOFF. Still another.

BILL. What'll we do?

THE TOFF *(sitting up).* Hum.

BILL. This is the best way, much.

THE TOFF. Out of the question. Never play the same game twice.

BILL. Why not, Toffy?

THE TOFF. Doesn't work if you do.

BILL. Well?

THE TOFF. I have it, Albert. You will now walk into the room. I showed you how to do it.

ALBERT. Yes.

THE TOFF. Just run over here and have a fight at this window with these two men.

ALBERT. But they're——

THE TOFF. Yes, they're dead, my perspicuous Albert. But Bill and I are going to resuscitate them——Come on. (BILL *picks up a body under the arms)* That's right, Bill. *(Does the same)* Come and help us, Sniggers. (SNIGGERS *comes)* Keep low, keep low. Wave their arms about, Sniggers. Don't show yourself. Now, Albert, over you go. Our Albert is slain. Back you get, Bill. Back, Sniggers. Still, Albert. Mustn't move when he comes. Not a muscle.

(A face appears at the window and stays for some time. Then the door opens and looking craftily round the third PRIEST *enters. He looks at his companions' bodies and turns round. He suspects something. He takes up one of the knives and with a knife in each hand he puts his back to the wall. He looks to the left and right)*

THE TOFF. Come on, Bill. *(The* PRIEST *rushes to the door.* THE TOFF *knifes the last* PRIEST *from behind)* A good day's work, my friends.

BILL. Well done, Toffy. Oh, you are a deep one.

ALBERT. A deep one if ever there was one.

SNIGGERS. There ain't any more, Bill, are there?

THE TOFF. No more in the world, my friend.

BILL. Aye, that's all there are. There were only three in the temple. Three priests and their beastly idol.

ALBERT. What is it worth, Toffy? Is it worth a thousand pounds?

THE TOFF. It's worth all they've got in the shop. Worth just whatever we like to ask for it.

ALBERT. Then we're millionaires, now.

THE TOFF. Yes, and what is more important, we no longer have any heirs.

BILL. We'll have to sell it now.

ALBERT. That won't be easy. It's a pity it isn't small and we had half a dozen. Hadn't the idol any other on him?

BILL. No, he was green jade all over and only had this one eye. He had it in the middle of his forehead, and was a long sight uglier than anything else in the world.

SNIGGERS. I'm sure we ought all to be very grateful to Toffy.

BILL. And indeed we ought.

ALBERT. If it hadn't 'ave been for him——

BILL. Yes, if it hadn't 'a' been for old Toffy . . .

SNIGGERS. He's a deep one.

THE TOFF. Well, you see, I just have a knack of foreseeing things.
SNIGGERS. I should think you did.
BILL. Why, I don't suppose anything happens that our Toff doesn't foresee. Does it, Toffy?
THE TOFF. Well, I don't think it does, Bill. I don't think it often does.
BILL. Life is no more than just a game of cards to our old Toff.
THE TOFF. Well, we've taken these fellows' trick.
SNIGGERS *(going to the window).* It wouldn't do for any one to see them.
THE TOFF. O nobody will come this way. We're all alone on a moor.
BILL. Where will we put them?
THE TOFF. Bury them in the cellar, but there's no hurry.
BILL. And what then, Toffy?
THE TOFF. Why, then we'll go to London and upset the ruby business. We have really come through this job very nicely.
BILL. I think the first thing that we ought to do is to give a little supper to old Toffy. We'll bury these fellows to-night.
ALBERT. Yes, let's.
SNIGGERS. The very thing.
BILL. And we'll all drink his health.
ALBERT. Good old Toffy.
SNIGGERS. He ought to have been a general or a premier. *(They get bottles from cupboard, etc.)*
THE TOFF. Well, we've earned our bit of a supper. *(They sit down)*
BILL *(glass in hand).* Here's to old Toffy who guessed everything.
ALBERT AND SNIGGERS. Good old Toffy.
BILL. Toffy who saved our lives and made our fortunes.
ALBERT AND SNIGGERS. Hear. Hear.
THE TOFF. And here's to Bill who saved me twice to-night.
BILL. Couldn't have done it but for your cleverness, Toffy.
SNIGGERS. Hear, hear. Hear, hear.
ALBERT. He foresees everything.
BILL. A speech, Toffy. A speech from our general.
ALL. Yes, a speech.
SNIGGERS. A speech.
THE TOFF. Well, get me some water. This whiskey's too much for my head, and I must keep it clear till our friends are safe in the cellar.
BILL. Water. Yes, of course. Get him some water, Sniggers.
SNIGGERS. We don't use water here. Where shall I get it?
BILL. Outside in the garden. *(Exit* SNIGGERS)
ALBERT. Here's to fortune.
BILL. Here's to Albert Thomas Esquire.
ALBERT. And William Jones Esquire. *(Reënter* SNIGGERS *terrified)*

THE TOFF. Hullo, here's Jacob Smith Esquire, J. P., alias Sniggers, back again.

SNIGGERS. Toffy, I've been a thinking about my share in that ruby. I don't want it, Toffy, I don't want it.

THE TOFF. Nonsense, Sniggers, nonsense.

SNIGGERS. You shall have it, Toffy, you shall have it yourself, only say Sniggers has no share in this 'ere ruby. Say it, Toffy, say it.

BILL. Want to turn informer, Sniggers?

SNIGGERS. No, no. Only I don't want the ruby, Toffy . . .

THE TOFF. No more nonsense, Sniggers; we're all in together in this. If one hangs we all hang; but they won't outwit me. Besides, it's not a hanging affair; they had their knives.

SNIGGERS. Toffy, Toffy, I always treated you fair, Toffy. I was always one to say, Give Toffy a chance. Take back my share, Toffy.

THE TOFF. What's the matter? What are you driving at?

SNIGGERS. Take it back, Toffy.

THE TOFF. Answer me; what are you up to?

SNIGGERS. I don't want my share any more.

BILL. Have you seen the police? (ALBERT *pulls out his knife)*

THE TOFF. No, no knives, Albert.

ALBERT. What then?

THE TOFF. The honest truth in open court, barring the ruby. We were attacked.

SNIGGERS. There's no police.

THE TOFF. Well, then, what's the matter?

BILL. Out with it.

SNIGGERS. I swear to God . . .

ALBERT. Well?

THE TOFF. Don't interrupt.

SNIGGERS. I swear I saw something *what I didn't like.*

THE TOFF. What you didn't like?

SNIGGERS *(in tears).* O Toffy, Toffy, take it back. Take my share. Say you take it.

THE TOFF. What has he seen?

(Dead silence only broken by SNIGGERS' *sobs. Then stony steps are heard. Enter a hideous* IDOL. *It is blind and gropes its way. It gropes its way to the ruby and picks it up and screws it into a socket in the forehead.* SNIGGERS *still weeps softly; the rest stare in horror. The* IDOL *steps out, not groping. Its steps move off, then stop)*

THE TOFF. O great heavens!

ALBERT *(in a childish, plaintive voice).* What is it, Toffy?

BILL. Albert, it is that obscene idol *(in a whisper)* come from India.

ALBERT. It is gone.
BILL. It has taken its eye.
SNIGGERS. We are saved.
OFF, A VOICE *(with outlandish accent).* Meestaire William Jones, Able Seaman.
*(*THE TOFF *has never spoken, never moved. He only gazes stupidly in horror)*
BILL. Albert, Albert, what is this? *(He rises and walks out. One moan is heard.* SNIGGERS *goes to window. He falls back sickly)*
ALBERT *(in a whisper).* What has happened?
SNIGGERS. I have seen it. I have seen it. O I have seen it. *(He returns to table)*
THE TOFF *(laying his hand very gently on* SNIGGERS' *arm, speaking softly and winningly).* What was it, Sniggers?
SNIGGERS. I have seen it.
ALBERT. What?
SNIGGERS. O!
VOICE. Meestaire Albert Thomas, Able Seaman.
ALBERT. Must I go, Toffy? Toffy, must I go?
SNIGGERS *(clutching him).* Don't move.
ALBERT *(going).* Toffy, Toffy. *(Exit)*
VOICE. Meestaire Jacob Smith, Able Seaman.
SNIGGERS. I can't go, Toffy. I can't go. I can't do it. *(He goes)*
VOICE. Meestaire Arnold Everett Scott-Fortescue, late Esquire, Able Seaman.
THE TOFF. I did not foresee it. *(Exit)*

Happenings

WHAT has happened before the curtain rises? How are we informed of the preceding action? How is this action important to the play?

2. At what point does the "reversal" occur? State the nature of the action before and after this point. What preparation has there been for the reversal?

3. Before the priests enter, how do the words and actions of the other characters show (a) their fear, (b) the likelihood of their fear?

4. What qualities do the Toff and his followers have which make possible their victory over the priests? What qualities does the god have which account for his eventual triumph? How are these qualities shown?

5. Why should the Toff and his followers be called off the stage, one by one, in the order in which they are called? What is shown by their way of going?

6. Suggest the exact nature of the setting, the lighting, the costuming, and the acting which you believe would be best for this play. Support your suggestions with references to the text.

7. Compare this pattern of happenings with that of "Frankie and Johnny."

Characters

THE problems of personality and the human emotions are usually dealt with deeply and in detail in imaginative writings. Hence one reason for the fascination of such writings is that, in them, most readers may meet many kinds of people unfamiliar to them in life. Again, they may come to know even familiar kinds of characters more intimately in books than they do in actuality. Knowing of people's interest in human nature, and fascinated themselves by it, authors as a rule make personalities—characters—their qualities and feelings, important elements in their works.

So important is personality in fiction, drama, and poetry that a character or an emotion at times may suffice to give a work its essential unity. Some novels, stories, and plays in which the happenings are not patterned but miscellaneous may be unified because one great character appears throughout (*Gil Blas*, for instance). Some character sketches are unified, despite the fact that they present no happenings in detail, because they offer insights concerning characters. And many lyrical poems, although they record no happenings, are unified by the expression of an emotion and—to some extent—the personality experiencing the emotion. (For example, see Keats' "Ode on a Grecian Urn," p. 769.) In many imaginative works, therefore, the writer takes care to show the reader what the character is—his qualities, his likes and dislikes, how he lives and what he does. The sum total of such traits is the *character*. *Characterization* is the technique used by the writer to make these qualities known.

Personality of the character

THE reader who studies characters and characterization in a work should ask and answer three questions. The first is: What are the qualities—the characteristics—of the characters in the work? The reader, in other words, has the problem of describing the personality of each of the figures, major or minor, who appear in the work. Some characters, of course, will be nothing more than isolated traits or types or, perhaps, representatives of professions (e.g., a jealous man, a lover of sports, a housemaid). Others will be more complex, and several adjectives will be needed to describe them. If characters have several traits, the reader needs to see not only what those traits are but also how they are related. In some characters, all other traits will be subordinated to one dominating motive, drive, or passion (e.g., Macbeth, or Ahab in *Moby Dick*). Some will have qualities which contend for mastery; and their contending drives or motives may result from a single characteristic, or one contending drive may result from another. Some characters will be, essentially, contending drives—personalities which threaten to split under trying circumstances (Hamlet, for example). Whatever the traits or combinations of traits, the reader needs to discern what they are and what they cause the characters to like and dislike, to want to do and to shrink from doing.

Indications of personality

A SECOND question with which the reader copes is: How has the work indicated these qualities? For the author must, obviously, have the technical skill required to acquaint us with his creations, and if he is not to be obvious or monotonous, he will vary his methods. He may, for instance, *describe* a person in such a way as to indicate that he is arrogant or intelligent, or that he dislikes capitalists and likes women. The character's features, his dress, his gestures, the timbre and inflections of his voice, his facial expressions—all or any of these may be so delineated as to show us what he is. Or an author may characterize by *direct statement:* "Jones, of course, was an utter fool." He may indicate a character's traits by picturing his *surroundings:* "He lived in a huge and showy mansion, which was cared for by armies of servants." He may convey to us what a character is like by quoting his *dialogue:* both what he says and the kind of words in which he expresses himself will offer clues. He may tell us the character's *thoughts,* or he may give us the *opinions of others* about him. He may show us a trait by showing us an *action.* Often he will use not one but a combination of these methods to acquaint us with a character. And we as readers should note what methods an author uses to indicate what his characters are like.

Function of the characters and characterization

A THIRD question about characters and characterization with which the reader is concerned is: What is their function in the work? For they may be related to the happenings, to life, and to the interpretation of life which a work provides.

Unlike a painter or sculptor, the author—in most works—will not show his people frozen in one position. In imaginative writings, characters do things. They are intimately related to the patterns of happenings which you considered in the last series of exercises. Interrelationships between happenings almost always come about as a result of characters—because authors and readers logically relate certain kinds of characters in certain situations with certain actions. If, for instance, an author introduces a dishonest character, and then shows him, when tempted, lying to his mother, cheating in an examination, and deceiving his sweetheart, we say that it is "logical" for such a character, when tempted, to do such things. Our experience with similar individuals, in life, has shown us that such actions are logically probable. *A characterization, therefore, may prepare for a particular action.* Sometimes such preparation will be pretty simple: if the character's only chore is to say, "Tea is served, madam," it will be enough for the author simply to indicate that he is a butler. If, by contrast, the character is to be shown vacillating between kind acts and cruel ones, the author will need to equip him with traits which prepare for such vacillations.

Again, *a characterization may prepare for a change—a reversal*—which is at the heart of a pattern of happenings. Here is a play about Jane Roe, who loves her husband in Act I and who deliberately scalds the poor man with a pot of boiling tea in Act III. She may be given qualities which motivate both actions—the loving and the scalding—at the proper moments in the play. It will

be important for the reader to see exactly how the author's portrayal prepares or fails to prepare for her changing behavior.

In some works, *a character may offer signs of the progress and the completion of the narrative pattern.* Often the "exhaustion," so to speak, of possible actions for characters accompanies the working out of such a pattern. In such works, as Elizabeth Bowen has said:

Characters . . . . promote, by showing, the advance of the plot. How? By the advances, from act to act, in their action. By their showing (by emotional and physical changes) the effects both of action and the passage of time. The diminution of the character's alternatives shows . . . . advance—by the end of the novel the character's alternatives, many at the beginning, have been reduced to almost none . . . . the character has, like the silkworm at work on the cocoon, spun itself out . . . . Throughout the novel, each character is expending potentiality.

Her remarks, of course, hold good for short stories, plays, and narrative poems, as well as for novels.

Some qualities will be given to characters, on occasion, merely to make them "lifelike." Aware that readers cannot become interested in mere puppets on a string put through their paces by their creator, an author often endows his figures with traits which have no relationship to the happenings but which make them seem real. Of course, in a work containing several characters, the minor characters may do perfectly well if they are not *un*lifelike; and in a work which has action or setting sufficiently exciting, characters may be shown who have very few lifelike traits. Often, however, an author will take pains to give his creatures qualities which give the impression of life—and the reader should note that the characterization has this function.

Finally, some *characters may be given some traits which make them attractive or unattractive to the reader*—better than the reader, like the reader, or worse than the reader. Such traits practically always will be assigned to the protagonist (hero or heroine) and the antagonist (villain) — if there is one. Enough universal and enough specific traits will be assigned to them so that the reader will follow with interest their trials and their tribulations, their triumphs and their joys, and so that he will feel that there is meaning in their defeats or their triumphs. The physical aspects of the characters, their moral codes, their philosophies, their associations with good or bad friends, the way other characters feel about them, all will offer clues to the attitude readers are expected to adopt toward them. Note, for instance, how Stevenson shows the nature of the infamous Mr. Hyde:

Mr. Hyde was pale and dwarfish, he gave an impression of deformity without any nameable malformation, he had a displeasing smile, he had borne himself to the lawyer with a sort of murderous mixture of timidity and boldness, and he spoke with a husky, whispering and somewhat broken voice; all these were points against him, but not all of these together could explain the hitherto unknown disgust, loathing and fear with which Mr. Utterson regarded him. "There must be something else," said the perplexed gentleman. "There is something more, if I could find a name

for it. God bless me, the man seems hardly human! Something troglodytic, shall we say? . . . . or is it the mere radiance of a foul soul that thus transpires through, and transfigures, its clay continent? The last, I think, for, O my poor old Harry Jekyll, if I ever read Satan's signature upon a face, it is on that of your new friend."—The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

Not only does the endowment of characters with sympathetic or unsympathetic qualities interest the reader; it also helps the author give his work meanings. The nature of these qualities will help him show the reader how he is interpreting the people and the events which his story, his drama, or his poem portrays.

The reader, then, who intelligently studies the characters and the characterization in an imaginative work will notice what the characters are like, how the author reveals those qualities, and what function each detail performs. The following passages are to be read with these ideas in mind.

Sinclair Lewis' novel Babbitt *was a best seller during the year of its appearance, 1922. Thousands of readers easily read it, understood it, and attacked or defended it. Its very popularity indicates that it was not a particularly subtle book. Nor was the characterization in this novel very subtle. Lewis tended to show the qualities of his characters so clearly that even the most casual reader would notice what they were, and he did not endow the people in his narrative with very large assortments of traits.*

All this doesn't mean that Lewis necessarily is a bad writer. He was preaching a sermon against the businessman, the Rotarian, of the day, and he wanted thousands of people to hear and understand what he had to say. Oversubtlety in a work addressed to a large audience would, of course, defeat his purposes. Lewis showed real skill in finding and using a number of characterizing methods to make the figures in his narrative crystal clear. Witness the way this excerpt shows us Eathorne and Babbitt.

SINCLAIR LEWIS

Babbitt visits Eathorne

THERE ARE but three or four old houses in Floral Heights, and in Floral Heights an old house is one which was built before 1880. The largest of these is the residence of William Washington Eathorne, president of the First State Bank.

From *Babbitt*, by Sinclair Lewis. Copyright, 1922, by Harcourt, Brace & Company, Inc.

The Eathorne Mansion preserves the memory of the "nice parts" of Zenith as they appeared from 1860 to 1900. It is a red brick immensity with gray sandstone lintels and a roof of slate in courses of red, green, and dyspeptic yellow. There are two anemic towers, one roofed with copper, the other crowned with castiron ferns. The porch is like an open tomb; it is supported by squat granite pillars above which hang frozen cascades of brick. At one side of the house is a huge stained-glass window in the shape of a keyhole.

But the house has an effect not at all humorous. It embodies the heavy dignity of those Victorian financiers who ruled the generation between the pioneers and the brisk "sales-engineers" and created a somber oligarchy by gaining control of banks, mills, land, railroads, mines. Out of the dozen contradictory Zeniths which together make up the true and complete Zenith, none is so powerful and enduring yet none so unfamiliar to the citizens as the small, still, dry, polite, cruel Zenith of the William Eathornes; and for that tiny hierarchy the other Zeniths unwittingly labor and insignificantly die.

Most of the castles of the testy Victorian tetrarchs are gone now or decayed into boarding-houses, but the Eathorne Mansion remains virtuous and aloof, reminiscent of London, Back Bay, Rittenhouse Square. Its marble steps are scrubbed daily, the brass plate is reverently polished, and the lace curtains are as prim and superior as William Washington Eathorne himself.

With a certain awe Babbitt and Chum Frink called on Eathorne for a meeting of the Sunday School Advisory Committee; with uneasy stillness they followed a uniformed maid through catacombs of reception-rooms to the library. It was as unmistakably the library of a solid old banker as Eathorne's side-whiskers were the side-whiskers of a solid old banker. The books were most of them Standard Sets, with the correct and traditional touch of dim blue, dim gold, and glossy calf-skin. The fire was exactly correct and traditional; a small, quiet, steady fire, reflected by polished fire-irons. The oak desk was dark and old and altogether perfect; the chairs were gently supercilious.

Eathorne's inquiries as to the healths of Mrs. Babbitt, Miss Babbitt, and the Other Children were softly paternal, but Babbitt had nothing with which to answer him. It was indecent to think of using the "How's tricks, ole socks?" which gratified Vergil Gunch and Frink and Howard Littlefield—men who till now had seemed successful and urbane. Babbitt and Frink sat politely, and politely did Eathorne observe, opening his thin lips just wide enough to dismiss the words, "Gentlemen, before we begin our conference —you may have felt the cold in coming here—so good of you to save an old man the journey—shall we perhaps have a whisky toddy?"

So well trained was Babbitt in all the conversation that befits a Good Fellow that he almost disgraced himself with "Rather than make trouble,

and always providin' there ain't any enforcement officers hiding in the waste-basket—" The words died choking in his throat. He bowed in flustered obedience. So did Chum Frink.

Eathorne rang for the maid.

The modern and luxurious Babbitt had never seen anyone ring for a servant in a private house, except during meals. Himself, in hotels, had rung for bell-boys, but in the house you didn't hurt Matilda's feelings; you went out in the hall and shouted for her. Nor had he, since prohibition, known any one to be casual about drinking. It was extraordinary merely to sip his toddy and not cry, "Oh, maaaaan, this hits me right where I live!" And always, with the ecstasy of youth meeting greatness, he marveled, "That little fuzzy-face there, why, he could make me or break me! If he told my banker to call my loans—! Gosh! That quarter-sized squirt! And looking like he hadn't got a single bit of hustle to him! I wonder— Do we Boosters throw too many fits about pep?"

From this thought he shuddered away, and listened devoutly to Eathorne's ideas on the advancement of the Sunday School, which were very clear and very bad.

Diffidently Babbitt outlined his own suggestions:

"I think if you analyze the needs of the school, in fact, going right at it as if it was a merchandizing problem, of course the one basic and fundamental need is growth. I presume we're all agreed we won't be satisfied till we build up the biggest darn Sunday School in the whole state, so the Chatham Road Presbyterian won't have to take anything off anybody. Now about jazzing up the campaign for prospects: they've already used contesting teams, and given prizes to the kids that bring in the most members. And they made a mistake there: the prizes were a lot of folderols and doodads like poetry books and illustrated Testaments, instead of something a real live kid would want to work for, like real cash or a speedometer for his motorcycle. Course I suppose it's all fine and dandy to illustrate the lessons with these decorated bookmarks and blackboard drawings and so on, but when it comes down to real he-hustling, getting out and drumming up customers—or members, I mean, why, you got to make it worth a fellow's while.

"Now, I want to propose two stunts: First, divide the Sunday School into four armies, depending on age. Everybody gets a military rank in his own army according to how many members he brings in, and the duffers that lie down on us and don't bring in any, they remain privates. The pastor and superintendent rank as generals. And everybody has got to give salutes and all the rest of that junk, just like a regular army, to make 'em feel it's worth while to get rank.

"Then, second: Course the school has its advertising committee, but, Lord, nobody ever really works good—nobody works well just for the love of it.

The thing to do is to be practical and up-to-date, and hire a real paid press-agent for the Sunday School—some newspaper fellow who can give part of his time."

"Sure, you bet!" said Chum Frink.

"Think of the nice juicy bits he could get in!" Babbitt crowed. "Not only the big, salient, vital facts, about how fast the Sunday School—and the collection—is growing, but a lot of humorous gossip and kidding; about how some blowhard fell down on his pledge to get new members, or the good time the Sacred Trinity class of girls had at their wieniewurst party. And on the side, if he had time, the press-agent might even boost the lessons themselves—do a little advertising for all the Sunday Schools in town, in fact. No use being hoggish toward the rest of 'em, providing we can keep the bulge on 'em in membership. Frinstance, he might get the papers to— Course I haven't got a literary training like Frink here, and I'm just guessing how the pieces ought to be written, but take frinstance, suppose the week's lesson is about Jacob; well, the press-agent might get in something that would have a fine moral, and yet with a trick headline that'd get folks to read it—say like: *Jake Fools the Old Man; Makes Getaway with Girl and Bankroll.* See how I mean? That'd get their interest! Now, course, Mr. Eathorne, you're conservative, and maybe you feel these stunts would be undignified, but honestly, I believe they'd bring home the bacon."

Eathorne folded his hands on his comfortable little belly and purred like an aged pussy:

"May I say, first, that I have been very much pleased by your analysis of the situation, Mr. Babbitt. As you surmise, it's necessary in My Position to be conservative, and perhaps endeavor to maintain a certain standard of dignity. Yet I think you'll find me somewhat progressive. In our bank, for example, I hope I may say that we have as modern a method of publicity and advertising as any in the city. Yes, I fancy you'll find us oldsters quite cognizant of the shifting spiritual values of the age. Yes, oh yes. And so, in fact, it pleases me to be able to say that though personally I might prefer the sterner Presbyterianism of an earlier era—"

Babbitt finally gathered that Eathorne was willing.

Chum Frink suggested as part-time press-agent one Kenneth Escott, reporter on the *Advocate-Times.*

They parted on a high plane of amity and Christian helpfulness.

Babbitt did not drive home, but toward the center of the city. He wished to be by himself and exult over the beauty of intimacy with William Washington Eathorne.

Characters and happenings

EXACTLY how are the general statements (opening 4 pars.) about the exterior of the "Mansion" and the particular details about its appearance valuable in introducing Eathorne? What do the following words suggest about the kind of person living in the house: "immensity," "anemic," "open tomb," "frozen cascades"?

2. (Par. 4) What is meant by "reminiscent of London, Back Bay, Rittenhouse Square"? How is the caretaking of the mansion related to Eathorne?

3. (Par. 5) What is the value of the word "catacombs" for characterizing Eathorne? (See "foil character" in Glossary of Critical Terms.) What is contributed by the details concerning his books, his fire, his desk, his chairs?

4. (Par. 6 and following) What kind of person is Babbitt? How is his nature shown? How does bringing together Eathorne and Babbitt help show the qualities of both? What is gained by telling Babbitt's thoughts during the visit and the interview?

5. (Par. 8 and following) Characterize the way Babbitt talks, the way his host talks. What is achieved, then, by quoting both of them? Why are the quotations from Babbitt's remarks properly longer than those from Eathorne's remarks?

6. How complete a description of the appearance of Eathorne may be based upon details in this passage? Is he old or young, large or small, smooth-shaven or bewhiskered? Wnat is his posture during the interview? What is the value of having the details distributed, instead of concentrated in one paragraph?

7. Summarize everything that may be said about Eathorne's character after a careful study of this passage. Also, list all the methods whereby Lewis has set forth his character.

8. How, exactly, would you classify Eathorne? Is he a "type" character or is he highly individualized? Is he simple or complex?

9. How lifelike are these characters? Which would you classify as attractive, unattractive, a mixture? Why? How does the author make them so?

10. How probable would you say each of the following actions is for Babbitt, as shown here? Give reasons for your answers.

(a) He refuses to join a Good Citizens' League which has been founded to battle against "the Red Menace."

(b) He draws up a better plan for a membership campaign than Eathorne does.

(c) He changes an attitude when he learns that Eathorne disapproves.

(d) He approves when his son decides not to go to college but, instead, to work in a factory.

11. Contrast the characters and characterizations here with those in "Frankie and Johnny" (p. 39) and "A Night at an Inn" (p. 42). Relate these contrasts to those between happenings when the selections are compared.

In a picture gallery on an upper floor of a mansion in Ferrara, two men are talking. One is the duke, the owner of the mansion. The other is an envoy of a count whose daughter the duke is about to marry. The pair seat themselves before a portrait of the duke's deceased wife, and the poem tells what the duke says about the painting, his "last duchess," and the forthcoming marriage. (Any words which may have been uttered by the envoy are not recorded, but at one point the duke refers to an expression he notices on the envoy's face.) We learn about two characters—one directly, one indirectly. The things the duke says and the way he says them both characterize him and unfold a revealing story about him. What he says about his dead wife familiarizes us with her, and in the end the duke draws a picture of her which is much more favorable than he suspects. Every word of this poem is packed with implications: as William Lyon Phelps has said, "The whole poem contains only fifty-six lines, but it could easily be expanded into a three-volume novel." As a result, of course, the reader should carefully consider every word and what it implies.

ROBERT BROWNING

My last duchess

Ferrara

THAT's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive; I call
That piece a wonder, now: Fra Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Fra Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps

Fra Pandolf chanced to say "Her mantle laps
Over my Lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat"; such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart . . . how shall I say? . . . too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good; but thanked
Somehow . . . I know not how . . . as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss
Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
—E'en then would be some stooping, and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh, Sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your Master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, Sir! Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me.

Characters and happenings

THE word "last" in line 1 should be stressed. What does the stress indicate about the duke's attitude toward his late wife?

2. The "Fra" in line 3 is a "brother"—a monk. "I said '*Fra* Pandolf' by design," says the duke. What is suggested by this emphasis on the religious nature of the painter in the speech to the envoy? What is the reader to deduce from these facts: (a) even a monk was allowed only one day to paint the portrait, (b) only the duke puts by the curtain which ordinarily covers the painting, (c) the duke carefully quotes (ll.16-19) what he believes the monk said while painting.

3. In lines 22-34, the duke offers examples to show that his wife "had a heart . . . too soon made glad." What do the examples indicate about her likings? Do the examples justify a critic's suggestion that "she was one of those lovely women whose kindness and responsiveness are as natural as sunlight"? Why or why not?

4. Precisely what does the duke seem to feel was wrong with the responsiveness of his former wife? What does the nature of his displeasure show about his character?

5. Why—according to lines 34-43—did the duke never reveal his displeasure to the woman? What does his justification of his silence show about him?

6. Says line 45: "I gave commands." What were the commands? (A knowledge of the history of Ferrara may help answer this, if considered in connection with the rather grim line which follows: "Then all smiles stopped together.") How does your knowledge of the character justify your interpretation?

7. What is to be learned about the duke from his remarks (ll. 48-53) concerning the dowry and his love for the count's daughter?

8. Since a duke was supposed to walk before a commoner, why did the duke say, "Nay, we'll go together down, Sir!"

9. Why, as the poem closes, does the duke call attention to the particular piece of statuary mentioned in lines 54-56? What bearing does his singling out of this work of art have upon this question: What were the motives for the whole conversation here recorded? Was the duke trying to tell the envoy something indirectly?

10. Summarize what you have learned about the characters of the duke and the duchess. Generalize about the methods of characterization in the poem.

11. Contrast the methods and the functions of characterization here with those in "Babbitt Visits Eathorne" (p. 55).

A practicing physician and writer, Anton Chekhov was a keen and sympathetic observer of the nineteenth-century Russian people. Although their frustration and sense of futility pervade his literary work, it is relieved by witty and tenderly humorous interpretations of character. Often the people of his plays and short stories get nothing done, but they feel much and talk at great length, as does the old actor in the following short drama.

ANTON CHEKHOV

The swan song

CHARACTERS

VASILI SVIETLOVIDOFF, *a comedian, 68 years old*
NIKITA IVANITCH, *a prompter, an old man*

The scene is laid on the stage of a country theatre, at night, after the play. To the right a row of rough, unpainted doors leading into the dressing-rooms. To the left and in the background the stage is encumbered with all sorts of rubbish. In the middle of the stage is an overturned stool.

SVIETLOVIDOFF *(with a candle in his hand, comes out of a dressing-room and laughs).* Well, well, this is funny! Here's a good joke! I fell asleep in my dressing-room when the play was over, and there I was calmly snoring after everybody else had left the theatre. Ah! I'm a foolish old man, a poor old dodderer! I have been drinking again, and so I fell asleep in there, sitting up. That was clever! Good for you, old boy! *(Calls)* Yegorka! Petrushka! Where the devil are you? Petrushka! The scoundrels must be asleep, and an earthquake wouldn't wake them now! Yegorka! *(Picks up the stool, sits down, and puts the candle on the floor)* Not a sound! Only echoes answer me. I gave Yegorka and Petrushka each a tip to-day, and now they have disappeared without leaving a trace behind them. The rascals have gone off and have probably locked up the theatre. *(Turns his head about)* I'm drunk! Ugh! The play tonight was for my benefit, and it is disgusting to think how much beer and wine I have poured down my throat in honour of the occasion. Gracious! My body is burning all over, and I feel as if I had twenty tongues in my mouth. It is horrid! Idiotic! This poor old sinner is drunk again, and doesn't even know what he has

From *Plays by Anton Tchekoff*, translated by Marian Fell. Used by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

been celebrating! Ugh! My head is splitting, I am shivering all over, and I feel as dark and cold inside as a cellar! Even if I don't mind ruining my health, I ought at least to remember my age, old idiot that I am! Yes, my old age! It's no use! I can play the fool, and brag, and pretend to be young, but my life is really over now, I kiss my hand to the sixty-eight years that have gone by; I'll never see them again! I have drained the bottle, only a few little drops are left at the bottom, nothing but the dregs. Yes, yes, that's the case, Vasili, old boy. The time has come for you to rehearse the part of a mummy, whether you like it or not. Death is on its way to you. *(Stares ahead of him)* It is strange, though, that I have been on the stage now for forty-five years, and this is the first time I have seen a theatre at night, after the lights have been put out. The first time. *(Walks up to the foot-lights)* How dark it is! I can't see a thing. Oh, yes, I can just make out the prompter's box, and his desk; the rest is in pitch darkness, a black, bottomless pit, like a grave, in which death itself might be hiding. . . . Brr. . . . . How cold it is! The wind blows out of the empty theatre as though out of a stone flue. What a place for ghosts! The shivers are running up and down my back. *(Calls)* Yegorka! Petrushka! Where are you both? What on earth makes me think of such gruesome things here? I must give up drinking; I'm an old man, I shan't live much longer. At sixty-eight people go to church and prepare for death, but here I am—heavens! A profane old drunkard in this fool's dress—I'm simply not fit to look at. I must go and change it at once. . . . This is a dreadful place, I should die of fright sitting here all night. *(Goes toward his dressing-room; at the same time* NIKITA IVANITCH *in a long white coat comes out of the dressing-room at the farthest end of the stage.* SVIETLOVIDOFF *sees* IVANITCH—*shrieks with terror and steps back)* Who are you? What? What do you want? *(Stamps his foot)* Who are you?

IVANITCH. It is I, sir.

SVIETLOVIDOFF. Who are you?

IVANITCH *(comes slowly toward him).* It is I, sir, the prompter, Nikita Ivanitch. It is I, master, it is I!

SVIETLOVIDOFF *(sinks helplessly onto the stool, breathes heavily and trembles violently).* Heavens! Who are you? It is you . . . you Nikitushka? What . . . what are you doing here?

IVANITCH. I spend my nights here in the dressing-rooms. Only please be good enough not to tell Alexi Fomitch, sir. I have nowhere else to spend the night; indeed, I haven't.

SVIETLOVIDOFF. Ah! It is you, Nikitushka, is it? Just think, the audience called me out sixteen times; they brought me three wreaths and lots of other things, too; they were all wild with enthusiasm, and yet not a soul came

when it was all over to wake the poor, drunken old man and take him home. And I am an old man, Nikitushka! I am sixty-eight years old, and I am ill. I haven't the heart left to go on. *(Falls on* IVANITCH'S *neck and weeps)* Don't go away, Nikitushka; I am old and helpless, and I feel it is time for me to die. Oh, it is dreadful, dreadful!

IVANITCH *(tenderly and respectfully).* Dear master! It is time for you to go home, sir!

SVIETLOVIDOFF. I won't go home; I have no home—none!—none!—none!

IVANITCH. Oh, dear! Have you forgotten where you live?

SVIETLOVIDOFF. I won't go there. I won't! I am all alone there. I have nobody, Nikitushka! No wife—no children. I am like the wind blowing across the lonely fields. I shall die, and no one will remember me. It is awful to be alone—no one to cheer me, no one to caress me, no one to help me to bed when I am drunk. Whom do I belong to? Who needs me? Who loves me? Not a soul, Nikitushka.

IVANITCH *(weeping).* Your audience loves you, master.

SVIETLOVIDOFF. My audience has gone home. They are all asleep, and have forgotten their old clown. No, nobody needs me, nobody loves me; I have no wife, no children.

IVANITCH. Oh, dear, Oh, dear! Don't be so unhappy about it.

SVIETLOVIDOFF. But I am a man, I am still alive. Warm, red blood is tingling in my veins, the blood of noble ancestors. I am an aristocrat, Nikitushka; I served in the army, in the artillery, before I fell as low as this, and what a fine young chap I was! Handsome, daring, eager! Where has it all gone? What has become of those old days? There's the pit that has swallowed them all! I remember it all now. Forty-five years of my life lie buried there, and what a life, Nikitushka! I can see it as clearly as I see your face: the ecstasy of youth, faith, passion, the love of women—women, Nikitushka!

IVANITCH. It is time you went to sleep, sir.

SVIETLOVIDOFF. When I first went on the stage, in the first glow of passionate youth, I remember a woman loved me for my acting. She was beautiful, graceful as a poplar, young, innocent, pure, and radiant as a summer dawn. Her smile could charm away the darkest night. I remember, I stood before her once, as I am now standing before you. She had never seemed so lovely to me as she did then, and she spoke to me so with her eyes—such a look! I shall never forget it, no, not even in the grave; so tender, so soft, so deep, so bright and young! Enraptured, intoxicated, I fell on my knees before her, I begged for my happiness, and she said: "Give up the stage!" Give up the stage! Do you understand? She could love an actor, but marry him—never! I was acting that day, I remember—I had a foolish,

clown's part, and as I acted, I felt my eyes being opened; I saw that the worship of the art I had held so sacred was a delusion and an empty dream; that I was a slave, a fool, the plaything of the idleness of strangers. I understood my audience at last, and since that day I have not believed in their applause, or in their wreaths, or in their enthusiasm. Yes, Nikitushka! The people applaud me, they buy my photograph, but I am a stranger to them. They don't know me, I am as the dirt beneath their feet. They are willing enough to meet me . . . but allow a daughter or a sister to marry me, an outcast, never! I have no faith in them, *(sinks onto stool)* no faith in them.

IVANITCH. Oh, sir! you look dreadfully pale, you frighten me to death! Come, go home, have mercy on me!

SVIETLOVIDOFF. I saw through it all that day, and the knowledge was dearly bought. Nikitushka! After that . . . when that girl . . . well, I began to wander aimlessly about, living from day to day without looking ahead. I took the parts of buffoons and low comedians, letting my mind go to wreck. Ah! but I was a great artist once, till little by little I threw away my talents, played the motley fool, lost my looks, lost the power of expressing myself, and became in the end a Merry Andrew instead of a man. I have been swallowed up in that great black pit. I never felt it before, but tonight, when I woke up, I looked back, and there behind me lay sixty-eight years. I have just found out what it is to be old! It is all over . . . *(sobs)* . . . all over.

IVANITCH. There, there, dear master! Be quiet . . . gracious! *(Calls)* Petrushka! Yegorka!

SVIETLOVIDOFF. But what a genius I was! You cannot imagine what power I had, what eloquence; how graceful I was, how tender; how many strings *(beats his breast)* quivered in this breast! It chokes me to think of it! Listen now, wait, let me catch my breath, there; now listen to this:

> *"The shade of bloody Ivan now returning*
> *Fans through my lips rebellion to a flame,*
> *I am the dead Dimitri! In the burning*
> *Boris shall perish on the throne I claim.*
> *Enough! The heir of Czars shall not be seen*
> *Kneeling to yonder haughty Polish Queen!"*[1]

Is that bad, eh? *(Quickly)* Wait, now, here's something from King Lear. The sky is black, see? Rain is pouring down, thunder roars, lightning—zzz zzz zzz—splits the whole sky, and then listen:

[1]From "Boris Godunov," by Pushkin.

"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ungrateful man!"

(Impatiently) Now, the part of the fool *(Stamps his foot)* Come take the fool's part! Be quick, I can't wait!

IVANITCH *(takes the part of the fool).* "O, Nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good Nuncle, in; ask thy daughter's blessing: here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools."

SVIETLOVIDOFF.

"Rumble thy bellyful! spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters;
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children."

Ah! there is strength, there is talent for you! I'm a great artist! Now, then, here's something else of the same kind, to bring back my youth to me. For instance, take this, from Hamlet, I'll begin . . . let me see, how does it go? Oh, yes, this is it. *(Takes the part of Hamlet)* "O! the recorders, let me see one.—To withdraw with you. Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?"

IVANITCH. "O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly."

SVIETLOVIDOFF. "I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?"

IVANITCH. "My lord, I cannot."

SVIETLOVIDOFF. "I pray you."

IVANITCH. "Believe me, I cannot."

SVIETLOVIDOFF. "I do beseech you."

IVANITCH. "I know no touch of it, my lord."

SVIETLOVIDOFF. " 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops."

IVANITCH. "But these I cannot command to any utterance of harmony: I have not the skill."

SVIETLOVIDOFF. "Why, look you, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck

out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. S'blood! Do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me!" (*Laughs and claps*) Bravo! Encore! Bravo! Where the devil is there any old age in that? I'm not old, that is all nonsense, a torrent of strength rushes over me; this is life, freshness, youth! Old age and genius can't exist together. You seem to be struck dumb, Nikitushka. Wait a second, let me come to my senses again. Oh! Good Lord! Now then, listen! Did you ever hear such tenderness, such music? Sh! Softly:

"The moon had set. There was not any light,
Save of the lonely legion'd watch-stars pale
In outer air, and what by fits made bright
Hot oleanders in a rosy vale
Searched by the lamping fly, whose little spark
Went in and out, like passion's bashful hope." [1]

(*The noise of opening doors is heard*) What's that?

IVANITCH. There are Petrushka and Yegorka coming back. Yes, you have genius, genius, my master.

SVIETLOVIDOFF (*calls, turning toward the noise*). Come here to me, boys! (*To* IVANITCH) Let us go and get dressed. I'm not old! All that is foolishness, nonsense! (*Laughs gaily*) What are you crying for? You poor old granny, you, what's the matter now? This won't do! There, there, this won't do at all! Come, come, old man, don't stare so! What makes you stare like that? There, there! (*Embraces him in tears*) Don't cry! Where there is art and genius there can never be such things as old age or loneliness or sickness . . . and death itself is half . . . (*Weeps*) No, no, Nikitushka! It is all over for us now! What sort of a genius am I? I'm like a squeezed lemon, a cracked bottle, and you—you are the old rat of the theatre . . . a prompter! Come on! (*They go*) I'm no genius, I'm only fit to be in the suite of Fortinbras, and even for that I am too old . . . Yes . . . Do you remember those lines from Othello, Nikitushka?

"Farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,

[1] From *Second Canto of Poltava,* by Pushkin.

The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!"

IVANITCH. Oh! You're a genius, a genius!
SVIETLOVIDOFF. And again this:

"Away! the moor is dark beneath the moon,
Rapid clouds have drunk the last pale beam of even:
Away! the gathering winds will call the darkness soon,
And profoundest midnight shroud the serene lights of heaven." [1]

(They go out together, the curtain falls slowly)

[1] From *The Mischief of Being Clever,* by Alexander Griboyedov.

Characters and happenings

OF the innumerable times when a slice of the life of Svietlovidoff might be pictured by the playwright, why is this time well chosen to reveal the actor's character?

2. What facts about the old man are given in his opening soliloquy? What do these facts show about his personality?

3. The only character with whom Svietlovidoff talks is Ivanitch. What sort of person is Ivanitch? Why, of the many characters to whom Svietlovidoff might have talked, is he well chosen?

4. Construct as completely as you can the story of the old actor's life previous to this occasion. What does your biography indicate about his character?

5. "But what a genius I was!" says the old actor. What is the evidence for and against this estimate? What does the exclamation reveal?

6. What is the nature of the scenes from plays which the old man runs through? Why do you think he chooses these specific scenes? If you were acting his rôle, how would you read these passages?

7. If you were producing this play, how would you try to make details of the scenery, the costuming, and the lighting contribute to the characterization? To the happenings?

8. Which of the qualities of the old man motivate the happenings? Do any of those given merely make him lifelike?

9. Compare the methods of characterization used here with those used by Shaw in "Alice Weller" (p. 12). How would you relate the differences between methods to the differences between apparent purposes?

Setting

THE setting of "My Last Duchess" (p. 60) is the picture gallery on an upper floor of the duke's palace in Ferrara, Italy, at an unspecified time. That of the chapter from *Babbitt* (p. 55) is, at first, Eathorne's mansion, and later, the streets of Zenith, in the 1920's. That of Act III, Scene I, of *Julius Cæsar* (p. 22) is "Rome. Before the Capitol," in 44 B.C. The setting includes the details of background set forth in the narrative, the drama, or the poem. Such details may be presented at length or briefly. They may be concentrated at one point in the work or, as is more frequent these days, doled out bit by bit. Almost always a consideration of the employment of such details will be valuable for the reader.

The reader of poetry, fiction, or drama will find it illuminating to notice exactly how the author's handling of such details gives or fails to give that illusion of reality which is indispensable if imaginative works are to create interest and sympathy. More important, he should consider whether the details of time, of place, of social milieu, of emotional atmosphere, are functional or not —that is, whether they contribute to the unfolding of happenings, to the representation of character, and to the achievement of the work as a whole.

Setting as the shaper of events

THE great novelist and critic, Henry James, once said that he could not conceive of "a passage of description that is not in its intention narrative," and certainly it is clear that details in a scene may often be vital circumstances in a fictional work or in a poem which tells a story. The lay of the land may actually determine happenings in accounts of treasure hunts ("The Gold Bug" and *Treasure Island*), stories of pursuits (*The Thirty-nine Steps*), or narratives of journeys (*The Odyssey*, "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere," *Huckleberry Finn*). At one point in *Les Miserables*, Hugo carefully describes the battlefield of Waterloo; at one point in *Henry Esmond*, Thackeray tells of the disposition of troops at Blenheim: in each instance the data show why a battle had to follow a predetermined pattern. So important is topography in many detective stories that their publishers often print maps as frontispieces. Not only topography but also climate and soil may determine events—as in many of Robert Frost's New England poems and Rölvaag's *Giants in the Earth*. In stories of men in conflict with nature, the setting itself, in a sense, becomes a character—the antagonist.

Setting as an adjunct to plot and characterization

EVEN in works wherein the setting does not notably shape events, the author—as the alert reader should see—often uses scenes to help tell his story. In such works, in other words, setting becomes an adjunct in showing important changes and developments. By calling attention to the lengthening of shadows, or to the coming of autumn, or

to the growth of weeds in a garden, an author may be showing the passage of time. A character's sense of novelty in an unchanged scene may betoken a change in the character himself. An example is Hawthorne's passage about Minister Dimmesdale in *The Scarlet Letter:*

As he drew near the town, he took an impression of change from the series of familiar objects. . . . There, indeed, was each former trace of the street, as he remembered it, and all the peculiarities of the houses, with the due multitude of gable-peaks, and a weathercock at every point where his memory suggested one. Not the less, however, came this importunately obtrusive sense of change. . . . A similar impression struck him most remarkably, as he passed under the walls of his own church. The edifice had so very strange, and yet so familiar, an aspect, that Mr. Dimmesdale's mind vibrated between two ideas; either that he had seen it in a dream hitherto, or that he was merely dreaming about it now.

A character's sense of change in a scene which remains the same, in another narrative, may show a shift in thought and feeling: witness the difference between the initial description and the final description of the same nighttime scene in Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale." And in still another narrative, an author may show the reader the effect of a happening by emphasizing changes in a scene—for instance, a decaying house may indicate that the family living in it has deteriorated ("The Fall of the House of Usher").

Scene is often an adjunct, not only to plot, but also to character portrayal. A reader often comes to know a character by noticing how the author describes the character's dwelling ("Babbitt Visits Eathorne," p. 55), or by considering how an environment which has been described would be likely to shape the character's personality. Not only the physical climate but also the intellectual and moral climate, as revealed by the author, may clarify motives and possible actions. The words "Ancien Regime" beneath the title in Browning's poem, "The Laboratory," help explain why the heroine chose to get revenge by poisoning a successful rival; and at the start of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," John Oakhurst, gambler, notices "a change in the moral atmosphere since the preceding night . . . a Sabbath lull in the air" which heralds his ejection, by request, from the mining town. Again, the nature of a character may be revealed to the reader by the author's record of what the character notices in a scene: a businessman may see a waterfall as a source of power, a painter may see it as an arrangement of colors, a poet may see it as a symbol expressive of some high truth.

The emotional quality of setting

SPEAKING of one way of writing a story, Robert Louis Stevenson said, "You may take a certain atmosphere and get action and persons to express and realize it. I'll give you an example—*The Merry Men.* There I began with the feeling of one of those islands on the west coast of Scotland, and I gradually developed the story to express the sentiment with which that coast affected me." Although this recipe probably is an unusual one for an author to follow, it does suggest one thing which setting may do—in the actual world or the

world of books: it may arouse emotions. In many plays (*The Glass Menagerie,* to cite a recent example), the manipulation of lighting has this effect. In many stories and poems, the author selects and records certain details in the landscape which body forth a mental or emotional state. Some poems completely communicate the thought and feeling of a poet simply by presenting aspects of a scene which are appropriate to his attitude. An "atmosphere" thus created may correspond in its emotional "feel" to the moods of the characters. Or it may heighten the representation of their emotions by a contrast. Consider the passage in *Moby Dick* which tells of the feelings of a crew after their boats have been smashed by the whale:

Judge, then, to what pitches of inflamed, distracted fury the minds of the whale's more desperate hunters were impelled, when amid the chips of chewed boats, and the sinking limbs of torn comrades, they swam out of the white curds of the whale's direful wrath into the serene, exasperating sunlight, that smiled on, as if at a birth or a bridal.

All these facts about the possible usefulness of setting mean that the reader who is interested in the craftsmanship of a work will notice how the author's management of this element contributes to the telling of a story, the representation of the motives and actions of a character, and the emotional overtones of the work.

This is a remarkably compressed story of revenge and of the emotions which accompanied that revenge. The opening sentence tells of the vow of the narrator to avenge an insult. The rest of the first paragraph tells what conditions were to be fulfilled in order to secure satisfactory revenge. Then the rest of the story tells how the conditions were fulfilled and indicates how both the narrator and his victim felt about the happenings. There is relatively little characterization—only enough to create sympathy at the start for the narrator and as the story progresses, for the helpless victim. Although the details of setting are relatively scant, careful study will show that they were selected and handled with unusual skill.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

The cask of Amontillado

THE THOUSAND injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could; but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. *At length* I would be avenged; this was a point definitively settled; but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved precluded the

idea of risk. I must not only punish, but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

It must be understood that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good-will. I continued, as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile *now* was at the thought of his immolation.

He had a weak point, this Fortunato, although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his connoisseurship in wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso spirit. For the most part their enthusiasm is adopted to suit the time and opportunity, to practice imposture upon the British and Austrian millionaires. In painting and gemmary Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack; but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ from him materially: I was skillful in the Italian vintages myself, and bought largely whenever I could.

It was about dusk one evening, during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend. He accosted me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore motley. He had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress, and his head was surmounted by the conical cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

I said to him: "My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking to-day! But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts."

"How?" said he. "Amontillado? A pipe? Impossible! And in the middle of the carnival!"

"I have my doubts," I replied; "and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain."

"Amontillado!"

"I have my doubts."

"Amontillado!"

"And I must satisfy them."

"Amontillado!"

"As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchesi. If any one has a critical turn, it is he. He will tell me—"

"Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from sherry."

"And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own."

"Come, let us go."

"Whither?"

"To your vaults."

"My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good-nature. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchesi—"

"I have no engagement; come."

"My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted. The vaults are insufferably damp. They are incrusted with niter."

"Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon. And as for Luchesi, he cannot distinguish sherry from Amontillado."

Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm. Putting on a mask of black silk, and drawing a *roquelaure* closely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my palazzo.

There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honor of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders were sufficient, I well knew, to insure their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned.

I took from their sconces two flambeaux, and, giving one to Fortunato, bowed him through several suites of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the descent, and stood together on the damp ground of the catacombs of the Montresors.

The gait of my friend was unsteady, and the bells upon his cap jingled as he strode.

"The pipe?" said he.

"It is farther on," said I; "but observe the white webwork which gleams from these cavern walls."

He turned towards me, and looked into my eyes with two filmy orbs that distilled the rheum of intoxication.

"Niter?" he asked at length.

"Niter," I replied. "How long have you had that cough?"

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!"

My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes.

"It is nothing," he said, at last.

"Come," I said, with decision, "we will go back; your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill, and I cannot be responsible. Besides, there is Luchesi—"

"Enough," he said; "the cough is a mere nothing; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough."

"True—true," I replied; "and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily; but you should use all proper caution. A draught of this Medoc will defend us from the damps."

Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mold.

"Drink," I said, presenting him the wine.

He raised it to his lips with a leer. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.

"I drink," he said, "to the buried that repose around us."

"And I to your long life."

He again took my arm and we proceeded.

"These vaults," he said, "are extensive."

"The Montresors," I replied, "were a great and numerous family."

"I forget your arms."

"A huge human foot d'or, in a field azure; the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are imbedded in the heel."

"And the motto?"

"*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"[1]

"Good!" he said.

The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed through walls of piled bones, with casks and puncheons intermingling, into the inmost recesses of the catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow.

"The niter!" I said; "see, it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river's bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough—"

"It is nothing," he said; "let us go on. But first, another draught of the Medoc."

I broke and reached him a flagon of De Grâve. He emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upward with a gesticulation I did not understand.

I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement—a grotesque one.

"You do not comprehend?" he said.

"Not I," I replied.

"Then you are not of the brotherhood."

"How?"

"You are not of the masons."

"Yes, yes," I said; "yes, yes."

"You? Impossible! A mason?"

[1]No one injures me with impunity.

"A mason," I replied.

"A sign," he said.

"It is this," I answered, producing a trowel from beneath the folds of my *roquelaure.*

"You jest!" he exclaimed, recoiling a few paces. "But let us proceed to the Amontillado."

"Be it so," I said, replacing the tool beneath the cloak, and again offering him my arm. He leaned upon it heavily. We continued our route in search of the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and, descending again, arrived at a deep crypt, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaux rather to glow than flame.

At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From the fourth the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones we perceived a still interior recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no especial use within itself, but formed merely the interval between two of the colossal supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of solid granite.

It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, endeavored to pry into the depth of the recess. Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see.

"Proceed," I said; "herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchesi—"

"He is an ignoramus," interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In an instant he had reached the extremity of the niche, and, finding his progress arrested by the rock, stood stupidly bewildered. A moment more and I had fettered him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to secure it. He was too much astounded to resist. Withdrawing the key, I stepped back from the recess.

"Pass your hand," I said, "over the wall; you cannot help feeling the niter. Indeed it is *very* damp. Once more let me *implore* you to return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I must first render you all the little attentions in my power."

"The Amontillado!" ejaculated my friend, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

"True," I replied: "the Amontillado."

As I said these words I busied myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. Throwing them aside, I soon uncovered a quantity of building stone and mortar. With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche.

I had scarcely laid the first tier of the masonry when I discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in a great measure worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low, moaning cry from the depth of the recess. It was *not* the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and obstinate silence. I laid the second tier, and the third, and the fourth; and then I heard the furious vibrations of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might harken to it with the more satisfaction, I ceased my labors and sat down upon the bones. When at last the clanking subsided, I resumed the trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused, and, holding the flambeaux over the masonwork, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

A succession of loud and shrill screams, bursting suddenly from the throat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For a brief moment I hesitated, I trembled. Unsheathing my rapier, I began to grope with it about the recess; but the thought of an instant reassured me. I placed my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs and felt satisfied. I reapproached the wall. I replied to the yells of him who clamored. I re-echoed, I aided, I surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the clamorer grew still.

It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognizing as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said:

"Ha! ha! ha!—he! he!—a very good joke indeed, an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo—he! he! he!—over our wine—he! he! he!"

"The Amontillado!" I said.

"He! he! he!—he! he! he!—yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo,—the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone."

"Yes," I said, "let us be gone."

"For the love of God, Montresor!"

"Yes," I said, "for the love of God!"

But to these words I harkened in vain for a reply. I grew impatient. I called aloud:

"Fortunato!"

No answer. I called again.

"Fortunato!"

No answer still. I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick—on account of the dampness of the catacombs. I hastened to make an end of my labor. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I re-erected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. *In pace requiescat!*[1]

[1]May he rest in peace.

Setting, happenings, and characters

WHAT is the value, for the story, of presenting the first brief scene (par. 3, p. 73) "about dusk one evening, during the supreme madness of the carnival season"? Why is Fortunato's carnival costume appropriate for this story? In what two ways does the carnival help make Montresor's revenge possible?

2. In the fourth paragraph on page 74, the narrator first mentions the "insufferably damp" vaults "incrusted with niter." His expressed concern, of course, is not sincerely felt; he is being ironic. Point out other examples of irony—in the contrast between the scenes outside and inside the vaults, the names of the characters, the dialogue. What quality of Montresor does this irony underline? Why is such underlining desirable in motivating the action?

3. A few paragraphs later, Montresor calls attention to "the white webwork" on the walls. Why, in terms of the story, should he not talk instead of white crystals? The white material is identified as "niter." What chemical properties and uses of niter make continued emphasis upon it desirable?

4. A passage on page 75 concerns the coat of arms of the Montresors. Why are they particularly appropriate for the family of the character in this story?

5. Comment in detail upon the value for the narrative of the elements in the setting set forth on pages 75-77.

6. Trace Fortunato's changing emotions from the beginning to his final cry. What is indicated by Montresor's remark in the last paragraph, "My heart grew sick—on account of the dampness of the catacombs"?

7. Generalize about Poe's use of setting as an adjunct to this narrative.

8. What are the characteristics of Montresor and Fortunato? How are they shown? How are they related to the happenings?

9. Compare Poe's handling of setting with that of Shaw, page 12; Dunsany, page 42; and Lewis, page 55.

In this poem, one of the finest by a great nineteenth-century poet, almost everything accomplished is the result of the author's depiction of a setting. The setting is the English countryside in the autumn. This scene changes in a simple but highly meaningful fashion as the poem moves through its three brief stanzas. As a result of Keats' selection and handling of details, the setting subtly indicates the thought and the feeling of the poet.

JOHN KEATS

To autumn

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.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn

Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

Settings, happenings, and characters

WHICH of these words best summarizes the concept of autumn chiefly developed in stanza 1: mists, mellow fruitfulness, bless? How do the verbs contribute to the expression of this concept? What is noteworthy about the verbs? the aspects of the scene emphasized? What details do not contribute to this concept?

2. Contrast the selection of details in Keats' first stanza with the selection of details in this stanza:

O gorgeous Autumn-tide, to thee I sing!
O thou art fairer, warmer, far, I ween,
Than is the time of blossom-dappled Spring,
Or Winter with red hearth and snowy scene.
Now meadows erstwhile wondrous green
Are dotted here and there with rain-greyed corn
In shocks, and in between,
The ground is black. Against the cloudy sky,
Black trees lift shivering leaves on high,
And night brings frosts and chill is every morn.
O Autumn, drenched with color, thee I sing—
And praise the fruits and leaves that thou dost bring.

3. What phase of autumn is depicted in stanza 2? What chronological progress is traced through these sets of lines: 12-15, 16-18, 19-20, 21-22? Suggest a summarizing word for the phenomena described in stanza 2.

4. Read line 22 aloud, and you will see that the sounds suggest weariness. Do other details in the stanza also suggest weariness? Be specific.

5. Sum up the contrasts between the picture of autumn in stanzas 2 and 3.

6. Stanza 3 begins by asking where the songs of Spring are. How does the inferred answer prepare for the concept of autumn given in this stanza? What is this concept, and what details enforce it?

7. How would the substitution of the following details spoil the impression of autumn set forth in stanza 3: "quick-passing" for "soft-dying" (25), "snarl" for "mourn" (27), "music" for "treble" (31)?

8. How does the last stanza justify these details in stanza 1: mists, conspiring, think, clammy?

9. What other relationships are there between the three stanzas? Why would it be undesirable to change the order of the stanzas?

10. What conclusions can you draw from "To Autumn" about the poet's character? How is it related to what happens in the poem?

11. Can you find any meaning in this poem? If so, state it, and suggest how the selection and handling of details in the setting contribute to it.

Language

LANGUAGE used in imaginative works bodies forth the happenings, the settings, and the characters; it withholds or gives emphasis, emotional colorations, and interpretations. Therefore, the reader does well to notice how the author's manner of using words, phrases, sentences, and rhythms relates to the achievement of the story, the drama, or the poem.

Words, happenings, and settings

IN portraying either happenings or settings, the author may use language to convey emphasis and vividness, and to suggest emotional interpretations. If, for instance, he tells us merely, "After the three individuals departed, they encountered two other individuals," thereby he relegates this happening to an unimportant place. The account is unemphatic for two reasons —(1) because it is brief, and (2) because it is abstract. And if the encounter is actually unimportant in the particular chain of events being presented, the reader notes that the language is appropriately handled.

But suppose the event were an important one—how might the author use words to emphasize it? Note what Ernest Hemingway does in the following passage:

The three of them started for the door, and I watched them go. They were good-looking young fellows, wore good clothes. . . . As they turned out of the door to the right, I saw a closed car come across the square toward them. The first thing a pane of glass went and the bullet smashed into the row of bottles on the show case wall to the right. I heard the gun going and bop, bop, bop, there were bottles smashing all along the wall.

I jumped behind the bar on the left and could see over the edge. The car was stopped and there were two fellows crouched down by it. One had a Thompson gun and the other had a sawed-off automatic shotgun. . . . One of the boys was spread out on the sidewalk, face down, just outside the big window that was smashed. The other two were behind one of the Tropical beer ice wagons. . . . One of the boys shot from the rear corner of the wagon and it ricocheted off the sidewalk. . . . You could see the buckshot marks all over the sidewalk like silver splatters.—To Have and Have Not

Here emphasis is achieved because the happening is treated at some length. Moreover, the author uses few abstract words such as "individuals," "departed," and "encountered." Rather, he uses *concrete words* which specify details in the happening, for instance, "closed car," "smashed," "ricocheted." Such image-bearing words convey sensory impressions, achieve vividness, and therefore give the passage more emotional impact than an abstract (and hence neutral) account possibly could have. Quintilian, the famous Roman critic, long ago pointed out that "he who says that a city is captured . . . makes no impres-

sion on the feelings." "It is less impressive to tell the whole at once," he added, "than to specify the different particulars." A stanza shows how the poet Shakespeare "specified the different particulars" by using concrete words:

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, tu-who! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Words which evoke emotions

BUT it should be noticed that in using concrete words, both authors are *selective*. Hemingway has said that the writer's problem is to set down "the real thing, the sequence of motion and fact which make the emotion. . . . If you get so you can give that to people then you are a writer." The author—not only Hemingway but any writer—therefore leaves out details irrelevant to such a sequence. The quiet sunlight on the square where the encounter took place, the beggars asleep in the sunlight (actually described by Hemingway in an earlier scene) here would spoil the record of tense and vicious action. Similarly, Shakespeare leaves out of his stanza a number of details which are characteristic of winter but not of the emotional concept of the season he is presenting.

Concrete words—and abstract ones as well—furthermore, are often valuable not only for denotations, or dictionary meanings, but also for their connotations, or *emotional associations*. You will see the importance of our accretions of feelings about certain words if you consider these possible (though not desirable) substitutions in the Hemingway passage: "disappeared" for "went," and "broke" for "smashed" in sentence 4; "shattering" for "smashing" in sentence 5; "leaped" for "jumped" in sentence 6; "squatted" for "crouched" in sentence 7; and "wrecked" for "smashed" in sentence 9. Substitutions in Shakespeare's poem will show that connotations there are also important for the expression of emotion.

Figurative phrases

WHEN, however, selected concrete words will not convey with sufficient precision the exact emotional quality of a scene, the author may use phrases or sentences making *poetic comparisons*. Figures of speech—metaphors, similes, hyperboles, and others—are valuable chiefly because they indicate the nature of an emotion. The phrase "buckshot marks . . . . like silver splatters" in the passage by Hemingway is a figurative one: literally, the marks are lead splatters, but the author figuratively compares them with silver. This particular simile is more valuable for its vividness than its emotional freighting, but compare a sailor's memory of his first impression of the East, in Joseph Conrad's *Youth:*

And this is how I see the East. I have seen its secret places and have looked into its very soul; but now I see it always from a small boat, a high outline of mountains, blue and afar in the morning; like a faint mist at noon; a jagged wall of purple at sunset. I have the feel of the oar in my hand, the vision of a scorching blue sea in my eyes. And I see a bay, a wide bay, smooth as glass and polished like ice, shimmering in the

dark. A red light burns far off upon the gloom of the land, and the night is soft and warm. We drag at the oars with aching arms, and suddenly a puff of wind, a puff faint and tepid and laden with strange odors of blossoms, of aromatic wood, comes out of the still night—the first sigh of the East on my face. That I can never forget. It was impalpable and enslaving, like a charm, like a whispered promise of mysterious delight.

There are many concrete words here—Conrad once defined his task thus: "by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel .... before all, to make you *see*." But the end of such vividness, he went on to say, is to hold up a fragment of experience, "to show its vibration, its color, its form and through its movement, its form, its color, reveal the substance of its truth—disclose the inspiring secret: the stress and passion within the core of each convincing moment." The concrete words in the passage contribute much to the revelation of the "stress and passion" here—the impression of the East as "impalpable and enslaving"; but the figurative phrases contribute even more. The narrator who has achingly rowed across a seemingly shoreless "scorching blue sea" conveys his delight by telling how mountains changed from a figurative "faint mist at noon" to a palpable and cool-colored shape at sunset—figuratively, "a jagged wall of purple." He conveys his emotion when he tells how, storm-tossed and sun-parched, he looked at last upon a dark wide bay—figuratively, "smooth as glass and polished like ice." The "soft and warm" night figuratively suggests rest for his tired body. And the figurative characterization of the breeze as "the first sigh of the East .... impalpable and enslaving, like a charm, like a whispered promise of mysterious delight" gives more than a vivid account of a puff of wind: it conveys emotion by subtly likening this welcome haven to an entrancing yet enigmatic woman. Thus figures of speech help define an emotion precisely.

Sentences and rhythms

A COMPARISON between the passage by Hemingway and that by Conrad will suggest that, in addition to words and phrases, *sentences* and *rhythms* are important elements for representing happenings, settings, and emotions. The simple sentences and compound sentences, with a minimum number of modifiers, which make up the first passage are appropriate for describing rapid action. More complex sentences, with numerous appositions and figurative phrases which savor details, are appropriate for Conrad's lyrical account. In Hemingway's paragraphs, a large proportion of one-syllable words which frequently cluster accented syllables ("wóre goód clóthes," "clósed cár cóme," "gláss wént," "shów cáse wáll," "bóp, bóp, bóp," "fáce dówn," "béer íce wágons," etc.) achieve a staccato rhythm corresponding to the action. As writing comes nearer to poetry in expressing emotion, it tends to approach regular rhythms like those in poetry; therefore, Conrad's emotional passage is, for prose, remarkably close at times to iambic and anapestic verse. (See the consideration of rhythms in the introduction to poetry, Part III.) At an opposite extreme from the Hemingway passage is Shakespeare's stanza, with its regular use (after the opening line) of iambic

rhythm. Between these two extremes, all sorts of variations are available to the author.

Not only *accent patterns* but also *sound patterns* figure in one kind of rhythmical arrangement—one in which the handling of consonants and vowels suggests the kind of action or the scene. A simple example is the "bop, bop, bop" of the Hemingway passage—wherein the sounds imitate those of gun explosions. The consonants *b* and *p* here used—like hard *c, d, g, k,* and *t* —as a matter of fact, are called "explosives," because you pronounce them by closing your mouth and exploding them with your breath. Note how the use of such consonants helps Tennyson imitate the progress of a knight in his clanking armor:

Dry clashed his harness on the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all left and right
The bare black cliff clanged round him. . . .

But contrast with this Herrick's

When as in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
That liquefaction of her clothes.

Here a predominance of "continuous consonants," so called because they may be prolonged indefinitely (drawn from "sibilants"—soft *c, f, s, v, z*—and "liquids"—*l, m, n, r, ng*), imitates the smooth movement of the lady in silks. And vowels as well as consonants may, at times, be so managed that, as Pope puts it, the sound will "seem an echo of the sense." Compare the vowels (as well as the consonants) in these passages:

The huge round stone resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down and smokes along the ground.
—POPE, *Odyssey,* XI

. . . the spires
Pricked with incredible pinnacles into heaven. —TENNYSON, *Holy Grail*

Such suggestions by sound of sense are called *onomatopoeia.* Finally, there will be times, of course, when sound patterns are not used to imitate actions or scenes but to achieve sheer harmony which helps convey an emotion. At such times the author will use sounds of various sorts which blend melodiously.

Language and characterization

IN descriptions of the physical appearances or gestures of characters, an author uses language in ways comparable to those employed in describing happenings or scenes. Language is also important for characterization, in ways which we have not so far considered, when the work quotes the character—in first person narratives or in passages of dialogue. Here, of course, the choice of words, the figures of speech, the sentences and rhythms may be useful because they are in keeping.

The connotations or associations of words used in dialogue are as important as they are in descriptive passages, though in a rather different way. Here what might be called *"social" connotations* loom large. As H. J. C. Grierson remarks, words have *"color":*

I mean by "color" the associations which gather around a word by long usage. The meaning provides the first nucleus for this, and then come all the

accidental circumstances connected with our experience of the word—the people who use it, the places in which we have heard it, the other words and ideas it tends to evolve. And so we find that, against our will, some words are vulgarized, savor (for we might speak of "taste" as well as "color") of the streets and the music-hall; others are homely, though anything but vulgar, are redolent . . . . of home, of familiar objects and experiences, of the farm-yard, the fishing-boat and the workshop; others are pedantic, schoolmaster's words that no healthy boy would ever use on the playground . . . . and other words are dignified, learned but not pedantic, for a learned word is only pedantic when it takes the place of a simpler or more obvious one . . . . and again others are lovely exotics that only the poets have ventured to use: "At length burst in the argent revelry."

"Color" in words shows itself when a sailor says, "We shipped a sea that carried away our pinnace and our binnacle," and a landsman says "A heavy wave broke over our ship." It shows itself when a pompous man mouths what Thoreau called "bad words—words like 'tribal' and 'ornamentation,' which drag their tails behind them." It shows itself when a politician uses words which fill the air with glittering but not very meaningful generalities. The coloration of a character's words shows us something about her when she addresses her mother: whether she calls her Hazel, Mom, Maw, Mother, or Mother Darling, we shall learn something about the character from the form of address. The kinds of words a character uses may show whether he is educated or unread, whether he has a sense of humor or is humorless, whether he is sensitive or crass, refined or vulgar, intelligent or stupid.

Figurative phrases or sentences used in dialogue may also suggest much about the nature of the character. They may, by their allusions, suggest the character's background: witness how Huck Finn, born and reared in a river town, describes a room mussed up by his "pap"—"And when they come to look at that spare room they had to take soundings before they could navigate it." Trite figures may indicate unimaginativeness; literary figures, bookishness; original figures, imaginativeness; profane figures, irreligion; inept figures, a lack of a sense of proportion or a sense of humor, and so on.

Sentences, too, are important. In passages representing conversations or thoughts, authors often imitate the qualities of talk or of the thought processes. Perhaps they do this by suggesting the fumbling for words, the ambiguity, the repetition, the irrelevancies we hear in speech or notice in our thinking. Or they may construct sentences which have a fragmentary quality, awkwardness of arrangement, a frequent use of "and" and "but." Sometimes the constructions are not only lifelike but also characteristic of certain kinds of people—for instance, bad grammar for the uneducated man, choppy sentences for the decisive man, fragmentary sentences—never finished—for the indecisive character, orotund and long sentences for the orator.

These, according to the nature of the work, will be more or less stenographic. They will never be completely literal transcriptions, however, because the author has to select and condense talk or thought, like everything else in his lit-

erary work. Furthermore, the adaptation of such material must be in tune with the style of the whole work. Thus if the work is a poem, although the speech may have definite lifelike qualities (see "My Last Duchess," p. 60, for instance), it will naturally be far more condensed and far more rhythmical than speech is. Or if the work is a drama, the author may allow some characters to speak lifelike prose, and forfeit the right to be realistically lifelike as he allows other characters to speak in the heightened style of blank verse. (See, for instance, *The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar*, p. 22.)

Mark Twain once wrote this summary of part of The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn: *"An ignorant village boy, Huck Finn, son of the town drunkard . . . . has run away from his persecuting father, and from a persecuting good widow who wishes to make a nice, truth-telling, respectable boy of him; and with him a slave . . . . has also escaped." In the following selection from* The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, *Huck and the slave, Jim, are on Jackson's Island. They are in a cave to which they have gone because Jim, after watching the behavior of some young birds, has predicted a rain storm.*

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS

Storm on Jackson's Island

PRETTY SOON it darkened up, and begun to thunder and lighten; so the birds was right about it. Directly it begun to rain, and it rained like all fury, too, and I never see the wind blow so. It was one of these regular summer storms. It would get so dark that it looked all blue-black outside, and lovely; and the rain would thrash along by so thick that the trees off a little ways looked dim and spider-webby; and here would come a blast of wind that would bend the trees down and turn up the pale underside of the leaves; and then a perfect ripper of a gust would follow along and set the branches to tossing their arms as if they was just wild; and next, when it was just about the bluest and blackest—*fst!* it was as bright as glory, and you'd have a little glimpse of treetops a-plunging about away off yonder in the storm, hundreds of yards further than you could see before; dark as sin again in a second, and now you'd hear the thunder let go with an awful crash, and then go rumbling, grumbling, tumbling, down the sky towards the under side of the world, like rolling empty barrels down-stairs—where it's long stairs and they bounce a good deal, you know.

Language, character, and setting

WHAT qualities in Huck's character may be deduced from his way of writing? How are the qualities appropriate for a character who has acted in the way indicated by Twain's synopsis? Precisely what qualities of his language indicate these traits?

2. Edgar Lee Masters has questioned the appropriateness of Huck's language in other parts of the book in this series of questions: "Would Huck, in speaking of his feeling, say 'very well satisfied'? Would he not rather say, 'and feelin' all right'? . . . . Would he not say 'et' instead of 'eat'? Would he not say 'the lightning showed her very plain,' instead of 'the lightning showed her very distinct'?" What is Masters' criterion? Might he have drawn any examples from this passage? If so, cite some examples. Do you agree or disagree with his criticism? Why?

3. Comment upon the relative number of concrete and abstract words here. What is noteworthy about the verbs which Huck uses?

4. What figures of speech do you find in this passage? Is the use of so many figures of speech in character? Are they the sort an uneducated river-town boy would be likely to use? Do they help make the scene vivid? Why or why not? What is Huck's feeling about the storm, and to what extent do the figures of speech indicate it?

5. Discuss the words, *"fst!"* and "you'd hear the thunder let go with an awful crash, and then go rumbling, grumbling, tumbling . . . ." in relation to (a) Huck's character, (b) their value in this description.

6. Are the sentences formed more like those in talk or those in written discourse? Cite details which support your answer. How appropriate for Huck is their length? kind? arrangement?

7. Discuss the rhythms in the passage. How would you describe them? Are they useful to characterize Huck, to indicate his feelings, or to make vivid the scene?

The language of a scene from a play as old as The Tempest *(c. 1611) offers some difficulties to students not familiar with the diction of Shakespeare's period. Such difficulties, however, may easily be overcome with the help of a small footnote glossary such as the one here supplied. Once you have understood the few unfamiliar words, you will find that this opening scene of one of the dramatist's late plays shows much about what a genius can do with words. The ship is one bearing Alonso, King of Naples; Sebastian, his brother; Antonio, the Duke of Milan; Ferdinand, Alonso's son; and Gonzalo, "an honest old Counsellor."*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

On a ship at sea

Act I, Scene I: *On a ship at sea; a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard. Enter a* SHIP-MASTER *and a* BOATSWAIN.

MASTER. Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN. Here, master: what cheer?

MASTER. Good, speak to the mariners. Fall to 't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground! Bestir, bestir! *(Exit, blowing his whistle)*

(Enter MARINERS*)*

BOATSWAIN. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

(Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others)*

ALONSO. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men. 11

BOATSWAIN. I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO. Where is the master, bos'n?

BOATSWAIN. Do you not hear him? You mar our labor. Keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

GONZALO. Nay, good, be patient.

BOATSWAIN. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin! Silence! Trouble us not.

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2. *Master,* the captain. 3. *Good,* my good fellow. *Fall to 't, yarely,* go about it, quickly. 6. *my hearts!* the equivalent of the more modern "my hearties." *cheerly,* with good cheer. 7. *Take in the topsail.* This was done in order to check the drift to leeward. 8. *Tend,* attend. *Blow . . . enough!* This speech is addressed to the wind. *if room enough,* if there is enough open sea. 11. *Play the men,* act as men should. 19. *roarers,* both roaring waves and bullies.

GONZALO. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATSWAIN. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say. *(Exit)*

GONZALO. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. *(Exeunt)*

(Re-enter BOATSWAIN*)*

BOATSWAIN. Down with the topmast! Yare! Lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course. *(A cry within)* A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

(Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO*)*

BOATSWAIN. Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

SEBASTIAN. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

BOATSWAIN. Work you then.

ANTONIO. Hang, cur! hang, you insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

GONZALO. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell.

BOATSWAIN. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.

(Enter MARINERS *wet)*

MARINERS. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

BOATSWAIN. What, must our mouths be cold?

GONZALO. The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

SEBASTIAN. I'm out of patience.

ANTONIO. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:

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24. *work the peace of the present,* create peace immediately. 33. *the rope of his destiny,* the hangman's rope. 37. *Down with the topmast!* This is struck to take the weight from aloft and halt the drift leeward. 38. *Bring . . . main-course,* keep her close to the wind. 40. *our office,* our commands. 49. *for,* against. 52. *Lay her a-hold . . . off,* keep her to the wind, set her foresail and her mainsail to carry her to sea. 59. *merely,* utterly.

This wide-chapp'd rascal—would thou mightst lie drowning
The washing of ten tides!

GONZALO. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it
And gape at widest to glut him.
(*A confused noise within*) 'Mercy on us!'—
'We split, we split!'—'Farewell my wife and children!'—
'Farewell, brother!'—'We split, we split, we split!'

ANTONIO. Let's all sink with the king.

SEBASTIAN. Let's take leave of him. (*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN)

GONZALO. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. *(Exeunt)*

60. *wide-chapp'd,* big-mouthed.

Language, setting, characters, and happenings

THE Shakespearean theater was, by our standards, quite bare of scenery. How did Shakespeare use words and actions to evoke a vivid sense of the setting?

2. Do the seamen talk as seamen should? Is there any evidence that Shakespeare took any pains to make them do so?

3. Note the speeches of Antonio, who has been characterized by critics as "coarse, flippant, and familiar." Do his few speeches here begin to show such a character? Scholars have noticed that he says "bos'n" in line 13, whereas the word is spelled out in full ("boteswaine") elsewhere in the play. Is there any possible significance in this fact?

4. Critic Samuel Johnson said, "It may be observed of Gonzalo that, being the only good man that appears with the king, he is the only man that preserves his cheerfulness in the wreck . . . ." How does his way of talking indicate his cheerfulness?

5. A sailor, writing of the boatswain, has called him "a grand old seadog," and has claimed that in this brief passage "we learn to know him as thoroughly as though he lived and moved in our presence." Do you agree? Comment upon line 60.

6. A scholar has cited lines 1-9 as an instance of Shakespeare's rhythmical prose. How might he demonstrate that it is rhythmical? What value does rhythmical prose have here?

7. Coleridge has pointed out that this scene has been appropriately handled for the start of a romantic and imaginative play. "It is the bustle of a tempest," he says, "from which the real horrors are abstracted; therefore it is poetical, though not in strictness natural, and it is purposely restrained from concentrating the interest in itself, but used merely as an induction or tuning for what is to follow." Do you agree or disagree? Why?

These lines from Homer's Odyssey, *Book V, describe how Odysseus (Ulysses) encountered a storm loosed by Neptune. Ulysses, the King of Ithaca, had left his wife and his young son to fight in the Trojan War. Troy had finally been taken in the tenth year of the conflict, and Ulysses had started his long voyage home. Just before our selection begins, he had left Calypso's Isle on a raft and had sailed along, pleasantly enough, for seventeen days. Neptune, the god of the sea, then had sighted him and had announced that he would harass the wanderer. The passage tells of the storm which followed.*

HOMER

Translator: WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

'A fierce rush of all the winds'

HE [Neptune] spoke, and round about him called the clouds
And roused the ocean, wielding in his hand
The trident, summoned all the hurricanes

Of all the winds, and covered earth and sky
At once with mists, while from above, the night
Fell suddenly. The east wind and the south
Rushed forth at once, with the strong-blowing west,
And the clear north rolled up his mighty waves.
Ulysses trembled in his knees and heart,
And thus to his great soul, lamenting, said:
"What will become of me? unhappy man!
I fear that all the goddess said was true,
Foretelling what disasters should o'ertake
My voyage, ere I reach my native land.
Now are her words fulfilled. Now Jupiter
Wraps the great heaven in clouds and stirs the deep
To tumult! Wilder grow the hurricanes
Of all the winds, and now my fate is sure.
Thrice happy, four times happy they, who fell
On Troy's wide field, warring for Atreus' sons:
O, had I met my fate and perished there,
That very day on which the Trojan host,
Around the dead Achilles, hurled at me
Their brazen javelins! I had then received
Due burial and great glory with the Greeks;
Now must I die a miserable death."
As thus he spoke, upon him, from on high,
A huge and frightful billow broke; it whirled
The raft around, and far from it he fell.
His hands let go the rudder; a fierce rush
Of all the winds together snapped in twain
The mast; far off the yard and canvas flew
Into the deep; the billow held him long
Beneath the waters, and he strove in vain
Quickly to rise to air from that huge swell
Of ocean, for the garments weighed him down
Which fair Calypso gave him. But, at length,
Emerging, he rejected from his throat
The bitter brine that down his forehead streamed.
Even then, though hopeless with dismay, his thought
Was on the raft, and, struggling through the waves,
He seized it, sprang on board, and seated there
Escaped the threatened death. Still to and fro
The rolling billows drove it. As the wind

In autumn sweeps the thistles o'er the field, 45
Clinging together, so the blasts of heaven
Hither and thither drove it o'er the sea.

Language

ANY author translating a poem tries, of course, to capture in his own language the qualities of the original. Bryant says, "The style of Homer is simple, and he has been praised for fire and rapidity of narrative .... Homer .... wrote in idiomatic Greek, and .... should have been translated into idiomatic English." How well does Bryant's translation live up to this theory of his about the ideal translation?

2. Bryant criticized Cowper's translation of this poem for its lack of simplicity, its lack of "fire and rapidity." "Almost every sentence," he continued, "is stiffened by some clumsy inversion; stately phrases are used when simpler ones were at hand, and would have rendered the meaning of the original better. The entire version .... is cold and constrained ...." With these points in mind, compare the following lines from Cowper's translation with lines 19-26 of Bryant's version:

Thrice blest, and more than thrice, Achaia's sons
At Ilium slain for the Atridae' sake!
Ah, would to heav'n that, dying, I had felt
That day the stroke of fate, when me the dead
Achilles guarding, with a thousand spears
Troy's furious host assail'd! Funereal rites
I then had shared, and praise from ev'ry Greek,
Whom now the most inglorious death awaits.

3. Compare lines 27-39 of Bryant's translation with the following prose version written by S. H. Butcher and A. Lang:

Even as he spake, the great wave smote down upon him, driving on in terrible wise, that the raft reeled again. And far therefrom he fell, and lost the helm from his hand; and the fierce blast of the jostling winds came and brake his mast in the midst, and sail and yard-arm fell afar in the deep. Long time the water kept him under, nor could he speedily rise from beneath the rush of the mighty wave: for the garments hung heavy which fair Calypso gave him. But late and at length he came up, and spat forth from his mouth the bitter salt water, which ran down in streams from his head.

4. What is extraordinary about the figurative language in Bryant's passage? What values do you find in the kinds of figures here used?

5. Contrast Bryant's language with that of Keats in "To Autumn," page 79. How do the contrasts which you find relate to the differing purposes of the two authors?

The author of this poem believes in making his writings dramatic. "Everything written," he once said, "is as good as it is dramatic." Here he sets forth the drama of a New England farmer's thoughts and emotions as the farmer hears a nighttime storm raging outside his home. The concrete words, the figures of speech, and the rhythms show how a modern poet uses language to convey an emotion.

ROBERT FROST

Storm-fear

When the wind works against us in the dark,
And pelts with snow
The lower chamber window on the east,
And whispers with a sort of stifled bark,
The beast,
"Come out! Come out!"—
It costs no inward struggle not to go,
Ah, no!
I count our strength,
Two and a child,
Those of us not asleep subdued to mark
How the cold creeps as the fire dies at length,—
How drifts are piled,
Dooryard and road ungraded,
Till even the comforting barn grows far away,
And my heart owns a doubt
Whether 'tis in us to arise with day
And save ourselves unaided.

Language, characters, setting, and happenings

What can you learn about the character of the speaker of these lines from the kind of words he uses? Be specific.

2. Compared with this vivid figurative description of the storm, what would a vivid literal description lack? In your answer, take account of the following figures of speech: (a) "the wind works against us in the dark"; (b) "whispers with a sort of stifled bark,/ The beast"; (c) "How the cold creeps as the fire dies at length"; (d) "the comforting barn." Is it true, as Professor Lawrance Thompson has suggested,

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that here "words and images bring the attention to focus on the emotional sense which underlies the poem"?

3. What is the pattern of the happenings here presented? What change is there in the speaker's attitude? How is this change shown?

4. What is peculiar about the rhythmical structure? Is the peculiarity you find in any way appropriate to what is being expressed? Develop your answer. Does the use of rhyme help or hinder the development of the thought?

5. Contrast the use of figurative language in "Storm-Fear" with that in "Storm on Jackson's Island" (p. 86) and in "A Fierce Rush of All the Winds" (p. 91).

TONE

In a literary work, as a rule, the elements (happenings, characters, settings, and language) are so adapted and integrated as to form a harmonious whole. To you, the reader, this whole is of the utmost importance. When you read a complex sentence, you may find it useful to notice the parts of speech which form it. But it is hardly conceivable that you will be satisfied to stop with your perception of the parts. Instead, you will want to re-imbed the words in the whole sentence so that you may sense the emotional effect and come to grips with the meaning.

Similarly, when you read a story, a drama, or a poem, you are not satisfied with an analysis of its separate elements. You are not likely to want to stop before perceiving the accomplishment of the whole work. Actually, it may be argued that you have not "taken in" the work at all until you have shared with the author the emotions and the meaning embodied in his work. You do well, therefore, to consider the work in two different but useful and supplementary ways: (a) as an emotional expression of the author, and (b) as an artistic embodiment of a meaning or set of meanings. In this section, we shall see how you consider it as the first of these; in the next section, as the second.

The nature of tone

Like all other human creatures, the author is a personality with his own peculiar tastes, his own store of knowledge, his own individual bents, prejudices, and emotions. When he creates an imaginative work about the world as he sees it, almost inevitably—consciously or unconsciously—he will give voice to certain phases of his personality. And you, if you are an alert reader, will, so to speak, hear that conscious or unconscious voicing. It will be somewhat as if by listening while the author read aloud, by noting his "tone"—the timbre of his voice, the intonations, the emphases—you came to know the *personal qualities and emotions embodied in the work.*

When Thomas Wolfe speaks, in *Of*

Time and the River, of "the lusty, vulgar and sweet-singing voice of Geoffrey Chaucer," of "Thackeray's sentimental gallantry," of "acid and tart-humored Horace," and of "the massy gold, the choked-in richness . . . . of John Keats," he is considering the tone of each of these authors. Young Walt Whitman had the tone of his early works in mind when he spoke of "shouting his barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world."

Limitations

Of course, all the aspects of an author's personality will not be perceivable in any one work, nor may all his feelings. An author is as complex as other human beings, and his moods vary. Furthermore, an author tends to write in the modes and forms fashionable during his day. Depending upon his period, for instance, he may be, say, a classicist, a romanticist, or a naturalist. The literary market of the period may be better for dramas than for sonnets, or for short stories than for plays, or for tragedies than for comedies. An author may not find that he can express as much as he would like in works that will sell, and after all an author must live—if possible.

Again the moral tastes of his potential audience may force a writer to use materials which he finds distressing, or to leave out materials of which he is fond. A prissy puritan writing a play in the bawdy Restoration period or a novel in the militantly frank 1920's probably had to forget some of his scruples. A writer during the strait-laced Victorian period, as both Mark Twain and Thackeray testified, was somewhat limited in manifesting his taste for earthy vulgarity. In other words, the author may be limited in various ways because of the tastes of the readers he hopes to attract. Somehow, he must win sympathetic attention, and if he does not appeal to readers in his most natural guise, he may assume a guise more likely to please.

If an author is completely enslaved by his period and by the taste of his immediate audience, later readers quite possibly will be unable to read his works sympathetically. A Victorian sentimentalist such as the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* may seem funny or even disgusting to readers a few decades away. Such a nineteenth-century humorist as Petroleum V. Nasby or Bill Arp, who had readers in stitches during the Civil War, may seem funereal in tone to readers in more peaceful days. Readers may, for various reasons, find the assumed or real personality revealed in a work completely unsympathetic. In such cases, it will, of course, be important for the reader to understand exactly how the tone interposes itself between a work and its enjoyment.

In what we say about tone in the rest of this section, however, we shall take for granted that such limitations have been overcome—as they will have been by the best authors. We shall take for granted, in other words, that the author has surmounted limitations set by his period and by his audience, and that he has managed to win a sympathetic hearing. In the works of such an author, readers may find three kinds of indications of tone: (1) the author's choice of form, (2) his choice of materials, and (3) his personal interpretations.

The author's choice of form

The overall pattern which an author chooses for his work may well be determined by his attitude or his mood.

Granted that his audience allows him sufficient freedom, his attitudes, permanent or temporary, may cause him to write tragedy or comedy, melodrama or farce, parody or sober lyric. A pessimist, as a rule, will not be satisfied with a happy ending in a serious work. If he writes a narrative with a happy ending, he will find a way to make fun of it—perhaps by burlesquing it. An optimist or a writer who likes to create escapist literature will not be satisfied with an unhappy ending, seriously presented. A fanatic, a propagandist, a parodist, or an author who has no profound beliefs about human nature which he wishes to express may picture a group of angelic figures in a melodramatic or a farcical struggle with fiendish villains—and the course and the outcome of the struggle inevitably will show his attitude toward life.

Some authors always—and other authors in some moods—will find simple lyrics the only satisfactory forms to express their emotions. Others may be compelled by an inner urgency to write complex philosophical poems, and still others may need the wide scope provided by epic poetry. The tones of such expressions naturally will differ. A Lovelace's delicate lyrics will contrast with an Eliot's metaphysical poems, and these in turn will contrast with a Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Thus in fiction, drama, and poetry, one clue to the author's attitude will be provided by the form which he chooses to employ.

The author's choice of materials

Like everyone else, the author likes certain kinds of characters, certain kinds of settings, certain kinds of happenings; and he loathes others or finds them dull. Some human qualities will attract him or seem important to him, while others will be repugnant or will seem unimportant. The author's choice of characters to be treated at length will offer us insights. A Mark Twain will love the urchin Huckleberry Finn, but will find Jane Austen's heroines unattractive and boresome. A Henry James will shudder at the thought of writing about Huck: he himself will prefer writing about characters with subtle minds and with sensitivities similar to his own. An Ernest Hemingway will probably prefer Huck to James' delicate characters, but he will like even better stoical, tight-lipped heroes such as Nick Adams, Hank Morgan, and Robert Jordan. Understandably (unless he is writing satire), each author therefore will choose for detailed portrayal a character of the sort that particularly fascinates him.

Each fiction writer, also, will prefer certain settings—Twain the Mississippi River of his boyhood, James either British or continental drawing rooms, Hemingway, bedrooms, barrooms, or out-of-door scenes. A poet writing of nature will depict those scenes or aspects of scenes which he finds most interesting and moving. The dramatist, too, is likely to have preferences in backgrounds: witness the dramas on ships at sea written by the youthful Eugene O'Neill.

The happenings portrayed by an author will also be selected according to his taste. "If I write a story of action," says Carl Grabo, "I select my incidents to make my story interesting and effective; but I am further guided by an emotion which makes me select a certain kind of incident from the many incidents possible, a kind in harmony with my emotion. I have really two purposes which I endeavor to reconcile.'

If the term "emotion" as used here includes preferences, the point is well taken. A Mark Twain, a Paul Green, or a Robert Frost will choose to present incidents which catch the qualities of life peculiar to a geographical region. A Henry James or a T. S. Eliot or a Eugene O'Neill will prefer to show speculative characters puzzling about motives and actions. A lyrical poet will concentrate upon intense thoughts and feelings—those based upon the poet's own experiences or the imagined experiences of others. A Wordsworth will be deeply moved by experiences in the world of nature, whereas an Edna St. Vincent Millay or a Dorothy Parker will be impelled to sing of a remembrance of a love which has ended.

The author's interpretations

THE tone of a work, finally, is manifest in the author's personal interpretations of the characters, the happenings, the settings, and the feelings of which he writes. These interpretations may be explicit or implicit. They will be explicit when the author speaks directly to the reader; they will be implicit when he colors his record in ways which indirectly convey his attitudes. In a sense, as we have seen, the author has the problem of winning over the reader to his own view of what he is portraying. He may, so to speak, step into the pages of his book, and in his own or an assumed rôle, offer comments on characters and events. Or he may write as an author-producer, allowing his lighting and setting of the scenes, his costuming of the characters, and his devising and direction of dialogue and action to convey his attitudes.

EXPLICIT INTERPRETATIONS

Throughout his great novel, *Vanity Fair,* William Makepeace Thackeray talks directly to the reader about his characters. They are, he indicates, "puppets" whom he may manipulate to illustrate his ideas. Whenever the spirit moves him, he stops his story to chat intimately about human nature and his attitudes toward it. Sometimes he is ironic, sometimes sentimental. Percy Lubbock, in *The Craft of Fiction,* instances Thackeray as the intrusive author whom we "can never forget" while reading his narrative:

> *. . . the general panorama . . . . becomes the representation of the author's experience, and the author becomes a personal entity, about whom we may begin to ask questions . . . . Thackeray, far from trying to conceal himself, comes forward and attracts attention and nudges the reader . . . . he likes the personal relation with the reader and insists on it.*

There is always the possibility that an author may thus assume the guise of a commentator talking directly to the reader. Kipling, in his early tales of India, assumed the rôle of a sophisticated member of the ruling group, learned in the ways of men and women and in the intricacies of British colonial government and army life. In "The Rout of the White Hussars," for instance, he steps forward to say:

> *You may know the White Hussars by their "side," which is greater than that of all the Cavalry Regiments on the roster. If this is not a sufficient mark, you may know them for their old brandy. It*

has been sixty years in the Mess and is worthy of going far to taste. Ask for the "McGaire" old brandy, and see that you get it. If the Mess Sergeant thinks that you are uneducated, and that the genuine article will be lost on you, he will treat you accordingly. He is a good man. But, when you are at Mess, you must never talk to your hosts about forced marches or long-distance rides. The Mess are very sensitive; and, if they think you are laughing at them, will tell you so.

From this and similar comments and asides, one who reads the early tales gets an impression, if not of the real twenty-two-year-old Kipling, at least of the worldly-wise, philosophical, witty club member the young author pretended to be.

The tone in Kipling's stories is conversational, man to man. Contrast this passage from William Saroyan's *The Human Comedy:*

The train was filled with American boys, among them Marcus and his friend Tobey—all of them dressed as soldiers and trained for war. But from their eyes, from their high spirits, and from their laughter and shouting and singing, you knew this was not an army alone, but a nation, and surely a good and great one. . . . You knew surely that while their noise came from deep inner fear, they were still utterly unafraid. . . . You knew they were American boys, some of them past forty even, but most of them kids —kids from big cities and little towns, from farms and offices, from rich families and poor families, kids lifted out of great worlds and kids lifted out of small worlds, some moved away from magnificent dreams of action and some from humble dreams of peace. . . .

This is a eulogy, a personal appeal to readers to have the same feelings Saroyan does about the soldiers he is portraying. The author, when he steps forward, assumes the rôle of a somewhat emotional advocate.

The least reticent of all explicit interpreters are those who speak out in lyrical poetry. Like such figures in fiction, the speakers in lyrical poems may differ materially from the real authors of the works. Quite often, the "I" in the poem is an idealization of the author or of the author's mood. In a love poem, he may be the kind of lover the author admires—and his only qualities (as shown by the poem) may be those of an impassioned lover. Again, if the poem is sad, the "I" in it may be the ideal sufferer. And often the speaker in the poem will have none of the reticence, the shyness, the inarticulateness which the actual poet in real life may have: the character's every phrase and the very rhythms of his speech may eloquently voice his feeling. He will address a small audience, perhaps, but it will be one which he hopes will understand and sympathize with his deep feeling and with his complete expression of it.

IMPLICIT INTERPRETATIONS

In one of his short stories, Sherwood Anderson spoke of the advantage old-time storytellers had over moderns whose stories are printed. "They," he says, "were both storytellers and actors. As they talked they modulated their voices, made gestures with their hands. . . . All our modern fussing with style is an attempt to do the same thing." His point is that, deprived of the chance to speak aloud, an author "fusses" with his choice of details, words, and phrases

so that, in print, he may convey his feelings about elements in his narrative. Such care must have gone into the choices made in this description of Huck's pappy:

He was most fifty, and he looked it. His hair was long and tangled and greasy, and hung down, and you could see his eyes shining through like he was behind vines. It was all black, no grav; so was his long, mixed-up whiskers. There warn't no color in his face, where his face showed; it was white; not like another man's white, but a white to make a body sick, a white to make a body's flesh crawl—a tree-toad white, a fish-belly white.

Every word conveys to the reader Mark Twain's distaste for this character; but instead of explicitly stating the attitude, the author lets the details convey it. The emphasis upon the dirt, the unhealthy lack of coloration, and particularly the comparison of the white face to cold, dead, "fish-belly white" reveal that this is an unattractive character. The way a character is presented can indicate clearly how his creator feels about that character. Details in presentation can indicate the condescension of a Bret Harte toward the folk in his stories, the sentimentalism of a Dickens, the compassion of a Dreiser. Even the dialogue of the characters will often imply the author's attitude toward characters. For, actually, when the author sets down his impression of their dialogue, in ways which are unmistakable, he heightens the traits which he likes or dislikes. Note, for instance, how the speeches which Lewis attributes to Babbitt (p. 55) imply the author's attitude toward his character.

Actions as well as characters will be interpreted in ways revelatory of the author's attitude toward them. If, for instance, he says that a character "smirked," he will imply a different attitude from the one implied by his saying that the character "giggled" or "laughed wryly." Contrast "walked" with "minced," "marched," "stalked," and "trod": each, used in relationship to other revelatory words, will help show approval or disapproval. All the devices of language which we have considered (pp. 81-86) may, in fact, be called upon by the author to communicate his feelings.

The tone of an author in parts of a work or throughout a whole work then may be, for instance, broadly comic, witty, ironic, satirical, disinterested, disillusioned, sentimental, idealistic, or tragic. Whatever it is, it will provide his commentary upon the people, the emotions, and the happenings presented in the work. All this means that a literary work involves not merely a number of elements but an author's emotional interpretation of them. It means that a work is, in miniature, a copy of the world as the author sees it, and that the tone which pervades his commentary upon that world gives the work unity. It means that the author tacitly asks the reader to join him in feeling as he does about this world and the things that happen in it.

The importance of tone to the reader

As readers, we are therefore faced with the necessity of coöperating with the author. We must become aware of what he feels, and, in order to share his imaginative experience with him, we must feel as he does. We must

join the storyteller, the dramatist, or the poet in liking and disliking. If he is sympathetic, we must be so, or if he is ironic, we must follow his lead.

But such coöperation between reader and author does not mean that our critical sense is completely numbed while we read. As Gordon Hall Gerould shrewdly remarks:

Somewhat as the writer in the act of composition must control his imagination, if he is to accomplish anything of value, rejecting this as wrong and choosing that as right, we can . . . . recognize that the guide to life whom we are following has here made a misstep or there quite badly stumbled. Only the naïf playgoer fails to observe a certain detachment as he watches a spectacle on the stage. The wiser auditor may be absorbed in the drama, and certainly he must let his imagination respond to that of playwright and actors; but he is at the same time able to evaluate the effect produced—even the effect on his own feelings. He does not try to shoot the villain. Just so the experienced reader keeps his critical judgment awake while he yields himself to the guidance of the author. Nor is his enjoyment lessened by so doing. Indeed, he comes into closer association with the writer, and participates more fully in the imaginative processes by which the story has been made, if he combines such control with sympathetic absorption.

Hall is speaking of the reading of fiction, but obviously the reading of drama and poetry also requires this combination of warm sympathy and cool detachment.

Your task, then, is to perceive as exactly as possible the nature of the tone in any literary work. By noting the author's choice of form, his preferences in subject matter, and his interpretations, you should learn what feelings are expressed and how the author has expressed them. You should be aware of what the author requires of you in the way of sympathy, and so far as is possible, you should imaginatively share the author's attitudes and emotions. You should also, in the end, see what the tone of the work does to give it its emotional impact, its emotional unity.

One review describes Dorothy Parker, a leading contemporary writer of light verse, as "fond of dogs, flowers, and pretty clothes . . . a very feminine person, emotional, rather timid, and confessedly superstitious." Another review says she "represents to perfection the deflationary mood of much post-war humor . . . deals lavishly and skillfully in anticlimax. . . ." It may be helpful to consider these characterizations after reading the following poem.

DOROTHY PARKER

Nocturne

Always I knew that it could not last
(Gathering clouds, and the snowflakes flying),
Now it is part of the golden past
(Darkening skies, and the night-wind sighing);
It is but cowardice to pretend.
Cover with ashes our love's cold crater—
Always I've known that it had to end
Sooner or later.

Always I knew it would come like this
(Pattering rain, and the grasses springing),
Sweeter to you is a new love's kiss
(Flickering sunshine, and young birds singing).
Gone are the raptures that once we knew,
Now you are finding a new joy greater—
Well, I'll be doing the same thing, too,
Sooner or later.

Tone and character

CHARACTERIZE with as much detail as possible the "I" who is speaking in this poem, and explain exactly how the poem has indicated her qualities.

2. In what ways is the overall pattern of "Nocturne" particularly well adapted to show the thoughts and feelings of such an intrusive character?

3. To what extent, in your opinion, does the "I" of the poem represent the personality and attitudes of Dorothy Parker? Justify your answer. In what different ways could you check on the accuracy of your answer?

From *The Portable Dorothy Parker.* Copyright 1926, 1944 by Dorothy Parker. Reprinted by permission of The Viking Press, Inc.

4. How would you describe the tone of "Nocturne"? How would you relate it to the author of the poem? To the reader? What sorts of readers would be most likely to admire this poem?

5. On the basis of your reading of "My Last Duchess" (p. 60), how would you guess that Browning might develop a poem portraying a character similar to the "I" in "Nocturne"? Why?

The following selection is from Henry Fielding's novel The History of the Life of the Late Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great *(1743). Jonathan Wild, an actual person, was a well-known "thief-taker" (i.e., "stool-pigeon") and an under-world tycoon who had built up a huge business—a "lost property office," as he called it. He arranged robberies wholesale, received the stolen goods, and returned them to the owners for a fee, which he shared—very reluctantly—with the thieves. The tone employed by Fielding in discussing the greatness of his hero is typified by this passage.*

HENRY FIELDING

The character of a great man

JONATHAN WILD had every qualification necessary to form a great man. As his most powerful and predominant passion was ambition, so nature had, with consummate propriety, adapted all his faculties to the attaining those glorious ends to which this passion directed him. He was extremely ingenious in inventing designs, artful in contriving the means to accomplish his purposes, and resolute in executing them: for as the most exquisite cunning and most undaunted boldness qualified him for any undertaking, so was he not restrained by any of those weaknesses which disappoint the views of mean and vulgar souls, and which are comprehended in one general term of honesty, which is a corruption of HONOSTY, a word derived from what the Greeks call an ass. He was entirely free from those low vices of modesty and good-nature, which, as he said, implied a total negation of human greatness, and were the only qualities which absolutely rendered a man incapable of making a considerable figure in the world. His lust was inferior only to his ambition; but, as for what simple people call love, he knew not what it was. His avarice was immense, but it was of the rapacious, not of the tenacious kind; his rapaciousness was indeed so violent, that nothing ever contented him but the whole; for, however considerable the share was which his coadjutors allowed him of a booty, he

was restless in inventing means to make himself master of the smallest pittance reserved by them. He said laws were made for the use of *prigs*[1] only, and to secure their property; they were never, therefore, more perverted than when their edge was turned against these; but that this generally happened through their want of sufficient dexterity. The character which he most valued himself upon, and which he principally honoured in others, was that of hypocrisy. His opinion was, that no one could carry *priggism* very far without it; for which reason, he said, there was little greatness to be expected in a man who acknowledged his vices, but always much to be hoped from him who professed great virtues: wherefore, though he would always shun the person whom he discovered guilty of a good action, yet he was never deterred by a good character, which was more commonly the effect of profession than of action: for which reason, he himself was always very liberal of honest professions, and had as much virtue and goodness in his mouth as a saint; never in the least scrupling to swear by his honour, even to those who knew him the best; nay, though he held good-nature and modesty in the highest contempt, he constantly practised the affectation of both, and recommended this to others, whose welfare, on his own account, he wished well to.

[1] *prigs,* thieves.

Tone and language

THE first sentence says that Wild "had every qualification necessary to form a great man." What, precisely, were his qualifications?

2. What kind of greatness did these qualifications prepare him to achieve? What would be the nature of such a great man's career?

3. What is the ostensible feeling of the author concerning (a) these qualifications? (b) Wild's greatness? Quote some passages which show Fielding's ostensible attitude.

4. Does Fielding, in your opinion, share this ostensible feeling? What words and phrases can you cite to show what Fielding thought of Wild?

5. Describe the tone of this passage. What does the appreciation of the passage demand of the reader?

6. What does Fielding have in common with Sinclair Lewis, as the latter is represented by the passage from *Babbitt* (p. 55)? How do their attitudes toward their characters differ? How is the difference between their attitudes evident in their selection of details? In their language?

S. J. Perelman has written for many periodicals, including College Humor *and the* New Yorker, *and he has also done some gagwriting for Marx Brothers films. Perelman is, according to one review, an exponent of the "screwball art" which "calls for an exquisite sense of cliché and mimicry." Robert Benchley held that he "took over the* dementia praecox *field . . . any further attempt to garble thought-processes sounded like imitation-Perelman." The following selection shows Perelman's art as a garbler of thought-processes.*

S. J. PERELMAN

The idol's eye

I HAD been week-ending with Gabriel Snubbers at his villa, "The Acacias," on the edge of the Downs. Gabriel isn't seen about as much as he used to be; one hears that an eccentric aunt left him a tidy little sum and the lazy beggar refuses to leave his native haunts. Four of us had cycled down from London together: Gossip Gabrilowitsch, the Polish pianist; Downey Couch, the Irish tenor; Frank Falcovsky, the Jewish prowler, and myself, Clay Modelling. Snubbers, his face beaming, met us at the keeper's lodge. His eyes were set in deep rolls of fat for our arrival, and I couldn't help thinking how well they looked. I wondered whether it was because his daring farce, *Mrs. Stebbins' Step-Ins,* had been doing so well at the Haymarket.

"Deuced decent of you chaps to make this filthy trip," he told us, leading us up the great avenue of two stately alms towards the house. "Rum place, this." A surprise awaited us when we reached the house, for the entire left wing had just burned down. Snubbers, poor fellow, stared at it a bit ruefully, I thought.

"Just as well. It was only a plague-spot," sympathized Falcovsky. Snubbers was thoughtful.

"D'ye know, you chaps," he said suddenly, "I could swear an aunt of mine was staying in that wing." Falcovsky stirred the ashes with his stick and uncovered a pair of knitting needles and a half-charred corset.

"No, it must have been the other wing," dismissed Snubbers. "How about a spot of whisky and soda?" We entered and Littlejohn, Snubbers' man, brought in a spot of whisky on a piece of paper which we all examined with interest. A splendid fire was already roaring in the middle of the floor to drive out the warmth.

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"Soda?" offered Snubbers. I took it to please him, for Gabriel's cellar was reputedly excellent. A second later I wished that I had drunk the cellar instead. Baking soda is hardly the thing after a three-hour bicycle trip.

"You drank that like a little soldier," he complimented, his little button eyes fastened on me. I was about to remark that I had never drunk a little soldier, when I noticed Littlejohn hovering in the doorway.

"Yes, that will be all," Snubbers waved, "and, oh, by the way, send up to London tomorrow for a new wing, will you?" Littlejohn bowed and left, silently, sleekly Oriental.

"Queer cove, Littlejohn," commented Snubbers. "Shall I tell you a story?" He did, and it was one of the dullest I have ever heard. At the end of it Falcovsky grunted. Snubbers surveyed him suspiciously.

"Why, what's up, old man?" he queried.

"What's up? Nothing's up," snarled Falcovsky. "Can't a man grunt in front of an open fire if he wants to?"

"But . . ." began Snubbers.

"But nothing," Falcovsky grated. "You haven't lived till you've grunted in front of an open fire. Just for that—grunt, grunt, grunt," and he grunted several times out of sheer spite. The baking soda was beginning to tell on Snubbers.

"Remarkable thing happened the other day," he began. "I was pottering about in the garden . . ."

"Why must one always potter around in a garden?" demanded Couch. "Can't you potter around in an armchair just as well?"

"I did once," confessed Snubbers moodily, revealing a whitish scar on his chin. "Gad, sir, what a wildcat she was!" He chewed his wad of carbon paper reminiscently. "Oh, well, never mind. But as I was saying—I was going through some of my great-grandfather's things the other day . . ."

"What things?" demanded Falcovsky.

"His bones, if you must know," Snubbers said coldly. "You know, Great-grandfather died under strange circumstances. He opened a vein in his bath."

"I never knew baths had veins," protested Gabrilowitsch.

"I never knew his great-grandfather had a ba—" began Falcovsky derisively. With a shout Snubbers threw himself on Falcovsky. It was the signal for Pandemonium, the upstairs girl, to enter and throw herself with a shout on Couch. The outcome of the necking bee was as follows: Canadians 12, Visitors 9. Krebs and Vronsky played footie, subbing for Gerber and Weinwald, who were disabled by flying antipasto.

We were silent after Snubbers had spoken; men who have wandered in far places have an innate delicacy about their great-grandfathers' bones.

Snubbers' face was a mask, his voice a harsh whip of pain in the stillness when he spoke again.

"I fancy none of you knew my great-grandfather," he said slowly. "Before your time, I daresay. A rare giant of a man with quizzical eyes and a great shock of wiry red hair, he had come through the Peninsular Wars without a scratch. Women loved this impetual Irish adventurer who would rather fight than eat and vice versa. The wars over, he turned toward cookery, planning to devote his failing years to the perfection of the welsh rarebit, a dish he loved. One night he was chafing at The Bit, a tavern in Portsmouth, when he overheard a chance remark from a brawny gunner's mate in his cups. In Calcutta the man had heard native tales of a mysterious idol, whose single eye was a flawless ruby.

" 'Topscuttle my bamberger, it's the size of a bloomin' pigeon's egg!' spat the salt, shifting his quid to his other cheek. 'A bloomin' rajah's ransom and ye may lay to that, mateys!'

"The following morning the *Maid of Hull,* a frigate of the line mounting thirty-six guns, out of Bath and into bed in a twinkling, dropped downstream on the tide, bound out for Bombay, object matrimony. On her as passenger went my great-grandfather, an extra pair of nankeen pants and a dirk his only baggage. Fifty-three days later in Poona, he was heading for the interior of one of the Northern states. Living almost entirely on cameo brooches and the few ptarmigan which fell to the ptrigger of his pfowlingpiece, he at last sighted the towers of Ishpeming, the Holy City of the Surds and Cosines, fanatic Mohammedan warrior sects. He disguised himself as a beggar and entered the gates.

"For weeks my great-grandfather awaited his chance to enter the temple of the idol. They were changing the guard one evening when he saw it. One of the native janissaries dropped his knife. My great-grandfather leaped forward with cringing servility and returned it to him, in the small of his back. Donning the soldier's turban, he quickly slipped into his place. Midnight found him within ten feet of his prize. Now came the final test. He furtively drew from the folds of his robes a plate of curry, a dish much prized by Indians, and set it in a far corner. The guards rushed upon it with bulging squeals of delight. A twist of his wrist and the gem was his. With an elaborately stifled yawn, my great-grandfather left under pretense of going out for a glass of water. The soldiers winked slyly but when he did not return after two hours, their suspicions were aroused. They hastily made a canvass of the places where water was served and their worst fears were realized. The ruby in his burnoose, Great-grandfather was escaping by fast elephant over the Khyber Pass. Dockside loungers in Yarmouth forty days later stared

curiously at a mammoth of a man with flaming red hair striding toward the Bull and Bloater Tavern. Under his belt, did they but only know it, lay the Ruby Eye.

"Ten years to that night had passed, and my great-grandfather, in seclusion under this very roof, had almost forgotten his daring escapade. Smoking by the fireplace, he listened to the roar of the wind and reviewed his campaigns. Suddenly he leaped to his feet—a dark face had vanished from the window. Too late my great-grandfather snatched up powder and ball and sent a charge hurtling into the night. The note pinned to the window drained the blood from his face.

"It was the first of a series. Overnight his hair turned from rose-red to snow-white. And finally, when it seemed as though madness were to rob them of their revenge, *they came.*"

Snubbers stopped, his eyes those of a man who had looked beyond life and had seen things best left hidden from mortal orbs. Falcovsky's hand was trembling as he pressed a pinch of snuff against his gums.

"You—you mean?" he quavelled.

"Yes." Snubbers' voice had sunk to a whisper. "He fought with the strength of nine devils, but the movers took away his piano. You see," he added very gently, "Great-grandfather had missed the last four instalments." Gabrilowitsch sighed deeply and arose, his eyes fixed intently on Snubbers.

"And—and the ruby?" he asked softly, his delicate fingers closing around the fire-tongs.

"Oh, *that,*" shrugged Snubbers, "I just threw that in to make it interesting."

We bashed in his conk and left him to the vultures.

Tone, character, language, and happenings

JUDGING by his style and his expressions, what kind of person is the "I" in this piece—Clay Modelling? What does Perelman's choice of a name for him, and what do other details in the narrative, indicate about Perelman's attitude toward him?

2. What does the overall pattern of the work—including the conclusion—reveal about Perelman's attitude toward the characters and happenings?

3. A burlesque is a ludicrous treatment of a serious subject—perhaps of an institution. A pastiche is a careful imitation of the form and content of a work or of a group of works. A parody is a humorous exaggeration of the qualities of a serious work or of a species of serious works. Classify this work in relationship to "A Night at an Inn" (p. 42). What details in both works justify your classification?

4. How does the tone of Perelman's story differ from that of "A Night at an Inn"?

One December evening when Keats was visiting his friend, the poet Leigh Hunt, the talk somehow turned to crickets. Hunt proposed that he and Keats have a sonnet-writing contest, the subject to be "The Grasshopper and the Cricket." Keats, usually a careful reviser, completed his sonnet before Hunt completed his—and critics feel that Keats' poem is the better of the two. It shows no signs of the haste with which it was composed.

JOHN KEATS

On the grasshopper and cricket

THE poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

Tone and setting

COMPARE the tone of this poem and that of "To Autumn" (p. 79). Do you find evidences of similar interests and attitudes on the part of the author in the two poems?

2. Wolfe has spoken of "the massy gold, the choked-in richness" of Keats. Does this phrase apply in any way to this poem, or would you judge that it must apply (if it does) to other poems by this author?

3. On the basis of your reading of these two poems only, how would you characterize Keats' tone? What do you find congenial, and what do you find uncongenial, in the Keats' approach?

4. A critic of Keats has seen the poet's "passion for beauty" as an "essential quality" of his poetry. "It is this passion for beauty," says the critic, "working through an aesthetic organism of extraordinary delicacy and power, which gives to Keats' poetry its sensuous richness, and which makes it play magically upon the senses of the reader. . . . From the first his poetry had extraordinary freshness, gusto, energy." How sound does this statement seem to you?

MEANINGS

In "Wakefield," Nathaniel Hawthorne tells the story of a crafty Londoner who "under pretense of going a journey, took lodgings in the next street to his own house, and there, unheard of by his wife or friends, and without the shadow of a reason for such self-banishment, dwelt upwards of twenty years." Then, caught in a shower near his home one afternoon, he ascended his own steps once more and passed into his house—as if his long absence had been nothing but a little joke at his wife's expense. The story of Wakefield ends thus:

This happy event—supposing it to be such—could only have occurred at an unpremeditated moment. We will not follow our friend across the threshold. He has left us much food for thought, a portion of which shall lend its wisdom to a moral, and be shaped into a figure. Amid the seeming confusion of our mysterious world, individuals are so nicely adjusted to a system, and systems to one another and to a whole, that, by stepping aside for a moment, a man exposes himself to a fearful risk of losing his place forever. Like Wakefield, he may become, as it were, the Outcast of the Universe.

Were you to read the story in its entirety you would have little trouble in discovering how its form and tone have prepared for this conclusion. But the conclusion itself rather obviously involves something besides just form and tone—something very important to every perceptive reader.

What must occur to you as you read this ending is that it has converted the whole story into a springboard for something more general than the particular happenings, characters, and settings which up to this point the author has portrayed. Hawthorne's concern—and consequently your concern—has broadened beyond a *single* event which took place in London long ago. The concern now is with *all* events in which an individual steps outside his own little system of human affections. Hawthorne has caused you to shift your attention from Wakefield to man, from the specific to the general, and in so doing has made it clear that he is concerned not only with Wakefield but with himself and his readers—anyone who might be tempted to break off ties as Wakefield did.

As a reader, therefore, you are no longer simply a spectator watching a little drama play itself out; to a certain extent, at least, you are in the drama yourself. Let us put it another way. A story, a play, a poem, if it is to give the illusion of reality, must be about a particular experience taking place at one time and in one place and involving certain particular people. But though this experience may be in many ways unique, it can at the same time be representative of experiences which all of us have or will have. And to the degree that the affairs portrayed in a literary work are representative of your affairs

the work can be said to have meaning for you. If you want a more formal definition, it might run something like this: the meaning of a literary work for you is that insight into human affairs which it offers and which you find useful in understanding your experience.

At this point someone is bound to ask whether a work can have meanings which the author did not intend it to have. The answer is yes. For hundreds of years people have been finding various useful meanings in *Hamlet* and *Othello* and *Twelfth Night* that Shakespeare undoubtedly never knew were there. Every reader applies poetical, fictional, and dramatic representations to himself in the light of his own background, interests, and information. Indeed, the same reader coming to a work at two different times and in different moods may apply its representations to himself in two quite different fashions. Possibly you yourself have said of a book, "I got a lot more meaning out of it the second time I read it." By this, you indicate that your experience with life and literature has led you to see more implications in the book and more applications of the work to human affairs than you saw during your first reading. Actually, what meaning the author has in mind is unimportant unless the literary work makes it clear—and makes it clear, moreover, to you and other readers. Your task, therefore, is to find whatever clues to meaning there are in the work and to follow them through to their implications for you. Note that the implications are to be found *in the works*—that you should discover meanings in what the author has written as well as in your interpretations.

How do you discover meanings? There is no one answer to such a question, for the process of discovery changes with every work you read. There are certain guideposts to meaning, however, and these you should look for as you read. They are (1) statements of meaning provided by the author and expressed either directly by him or indirectly through one of his characters; (2) relations and conflicts of the characters which are representative of broader relations and conflicts. Let us examine these more closely.

Statements of meaning

STATEMENTS of meaning may be of three kinds: explicit, ironic, and symbolic. Of these the first is by far the easiest to detect. In an *explicit statement* of meaning the author simply tells you, or has an attractive character expressing his point of view tell you, what the meaning is which he has in mind. The example given from "Wakefield" shows you how it is done in a short story. Notice how Wordsworth does it in one stanza from "The Tables Turned":

> *One impulse from a vernal wood*
> *May teach you more of man,*
> *Of moral evil and of good,*
> *Than all the sages can.*

For an example of a meaning stated by an attractive character in a play, examine the ending to Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People.* Ibsen has dramatized the story of a Dr. Stockman, who discovers that the water in the town's Municipal Baths is polluted. But because the Baths provide the main income for the townsmen, Stockman is reviled and persecuted by the authorities, the local

paper, his father-in-law, who threatens to disinherit his wife and children, and the public in general, who brand him "an enemy of the people." For a while, Dr. Stockman considers the possibility of fleeing to America, but in the end he decides to stay and fight the thing out. The last few lines then run like this:

MRS. STOCKMAN. *Let us hope it won't be the wolves [narrow-minded leaders of the people] that will drive you out of the country, Thomas.*

DR. STOCKMAN. *Are you out of your mind, Katherine? Drive me out! Now —when I am the strongest man in the town!*

MRS. STOCKMAN. *The strongest—now?*

DR. STOCKMAN. *Yes, and I will go so far as to say that now I am the strongest man in the world.*

MORTEN [*his son*]. *I say!*

DR. STOCKMAN (lowering his voice). *Hush! You mustn't say anything about it yet; but I have made a great discovery.*

MRS. STOCKMAN. *Another one?*

DR. STOCKMAN. Yes. (Gathers them around him, and says confidentially) *It is this, let me tell you—that the strongest man in the world is he who stands most alone.*

MRS. STOCKMAN (smiling and shaking her head). *Oh, Thomas, Thomas.*

PETRA (encouragingly, as she grasps her father's hands). *Father!*

Ironic statements are not so frequent, but their possibility should be kept in mind. In such a statement the author will say playfully, or allow an unattractive character to say seriously, exactly the opposite to what the author means. This is the same sort of thing which you do when you growl on a cold, rainy afternoon. "This is a fine day!" You indicate by your tone rather than by your words what you mean. Likewise the author indicates by his tone that his statement is to be taken ironically.[1]

No one could possibly miss the ironic intent of Mark Twain in the *Connecticut Yankee* when he writes:

If you take a nation of sixty millions, where average wages are two dollars per day, three days' wages taken from each individual will provide three hundred and sixty million dollars and pay the government's expenses. In my day, in my own country, this money was collected from imports, and the citizen imagined that the foreign importer paid it, and it made him comfortable to think so, whereas, in fact, it was paid by the American people, and was so equally distributed and exactly distributed among them that the annual cost to the one-hundred-millionaire and the annual cost to the sucking child of the day laborer was precisely the same—each paid six dollars. Nothing could be equaler than that, I reckon.

Symbolic statements are those in which the meaning is communicated in figurative language. Such a statement may be a single simile or metaphor;

[1]Notice how important tone is to the right perception of meaning. It is especially so when meaning is communicated through the characters. As a reader, you can never be certain that any character is speaking directly for the author, but you may be completely certain that those characters which the author has made attractive to you are more likely to give voice to his real convictions than those which he has made unattractive. Thus Cordelia in KING LEAR is much more likely to express Shakespeare's true sentiments than are Goneril and Regan, her base and quite unattractive sisters.

sometimes it is an analogy which carries through a paragraph or a series of paragraphs; and sometimes, as in works like *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Gulliver's Travels,* the symbolism carries through an entire work. If you have read Melville's *Moby Dick* you will recall that the main character, Ahab, with his wooden leg and lightning scar, goes clumping through the novel not only as a sea captain but as an animated metaphor representing what is defiant in mankind. The following paragraphs are from the same book. To understand their meaning you must recognize that the land represents what man knows, the sea what he still does not know. Melville addresses the reader directly in this symbolic statement:

Consider the subtleness of the sea; how its most dreaded creatures glide under water, unapparent for the most part, and treacherously hidden beneath the loveliest tints of azure. Consider also the devilish brilliance and beauty of many of its most remorseless tribes, as the dainty embellished shape of many species of sharks. Consider, once more, the universal cannibalism of the sea; all whose creatures prey upon each other, carrying on eternal war since the world began.

Consider all this; and then turn to this green, gentle, and most docile earth; consider them both, the sea and the land; and do you not find a strange analogy to something in yourself? For as this appalling ocean surrounds the verdant land, so in the soul of man lies one insular Tahiti, full of peace and joy, but encompassed by all the horrors of the half known life. God help thee! Push not off from that isle, thou canst never return!

Relations and conflicts

Not all meanings are so easy to discover as the ones just given since many authors, especially the modern ones, are reluctant to be so explicit. They feel that a statement of meaning often results in artless banality and gives the impression that they underrate the reader's intelligence and sensitivity. In a competent literary work, they contend, meaning should emerge clearly enough without its being stated. Now it is quite true that the meaning of a poem or a short story or a passage in a play or novel may be readily apparent; yet in many instances rereading will be required, and in the case of works like T. S. Eliot's poems and Joyce's novels many rereadings will be necessary. What are the signposts to meaning in works where there are no statements of it? The answer is the relations and conflicts of the characters—inner conflicts or outer ones involving such relations as those between a person and his environment, a person and other persons, a person and his God.

We say relations and conflicts rather than happenings, settings, or characters because a concentration on the latter tends to emphasize the unique characteristics of what is being portrayed rather than its representative characteristics. For example, the exact happenings related by Conrad in his *Nigger of the "Narcissus"* will never occur again; the setting in this particular crew's quarters will never be duplicated, and, naturally, these exact characters will never navigate the seas. Yet the *relations* among these men are of the things that, in the words of Henry James, "we cannot possibly *not* know, sooner or later, in one way or another."

Motivated by a common fear of the big, burly Negro, a quarrelsome crew is gradually bound together in a tightly cohesive unit. Is this development of a relation among people unique? Are quarreling nations ever bound together by fear of a common foe? Have you and a brother or sister ever begun pulling together when faced by an obstreperous outsider? Generalizations such as those suggested are almost inevitable for the reader of this novel.

A simple formula, then, for seeing how relations and conflicts imply meanings, might be the following:

Step One: See whether the important relations or conflicts are representative of ones which you encounter or might encounter in actual life. A Superman scrap, for example, in which that dauntless character wins because of his steel muscles and X-ray vision would be ruled out; ruled in would be the conflict in Huckleberry Finn's mind over whether he should surrender Jim, the runaway slave, to the authorities. (Note that in real life you are no more likely to meet Huckleberry Finn than Superman but that you can't miss encountering an inner conflict like Huck's between what he knows the community wants him to do and what his feelings urge him to do.)

Step Two: Convert the particular persons, places, and happenings in the relation or conflict into their respective classes or categories (e.g., substitute mankind for Huck Finn, death in general for the death of one man, nature for a woods at twilight).[1]

[1]This little formula, of course, will not work in those poems and occasional prose pieces where the author is using a private set of symbols. In such cases you will have to consult your own good sense, other works by the same author, or commentaries by or on the author.

Although at first such a process may sound rather mechanical, it is precisely the procedure you employ unconsciously in reading a work in which the meaning is readily discernible. Here, all we are suggesting is that in the tougher cases you make your unconscious process conscious. Notice how you might handle the following poem by Whitman:

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,
When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them,
When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much applause in the lecture-room,
How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,
Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

Step One: The conflict is in the mind of the poet. On the one hand he is sickened by an explanation of the stars; on the other he views the stars themselves in perfect silence. This seems representative of conflicts that we all have had. (Whether our reactions have been the same makes no difference; the point is that the conflict is a common one.)

Step Two: The poet can be generalized into man; the stars into nature; the astronomer's charts, figures, and the like into an explanation of nature.

All you need to do now is to find some congenial phrasing for the meaning as you have come to perceive it. A sentence like this might do the job: Nature itself is more satisfying to man than his own explanations of it.

Levels of meaning

In the preceding paragraphs we have been concerned with what meaning is and how you find it. You should not suppose, however, that all works are equally rich in meaning. Indeed, it might be argued that many notable works of literature possess no meaning at all as we have defined it. Works designed simply to excite us, to re-create a mood or a feeling, works centered about an emotion rather than people and ideas, these are the ones with little meaning. Yet this is not to say that such works give no pleasure. Think, for instance, of Dunsany's "A Night at an Inn" (p. 42) or Poe's story "The Pit and the Pendulum" or Coleridge's poem "Kubla Khan" (Part III). Meaning of a certain kind, in short, is not necessary for a literary experience.

In those cases, however, where the author is more interested in studying how people think and feel and act than he is in simply evoking a mood, you can be sure of at least one level of meaning. This is the overall level of meaning or what we shall call theme. When you ask about a work, "What's the point of all this?" you are asking in effect for its theme. Often a work will have no other meaning than its theme. This certainly is true of Aesop's fables and of Jesus' parables. It is true also of many short stories and poems (for instance, "When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer" has only a theme).

Longer works, since they touch on more relations of men and portray more conflicts, are almost bound to have more than one level of meaning. These secondary levels can be of two kinds: (1) they can be meanings which apply to the work as a whole and thus constitute subthemes, or (2) they can be meanings which emerge from sections of the work, indeed from stanzas or paragraphs, and have sometimes only a distant relation to the theme. For a complex example of a work with theme and subthemes you might sometime turn to Whitman's "Passage to India." On the surface, he is dealing with the West and the East, suddenly brought closer because of the Suez Canal, the transatlantic cables, and the transcontinental railroads. But in doing this, he is also dealing symbolically with science and wisdom, with the rational and the mystical, with the body and the soul, with man's soul and God. It would be hard to say which is the major theme and which are the minor ones in such a poem. Almost any novel affords an example of a work with an overall meaning or meanings and incidental meanings which apply to only small passages. The great ones afford what amounts to a continuous succession of penetrating and provocative insights into your own experience.

There is still another level of meaning, one that is often neither stated nor susceptible of the method of generalizing proposed on page 114. This level deals with the kinds of assumptions which the author makes. In short, what is his philosophic position? Here are typical questions you should ask yourself: What does the author believe about the *nature of man:* is he made in the image of God? has he free will? is he a creature of blind chance? is he dominated by reason or impulse? What does the author believe about the *nature of society:* does he think the strong man should rule? the rich? the capable? the majority? the working class? What does he believe about the *nature of the universe:* is there a Divine purpose behind it? is it working according to laws? is it

accidental or capricious? What is the *nature of truth:* is it something beyond our senses which we can never prove but perceive through intuition, our reason, or the Bible? or is it something that we agree upon only after the scientific process of observation, hypothesis, verification, and conclusion? The ability to discern an author's fundamental assumptions will not come overnight, nor is it likely to come through the reading of a single work. But ultimately, if you are to be able to say that you understand thoroughly the meaning of a poem or novel or play, you must be able to push beneath its themes and subsidiary meanings to this level of basic assumptions.

For illustration, let us return once more to "Wakefield." You will recall that the theme was stated at the end in this fashion:

Amid the seeming confusion of our mysterious world, individuals are so nicely adjusted to a system, and systems to one another and to a whole, that by stepping aside for a moment, a man exposes himself to a fearful risk of losing his place forever.

What does this imply about the nature of man? That he becomes a free agent at his peril and, therefore, that he is substantially without freedom of the will. What is assumed about the nature of society? Nothing about the proper or desirable form of society, but the implication is that whatever the form, there is little chance of changing it. What is implied about the nature of the universe? Hawthorne apparently is suggesting here that cosmic events are but a long sequence of cause and effect. This philosophy of predestination, determinism, fatalism—call it what you will—is more strongly suggested in another passage from the same story:

Would that I had a folio to write, instead of an article of a dozen pages! Then might I exemplify how an influence beyond our control lays its strong hand on every deed which we do, and weaves its consequences into an iron tissue of necessity.

What is the nature of truth? Obviously Hawthorne is assuming that there is some superhuman and, undoubtedly, supernatural power which controls our destiny. Presumably, therefore, ultimate truth must lie beyond the range of our five senses. Whether such truth may be discerned by intuition, by reason, or through Scriptures, he does not say. There is a strong suspicion from the tone of the story that he does not believe it can be discerned at all.

It would be a mistake to build up these particular questions into a monotonous pattern, a little ritual which you go through every time you read a literary work that seems to have some meaning. These are representative, however, of the more searching type of question you should ask of any thoughtful work of art. Use them, modify them, adapt them, discard them as you see fit. Use your common sense—but don't be content until you have exhausted all the possible levels of meaning.

Even as a young man Nathaniel Hawthorne thought long and deeply about sin and its effects upon men's lives. In one fashion or another the subject gets into all of his novels and short stories. The idea for "The Minister's Black Veil," he says, came from an account of a New England clergyman by the name of Joseph Moody, who ever after accidentally killing a beloved friend hid his face from the world in the same manner as here related of the Reverend Mr. Hooper. The story has always been one of Hawthorne's more popular ones, and many persons have speculated about its meaning.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

The minister's black veil

THE SEXTON stood in the porch of Milford meeting-house, pulling busily at the bell-rope. The old people of the village came stooping along the street. Children, with bright faces, tripped merrily beside their parents, or mimicked a graver gait, in the conscious dignity of their Sunday clothes. Spruce bachelors looked sidelong at the pretty maidens, and fancied that the Sabbath sunshine made them prettier than on week days. When the throng had mostly streamed into the porch, the sexton began to toll the bell, keeping his eye on the Reverend Mr. Hooper's door. The first glimpse of the clergyman's figure was the signal for the bell to cease its summons.

"But what has good Parson Hooper got upon his face?" cried the sexton in astonishment.

All within hearing immediately turned about, and beheld the semblance of Mr. Hooper, pacing slowly his meditative way towards the meeting-house. With one accord they started, expressing more wonder than if some strange minister were coming to dust the cushions of Mr. Hooper's pulpit.

"Are you sure it is our parson?" inquired Goodman Gray of the sexton.

"Of a certainty it is good Mr. Hooper," replied the sexton. "He was to have exchanged pulpits with Parson Shute, of Westbury; but Parson Shute sent to excuse himself yesterday, being to preach a funeral sermon."

The cause of so much amazement may appear sufficiently slight. Mr. Hooper, a gentlemanly person, of about thirty, though still a bachelor, was dressed with due clerical neatness, as if a careful wife had starched his band, and brushed the weekly dust from his Sunday's garb. There was but one thing remarkable in his appearance. Swathed about his forehead, and hanging down over his face, so low as to be shaken by his breath, Mr. Hooper had on a black veil. On a nearer view it seemed to consist of two folds of

crape, which entirely concealed his features, except the mouth and chin, but probably did not intercept his sight, further than to give a darkened aspect to all living and inanimate things. With this gloomy shade before him, good Mr. Hooper walked onward, at a slow and quiet pace, stooping somewhat, and looking on the ground, as is customary with abstracted men, yet nodding kindly to those of his parishioners who still waited on the meeting-house steps. But so wonder-struck were they that his greeting hardly met with a return.

"I can't really feel as if good Mr. Hooper's face was behind that piece of crape," said the sexton.

"I don't like it," muttered an old woman, as she hobbled into the meeting-house. "He has changed himself into something awful, only by hiding his face."

"Our parson has gone mad!" cried Goodman Gray, following him across the threshold.

A rumor of some unaccountable phenomenon had preceded Mr. Hooper into the meeting-house, and set all the congregation astir. Few could refrain from twisting their heads towards the door; many stood upright, and turned directly about; while several little boys clambered upon the seats, and came down again with a terrible racket. There was a general bustle, a rustling of the women's gowns and shuffling of the men's feet, greatly at variance with that hushed repose which should attend the entrance of the minister. But Mr. Hooper appeared not to notice the perturbation of his people. He entered with an almost noiseless step, bent his head mildly to the pews on each side, and bowed as he passed his oldest parishioner, a white-haired great-grandsire, who occupied an arm-chair in the centre of the aisle. It was strange to observe how slowly this venerable man became conscious of something singular in the appearance of his pastor. He seemed not fully to partake of the prevailing wonder, till Mr. Hooper had ascended the stairs, and showed himself in the pulpit, face to face with his congregation, except for the black veil. That mysterious emblem was never once withdrawn. It shook with his measured breath, as he gave out the psalm; it threw its obscurity between him and the holy page, as he read the Scriptures; and while he prayed, the veil lay heavily on his uplifted countenance. Did he seek to hide it from the dread Being whom he was addressing?

Such was the effect of this simple piece of crape, that more than one woman of delicate nerves was forced to leave the meeting-house. Yet perhaps the pale-faced congregation was almost as fearful a sight to the minister, as his black veil to them.

Mr. Hooper had the reputation of a good preacher, but not an energetic one: he strove to win his people heavenward by mild, persuasive influences,

rather than to drive them thither by the thunders of the Word. The sermon which he now delivered was marked by the same characteristics of style and manner as the general series of his pulpit oratory. But there was something, either in the sentiment of the discourse itself, or in the imagination of the auditors, which made it greatly the most powerful effort that they had ever heard from their pastor's lips. It was tinged, rather more darkly than usual, with the gentle gloom of Mr. Hooper's temperament. The subject had reference to secret sin, and those sad mysteries which we hide from our nearest and dearest, and would fain conceal from our own consciousness, even forgetting that the Omniscient can detect them. A subtle power was breathed into his words. Each member of the congregation, the most innocent girl, and the man of hardened breast, felt as if the preacher had crept upon them, behind his awful veil, and discovered their hoarded iniquity of deed or thought. Many spread their clasped hands on their bosoms. There was nothing terrible in what Mr. Hooper said, at least, no violence; and yet, with every tremor of his melancholy voice, the hearers quaked. An unsought pathos came hand in hand with awe. So sensible were the audience of some unwonted attribute in their minister, that they longed for a breath of wind to blow aside the veil, almost believing that a stranger's visage would be discovered, though the form, gesture, and voice were those of Mr. Hooper.

At the close of the services, the people hurried out with indecorous confusion, eager to communicate their pent-up amazement, and conscious of lighter spirits the moment they lost sight of the black veil. Some gathered in little circles, huddled closely together, with their mouths all whispering in the centre; some went homeward alone, wrapt in silent meditation; some talked loudly, and profaned the Sabbath day with ostentatious laughter. A few shook their sagacious heads, intimating that they could penetrate the mystery; while one or two affirmed that there was no mystery at all, but only that Mr. Hooper's eyes were so weakened by the midnight lamp, as to require a shade. After a brief interval, forth came good Mr. Hooper also, in the rear of his flock. Turning his veiled face from one group to another, he paid due reverence to the hoary heads, saluted the middle aged with kind dignity as their friend and spiritual guide, greeted the young with mingled authority and love, and laid his hands on the little children's heads to bless them. Such was always his custom on the Sabbath day. Strange and bewildered looks repaid him for his courtesy. None, as on former occasions, aspired to the honor of walking by their pastor's side. Old Squire Saunders, doubtless by an accidental lapse of memory, neglected to invite Mr. Hooper to his table, where the good clergyman had been wont to bless the food, almost every Sunday since his settlement. He returned, therefore, to the parsonage, and, at the moment of closing the door, was observed to look

back upon the people, all of whom had their eyes fixed upon the minister. A sad smile gleamed faintly from beneath the black veil, and flickered about his mouth, glimmering as he disappeared.

"How strange," said a lady, "that a simple black veil, such as any woman might wear on her bonnet, should become such a terrible thing on Mr. Hooper's face!"

"Something must surely be amiss with Mr. Hooper's intellects," observed her husband, the physician of the village. "But the strangest part of the affair is the effect of this vagary, even on a sober-minded man like myself. The black veil, though it covers only our pastor's face, throws its influence over his whole person, and makes him ghostlike from head to foot. Do you not feel it so?"

"Truly do I," replied the lady; "and I would not be alone with him for the world. I wonder he is not afraid to be alone with himself!"

"Men sometimes are so," said her husband.

The afternoon service was attended with similar circumstances. At its conclusion, the bell tolled for the funeral of a young lady. The relatives and friends were assembled in the house, and the more distant acquaintances stood about the door, speaking of the good qualities of the deceased, when their talk was interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Hooper, still covered with his black veil. It was now an appropriate emblem. The clergyman stepped into the room where the corpse was laid, and bent over the coffin, to take a last farewell of his deceased parishioner. As he stooped, the veil hung straight down from his forehead, so that, if her eyelids had not been closed forever, the dead maiden might have seen his face. Could Mr. Hooper be fearful of her glance, that he so hastily caught back the black veil? A person who watched the interview between the dead and living, scrupled not to affirm, that, at the instant when the clergyman's features were disclosed, the corpse had slightly shuddered, rustling the shroud and muslin cap, though the countenance retained the composure of death. A superstitious old woman was the only witness of this prodigy. From the coffin Mr. Hooper passed into the chamber of the mourners, and thence to the head of the staircase, to make the funeral prayer. It was a tender and heart-dissolving prayer, full of sorrow, yet so imbued with celestial hopes, that the music of a heavenly harp, swept by the fingers of the dead, seemed faintly to be heard among the saddest accents of the minister. The people trembled, though they but darkly understood him when he prayed that they, and himself, and all of mortal race, might be ready, as he trusted this young maiden had been, for the dreadful hour that should snatch the veil from their faces. The bearers went heavily forth, and the mourners followed, saddening all the street, with the dead before them, and Mr. Hooper in his black veil behind.

"Why do you look back?" said one in the procession to his partner.

"I had a fancy," replied she, "that the minister and the maiden's spirit were walking hand in hand."

"And so had I, at the same moment," said the other.

That night, the handsomest couple in Milford village were to be joined in wedlock. Though reckoned a melancholy man, Mr. Hooper had a placid cheerfulness for such occasions, which often excited a sympathetic smile where livelier merriment would have been thrown away. There was no quality of his disposition which made him more beloved than this. The company at the wedding awaited his arrival with impatience, trusting that the strange awe, which had gathered over him throughout the day, would now be dispelled. But such was not the result. When Mr. Hooper came, the first thing that their eyes rested on was the same horrible black veil, which had added deeper gloom to the funeral, and could portend nothing but evil to the wedding. Such was its immediate effect on the guests that a cloud seemed to have rolled duskily from beneath the black crape, and dimmed the light of the candles. The bridal pair stood up before the minister. But the bride's cold fingers quivered in the tremulous hand of the bridegroom, and her deathlike paleness caused a whisper that the maiden who had been buried a few hours before was come from her grave to be married. If ever another wedding were so dismal, it was that famous one where they tolled the wedding knell. After performing the ceremony, Mr. Hooper raised a glass of wine to his lips, wishing happiness to the new-married couple in a strain of mild pleasantry that ought to have brightened the features of the guests, like a cheerful gleam from the hearth. At that instant, catching a glimpse of his figure in the looking-glass, the black veil involved his own spirit in the horror with which it overwhelmed all others. His frame shuddered, his lips grew white, he spilt the untasted wine upon the carpet, and rushed forth into the darkness. For the Earth, too, had on her Black Veil.

The next day, the whole village of Milford talked of little else than Parson Hooper's black veil. That, and the mystery concealed behind it, supplied a topic for discussion between acquaintances meeting in the street, and good women gossiping at their open windows. It was the first item of news that the tavern-keeper told to his guests. The children babbled of it on their way to school. One imitative little imp covered his face with an old black handkerchief, thereby so affrighting his playmates that the panic seized himself, and he well-nigh lost his wits by his own waggery.

It was remarkable that of all the busybodies and impertinent people in the parish, not one ventured to put the plain question to Mr. Hooper, wherefore he did this thing. Hitherto, whenever there appeared the slightest call for such interference, he had never lacked advisers, nor shown himself averse to be guided by their judgment. If he erred at all, it was by so painful a

degree of self-distrust, that even the mildest censure would lead him to consider an indifferent action as a crime. Yet, though so well acquainted with this amiable weakness, no individual among his parishioners chose to make the black veil a subject of friendly remonstrance. There was a feeling of dread, neither plainly confessed nor carefully concealed, which caused each to shift the responsibility upon another, till at length it was found expedient to send a deputation of the church, in order to deal with Mr. Hooper about the mystery, before it should grow into a scandal. Never did an embassy so ill discharge its duties. The minister received them with friendly courtesy, but became silent, after they were seated, leaving to his visitors the whole burden of introducing their important business. The topic, it might be supposed, was obvious enough. There was the black veil swathed round Mr. Hooper's forehead, and concealing every feature above his placid mouth, on which, at times, they could perceive the glimmering of a melancholy smile. But that piece of crape, to their imagination, seemed to hang down before his heart, the symbol of a fearful secret between him and them. Were the veil but cast aside, they might speak freely of it, but not till then. Thus they sat a considerable time, speechless, confused, and shrinking uneasily from Mr. Hooper's eye, which they felt to be fixed upon them with an invisible glance. Finally, the deputies returned abashed to their constituents, pronouncing the matter too weighty to be handled, except by a council of the churches, if, indeed, it might not require a general synod.

But there was one person in the village unappalled by the awe with which the black veil had impressed all beside herself. When the deputies returned without an explanation, or even venturing to demand one, she, with the calm energy of her character, determined to chase away the strange cloud that appeared to be settling around Mr. Hooper, every moment more darkly than before. As his plighted wife, it should be her privilege to know what the black veil concealed. At the minister's first visit, therefore, she entered upon the subject with a direct simplicity, which made the task easier both for him and her. After he had seated himself, she fixed her eyes steadfastly upon the veil, but could discern nothing of the dreadful gloom that had so overawed the multitude: it was but a double fold of crape, hanging down from his forehead to his mouth, and slightly stirring with his breath.

"No," said she aloud, and smiling, "there is nothing terrible in this piece of crape, except that it hides a face which I am always glad to look upon. Come, good sir, let the sun shine from behind the cloud. First lay aside your black veil: then tell me why you put it on."

Mr. Hooper's smile glimmered faintly.

"There is an hour to come," said he, "when all of us shall cast aside our veils. Take it not amiss, beloved friend, if I wear this piece of crape till then."

"Your words are a mystery, too," returned the young lady. "Take away the veil from them, at least."

"Elizabeth, I will," said he, "so far as my vow may suffer me. Know, then, this veil is a type and a symbol, and I am bound to wear it ever, both in light and darkness, in solitude and before the gaze of multitudes, and as with strangers, so with my familiar friends. No mortal eye will see it withdrawn. This dismal shade must separate me from the world: even you, Elizabeth, can never come behind it!"

"What grievous affliction hath befallen you," she earnestly inquired, "that you should thus darken your eyes forever?"

"If it be a sign of mourning," replied Mr. Hooper, "I, perhaps, like most other mortals, have sorrows dark enough to be typified by a black veil."

"But what if the world will not believe that it is the type of an innocent sorrow?" urged Elizabeth. "Beloved and respected as you are, there may be whispers that you hide your face under the consciousness of secret sin. For the sake of your holy office, do away this scandal!"

The color rose into her cheeks as she intimated the nature of the rumors that were already abroad in the village. But Mr. Hooper's mildness did not forsake him. He even smiled again—that same sad smile, which always appeared like a faint glimmering of light, proceeding from the obscurity beneath the veil.

"If I hide my face for sorrow, there is cause enough," he merely replied; "and if I cover it for secret sin, what mortal might not do the same?"

And with this gentle, but unconquerable obstinacy did he resist all her entreaties. At length Elizabeth sat silent. For a few moments she appeared lost in thought, considering, probably, what new methods might be tried to withdraw her lover from so dark a fantasy, which, if it had no other meaning, was perhaps a symptom of mental disease. Though of a firmer character than his own, the tears rolled down her cheeks. But, in an instant, as it were, a new feeling took the place of sorrow: her eyes were fixed insensibly on the black veil, when, like a sudden twilight in the air, its terrors fell around her. She arose, and stood trembling before him.

"And do you feel it then, at last?" said he mournfully.

She made no reply, but covered her eyes with her hand, and turned to leave the room. He rushed forward and caught her arm.

"Have patience with me, Elizabeth!" cried he, passionately. "Do not desert me, though this veil must be between us here on earth. Be mine, and hereafter there shall be no veil over my face, no darkness between our souls! It is but a mortal veil—it is not for eternity! O! you know not how lonely I am, and how frightened, to be alone behind my black veil. Do not leave me in this miserable obscurity forever!"

"Lift the veil but once, and look me in the face," said she.

"Never! It cannot be!" replied Mr. Hooper.

"Then farewell!" said Elizabeth.

She withdrew her arm from his grasp, and slowly departed, pausing at the door, to give one long shuddering gaze, that seemed almost to penetrate the mystery of the black veil. But, even amid his grief, Mr. Hooper smiled to think that only a material emblem had separated him from happiness, though the horrors, which it shadowed forth, must be drawn darkly between the fondest of lovers.

From that time no attempts were made to remove Mr. Hooper's black veil, or, by a direct appeal, to discover the secret which it was supposed to hide. By persons who claimed a superiority to popular prejudice, it was reckoned merely an eccentric whim, such as often mingles with the sober actions of men otherwise rational, and tinges them all with its own semblance of insanity. But with the multitude, good Mr. Hooper was irreparably a bugbear. He could not walk the street with any peace of mind, so conscious was he that the gentle and timid would turn aside to avoid him, and that others would make it a point of hardihood to throw themselves in his way. The impertinence of the latter class compelled him to give up his customary walk at sunset to the burial ground; for when he leaned pensively over the gate, there would always be faces behind the gravestones, peeping at his black veil. A fable went the rounds that the stare of the dead people drove him thence. It grieved him, to the very depth of his kind heart, to observe how the children fled from his approach, breaking up their merriest sports, while his melancholy figure was yet afar off. Their instinctive dread caused him to feel more strongly than aught else, that a preternatural horror was interwoven with the threads of the black crape. In truth, his own antipathy to the veil was known to be so great, that he never willingly passed before a mirror, nor stooped to drink at a still fountain, lest, in its peaceful bosom, he should be affrighted by himself. This was what gave plausibility to the whispers, that Mr. Hooper's conscience tortured him for some great crime too horrible to be entirely concealed, or otherwise than so obscurely intimated. Thus, from beneath the black veil, there rolled a cloud into the sunshine, an ambiguity of sin or sorrow, which enveloped the poor minister, so that love or sympathy could never reach him. It was said that ghost and fiend consorted with him there. With self-shudderings and outward terrors, he walked continually in its shadow, groping darkly within his own soul, or gazing through a medium that saddened the whole world. Even the lawless wind, it was believed, respected his dreadful secret, and never blew aside the veil. But still good Mr. Hooper sadly smiled at the pale visages of the worldly throng as he passed by.

Among all its bad influences, the black veil had the one desirable effect, of making its wearer a very efficient clergyman. By the aid of his mysterious emblem—for there was no other apparent cause—he became a man of awful power over souls that were in agony for sin. His converts always regarded him with a dread peculiar to themselves, affirming, though but figuratively, that, before he brought them to celestial light, they had been with him behind the black veil. Its gloom, indeed, enabled him to sympathize with all dark affections. Dying sinners cried aloud for Mr. Hooper, and would not yield their breath till he appeared; though ever, as he stooped to whisper consolation, they shuddered at the veiled face so near their own. Such were the terrors of the black veil, even when Death had bared his visage! Strangers came long distances to attend service at his church, with the mere idle purpose of gazing at his figure, because it was forbidden them to behold his face. But many were made to quake ere they departed! Once, during Governor Belcher's administration, Mr. Hooper was appointed to preach the election sermon. Covered with his black veil, he stood before the chief magistrate, the council, and the representatives, and wrought so deep an impression, that the legislative measures of that year were characterized by all the gloom and piety of our earliest ancestral sway.

In this manner, Mr. Hooper spent a long life, irreproachable in outward act, yet shrouded in dismal suspicions; kind and loving, though unloved, and dimly feared; a man apart from men, shunned in their health and joy, but ever summoned to their aid in mortal anguish. As years wore on, shedding their snows above his sable veil, he acquired a name throughout the New England churches, and they called him Father Hooper. Nearly all his parishioners, who were of mature age when he was settled, had been borne away by many a funeral: he had one congregation in the church, and a more crowded one in the churchyard; and having wrought so late into the evening, and done his work so well, it was now good Father Hooper's turn to rest.

Several persons were visible by the shaded candle-light, in the death chamber of the old clergyman. Natural connections he had none. But there was the decorously grave, though unmoved physician, seeking only to mitigate the last pangs of the patient whom he could not save. There were the deacons, and other eminently pious members of his church. There, also, was the Reverend Mr. Clark, of Westbury, a young and zealous divine, who had ridden in haste to pray by the bedside of the expiring minister. There was the nurse, no hired handmaiden of death, but one whose calm affection had endured thus long in secrecy, in solitude, amid the chill of age, and would not perish, even at the dying hour. Who, but Elizabeth! And there lay the hoary head of good Father Hooper upon the death pillow, with the black

veil still swathed about his brow, and reaching down over his face, so that each more difficult gasp of his faint breath caused it to stir. All through life that piece of crape had hung between him and the world: it had separated him from cheerful brotherhood and woman's love, and kept him in that saddest of all prisons, his own heart; and still it lay upon his face, as if to deepen the gloom of his darksome chamber, and shade him from the sunshine of eternity.

For some time previous, his mind had been confused, wavering doubtfully between the past and the present, and hovering forward, as it were, at intervals, into the indistinctness of the world to come. There had been feverish turns, which tossed him from side to side, and wore away what little strength he had. But in his most convulsive struggles, and in the wildest vagaries of his intellect, when no other thought retained its sober influence, he still showed an awful solicitude lest the black veil should slip aside. Even if his bewildered soul could have forgotten, there was a faithful woman at his pillow, who, with averted eyes, would have covered that aged face, which she had last beheld in the comeliness of manhood. At length the death-stricken old man lay quietly in the torpor of mental and bodily exhaustion, with an imperceptible pulse, and breath that grew fainter and fainter, except when a long, deep, and irregular inspiration seemed to prelude the flight of his spirit.

The minister of Westbury approached the bedside.

"Venerable Father Hooper," said he, "the moment of your release is at hand. Are you ready for the lifting of the veil that shuts in time from eternity?"

Father Hooper at first replied merely by a feeble motion of his head; then, apprehensive, perhaps, that his meaning might be doubtful, he exerted himself to speak.

"Yea," said he, in faint accents, "my soul hath a patient weariness until that veil be lifted."

"And is it fitting," resumed the Reverend Mr. Clark, "that a man so given to prayer, of such a blameless example, holy in deed and thought, so far as mortal judgment may pronounce; is it fitting that a father in the church should leave a shadow on his memory, that may seem to blacken a life so pure? I pray you, my venerable brother, let not this thing be! Suffer us to be gladdened by your triumphant aspect as you go to your reward. Before the veil of eternity be lifted, let me cast aside this black veil from your face!"

And thus speaking, the Reverend Mr. Clark bent forward to reveal the mystery of so many years. But, exerting a sudden energy, that made all the beholders stand aghast, Father Hooper snatched both his hands from beneath the bedclothes, and pressed them strongly on the black veil, reso-

lute to struggle, if the minister of Westbury would contend with a dying man.

"Never!" cried the veiled clergyman. "On earth, never!"

"Dark old man!" exclaimed the affrighted minister, "with what horrible crime upon your soul are you now passing to the judgment?"

Father Hooper's breath heaved; it rattled in his throat; but, with a mighty effort, grasping forward with his hands, he caught hold of life, and held it back till he should speak. He even raised himself in bed; and there he sat, shivering with the arms of death around him, while the black veil hung down, awful, at that last moment, in the gathered terrors of a lifetime. And yet the faint, sad smile, so often there, now seemed to glimmer from its obscurity, and linger on Father Hooper's lips.

"Why do you tremble at me alone?" cried he, turning his veiled face round the circle of pale spectators. "Tremble also at each other! Have men avoided me, and women shown no pity, and children screamed and fled, only for my black veil? What, but the mystery which it obscurely typifies, has made this piece of crape so awful? When the friend shows his inmost heart to his friend; the lover to his best beloved; when man does not vainly shrink from the eye of his Creator, loathsomely treasuring up the secret of his sin; then deem me a monster, for the symbol beneath which I have lived, and die! I look around me, and, lo! on every visage a Black Veil!"

While his auditors shrank from one another, in mutual affright, Father Hooper fell back upon his pillow, a veiled corpse, with a faint smile lingering on the lips. Still veiled, they laid him in his coffin, and a veiled corpse they bore him to the grave. The grass of many years has sprung up and withered on that grave, the burial stone is moss-grown, and good Mr. Hooper's face is dust; but awful is still the thought that it mouldered beneath the Black Veil!

The whole work

HAPPENINGS

How does Hawthorne manage the beginning to make it as dramatic as possible?

2. One of Hawthorne's favorite structural devices was a "procession" in which he would have a series of individuals come in contact with his main character and then note the results. What is the special effect of the black veil at the meeting—both during and after? at the funeral? at the wedding? on the deputation? on Elizabeth? on Mr. Hooper himself? What is the ultimate effect on the community?

3. What are the time breaks in the story? Why does plausibility depend upon the elapse of a considerable amount of time?

CHARACTERS

4. How completely are the various age, social, and occupational classes of the community represented?

5. Are the various reactions to the

black veil probable? Are there any that seem overdone?

6. Is Mr. Hooper's character delineated well enough so that his wearing of the veil seems plausible? Why does Hawthorne not tell us the nature of Mr. Hooper's secret sin? Is Mr. Hooper an attractive character or an eccentric?

SETTING

7. Why should a small town be a more useful setting for this story than a farm or a large city?

LANGUAGE

8. What specific differences do you notice between Hawthorne's language and that of a typical modern short story? Why is Hawthorne's language more suitable for this subject than that of (a) Hemingway? (b) Lewis?

TONE

9. Does Hawthorne seem to feel that Mr. Hooper's wearing of the veil is a silly business? Explain your answer.

MEANING

10. What clues to the meaning of the minister's actions do you get from what he says and does? from what other people say and do? from what the author tells you directly? Which method of communicating meaning does Hawthorne use most frequently?

11. Which relation is stressed: the mental or moral conflict within the man? the relation between man and nature? the relation between man and other men? the relation between man and God? Are they all present? Give examples where possible.

12. What does the black veil symbolize? Whom does the Reverend Mr. Hooper symbolize? What is ironic about the fact that the veil frightens people whereas what the veil symbolizes ordinarily does not?

13. What ambiguity in meaning does Professor Fogle see in the story? (Read his evaluation of it, pp. 186-191.)

14. Do you agree that such an ambiguity exists? If so, do you think it makes the story less or more interesting? less or more illuminating about the nature of man? Explain your answers.

15. Summarize your findings in a statement of the meaning of the story.

"The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" is a longer and much more complicated poem than "When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer" on page 114. Basically, however, the same techniques that were helpful in understanding Whitman's poem can be used. Readers generally agree that it is one of Eliot's best, both because it makes a considerable impact emotionally and because its details are so loaded with meaning that it can be reread many times and still not be completely mastered. Like "My Last Duchess" (p. 60) it is a dramatic monologue —the rendition of the thoughts of a character.

T. S. ELIOT

The love song of J. Alfred Prufrock

S'io credesse che mia risposta fosse
A persona che mai tornasse al mondo,
Questa fiamma staria senza piu scosse.
Ma perciocche giammai di questo fondo
Non torno vivo alcun, s'i'odo il vero,
Senza tema d'infamia ti rispondo.[1]

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherized upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question . . .
Oh, do not ask, 'What is it?'
Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

From *Collected Poems 1909-1935* by T. S. Eliot. Copyright, 1936, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

[1] *S'io . . . rispondo.* If I could believe that my answer might be to a person who should ever return into the world, this flame would stand without more quiverings; but inasmuch as, if I hear the truth, never from this depth did any living man return, without fear of infamy I answer thee (from Dante's *Inferno,* Canto XXVII, ll. 61-66).

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,
Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,
And seeing that it was a soft October night,
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

And indeed there will be time
For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,
Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;
There will be time, there will be time
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;
There will be time to murder and create,
And time for all the works and days of hands
That lift and drop a question on your plate;
Time for you and time for me,
And time yet for a hundred indecisions,
And for a hundred visions and revisions,
Before the taking of a toast and tea.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

And indeed there will be time
To wonder, 'Do I dare?' and, 'Do I dare?'
Time to turn back and descend the stair,
With a bald spot in the middle of my hair—
(They will say: 'How his hair is growing thin!')
My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,
My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin—
(They will say: 'But how his arms and legs are thin!')
Do I dare
Disturb the universe?
In a minute there is time
For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all:—
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;
I know the voices dying with a dying fall

Beneath the music from a farther room.
  So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them all—
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,
When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,
Then how should I begin
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?
  And how should I presume?

And I have known the arms already, known them all—
Arms that are braceleted and white and bare
(But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!)
Is it perfume from a dress
That makes me so digress?
Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.
  And should I then presume?
  And how should I begin?

. . . . . .

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes
Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows? . . .
I should have been a pair of ragged claws
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

. . . . . .

And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!
Smoothed by long fingers,
Asleep . . . tired . . . or it malingers,
Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.
Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,
Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?
But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,
Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought in upon a platter,
I am no prophet—and here's no great matter;
I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,
And in short, I was afraid.

And would it have been worth it, after all,
After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,

Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,
Would it have been worth while,
To have bitten off the matter with a smile,
To have squeezed the universe into a ball
To roll it toward some overwhelming question,
To say: 'I am Lazarus, come from the dead,
Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all'—
If one, settling a pillow by her head,
  Should say: 'That is not what I meant at all,
  That is not it, at all.'

. . . . . .

And would it have been worth it, after all,
Would it have been worth while,
After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets,
After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail along the floor—
And this, and so much more?—
It is impossible to say just what I mean!
But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen:
Would it have been worth while
If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,
And turning toward the window, should say:
  'That is not it at all,
  That is not what I meant, at all.'

. . . . . .

No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;
Am an attendant lord, one that will do
To swell a progress, start a scene or two,
Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,
Deferential, glad to be of use,
Politic, cautious, and meticulous;
Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;
At times, indeed, almost ridiculous—
Almost, at times, the Fool.

I grow old . . . I grow old . . .
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?
I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.
I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
When the wind blows the water white and black.

We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

The whole work

HAPPENINGS AND STRUCTURE

WHAT is the situation here that gives the poem a surface unity? (To answer this you must first realize that the "you" of the poem is that part of Prufrock's personality which is social, outgoing, and active. The "I" of the poem is that part which is shy, retiring, introspective, and fearful. Apparently before the poem opens the active self [the "you"] has suggested to the retiring self [the "I"] that they go into the room where the "women come and go." For convenience we shall hereafter refer to the "I" or the shy, fearful self as Prufrock.)

2. What is Prufrock's attitude at the beginning of the poem? What is it at the end? Show the main stages by which he moves from the initial to the final position. (It might be well not to try to answer this question until you have answered the various parts of question 14.)

CHARACTERS

3. Describe Prufrock's appearance. What does it imply about his character?

4. What does his name suggest about him? Consider each part of the name carefully.

5. How does he characterize himself? (See lines 111-119 especially.)

6. What is added to our understanding of him by the allusions to John the Baptist (lines 81-83), Lazarus (lines 94-95), and Hamlet (lines 111-119)?

7. Summarize Prufrock as a person, being as orderly and specific as you can.

8. What are the basic characteristics of the women in the poem?

SETTING

9. What is the setting of the poem? How is it of value? Can you hazard a guess about why Eliot does not give us the setting in more detail?

LANGUAGE

10. Would you say that the poem is written in formal, informal, or vulgate diction? Cite specific words and sentences to prove your claim.

11. Contemporary poetry is often described as being so compressed in form that the connections and transitions we are accustomed to in prose and in older poetry get squeezed out. Would you say that this is true of "Prufrock"? Explain your answer.

12. What characteristics of the language clearly distinguish "Prufrock" from a prose selection that has simply been set up in uneven lines and stanzas?

TONE

13. How can the tone of the poem best be characterized?

MEANING

14. Let these questions help you to

discover the meaning of each stanza:

Lines 1-12. How does Prufrock make clear that he does not want to visit the room where the women are even though he says, "Let us go and make our visit"?

Lines 13-14. What is apparently repelling about the women?

Lines 15-34. With what does he identify himself in these lines and how does he rationalize his indecisiveness?

Lines 35-36. What effect is gained by repeating these two lines?

Lines 37-48. How does Prufrock come to believe that even the slightest action will be embarrassing and self-defeating?

Lines 49-54. How does Prufrock characterize the society in which he has been living a kind of half-life? Why does the very thought of it make him more incapable of action?

Lines 55-69. Show how these lines suggest more positively his shyness and terror and yet indicate that the thought of the visit is not so dreadful that he can come to an easy decision about it.

Lines 70-74. Why does Prufrock recall the "lonely men in shirt-sleeves" at this point in the poem? What do they mean to him?

Lines 75-86. What quality in the evening does he envy?

Lines 87-98. What is he afraid will happen if he tells "all"? What is meant by "all"?

Lines 99-110. How is this stanza related to the preceding one?

Lines 111-119. Is Prufrock's analysis of himself accurate? What is the importance of this section in the poem as a whole?

Lines 120-131. What is Prufrock going to do and with what does he identify himself in these closing lines of the poem?

15. What clues to the overall meaning of the poem are provided by the quotation from Dante? by the title of the poem?

16. Is Eliot advocating anything (e.g., action rather than inaction) or is he simply stating a problem? Defend your answer.

17. What is behind Prufrock's predicament? Is Eliot saying anyone or anything is to blame?

18. How typical of modern man is Prufrock? In what ways can you generalize from his problem to the problem of man in the modern world? Do not answer this in a glib sentence or two. Think out your answer and make it as orderly, specific, and informative as you can.

19. Summarize the meaning of the poem as briefly but as cogently as you can.

part 2
Evaluations

EVALUATING LITERATURE

So far, you have considered what makes literature what it is, you have examined certain aspects of its form and craftsmanship, and you have tried to become more sensitive to tone and more aware of meanings. But now consider this problem: A sad tale from a journal that we might call *True Heartaches* has everything that we have talked about so far—happenings, characters, setting, language, tone, and meanings—yet no one with any judgment at all would say that this melancholy piece of prose has the same power over the reader as, for example, a story by Hawthorne or William Faulkner. Think of some other combinations: a play by Shakespeare versus a soap opera, a poem by Robert Frost versus a jingle on a valentine, a novel by Joseph Conrad versus a Dick Merriwell thriller. In every case the elements we observed and described in the last section are present. What, then, makes the difference between the good work and the poor one? To supply a few answers for such a question is the purpose of this section.

Putting the problem in other words, we might say that in the last section we were thinking about literature in a quantitative way. We wanted to discover what the main aspects of a piece of writing are and how many of them there are. Now we are interested in looking at literature qualitatively. We want to know what makes one story better than another, one play better than another, one poem better than another.

There is, of course, no one way of measuring works of art because we all use different yardsticks. Loosely we call the yardstick "taste." More specifically, a yardstick is a compound of our likes and dislikes, our desires and needs, our preconceptions, our knowledge and wisdom and experience—everything, in short, that makes up our particular psycho-physiological being. Since we are all different we like different things, and since we like different things we are not going to agree wholly on what makes one piece of literature better than another. Let us try to clear this up with a simple example.

You and four friends visit an automobile showroom. On anything involving weight, number, or size you can agree perfectly because you all use the same methods of measurement. You all agree that the model on display, a coupé, weighs so many pounds, has a wheelbase of so many inches, has six cylinders, and is robin's-egg blue in color. There are a host of details like this on which there is not the slightest difference of opinion. But—and here is where you start arguing—you say this is just the car that you have been waiting for, whereas the others say they wouldn't have it if the dealer gave it to them. What has happened? The conversation has passed from observation and description to evaluation. And, in the process of evaluation, you are all employing different standards. You want the car because you have always wanted a coupé painted robin's-egg blue. Friend A wants an eight-cylinder car because

he values power; Friend B wants a Willys because he is thinking of economy; Friend C wants a car with greater speed; and Friend D disagrees with you out of sheer cussedness. The Romans, not the Greeks in this case, had a word for it: *de gustibus non est disputandum,* "there is no arguing about tastes."

Something of the same situation prevails when we try to argue with a friend that one poem is better than another, or one play is better than another. Maybe the friend will agree; and then maybe he won't. So at the beginning of this discussion of evaluation we might as well face up frankly to the fact that there is no single rule or set of rules which you can use in evaluating literature. Nor are the authors of this book going to recommend any single rule or set of rules. Rather, they hope to show you a number of standards which people have used over a long period of time and have found satisfying. Literary criticism is not the completely chaotic affair that the Roman proverb might suggest. It is not a case of every man for himself. Just as a great many people *will* agree with you that a robin's-egg blue coupé is the right car, so many will agree with you that the books you like are good books and the poems you dislike are poor poems. Many people agree on standards, but not all people. It would be a dull world if they did.

You may ask, why worry about standards? Won't I reach the same conclusions whether I am conscious of my standards or not? There are several answers to this. You may come to the same conclusions, to be sure, but it is highly doubtful that you will understand them so well. An estimate of twenty inches means something to you only if you know what inches are; the statement "this is a good book" has meaning only as you know what you mean by goodness. Furthermore, it is quite possible that through a knowledge of standards you will reach a sounder and more defensible conclusion, that you will see many things in a literary work that you would otherwise miss. Knowing your criterion in literary evaluation is analogous to knowing your major premise in an argument. It is building from a known rather than an unknown. It stops silly criticisms before they begin. A friend of yours says he does not like Wolfe's *Of Time and the River* because it is too long. Does he realize that his criterion or major premise is that "all long books are bad"? A knowledge of standards, in short, makes for thoughtful evaluations which will be more satisfying to you and more acceptable to your friends.

The standards which are employed in evaluating literature can be classified in many ways. In this discussion we shall divide them roughly into (a) those which apply to a part of the work, and (b) those which apply to the whole work. The distinction needs a brief explanation. In the first instance, a reader may be interested only in the way stories turn out. His standard might be called "the yardstick of happy endings." Measured by such a yardstick, the story with a happy ending becomes good; the story without it becomes a waste of time. Other aspects of the work mean little or nothing in the judgment he makes. He does not care what the characters are like, what the setting is, or how meaningless the story may be; he does not even care whether the ending is arrived at logically or not. All he wants is that it be happy. Indeed, sometimes he sneaks a look at the last few pages

before reading a story in order to see whether it is worth reading. This, of course, is a rather idiotic example, but it demonstrates what a standard is that involves only a part. One involving the whole work might be "the yardstick of internal consistency." According to this criterion, a story to be good must have all of its parts harmoniously related and completely interdependent. The happenings must depend upon the type of people involved; the setting must reflect and add to the events and the characterization; the tone must be appropriate; and so on.

To keep before you the fact that we are considering methods of evaluation in this section, we shall constantly refer to our standards as "yardsticks." It is measurement we are interested in, not an enumeration of parts or devices or reading problems. Our main question is: What are the yardsticks which readers most commonly use in evaluating literature? In considering each we shall try to discover what it is, how it operates, and what its peculiar advantages and disadvantages are. Under *Evaluations involving parts or characteristics,* we shall consider the following yardsticks: (1) clarity, (2) escape, (3) special doctrine, (4) real life, and (5) pleasure in artistic details; under *Evaluations involving the whole work,* we shall take up these yardsticks: (1) the effect on the reader, (2) the personality of the author, (3) internal consistency, (4) insight.

EVALUATIONS INVOLVING PARTS OR CHARACTERISTICS

Clarity

THE yardstick of clarity is a very simple standard of measurement according to which everything that resists reasonably careful reading is considered poor writing. Behind such a standard is the assumption that all writing is meant to be communication.

The justification for such a yardstick is obvious. A writer, if he expects readers to spend time and money on his works, has an obligation to make clear what is on his mind. The writer's retort (to the charge of obscurity) that he was interested only in self-expression will not hold water, for if that were true he should not have pushed the work into print. By the act of publication he indicates that he wants readers and, hence, that communication as well as self-expression is involved. Yet there is something to be said against too rigorous an application of this standard. Possibly the writer is using terms which as yet you have not encountered and consequently do not understand. Possibly his technique is a new one to you, or, as in the case of many modern poets, possibly he has compressed his material so

tightly that extraordinary care in reading is required. In any event, in fairness to the author you should take into account your own relevant limitations, and you should be sure that you have read the work with sufficient care, before branding a literary work inadequate because of lack of clarity.

Questions

IN "The Cask of Amontillado" (p. 72), Poe fails to tell us how Fortunato had injured and insulted the "I" of the story. Is this justification for lowering one's estimate of the work on the grounds of obscurity?

2. In Dunsany's *A Night at an Inn* (p. 42), you do not know what happens to the characters at the end because they are one by one drawn from the stage by a force which they cannot resist. Is this justification for branding the play unclear?

3. Mr. I. A. Richards criticizes the last lines of Keats' "Ode on a Grecian Urn" (Part III) for being "pseudo-statement" (that is, a statement that seems to make sense but is meaningless). You will recall the lines:

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Do you think Mr. Richards' comment justified? If so, why? If not, what *do* the lines mean? Can the lines be justified for reasons other than meaning?

4. As you look back over your own reading, how frequently have you employed the yardstick of clarity? Can you think of any instances in which you have done so unfairly?

5. Evaluate the following poem, Emerson's "Brahma," by the yardstick of clarity. In doing so, consider the following questions: Is the poem sheer nonsense? Is it obscure but understandable if one reads carefully enough? Is it obscure but understandable if one knows something about the principles of Hindu philosophy? Is it clear on first reading?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Brahma

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

Escape

If you measure by the yardstick of escape, the literary work which causes you to forget yourself and the circumstances of your own life is by that fact good. You probably employ this yardstick oftener than you think, for in a world full of perplexities and frustrations it is natural for you and everyone else to want to slip away into a land where men are men and women are exquisite creatures in slinky black evening dresses. Writing that is most successful in effecting escape deals with adventure, love, and murder.

"A shot rang out in the Silver Star saloon!" There's the beginning of adventure. You can visualize the rest: the mustachioed barkeeper; the beetle-browed villain with his shoestring necktie; the strong, silent hero (inevitably called Tex); his faithful but comically stupid "pardner"; the fresh-faced girl who can ride with the best of 'em; and honest John, her father. The story, if it is excellent as escape, is exciting, fast-moving, tense, and not too complicated. The villain—curse his dirty heart!—gets his just deserts, and Tex gets the girl. A few implausibilities in the story will not bother you if events move fast enough to keep your interest. In general, you demand the same qualities of all adventure stories, whether you read them in books or magazines, see them in plays or movies. Whether it is cloak-and-dagger stuff, sports stories, or sagas of the air and sea, you want movement, suspense, thrills, and an emphasis on physical action. You want a happy ending. You want uncomplicated characters that are clearly either good or bad. Especially, you want the exotic scene and the unfamiliar adventure. The writers in the pulp magazines may satisfy you, but the great romanticists are sure to do so: Cooper, Scott, Stevenson, Dumas, Hugo.

Romances need not necessarily be set at so fast a tempo as adventure fiction. Indeed the good ones, you probably feel, are at their best when they are quiet: a hushed night with a silver moon riding overhead, a man and a girl, the soft splashing of a fountain, a whispered "I love you." The old formula is always adequate: boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy gets girl. The main thing is that the story gets you away from the freckled kid next door with whom you go to the movies on Saturday nights.

In detective fiction, you expect the excitement, suspense, and physical action of the adventure story, plus, possibly, a boy-girl routine that is interesting but not so absorbing that it interferes with the solution of the crime. In romance and adventure, you know the villain from the outset; in the detective stories you are not so sure. The fun comes in finding out. And the more you are fooled—provided the author has played fair—the better you like it. In a sense, therefore, the detective story combines the appeals of the adventure and the romance and adds to them a type of mystery which tantalizes the intellect. That detective stories are considered good reading is evidenced by the fact that Sherlock Holmes, Perry Mason, Hercule Poirot, and Lord Peter Wimsey are probably the best known characters of modern fiction.

Poems which help us best to escape from the complexities of modern life have, curiously enough, almost none of the qualities which we have been considering with regard to fiction and drama. The most popular escapist poetry is quiet, soothing, melodic. It is nonintellectual, questions nothing about

life, death, or immortality. It is like a waltz played softly and dreamily. By such a standard, Longfellow is greater than Whitman, Poe than Emerson, and Tennyson than Wordsworth. You might be able to point out exceptions to these generalizations in the form of poems like Harte's "Heathen Chinee" and ballads like "Frankie and Johnny" (p. 39), but it would generally hold that readers wanting escape through poetry prefer something like Longfellow's "The Day Is Done" with its famous final stanza:

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

It has been the custom for many teachers and literary sophisticates to pooh-pooh escapist reading, and to decry the standard by which it can be measured and considered good. Their point is that other and more serious works of art bring richer pleasure and a better understanding of your own experiences. The point is well taken. The *continual* practice of identifying yourself with a hero or heroine who always comes off triumphantly, while satisfying to the ego, is quite likely to make you less capable of handling real-life situations, where choices between right and wrong are not so clear-cut and where happy endings are often the exception rather than the rule. Yet there is some defense for considering escapist reading good reading. At one time or another, all of us need relaxation; we can not always go to the movies or play golf. On such occasions, Sherlock Holmes or Longfellow may be just what the doctor ordered.

Questions

How do you account for the popularity of the Sherlock Holmes stories? Would you say that more recent detective fiction like that by Dashiell Hammett and Erle Stanley Gardner is more absorbing? What elements have been added or have been dropped in these newer works?

2. Is "The Cask of Amontillado" (p. 72) good as escapist reading? Is *Babbitt,* as represented by the passage beginning on page 55? Is "The Idol's Eye" (p. 105)? In each case give your reasons for your answer.

3. Why is prose fiction more popular as escape reading than poetry?

4. Of the reading which you do that is unconnected with school work, how much of it rates high by this standard?

5. Do you find that those works which you evaluate highly by the yardstick of escape also come out well when measured by the yardstick of clarity? Account for whatever answer you make.

6. What do you think would be the effect upon society if we read nothing but good escapist literature? If we read no escapist literature?

7. Is Emerson's "Brahma" (p. 139) good by the yardstick of escape? Is the following poem by Emily Dickinson good by this yardstick?

I NEVER saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

Special doctrine

By the yardstick of special doctrine, a literary work is considered good if it states or implies ideas which are congenial to the reader. More simply, this means that we like what we agree with. Phrased so baldly, this hardly seems like a sound standard for evaluation; yet it is a common one, and deserves a franker attention than it normally gets.

In considering such a yardstick as this one, we could range through the whole gamut of human interests, for to one degree or another everything we have opinions about affects our listening judgments. Here we can discuss only those concerns which most radically affect these judgments: morality, religion, politics and economics, philosophy, and literary criticism.

MORALITY

To those who are preoccupied with questions of morality, that writing which exemplifies and encourages proper conduct is good writing; conversely, whatever is profane, vulgar, or obscene, whatever encourages laxness in morals is bad. Behind such evaluation is the assumption that imaginative writing, though primarily designed to be pleasurable, must inevitably lead to instruction in behavior.

This is a critical standard that has been employed for thousands of years. Plato, for example, felt that parts of Homer and Hesiod should be kept from the young because they contained erroneous representations of the nature of gods and heroes, and were therefore not conducive to proper conduct. Indeed, censorship of fiction was to be one of the first concerns of the rulers of the ideal state. In the *Republic* Plato quotes Socrates as saying:

> *Then the first thing will be to establish a censorship of the writers of fiction, and let the censors receive any tale of fiction which is good and reject the bad; and we will desire mothers and nurses to tell their children the authorized ones only. Let them fashion the mind with such tales, even more fondly than they mould the body with their hands; but most of those which are now in use must be discarded.*

In every land there have been those who, like Plato, have employed the yardstick of morality: Horace, Ben Jonson, Tolstoy, and William Dean Howells, to name only a few.

Among those who use this measure of value, however, there is no agreement as to what "morality" as applied to literature means.[1] To some it means simply that the author has been honest with himself and his material, that his is, in short, the scientific spirit. In a paradoxical sense, a literary work is moral to such critics when it is amoral—when it does not take sides on a moral question, but merely reports what the author observes. By such an interpretation of morality, the novels of Zola could be considered highly moral, though by other interpretations they might be blasted as vulgar and indecent.

Other readers, though refusing to

[1]It is worth pointing out that there is even a misapprehension as to what morality or immorality in any context means. In America the common connotation of the latter term is sexual irregularity. Actually, of course, the word denotes any deviation from the mores, and thus includes murder, stealing, lying, cheating, and a host of other activities.

favor amorality, nevertheless consider a literary work immoral only when in its overall implications it condones misconduct. These persons believe that no worthy literary treatment of life can leave the final impression that adultery, for instance, is socially acceptable, that lying is inconsequential, that murder is of no moment. They argue that the issue here is not only one of propriety or even of divine law, but of human survival. Society would disintegrate overnight, they insist, if individuals suddenly ceased to have regard for person or property. As instruction, they conclude, literature cannot be allowed to run counter to what is necessary for race preservation.

Still other readers, those at the opposite extreme from the first group mentioned, believe a literary work is immoral if it in any fashion exhibits an indecent act or employs a coarse or obscene word. They find a work especially reprehensible if it contains swearing, drinking, divorce, or any suggestion of improper sexual relations. Literature should be uplifting; it should protect its readers from immoralities, not expose its readers to them. This attitude is most dramatically represented today in an organization like Boston's Watch and Ward Society, which agitates for a police ban on the sale of any work which in the opinion of its officers is morally offensive. In recent years such works as Farrell's *Studs Lonigan* and Lillian Smith's *Strange Fruit* became court cases. *Tobacco Road* and *The Children's Hour* were not permitted to play in Boston theaters. Today, the general effect of such censorship is to make a work doubly popular. But it was not always so. Moral criticism kept many an author from getting a reading public. Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* for many years was a volume that many respectable people did not want in their houses. Theodore Dreiser through a stipulation in the contract was able to force publication of *Sister Carrie* but then was not able to make the publisher distribute it to booksellers. Even *Huckleberry Finn* was forced off the library shelves in certain cities because influential citizens thought it crude and improper.

The problem is a thorny one. On two points practically all are agreed: (1) that literature in dealing with human experience cannot fail to become involved with what is right and wrong in human conduct; (2) that literature, like experience itself, is a teacher. But the question still remains, to what extent should it consciously teach right conduct? Those who argue that literature should not be expected to be the "handmaiden of morality" point out that an author cannot treat life intelligently unless he is permitted to show evil as well as good. Even obscene passages and vulgar words are defensible, they say, if they contribute to the air of reality, and in doing so make the literary work a more profound and effective delineation of life. Instruction is a matter of creating understanding, and understanding must be based upon a knowledge of all the facts. Those who want literature to be morally uplifting retort that nothing is to be gained by a parading of what is sordid and vulgar. Indeed, they argue, much may be lost because the attitudes and values of the young may be permanently warped. Instruction, they insist, must be a matter of indoctrination in what is right, right being determined by divine law and human convention.

The basic weakness in the position of those who believe that literature should

not be expected to be the "handmaiden of morality" is that it fails to recognize that literature in admittedly affecting men's attitudes and conduct imposes a social responsibility upon the author. To what extent fiction, plays, and movie scenarios are responsible for juvenile delinquency is an open question, but it is a question nevertheless. The basic weakness in the opposite position is that the extreme moralist too often assumes that his right and wrong are absolutes, whereas in reality they are simply a compound of his own traditions, customs, and prejudices. Frequently, too, in concentrating on a detail he loses sight of the fundamental thesis.

RELIGION

That religious affiliations and doctrines get into our literary evaluations cannot be denied. Confirmed Protestants have been less enthusiastic about Evelyn Waugh since his conversion to Catholicism, and strict Catholics have had a difficult time becoming enthusiastic about Mark Twain because of his criticism of their church. Some persons of both faiths have harbored qualms about a writer like Dreiser who questions the validity of all religion. In many cases, individual evaluations based upon religious beliefs have been fortified by official institutional positions which appear in the literary reviews of denominational publications.

POLITICS AND ECONOMICS

Political affiliation and economic doctrine affect our literary judgments also. At its best, the resulting criticism shows some rather astonishing inequities in treatment. It seems clear that Dr. Johnson would have thought more highly of "Lycidas" had Milton been a Tory, that English Liberals would have been more enthusiastic about Southey's writings had he not deserted their party, that British Laborites would be fonder of Kipling had he not sanctioned imperialism. Contemporary Americans who tend to be liberal in their political thinking are likely to place a high estimate upon writers like Hemingway, Dos Passos, Upton Sinclair, and Lillian Hellman; more conservative readers, by the same token, prefer authors who accept the *status quo* or, at least, are not particularly critical of it—authors like Kenneth Roberts and Clarence Buddington Kelland. Some critics in this country have been strongly partisan in their insistence that literature show what they called "class struggle"; others that literature should clearly uphold what they called "the American way of life." It is to be hoped that no group in this country, however, will go to the extreme of the Nazis or the Russians, who actually banned or burned books which they considered contrary to the official "party line."

PHILOSOPHY

Philosophical beliefs often give the assumptions upon which literary conclusions are based. Platonists, believing in a world of ultimate truth beyond the realm of our senses and apprehensible only through our intuition, are likely to have especially high regard for those works which suggest that the material world is secondary, imperfect, and transitory. Thus Emerson found such writers as Milton, Goethe, and Coleridge especially exciting. Non-Platonists who believe that truth can be apprehended only by the senses look not for evidences of intuitive insight but for a detailed and faithful representation of life based on careful sensory observation. Such thinkers are likely to put a

considerably higher estimate than the Platonists would upon such writers as Zola, Hardy, Dostoevski, Dreiser, and Dos Passos.

The relation between philosophy and critical yardsticks is a vast and complicated problem, which, at first glance, may seem to have nothing to do with your own reading. Yet to the extent that you have notions about the nature of truth, goodness, and beauty, you can be said, very loosely, to be a philosopher. Obviously what you think about goodness in general will affect what you think is good in literature; what you think about truth and beauty in general will determine to a large degree what you expect of them in literature.

LITERARY CRITICISM

Special doctrines within the field of literary criticism have an obvious effect on one's evaluations. Again, this might look like a matter only for the experts but not for you. But, again, you are personally involved, for every age has its preferences, and you as well as the leading literary critics are a product of your age. What the great majority of eighteenth-century readers wanted was simplicity if not austerity in style, ease in reading, and neatness of form. Deprecating the way Shakespeare played fast and loose with time and place, they urged their dramatists to confine a play to one setting and the time span of the action to twenty-four hours. Poetry, they felt, should be written in rhymed couplets, and in relatively elegant language. They thought the conceits of John Donne tiresome, and they preferred the simpler ideas and lines of Alexander Pope.

But what happened to these notions? To a great extent they were replaced by other standards in the nineteenth century, and these in turn were superseded by new points of view in the twentieth. Today, most readers want their details vigorous and realistic; they care very little about traditional forms; they think it silly for all poems to be written in rhymed couplets or for most of them to be about nature; they like a style that is colorful, jabby, almost journalistic in flavor. Are these timeless standards of greatness?

Observe, too, that within the general taste pattern of an age there are all sorts of minor groups which overlap in doctrine but still retain distinctive emphasis. Today, there are the realists, naturalists, primitivists, Freudians, Marxists, and a host of others, each group with its special tenets and each evaluating literature according to those tenets. It is quite possible that you are a naturalist, for example, without knowing it.

The yardstick of special doctrine is a tricky and often deceptive affair. One of its characteristic weaknesses is that it too often introduces criteria which are irrelevant. Worse than that, it too often becomes a matter of evaluation by prejudice, and hence ceases to be evaluation at all. Conclusions reached by this method are frequently inconsequential, sometimes crude and vicious. Yet we cannot escape from our age or our temperament. We should be a pretty sad lot if we had no convictions at all about religion, politics and economics, philosophy, or literature. Provided a doctrine is reasonable and relevant, no one can logically argue against its use simply because it is the result of your private loyalties. You may be a partisan, but that is no reason for your becoming grossly unreasonable. This yardstick, therefore, can be manipulated to personal, unintelligent, and evil ends. Too often it is. But it need not be.

Questions

DISCOVER in each of these literary estimates the special doctrine which the critic is employing as a yardstick:

(a) Dreiser's *Sister Carrie:*

We do not recommend the book to the fastidious reader, or the one who clings to "old fashioned ideas."—New York Times, *1907.*

And one feels his honesty, his determination to present life exactly as he sees it. He may not approve of the deed he describes; often he expresses his disapproval in ways that show how imperfectly he has conquered the prejudices of his boyhood; but the desire to understand triumphs over conventional morality, and the story of Carrie Drouet and Hurstwood is inexorably unfolded.—GRANVILLE HICKS, The Great Tradition, *1933.*

(b) Dreiser's *The Genius:*

His readers accompany him through more than 700 pages and 330,000 words, and into personal details that even a Zola would avoid.—Boston Transcript, *1915.*

Life at its best and most heroic is rebellion. All artists, big and little, are in their degree rebels. You [Dreiser] yourself are a rebel. . . . Why do you not write the American novel of rebellion?—FLOYD DELL, The Masses, *August 1916.*

(c) Dreiser's writing in general:

I am not quarreling with this great-hearted writer because he is not a Socialist in the narrow sense. Scientific socialism is only a part of a man's big job of understanding the blind fortunes of nature and subordinating them to his will. Read a little book by a true scientist, Ray Lankester's "The Kingdom of Man," and learn what is the matter with our world.—UPTON SINCLAIR, Money Writes, *1927.*

As even Henry Adams saw and every unclouded mind knows, the terribly sore spot in American life has been and still is in the sex life of the vast majority. . . . Hence Dreiser's frank and sharp and profoundly serious dealing with sex as a primordial and pervasive and creative force was from the start and still is an epoch-making act of vicarious liberation. . . . It remains true that his eminence, his eminence above all within the framework of his country's literature and civilization, is due to his dealing with sex, to his constant assertion of the import and in truth, the sacredness of the generative process and function which is at the very core of life.—LUDWIG LEWISOHN, Expression in America, *1932.*

2. What kinds of doctrines and attitudes other than the ones mentioned here frequently affect our judgment (e.g., attitudes toward racial minorities)?

3. What special doctrines are likely to affect the reviews and comments on books which appear in the following periodicals and newspapers: *Time, The New Masses, The New Yorker, Ladies' Home Journal, The Nation, The Catholic World, The Christian Advocate,* Hearst's *Journal American,* McCormick's *Chicago Tribune,* Scripps-Howard newspapers, *The Daily Worker?*

4. What are your own doctrines and attitudes that are most likely to affect your literary judgments? Be specific in your answer.

5. Discover what a materialist is, a humanist, and a logical positivist. Then imagine, in turn, that you are each of these and see what you would have to say about a work like Fry's *A Phoenix Too Frequent* (Part III).

6. Do any special doctrines or attitudes of yours affect your estimate of the following poem by Gerard Manley Hopkins? Do you think that the moral, religious, social, or philosophical doctrine which affects your judgment of this poem results in a sounder and more defensible estimate of the poem as a literary accomplishment than you otherwise might have achieved?

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

Heaven-haven

A Nun Takes the Veil

I HAVE desired to go
Where springs not fail
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
Where no storms come.
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

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Real life

SINCE the rise in the latter part of the nineteenth century of what we have come to call realism, a special emphasis has been placed on the ability of the writer to report life as it is. "Life as it is," however, is an ambiguous term that can mean, among other things, truth to the facts of human life or truth to the general nature of human beings. Because these two interpretations involve slightly different criteria, we shall consider them separately.

TRUTH TO THE FACTS OF HUMAN LIFE

Consciously or unconsciously we all probably test a work occasionally by the accuracy of its facts. According to this standard, the work which reports actuality in a flawless manner is good; the one which distorts the facts as we know them is bad. Essentially what we are doing here is demanding that the man of literature be also a historian or a scientist.

Some readers prefer to get their history through imaginative literature. They know the Plantagenets through Shakespeare, the Scottish lairds through Scott, the American Indian through Cooper, and the Civil War through Margaret Mitchell. Since such persons are reading for knowledge, they demand strict adherence to the known facts, and they resent any deviations from them. Thus they demand the same accuracy of such a work as *Gone with the Wind* as another person might demand of the Beards' *Rise of American Civilization.* Other readers—all of us at one time or another—while not necessarily going to literature for history are disturbed by inaccuracies. Even Keats

pulls us up abruptly when in "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" he has Cortez rather than Balboa discovering the Pacific.

Often we treat literature, too, as though it were the work of trained social scientists. We demand that *Main Street* display the same exhaustive analysis of American town life that we find in a work like the Lynds' *Middletown,* which is a detailed and thorough analysis of life in Muncie, Indiana, done by two of the country's ablest social scientists. If we are Brooklynites, we check on streets and schools and bridges in Betty Smith's *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn;* if we are Chicagoans, we read Farrell's *Studs Lonigan* to make sure that the streets are properly named and that Washington Park is described with precision. Often a work is called inaccurate because the reader does not agree with the selection of facts or with the interpretation that the author has given them. Thus Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* has been savagely denounced in both Oklahoma and California for what the editorial writers called inaccuracy and distortion. And Sinclair Lewis was roundly criticized by businessmen for *Babbitt,* by physicians for *Arrowsmith,* and by the clergy for *Elmer Gantry.*

In recent years, we have been demanding more attention to the facts of psychology. As the theories of men like Freud, Adler, Jung, and Watson have become better known, the terms of the psychiatrists and psychoanalysts have gradually crept into our vocabularies. To most intelligent readers nowadays "schizophrenia" is no longer baffling; neither is "paranoiac," "manic depressive," or "psychotic." Even high-school students speak learnedly of a "sense of insecurity." The result of this increasing awareness of the terms and problems of maladjustment is that many readers have come to treat literary works as case histories. They want to analyze the main characters in order to diagnose their mental diseases and to suggest what the proper cure might be. The Freudians have been particularly active in this respect with the result that every character from Sophocles' Oedipus to Dreiser's Clyde Griffiths has been psychoanalyzed over and over. Hamlet has been an especial favorite. For such readers the handling of a psychological abnormality must be accurate. They insist, for example, that the paranoiac follow a plausible pattern of behavior for the type and that he not suddenly, because of the demands of the plot or the whimsy of the author, become a well-adjusted citizen.[1]

Whether you approve or disapprove of this standard of factual accuracy, you cannot deny that you—and all other readers—employ it from time to time, and that sometimes it may be the most important single element leading to a literary judgment. The unfairness of employing this standard too rigorously is obvious. Since the dramatist, poet, or fiction writer has not tried to write history as such or a scientific treatise as such, it is unjust to demand of him the factual precision of history or science. Yet we do expect that the competent writer face his material seriously and squarely. Surely this would imply a regard for the important facts, and hence

[1]This preoccupation of many readers has led to a relatively new type of fiction which copies after the psychiatrist's case history as closely as possible. Two of the most popular works of this nature in recent years have been Charles R. Jackson's LOST WEEKEND and Mary Jane Ward's THE SNAKEPIT.

some obligation to see them clearly and communicate them accurately. You can make out a fairly good case, consequently, for the employment within reasonable limits of the standard of factual accuracy.

TRUTH TO HUMAN NATURE

More than simple factual accuracy, the standard of truth to human nature requires that the work create a believable place and characters. If factual accuracy will help, well and good; on the other hand, if representative details imaginatively conceived establish the effect, that, too, is well and good.

In many respects this yardstick involves a work of art as a whole, since happenings, characters, setting, and dialogue must all contribute if the desired effect is to be achieved. Most readers who employ the criterion, however, do so without regard to the artistic and intellectual effects which also may be present. Nor do they pay much attention to the necessary function of a character. What they want to know is whether the Tom Jones in the story is, acts, and thinks like the people they know. If he does, the story is well written; if he does not, the story is a waste of time—whatever the other effects. When used in this fashion, the yardstick of real life measures an effect just as partial as that measured for morality or factual accuracy.

Probably the best way to see what this method of evaluation requires is to see what it excludes. It excludes, clearly, what Hawthorne in his preface to the *The House of the Seven Gables* calls the "marvelous." Strange and supernatural incidents are ruled out. The misty outlines of the *Flying Dutchman* cannot be seen on the horizon every time the moon is full; no ghost may appear upon a battlement—indeed there should be no battlement in the first place, for the locale of Gothic terror novels is suspect. Coincidence, as well, comes under the heading of what is marvelous. In this sense, fiction must be less strange than life. On many occasions, probably, you have had the experience of thinking about a person just before meeting him, or even of prophesying an event before it came true. Yet little or none of this sort of thing can get into a literary work if the effect of real life is to be achieved. Events must operate causally. The story should proceed like a string of dominoes upended in a row. All the author does is knock the first into the second, and the rest of the operation is inevitable. So critical of forced happy endings are many readers who employ this yardstick that they lean over backwards and resent anything that turns out happily—however logical it may be shown to be.

This suggests another characteristic ruled out by the yardstick of real life: undue emphasis. William Dean Howells had this in mind, for example, when he wrote that the delineation of sex should be kept in proper proportion. The French novelists, he charged, wrote as though sex is man's only interest, whereas in actuality it is only one of many interests. The effect of real life, many believe, is gained not only by excluding "marvelous" details but also by putting believable details together in the proper proportion.

A third element to be excluded is what we loosely call the type character. This term requires explanation. Those who divide all characters into two neat little groups—types and individuals—have oversimplified the problem to the

point where they are essentially falsifying. All characters who are at all believable are type characters—in the sense that they are representative of living people. One could, if he wished, develop a personality who had one eye, two noses, talked through his feet, became angry when someone flattered him, and was delighted when someone punched him in the nose. The result would be an individual, certainly, but he would just as certainly be a monster. To the degree that a character operates and reacts the way normal people do, he is a type. Or more narrowly, to the extent that he reacts the way a small group of people do—paranoiacs, for example—he is a type. What, then, is the basis for the antipathy to types in realistic writing? Briefly, it is an antipathy to *a fictional character who is like other fictional characters:* the *stock* hero, heroine, villain, Englishman, Congressman, industrial tycoon, Kentucky colonel, and international spy.

If you had to, you could take up each of these and tell what the conventional trait is. The international spy is suavely mysterious, the Kentucky colonel is hospitable, the Congressman is windy, the industrial tycoon is domineering, and so it goes. In effect, each is an animated quality. You know what he is like the moment he appears in the story, and he is still the same when the story ends. His choices are simple, and he always decides what to do on the basis of his special characteristic. Real people are far more complicated than this. Take yourself, for instance. You may be patient with your neighbor's children and altogether impatient with your own brother; you may be respectful to your college instructor, disrespectful to your parents, or—what is more likely—respectful to your instructor when he is present, alternately respectful and disrespectful behind his back, and, depending upon the occasion, respectful and disrespectful to your parents. The point is that you are never *always* one or *always* the other. Your decisions, moreover, are not easy ones to make.

The choice of the typical Western hero between shooting it out and taking a bribe is too simple a moral problem to be representative of the sort of thing we encounter in real life. One alternative is clearly good, the other clearly evil. But what should one do when both alternatives are part good, part evil? If you will recall Huckleberry Finn, you will remember that he must make a choice between doing what other people think is right (and turn Jim over to the authorities as a runaway slave) and doing what he feels is right (help Jim escape into a free state). This is no easy choice for a boy to make. On the one side are the minister, the Sunday-school teacher, the judge, and all the best people of the town; on the other side is only Jim. Picture the bewilderment of a Western hero in a situation like this!

The illusion of actual life will disappear, also, if a character changes his nature too quickly. What we expect of a character is consistency: either he must remain the same or he must change in a thoroughly credible manner. As a reader, you simply cannot swallow sudden "conversions." You say that people do not change that way, and you are right. The yardstick of realism will not admit any change as good unless at least three elements have been attended to: a temperament that makes the change possible, circumstances that mo-

tivate the change, and sufficient time for such a change to take place.

The temperament, or basic nature, of the character is important. In *Sister Carrie* Dreiser has Hurstwood disintegrate from a well-to-do, polished, tavern "front-man" to a Bowery bum. The germ for this collapse is in Hurstwood's general tendency to let things drift. When we first meet him, we observe that he has let his home life drift to the point where his family is emotionally independent of him and that he has let his business life drift to where he is an elegant decoration and nothing else. We are not surprised, therefore, when events begin turning against him, that he still lets things slide. It would have been astonishing had he done anything else. But temperament is not enough; people don't change unless something happens to them. Thus circumstances must develop which believably propel a character toward what his final nature is to be. King Lear changes from a haughty monarch to a pitiably weak old man only after his daughters Goneril and Regan have subjected him to one indignity after another. To be sure, the germ of this collapse is in Lear, but the collapse itself is made believable by the constant banging he takes from circumstance. Finally, enough time must elapse or the shift in character will seem too sudden to be real. Henry James in speaking of one of his first novels, *Roderick Hudson,* felt that he had lost some of the air of reality because he had had his main character, an American, go to pieces too quickly when placed in the older and richer culture of Italy.

What we have just been implying is that the thoughts and actions of characters, to be acceptable according to a real-life standard, must be well motivated. The characters must not be puppets dangling at the end of a string which the author is wiggling; their thoughts must be the result of events and other thoughts, and their actions must be the result of thoughts and other actions. Hamlet's motive for revenge is clear enough for a six-year-old: his uncle has murdered his father. But how about the cross-motives behind his indecision? It is in making Hamlet's indecision believable that Shakespeare shows his genius, for a less able writer might easily have made the character hesitate without making the reasons for the hesitation clear and believable.

Finally, this standard requires that the characters must talk like real people. Actually, no well-drawn character ever does, for real conversation is too dull and too incoherent. But we expect characters to give the *effect* of actual speech. American humorists caught the dialect of particular localities long before the more serious writers did, and their stepchildren, the radio comedians, still rely on dialect for many of their laughs. Dialect, though, is not enough for more serious treatment. To be realistic, book speech must represent the actual in rhythm, sentence length and emphasis, diction, imagery, idioms, and grammar. Farrell, Hemingway, and Sinclair Lewis have all been praised for catching the flavor of real talk; Henry James has been criticized for having all his characters talk like Henry James.

For a literary work to measure up well against a strict real-life standard, then, its events must be commonplace rather than "marvelous," its details must be proportioned according to their importance in actuality, the characters must be relatively complicated, the

choices they make must not be too easy, change in character must be understandable, every action must be motivated, and dialogue must give the effect of real conversation. There are plenty of drawbacks in the practice of employing so strict a standard. In the first place, you rule out any number of delightful works like Shakespeare's *A Midsummer-Night's Dream,* Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher," and Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*—all of which make use of the "marvelous." Then, in demanding that the characters be complicated, you forget that many characters are simply functional. They are in the play or story simply to do something—to get the main characters together, to give them a chance to talk, to provide excuses for them to come and go. Furthermore, if the characters, even the minor ones, do not have dominant traits, we cannot see the basis for anything they do or say. Observe King Lear again. Certainly he is complex in the sense that he has many characteristics and that his characteristics change; but dominant, particularly at the beginning, is his love for flattery and adulation. Unless we see that trait clearly, we shall have great trouble in making sense of what happens. Then, again, in demanding that characters be real according to the standards of the real world, we are likely to forget that they can be equally acceptable if they are plausible according to the standards of the world of the book or play. To put it another way, the yardstick of real life measures the people and occurrences of a book or play against something which takes place outside that book or play; the criterion of plausibility measures them against what can believably take place within. About the latter, we shall have more to say later. Lastly, literature obviously cannot be so lengthy, so formless, so dull and unpointed as the events of actuality. (Imagine the reaction of an audience if your last dinner-table conversation were repeated verbatim on the stage!)

When all the weaknesses of this yardstick are listed, however, the fact still remains that the illusion of reality gives us literature that the twentieth-century mind is most likely to read with thoughtful attention. Judgments made by this standard, therefore, are likely to stand up well under scrutiny, probably better than the judgments made according to any other standard so far mentioned.

Questions

WHAT standard for judging literature are these critics employing?

Melville attacked his problems in Moby Dick *so courageously and resourcefully that one marvels at the failure of the book to impress and influence the generation after the war. But the explanation is simple: after the war men were wrestling with the problem of evil as it presented itself in concrete economic phenomena. Melville's problem was evil enough, but the terms in which he stated it were irrelevant.*—GRANVILLE HICKS.

One half of the man's [Dreiser's] *brain, so to speak, wars with the other half. He is intelligent, he is thoughtful, he is a sound artist—but there come moments when a dead hand falls upon him, and he is once more the Indiana peasant, snuffling absurdly over imbecile sentimentalities, giving a grave ear to quackeries, snorting and eye-rolling with the best of them.*—H. L. MENCKEN.

2. There seems good reason to believe that the historical character on which Hawthorne modeled his Mr. Hooper in "The Minister's Black Veil" (p. 117) actually wore a black handkerchief instead of a veil, and did it in memory of his dead wife. Do you find that this lack of historical accuracy on Hawthorne's part robs the story of effectiveness? Why or why not?

3. Is the change in the Reverend Mr. Hooper made believable through the handling of temperament, circumstance, time lapse, and motivation? If so, would you call it "true to human nature"? Answer this in some detail.

4. Do the characters in Chekhov's *The Swan Song* (p. 63) talk as they would in real life? Can you tell whether they talk like real persons if you have never met people from their part of the world? Does this last question suggest a possible weakness in the yardstick of real life that must be watched for? Is the fact that this is a translation of any importance?

5. Would the book *Huckleberry Finn* have been more real had certain of the characters (Pap, for instance) been profane? If so, would the book have been a better work according to this yardstick?

6. Of the various storm descriptions in the section on Language (pp. 86-92), which is the most like a real storm? Is it also the most moving? Is there any necessary connection between what is realistic and what is moving?

7. Evaluate the following sketch according to the criteria of reality. Give all the reasons you can think of for your evaluation.

WESSEL SMITTER On the assembly line

IT WAS like I told Russ the next morning while we were waiting for the timekeep to give us our badges and make out our cards:

"A fellow ain't really worked in an automobile factory until he's been on the line—knows what it's like to hold up his end on production."

"Looks to me," he said, "like any man could hold up his end along with these fellows. They're not the same breed we had in the drop forge department. Kids, mostly, and those that ain't kids are pot-bellied. What would a man do with a bunch like this in the woods? Pick up chips—that's all he could use 'em for."

"That's all right," I said. "You'll have more respect for them after you've watched their duet for awhile. You'll find out that they can get out the work. They's fellows here, that when they step out for relief, four men like you couldn't hold down their jobs on the line."

It was good to get back where things were humming; where I knew the fellows and where I didn't have to worry about somebody dropping a piece

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of steel the size of a house on my head. The graveyard shift had punched out and the day shift was on and the noise made you feel as though you wanted to get going at something. In one end of the building were the automatics, machining cylinder blocks—boring and drilling, cutting and honing and milling. In the other end, a quarter of a mile long, was the assembly line—a moving conveyor system—hundreds of little four-wheeled buggies, moving slowly along, pulled by an endless chain driven by electric motors over a track eighteen inches above the floor. Starting out, each buggy carried a cylinder block—a single piece of cast iron; and as it moved along each man did his work, adding this part and that, until at the end it was a complete motor—ready to run. At right angles to the assembly line were the over-head conveyors, bringing in materials and parts where and when needed. These were monorail conveyors, mostly, attached to the ceiling—little streams of pistons, little streams of valves, starters, transmissions, cylinder heads and gaskets—streams that came into the main assembly line—the big river.

The line got into its swing. The fellows stopped joking and talking. There was no whistling or singing or horseplay—no time for nothing but work. It was good to be back in the noise and the racket; it was like getting back to city streets after being in the country for a long time. It made you feel good; it made you feel like you were a part of the factory. On the line there was the rat-a-tat-tat-tat of pneumatic hammers, the sharp pft-pft-pft and snarl of air hoses, the whine of electric drills and the hum of power wrenches and screwdrivers. But above it all rose the beat and the peculiar vibrating hum of the high-speed automatics. The vibrations from these filled the whole place and got into your blood and your nerves. It made you breathe faster, work faster; if you wanted to go slow you couldn't, and if your work didn't keep you busy you jiggled around on one foot, or made some extra motions with your hands or your arms just to keep in tune with the noise. Just to be there—to be making your share of the noise—it made you feel good. It made you feel as though you were a part of something pretty darn big and important.

Russ wasn't satisfied with trying to get four or five nuts on each motor. He'd made up his mind he was going to get all of them right off the bat. He stood there with his feet wide apart, jaws set, and went at his work as though he personally had to lick the tar out of every motor that came towards him down the long line—as though he wanted to hold them back—keep them from coming at him—tear them apart with his hands. Not being used to the work, his fingers were clumsy. He'd drop a nut, start picking it up, get mad at himself, and then drop another. By that time the motor he was on would be in Jeff's station—another one coming—no nuts for Jeff

to run down, and I'd have to jump in and work to beat the band to catch up.

After lunch things went the same. I didn't tell him anything. Sometimes when a fellow has ideas of his own it's better to let him find out for himself they're no good. Tomorrow, I figured, he'd be in the right mood to listen. He'd be ready to take some advice and I'd get him straightened out. When the bell rang, and we were standing in line to punch out, I said: "How do you like it—so far?"

He let out a snort.

"That's no job I got there," he said. "It's a pain in the neck."

"Tonight," I said, "you'll be putting on nuts in your sleep."

"Tomorrow," he said, "I'll have that job learnt. I'll either get all those nuts—or I'll eat my shirt."

"Well," I said, "you'd better wear a shirt that goes down easy."

He didn't have the right attitude, yet.

Pleasure in artistic details

By the standard of pleasure in artistic details a work is good if it provides enough pleasurable moments through effectively handled details to compensate for the time spent on it. For many readers, a single moment of intense pleasure is enough to justify an otherwise rather tedious book or poem.

This is the yardstick of the hedonist, the type of person who believes that one should like or dislike things for themselves, that values lie in feelings of pleasure and pain. As Walter Pater points out, it is not the fruit of experience that is important, but the experience itself. In using such a yardstick, therefore, you read not to learn facts or to weigh moral concepts or to discover what real life is like, but to find as much delight in the present as you can. Your basic assumption is that all pleasure is good, and all pain bad.

Many Americans find this a difficult yardstick to employ. Most of us are so trained in the concepts of "usefulness," of making every minute count toward something else, that we find it hard to value experience for its own sake. Automobile riding is pleasant because it gets us some place; swimming is valuable because it develops our muscles; going to school is valuable because it prepares us for intelligent citizenship and our vocations; reading is useful because through it we learn something that some day we may be able to use. Rarely do we enjoy automobile riding just because it is automobile riding, swimming just because it is swimming, and so on. Ahead of almost everything we do is some future and often rather indefinite goal. Experience is usually a means, seldom an end. Someone has said that the only times that we ever really live in the present are when we take an ocean voyage or when we fall in love. Then, we surrender ourselves to the moment and enjoy it thoroughly. This is the attitude that must be taken toward reading if we are to employ the standard of pleasure in artistic details.

What can provide this pleasure? This is a hard question to answer, for it can be almost anything. Furthermore, it will

not be the same thing in quite the same way for any two persons. Probably the best way to answer the question is to take a poem (for the sake of space only; a short story, play, or novel would do just as well) and discover what some of the elements are which might give pleasure. Here is Robert Frost's "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening":

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

You may find your pleasure here primarily in the language, in the sort of things discussed in the section on Language (pp. 81-86). After the generalizations of international arguments and the high-flown exaggerations of movie advertisements, you may find delightful relief in the simple, concrete terms of this poem. Or the sound patterns may be especially appealing. Here are simple four-beat lines which proceed quietly—just as they should to suggest a woods on a snowy evening. You may enjoy reading the lines aloud and listening to the play on *o*'s and *r*'s and *s*'s. The rhymes are clear and obvious, yet not forced. Notice how the last word in the third line of each stanza except the last establishes the rhyme for the next stanza. You may find it especially satisfying that the ending of the third line of the last stanza does *not* introduce a new rhyme, thus indicating that the poem is being closed off. You may find the semi-refrain in the last stanza a quietly melodic device which is appropriate to the feeling and meaning.

The poem may give you special pleasure in what it calls to mind. Possibly you have had a similar experience which is suggested by these lines. Or possibly the poem suggests what you nostalgically look back upon as a simpler and more delightful age when men did have time to relax before hurrying on because there are "promises to keep." Or possibly phrases or single words call to mind associations which you treasure. "Harness bells" may suggest your grandfather's farm with the barn smelling sweetly of hay and the cherry tree in the front yard afoam with blossoms.

You may find enjoyment in the pattern of the work, the four stanzas of four lines each. There may be a neatness and compression here that you like. Or you may be pleased by the ease of comprehension made possible by the fact that the elements of the poem fit so comfortably within the structure. Or you may like a pattern like this because it is brief, because you can give a maximum amount of your attention to it and yet not tire before you reach its end. Or you may enjoy the pattern of the contrast established between the horse and the man. The horse, a being with a material sense of values, is indignant at the stop because it serves no useful purpose. In the first stanza, the man with his sensory

delight in an experience for its own sake is the master—he stops the horse. In the second stanza, the horse shows a mental reaction—he is puzzled. In the third stanza, he exhibits physical impatience—he gives his harness bells a shake. In the fourth stanza, he is successful—he has reminded the man of his promises in the world of affairs, and the man, surrendering, does what the horse has been urging him to do—drives on. (Note that the theme here is precisely the problem of this section, the use of the yardstick of pleasurable moments.) Or, finally, you may find delight in the pattern because of the interplay of variety and repetition. The meter is the same throughout; so are the line lengths, the stanza form, and, with one exception, the rhyme pattern. But within this relatively unvaried structure are infinite variations in sound values. Notice, moreover, that even though the structure remains the same, the lines perceptibly change in tempo. The speed accelerates through the second line of the third stanza, when a reversal takes place. By the time the last two lines are reached, you are reading the poem very slowly indeed.

These are only a few of the details in this poem that may give you pleasurable moments. In the case of a play or a piece of fiction, it might be a single character, one or two especially well-written descriptions, a particularly moving scene or speech, an unexpected but yet plausible twist in plot. Many critics deride the use of this yardstick and say that it results only in simple-minded impressionism. Admittedly, evaluation according to this method can be subjective and undisciplined. Indeed, the person using this yardstick may talk about himself as much as he talks about the work. He may even hypnotize himself and others into thinking the work had a more powerful effect upon him than it really had. All this must be recognized and guarded against. But, as you discovered from the example given above, pleasurable moments can be the result of detailed and analytical reading. The method, therefore, need not simply be a subjective operation which results in a Zane Grey novel seeming to be as good as one written by Thomas Hardy. There are different kinds of pleasure, varying from a superficial emotional titillation to the deeply compelling satisfaction coming from an awareness of the greatest artistic achievement. The quantitative criteria are the number and duration of the pleasurable moments; the qualitative criteria are the intensity and nature of the pleasure itself. When these are all taken into consideration, the yardstick of pleasure in artistic details affords a standard for mature and defensible judgments. Even if it did not, it would still be valuable in that it brings to our attention the fact that reading can be delightful for its own sake.

Questions

THINK back over the works which you have read which on the whole did not interest you but which had details in them that you enjoyed and that you still remember. What kinds of details were these: happenings, bits of characterization, description, dialogue, or what?

2. What kinds of details are likely to give most pleasure to the person who has read very little? (Refer to the kinds mentioned in the analysis of "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening.") An appreciation of which details is likely

to come only after one becomes more sophisticated in literary matters? Reread the Frost poem. Which details give you most pleasure?

3. Rate "The Open Window" according to all the standards that we have discussed so far. Be prepared to defend your ratings.

Rating chart

Make checks in the boxes, or on a separate sheet of paper, according to the following ratings—first box: *excellent;* second box: *good;* third box: *average;* fourth box: *poor;* fifth box: *total failure.*

THE YARDSTICK	THE RATING
Clarity	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Escape	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Special doctrine (name it):_____	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Real life	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Pleasure in artistic details	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

SAKI The open window

MY AUNT will be down presently, Mr. Nuttel," said a very self-possessed young lady of fifteen; "in the meantime you must try and put up with me."

Framton Nuttel endeavoured to say the correct something which should duly flatter the niece of the moment without unduly discounting the aunt that was to come. Privately he doubted more than ever whether these formal visits on a succession of total strangers would do much towards helping the nerve cure which he was supposed to be undergoing.

"I know how it will be," his sister had said when he was preparing to migrate to this rural retreat; "you will bury yourself down there and not speak to a living soul, and your nerves will be worse than ever from moping. I shall just give you letters of introduction to all the people I know there. Some of them, as far as I can remember, were quite nice."

Framton wondered whether Mrs. Sappleton, the lady to whom he was presenting one of the letters of introduction, came into the nice division.

"Do you know many of the people round here?" asked the niece, when she judged that they had had sufficient silent communion.

From H. H. Munro's *The Short Stories of Saki.* Copyright, 1930 by the Viking Press, Inc. Reprinted by permission of The Viking Press, Inc., New York.

"Hardly a soul," said Framton. "My sister was staying here, at the rectory, you know, some four years ago, and she gave me letters of introduction to some of the people here."

He made the last statement in a tone of distinct regret.

"Then you know practically nothing about my aunt?" pursued the self-possessed young lady.

"Only her name and address," admitted the caller. He was wondering whether Mrs. Sappleton was in the married or widowed state. An undefinable something about the room seemed to suggest masculine habitation.

"Her great tragedy happened just three years ago," said the child; "that would be since your sister's time."

"Her tragedy?" asked Framton; somehow in this restful country spot tragedies seemed out of place.

"You may wonder why we keep that window wide open on an October afternoon," said the niece, indicating a large French window that opened on to a lawn.

"It is quite warm for the time of the year," said Framton; "but has that window got anything to do with the tragedy?"

"Out through that window, three years ago to a day, her husband and her two young brothers went off for their day's shooting. They never came back. In crossing the moor to their favourite snipe-shooting ground they were all three engulfed in a treacherous piece of bog. It had been that dreadful wet summer, you know, and places that were safe in other years gave way suddenly without warning. Their bodies were never recovered. That was the dreadful part of it." Here the child's voice lost its self-possessed note and became falteringly human. "Poor aunt always thinks that they will come back some day, they and the little brown spaniel that was lost with them, and walk in at that window just as they used to do. That is why the window is kept open every evening till it is quite dusk. Poor dear aunt, she has often told me how they went out, her husband with his white waterproof coat over his arm, and Ronnie, her youngest brother, singing, 'Bertie, why do you bound?' as he always did to tease her, because she said it got on her nerves. Do you know, sometimes on still, quiet evenings like this, I almost get a creepy feeling that they will all walk in through that window—"

She broke off with a little shudder. It was a relief to Framton when the aunt bustled into the room with a whirl of apologies for being late in making her appearance.

"I hope Vera has been amusing you?" she said.

"She has been very interesting," said Framton.

"I hope you don't mind the open window," said Mrs. Sappleton briskly;

"my husband and brothers will be home directly from shooting, and they always come in this way. They've been out for snipe in the marshes today, so they'll make a fine mess over my poor carpets. So like you men-folk, isn't it?"

She rattled on cheerfully about the shooting and the scarcity of birds, and the prospects for duck in the winter. To Framton it was all purely horrible. He made a desperate but only partially successful effort to turn the talk on to a less ghastly topic; he was conscious that his hostess was giving him only a fragment of her attention, and her eyes were constantly straying past him to the open window and the lawn beyond. It was certainly an unfortunate coincidence that he should have paid his visit on this tragic anniversary.

"The doctors agree in ordering me complete rest, an absence of mental excitement, and avoidance of anything in the nature of violent physical exercise," announced Framton, who laboured under the tolerably widespread delusion that total strangers and chance acquaintances are hungry for the least detail of one's ailments and infirmities, their cause and cure. "On the matter of diet they are not so much in agreement," he continued.

"No?" said Mrs. Sappleton, in a voice which only replaced a yawn at the last moment. Then she suddenly brightened into alert attention—but not to what Framton was saying.

"Here they are at last!" she cried. "Just in time for tea, and don't they look as if they were muddy up to the eyes!"

Framton shivered slightly and turned towards the niece with a look intended to convey sympathetic comprehension. The child was staring out through the open window with dazed horror in her eyes. In a chill shock of nameless fear Framton swung round in his seat and looked in the same direction.

In the deepening twilight three figures were walking across the lawn towards the window; they all carried guns under their arms, and one of them was additionally burdened with a white coat hung over his shoulders. A tired brown spaniel kept close at their heels. Noiselessly they neared the house, and then a hoarse young voice chanted out of the dusk: "I said, Bertie, why do you bound?"

Framton grabbed wildly at his stick and hat; the hall-door, the gravel-drive, and the front gate were dimly noted stages in his headlong retreat. A cyclist coming along the road had to run into the hedge to avoid imminent collision.

"Here we are, my dear," said the bearer of the white mackintosh, coming in through the window; "fairly muddy, but most of it's dry. Who was that who bolted out as we came up?"

"A most extraordinary man, a Mr. Nuttel," said Mrs. Sappleton; "could only talk about his illness, and dashed off without a word of good-bye or apology when you arrived. One would think he had seen a ghost."

"I expect it was the spaniel," said the niece calmly; "he told me he had a horror of dogs. He was once hunted into a cemetery somewhere on the banks of the Ganges by a pack of pariah dogs, and had to spend the night in a newly dug grave with the creatures snarling and grinning and foaming just above him. Enough to make any one lose their nerve."

Romance at short notice was her specialty.

EVALUATIONS INVOLVING THE WHOLE WORK

We have given rather detailed attention to methods of evaluation which involve only parts or aspects of a literary work because these are probably the methods which are used most commonly. As a general rule, however, they leave much to be desired. Often they have little to do with the nature and intent of literature, being standards which are more properly identified with ethical, historical, and scientific discourses. Often, too, they indicate literary naïveté and intellectual inadequacy. At worst, they may not be standards at all but simply personal prejudices. Such criticisms cannot be so forcefully leveled at methods of evaluation which involve the work as a whole. As you will see, these require more careful analysis and a more highly developed taste.

Evaluation of a literary work as a whole can be based upon four different kinds of relations: (1) the relation between the work and the reader, (2) the relation between the work and the author, (3) the relations of the various elements within the work itself, to one another and to the whole, and (4) the relation between the work and human thought and understanding. Evaluation based on each of these relations proceeds from special assumptions and results in its own set of conclusions. At its best, each type represents the application of a sound philosophy to a work of art.

The work and the reader

The basic premise in the first method of evaluation is that the most important aspect of a literary work is its effect upon the reader. Its concerns, therefore, are chiefly psychological, and they deal with the type of effect, its intensity, its components, its duration, and its universality.

Observe that we are speaking here of the overall or unified effect of a literary work, not of the partial effects which were previously discussed in the section on pleasure through artistic details. This yardstick bears upon the overall pleas-

ure which rises out of the merging of many momentary pleasures: it is the quality which results through the accumulation of many minor qualities; it is the tonal unity which develops out of complexity. Although *Macbeth,* for example, through its plot, characters, settings, and language may incite horror, humor, grudging admiration, repulsion, and a sense of weirdness, the great unified sweep is through pity and fear to a final catharsis in which one's dammed-up emotions seem suddenly purged of all that is nasty and evil. The intensity of this emotional reaction would by this yardstick of effect make *Macbeth* a great play.

The type or quality of effect can be only roughly designated in words like fear, pity, horror, joy, rapture, quiet resignation—all words which name emotions. In every case the name falls far short of communicating the sensation itself. You have had the frustrating experience of trying to tell the family how horrible an accident was and of finding words completely inadequate. The same is true here. The peculiar quality of the effect of a piece of literature upon you is largely a private quality—it is yours and yours only. For example, you see a competent production of Dunsany's *A Night at an Inn,* at which you are almost frightened out of your wits. But when you tell your best friend about it, he laughs and says it sounds silly to him. Unless you are almost as competent as the author, your only recourse is to have him see the play, too. We must do the best we can in naming the effect a work has on us. But the best will be none too good.

If you find that you have difficulty communicating the exact nature of the effect of a work, however, you can still be relatively articulate about certain of its aspects. For instance, you can point out what creates the work's special degree of intensity. The plot may be novel or hackneyed, the details general or specific, the dialogue stilted or sparkling, the words trite or vivid, the meaning provocative or platitudinous. You can point out, in addition, the components in the effect. In a short poem or novel, there is ordinarily a single component—everything contributes to one effect. Poe, you may recall, insisted that there was no such thing as a long poem, for a poem by his definition was a metrical composition that created one effect. For him, therefore, a long poem was simply a series of short poems. Likewise he insisted that the major requirement of the short story is that it create a unified effect. His own stories were written with this in mind. "The Fall of the House of Usher," for example, was composed with the intention that every detail, every word even, should contribute to an overall effect of fear. All of this often holds equally well for the one-act play. But longer plays, novels, and long poems must gain their unity of effect through a blending of components, of many minor effects. As a critical reader, it is your duty, if you are using this method of evaluation, to indicate what various minor effects compose the parts of which the major effect is the whole. You would indicate the function and the relative importance of each of the minor effects, and suggest at what point in the work you first begin to become conscious of the major effect.

The duration of effect is another aspect about which you can be fairly articulate. How long did the mood of the work stay with you? How long and how well do you remember the charac-

ters, the setting, the happenings? How long did you continue to mull over the author's ideas? Of these, the mood is most likely to wear off first. You can *remember* being terrorized by Poe's "Pit and the Pendulum," but you do not remain terrorized very long. On the other hand, Mr. Pickwick may stay with you almost indefinitely; so may Hardy's heath in *The Return of the Native* or Whitman's ideas about comradeship in *Leaves of Grass.* How long do you remember the hero of the latest movie as compared with Hamlet, supposing that you have seen a good production of the play? To be sure, if you talk about these details as ends in themselves you are not concerned with the work as a whole; but if you discuss them as a means of arriving at and of estimating the effect of the work upon you, then your primary concern is with its totality.

One of the most important elements in this method of criticism concerns the recurrence of the effect. Does the book hold up on rereading? Did you find it more effective or less effective? This probably is the hardest test any literary work must pass, and it immediately separates the so-called "thriller" from the more profound performance. The good work may be even more exciting and provocative the second time, since you will discover in it all sorts of details and ideas which you missed before; the second-rate work will be insufferably dull on second reading, since ideas are lacking, the characters are types, and you already know how the plot turns out. Many people read *Huckleberry Finn* and the *Scarlet Letter* almost every year; yet these same people never reread *Tom Sawyer Abroad* or *The Blithedale Romance.* Twain and Hawthorne are the authors in both cases. Would it be fair to say, on the basis of this evidence, that the first two books are greater literary works than the second two?

The final major aspect of this method concerns the spread of the work's effectiveness. How many people over how long a period have found the work enjoyable? With older books, this can be determined without much difficulty, for the inferior works with the passage of time drop out of sight and are forgotten. Melville and Whitman remain but not T. S. Arthur or Lydia Sigourney, who were their contemporaries. With current works, one must look to the testimony of his friends and of the professional critics. The fact that no one else whom you know likes a book is not proof *per se* that it is an inferior work. But it is certainly a fact you should take into account in making a final judgment. The mood which you take to the book may be a more powerful influence than the mood created by the book itself. A man or woman in love is likely to overrate a romance that under other circumstances would provoke ridicule.

The chief disadvantages of evaluating a work by its effect on the reader have already been suggested. The method requires that you be articulate about emotional experiences, phenomena that are difficult to name with precision and next to impossible to communicate. Furthermore, in making it necessary for you to be analytical about your reactions, it may actually inhibit those reactions. For when pushed to an extreme the method focuses your attention upon your own mind and emotions and away from the work. You feel about feeling and think about thinking. This is no way to enjoy a story or poem or play. On the other hand, the method makes you concen-

trate on certain valuable and relatively reliable criteria like intensity, duration, and universality of effect. It keeps uppermost the fact that literature involves not only the mind but the emotions, that its peculiar function is to re-create human experience, and that its special power lies in its ability to make its point with vividness and force. Intelligently employed, this method of evaluation should make you a more sensitive reader and a more discerning critic.

Questions

How would you characterize the effect of (a) *A Night at an Inn* (p. 42) and (b) Chekhov's *The Swan Song* (p. 63)? Be as specific as you can. Do you think you are successful in communicating the effect? Do your words seem to change the effect for you? Do you find that you have talked more about yourself than the works?

2. In the text above, we said that it is difficult, unless one is a competent writer himself, to communicate the effect of a literary work. At the bottom of this page is James Russell Lowell's attempt to show us how he felt after reading Dante's *Divine Comedy*. Can you catch something of the effect of Dante's work upon Lowell? What, precisely, does Lowell do in his attempt to communicate it? Comment upon the nature of his diction, sentences, imagery, and the like.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL Dante's *Divina Commedia*

THERE ARE no doubt in the *Divina Commedia* (regarded merely as poetry) sandy spaces enough both of physics and metaphysics, but with every deduction Dante remains the first of descriptive as well as moral poets. His verse is as various as the feeling it conveys; now it has the terseness and edge of steel, and now palpitates with iridescent softness like the breast of a dove. In vividness he is without a rival. He drags back by its tangled locks the unwilling head of some petty traitor of an Italian provincial town, lets the fire glare on the sullen face for a moment, and it sears itself into the memory forever. He shows us an angel glowing with that love of God which makes him a star even amid the glory of heaven, and the holy shape keeps lifelong watch in our fantasy, constant as a sentinel. He has the skill of conveying impressions indirectly. In the gloom of hell his bodily presence is revealed by his stirring something, on the mount of expiation by casting a shadow. Would he have us feel the brightness of an angel? He makes him whiten afar through the smoke like a dawn, or, walking straight toward the setting sun, he finds his eyes suddenly unable to withstand a greater splendor against which his hand is unavailing to shield him. Even its reflected light, then, is brighter than the direct ray of the sun. And how much more keenly do we feel the parched lips of Master Adam for those rivulets of the Casentino which run down into the Arno, "making their

channels cool and soft!" His comparisons are as fresh, as simple, and as directly from nature as those of Homer. Sometimes they show a more subtle observation, as where he compares the stooping of Antaeus over him to the leaning tower of Carisenda, to which the clouds, flying in an opposite direction to its inclination, give away their motion. His suggestions of individuality, too, from attitude or speech, as in Farinata, Sordello, or Pia, give in a hint what is worth acres of so-called character-painting. In straightforward pathos, the single and sufficient thrust of phrase, he has no competitor. He is too sternly touched to be effusive and tearful:

"Io non piangeva, si dentro impietrai."[1]

His is always the true coin of speech, and never the highly ornamented promise to pay token of insolvency.

[1]"I did not weep; so stony grew I within."

3. Which of the following poems produces a more intense effect upon you? Try to account for the difference in every way possible.

DEATH to most is a fearsome thought
Of dark, of silence, and of night.
Ere life's hands their work hath wrought
Their spirit soars in flight.

Yet death need not be total loss
If one dies for love of truth;
Then what disappears is dross
And good lives on in youth.

—*Anonymous*

I DIED for beauty, but was scarce
Adjusted in the tomb,
When one who died for truth was lain
In an adjoining room.

He questioned softly why I failed.
"For beauty," I replied.
"And I for truth,—the two are one;
We brethren are," he said.

And so, as kinsmen met a night,
We talked between the rooms,
Until the moss had reached our lips
And covered up our names.

—*Emily Dickinson*

The work and the author

THE basic premise of those who use the yardstick of personality is that the most significant aspect of the literary product is the unique personal quality given the material as it passes through the mind and personality of the author. When that quality emerges as something distinct, something that is provocative, attractive, and enriching, then, according to this method of evaluation, the literary work is a great one. The problem of such criticism, therefore, is to discover the author in the work. It is a matter of discovering such elements as his dominant traits, his characteristic moods and ways of thought, his attitudes and values, the ways in which he suggests his period, and his unique abilities in expression.

To make this clearer, let us examine what happens to similar material when handled, on the one hand, by an anonymous writer and, on the other, by Mark Twain.

In the middle of the prairie, miles from nowhere, we stopped briefly to look about us and observe the wild life. Of a truth there was little to see except for the sage-brush which stretched away in every direction. Suddenly one of our party descried a "jackass rabbit," a large brownish creature with long ears. It was sitting on its haunches under a clump of sage-brush, its color harmonizing so well with the background that if it had not been pointed out to us, many of us would have missed it altogether. We were told that it could run very rapidly because of the size and great strength of its legs. Like other rabbits, it is herbivorous and eats what leaves and roots are available on the prairie. Like other rabbits, too, it multiplies rapidly, and only the paucity of food keeps its numbers from swelling into the tens of millions. Even so, the species is so common throughout this part of the country that it is the bane of the few farmers who here and there try to wrest a meager living from the dry soil.—ANONYMOUS

As the sun was going down, we saw the first specimen of an animal known familiarly over two thousand miles of mountain and desert—from Kansas clear to the Pacific Ocean—as the "jackass rabbit." He is well named. He is just like any other rabbit, except that he is from one-third to twice as large, has longer legs in proportion to his size, and has the most preposterous ears that ever were mounted on any creature but a jackass. When he is sitting quiet, thinking about his sins, or is absent-minded or unapprehensive of danger, his majestic ears project above him conspicuously; but the breaking of a twig will scare him nearly to death, and then he tilts his ears back gently and starts for home. All you can see, then, for the next minute, is his long gray form stretched out straight and "streaking it" through the low sage-brush, head erect, eyes right, and ears just canted a little to the rear, but showing you where the animal is, all the time, the same as if he carried a jib. Now and then he makes a marvelous spring with his long legs, high over the stunted sage-brush, and scores a leap that would make a horse envious. Presently, he comes down to a long, graceful "lope," and shortly he mysteriously disappears. He has crouched behind a sage-brush, and will sit there and listen and tremble until you get within six feet of

him, when he will get under way again. But one must shoot at this creature once, if he wishes to see him throw his heart into his heels, and do the best he knows how. He is frightened clear through, now, and he lays his long ears down on his back, straightens himself out like a yard-stick every spring he makes, and scatters miles behind him with an easy indifference that is enchanting.

One party made this specimen "hump himself," as the conductor said. The Secretary started him with a shot from the Colt; I commenced spitting at him with my weapon; and all in the same instant the old "Allen's" whole broadside let go with a rattling crash, and it is not putting it too strong to say that the rabbit was frantic! He dropped his ears, set up his tail, and left for San Francisco at a speed which can only be described as a flash and vanish! Long after he was out of sight we could hear him whiz.—MARK TWAIN, Roughing It

Observe how relatively little you get to know about the author of the first selection. Aside from the fact that factual details seem to interest him, you know almost nothing about his traits of personality. Nor do you know what his characteristic moods or ways of thinking are. It is difficult, too, to discern anything about his attitudes. Does he like the rabbit? think it beautiful? think it a pest? Almost nothing of the author's background creeps through. Could you hazard a guess, for instance, about the region he comes from or the temper of his age? And finally, there is little to say about his artistic accomplishments. The prose is correct and pedestrian, with almost no special quality that gives it life. In short, by the yardstick of personality this is pretty unsatisfying writing.

The contrast with the Twain passage is, of course, obvious. You see Twain as observant and alive. He can admire the speed and the rough beauty of the rabbit without becoming mawkishly sentimental. Beyond that, he has a clear admiration for any creature that can throw its heart into things and do the best it knows how. He has a keen sense of humor. He has the idiom and the sense for detail which mark him as a late nineteenth-century American and Westerner. (If you doubt this, imagine Dickens or Cooper or Hemingway writing in this manner.) He has a stylistic flair for the climactic, the figurative, and the colloquial. Even in so brief a passage, Twain has emerged as a distinct and colorful personality. But an excerpt alone cannot do the job properly. It can show only a facet of the author. Most importantly, it cannot indicate what inferences the reader may make about the author from the structural, stylistic, and thematic handling of a literary work as a whole.

There are several disadvantages to this kind of criticism. Consciously or unconsciously the author may keep himself so well hidden that he is little more than an enigma. The classic example of this is William Shakespeare. His basic moral attitudes are evident enough, and of course his stylistic flair. But no one has been able to pin down his specific attitudes with any degree of success. As a result, he is accused of being both pious and agnostic, Catholic and anti-Catholic, democratic and aristocratic. What happens is that most readers, foiled in the search in the plays for evidence about the nature of the author,

attribute characteristics to him that they *want* him to have. Or they attribute characteristics which he manufactured for some of his characters and which may or may not have relevance for Shakespeare himself. Such procedure amounts to wishful thinking or sheer guessing. A sounder procedure, and also a harder one, is to study all the available external evidence. Thus a reader who wants to evaluate *Othello* by this method might read all of the other Shakespearean plays and the Shakespearean sonnets; he might read what Shakespeare's contemporaries like Ben Jonson had to say about him; and he might study what the scholars have discovered about his life. Then he might return to *Othello* and see how much of what he knows about Shakespeare becomes clear in the play and evaluate it accordingly. What all this means is that to employ this mode of criticism successfully a person sometimes has to be a historical scholar first and a critic second.

Care must be taken, too, in making inferences from units which are too small. A single story or poem can provide a glimpse of only one aspect of a writer's mind or character. In this respect a novel is much more adequate since you are with the author longer and have a chance to see him in many moods and to watch him reflect upon many issues. In any event, no part of a literary work can be expected to give reliable evidence unless you know that it checks with what is revealed by the work as a whole.

This way of evaluating is limited also in that it fails to deal directly with matters of meaning, structure, and overall effect. These become pertinent considerations only as they throw light upon the nature of the author. Thus the literary work at best may be considered as a clean pane of glass which we are anxious to look through in order to see the glassmaker.

What is appealing about the method is that it enlarges our circle of acquaintances. Through their works we come to know the great of the world, men like Dante, Milton, Turgenev, Whitman, and O'Neill. Since most of us have little opportunity to meet such wise and talented persons in everyday life, this provides us with that opportunity. Reading becomes an intimate and revealing conversation—a one-way conversation, to be sure, but potentially richer than real conversation since the author is likely to be a wiser man than you would ordinarily meet and since you always have the chance to go back over what he has written in order to exhaust its possibilities. According to this method of evaluation, one might well consider the greatest literature as nothing more than the conversation of the greatest men.

At least four other values should grow out of this intimate study of the author behind the work. You should be better prepared to understand and appreciate other works by the same author. This is open to objection, of course, in that you may develop prejudgments which slant your outlook. (You came to dislike Melville through *Pierre,* we'll say, so you are prepared to dislike him in *Moby Dick.)* But, in general, knowing an author through one work will make you a more intelligent reader of his other works. Second, you should understand other people better. In searching through literature for the traits and attitudes of authors, you develop a technique of pushing through what your friends do

and say to their motives and fundamental characteristics. Third, you should gain insight into the creative process. Seeing an author through his works must inevitably help you see how a work grows out of an author. That this is true is evidenced by the fact that so many of our writers employ this method of criticism. Interested in developing sharper techniques themselves, they constantly study the relation between other authors and their works, and evaluate the works in the light of their success in making clear their ideas and emotions. Finally, you should gain insight into the country and age of the author. If a writer is to a very large degree the child of his age, and if you know the writer intimately, then it must follow that to a large degree you know his age. Through Chaucer we have come to know the fourteenth century, through Milton the seventeenth, and undoubtedly future readers will get to know us partly through men like Hemingway and Steinbeck. Sometimes this is a matter of learning the facts of the age. More often and more importantly, it is a matter of learning the peculiar temper of the age, its attitudes, beliefs, hopes, likes and dislikes, its especial values. History can report these as data; literature through the personality of the author can make us feel them as realities in the lives of our ancestors.

Questions

WHAT inferences can you make about Browning from "My Last Duchess" (p. 60)? about Eliot from "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" (p. 128)? about Dickinson from "I Died for Beauty" (p. 165)?

2. What inferences can you make about Dorothy Parker from "Nocturne" (p. 102)? about S. J. Perelman from "The Idol's Eye" (p. 105)? From what you have inferred about them, how would you say that they differ from Mark Twain? What characteristics of their writing stamp them as twentieth-century authors?

3. Compare Poe and Saki from what you can infer of their personalities and backgrounds as revealed in "The Cask of Amontillado" (p. 72) and "The Open Window" (p. 158). In the case of Poe, would the inferences about background be generally correct? What clues indicate that "The Open Window" was written considerably later than "The Cask of Amontillado"?

4. The following selections were written, respectively, in the 1720's, 1820's, and 1920's. What inferences can you make from them about the change in American life, both physical and spiritual? From what you know about American history would you say that your inferences are largely correct?

JONATHAN EDWARDS Sarah Pierrepont

THEY SAY THERE is a young lady in [New Haven] who is beloved of that Great Being, who made and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this Great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight, and that she hardly

cares for any thing, except to meditate on him—that she expects after a while to be received up where he is, to be raised up out of the world and caught up into heaven; being assured that he loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from him always. There she is to dwell with him, and to be ravished with his love and delight for ever. Therefore, if you present all the world before her, with the richest of its treasures, she disregards it and cares not for it, and is unmindful of any pain or affliction. She has a strange sweetness in her mind, and singular purity in her affections; is most just and conscientious in all her conduct; and you could not persuade her to do any thing wrong or sinful, if you would give her all the world, lest she should offend this Great Being. She is of a wonderful sweetness, calmness, and universal benevolence of mind; especially after this Great God has manifested himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place, singing sweetly; and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure; and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER *from* The Pioneers

IF THERE be anything wanting to your comfort, name it, Leather-stocking; if it be attainable it is yours."

"You mean all for the best, lad; I know it; and so does Madam, too: but your ways isn't my ways. 'Tis like the dead there, who thought, when the breath was in them, that one went east, and one went west, to find their heavens; but they'll meet at last; and so shall we, children. Yes, ind as you've begun, and we shall meet in the land of the just at last."

"This is so new! so unexpected!" said Elizabeth, in almost breathless excitement; "I had thought you meant to live with us and die with us, Natty."

"Words are of no avail," exclaimed her husband; "the habits of forty years are not to be dispossessed by the ties of a day. I know you too well to urge you further, Natty; unless you will let me build you a hut on one of the distant hills, where we can sometimes see you, and know that you are comfortable."

"Don't fear for the Leather-stocking, children; God will see that his days be provided for, and his ind happy. I know you mean all for the best, but our ways doesn't agree. I love the woods, and ye relish the face of man; I eat when hungry, and drink when a-dry; and ye keep stated hours and rules: nay, nay, you even over-feed the dogs, lad, from pure kindness; and

hounds should be gaunty to run well. The meanest of God's creaters be made for some use, and I'm formed for the wilderness; if ye love me, let me go where my soul craves to be ag'in!"

The appeal was decisive; and not another word of entreaty for him to remain was then uttered; but Elizabeth bent her head to her bosom and wept, while her husband dashed away the tears from his eyes; and, with hands that almost refused to perform their office, he produced his pocket-book, and extended a parcel of bank-notes to the hunter.

"Take these," he said, "at least take these; secure them about your person, and in the hour of need, they will do you good service."

The old man took the notes, and examined them with a curious eye.

"This, then, is some of the new-fashioned money that they've been making at Albany, out of paper! It can't be worth much to they that hasn't larning! No, no, lad—take back the stuff; it will do me no sarvice. I took kear to get all the Frenchman's powder afore he broke up, and they say lead grows where I'm going. It isn't even fit for wads, seeing that I use none but leather!—Madam Effingham, let an old man kiss your hand, and wish God's choicest blessings on you and your'n."

"Once more let me beseech you, stay!" cried Elizabeth. "Do not, Leather-stocking, leave me to grieve for the man who has twice rescued me from death, and who has served those I love so faithfully. For my sake, if not for your own, stay. I shall see you in those frightful dreams that still haunt my nights, dying in poverty and age, by the side of those terrific beasts you slew. There will be no evil, that sickness, want, and solitude can inflict, that my fancy will not conjure as your fate. Stay with us, old man, if not for your own sake, at least for ours."

"Such thoughts and bitter dreams, Madam Effingham," returned the hunter, solemnly, "will never haunt an innocent parson long. They'll pass away with God's pleasure. And if the cat-a-mounts be yet brought to your eyes in sleep, 'tis not for my sake, but to show you the power of Him that led me there to save you. Trust in God, Madam, and your honorable husband, and the thoughts for an old man like me can never be long nor bitter. I pray that the Lord will keep you in mind—the Lord that lives in clearings as well as in the wilderness—and bless you, and all that belong to you, from this time till the great day when the whites shall meet the red-skins in judgment, and justice shall be the law, and not power."

Elizabeth raised her head, and offered her colorless cheek to his salute, when he lifted his cap and touched it respectfully. His hand was grasped with convulsive fervor by the youth, who continued silent. The hunter prepared himself for his journey, drawing his belt tighter, and wasting his moments in the little reluctant movements of a sorrowful departure.

Once or twice he essayed to speak, but a rising in his throat prevented it. At length he shouldered his rifle, and cried with a clear huntsman's call that echoed through the woods—

"He-e-e-re, he-e-e-re, pups—away, dogs, away;—ye'll be footsore afore ye see the ind of the journey!"

The hounds leaped from the earth at this cry, and scenting around the graves and the silent pair, as if conscious of their own destination, they followed humbly at the heels of their master. A short pause succeeded, during which even the youth concealed his face on his grandfather's tomb. When the pride of manhood, however, had suppressed the feelings of nature, he turned to renew his entreaties, but saw that the cemetery was occupied only by himself and his wife.

"He is gone!" cried Effingham.

Elizabeth raised her face, and saw the old hunter standing, looking back for a moment, on the verge of the wood. As he caught their glances, he drew his hard hand hastily across his eyes again, waved it on high for an adieu, and uttering a forced cry to his dogs, who were crouching at his feet, he entered the forest.

This was the last that they ever saw of the Leather-stocking, whose rapid movements preceded the pursuit which Judge Temple both ordered and conducted. He had gone far toward the setting sun,—the foremost in that band of pioneers who are opening the way for the march of the nation across the continent.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD *from* The Great Gatsby

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 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

From *The Great Gatsby*. Used by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

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 First Division during the war?"

"Why, yes. I was in the Twenty-eighth Infantry."

"I was in the Sixteenth 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."

"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 eternal 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 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. "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 for Gatsby's head for one link.

"I beg your pardon."

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.

"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 work itself

Critics who apply the yardstick of internal consistency to a piece of work take as their basic premise that the work of art is a unique product of the human genius and should be judged by criteria which are applicable to it and to it alone. Who the writer is or what the individual effect of the work on the reader is, are matters which are irrelevant. The problem here is to discover what the relation of the parts is to the whole and to one another. The competent work, presumably, is the one in which the parts are so consistent and harmonious that the work as a totality is an organism in which no part could be changed without detriment to the whole work.

Although the nature of the internal consistence varies with each work, in its largest terms it is always a matter of congruity between form and content. In the case of the lyric poem, to take one example, it is a matter of seeing whether the words, lines, stanzas, and overall form harmonize with the material and ideas. Let us examine briefly a very simple lyric, Masefield's "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-tree shores,
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with 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.

In the first stanza here, the material is exotic and romantically delightful. Notice how all matters of form correspond: the words are melodic, the connotations appealing, the lines smoothly flowing. As we come closer to the present, as we do in the second stanza, the material, though attractive, is somewhat less exotic. Notice that the sounds are somewhat less melodic, the connotations less enchanting, and the lines slightly

less liquid. Then, when the material becomes contemporary, as it does in the third stanza, a marked change takes place. The words are stubby and monosyllabic; the connotations are distasteful; and the lines are jerky. Note, too, that the color images, brilliant and sparkling at the start, are replaced by dull, drab ones at the end.

The stanzas give the material both unity and coherence. Unity is achieved through a repetition of stanza form. Since the poet is merely listing three details, and not even presenting them in complete sentences, he must find a way to hold them together. He does this through a precise paralleling of material. In each stanza the first line is devoted to the ship, the second to the motion and location of the ship, and the next three are devoted to the cargo. The number of stanzas indicates the number of concepts; the arrangement indicates movement from past to present, from the romantic to the workaday. For these reasons and others, we may say that in "Cargoes" Masefield has achieved harmony between form and content, and that according to the standard of internal consistence this poem ranks high.

There is too little space here to make a similar analysis of a longer work, but we can suggest some of the elements which might have to be considered. In the novel, play, short story, epic, or narrative poem, the reader ordinarily focuses his attention upon people. The primary question is what happens to them: do they remain the same? make a simple change? change and then reverse themselves? or make a series of changes? Only as you know what happens to them can you determine whether they have been consistent.

In discovering this, the first step is to determine what state of affairs prevails at the opening of the work: Who are the people? What are their essential characteristics? What are the conflicts within their minds? What are the conflicts which face them with outside forces? What is the nature of the world they live in—whimsical? romantic? realistic but responsive to human effort? realistic and unresponsive to human effort? Once you know the answers to questions like these, you are in a position to determine whether what the characters do and say is plausible or probable.

Note that internal consistency is not dependent upon lifelike action unless the air of reality has been established at the beginning. For example, what Ulysses does in the *Odyssey* is quite plausible in the world which Homer creates. The accomplishments of Swift's Gulliver, of Barrie's Peter Pan, and of Melville's Ahab are plausible and probable, too, in the worlds of the books in which they appear. But imagine Gulliver or Peter Pan on the main street of Sinclair Lewis' Gopher Prairie, and you have inconsistency carried to an absurdity. Let us repeat. Consistency is not dependent upon accuracy; it is a matter of the characters thinking, speaking, and acting in a manner which seems harmonious with their natures and setting.

Where there is no change in the characters of the short story, narrative poem, or one-act play, an analysis of internal consistency is a matter of seeing that what occurs is in accord with the basic motives of the people and the nature of the circumstances. Even in very short works, however, changes may take place. Three familiar lyrical patterns, for example, are as follows:

One, the poet repeats explicitly or in figures the same emotion: I'm sad; I'm sad; how sad I am. Two, the poet explores various aspects of his thought-emotion: I'm sad for a number of reasons; how sad I am; my sadness will end only when I win my love. Three, the poet's feeling changes: I'm sad; as I sit and think about it, a new thought comes to me; now my sadness is gone. For internal consistency, the potential change in the second case and the actual change in the third must be plausible in the light of the poet's nature and his original disturbance.

In the novel and longer play changes inevitably take place. In Hawthorne's short story about Wakefield, the main character remains the same throughout: canny, egotistic, and cruel. His consistency lies in the fact that he does remain the same. In the *Scarlet Letter,* however, all of the main characters because of sin and a resulting sense of isolation change rather markedly. The consistency here comes in the fact that the change grows logically out of the circumstances and the temperaments of the characters. The attitudes and actions of Hester Prynne at the end of the book are not at all what they were at the beginning, but the shift is both plausible and probable. There are other concerns of the novel and play many of which were suggested in our analysis of "Cargoes." Just as in the lyrical poem, the words, sentences, and larger structural units of the novel should be suited to the sense, and should fit into the main artistic pattern. A nice problem in an analysis of *Moby Dick,* for instance, is whether the scientific and historical material on whales is intellectually or artistically justifiable in the light of the form and content of the whole.

The advantages of this "formal" or "organic" yardstick are numerous. It brings attention to bear upon the work itself and in doing so eliminates a great many irrelevancies that sometimes occupy our attention and get us no place. As the formalistic critic points out, what difference does it make in reading Byron's *Don Juan* that Byron had a club foot or swam the Hellespont? Or of what importance is it to the intrinsic worth of the poem that it reminds you of Marlowe's "Hero and Leander" or of the man your great-aunt Tillie married? In making you concentrate upon the work itself, this method of evaluation is likely to make you conscious of many aspects of a literary work which you never noticed before. Furthermore, this mode of criticism is likely to result in a more disciplined and a more precise kind of statement. There is no excuse for vague impressions, for well-meaning but often weak-minded "appreciation." In many ways this method takes over the spirit and the method of scientific inquiry and adapts them to literary evaluation.

The system also has fairly serious drawbacks. It is doubtful, for example, that it provides any criterion for making comparative judgments. When you use it, you are concerned only with the unique work itself. Indeed, when pushed to its logical extreme, the method involves only description and not evaluation at all. Evaluation gets in only when the description of the work conforms to what you think is excellent. But your notion of excellence must come from other sources. To put it another way, the function of this method is to show that the parts of a work are related harmoniously to the whole and to one another. One might well ask, then, what

if they are? By this method there would be no answer except that they are. By introducing the yardstick of effect, however, one might go on to say, This work is good because anything which is harmonious and consistent gives me æsthetic pleasure. I like a forward pass cleanly executed, an orchestral composition without dissonance, a novel without inconsistencies.

Another drawback is that the method tends to result in such an emphasis upon structure that matters like mood, color, connotation, and melody are almost ignored. Inattention to such elements is not enforced by the method; it is simply a habit which many of its practitioners fall into—with the result that their handling of literary works becomes a series of problems in mental acrobatics and these persons themselves become desensitized to the emotional effects which give literature its distinctive quality.

Each of the analyses in the following group of selections illustrates for you the type of criticism which we have just been describing. Notice how in each essay the critic concentrates his attention on the work itself in an attempt to bring out the internal consistency and the relationship of parts that less observant readers might miss.

ROBERT HERRICK Upon Julia's clothes

WHENAS in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes, and see
That brave vibration, each way free,
Oh, how that glittering taketh me!

EARL DANIELS

Herrick's "Upon Julia's Clothes"

SUPERFICIALLY, the poem is obvious to the point of seeming to depreciate analysis, not to be worth it. A pretty girl moves through six lines, for a moment only catches an observer's eye, passes, and is gone. So slight is the

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impact of the experience that he writes not about the girl but about her clothes. Costume is defined by silks, and each stanza is centered in a single quality of silk in movement, and in light ("liquefaction," line 3, and "glittering," line 6). The positions of these words in the last lines of each stanza should be noted and, more particularly, the increased sharpness lent to "glittering" by the necessity, here, of pronunciation in two syllables only: the vowel sound of an acute and pointed short "i" is closed tightly in by consonants, "g" and "t" in one syllable, "tr" and "ng" in the other. The stab of that word, a superb mine-eyes-dazzle effect, suggests the poem is not so simple as it seems: that Julia-in-clothes is more important than clothes, the apparent subject; that the observer is more deeply moved than he wants a careless reader to suppose, possibly than he himself knows.

Attention to sound and movement reveals the implications of the single word "glittering" to be a clue worth following. The poem is Julia and Julia's clothes. But each stanza contains lines (I, 2; II, 1, 3) which turn to the observer, and seem to hint in sound and movement at a central ironic contrast between the states of mind of the observer and the girl. The Julia lines flow, as easy and as liquid as the smooth silks which dress and conceal a lovely body. But the observer lines throb unevenly; they start and stop; they image the excitement and disturbance of the poet. It may not be too far-fetched to wonder if they are not symbol for the quickened beating of a heart, the surprised catch of breath, in the presence of beauty, especially beauty of a woman. An attentive reader now begins to understand it is not Julia's clothes but Julia herself who is the subject of the poem; and the poem begins to grow and to take on new richness of meaning. To be especially noted is the contrast in stanza I between lines 1 and 2: in line 1, word ripples into word, sound into sound, the caesural pause is so slight as to be almost not noticeable; in line 2, the opening repetition of "then, then," where each word must be distinctly separated by pauses, where vowels are imbedded between inescapable consonants, announces a change, further stressed by the parenthetical "methinks." (Even the parenthesis plays its part here.) Only as this line, toward the end, moves to Julia and her costume does it begin to glide, to be liquefied again. The point is Julia moves through the poem serene, untouched; she may not even know the poet has so much as seen her. But he is in a different situation, for though he is ostensibly doing nothing more than writing a pretty lyric about a pretty dress, yet he reveals, in the sound, the movement, the pace of his words, how deeply he has been stirred by what seems so unimportant.

This makes for a basic ironic contrast, central to the poem: the ironic contrast between the girl and the man. Is it the irony of man (male) set over against woman (female)—a contrast as old as the Garden of Eden itself—

or is it the profounder suggestion of the situation of man (not *a man*) in the presence of beauty—beauty here, as so often, being symbolized by a woman? I am reasonably certain that by implication and suggestion, by the subtlest of overtones, both ideas are in their way present, contributing rich values for a poem too often looked upon as too slight for serious consideration. Herrick has too long suffered from that kind of treatment.

MATTHEW ARNOLD Dover Beach

THE SEA is calm tonight,
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits;—on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanched land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath

Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

JOHN P. KIRBY

Arnold's "Dover Beach"

PROFESSORS Tinker and Lowry in *The Poetry of Matthew Arnold* (pp. 173–175) have pointed out the evidence that establishes the writing of the last nine lines as previous to the rest of the poem—the separate draft of the first 28 lines from the library of T. G. Wise, and the shift in metaphor from the sea and the tides to the "darkling plain."

As critics we accept these findings, however, without inferring that the commentators meant necessarily to suggest a serious lack of organic unity in the poem, or a lamentable lapse in the continuity of the theme in lines 29–30, sometimes deemed an inappropriate shift in emphasis.

It seems unnecessary to examine in detail the especially happy wedding of the imagery, rhythm, and alliteration to the theme in the first 28 lines [on some of these, see Theodore Morrison's "Dover Beach Revisited," reprinted in *Better Reading: Factual Prose*]. The irony of the poem lies essentially in the contrast between the calm sea, the tranquil moonlight scene, and the restless incertitude of the speaker. If this contrast be kept in mind, it will be evident that the lines of the last stanza, "for the world, which seems/To lie before us like a land of dreams" refers to the moonlit cliffs of the first stanza. In line 33, the assertion that the world has "neither joy, nor love, nor light" closes significantly with a reference to *light*, a return not only upon the "land of dreams" and the earlier description of the moon-

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lit cliffs, but even to the "bright girdle" of line 23. The "Ah, love" of line 29 may well be anticipated in the directive of line 6, "Come to the window."

The simile of the armies struggling confusedly is not really a discontinuity in image, for the "darkling plain" continues the contrast between the bright land- and seascape and the gloomy moral chaos of the world. Still more significantly, it develops Arnold's imagery further: the "Sea of Faith" has *retreated*, its "bright girdle" has been dissipated, and only the "naked shingles of the world" are left in darkness; that is, a dark plain of detritus remains where "ignorant armies clash by night." It is even possible that Arnold had some geological phenomena in mind (his use of "shingles"). The more recurrent rhymes of the last stanza are the poetical device for focusing the reader's attention upon the "message" of the poem.

It may be worth noting that the last stanza illustrates a method Arnold uses in other poems: a conclusion which first states the theme explicitly (cf. lines 221–230 in "The Scholar-Gypsy") and then closes with a striking figure of speech, the "end note of relief." Surely no one would ever assert a lack of organic unity in "The Scholar-Gypsy" because Arnold shifts his figurative language from the Oxford countryside to the Mediterranean Sea; yet there the change may seem less justified than in "Dover Beach."

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH Ars poetica

A POEM should be palpable and mute
As a globed fruit

Dumb
As old medallions to the thumb

Silent as the sleeve-worn stone
Of casement ledges where the moss has grown—

A poem should be wordless
As the flight of birds

A poem should be motionless in time
As the moon climbs

From *Collected Poems of Archibald MacLeish 1917–1952*, Houghton Mifflin Company.

Leaving, as the moon releases
Twig by twig the night-entangled trees,

Leaving, as the moon behind the winter leaves,
Memory by memory the mind—

A poem should be motionless in time
As the moon climbs

A poem should be equal to:
Not true

For all the history of grief
An empty doorway and a maple leaf

For love
The leaning grasses and two lights above the sea—

A poem should not mean
But be

DONALD STAUFFER MacLeish's "Ars Poetica"

HOWEVER we may interpret its significance, Mr. MacLeish has unmistakably given us his first demand in five overlapping adjectives: a poem should be palpable, mute, dumb, silent, and wordless. There can be no doubt that in these lines Mr. MacLeish has wished to give a general statement of the necessary qualities, or quality, of a poem. But immediately these ideas—and a quality must necessarily be an idea abstracted from some thing or some things more complex—are illustrated concretely, in images that might have been drawn from Keats or Tennyson or Rossetti, and we have in the first section a globed fruit, old medallions, stone, and birds in flight. This tendency to think of the idea, or the quality, in concrete terms is carried even further by the modifying adjectives and phrases that will compel a more vivid realization of the object imagined as so very quiet. A poem is as silent as a stone. Such a comparison might be overlooked because we have

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heard the phrase "still as a stone" so often. Therefore, to rouse our attention, the poem is as silent as a particular worn stone; and to make us believe that it is worn the coined adjective "sleeve-worn" (akin to "thread-bare"? worn by sleeves resting upon it? worn out at elbow and cuff, like a sleeve?) turns us to yet another image from concrete experience. And then the sleeve-worn stone is particularized and modified by a tangible ledge, which in turn is modified by a tangible casement, and the whole is modified by an arresting specific detail, designed to catch or convince our imagination: "where the moss has grown."

The other sections develop in like fashion, but in place of the four similitudes of the first section, the second section repeats the same image—that a poem in some way is like the moon—four times. Here again the particular interpretation may vary from reader to reader, although most would probably feel that a poem wakens in the reader's consciousness memory after memory, complex, minute, and exact, just as moonlight, against the motionless, durable, illimitable night, etches out twigs and leaves and innumerable silhouettes. But all readers would agree that the writer is saying a poem is timeless, although even this idea is seemingly given more tangible form by translating it from time to space—"*motionless* in time." Particularly interesting is the device of suggesting timelessness through repetition rather than through change of images. In this section the final pair of lines mirrors the first, so that we are meant to feel, in the changeless concrete image of the moon, that time has not elapsed, or that if it has, it has made no difference, for the end and the beginning are the same.

The third section continues the minuet between meaning and its concrete embodiment. The first and fourth pairs of lines are direct statements, and as such, considered purely by themselves rather than in the light of the whole, are not poetic because they defy this very law of concreteness that the poem is designed to proclaim. Most readers would agree that they present the argument that a poem does not state its meaning directly, syllogistically, logically, rationally; its meaning rather exists in the recognition of unstated, sometimes unformulated, equivalences between its concrete symbols and what they symbolize. In this last section of the poem, the two middle pairs of lines are excellent illustrations of the doctrine of concreteness which Mr. MacLeish has so unconcretely expounded in the first pair and the last. Within a poem we come upon an empty doorway and a maple leaf; in the crucible of our imagination these objects assume a general significance and become "all the history of grief." Similarly the leaning grasses and two lights above the sea become in our minds the symbols of love. This is the way poetry works. The significance of a poem to any individual reader need be no less sharp than the significance of a mathematical proposition, though

within limits this significance may vary from reader to reader as the mathematical proposition cannot do. But the *technique* of expressing significance in poetry demands sharp, specific *detail.* The concrete symbols, the things of this world as we know it—these are the invariable stuff of poetry, as, to the same extent, they need be of no other form of verbal communication. Poetry must operate through such concrete symbols.

RICHARD FOGLE Hawthorne's "The Minister's Black Veil"[1]

HAWTHORNE'S characteristic fusion of surface simplicity and underlying complexity is perhaps nowhere more clearly evident than in "The Minister's Black Veil," a brief, highly typical, and thoroughly successful story. It is subtitled "A Parable," and the outer meaning of the parable is abundantly clear. An apparently blameless minister inexplicably dons a black veil and wears it throughout his lifetime, despite many well-meant pleas to cast it off. On his deathbed he reveals its secret and its justification:

> "What, but the mystery which it obscurely typifies, has made this piece of crape so awful? When the friend shows his inmost heart to his friend; the lover to his best beloved; when man does not vainly shrink from the eye of his Creator, loathsomely treasuring up the secret of his sin; then deem me a monster, for the symbol beneath which I have lived, and die! I look around me, and, lo! on every visage a Black Veil!"

The moral is impressive; but as a proposition it is not difficult to grasp, however it may wind and reverberate within the deeps of the imagination. The veil as the visible symbol of secret sin was suggested by Hawthorne's reading in New England history and legend. The veil's solid actuality has the effect of isolating the minister from human society, which unhappy result presumably differs only in degree from the self-isolation of every living soul. The minister is Everyman, bearing his lonely fate in order to demonstrate a tragic truth.

The moral is explicit and orthodox. The explicit statement, however, leads to more than a single possibility. The self-imposed martyrdom of

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[1] "The Minister's Black Veil" appears on pp. 117–127.

Father Hooper must correspond with some deep necessity of his nature. He who isolates himself in the outward fact must already have performed the deed in spirit. The act of donning the veil has in it something of caprice; it is entirely out of proportion to any obvious necessity or benefit. By it the minister forfeits the affection of his congregation, the chance of human love and marriage, and the sympathy of society in general—and to what end? No note of triumph sounds for him. With remorseless consistency, Hawthorne pursues him even into the grave. "Still veiled, they laid him in his coffin, and a veiled corpse they bore him to the grave. The grass of many years has sprung up and withered on that grave, the burial-stone is moss-grown, and good Mr. Hooper's face is dust; but awful still is the thought that it mouldered beneath the Black Veil!"

One may feel that the veil is less representative of mankind than of the eccentricity of the minister himself, who severs himself from men either through perverse pride or through some other obscure and tragic compulsion. His preoccupation with sin has blunted his perceptions of the normal and the good, which lie as ready to his hand as evil. In rejecting the love of his betrothed, Elizabeth, he casts away a gift of inestimable value in order to satisfy a wild obsession.

If we continue with this reading of the story, we shall take Elizabeth to exemplify the normal and well-ordered human being, as Mr. Hooper represents the abnormal, who has lost the power of seeing life steadily and whole. The "calm energy" of her character, her "direct simplicity," contrasts with the "gentle, but unconquerable obstinacy" of the minister, whom her good counsel fails to persuade, and with his infatuated love of mystification. Hawthorne inherited the psychology, but not the theology nor the morality of his Puritan ancestors; and Elizabeth is more likely to represent his ideal than is the gloomy and sin-crazed Hooper.

Which, then, of these two interpretations shall we accept? Both, I believe —they are both in the story. Either presents its difficulties. If we take "The Minister's Black Veil" at its face value as a homily on secret sin, we are confronted with the apparent disproportion between the act and its causes. The minister himself is to outward gaze the gentlest and least sinful of men; and we have no vivid sense of that presence of Evil which would necessitate so heroic an object lesson. But if we wholly accede to the second interpretation, which makes the steady view of life, the *aurea mediocritas,* the highest good, then the tone and emphasis of the story remain to be explained. It is too deeply gloomy and intense to harmonize fully with such a moral, which should demand a certain dry sparkle and lightness.

This ambivalence of meaning is realized in ambiguity, which occurs with unusual frequency in "The Minister's Black Veil." Here its most marked

effect is to maintain a balance between subjective and objective in the portrait of the minister, to invite us inside his character while excluding us from any final certainty about it, and, of course, to preserve the objectivity of the narrator, who simultaneously offers and reserves his judgment. Thus, for example, we do not quite know what Mr. Hooper saw through the veil, "which entirely concealed his features, except the mouth and chin, but *probably* did not intercept his sight, further than to give a darkened aspect to all living and inanimate things." The word "probably" bars us from certainty on the point. Again, as the minister preaches for the first time from beneath the veil, it "lay heavily on his uplifted countenance. Did he seek to hide it from the dread Being whom he was addressing?" Hawthorne proposes the question, but does not answer it.

Pressed by Elizabeth to expound the meaning of the veil, Mr. Hooper will reply only darkly. " 'If it be sign of mourning,' " says he, " 'I, perhaps, like most other mortals, have sorrows dark enough to be typified by a black veil.' " When she further relates the scandalous whispers in the village that he hides his face from consciousness of secret sin, he will not deny the imputation. " 'If I hide my face for sorrow, there is cause enough,' " he merely replies; " 'and if I cover it for secret sin, what mortal might not do the same?' " Hawthorne holds out the suggestion that the veil is a penance for an actual and serious crime, while at the same time permitting no real grounds for it. The vulgar interpret the meaning vulgarly, the complacent complacently, and men of good will regretfully. The calm good sense of Elizabeth forces her to regard the veil as the emblem of a tragic but unbased obsession. She believes at first that " 'there is nothing terrible in this piece of crape' " but at length yields to its influence, not from a dread of the veil itself, but of what the veil tells her of her lover's state of mind.

The mystery of the veil is hidden to the end among these artfully contrived ambiguities. As Elizabeth leaves him, "Mr. Hooper smiled to think that only a material emblem had separated him from happiness, though the horrors, which it shadowed forth, must be drawn darkly between the fondest of lovers." It is confusing to have the symbol detached from its meaning in this fashion; and the passage calls up another consideration. If the veil alone has separated the minister from happiness, what are we to do with "the horrors, which it shadowed forth?" Surely it is they which shut him off from earthly good. The effect is at once to assert and to cast doubt on the reality of what the veil portrays but also hides. And the smile itself, shining dimly from beneath the black cloth, emphasizes in its self-irony the ambiguity of the minister's character.

The veil has varying effects on different minds and different levels of

society. To those who claimed a superiority to popular prejudice," it is merely "an eccentric whim." In the multitude it occasions either impertinence or superstitious dread, reactions equally grievous to its unhappy wearer. It is whispered that the veil is the obscure intimation of a horrible crime; and there are hints of supernatural forces:

> Thus, from beneath the black veil, there rolled a cloud into the sunshine, *an ambiguity of sin or sorrow,* which enveloped the poor minister, so that love or sympathy could never reach him. *It was said* that ghost and fiend consorted with him there. With self-shudderings and outward terrors, he walked continually in its shadow, groping darkly within his own soul, or gazing through a medium that saddened the whole world. Even the lawless wind, *it was believed,* respected his dreadful secret, and never blew aside the veil. But still good Mr. Hooper sadly smiled at the pale visages of the worldly throng as he passed by.

In one respect, however, the veil makes Mr. Hooper a more efficient clergyman, for it allows him to "sympathize with all dark affections." His words are imbued with its gloomy power, and he can bring sinners to the light denied to him. Yet here as well the effects of the veil are ambiguous. His converts regard the minister with dread, not with love or joy, even though they owe their redemption to him. "Dying sinners cried aloud for Mr. Hooper, and would not yield their breath till he appeared; though ever, as he stooped to whisper consolation, they shuddered at the veiled face so near their own." Hawthorne summarizes the twofold influence of the veil in a climactic ambiguity which embodies its dualism in a series of antitheses: "In this manner Mr. Hooper spent a long life, irreproachable in outward act, yet shrouded in dismal suspicions; kind and loving, though unloved, and dimly feared; a man apart from men, shunned in their health and joy, but ever summoned to their aid in mortal anguish."

This dubiety persists in the final scene at the deathbed, despite the explicit pronouncement with which the scene ends. As the minister lies dying, the veil still rests upon his face, stirred slightly by his faint breath. "All through life that piece of crape had hung between him and the world; it had separated him from cheerful brotherhood and woman's love, and kept him in that saddest of all prisons, his own heart; and still it lay upon his face, as if to deepen the gloom of his darksome chamber, and shade him from the sunshine of eternity." If, however, the veil is emblematic of the common plight of man, why should it isolate its wearer with a poignancy unfelt by other men and leave him lonely and alone? We have no sense in the story that all men feel as does Mr. Hooper; they are portrayed, in fact, as a cohesive band, united if only in dread of the fearful veil. Even the

minister's colleague, praying by his bedside, rather cruelly misunderstands its significance. Or, on the other hand, is it possible that we can go further afield and determine that the message of the veil *is* representative and universal: that the failure to recognize it is simply the last and most chilling proof of man's imprisonment within himself? If this latter interpretation is the true one, we must conclude that Hawthorne's emphasis upon the problem as embodied in Mr. Hooper has made it impossible for him to deal with it in other characters. To achieve unity of composition his canvas can contain only one important figure. In order to present the tragic isolation of one man, Hawthorne is obliged to consider society as a solid group arrayed against his hero, ignoring for the time being the fact that this hero is Everyman.

We conclude, then, without arriving at a clear decision about the meaning of the tale, but with a sense of depths unplumbed, of rich potentialities not fully realized. The discrepancies between the two interpretations which have been outlined here must go unreconciled. Their mutual presence can, I think, be satisfactorily explained in two ways—one psychological, and one aesthetic—separable, and yet closely related. In the first place, these discrepancies represent the faculties of Hawthorne's own psychology, the heart and the head. His heart, his imagination, the inherited bent of his Puritan ancestry—all his instincts, in short—bind him in sympathy with the possessed minister, who broods over the vague and bottomless abyss of Evil. But his head, his intellect, is with the calm and steady-minded Elizabeth, who is unable to look upon the minister's vow as other than a sad but groundless whim. The ancestral Hawthorne stands beside the nineteenth-century Hawthorne in "The Minister's Black Veil," and their voices do not wholly harmonize.

Second, Hawthorne does not force a reconciliation which he has not, in Keats's words, "proved upon his pulses." Having chosen the symbol of the black veil and invented an action for it, he refrains from pushing the reader to a single conclusion. The minister himself believes the veil to be an emblem of the secret sin that poisons the souls of all mankind, but we are not compelled to accept his reading of the matter. We may, if we like, consider it rather a veil upon his understanding, whose gloomy shade conceals from the eyes behind it as much as it discloses. As it casts its shadow over the bright and various colors of the material world—colors distinct to every unhandicapped observer—so does it darken the vision of the spiritual eye.

The imagination, however, playing freely over the theme, will not content itself to remain within the limits of any single meaning. Beneath the explicit statement, the clear and simple outline of the tale, lie the irony

of the minister's smile and the ambiguity of almost every incident. In "The Minister's Black Veil" the moral constitutes the framework; but it is merely an element of the completed structure.

Questions

WHAT is the main point of each of the critical selections? Do you think any of the authors overstates his case, finding meanings and relationships of parts that can be seen only by a stretch of the imagination? Which of these aspects of the literary work of art do you find these critics especially emphasizing: economy, unity, emphasis and subordination, point of view, organization, happenings, characterization, setting, language, tone, rhythm, sound patterns, compactness, figurativeness, intensity of effect? Which of these aspects get almost no consideration? Can you account for your answers to the last two questions?

2. On pages 156–157 we itemized a number of aspects of Frost's "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" which might give a reader pleasure. Take these elements, now, and see whether they fit together harmoniously and whether the poem as a whole is internally consistent. In short, do for the Frost poem what Daniels and Stauffer have done for "Upon Julia's Clothes" and "Ars Poetica."

3. Make an analysis of (a) *A Night at an Inn*, page 42; (b) "My Last Duchess," page 60; (c) "The Cask of Amontillado," page 72; (d) "To Autumn," page 79; (e) "On the Grasshopper and Cricket," page 109. Cite enough specific details to prove that the work is or is not internally consistent.

The work and human thought and understanding

THE basic premise of those who use the yardstick of insight in making literary judgments is that literature should be the repository of all the best that has been thought and said. In the highest sense it should be a "criticism of life," for in making us conscious of the best it provides us with a standard against which we can measure our own thoughts and actions. A work, then, is great to the extent that it provides us with insight into what is best—what is true, good, beautiful.

Rather obviously the emphasis in this kind of evaluation is upon the element of meaning, and in that sense its criterion for excellence is closely akin to the yardstick of special doctrine (pp. 142-145). Under special doctrine, however, we considered those convictions which the reader carried to the work, retained throughout, and used almost exclusively in the process of evaluation. Here we are concerned with the reader who brings to the work only a desire for insight, not a mind made up. He is a seeker, not a dogmatist. Such a reader will ask such questions as: How effectively does this work re-create experience for me? How accurately does it mirror the personality of the author and the temper of his age? How consistently does it handle the necessary elements? Each of these questions brings up a key concern of one of the three evaluative methods we have just discussed. Here,

however, these questions and their answers are employed as steps in arriving at the answer to another question: Considering every aspect of the work, what is the totality of its insight into life? The core of the answer is likely to fall in one of three fields—the ethical, the sociological, or the psychological.

ETHICAL INSIGHT

According to Matthew Arnold, the great English critic, the desire of great writers is to "educe and cultivate what is best and noblest in themselves." This is not to be construed, however, as a selfish objective. "They do not talk of their mission, nor of interpreting their age, nor of the coming Poet; all this, they know, is the mere delirium of vanity; their business is not to praise their age, but to afford men who live in it the highest pleasure which they are capable of feeling." With Arnold and this method of criticism, therefore, we come back to the conviction that literature has a dual rôle: it must be pleasurable and it must be instructive (i.e., ennobling). The most effective blending of these two elements results in the profoundest literature.

Traditionally, the finest blending of the two has been associated with the ancients, particularly the Greek poets. In their works, many readers have felt, man's best thoughts appear in their simplest and most moving form: simplest because they deal only with basic truths and primary emotions; most moving because the human actions they depict are elemental, the personages noble, and the situations intense. For the Greeks, meaning and structure were far more important than phrasing. We can learn from them, Arnold points out, "how unspeakably superior is the effect of one moral impression left by a great action treated as a whole, to the effect produced by the most striking single thought or by the happiest image."

The chief weaknesses of this approach are that it too often results in a narrowing of one's interests, in dogmatism, and in intellectual absolutism. What happens is that one gets so preoccupied with the ancients that he finds to his own loss that he is no longer interested in any writers but them. Even Milton seems a little too modern, and no American seems really worthy. This narrowing of interest leads, in turn, to a dogmatism about what literature should be: it should be like the works of the ancients. It should be highly religious and philosophical in tone, should be concerned with human thought and action as the Greeks conceived of them, should be simple and austere in structure. Worst of all, this approach leads to an absolutism in which the critic assumes that he, having studied the ancients (often in translation), knows The Truth, knows pompously what is needful for The Truly Great Interpretation of Life. What happens, in short, is that *in practice* this mode of evaluation too easily slips off into the method which we called Special Doctrine: the search for truth gives way to the application of dogma. But this need not happen. When properly employed in the field of ethics, the yardstick of insight is a demanding one which finds adequate only those works which give pleasure of a serious and lasting nature.

SOCIOLOGICAL INSIGHT

Frank Norris, the American naturalistic novelist, once wrote that the greatest novel is the one with a purpose. A gripping narrative is not enough;

neither is insight into the motives of the main characters. What still is needed is an intent on the part of the author to show how men under given conditions operate. Norris himself tried to do this in a trilogy (which he did not live to finish) about the raising, trading, and consumption of wheat. Simplified, his point was that this great nourisher of mankind, instead of being a blessing to everyone it touched, is almost invariably a curse, because of the way men fight for the riches it brings.

That literature can be a criticism of life in a sociological sense is a relatively new idea. It became strongly apparent in England when Dickens' novels brought home to thousands the wretched condition in London slums and prisons. In this country, as early a writer as Cooper touched upon economic matters, but it was not until Twain, Howells, Norris, and Dreiser wrote that social problems began getting widespread treatment in imaginative literature. Today, it would be no exaggeration to say that such problems are the prime concern of our major writers. As readers, we have come to expect that our literature will go beyond the personal problems of a few men to the more general problems of man. What is the effect on man of his environment? of his economic system? of his political system? of his institutions, folkways, and mores? These are a few of the major questions we have come to expect our writers to treat. And we rate them according to their insight.

Like the ethical approach, the sociological can easily slip off into a demand for special doctrines. The conservative wants no suggestion in his literature that private enterprise is ineffective; the socialist wants no intimation that socialism is impractical. Writers interested in the sociological can easily become propagandists, and readers accessories after the fact. But this, again, is perversion of a method in practice; it is not an indictment of the method itself. The yardstick of insight in the field of social problems is a demanding one which discriminates wise selection and interpretation from hit-and-miss reporting, thoughtful analysis from flippancy, and sympathetic understanding from cheap sensationalism.

PSYCHOLOGICAL INSIGHT

In a chapter on a method of criticism he calls "Formism," Stephen C. Pepper in his provocative *The Basis of Criticism in the Arts* identifies human value with what is normal in human behavior. The greatest literature is that which deals with norms, which penetrates to actions and traits that count, dwelling seriously on what is serious and laughing at what is silly. It is human experience seen through the eyes of a well-adjusted individual. By such a standard, the classic writers would still rank high but not exclusively so. Other works showing a balanced view of values would rank equally well: *The Canterbury Tales,* Shakespeare's plays, *Pride and Prejudice.* On the other hand, detective stories with their complete disregard for the human suffering caused by murder would ordinarily rank very low.

It would be misleading to suggest in any fashion that the three approaches we have mentioned in discussing the yardstick of insight are mutually exclusive. Insight into what is right or wrong ethically will of necessity bring an awareness of men's social relations and of the values which are prized by those who are well adjusted. Insight into

social problems must bring a recognition of what results in justice on the one hand and injustice on the other. And insight into what is normal and abnormal in human behavior must surely suggest what is ethically right and socially desirable. Any insight, in short, has implications for all approaches.

That this is a standard that applies to the work as a whole is a fact that bears repeating. Insight is primarily a matter of meaning, which in turn is a matter of happenings, characters, setting, language, and tone. Partial perception may come through a twist of phrase or a single act. But the aggregate, the full insight will be the result of the total impact of the work: the completed action, the rounded characterization, the final, compelling mood.

USING THE EVALUATIONS

In this discussion we have not attempted to consider all the yardsticks which readers use in making judgments about literature. To do so, we should have to introduce even such elements as the sex of the author, the size and color of the book, and the quaintness of the illustrations. Rather, we have tried to report on those yardsticks which are often employed and to suggest the advantages and disadvantages of each.

Where do you go from here? You can, of course, ignore all this and go on judging literature as you always have judged it. However, we have one recommendation to make. In estimating the value of a poem, play, or piece of fiction *use as many of these yardsticks as you find applicable.* Only by so doing will you be able to find the fullest enjoyment and understanding which are in the power of the work of art to give.

On this page and page 198 appear two problems that will help you review and test the methods.

Problem 1. The following excerpts appeared in the *Book Review Digest* for Ernest Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea* and John Steinbeck's *East of Eden.* Try to discover in each the literary yardstick the critic is employing.

(a) Steinbeck's *East of Eden:*

The saga of more than half a century in the lives of two American families—the Trasks, a mixture of gentleness and brutality doled out in unequal measure, and the Hamiltons, Steinbeck's own forbears, a well adjusted, lovable group who provide a tranquil background for the turbulent careers of the Trasks. The scene is chiefly Salinas, California, from the turn of the century through the first World War.—Library Journal

At the outset Steinbeck has a firm command of his materials, but the novel degenerates as it goes along. The improbabilities grow more flagrant, the sentimentality thicker, the intellectual

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naïveté more exasperating.—CHARLES ROLO, Atlantic Monthly

East of Eden is not without its passages of human warmth, particularly those which characterize old Sam Hamilton (Steinbeck's maternal grandfather). But the impact and impress of the book—whatever the author's intention—are on the side of evil, of an exploitation of a mad, inhuman lust and a cruelty that lacerates and degrades.—RILEY HUGHES, Catholic World

In this rambling and ambitious novel spread out over more than half a century, John Steinbeck wrestles with a moral theme for the first time in his career, certainly a hopeful sign of the times. Yet his obsession with naked animality, brute violence, and the dark wickedness of the human mind remains so overriding that what there is of beauty and understanding is subordinated and almost extinguished.—R. R. BRUNN, Christian Science Monitor

Shock techniques, applied with rapier and not bludgeon, will rule the book out for the tender-skinned. But John Steinbeck, the philosopher, dominates his material and brings it into sharply moral focus.—Kirkus

Thanks to a great wealth of fascinating detail woven through the plot, we are given a complete and unforgettable picture of country and small town life during that period. Some readers may object to the brothel scenes and the realistic dialogue, but this is a major novel in almost every respect. No public library should hesitate to purchase it.—E. T. SMITH, Library Journal

As drama the book falls very much short of a carefully designed classic like The Mayor of Casterbridge (Cathy's husband, Adam Trask, here in a rôle remotely like that of Henchard); as realism it is not to be compared with such a grand book about a bad woman as Balzac's Cousine Bette, or the lesser but still superb Belchamber, by Howard Sturgis, which one person has read for every hundred or more who will read this.—PAUL BLOOMFIELD, Manchester Guardian

Here is one of those occasions when a writer has aimed high and then summoned every ounce of energy, talent, seriousness and passion of which he was capable. The most unfriendly critic could hardly fail to grant that East of Eden is the best as well as the most ambitious book Mr. Steinbeck could write at this moment.—J. W. KRUTCH, New York Herald Tribune Book Review

Probably the best of John Steinbeck's novels, East of Eden, is long but not "big," and anyone who, deceived by its spread in space and time (c. 1860–1920), says that it is "epical in its sweep," is merely in the usual grip of cliché. . . Through the exercise of a really rather remarkable freedom of his rights as a novelist, Mr. Steinbeck weaves in, and more particularly around, this story of prostitution a fantasia of history and of myth that results in a strange and original work of art.—MARK SHORER, New York Times

This is certainly his best book since The Grapes of Wrath and, I believe, evidence that he has been thinking more

deeply than ever before about life and the human beings who live it.—J. H. JACKSON, San Francisco Chronicle

It is to be doubted if any American novel has better chronicled our last hundred years, our trek from East to West to discover an Eden that always somehow escapes us and that we as a people yet continue to hope for and believe in. —H. C. WEBSTER, Saturday Review

Although the total effect is not boring, for there are charming descriptions of scenery and shrewd estimates of personality, Mr. Steinbeck has tried to say too many things at once, and his message is hidden under superfluous decoration.—Times [London] Literary Supplement

John Steinbeck is a highly gifted virtuoso. The writing in this book, at least in the early pages, is lively and engaging; all the way through there are descriptive passages and brief scenes that show his very great skill. Elsewhere he has shown that he can command considerable eloquence in defense of his views. But a novelist must follow the argument where his vision of the world leads him; the strongest will and the noblest motives will not make him see what, for him, is not there.—PAUL PICKREL, Yale Review

(b) Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea:*

A brief novel about supreme courage. An old Gulf fisherman, overtaken by hard luck, proves his tenacity and courage when he hooks a monster marlin. He kills his catch but is towed out to sea, and then brings what the sharks leave of it back to Havana.

The old man and the boy are perfectly tuned to Hemingway's purpose: their affection and utterance are true to themselves as their philosophy is true to the sea. I have put this book on the top shelf of Mr. Hemingway's work, and I am grateful for it.—EDWARD WEEKS, Atlantic Monthly

Whatever The Old Man and the Sea is about, whatever its philosophical care, it is a very good story indeed; told with all of Hemingway's usual skill and with a great deal more restraint than he has sometimes shown.—A. S., Canadian Forum

This brief novel is Hemingway at his best; theme, tone, and action come together in a wholeness of dignity and power.—RILEY HUGHES, Catholic World

Hemingway has already done the significant part of his life's work. . . He is, by our living needs and standards, a true, brilliant, but very limited artist, and I believe that we have gotten all we can from him now. He may write several more good or even fine books of a kind, but it is very doubtful if they will extend our sensibilities and refresh our vision of life as the earlier works did; and the chances are that they will merely repeat or embellish the best of his earlier work, as does The Old Man and the Sea.—SEYMOUR KRIM, Commonweal

For most readers this will be a taut, tense, graphic story of an old fisherman who, after a run of bad luck, hooks

the biggest fish he has ever seen and in spite of age and weariness fights him to victory, only to have his catch taken from him at the end. Some of the older readers may put into it all the symbolism of human striving and the identification of killer with killed that the critics find. For most of them it will be unforgettable as a picture of the sea and of fishing and of a man's persistence.—M. C. SCOGGIN, Horn Book

Saturated with its subject and milieu, written in a limpid style and with the surest art, this novella is one of Hemingway's finest pieces of work. No one else could possibly have written it.—E. F. WALBRIDGE, Library Journal

On so many counts the book is momentous and heartening. . . Though in his past work Hemingway suggested compassion and humility and love, in The Old Man he gives expression to them in a directer and bolder way, without sacrificing the strength and toughness of the earlier work. And for a final thing, it suggests that the big book Hemingway has been working on in the past, and is still working on, may be his greatest.—HARVEY BREIT, Nation

The Old Man and the Sea is intended to be a "universal" book, dealing, however briefly, with the suffering of humanity as a whole. Its compassion is not exclusive. If it succeeded it would be a masterpiece surpassing anything that Mr. Hemingway has written. In my opinion it has not succeeded. Despite its great virtues, its lucidity, its brilliantly compact evocation of the sea, of physical endurance, of the power of the great fish, its compassion and its impact, it does not plumb these depths of primitive tragic simplicity at which it obviously aims.—J. D. SCOTT, New Statesman & Nation

I couldn't write even a short report on the book without paying tribute to Hemingway's prose. It is as different from Melville's prose in Moby Dick as anything could be and still remain English. There is no attempt in it to express the inexpressible by inventing new words and turns of phrase; instead Hemingway uses the oldest and shortest words, the simplest constructions, but gives them a new value—as if English were a strange language that he had studied or invented for himself and was trying to write in its original purity.—MALCOLM COWLEY, New York Herald Tribune Book Review

It is a tale superbly told and in the telling Ernest Hemingway uses all the craft his hard, disciplined trying over so many years has given him.—R. G. DAVIS, New York Times

Hemingway has never written more cleanly, more precisely, with less waste—not that he is very often a man to waste a word. Here, because he knows so well the background against which he stages his miracle-play of Man against Fate, he evokes both struggle and sea with a skill that very few—oh, well, what few, then? no one else writing today—could touch.—J. H. JACKSON, San Francisco Chronicle

The admirable Santiago, Hemingway's ancient mariner and protagonist of this triumphant short novel, enters the gallery of permanent heroes effortlessly,

as if he had belonged there from the beginning. . . The Old Man and the Sea is a great short novel, told with consummate artistry and destined to become a classic in its kind. It is a good kind of present for a man to give the world on or about his fifty-third birthday.—CARLOS BAKER, Saturday Review

The Old Man and the Sea has almost none of the old Hemingway truculence, the hard-guy sentimentality that sometimes gives even his most devoted admirers twinges of discomfort. As a story, it is clean and straight. Those who admire craftsmanship will be right in calling it a masterpiece.—Time

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Problem 2. Read the following two stories and rate each one according to all the yardsticks which we have discussed. A chart is provided at the end of each story.

NORBERT DAVIS

Build me a bungalow small

WILLIAM MARTIN stepped out on the three worn planks that served the cabin as a front porch and looked all around and saw nothing but trees. That was just fine with him. It was not that he was fond of trees as such. He wasn't. He considered them nonfunctional and a waste of lumber, but at the moment he vastly preferred them to people.

He was tall and dark, a little gaunt in the face and stooped in the shoulders, and his black hair was clipped in a crew cut. He was wearing a red flannel shirt and brand-new khaki pants and shoe pacs. Standing there on the porch, he drew in a long, luxurious breath of mountain air—thin and dry with a sharp, cold tingle in it.

The air tasted very good. Martin tried some more of it and then pounded his chest, Tarzan style. He jumped down off the porch and did a complicated series of crouched, whirling shifts and then caught an imaginary football and kicked it. He was right at the apex of his punt when he saw the man watching him, and he very nearly went over backward.

"Oops!" he said, waving his arms violently to catch his balance. "I didn't see—I didn't think there was anyone— Hello."

The man was leaning against the fender of a dust-colored sedan that blended perfectly into the dried brown of the brush along the twisted, narrow road. He was dressed in brown, too, and he was smoking a brown,

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hand-rolled cigarette. He was squat and blocky and bowlegged, and he was scowling. He looked as if he had been born with a great many suspicions and had lived to see every single one of them confirmed.

"Your name Martin?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You leased this cabin from the owner for three weeks?"

"Yes."

"You understand that he don't own the land the cabin sits on. Just the cabin itself. The land is part of this state park and can't be sold."

"I understand that."

"Keep it in mind. You're a tenant here by sufferance. In case you don't savvy that, it means you can stay here as long as you behave yourself. My name's Bradwell. I'm the state ranger in charge."

"Well," said Martin uncertainly. "Hello."

"How drunk are you now?"

"I'm not drunk at all!" Martin denied indignantly. "I was just feeling good, that's all—just taking a little morning workout to—to—"

"If I catch you plastered and passed out around here, you're going to wake up with a shovel in your hand on the road gang. And don't sling garbage around in the brush. Bury it. All of it. Deep. And don't build fires except in the fireplace in the cabin, and don't smoke away from this clearing. And don't drive over twenty on these park roads. And leave the animals alone. They got more right to be here than you have."

"Okay," said Martin. "Okay, okay, okay."

Bradwell got back in his car. The sound of its motor was a muted, smooth murmur.

"I'll be seeing you," he said. "Often. Keep that in mind, too."

The sedan slid silently away.

"Huh," said Martin.

He breathed in deeply again, trying to retrieve his exuberant mood. It eluded him, and he looked around exploratively. He spotted a path that angled crookedly away from the cabin, and he started following it.

The trees closed in instantly on him, and the silence and the solitude were soothing balm. He began to whistle softly and jauntily to himself. He kept on whistling until he walked around a curve and came face to face with a deer.

This was not a small deer, and it was in no way fragile or dainty. It was equipped with antlers, and it was tall enough so that when it held its head up it could look Martin right in the eye, and that was just what it was doing.

"Shoo," said Martin. "Scram. Get out of here."

The deer came a step closer.

"Boo!" Martin shouted. "Beat it!"

The deer lowered its head and pawed the ground. The hoof was sharp enough to leave a clean, deep groove in the dirt. It snorted.

"Well," said Martin. "Okay. If that's the way you feel."

He backed around the curve and started toward the cabin. The deer snorted again—right behind him. Martin walked a lot faster. He was perspiring. He sneaked a glance over his shoulder. The antlers were about a yard from his back, and they were approaching a lot faster than he was receding.

"Yike!" Martin gasped.

He ran. He ran like a rabbit. And behind him he could hear those sharply sinister snorts getting closer and closer.

Crashing out into the clearing, he sailed around the cabin, leaning hard on the turns. He reached the porch in one last ten-foot leap. There was a camp chair leaning against the wall beside the door, and he swung it up over his shoulder and whirled around—at bay.

It was then that he heard the high-pitched, uproarious shriek of laughter. The deer had stopped a dozen feet from the porch. It was regarding Martin with an offended expression, and now it turned its head to look toward the laughter. Martin dropped the chair as though it had suddenly become red-hot. He picked it up and dropped it again and then kicked it furiously.

The laughter died in a series of gurgling gasps. "I'm sorry!" the girl said. "I really shouldn't have—" She started up again, bending over and holding her sides. She had shiny black hair with a thin red ribbon tied in it. She was tall, and she was wearing dungarees and moccasins and a man's white shirt. She was very tanned, and she had startlingly blue eyes and a short, straight nose with a little tilt to it.

She straightened up painfully. "You should have seen your face when you came around the cabin. It was really—Oh, Dagwood! You big fool, you!"

The deer stalked up to her and lowered its antlers and snorted.

The girl slapped at it. "Oh, get away. I haven't anything for you to eat." She smiled up at Martin. "They call him Dagwood because he's always hungry, and he'll eat absolutely anything. Dagwood, you pest. Go away."

She seized him expertly by an antler, turned him around, and slapped him on the haunch. Dagwood sailed over a bush and disappeared in three more graceful bounces.

The girl walked up to the porch. "Hello. My name is Carol Carter. I'm staying at the Bracken cabin. It's over that way a half mile. You're William Martin, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"The Greys told me they were renting their cabin to you. They said you were an architect."

"Did they?"

"Yes. They said you wanted to come up here to be alone while you finished some important work."

"But you didn't believe them, did you?"

"What?" said Carol.

"You didn't believe them when they told you I wanted to be alone."

Carol lost her smile. "Oh. Well—are you mad at me? I apologize for laughing. I shouldn't have. I know you were scared to death."

"Is there anything else you know about me besides my name and my business and my state of mind?"

"I know you've got a nasty temper."

"There's something you can do to avoid that."

"What?" Carol asked.

"Leave."

"Oh. Well—well, I mean . . ."

"Goodby, now."

"Goodby," said Carol soberly.

She turned around and walked on along the road. She walked well—erect and graceful, very quick and light on her feet.

"Faugh!" Martin snarled. "The next time I'll pick the city zoo or the Union Station."

Martin had set himself up in business in the sunlight at the side of the cabin. He and his paraphernalia were spread all over the camp chair and two collapsible bridge tables. He had red ink and black ink and white ink and six different kinds of pens: squares, triangles, compasses, dividers, rulers, erasers and slide rules, and dozens of sectional plans and blue, checked master sheets—all placed precisely where he wanted them. He was a happy man.

He consulted one of the slide rules and found the answer he needed and began to print it in slanted, neat figures.

"Hello," said Carol.

Martin's pen jerked.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Carol.

Martin blotted carefully and began to erase.

"Let me help—" said the girl.

Martin stopped erasing and looked at her.

"I said I was sorry," Carol said defensively. "And I'm sorry I laughed at you a while ago. What else can I say?"

"Plenty, I'm afraid."

"Now, look," said Carol. "I'm just trying to be neighborly. I came over here this morning with the best intentions in the world. I was going to show you how the Greys' stove worked. They asked me to. They were worried about how you'd make out, because they knew you weren't married, and they didn't know whether or not you could cook for yourself. I was even going to ask you over to dinner tonight. Of course, we call it supper."

"How odd!"

"Look," said Carol. "Relax. I'm not that repulsive. We got off to a bad start, but can't you sort of skip it? You'll find it's lonesome up here. No one comes up in the fall, because they don't realize how swell the weather is."

"What are you doing up here?"

Carol smiled. "That's better. I had pneumonia last winter, and I came up here in the spring to rest for three months, and I just sort of lingered. I like it. What are you working on?"

"A plan for a small home."

"You've got a lot of plans just for that?"

Martin explained reluctantly: "These are master plans to be used on a lot of small homes to be built all at once in a big subdivision. Each house has to have the same over-all requirements, but they have to be incidentally variable, so that each one can be made to look different."

"Sounds complicated."

"It is. It's a Kreiger-Croft Construction Company project. If I can satisfy them, there's plenty in it for me. I've done some work for them before, but nothing as big as this will be."

"You're up here to concentrate, eh?"

"That was the idea, at least. I got tired of trying to think while contractors and frustrated homeowners and building inspectors pound on my desk."

"I see. Can I look at the master sheet?"

"You can't visualize from a blueprint."

"I can so. I took two years of architecture in art school. . . . Say, this is cute! Now if you put a—"

Martin threw his slide rule on the ground.

"All right," Carol said quickly. "All right."

"Artists," Martin muttered. "Now it's artists. That's all I needed."

"Architecture is an art."

"It is not! It's a science! Do I look like some boob who hangs out in a garret?"

"No, and artists don't, either. Just remember that I happen to be one."

"Ha."

"I am, and I'm pretty good, too."

"Ha."

"Are you always this way?" Carol asked. "You pack around just about the nastiest disposition I've run across."

"It's a device," Martin explained carefully. "It's a device I employ so people will leave me alone long enough for me to get a little work done. But sometimes it doesn't work. There are people who are so dumb they don't get the idea."

"Meaning me?" Carol said thoughtfully. "You don't like me?"

"Now you're smartening up."

"You want me to go away?"

"You're right on the beam."

Carol swallowed. "All right. But I think you could have been a little more polite about it all."

"Oh, go drown yourself somewhere."

Carol walked away. She walked slowly this time; all her bounce had gone.

Martin picked up the slide rule and looked at it in an antagonistic manner. "Ummm," he said uneasily, using it to scratch his head. "Well."

He went back to work, but most of the flavor seemed to have simmered out of his house plans. He stalled around for a while and then got up and went in the back door of the cabin. He came out a moment later, carrying a long-handled spade in one hand and a dripping paper sack of garbage in the other.

Holding the sack well away from him, he paced up the slope back of the cabin. Finding a site that suited him, he put the sack down and started digging.

He dug steadily for about a half hour. He had made a trench, then, about two feet deep and a foot and a half wide. He figured this would be large enough to hold a week's deposit of garbage, and he stopped and leaned on the spade handle, contemplating his handiwork.

Somebody pushed him—hard. The spade tangled his feet up, and he went headlong over it and fell flat on his face in the ditch. He scrambled frantically, rolled over and sat up.

Dagwood snorted at him.

"You get out of here!" Martin yelled furiously.

He scrambled up and swung awkwardly with the spade. It didn't miss Dagwood by more than fifteen feet. Dagwood bounced this way and that way on his spring-steel legs, shook his antlers coyly, and then paused, ready for more fun and games.

Martin ran at him. "Get out of here! You get off this property!"

Dagwood glided over a bush and flicked his white tail tauntingly. That

did it. Martin lost what remained of his perspective. He took off after Dagwood like a bat from the belfry.

Dagwood danced happily all around the clearing twice and then took off up the path with Martin thundering grimly behind. Dagwood teased him along for a couple of hundred yards and then casually melted away into the brush.

Martin stumbled over to a fallen tree trunk and collapsed. He had a bad case of the gulps—an affliction which often seizes lowlanders who exert themselves unduly at high altitudes—and he sat and gasped for ten minutes before his heart stopped booming in his ears.

Finally he got up and went drearily down the path again, helping himself along with the spade. He came out into the clearing and stopped short, frozen numb with horror.

Here was Dagwood again. He had tipped over both card tables, and he was chewing meditatively on a large number of sheets of blue, checked paper.

"Oh, no," Martin groaned. "No!"

Dagwood stopped chewing and glanced at him inquiringly.

"Drop those plans!" Martin shrieked.

Dagwood started chewing again.

Martin howled. He threw the spade and ran after it. He picked it up en route and cut a vicious swath in the air with it. Dagwood bounced jauntily away, carrying the blue sheets like a banner.

"I'll kill you!" Martin promised fervently, fighting his way through brush. "I'll spatter your brains—"

They went up hill and down dale. They went around in two circles. They went through a bramble patch, some poison oak, and a small growth of cockleburs. Martin fell down three times, and when he got up the third time Dagwood was gone again.

Martin went right on, anyway, staggering. "Where are you?" he roared. "I'll tear you limb from limb! I'll murder you in cold blood!"

He stumbled down a rock-strewn slope, burst through a waist-high barrier of brush, and very nearly fell down the fourth time. He caught his balance and stood there, swaying and strangling, staring unbelievingly at a painter's easel. It was sitting all by itself in the clearing.

"Oh," said Martin, fighting for breath. "You! Carol Carter! Where are you?"

His voice dropped into the silence. There was no answer, not even an echo.

"Hey!" said Martin.

He listened, and then he heard the faint, infinitely alluring chuckle of running water. Realizing suddenly that he had a mouth like a blast furnace, he dragged his feet across the clearing and fought through some more brush.

He didn't even see the stream until his feet went out from under him, and he sat down with a dull thud on the bank. His feet were hanging over a deep, dark pool where the water circled hungrily like a slow-motion whirlpool, and abruptly it didn't seem inviting at all.

Martin stared at the bank opposite him. It was steep and studded with sharp rocks, and someone had slipped on it. Someone had left fresh, frantically clawed gouges in the dirt.

"Hey!" said Martin, scared now. "Hey, Carol! Where are you? Where—"

The water chuckled gruesomely beneath him.

Martin's voice went up a queasy notch. "Carol! Carol! Are you all right?"

He slid down the bank and stared into the water. He couldn't see anything but his own reflection.

"Hey?" he said, putting everything into a last appeal. There was no answer save the ghoulish gurgle of the water.

Martin scrambled back up the bank. He ran first to his left and then to his right and then hightailed it over the hill. It was very heavy going now. His feet didn't track, and he seemed to have an irrepressible urge to fall down every twenty yards. He lost the spade and his sense of direction, and it was approximately a century before he came out on a narrow, rutted road. He whirled around groggily twice, picked a direction, and started running all over again.

He was still going when Bradwell's dusty sedan pulled up silently alongside of him.

"Oh!" said Martin. "Listen—listen—"

Bradwell said: "I warned you what would happen to you if I caught you plastered."

Martin clutched the car door. "Listen. Carol Carter. Drowned."

"What?" Bradwell barked.

"Drowned. Pool. Back there."

"You mean that little pool where she paints?"

Martin nodded numbly. "Dangerous. Steep bank."

"You're crazy."

"No. Slipped on bank. Hit her head on rock. Drowned."

"Get in here," said Bradwell.

Martin fell into the front seat and held his head in his hands, completely blown out. Bradwell put the sedan into reverse, slammed it backward into the brush, and cramped the wheels expertly.

"No!" Martin protested. "Other way."

"Shut up. I know the way."

The sedan popped out of the brush, jittered sideways on the ruts, and picked up speed in a breathless spurt.

"Should never have said that," Martin muttered. "Never, never."

"Said what?" Bradwell asked absently.

"What I said to her. Oh, no. No."

"Pipe down. I'm busy."

The roadside brush swished past them in a brown, splattered blur. Suddenly it fell eerily away on one side, and Bradwell stood on the brakes.

"Huh?" said Martin. "This isn't—"

"I know. That's your cabin there, you dope. Someone is in it. I saw something move in the window."

"Never mind," Martin said. "It's just that dammed Dagwood again."

"It ain't Dagwood," said Bradwell. "He don't break into cabins—not since I caught him tryin' it once and fanned his rear end good with a lath. Come on. We'll take a look."

"No! I'm not going—"

Bradwell reached over the back of the seat and came up with an efficient-looking .30-30 saddle carbine. "Yes, you are. You're going to march right up that path ahead of me. Get."

Martin marched up the path, and opened the front door of the cabin cautiously.

"Hello," Carol called. "I'm in the kitchen."

Martin tore across the room and hung limply in the kitchen doorway, staring with bulged, incredulous eyes. Carol had just started washing his dirty dishes.

"Here I am again," she said. "I'm really a pig for punishment."

Martin tiptoed across the floor and touched her arm gingerly. She wasn't a phantom. "Whew!" he said.

"What's the matter?" Carol asked casually. "Is your conscience bothering you?"

Martin rallied a little. "Weren't you up at that pool a while ago? Why didn't you answer me when I called?"

"Yes, I was up at the pool, and I didn't answer you for two good reasons. Reason number one: I didn't have any clothes on."

"What?" said Martin blankly.

"I had taken a sun bath, and I was just about to dunk myself in the pool to cool off when you came howling around. I had to scramble for cover. Reason number two: You scared me with all those threats about

murder and tearing me limb from limb. I thought you'd gone clear off your trolley. I finally figured out what you thought from your actions, but by that time you were gone with the wind. So I came over here."

Martin said, "I wasn't threatening you. I was just going to murder Dagwood because he chewed up my plans."

"What was that, again?" Bradwell demanded. "I told you to leave the animals around here alone."

"Relax. I didn't catch him."

"How do I know you didn't?"

"You know he didn't," Carol said, "because Dagwood is outside the back door right now, waiting to be fed." She nodded at Martin. "I came back before, mad as I was, to warn you that you mustn't leave any important paper lying around outside, because Dagwood likes the taste of it. He chews it like tobacco. But when I came back, you were gone."

"I was digging a garbage ditch."

"I know. I gathered up your plans then and put them in the cabin. Dagwood ran off with some scratch sheets. I put your plans in on the table."

"Yeah," said Bradwell. "I'm lookin' at 'em. . . . Say, this is going to be a neat layout. Who's going to build bungalows like this, Martin? How much do they want for a down payment on one?"

"Later," Martin said absently. "Later. Anyway, I'm going to buy the first one."

"You don't need a house," Bradwell informed him. "You ain't married."

"Well, I can get married, can't I?" Martin asked. He hesitated, watching Carol. "Can't I?"

Carol glanced sideways at him.

"Well," said Martin shamefacedly, "a person can say things—I mean, he can sort of fly off the handle and say things and then—and then he can suddenly sort of see the light and change his—"

Carol smiled slightly. "Take this lettuce leaf out to Dagwood."

"A leaf?" Martin said exuberantly. "One little leaf? No! We'll give him the whole head! We wouldn't want to turn him away hungry. Dagwood is a very fine deer and a credit to the community. Here, Dagwood. Here you are, old boy, old pal."

Rating charts

Make checks in the boxes, or on a separate sheet of paper, according to the following ratings—first box: *excellent;* second box: *good;* third box: *average;* fourth box: *poor;* fifth box: *total failure.*

YARDSTICKS INVOLVING PARTS	RATING
Clarity	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Escape	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Special doctrine (name it):_____	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Real life	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Pleasure in artistic details	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
YARDSTICKS INVOLVING THE STORY AS A WHOLE	
Effect on the reader	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Personality of the author	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Internal consistency	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Insight	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

MAXIM GORKY Boless

AN ACQUAINTANCE of mine once told me the following story:

"While still a student at Moscow I happened to be living alongside one of those—well, she was a Polish woman, Teresa by name. A tall, powerfully built brunet with heavy, bushy eyebrows, and a large coarse, vulgar face, as if carved out with an ax—the animal gleam of her eyes, the deep bass voice, the gait and manners of a cabman, and her immense strength like that of a market-woman, inspired me with an inexpressible horror. I lived in the garret of the house, and her room was opposite mine. I never opened my door when I knew that she was in. But this, of course, happened very rarely. Sometimes I chanced to meet her on the landing, staircase, or in the yard, and she would look at me with a smile which seemed to me cynical and rapacious. Occasionally I saw her in her cups, with bleary eyes, her hair and clothes in disorder and with a particularly loathsome smile. On such occasions she would meet my eye with an impudent stare and say:

Used by permission of P. F. Collier and Son.

" 'How are you, Pan Student?'[1]

"And her stupid laugh would increase my dislike for her still more. I would have liked nothing better than to change my quarters in order to get rid of her proximity, but my room was so nice, and the view from my window was so fine, the street below so quiet and peaceful, that I concluded to endure it.

"One morning after I had dressed and was sprawling on the cot, trying to invent some sort of an excuse for not attending my classes, the door of my room suddenly opened, and the disgusting bass voice of the Polish woman sounded from the threshold:

" 'Good morning, Pan Student!'

" 'What is it you wish?' I asked her. I saw she looked confused and had in her face a kind of pleading expression, something unusual with her.

" 'You see, Pan Student, I came to beg you to do me a great favor. Don't refuse me, please!'

"Lying there on my cot I thought that it was just some pretext or other to make my further acquaintance. Take care, my boy!

" 'You see, I have to send a letter to my native country,' she continued in a supplicating, low, tremulous voice.

" 'Well,' I thought, 'the devil take you. If you wish I will write it for you.' And springing to my feet I sat down to the table, took some paper and said: 'Well, come nearer; sit down and dictate.'

"She came over; sat down cautiously on the edge of the chair and looked at me in rather a guilty way.

" 'To whom shall I write?'

" 'To Boleslav Kapshat, in the town Sventsiani, on the Warsaw railroad.'

" 'Well, what shall I write? Speak.'

" 'My dearest Boless, my heart's delight, my beloved. May the Mother of God protect you! My golden heart, why have you not written for so long a time to your sorrowing dove, Teresa—'

"I could hardly keep from laughing. A sorrowing dove, indeed! Almost six feet tall, with the fists of a prize-fighter, and a face so black that it seemed as if the 'dove' had been sweeping chimneys all her life and had never thoroughly washed herself. But I somehow kept my face straight and asked:

" 'Who is this Bolesst?'

" 'Boless, Pan Student,' she replied, seemingly offended because of my mispronouncing the name. 'He is my affianced.'

" 'Affianced!'

" 'And why are you so astonished? Can not I, a girl, have an affianced?'

[1]Pan is Polish for Mister.

"She—a girl! well, this beats everything I ever heard. Oh, well, who can tell about such matters! Everything is possible in this world.

" 'And have you been long engaged?'

" 'The sixth year.'

" 'Oh, oh!' I thought and then said aloud: 'Well, go ahead with your letter.'

"And I must confess—so tender and loving was this message—that I would have willingly exchanged places with this Boless had the fair correspondent been any one else but Teresa.

" 'I thank you from my inmost soul for your favor, Pan Student,' Teresa said, bowing low. 'Can I in any way be of service to you?'

"No, thank you.'

" 'But maybe the Pan's shirts or trousers need mending?'

"This made me quite angry. I felt that this mastodon in petticoats was making the blood mount to my cheeks, and I told her quite sharply that her services were not required; and she departed.

"Two weeks or so passed. One evening I was sitting at my window, softly whistling and thinking hard how to get away from myself. I felt very bored. The weather was as nasty as it could be. To go out that evening was out of the question, and having nothing better to do I began from sheer ennui a course of self-analysis. This proved dull enough work, but there was nothing else to do. Suddenly the door opened, thank God! Some one was coming to see me.

" 'Are you very busy just now, Pan Student?'

" 'Teresa! H'm—' I thought I would have preferred any one at all to her. Then I said aloud:

" 'No, what is it you want now?'

" 'I wish to ask the Pan Student to write me another letter.'

" 'Very well. Is it again to Boless you wish me to write?'

" 'No, this time I want you to write a letter from Boless to me.'

" 'Wha-at?'

" 'I beg your pardon, Pan Student. How stupid of me! It is not for me, this letter, but for a friend of mine, a man acquaintance; he has a fiancée. Her name is like mine, Teresa. He does not know how to write, so I want the Pan Student to write for him a letter to that Teresa—'

"I looked at her. She seemed very confused and frightened, and her fingers trembled. And tho I failed at first to understand what was the matter with her I at last understood.

" 'Look here, my lady,' I said to her. 'You have been telling me a pack of lies. There are no Bolesses nor Teresas among your acquaintances. It is only a pretext for coming in here. I tell you outright that there is no use of com-

ing sneaking around me, as I do not wish to have anything to do with you. Do you understand?'

"She grew very red in the face and I saw that she was strangely frightened and confused, and moved her lips so oddly, wishing to say something, without being able to say it. And somehow I began to think that I had misjudged her a little. There was something behind all this. But what?

" 'Pan Student,' she suddenly began, but broke off, and turning toward the door, walked out of the room.

"I remained with a very unpleasant feeling in my heart. I heard her shut her own door with a bang; evidently the poor girl was very angry—I thought the matter over and decided to go in to her and induce her to return; I would write her the letter she wished.

"I entered her room. She was sitting at the table with her head pressed in her hands.

" 'Teresa,' I said, 'will you listen to me a moment?'

"Whenever I come to this turn of the story I always feel very awkward and embarrassed. But let us return to my narrative. Seeing that she did not reply I repeated:

" 'Listen to me, my girl—'

"She sprang to her feet, came close up to me, with eyes flashing, and placing her two hands on my shoulders she began to whisper, or rather to hum in her deep bass voice:

" 'Look you here, Pan Student. What of it, what of it if there is no Boless? And what if there is no Teresa? What difference does it make to you? Is it so hard for you to draw a few lines on the paper! Oh, you! And I thought you such a good fellow, such a nice fair-haired little boy. Yes, it is true—there is no Boless, and there is no Teresa, there is only me! Well, what of it?'

" 'Allow me,' I said, greatly disconcerted by this reception. 'What is it you are saying? Is there no Boless?'

" 'Yes, there is none. But what of it?'

" 'And no Teresa either?'

" 'No, no Teresa either; that is, yes, I am her.'

"I could not understand a word. I stared straight into her eyes, trying to determine which of us two had lost our reason. And she returned once more to the table, rummaged for some time in the drawer, and coming back to me said in an offended tone:

" 'Here is the letter you wrote for me, take it back. You do not wish to write me a second one anyway. Others will probably be kinder than you and would do so.'

"I recognized the letter she held out to me as the one I wrote for her to Boless. Humph!

" 'Look here, Teresa,' I said to her. 'Will you please explain to me what it all means? Why do you ask people to write letters for you when you do not find it necessary even to post them?'

" 'Post them? Where to?'

" 'Why, to this Boless, of course.'

" 'But he does not exist!'

"I really could not understand a word. There was nothing left for me to do but to spit and walk out of the room. But she explained herself.

" 'Well, what of it?' she began in an offended voice. 'He does not exist. He does not, so,' and she extended her hands as if she could not herself clearly understand why he did not exist in reality. 'But I want him to. Am I not as much of a human being as the others? Of course I—I know— But it does no harm to any one, that I am writing to him—'

" 'Allow me—to whom?'

" 'To Boless, of course.'

" 'But he does not exist.'

" 'Oh, Mother of God! What if he does not exist? He does not; still to me he does. And Teresa—this is myself, and he replies to my letters, and I write to him again.'

"I understood. I felt so sick at heart, so ashamed of myself to know that alongside of me, only three paces removed, lived a human being who had no one in the whole world to love and sympathize with her, and that this being had to invent a friend for herself.

" 'Here you have written a letter from me to Boless, and I gave it to another to read, and when I hear it read it really begins to seem to me as if there is a Boless. And then I ask that a letter be written from Boless to Teresa—that is to me. And when such a letter is written and is read to me then I am almost entirely convinced that there is a Boless, and that makes my life easier.'

"Yes, the devil take it all," continued my acquaintance. "To make a long story short I began from that time on to write with the greatest punctuality twice a week letters to Boless and vice versa. I wrote splendid replies to her. She used to listen to my reading of those epistles and to weep in her bass voice. In return for this she used to mend my clothes and darn my socks.

"Three months later she was thrown into prison for some reason or other and by now she must surely be dead."

My acquaintance blew the ashes from his cigaret, looked thoughtfully at the sky, and concluded:

"Y-e-s, the more a human being has drunk of the cup of bitterness the more ardently he longs for sweetness. And we, enveloped in our worn-out virtues and gazing at each other through the haze of self-sufficiency and

convinced of our righteousness, fail to understand it.

"And the whole affair turns out very stupid, and very cruel. Fallen people we say—but who and what are those fallen ones? First of all they are human beings of the very same bone and blood, of the very same flesh and nerves as ourselves. We have been told the very same thing for whole ages, day in and day out. And we listen and—and the devil alone knows how stupid it all is! In reality we, too, are but fallen people and more deeply fallen too, probably—into the abyss of self-sufficiency, convinced of our own sinlessness and superiority, the superiority of our own nerves and brains over the nerves and brains of those who are only less crafty than we are, and who can not, as we can, feign a goodness they do not possess—but enough of this. It is all so old and stale—so old and stale indeed that one is ashamed to speak of it—"

Rating charts

Make checks in the boxes, or on a separate sheet of paper, according to the following ratings—first box: *excellent;* second box: *good;* third box: *average;* fourth box: *poor;* fifth box: *total failure.*

YARDSTICKS INVOLVING PARTS	RATING
Clarity	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Escape	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Special doctrine (name it):_____	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Real life	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Pleasure in artistic details	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
YARDSTICKS INVOLVING THE STORY AS A WHOLE	
Effect on the reader	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Personality of the author	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Internal consistency	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Insight	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Questions

ACCORDING to which criteria did the previous story rank higher?

2. According to which criteria does this story rank higher?

3. How do you account for these deviations?

4. Which criteria seemed irrelevant in rating these stories? Why?

5. Which criteria seemed to distinguish best between the stories? Why?

part 3
Literary types

THE SHORT STORY

ALTHOUGH all imaginative literature interprets human qualities, emotions, motives, and values, different forms interpret them in different ways. Fictional works, dramas, and poems all have their peculiar limitations and possibilities. Therefore, in order to see clearly and judge wisely what each particular work offers, the reader should know something about the nature of each of these forms. Hereafter, works in this book will be introduced and grouped according to type. This arrangement will help you consider, in turn, the *special qualities* of short stories, dramas, and poems as types in addition to the more *general literary qualities* of the works here printed.

We start, then, with a form of prose fiction, ordinarily the easiest of all forms to understand and to enjoy. Primitive men by campfires, children in nurseries, and traveling men in smoking cars obviously appreciate some kinds of imaginative narratives in prose without paying much attention to their structure. But most readers and listeners will find that even such narratives—and others as well—can be most thoroughly appreciated by understanding not only the materials but also the methods involved. And they will find that some works—often the best ones—demand careful attention to manner as well as matter to be understood or appreciated at all.

Students often have tried to classify fiction, and several categories have been suggested—for example, the novel, the novella, the novelette, the long short story, the short story, the short short story, and the anecdote. Rigid distinctions between these are unsatisfactory because most of them break down. Many scholars, as a result, have stopped worrying about them, and we may well follow their example. For us, two points about the type here represented —the short story—are important: (1) It is short, usually a good deal less than ten thousand words and seldom more than thirty-five thousand or so. (2) It is, nevertheless, a story rather than a part of a story—a complete work with a discoverable unity comparable to that found in other forms. The problem of the short story writer, then, is to combine rigid economy with unity, and a problem for the reader is to see this combination.

Economy

CONTRASTED with the novel, the short story is less complex in its picturing of life, more swift in the accomplishment of its task. Economy constrains the author to confine his pattern of happenings by giving a detailed account of one episode or even of part of what would be a complete action in a novel—the beginning, the middle, *or* the end—rather than all three. (Other parts of the action, of course, may be implied or briefly summarized.) The author ordinarily limits the number of characters introduced: often he portrays only one character or a small group of characters. And even leading

characters are not likely to be endowed with a large number of traits. Settings, too, in contrast to those in the novel, are limited in number: a short story with a panoramic view comparable to that in Tolstoy's wide-ranging *War and Peace* is inconceivable.

As a rule, the brevity of the short story brings a similar limitation upon its tone and its meanings. Whereas the novelist may range from pathos to scorn and from scorn to ridicule in various parts of his book, in a given story, the short story writer is likely to voice only one emotional attitude. And whereas the novelist may give his work complex multiple meanings, the short story writer is likely to develop rather simpler and fewer meanings. In such ways as these, the short story shows the result of economy, and the reader should notice how simplifications and cuts keep it within bounds.

Unity

A SHORT story, nevertheless, should be a complete whole, fused according to some principle or principles. In reading a work of this sort, you are obliged, therefore, to see what the nature of the whole work is and how each element contributes to its final achievement. You will find it useful to consider these questions: Is it unified? If not, why not? If so, what is the precise nature of its unity? And how is the unity achieved? You need not, of course, consider these questions in this order, but you do well to attend to all of them.

Critics, you will find, have suggested a variety of ways of getting at the heart of a short story. Some urge you to consider the single effect it has upon the reader, some to discover the single intention upon the part of the author, some to study the story itself as a concrete object which is a fusion of several parts. Your study of "Evaluations" will suggest to you that these ways are not contradictory, but that they represent varied approaches. Since any of them or all of them may help you discern the nature of the unity of a story, you may find it useful to consider each in turn.

(1) What is the effect of the story upon you? As far back as 1842, Edgar Allan Poe, who wrote the first careful discussion of the prose tale, saw the short story as a stimulus to a response on the part of the reader. With "a certain unique or single effect" in mind, the author, said Poe, "then invents such incidents—he then combines such events, and discusses them in such tone as may best serve . . . in establishing the preconceived effect." In using this approach, you read the story and note what is memorable about it—precisely what it gave you, an idea, perhaps, an attitude, an insight into life or character, or an emotion. You then consider how, exactly, that particular story and the manner of its telling established such an effect.

(2) What is the apparent intention of the author, and how does that intention influence his handling of elements and details? (The word "apparent" is appropriate here, since readers who do not happen to be mind readers can never be certain about the intention of the author.) Carl Grabo, among other critics, finds it useful to start with "the inception of the story"—so far as it can be discovered through hints in the narrative—and then to go on to "the method of story development by which the author realizes his intent." In using this approach, you look for whatever signs there are of the germinal

interest which apparently led the author to write the story, and then see how everything in the narrative contributed. Mr. Grabo (perhaps a bit too neatly) divides stories into five classes—"stories of action, character, setting, idea, and emotional effect." If you find this classification (or some similar one) satisfactory, you classify the story, formulate an accurate statement about the exact nature of the dominant element (if you can find one), and then note how all other elements are made to help develop it.

(3) What is the unique content of the story itself, and how does its form contribute to the setting forth of this unique content? In using this approach, you aim at the definition of the whole story, and then at the discovery of the interrelations through which the parts function to create that story. Here your reading makes possible answers to questions such as: What happens? To whom? Where? Why? How? Perhaps your conclusions make possible the formulation of the unique features of the work in a sentence beginning, "This is the story of how . . ." and going on to answer the questions listed above. Having formulated such a sentence, you may notice in detail how the handling of characters, happenings, settings, language, tone, and symbols of meaning are related to the unfolding of such a narrative.

Emphasis and subordination

Any serious study of a story will take into account, then, not only the nature of its unity but also the methods whereby such unity is achieved. In other words, you attempt to discover what is emphasized and what is subordinated for the achievement of the effect, the realization of the author's intention, and the creation of an artistic entity. Some elements and details will be stressed, some will be played down, in ways which have been discussed as we talked of happenings, characters, settings, style, tone, and meanings (pp. 36-134). Also important, as we shall see, is the point of view from which the story is unfolded.

Emphasis in a story may be achieved by length of treatment, by repetition, by memorable phrasing, and by particularization. The very fact that more space is devoted to one matter than to another in a short story (as in fact in any literary work) emphasizes that matter. Other things being equal, a character or scene introduced with a curt sentence or phrase will receive less stress than one introduced by several long paragraphs. Again, repetition of any item makes for prominence. If an author says, on page one of his story, "John was dishonest"; on page three, "that lying John"; on page seven, "Since John instinctively avoided the truth," the idea that John was something other than veracious is pretty well underlined. And, of course, a phrase which is particularly vivid or poetic or unusual can make a detail or series of details stand out.

Very valuable for emphasis, of course, is particularization—the use of detail, of concrete words. A happening which is portrayed in all its particulars, or a series of happenings in which each event is explicitly presented, will thereby be emphasized. That which is generalized, by contrast, is subordinated. Edgar Allan Poe, for instance, in "The Pit and the Pendulum," as Bliss Perry has noticed, "paints with extraordinary vividness the sensations and thoughts"

of the chief character, but he gives this character "absolutely no individuality, save possibly in the ingenuity by means of which he finally escapes." In this tale, therefore, the emotions, because they are particularized, become a main element, while the characterization, because it is generalized, is subordinated. A character, on the other hand, stands out when he is given a number of vivid physical qualities or a number of unusual traits. Setting, too, will loom large or small in a story in accordance with the number of concrete details about it given to the reader. Even the theme of a story, abstract idea though it is, will be emphasized largely by particularization of certain sorts. We quickly discover that a story is an allegory when we note that the personified virtues and vices have concrete qualities which stand for ideas. Similarly, the vivid details in a symbolical story stress the relationship between the story and the meaning it is developing.

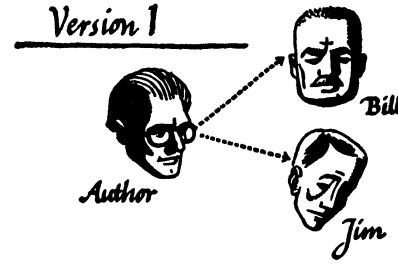
Thus some elements may be emphasized, some "de-emphasized" or subordinated, in well-wrought short stories—all in the interest of unity. By noticing the lengthy developments, the repetition, the striking language, the use of concrete details, we as readers may learn a great deal about the way the narrative has been unified—fused into a single composition.

Point of view

OF great importance in achieving unity and in determining emphasis and subordination is a device which we have not so far considered—the point of view from which the story is told. By point of view, in the critical sense in which we use the term, we do not mean the mental slant of the author, nor do we mean the physical point from which some scene is observed. We mean, instead, the "angle of narration" from which the story is told. To define the point of view of any narrative work, you simply ask: Who tells this story, and to what extent is he empowered to peer into the minds and the hearts of the characters? Let us compare four ways of recounting a happening, each from a different point of view:

(1) *Bill saw Jim die.*

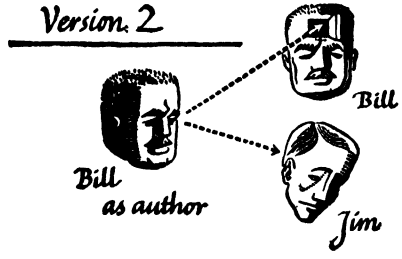
This illustrates *the objective point of view,* so called because the author's relationship to his characters is objective rather than subjective: he cannot see into their minds. If the narrator maintains this point of view throughout, he tells us what his characters did, what they said, but not what they thought.



This angle of narration is also called the *dramatic* point of view, because dramatists use it. Like the playwright, the storyteller using this point of view can show us what his characters are only by setting down their deeds and their dialogue. Compare the following version with the first version:

(2) *I saw Jim die—stood or sat by his bed all night, and watched the poor devil suffering there. It wasn't a pleasant experience.*

Here the happening is unfolded in the first person by one of the characters involved. It is *the personal point of view of a participant.* Bill has become the narrator, "I," who can tell us his own thoughts and feelings ("poor devil . . . wasn't a pleasant experience"). He cannot, of course, peer into Jim's mind, cannot possibly tell us what Jim thinks and feels. Presumably Bill is an important participant. Of course, a variation might be to have a bystander, or a



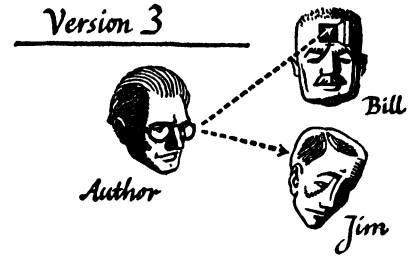
minor participant, tell the story. In such a case, the "I" telling the story would have only exterior knowledge about the two main characters, Bill and Jim. Now look at two more accounts of the same event:

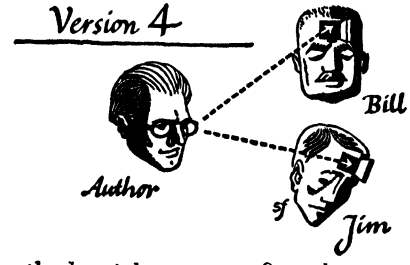
(3) Bill sat in the darkened room and pity clutched at his heart as he looked down on the wasted figure on the bed. He thought, "How horrible it is to watch the poor devil suffer this way! Will it never end—this suffering?" As the dawn came, Jim died.

(4) Jim, peering up at Bill's blurred face, wondered if he was dying. He hoped he was. "It would be good," he thought, "to end all this suffering, this endless pain." Bill sat in the darkened room and pity clutched at his heart as he looked down on the wasted figure on the bed. He thought, "How horrible it is to watch the poor devil suffer this way! Will it never end—this suffering?" As the dawn came, Jim died.

Version 3 is comparable to version 2, in that this way of telling about the happening makes it possible for the author to peer into Bill's mind and tell us what goes on there. It is different from version 2, however, in that it is told in the third person. By means of a convention —an understanding between writer and reader—we take for granted that the author is privy to the workings of Bill's mind and can record not only what happens but what Bill thinks and feels at any time. The point of view then is that of *a third person who is omniscient* so far as the mind of one of the characters is concerned. The author of version 4 is also omniscient, but he is able to look not only into Bill's mind but also into Jim's mind: he knows and can set down what both characters think and feel as the happening unfolds.

Such differences between narrative





methods might seem, at first glance, unimportant. Actually, however, one of

the discoveries of critics in comparatively recent times is that they are tremendously important and that therefore the reader can learn much about a story by noticing the point of view from which it is told and what happens as a result of the author's choice of this particular "post of observation." Henry James, great both as a critic and as a writer, thought of the handling of the point of view as one of the great problems of the fictionist. Percy Lubbock, whose *The Craft of Fiction* is an outstanding contribution, wrote: "The whole intricate question of method, in the craft of fiction, I take to be governed by the question of the point of view—the question of the relation in which the narrator stands to the story." Many other critics have found that this matter of noticing the "post of observation" is a vital one for the reading of fiction.

Think of an author's point of view as a "camera-eye" which determines the "focus" of his narrative and you will see a good reason for so much critical concern with this matter. The point is that a photograph may center observation upon some elements in a scene, may show some dimly, and may cut still others out entirely. And just as the intelligent and artistic photographer may so adjust his lens and point his camera to bring about such emphases, such subordinations, and such omissions, as he desires, the storyteller may so select his point of view as to justify stress upon some elements, the playing down of others, and the omission of still others.

Suppose, for instance, that the author of our account of Jim's death wanted to write an action story—wanted to center attention upon the physical happenings rather than upon the mental processes of the characters. He would justify his leaving out all the thoughts of the characters, would he not, by using the objective point of view? Suppose, however, that he wanted to concentrate attention upon the working of Bill's mind—upon Bill's reaction to death? He might do this by using personal narrative or by writing in the third person and peering into Bill's mind but not Jim's. Writing in the third person—according to his interests—he might record Bill's thoughts in one of two ways: (1) He might organize and clarify those thoughts, or (2) he might present them in the rather chaotic order and form that thoughts take in life, using, in other words, what is called a "stream-of-consciousness" method. If the thoughts of both characters were important, insight into both minds would be necessary. In every instance, the point of view would determine the nature of the unity of the story, and in every instance, the reader trying to discern what is important, what not important, in the story would find that a study of the point of view gave decisive clues.

The choice of point of view determines not only what is revealed, what is emphasized, but also what the order of the unfolding of events is to be. For instance, "The Red-Headed League," a fairly typical detective story by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, is recounted by Dr. Watson, the not overbright friend of the detective. Watson is better than Sherlock Holmes, the detective, would be as a teller of this story, since he cannot tell about Holmes' deductive processes as they occur by peering into the detective's mind. As Doyle wishes, he has to postpone until the end of the story the revelation of the solution and the account of the deductions leading to that solution. "The Cask of Amontillado" (p. 72) is also told in the first

person, but its narrator is a leading figure rather than a subordinate one. At the very start, therefore, he can tell us about his plans for revenge (as his victim, if he told the story, could not). Thus he underlines for us the sinister irony of his conversations with Fortunato, and stresses the cold-blooded joy he takes in seeing his victim suffer. "The Killers" (p. 404) is told dramatically, and the thoughts of the characters are not set forth at the time they think them. Instead, we learn of them only through the speeches and actions of the characters—speeches and actions which take a form likely to have an impact upon our feelings about the characters.

By studying the author's choice of a point of view for a short story, therefore, we as readers can see what it enables the author to tell and to omit, to emphasize and to play down; we can also see what effect the choice has upon the author's ordering of happenings. Thus, like other devices which determine emphasis and subordination, it offers useful clues concerning the achievement of the effect of the story, the author's intention, and the unique content and form of the story itself.

The book of Ruth

Now it came to pass in the days when the judges ruled, that there was a famine in the land. And a certain man of Beth-lehem-judah went to sojourn in the country of Moab, he, and his wife, and his two sons. And the name of the man was Elimelech, and the name of his wife Naomi, and the name of his two sons Mahlon and Chilion, Ephrathites of Beth-lehem-judah. And they came into the country of Moab, and continued there.

And Elimelech Naomi's husband died; and she was left, and her two sons. And they took them wives of the women of Moab; the name of the one was Orpah, and the name of the other Ruth: and they dwelled there about ten years. And Mahlon and Chilion died also both of them; and the woman was left of her two sons and her husband.

Then she arose with her daughters-in-law, that she might return from the country of Moab; for she had heard in the country of Moab how that the Lord had visited His people in giving them bread. Wherefore she went forth out of the place where she was, and her two daughters-in-law with her; and they went on the way to return unto the land of Judah. And Naomi said unto her two daughters-in-law, "Go, return each to her mother's house: the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead, and with me. The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband." Then she kissed them; and they lifted up their voice, and wept. And they said unto her, "Surely we will return with thee unto thy people."

And Naomi said, "Turn again, my daughters: why will ye go with me? are there yet any more sons in my womb, that they may be your husbands? Turn again, my daughters, go your way; for I am too old to have an husband. If I should say, I have hope, if I should have an husband also to-night, and should also bear sons; would ye tarry for them till they were grown? would ye stay for them from having husbands? nay, my daughters, for it grieveth me much for your sakes that the hand of the Lord is gone out against me."

And they lifted up their voice, and wept again: and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law; but Ruth clave unto her. And she said, "Behold, thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods: return thou after thy sister-in-law." And Ruth said, "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me."

When she saw that she was steadfastly minded to go with her, then she left speaking unto her. So they two went until they came to Beth-lehem. And it came to pass, when they were come to Beth-lehem, that all the city was moved about them, and they said, "Is this Naomi?" And she said unto them, "Call me not Naomi, call me Mara: for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty: why then call ye me Naomi, seeing the Lord hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me?"

So Naomi returned, and Ruth the Moabitess, her daughter-in-law, with her, which returned out of the country of Moab: and they came to Beth-lehem in the beginning of barley harvest. And Naomi had a kinsman of her husband's, a mighty man of wealth, of the family of Elimelech; and his name was Boaz. And Ruth the Moabitess said unto Naomi, "Let me now go to the field, and glean ears of corn after him in whose sight I shall find grace." And she said unto her, "Go, my daughter." And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers: and her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech.

And, behold, Boaz came from Beth-lehem, and said unto the reapers, "The Lord be with you." And they answered him, "The Lord bless thee." Then said Boaz unto his servant that was set over the reapers, "Whose damsel is this?" And the servant that was set over the reapers answered and said, "It is the Moabitish damsel that came back with Naomi out of the country of Moab: and she said, I pray you, let me glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves: so she came, and hath continued even from the morning until now, that she tarried a little in the house."

Then said Boaz unto Ruth, "Hearest thou not, my daughter? Go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens: let thine eyes be on the field that they do reap, and go thou after them: have I not charged the young men that they shall not touch thee? and when thou art athirst, go unto the vessels, and drink of that which the young men have drawn."

Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, "Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldest take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?"

And Boaz answered and said unto her, "It hath fully been shewed me, all that thou hast done unto thy mother-in-law since the death of thine husband: and how thou hast left thy father and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore. The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust."

Then she said, "Let me find favor in thy sight, my lord; for that thou

hast comforted me, and for that thou hast spoken friendly unto thine handmaid, though I be not like unto one of thine handmaidens."

And Boaz said unto her, "At mealtime come thou hither, and eat of the bread, and dip thy morsel in the vinegar." And she sat beside the reapers: and he reached her parched corn, and she did eat, and was sufficed, and left. And when she was risen up to glean, Boaz commanded his young men, saying, "Let her glean even among the sheaves, and reproach her not: and let fall also some of the handfuls of purpose for her, and leave them, that she may glean them, and rebuke her not."

So she gleaned in the field until even, and beat out that she had gleaned: and it was about an ephah of barley. And she took it up, and went into the city: and her mother-in-law saw what she had gleaned: and she brought forth, and gave to her that she had reserved after she was sufficed. And her mother-in-law said unto her, "Where hast thou gleaned to-day? and where wroughtest thou? blessed be he that did take knowledge of thee."

And she shewed her mother-in-law with whom she had wrought, and said, "The man's name with whom I wrought to-day is Boaz." And Naomi said unto her daughter-in-law, "Blessed be he of the Lord, who hath not left off His kindness to the living and to the dead." And Naomi said unto her, "The man is near of kin unto us, one of our next kinsmen."

And Ruth the Moabitess said, "He said unto me also, Thou shalt keep fast by my young men, until they have ended all my harvest."

And Naomi said unto Ruth her daughter-in-law, "It is good, my daughter, that thou go out with his maidens, that they meet thee not in any other field." So she kept fast by the maidens of Boaz to glean unto the end of barley harvest and of wheat harvest; and dwelt with her mother-in-law.

Then Naomi her mother-in-law said unto her, "My daughter, shall I not seek rest for thee, that it may be well with thee? And now is not Boaz of our kindred, with whose maidens thou wast? Behold, he winnoweth barley to-night in the threshing-floor. Wash thyself therefore, and anoint thee, and put thy raiment upon thee, and get thee down to the floor: but make not thyself known unto the man, until he shall have done eating and drinking. And it shall be, when he lieth down, that thou shalt mark the place where he shall lie, and thou shalt go in, and uncover his feet, and lay thee down; and he will tell thee what thou shalt do."

And she said unto her, "All that thou sayest unto me I will do."

And she went down unto the floor, and did according to all that her mother-in-law bade her. And when Boaz had eaten and drunk, and his heart was merry, he went to lie down at the end of the heap of corn: and she came softly, and uncovered his feet, and laid her down. And it came to pass at midnight, that the man was afraid, and turned himself: and, behold, a

woman lay at his feet. And he said, "Who art thou?" And she answered, "I am Ruth thine handmaid: spread therefore thy skirt over thine handmaid; for thou art a near kinsman."

And he said, "Blessed be thou of the Lord, my daughter: for thou hast shewed more kindness in the latter end than at the beginning, inasmuch as thou followedst not young men, whether poor or rich. And now, my daughter, fear not; I will do to thee all that thou requirest: for all the city of my people doth know that thou are a virtuous woman. And now it is true that I am thy near kinsman: howbeit there is a kinsman nearer than I. Tarry this night, and it shall be in the morning, that if he will perform unto thee the part of a kinsman, well; let him do the kinsman part: but if he will not do the part of a kinsman to thee, then will I do the part of a kinsman to thee, as the Lord liveth: lie down until the morning."

And she lay at his feet until the morning: and she rose up before one could know another. And he said, "Let it not be known that a woman came into the floor." Also he said, "Bring the vail that thou hast upon thee, and hold it." And when she held it, he measured six measures of barley, and laid it on her: and she went into the city.

And when she came to her mother-in-law, she said, "Who art thou, my daughter?" And she told her all that the man had done to her. And she said, "These six measures of barley gave he me; for he said to me, Go not empty unto thy mother-in-law." Then said she, "Sit still, my daughter, until thou know how the matter will fall: for the man will not be in rest, until he have finished the thing this day."

Then went Boaz up to the gate, and sat him down there: and, behold, the kinsman of whom Boaz spake came by; unto whom he said, "Ho, such a one! turn aside, sit down here." And he turned aside, and sat down. And he took ten men of the elders of the city, and said, "Sit ye down here." And they sat down. And he said unto the kinsman, "Naomi, that is come again out of the country of Moab, selleth a parcel of land, which was our brother Elimelech's: and I thought to advertise thee, saying, Buy it before the inhabitants, and before the elders of my people. If thou wilt redeem it, redeem it: but if thou wilt not redeem it, then tell me, that I may know: for there is none to redeem it beside thee; and I am after thee."

And he said, "I will redeem it."

Then said Boaz, "What day thou buyest the field of the hand of Naomi, thou must buy it also of Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of the dead, to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance."

And the kinsman said, "I cannot redeem it for myself, lest I mar mine own inheritance: redeem thou my right to thyself; for I cannot redeem it."

Now this was the manner in former time in Israel concerning redeeming and concerning changing, for to confirm all things; a man plucked off his shoe, and gave it to his neighbor: and this was a testimony in Israel. Therefore the kinsman said unto Boaz, "Buy it for thee." So he drew off his shoe.

And Boaz said unto the elders, and unto all the people, "Ye are witnesses this day, that I have bought all that was Elimelech's, and all that was Chilion's and Mahlon's, of the hand of Naomi. Moreover, Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of Mahlon, have I purchased to be my wife, to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance, that the name of the dead be not cut off from among his brethren, and from the gate of his place: ye are witnesses this day."

And all the people that were in the gate, and the elders, said, "We are witnesses. The Lord make the woman that is come into thine house like Rachel and like Leah, which two did build the house of Israel: and do thou worthily in Ephratah, and be famous in Beth-lehem: and let thy house be like the house of Pharez, whom Tamar bore unto Judah, of the seed which the Lord shall give thee of this young woman."

So Boaz took Ruth, and she was his wife: and when he went in unto her, the Lord gave her conception, and she bare a son. And the women said unto Naomi, "Blessed be the Lord, which hath not left thee this day without a kinsman, that his name may be famous in Israel. And he shall be unto thee a restorer of thy life, and a nourisher of thine old age: for thy daughter-in-law, which loveth thee, which is better to thee than seven sons, hath born him." And Naomi took the child, and laid it in her bosom, and became nurse unto it. And the women her neighbors gave it a name, saying, "There is a son born to Naomi"; and they called his name Obed: he is the father of Jesse, the father of David. (c. 450 B.C.)

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO The falcon

YOU MUST KNOW, then, that Coppo di Borghese Domenichi, who was of our days and maybe is yet a man of great worship and authority in our city and illustrious and worthy of eternal renown, much more for his fashions and his merit than for the nobility of his blood, being grown full of years, delighted oftentimes to discourse with his neighbours and others of things past, the which he knew how to do better and more orderly and with more memory and elegance of speech than any other man. Amongst

other fine things of his, he was used to tell that there was once in Florence a young man called Federigo, son of Messer Filippo Alberighi, and renowned for deeds of arms and courtesy over every other bachelor in Tuscany, who, as betideth most gentlemen, became enamoured of a gentlewoman named Madam Giovanna, in her day held one of the fairest and sprightliest ladies that were in Florence; and to win her love, he held jousts and tourneyings and made entertainments and gave gifts and spent his substance without any stint; but she, being no less virtuous than fair, recked nought of these things done for her nor of him who did them. Federigo spending thus far beyond his means and gaining nought, his wealth, as lightly happeneth, in course of time came to an end and he abode poor, nor was aught left him but a poor little farm, on whose returns he lived very meagrely, and to boot a falcon he had, one of the best in the world. Wherefore, being more in love than ever and him seeming he might no longer make such a figure in the city as he would fain do, he took up his abode at Campi, where his farm was, and there bore his poverty with patience, hawking whenas he might and asking of no one.

Federigo being thus come to extremity, it befell one day that Madam Giovanna's husband fell sick and seeing himself nigh upon death, made his will, wherein, being very rich, he left a son of his, now well grown, his heir, after which, having much loved Madam Giovanna, he substituted her to his heir, in case his son should die without lawful issue, and died. Madam Giovanna, being thus left a widow, betook herself that summer, as is the usance of our ladies, into the country with her son to an estate of hers very near that of Federigo; wherefore it befell that the lad made acquaintance with the latter and began to take delight in hawks and hounds, and having many a time seen his falcon flown and being strangely taken therewith, longed sore to have it, but dared not ask it of him, seeing it so dear to him. The thing standing thus, it came to pass that the lad fell sick, whereat his mother was sore concerned, as one who had none but him and loved him with all her might, and abode about him all day, comforting him without cease; and many a time she asked him if there were aught he desired, beseeching him tell it her, for that, and it might be gotten, she would contrive that he should have it. The lad, having heard these offers many times repeated, said, "Mother mine, an you could procure me to have Federigo's falcon, methinketh I should soon be whole."

The lady, hearing this, bethought herself awhile and began to consider how she should do. She knew that Federigo had long loved her and had never gotten of her so much as a glance of the eye; wherefore quoth she in herself, "How shall I send or go to him to seek of him this falcon, which

is, by all I hear, the best that ever flew and which, to boot, maintaineth him in the world? And how can I be so graceless as to offer to take this from a gentleman who hath none other pleasure left?" Perplexed with this thought and knowing not what to say, for all she was very certain of getting the bird, if she asked for it, she made no reply to her son, but abode silent. However, at last, the love of her son so got the better of her that she resolved in herself to satisfy him, come what might, and not to send, but to go herself for the falcon and fetch it to him. Accordingly she said to him, "My son, take comfort and bethink thyself to grow well again, for I promise thee that the first thing I do to-morrow morning I will go for it and fetch it to thee." The boy was rejoiced at this and showed some amendment that same day.

Next morning, the lady, taking another lady to bear her company, repaired, by way of diversion, to Federigo's little house and enquired for the latter, who, for that it was no weather for hawking nor had been for some days past, was then in a garden he had, overlooking the doing of certain little matters of his, and hearing that Madam Giovanna asked for him at the door, ran thither, rejoicing and marvelling exceedingly. She, seeing him come, rose and going with womanly graciousness to meet him, answered his respectful salutation with "Give you good day, Federigo!" then went on to say, "I am come to make thee amends for that which thou hast suffered through me, in loving me more than should have behooved thee; and the amends in question is this that I purpose to dine with thee this morning familiarly, I and this lady my companion." "Madam," answered Federigo humbly, "I remember me not to have ever received any ill at your hands, but on the contrary so much good that, if ever I was worth aught, it came about through your worth and the love I bore you; and assuredly, albeit you have come to a poor host, this your gracious visit is far more precious to me than it would be an it were given me to spend over again as much as that which I have spent aforetime." So saying, he shamefastly received her into his house and thence brought her into his garden, where, having none else to bear her company, he said to her, "Madam, since there is none else here, this good woman, wife of yonder husbandman, will bear you company, whilst I go see the table laid."

Never till that moment, extreme as was his poverty, had he been so dolorously sensible of the straits to which he had brought himself for the lack of those riches he had spent on such disorderly wise. But that morning, finding he had nothing wherewithal he might honourably entertain the lady for love of whom he had aforetime entertained folk without number, he was made perforce aware of his default and ran hither and thither, perplexed

beyond measure, like a man beside himself, inwardly cursing his ill fortune, but found neither money nor aught he might pawn. It was now growing late and he having a great desire to entertain the gentle lady with somewhat, yet choosing not to have recourse to his own labourer, much less anyone else, his eye fell on his good falcon, which he saw on his perch in his little saloon; whereupon, having no other resource, he took the bird and finding him fat, deemed him a dish worthy of such a lady. Accordingly, without more ado, he wrung the hawk's neck and hastily caused a little maid of his pluck it and truss it and after put it on the spit and roast it diligently. Then, the table laid and covered with very white cloths, whereof he had yet some store, he returned with a blithe countenance to the lady in the garden and told her that dinner was ready, such as it was in his power to provide. Accordingly, the lady and her friend, arising, betook themselves to table and in company with Federigo, who served them with the utmost diligence, ate the good falcon, unknowing what they did.

Presently, after they had risen from table and had abidden with him awhile in cheerful discourse, the lady, thinking it time to tell that wherefore she was come, turned to Federigo and courteously bespoke him, saying, "Federigo, I doubt not a jot but that, when thou hearest that which is the especial occasion of my coming hither, thou wilt marvel at my presumption, remembering thee of thy past life and of my virtue, which latter belike thou reputedst cruelty and hardness of heart; but, if thou hadst or hadst had children, by whom thou mightest know how potent is the love one beareth them, meseemeth certain that thou wouldst in part hold me excused. But, although thou hast none, I, who have one child, cannot therefore escape the common laws to which other mothers are subject and whose enforcements it behooveth me ensue, need must I, against my will and contrary to all right and seemliness, ask of thee a boon, which I know is supremely dear to thee (and that with good reason, for that thy sorry fortune hath left thee none other delight, none other diversion, none other solace), to wit, thy falcon, whereof my boy is so sore enamoured that, an I carry it not to him, I fear me his present disorder will be so aggravated that there may presently ensue thereof somewhat whereby I shall lose him. Wherefore I conjure thee—not by the love thou bearest me and whereto thou art nowise beholden, but by thine own nobility, which in doing courtesy hath approved itself greater than in any other—that it please thee give it to me, so by the gift I may say I have kept my son alive and thus made him forever thy debtor."

Federigo, hearing what the lady asked and knowing that he could not oblige her, for that he had given her the falcon to eat, fell a-weeping in her presence, ere he could answer a word. The lady at first believed that his

tears arose from grief at having to part from his good falcon and was like to say that she would not have it. However, she contained herself and awaited what Federigo should reply, who, after weeping awhile, made answer thus: "Madam, since it pleased God that I should set my love on you, I have in many things reputed fortune contrary to me and have complained of her; but all the ill turns she hath done me have been a light matter in comparison with that which she doth me at this present and for which I can never more be reconciled to her, considering that you are come hither to my poor house, whereas you deigned not to come while I was rich, and seek of me a little boon, the which she hath so wrought that I cannot grant you; and why this cannot be I will tell you briefly. When I heard that you, of your favour, were minded to dine with me, I deemed it a right thing and a seemly, having regard to your worth and the nobility of your station, to honour you, as far as in me lay, with some choicer victual than that which is commonly set before other folk; wherefore, remembering me of the falcon which you ask of me and of his excellence, I judged him a dish worthy of you. This very morning, then, you have had him roasted upon the trencher, and indeed I had accounted him excellently well bestowed; but now, seeing that you would fain have had him on the other wise, it is so great a grief to me that I cannot oblige you therein that methinketh I shall never forgive my self therefor." So saying, in witness of this, he let cast before her the falcon's feathers and feet and beak.

The lady, seeing and hearing this, first blamed him for having, to give a woman to eat, slain such a falcon, and after inwardly much commended the greatness of his soul, which poverty had not availed nor might anywise avail to abate. Then, being put out of all hope of having the falcon and fallen therefore in doubt of her son's recovery, she took her leave and returned, all disconsolate, to the latter, who, before many days had passed, whether for chagrin that he could not have the bird or for that his disorder was e'en fated to bring him to that pass, departed this life, to the inexpressible grief of his mother. After she had abidden awhile full of tears and affliction, being left very rich and yet young, she was more than once urged by her brothers to marry again, and albeit she would fain not have done so, yet, finding herself importuned and calling to mind Federigo's worth and his last magnificence, to wit, the having slain such a falcon for her entertainment, she said to them, "I would gladly, an it liked you, abide as I am; but, since it is your pleasure that I take a second husband, certes I will never take any other, an I have not Federigo degli Alberighi." Whereupon her brothers, making mock of her, said, "Silly woman that thou art, what is this thou sayest? How canst thou choose him, seeing he hath nothing in the world?" "Brothers mine," answered she, "I know very well that it is as

you say; but I would liefer have a man that lacketh of riches than riches that lack of a man." Her brethren, hearing her mind and knowing Federigo for a man of great merit, poor though he was, gave her, with all her wealth, to him, even as she would; and he, seeing himself married to a lady of such worth and one who he had loved so dear and exceedingly rich, to boot, became a better husband of his substance and ended his days with her in joy and solace. (1353)

VOLTAIRE Memnon the philosopher

MEMNON ONE DAY took it into his head to become a great philosopher. There are few men who have not, at some time or other, conceived the same wild project. Says Memnon to himself, To be a perfect philosopher, and of course to be perfectly happy, I have nothing to do but to divest myself entirely of passions; and nothing is more easy, as everybody knows. In the first place, I will never be in love; for, when I see a beautiful woman, I will say to myself, These cheeks will one day grow wrinkled, these eyes be encircled with vermilion, that bosom become flabby and pendant, that head bald and palsied. Now I have only to consider her at present in imagination, as she will afterwards appear; and certainly a fair face will never turn my head.

In the second place, I will be always temperate. It will be in vain to tempt me with good cheer, with delicious wines, or the charms of society. I will have only to figure to myself the consequences of excess, an aching head, a loathing stomach, the loss of reason, of health, and of time: I will then only eat to supply the waste of nature; my health will be always equal, my ideas pure and luminous. All this is so easy that there is no merit in accomplishing it.

But, says Memnon, I must think a little of how I am to regulate my fortune: why, my desires are moderate, my wealth is securely placed with the Receiver General of the finances of Nineveh: I have wherewithal to live independent; and that is the greatest of blessings. I shall never be under the cruel necessity of dancing attendance at court; I will never envy anyone, and nobody will envy me; still all this is easy. I have friends, continued he, and I will preserve them, for we shall never have any difference; I will never take amiss anything they may say or do; and they will behave in the same way to me.—There is no difficulty in all this.

Having thus laid his little plan of philosophy in his closet, Memnon put

his head out of the window. He saw two women walking under the plane-trees near his house. The one was old and appeared quite at her ease. The other was young, handsome, and seemingly much agitated: she sighed, she wept, and seemed on that account still more beautiful. Our philosopher was touched, not, to be sure, with the beauty of the lady (he was too much determined not to feel any uneasiness of that kind), but with the distress which he saw her in. He came down stairs and accosted the young Ninevite in the design of consoling her with philosophy. That lovely person related to him, with an air of the greatest simplicity, and in the most affecting manner, the injuries she sustained from an imaginary uncle; with what art he had deprived her of some imaginary property, and of the violence which she pretended to dread from him. "You appear to me," said she, "a man of such wisdom, that if you will condescend to come to my house and examine into my affairs, I am persuaded you will be able to draw me from the cruel embarrassment I am at present involved in." Memnon did not hesitate to follow her, to examine her affairs philosophically, and to give her sound counsel.

The afflicted lady led him into a perfumed chamber, and politely made him sit down with her on a large sofa, where they both placed themselves opposite to each other, in the attitude of conversation, their legs crossed; the one eager in telling her story, the other listening with devout attention. The lady spoke with downcast eyes, whence there sometimes fell a tear, and which, as she now and then ventured to raise them, always met those of the sage Memnon. Their discourse was full of tenderness, which redoubled as often as their eyes met. Memnon took her affairs exceedingly to heart, and felt himself every instant more and more inclined to oblige a person so virtuous and so unhappy.—By degrees, in the warmth of conversation, they ceased to sit opposite; they drew nearer; their legs were no longer crossed. Memnon counselled her so closely, and gave her such tender advices, that neither of them could talk any longer of business, nor well knew what they were about.

At this interesting moment, as may easily be imagined, who should come in but the uncle; he was armed from head to foot, and the first thing he said was, that he would immediately sacrifice, as was just, the sage Memnon and his niece; the latter, who made her escape, knew that he was well enough disposed to pardon, provided a good round sum were offered to him. Memnon was obliged to purchase his safety with all he had about him. In those days people were happy in getting so easily quit. America was not then discovered, and distressed ladies were not nearly so dangerous as they are now.

Memnon, covered with shame and confusion, got home to his own house;

there he found a card inviting him to dinner with some of his intimate friends. If I remain at home alone, said he, I shall have my mind so occupied with this vexatious adventure, that I shall not be able to eat a bit, and I shall bring upon myself some disease. It will therefore be prudent in me to go to my intimate friends, and partake with them of a frugal repast. I shall forget, in the sweets of their society, the folly I have this morning been guilty of. Accordingly he attends the meeting; he is discovered to be uneasy at something, and he is urged to drink and banish care. A little wine, drunk in moderation, comforts the heart of god and man: so reasons Memnon the philosopher, and he becomes intoxicated. After the repast, play is proposed. A little play, with one's intimate friends, is a harmless pastime:—he plays and loses all that is in his purse, and four times as much on his word. A dispute arises on some circumstance in the game, and the disputants grow warm: one of his intimate friends throws a dicebox at his head and strikes out one of his eyes. The philosopher Memnon is carried home to his house, drunk and penniless, with the loss of an eye.

He sleeps out his debauch, and when his head has got a little clear, he sends his servant to the Receiver General of the finances of Nineveh to draw a little money to pay his debt of honour to his intimate friends. The servant returns and informs him, that the Receiver General had that morning been declared a fraudulent bankrupt, and that by this means an hundred families are reduced to poverty and despair. Memnon, almost beside himself, puts a plaster on his eye and a petition in his pocket, and goes to court to solicit justice from the king against the bankrupt. In the saloon he meets a number of ladies, all in the highest spirits, and sailing along with hoops four and twenty feet in circumference. One of them, who knew him a little, eyed him askance, and cried aloud, "Ah! what a horrid monster!" Another, who was better acquainted with him, thus accosts him, "Good-morrow, Mr. Memnon, I hope you are very well, Mr. Memnon: La! Mr. Memnon, how did you lose your eye?" and turning upon her heel, she tripped away without waiting an answer.

Memnon hid himself in a corner, and waited for the moment when he could throw himself at the feet of the monarch. That moment at last arrived. Three times he kissed the earth, and presented his petition. His gracious majesty received him very favourably, and referred the paper to one of his satraps, that he might give him an account of it. The satrap takes Memnon aside, and says to him with a haughty air and satyrical grin, "Hark ye, you fellow with the one eye, you must be a comical dog indeed, to address yourself to the king rather than to me; and still more so, to dare to demand justice against an honest bankrupt, whom I honour with my protection, and who is nephew to the waiting-maid of my mistress. Proceed no further in

this business, my good friend, if you wish to preserve the eye you have left."

Memnon having thus, in his closet, resolved to renounce women, the excesses of the table, play and quarreling, but especially having determined never to go to court, had been in the short space of four and twenty hours duped and robbed by a gentle dame, had got drunk, had gamed, had been engaged in a quarrel, had got his eye knocked out, and had been at court, where he was sneered at and insulted.

Petrified with astonishment, and his heart broken with grief, Memnon returns homeward in despair. As he was about to enter his house, he is repulsed by a number of officers who are carrying out his furniture for the benefit of his creditors; he falls down almost lifeless under a plane tree. There he finds the fair dame of the morning, who was walking with her dear uncle; and both set up a loud laugh on seeing Memnon with his plaster. The night approached, and Memnon made his bed on some straw near the walls of his house. Here the ague seized him, and he fell asleep in one of the fits, when a celestial spirit appeared to him in a dream.

It was all resplendent with light; it had six beautiful wings, but neither feet nor head, nor tail, and could be likened to nothing. "What art thou?" said Memnon.

"Thy good genius," replied the spirit.

"Restore to me then my eye, my health, my fortune, my reason," said Memnon; and he related how he had lost them all in one day.

"These are adventures which never happen to us in the world we inhabit," said the spirit.

"And what world do you inhabit?" said the man of affliction.

"My native country," replied the other, "is five hundred millions of leagues distant from the sun, in a little star near Sirius, which you see from hence."

"Charming country!" said Memnon. "And are there indeed with you no jades to dupe a poor devil, no intimate friends that win his money and knock out an eye to him, no fraudulent bankrupts, no satraps, that make a jest of you while they refuse you justice?"

"No," said the inhabitant of the star, "we have nothing of what you talk of; we are never duped by women, because we have none among us; we never commit excesses at table, because we neither eat nor drink; we have no bankrupts, because with us there is neither silver nor gold; our eyes cannot be knocked out because we have not bodies in the form of yours; and satraps never do us injustice, because in our world we are all equal."

"Pray, my Lord," then said Memnon, "without women and without eating how do you spend your time?"

"In watching," said the genius, "over the other worlds that are entrusted to us; and I am now come to give you consolation."

"Alas!" replied Memnon, "why did you not come yesterday to hinder me from committing so many indiscretions?"

"I was with your elder brother Hassan," said the celestial being. "He is still more to be pitied than you are. His most gracious Majesty, the Sultan of the Indies, in whose court he has the honour to serve, has caused both his eyes to be put out for some small indiscretion; and he is now in a dungeon, his hands and feet loaded with chains."

" 'Tis a happy thing truly," said Memnon, "to have a good genius in one's family, when out of two brothers one is blind of an eye, the other blind of both; one stretched upon straw, the other in a dungeon."

"Your fate will soon change," said the animal of the star. "It is true, you will never recover your eye but, except that, you may be sufficiently happy if you never again take it into your head to be a perfect philosopher."

"Is it then impossible?" said Memnon.

"As impossible as to be perfectly wise, perfectly strong, perfectly powerful, perfectly happy. We ourselves are very far from it. There is a world indeed where all this takes place; but, in a hundred thousand millions of worlds dispersed over the regions of space, everything goes on by degrees. There is less philosophy and less enjoyment in the second than in the first, less in the third than in the second, and so forth till the last in the scale, where all are completely fools."

"I am afraid," said Memnon, "that our little terraqueous globe here is the madhouse of those hundred thousand millions of worlds, of which your Lordship does me the honour to speak."

"Not quite," said the spirit, "but very nearly: everything must be in its proper place."

"But are those poets and philosophers wrong, then, who tell us that everything is for the best?"

"No, they are right, when we consider things in relation to the gradation of the whole universe."

"Oh! I shall never believe it till I recover my eye again," said the poor Memnon. (1750)

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE Mateo Falcone

COMING out of Porto-Vecchio, and turning northwest toward the interior of the island, the ground rises somewhat rapidly, and, after a three hours' walk along winding paths, blocked by huge rocky boulders, and sometimes cut by ravines, you come to the edge of a wide *mâquis*. The *mâquis*, or high plateau, is the home of the Corsican shepherds and of all those who wish to escape the police. I would have you understand that the Corsican peasant sets fire to a stretch of woodland to save himself the trouble of manuring his fields. If the flames spread further than they should, so much the worse. In any case, he is sure of a good crop if he sows on this ground, which has been fertilised by the ashes of the trees which grew on it. When the corn has been harvested, they leave the straw, because it takes too much time to gather it up. The roots of the burned trees, which have been left in the ground undamaged, put forth very thick shoots in the following spring, and these shoots, before many years, attain a height of seven or eight feet. It is this sort of undergrowth which is called a *mâquis*. It is composed of all sorts of trees and shrubs mingled and tangled every whichway. A man has to hew his way through with an axe, and there are *mâquis* so thick and tangled that even wild rams cannot penetrate them.

If you have killed a man, go into the *mâquis* of Porto-Vecchio with a good gun and powder and shot. You will live there quite safely, but don't forget to bring along a brown cloak and hood for your blanket and mattress. The shepherds will give you milk, cheese, and chestnuts, and you need not trouble your head about the law or the dead man's relatives, except when you are compelled to go down into the town to renew your ammunition.

When I was in Corsica in 18—, Mateo Falcone's house stood half a league away from the *mâquis*. He was a fairly rich man for that country. He lived like a lord, that is to say, without toil, on the produce of his flocks, which the nomadic shepherds pastured here and there on the mountains. When I saw him, two years later than the incident which I am about to relate, he did not seem to be more than fifty years of age.

Picture a small, sturdy man, with jet-black curly hair, a Roman nose, thin lips, large piercing eyes, and a weather-beaten complexion. His skill as a marksman was extraordinary, even in this country, where everyone is a good shot. For instance, Mateo would never fire on a wild ram with small shot, but at a hundred and twenty paces he would bring it down with a bullet in its head or its shoulder, just as he fancied. He used his rifle at night as easily as in the daytime, and I was given the following illustration of his

skill, which may seem incredible, perhaps, to those who have never travelled in Corsica. He placed a lighted candle behind a piece of transparent paper as big as a plate, and aimed at it from eighty paces away. He extinguished the candle, and a moment later, in utter darkness, fired and pierced the paper three times out of four.

With this extraordinary skill Mateo Falcone had gained a great reputation. He was said to be a good friend and a dangerous enemy. Obliging and charitable, he lived at peace with all his neighbors around Porto-Vecchio. But they said of him that once, at Corte, whence he had brought home his wife, he had quickly freed himself of a rival reputed to be as fearful in war as in love. At any rate, people gave Mateo the credit for a certain shot which had surprised his rival shaving in front of a small mirror hung up in his window. The matter was hushed up and Mateo married the girl. His wife Giuseppa presented him at first, to his fury, with three daughters, but at last came a son whom he christened Fortunato, the hope of the family and the heir to its name. The girls were married off satisfactorily. At a pinch their father could count on the daggers and rifles of his sons-in-law. The son was only ten years old, but already gave promise for the future.

One autumn day, Mateo and his wife set forth to visit one of his flocks in a clearing on the *mâquis*. Little Fortunato wanted to come along, but the clearing was too far off, and moreover, someone had to stay to look after the house. His father refused to take him. We shall see that he was sorry for this afterwards.

He had been gone several hours, and little Fortunato lay stretched out quietly in the sunshine, gazing at the blue mountains, and thinking that next Sunday he would be going to town to have dinner with his uncle, the magistrate, when he was suddenly startled by a rifle shot. He rose and turned toward the side of the plain whence the sound had come. Other shots followed, fired at irregular intervals, and they sounded nearer and nearer, till finally, he saw a man on the path which led from the plain up to Mateo's house. He wore a mountaineer's peaked cap, had a beard, and was clad in rags. He dragged himself along with difficulty, leaning on his gun. He had just been shot in the thigh. The man was an outlaw from justice, who, having set out at nightfall to buy ammunition in the town, had fallen on the way into an ambuscade of Corsican gendarmes. After a vigorous defense, he had succeeded in making his escape, but the gendarmes had pursued him closely and fired at him from rock to rock. He had been just ahead of the soldiers, and his wound made it impossible for him to reach the *mâquis* without being captured.

He came up to Fortunato and asked:

"Are you Mateo Falcone's son?"

"Yes, I am."

"I'm Gianetto Sanpiero. The yellow necks are after me. Hide me, for I can go no farther."

"But what will my father say, if I hide you without his permission?"

"He will say that you did the right thing."

"How can I be sure of that?"

"Quick! Hide me! Here they come!"

"Wait till my father comes back."

"How the devil can I wait? They'll be here in five minutes. Come now, hide me, or I shall kill you."

Fortunato replied as cool as a cucumber:

"Your rifle is not loaded, and there are no cartridges in your pouch."

"I have my stiletto."

"But can you run as fast as I can?"

He bounded out of the man's reach.

"You are no son of Mateo Falcone. Will you let me be captured in front of his house?'"

The child seemed touched.

"What will you give me if I hide you?" he said, coming nearer to him.

The fugitive felt in a leather wallet that hung from his belt, and took out a five-franc piece which he had been saving, no doubt, to buy powder. Fortunato smiled when he saw the piece of silver. He snatched it and said to Gianetto:

"Have no fear."

He made a large hole at once in a haystack beside the house. Gianetto huddled down in it, and the boy covered him up so as to leave a little breathing space, and yet so that no one could possibly suspect that a man was hidden there. He showed his ingenious wild cunning by another trick. He fetched a cat and her kittens and put them on top of the haystack, so that anyone who passed would think that it had not been disturbed for a long time. Then he noticed some bloodstains on the path in front of the house and covered them over carefully with dust. When he had finished, he lay down again in the sun looking as calm as ever.

A few minutes later, six men in brown uniforms with yellow collars, led by an adjutant, stopped in front of Mateo's door. The adjutant was a distant cousin of Falcone. (You know that degrees of kindred are traced farther in Corsica than anywhere else.) His name was Tiodoro Gamba. He was an energetic man, much feared by the outlaws, many of whom he had already hunted down.

"Good morning, little cousin," he said, accosting Fortunato. "How you have grown! Did you see a man go by just now?"

"Oh, I'm not as tall as you are yet, cousin," replied the child with an innocent smile.

"It won't take long. But, tell me, didn't you see a man go by?"

"Did I see a man go by?"

"Yes, a man with a black velvet peaked cap and a waistcoat embroidered in red and yellow?"

"A man with a black velvet peaked cap, and a waistcoat embroidered in red and yellow?"

"Yes. Hurry up and answer me, and don't keep repeating my questions."

"Monsieur the Curé went by this morning on his horse Pierrot. He enquired after papa's health, and I said to him that——"

"You are making a fool of me, you limb of the devil! Tell me at once which way Gianetto went. He's the man we're looking for, and I'm sure he went this way."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know? I know you've seen him."

"Can I see people pass by in my sleep?"

"You weren't asleep, you rascal. Our shots would wake you."

"So you think, cousin, that your rifles make all that hullaballoo? My father's rifle makes much more noise."

"The devil take you, you little scamp. I am positive that you have seen Gianetto. Maybe you've hidden him, in fact. Here, boys, search the house and see if our man isn't there. He could only walk on one foot, and he has too much sense, the rascal, to try and reach the *mâquis* limping. Besides, the trail of blood stops here."

"What will papa say?" asked Fortunato. "What will he say when he discovers that his house has been searched during his absence?"

"Do you realise that I can make you change your tune, you rogue?" cried the adjutant, as he pulled his ear. "Perhaps you will have something more to say when I have thrashed you with the flat of my sword."

Fortunato laughed in derision.

"My father is Mateo Falcone," he said meaningly.

"Do you realise, you rascal, that I can haul you off to Corte or to Bastia? I shall put you in a dungeon on straw, with your feet in irons, and I'll have your head chopped off unless you tell me where to find Gianetto Sanpiero."

The child laughed again derisively at this silly threat. He repeated:

"My father is Mateo Falcone."

"Adjutant, don't get us into trouble with Mateo," muttered one of the gendarmes.

You could see that Gamba was embarrassed. He whispered to his men, who had already searched the house thoroughly. This was not a lengthy matter, for a Corsican hut consists of one square room. There is no furniture

other than a table, benches, chests, cooking utensils, and weapons. Meanwhile, little Fortunato was stroking the cat, and seemed to take a malicious satisfaction in the discomfiture of his cousin and the gendarmes.

One gendarme approached the haystack. He looked at the cat and carelessly stuck a bayonet into the hay, shrugging his shoulders as if he thought the precaution absurd. Nothing stirred, and the child's face remained perfectly calm.

The adjutant and his men were desperate. They looked seriously out across the plain, as if they were inclined to go back home, when their leader, satisfied that threats would make no impression on Falcone's son, decided to make a final attempt, and see what coaxing and gifts might do.

"Little cousin," said he, "I can see that your eyes are open. You'll get on in life. But you are playing a risky game with me, and, if it weren't for the trouble it would give my cousin Mateo, God help me if I wouldn't carry you off with me."

"Nonsense!"

"But, when my cousin returns, I am going to tell him all about it, and he'll horsewhip you till the blood comes because you've been telling me lies."

"How do you know?"

"You'll see! . . . But see here! Be a good boy, and I'll give you a present."

"I advise you to go and look for Gianetto in the *mâquis,* cousin. If you hang about here much longer, it will take a cleverer man than you to catch him." The adjutant took a silver watch worth ten dollars out of his pocket. He noticed that little Fortunato's eyes sparkled as he looked at it, and he dangled the watch out to him at the end of its steel chain as he said:

"You scamp, wouldn't you like to have a watch like this hanging round your neck, and to strut up and down the streets of Porto-Vecchio as proud as a peacock? Folk would ask you what time it was and you would say, 'Look at my watch!' "

"When I'm a big boy, my uncle, the magistrate, will give me a watch."

"Yes, but your uncle's son has one already—not as fine as this, to be sure —but he is younger than you are."

The boy sighed.

"Well, would you like this watch, little cousin?"

Fortunato kept eyeing the watch out of the corner of his eye, like a cat that has been given a whole chicken to play with. It does not dare to pounce upon it, because it is afraid folk are laughing at it, but it turns its eyes away now and then so as to avoid temptation, and keeps licking its lips, as much as to say to its master: "What a cruel trick to play on a cat!" And yet Gamba seemed to be really offering him the watch. Fortunato did not hold out his hand, but said with a bitter smile:

"Why are you mocking me?"

"I swear that I am not mocking you. Only tell me where Gianetto is, and the watch is yours."

Fortunato smiled incredulously and fixed his dark eyes on those of the adjutant, trying to read them to see if the man could be trusted.

"May I lose my epaulettes," cried the adjutant, "if I do not give you the watch on this one condition! My men are witnesses, and I cannot back out of it."

As he spoke, he held the watch nearer and nearer till it almost touched the pale cheek of the boy, whose face clearly showed the struggle going on in his heart between greed and the claims of hospitality. His bare breast heaved till he was almost suffocated. Meanwhile the watch dangled and twisted and even touched the tip of his nose. Little by little, his right hand rose toward it, the tips of his fingers touched it, and the whole weight of it rested on his hand, although the adjutant still had it by the chain. . . . The face of the watch was blue. . . . The case was newly burnished. . . . It flamed like fire in the sun. . . . The temptation was too great.

Fortunato raised his left hand and pointed with his thumb over his shoulder to the haystack on which he was leaning. The adjutant understood him at once and let go the end of the chain. Fortunato felt that he was now sole possessor of the watch. He leaped away like a deer, and paused ten paces from the haystack which the gendarmes began to tumble over at once.

It was not long before they saw the hay begin to stir and a bleeding man came out with a stiletto in his hand. But when he tried to rise to his feet, his congealed wound prevented him from standing. He fell down. The adjutant flung himself upon his prey and wrested the stiletto from his grasp. He was speedily trussed up, in spite of his resistance, bound securely, and flung on the ground like a bundle of sticks. He turned his head toward Fortunato who had drawn near again.

"Son of . . . !" he exclaimed, more in contempt than in anger.

The child threw him the piece of silver, realising that he no longer deserved it, but the fugitive paid no attention to it. He merely said quietly to the adjutant:

"My dear Gamba, I cannot walk. You must carry me to town."

"You were running as fast as a kid just now," retorted his captor, roughly. "But don't worry! I'm so glad to have caught you that I could carry you a league on my own back without feeling it. Anyhow, my friend, we'll make a litter for you out of branches and your cloak. We'll find horses at the farm at Crespoli."

"Very well," said the prisoner. "I suppose you will put a little straw on the litter to make it easier for me."

While the gendarmes were busy, some making a crude litter of chestnut boughs, and others dressing Gianetto's wound, Mateo Falcone and his wife suddenly appeared at a turn of the path which led from the *mâquis*. His wife came first, bowed low beneath the weight of a huge sack of chestnuts, while her husband strolled along, carrying a gun in one hand, and another slung over his shoulder. It is beneath a man's dignity to carry any other burden than his weapons.

As soon as he saw the soldiers, Mateo's first thought was that they must have come to arrest him. But there was no reason for it. He had no quarrel with the forces of law and order. He had an excellent reputation. He was "well thought of," as they say, but he was a Corsican, and a mountaineer, and there are very few Corsican mountaineers who, if they search their past sufficiently, cannot find some peccadillo, a rifle shot or a thrust with a stiletto, or some other trifle. Mateo had a clearer conscience than most of his friends, for it was at least ten years since he had pointed a rifle at a man; but all the same it behooved him to be cautious, and he prepared to put up a good defence, if necessary.

"Wife," he said, "put down your sack and be on your guard."

She obeyed at once. He gave her the gun from his shoulder belt, as it seemed likely that it might be in his way. He cocked the other rifle, and advanced in a leisurely manner toward the house, skirting the trees beside the path, and ready, at the least sign of hostility, to throw himself behind the largest trunk and fire from cover. His wife followed close behind him, holding her loaded rifle and his cartridges. It was a good wife's duty, in case of trouble, to reload her husband's arms.

The adjutant, on his side, was much troubled at seeing Mateo advance upon him so with measured steps, pointing his rifle, and keeping his finger on the trigger.

"If it should happen," thought he, "that Gianetto turns out to be Mateo's relative or friend, and he wishes to defend him, two of his bullets will reach us as sure as a letter goes by post, and if he aims at me, in spite of our kinship . . . !"

In his perplexity, he put the best face he could on the matter, and went forward by himself to meet Mateo and tell him all that had happened, greeting him like an old friend. But the short distance between him and Mateo seemed fearfully long.

"Hello, there, old comrade!" he cried out. "How are you? I'm your cousin Gamba."

Mateo stood still and said not a word. As the other man spoke, he slowly raised the barrel of his rifle so that, by the time the adjutant came up to him, it was pointing to the sky.

"Good-day, brother," said the adjutant, holding out his hand. "It's an age since I've seen you."

"Good-day, brother."

"I just stopped by to pass the time of day with you and cousin Pepa. We've had a long march to-day, but we can't complain, for we've made a famous haul. We've just caught Gianetto Sanpiero."

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Giuseppa. "He stole one of our milch goats a week ago."

Gamba was delighted at her words.

"Poor devil!" said Mateo, "he was hungry."

"The chap fought like a lion," pursued the adjutant, somewhat annoyed. "He killed one of my men, and as if that were not enough, broke Corporal Chardon's arm; not that it matters, he's only a Frenchman. . . . Then he hid himself so cleverly that the devil himself couldn't find him. If it hadn't been for my little cousin Fortunato, I should never have found him."

"Fortunato?" cried Mateo.

"Fortunato?" echoed Giuseppa.

"Yes! Gianetto was hidden in your haystack over there, but my little cousin soon showed up his tricks. I shall tell his uncle, the magistrate, and he'll send him a fine present as a reward. And both his name and yours shall be in the report that I'm sending to the Public Prosecutor."

"Damn you!" muttered Mateo under his breath.

They had now rejoined the gendarmes. Gianetto was already laid on his litter, and they were all ready to start. When he saw Mateo in Gamba's company, he smiled oddly; then, turning toward the door of the house, he spat at the threshold.

"The house of a traitor!"

It was asking for death to call Falcone a traitor. A quick stiletto thrust, and no need of a second, would have instantly wiped out the insult. But Mateo's only movement was to put his hand to his head as if he were stunned.

Fortunato had gone into the house when he saw his father coming. Presently he reappeared with a bowl of milk, which he offered with downcast eyes to Gianetto.

"Keep away from me!" thundered the outlaw.

Then, turning to one of the gendarmes, he said:

"Comrade, will you give me a drink?"

The gendarme put the flask in his hand, and the outlaw drank the water given him by the man with whom he had just been exchanging rifle shots. Then he requested that his hands might be tied crossed on his breast instead of behind his back.

"I would rather," he said, "lie comfortably."

They gratified his request. Then, at a sign from the adjutant, saying good-bye to Mateo, who vouchsafed no answer, they set off quickly toward the plain.

Ten minutes passed before Mateo opened his mouth. The child looked uneasily, first at his mother, then at his father, who was leaning on his gun and gazing at him with an expression of concentrated fury.

"You begin well," said Mateo at last, in a calm voice, terrifying enough to those who knew the man.

"Father!" cried the boy, with tears in his eyes, coming nearer as if to throw himself at his father's knee.

"Out of my sight!" Mateo shouted.

The child stopped short a few paces away from his father, and sobbed.

Giuseppa approached him. She had just noticed the watch-chain hanging out of his shirt.

"Who gave you that watch?" she asked sternly.

"My cousin, the adjutant."

Falcone snatched the watch and flung it against a stone with such violence that it was shattered into a thousand fragments.

"Woman," he said, "is this a child of mine?"

Giuseppa's brown cheeks flushed brick red.

"What are you saying, Mateo? Do you realise to whom you are speaking?"

"Yes, perfectly well. This child is the first traitor in my family."

Fortunato redoubled his sobs and choking, and Falcone kept watching him like a hawk. At last he struck the ground with the butt of his rifle, then flung it across his shoulder, returned to the path which led toward the *nâquis*, and commanded Fortunato to follow him. The child obeyed.

Giuseppa ran after Mateo and clutched his arm.

"He is your son," she said in a trembling voice, fixing her dark eyes on those of her husband, as if to read all that was passing in his soul.

"Leave me," replied Mateo. "I am his father."

Giuseppa kissed her son and went back weeping into the house. She flung herself on her knees before an image of the Blessed Virgin and prayed fervently. Falcone walked about two hundred paces along the path, and went down a little ravine where he stopped. He tested the ground with the butt of his rifle, and found it soft and easy to dig. The spot seemed suitable for his purpose.

"Fortunato, go over to that big rock."

The boy did as he was told. He knelt down.

"Father, Father, do not kill me!"

"Say your prayers!" shouted Mateo in a terrible voice.

The boy, stammering and sobbing, recited the Our Father and the Apostles' Creed. The father said "Amen!" in a firm voice at the end of each prayer.

"Are those all the prayers you know?"

"I know the Hail Mary, too, and the Litany my aunt taught me, Father."

"It is long, but never mind."

The boy finished the Litany in a stifled voice.

"Have you finished?"

"Oh, Father, forgive me! Forgive me! I'll never do it again. I'll beg my cousin, the magistrate, ever so hard to pardon Gianetto!"

He kept beseeching his father. Mateo loaded his gun and took aim.

"God forgive you!" he said.

The boy made a desperate effort to rise and clasp his father's knees, but he had no time. Mateo fired and Fortunato fell stone-dead.

Without glancing at the body, Mateo returned to the house to fetch a spade with which to dig his son's grave. He had only gone a few steps along the path when he met Giuseppa, running, for she had been alarmed by the rifle shot.

"What have you done?" she cried.

"Justice!"

"Where is he?"

"In the ravine. I am going to bury him. He died a Christian. I shall have a Mass said for him. Send word to my son-in-law, Tiodoro Bianchi, that he is to come and live with us." (1829)

ALPHONSE DAUDET The death of the Dauphin

THE LITTLE DAUPHIN is ill—the Dauphin is going to die. In all the churches the Host is elevated and tall candles burn for the recovery of the royal child. The streets of the ancient residence are sad and silent, the bells are mute, citizens peer curiously through the palace gratings, porters talk in solemn tones in the courts.

All the palace is astir. Chamberlains and majordomos hurry up and down the marble steps; the galleries are thronged with pages; courtiers in silken robes pass from group to group, asking the news in smothered accents. On the broad stairways weeping maids of honor bow low, and wipe their eyes with beautiful embroidered kerchiefs.

An assemblage of robed doctors gathers in the orangery. Through the glasses they can be seen waving their long black sleeves and inclining doctorally their perukes. Before the door walk the tutor and riding-master of the little Dauphin. They are waiting for decisions of the faculty. The riding-master swears like a trooper, the tutor quotes Horace. From the stable comes a long, plaintive neigh. It is the little Dauphin's chestnut, who, forgotten by the grooms, calls sadly from his empty crib.

And the king—where is the king? Shut up all alone at the farther end of the palace. Kings must not be seen to weep. Not so, however, the queen. Seated by the Dauphin's side, her lovely face all bathed in tears, she sobs before us all like the veriest serving-woman.

In his lace bed lies the little Dauphin. He is whiter than the pillow upon which his head reclines. They believe that he is asleep; but no, he is not asleep. The little Dauphin turns to his mother. "Madame the queen, why do you weep? Do you believe, like the rest, that I am going to die?" The queen tries to answer; sobs choke her utterance.

"Do not weep, madame the queen. You forget that I am the Dauphin; Dauphins do not die thus." The queen sobs more piteously. The little Dauphin is frightened. "Halloo!" exclaims he, "I do not want to die! Order instantly forty stout lansquenets to keep guard around our bed. Set a hundred large guns to watch night and day before our windows. And woe to Death should he dare approach us!"

To humor the royal child the queen makes a sign. In a twinkling, cannon are heard rolling in the court; forty stout lansquenets with their partisans range themselves around the room. They are old troopers and their mustaches are gray. The Dauphin recognizes one. "Lorrain!" he cries. The old soldier draws closer. "Let me look at your big sword. If Death comes for me you will kill him, will you not?" "Yes, monseigneur." And two big tears roll down his tanned cheeks.

The priest approaches the Dauphin. He speaks long in subdued tones and holds up the crucifix. The Dauphin shows surprise. Suddenly he interrupts him. "I see what you mean, monsieur the abbé; but would not my little friend Beppo die in my place if we pay him plenty of money?" The priest continues to speak. The Dauphin looks more and more surprised. When the priest ceases, he says, with a sigh, "All that is very sad, monsieur the abbé, but there is one comfort for me. When I get to the paradise of the stars I shall still be the Dauphin. The good God is my cousin, and will treat me according to my rank."

Then he turned to his mother, and said, "Let them bring my best clothes —the ermine doublet and velvet pumps. I want to make myself smart for the

angels, and enter paradise dressed like the Dauphin." Again the priest bends over the Dauphin, and speaks to him in low tones. In the midst of the discourse the royal child interrupts him angrily: "What! it is nothing, then, to be a Dauphin, after all!" and refusing to hear more, he turns his head to the wall and weeps bitterly. (1869)

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON Markheim

"Yes," said the dealer, "our windfalls are of various kinds. Some customers are ignorant, and then I touch a dividend on my superior knowledge. Some are dishonest," and here he held up the candle, so that the light fell strongly on his visitor, "and in that case," he continued, "I profit by my virtue."

Markheim had but just entered from the daylight streets, and his eyes had not yet grown familiar with the mingled shine and darkness in the shop. At these pointed words, and before the near presence of the flame, he blinked painfully and looked aside.

The dealer chuckled. "You come to me on Christmas-day," he resumed, "when you know that I am alone in my house, put up my shutters, and make a point of refusing business. Well, you will have to pay for that; you will have to pay for my loss of time, when I should be balancing my books; you will have to pay, besides, for a kind of manner that I remark in you to-day very strongly. I am the essence of discretion, and ask no awkward questions; but when a customer can not look me in the eye, he has to pay for it." The dealer once more chuckled; and then, changing to his usual business voice, though still with a note of irony, "You can give, as usual, a clean account of how you came into the possession of the object?" he continued. "Still your uncle's cabinet? A remarkable collector, sir!"

And the little, pale, round-shouldered dealer stood almost on tip-toe, looking over the top of his gold spectacles, and nodding his head with every mark of disbelief. Markheim returned his gaze with one of infinite pity, and a touch of horror.

"This time," said he, "you are in error. I have not come to sell, but to buy. I have no curios to dispose of; my uncle's cabinet is bare to the wainscot; even were it still intact, I have done well on the Stock Exchange, and should more likely add to it than otherwise, and my errand to-day is simplicity itself. I seek a Christmas-present for a lady," he continued, waxing more fluent as he struck into the speech he had prepared; "and certainly I owe you every excuse for thus disturbing you upon so small a matter. But the

thing was neglected yesterday; I must produce my little compliment at dinner; and, as you very well know, a rich marriage is not a thing to be neglected."

There followed a pause, during which the dealer seemed to weigh this statement incredulously. The ticking of many clocks among the curious lumber of the shop, and the faint rushing of the cabs in a near thoroughfare, filled up the interval of silence.

"Well, sir," said the dealer, "be it so. You are an old customer after all; and if, as you say, you have the chance of a good marriage, far be it from me to be an obstacle. Here is a nice thing for a lady now," he went on, "this hand-glass—fifteenth century, warranted; comes from a good collection, too; but I reserve the name, in the interests of my customer, who was just like yourself, my dear sir, the nephew and sole heir of a remarkable collector."

The dealer, while he thus ran on in his dry and biting voice, had stooped to take the object from its place; and, as he had done so, a shock had passed through Markheim, a start both of hand and foot, a sudden leap of many tumultuous passions to the face. It passed as swiftly as it came, and left no trace beyond a certain trembling of the hand that now received the glass.

"A glass," he said, hoarsely, and then paused, and repeated it more clearly. "A glass? For Christmas? Surely not?"

"And why not?" cried the dealer. "Why not a glass?"

Markheim was looking upon him with an indefinable expression. "You ask me why not?" he said. "Why, look here—look in it—look at yourself! Do you like to see it? No! nor I—nor any man."

The little man had jumped back when Markheim had so suddenly confronted him with the mirror; but now, perceiving there was nothing worse on hand, he chuckled. "Your future lady, sir, must be pretty hard favored," said he.

"I ask you," said Markheim, "for a Christmas-present, and you give me this—this damned reminder of years, and sins and follies—this hand-conscience! Did you mean it? Had you a thought in your mind? Tell me. It will be better for you if you do. Come, tell me about yourself. I hazard a guess now, that you are in secret a very charitable man?"

The dealer looked closely at his companion. It was very odd, Markheim did not appear to be laughing; there was something in his face like an eager sparkle of hope, but nothing of mirth.

"What are you driving at?" the dealer asked.

"Not charitable?" returned the other, gloomily. "Not charitable; not pious; not scrupulous; unloving, unbeloved; a hand to get money, a safe to keep it. Is that all? Dear God, man, is that all?"

"I will tell you what it is," began the dealer, with some sharpness, and

then broke off again into a chuckle. "But I see this is a love match of yours, and you have been drinking the lady's health."

"Ah!" cried Markheim, with a strange curiosity. "Ah, have you been in love? Tell me about that."

"I," cried the dealer. "I in love! I never had the time, nor have I the time to-day for all this nonsense. Will you take the glass?"

"Where is the hurry?" returned Markheim. "It is very pleasant to stand here talking; and life is so short and insecure that I would not hurry away from any pleasure—no, not even from so mild a one as this. We should rather cling, cling to what little we can get, like a man at a cliff's edge. Every second is a cliff, if you think upon it—a cliff a mile high—high enough, if we fall, to dash us out of every feature of humanity. Hence it is best to talk pleasantly. Let us talk of each other; why should we wear this mask? Let us be confidential. Who knows, we might become friends?"

"I have just one word to say to you," said the dealer. "Either make your purchase, or walk out of my shop."

"True, true," said Markheim. "Enough fooling. To business. Show me something else."

The dealer stooped once more, this time to replace the glass upon the shelf, his thin blonde hair falling over his eyes as he did so. Markheim moved a little nearer, with one hand in the pocket of his great-coat; he drew himself up and filled his lungs; at the same time many different emotions were depicted together on his face—terror, horror, and resolve, fascination and a physical repulsion; and through a haggard lift of his upper lip, his teeth looked out.

"This, perhaps, may suit," observed the dealer; and then, as he began to re-arise, Markheim bounded from behind upon his victim. The long, skewer-like dagger flashed and fell. The dealer struggled like a hen, striking his temple on the shelf, and then tumbled on the floor in a heap.

Time had some score of small voices in that shop, some stately and slow as was becoming to their great age; others garrulous and hurried. All these told out the seconds in an intricate chorus of tickings. Then the passage of a lad's feet, heavily running on the pavement, broke in upon these smaller voices and startled Markheim into the consciousness of his surroundings. He looked about him awfully. The candle stood on the counter, its flame solemnly wagging in a draught; and by that inconsiderable movement, the whole room was filled with noiseless bustle and kept heaving like a sea: the tall shadows nodding, the gross blots of darkness swelling and dwindling as with respiration, the faces of the portraits and the china gods changing and wavering like images in water. The inner door stood ajar, and peered into that league of shadows with a long slit of daylight like a pointing finger.

From these fear-stricken rovings, Markheim's eyes returned to the body

of his victim, where it lay both humped and sprawling, incredibly small and strangely meaner than in life. In these poor, miserly clothes, in that ungainly attitude, the dealer lay like so much sawdust. Markheim had feared to see it, and, lo! it was nothing. And yet, as he gazed, this bundle of old clothes and pool of blood began to find eloquent voices. There it must lie; there was none to work the cunning hinges or direct the miracle of locomotion—there it must lie till it was found. Found! ay, and then? Then would this dead flesh lift up a cry that would ring over England, and fill the world with the echoes of pursuit. Ay, dead or not, this was still the enemy. "Time was that when the brains were out," he thought; and the first word struck into his mind. Time, now that the deed was accomplished—time, which had closed for the victim, had become instant and momentous for the slayer.

The thought was yet in his mind, when, first one and then another, with every variety of pace and voice—one deep as the bell from a cathedral turret, another ringing on its treble notes the prelude of a waltz—the clocks began to strike the hour of three in the afternoon.

The sudden outbreak of so many tongues in that dumb chamber staggered him. He began to bestir himself, going to and fro with the candle, beleaguered by moving shadows, and startled to the soul by chance reflections. In many rich mirrors, some of home designs, some from Venice or Amsterdam, he saw his face repeated and repeated, as it were an army of spies; his own eyes met and detected him; and the sound of his own steps, lightly as they fell, vexed the surrounding quiet. And still as he continued to fill his pockets, his mind accused him, with a sickening iteration, of the thousand faults of his design. He should have chosen a more quiet hour; he should have prepared an alibi; he should not have used a knife; he should have been more cautious, and only bound and gagged the dealer, and not killed him; he should have been more bold, and killed the servant also; he should have done all things otherwise; poignant regrets, weary, incessant toiling of the mind to change what was unchangeable, to plan what was now useless, to be the architect of the irrevocable past. Meanwhile, and behind all this activity, brute terrors, like scurrying of rats in a deserted attic, filled the more remote chambers of his brain with riot; the hand of the constable would fall heavy on his shoulder, and his nerves would jerk like a hooked fish; or he beheld, in galloping defile, the dock, the prison, the gallows, and the black coffin.

Terror of the people in the street sat down before his mind like a besieging army. It was impossible, he thought, but that some rumor of the struggle must have reached their ears and set on edge their curiosity; and now, in all the neighboring houses, he divined them sitting motionless and with uplifted ear—solitary people, condemned to spend Christmas dwelling alone on memories of the past, and now startlingly recalled from that tender exer-

cise; happy family parties, struck into silence round the table, the mother still with raised finger: every degree and age and humor, but all, by their own hearths, prying and hearkening and weaving the rope that was to hang him. Sometimes it seemed to him he could not move too softly; the clink of the tall Bohemian goblets rang out loudly like a bell; and alarmed by the bigness of the ticking, he was tempted to stop the clocks. And then, again, with a swift transition of his terrors, the very silence of the place appeared a source of peril, and a thing to strike and freeze the passer-by; and he would step more boldly, and bustle aloud among the contents of the shop, and imitate, with elaborate bravado, the movements of a busy man at ease in his own house.

But he was now so pulled about by different alarms that, while one portion of his mind was still alert and cunning, another trembled on the brink of lunacy. One hallucination in particular took a strong hold on his credulity. The neighbor hearkening with white face beside his window, the passer-by arrested by a horrible surmise on the pavement—these could at worst suspect, they could not know; through the brick walls and shuttered windows only sounds could penetrate. But here, within the house, was he alone? He knew he was; he had watched the servant set forth sweethearting, in her poor best, "out for the day" written in every ribbon and smile. Yes, he was alone, of course; and yet, in the bulk of empty house above him, he could surely hear a stir of delicate footing—he was surely conscious, inexplicably conscious of some presence. Ay, surely; to every room and corner of the house his imagination followed it; and now it was a faceless thing, and yet had eyes to see with; and again it was a shadow of himself; and yet again behold the image of the dead dealer, reinspired with cunning and hatred.

At times, with a strong effort, he would glance at the open door which still seemed to repel his eyes. The house was tall, the skylight small and dirty, the day blind with fog; and the light that filtered down to the ground story was exceedingly faint, and showed dimly on the threshold of the shop. And yet, in that strip of doubtful brightness, did there not hang wavering a shadow?

Suddenly, from the street outside, a very jovial gentleman began to beat with a staff on the shop-door, accompanying his blows with shouts and railleries in which the dealer was continually called upon by name. Markheim, smitten into ice, glanced at the dead man. But no! he lay quite still; he was fled away far beyond earshot of these blows and shoutings; he was sunk beneath seas of silence; and his name, which would once have caught his notice above the howling of a storm, had become an empty sound. And presently the jovial gentleman desisted from his knocking and departed.

Here was a broad hint to hurry what remained to be done, to get forth

from this accusing neighborhood, to plunge into a bath of London multitudes, and to reach, on the other side of day, that haven of safety and apparent innocence—his bed. One visitor had come: at any moment another might follow and be more obstinate. To have done the deed, and yet not to reap the profit, would be too abhorrent a failure. The money, that was now Markheim's concern; and as a means to that, the keys.

He glanced over his shoulder at the open door, where the shadow was still lingering and shivering; and with no conscious repugnance of the mind, yet with a tremor of the belly, he drew near the body of his victim. The human character had quite departed. Like a suit half-stuffed with bran, the limbs lay scattered, the trunk doubled, on the floor; and yet the thing repelled him. Although so dingy and inconsiderable to the eye, he feared it might have more significance to the touch. He took the body by the shoulders, and turned it on its back. It was strangely light and supple, and the limbs, as if they had been broken, fell into the oddest postures. The face was robbed of all expression; but it was as pale as wax, and shockingly smeared with blood about one temple. That was, for Markheim, the one displeasing circumstance. It carried him back, upon the instant, to a certain fair day in a fisher's village: a gray day, a piping wind, a crowd upon the street, the blare of brasses, the booming of drums, the nasal voice of a ballad singer; and a boy going to and fro, buried over head in the crowd and divided between interest and fear, until, coming out upon the chief place of concourse, he beheld a booth and a great screen with pictures, dismally designed, garishly colored: Brownrigg with her apprentice; the Mannings with their murdered guest; Weare in the death-grip of Thurtell; and a score besides of famous crimes. The thing was as clear as an illusion; he was once again that little boy; he was looking once again, and with the same sense of physical revolt, at these vile pictures; he was still stunned by the thumping of the drums. A bar of that day's music returned upon his memory; and at that, for the first time, a qualm came over him, a breath of nausea, a sudden weakness of the joints, which he must instantly resist and conquer.

He judged it more prudent to confront than to flee from these considerations; looking the more hardily in the dead face, bending his mind to realize the nature and greatness of his crime. So little awhile ago that face had moved with every change of sentiment, that pale mouth had spoken, that body had been all on fire with governable energies; and now, and by his act, that piece of life had been arrested, as the horologist, with interjected finger, arrests the beating of the clock. So he reasoned in vain; he could rise to no more remorseful consciousness; the same heart which had shuddered before the painted effigies of crime, looked on its reality unmoved. At best, he felt a gleam of pity for one who had been endowed in vain with

all those faculties that can make the world a garden of enchantment, one who had never lived and who was now dead. But of penitence, no, with a tremor.

With that, shaking himself clear of these considerations, he found the keys and advanced toward the open door of the shop. Outside, it had begun to rain smartly; and the sound of the shower upon the roof had banished silence. Like some dripping cavern, the chambers of the house were haunted by an incessant echoing, which filled the ear and mingled with the ticking of the clocks. And, as Markheim approached the door, he seemed to hear, in answer to his own cautious tread, the steps of another foot withdrawing up the stair. The shadow still palpitated loosely on the threshold. He threw a ton's weight of resolve upon his muscles, and drew back the door.

The faint, foggy daylight glimmered dimly on the bare floor and stairs; on the bright suit of armor posted, halbert in hand, upon the landing; and on the dark wood-carvings, and framed pictures that hung against the yellow panels of the wainscot. So loud was the beating of the rain through all the house that, in Markheim's ears, it began to be distinguished into many different sounds. Footsteps and sighs, the tread of regiments marching in the distance, the chink of money in the counting, and the creaking of doors held stealthily ajar, appeared to mingle with the patter of the drops upon the cupola and the gushing of the water in the pipes. The sense that he was not alone grew upon him to the verge of madness. On every side he was haunted and begirt by presences. He heard them moving in the upper chambers; from the shop, he heard the dead man getting to his legs; and as he began with a great effort to mount the stairs, feet fled quietly before him and followed stealthily behind. If he were but deaf, he thought, how tranquilly he would possess his soul. And then again, and hearkening with every fresh attention, he blessed himself for that unresisting sense which held the outposts and stood a trusty sentinel upon his life. His head turned continually on his neck; his eyes, which seemed starting from their orbits, scouted on every side, and on every side were half-rewarded as with the tail of something nameless vanishing. The four-and-twenty steps to the first floor were four-and-twenty agonies.

On that first story, the doors stood ajar, three of them like three ambushes, shaking his nerves like the throats of cannon. He could never again, he felt, be sufficiently immured and fortified from men's observing eyes; he longed to be home, girt in by walls, buried among bedclothes, and invisible to all but God. And at that thought he wondered a little, recollecting tales of other murderers and the fear they were said to entertain of heavenly avengers. It was not so, at least, with him. He feared the laws of nature, lest, in their callous and immutable procedure, they should preserve some damning evidence of his crime. He feared tenfold more, with a slavish, superstitious

terror, some scission in the continuity of man's experience, some willful illegality of nature. He played a game of skill, depending on the rules, calculating consequence from cause; and what if nature, as the defeated tyrant overthrew the chess-board, should break the mold of their succession? The like had befallen Napoleon (so writers said) when the winter changed the time of its appearance. The like might befall Markheim: the solid walls might become transparent and reveal his doings like those of bees in a glass hive; and stout planks might yield under his foot like quicksands and detain him in their clutch; ay, and there were soberer accidents that might destroy him: if, for instance, the house should fall and imprison him beside the body of his victim; or the house next door should fly on fire, and the firemen invade him from all sides. These things he feared; and, in a sense, these things might be called the hands of God reached forth against sin. But about God himself he was at ease; his act was doubtless exceptional, but so were his excuses, which God knew; it was there, and not among men, that he felt sure of justice.

When he had got safe into the drawing-room, and shut the door behind him, he was aware of a respite from alarms. The room was quite dismantled, uncarpeted besides, and strewn with packing cases and incongruous furniture; several great pier-glasses, in which he beheld himself at various angles, like an actor on the stage; many pictures, framed and unframed, standing with their faces to the wall; a fine Sheraton sideboard, a cabinet of marquetry, and a great old bed, with tapestry hangings. The windows opened to the floor; but by great good fortune the lower part of the shutters had been closed, and this concealed him from the neighbors. Here, then, Markheim drew in a packing case before the cabinet, and began to search among the keys. It was a long business, for there were many; and it was irksome, besides; for, after all, there might be nothing in the cabinet, and time was on the wing. But the closeness of the occupation sobered him. With the tail of his eye he saw the door—even glanced at it from time to time directly, like a besieged commander pleased to verify the good estate of his defenses. But in truth he was at peace. The rain falling in the street sounded natural and pleasant. Presently, on the other side, the notes of a piano were wakened to the music of a hymn, and the voices of many children took up the air and words. How stately, how comfortable was the melody! How fresh the youthful voices! Markheim gave ear to it smilingly, as he sorted out the keys; and his mind was thronged with answerable ideas and images; church-going children and the pealing of the high organ; children afield, bathers by the brook-side, ramblers on the brambly common, kite-flyers in the windy and cloud-navigated sky; and then, at another cadence of the hymn, back again to church, and the somnolence of summer Sundays, and the high genteel voice of the parson (which he smiled a little to recall) and the

painted Jacobean tombs, and the dim lettering of the Ten Commandments in the chancel.

And as he sat thus, at once busy and absent, he was startled to his feet. A flash of ice, a flash of fire, a bursting gush of blood, went over him, and then he stood transfixed and thrilling. A step mounted the stair slowly and steadily, and presently a hand was laid upon the knob, and the lock clicked, and the door opened.

Fear held Markheim in a vice. What to expect he knew not, whether the dead man walking, or the official ministers of human justice, or some chance witness blindly stumbling in to consign him to the gallows. But when a face was thrust into the aperture, glanced round the room, looked at him, nodded and smiled as if in friendly recognition, and then withdrew again, and the door closed behind it, his fear broke loose from his control in a hoarse cry. At the sound of this the visitant returned.

"Did you call me?" he asked, pleasantly, and with that he entered the room and closed the door behind him.

Markheim stood and gazed at him with all his eyes. Perhaps there was a film upon his sight, but the outlines of the newcomer seemed to change and waver like those of the idols in the wavering candle-light of the shop; and at times he thought he knew him; and at times he thought he bore a likeness to himself; and always, like a lump of living terror, there lay in his bosom the conviction that this thing was not of the earth and not of God.

And yet the creature had a strange air of the common-place, as he stood looking on Markheim with a smile; and when he added: "You are looking for the money, I believe?" it was in the tones of everyday politeness.

Markheim made no answer.

"I should warn you," resumed the other, "that the maid has left her sweetheart earlier than usual and will soon be here. If Mr. Markheim be found in this house, I need not describe to him the consequences."

"You know me?" cried the murderer.

The visitor smiled. "You have long been a favorite of mine," he said; "and I have long observed and often sought to help you."

"What are you?" cried Markheim: "the devil?"

"What I may be," returned the other, "can not affect the service I propose to render you."

"It can," cried Markheim; "it does! Be helped by you? No, never; not by you! You do not know me yet, thank God, you do not know me!"

"I know you," replied the visitant, with a sort of kind severity or rather firmness. "I know you to the soul."

"Know me!" cried Markheim. "Who can do so? My life is but a travesty and slander on myself. I have lived to belie my nature. All men do; all men are better than this disguise that grows about and stifles them. You see each

dragged away by life, like one whom bravos have seized and muffled in a cloak. If they had their own control—if you could see their faces, they would be altogether different, they would shine out for heroes and saints! I am worse than most; myself is more overlaid; my excuse is known to me and God. But, had I the time, I could disclose myself."

"To me?" inquired the visitant.

"To you before all," returned the murderer. "I supposed you were intelligent. I thought—since you exist—you would prove a reader of the heart. And yet you would propose to judge me by my acts! Think of it; my acts! I was born and I have lived in a land of giants; giants have dragged me by the wrists since I was born out of my mother—the giants of circumstance. And you would judge me by my acts! But can you not look within? Can you not understand that evil is hateful to me? Can you not see within me the clear writing of conscience, never blurred by any willful sophistry, although too often disregarded? Can you not read me for a thing that surely must be common as humanity—the unwilling sinner?"

"All this is very feelingly expressed," was the reply, "but it regards me not. These points of consistency are beyond my province, and I care not in the least by what compulsion you may have been dragged away, so as you are but carried in the right direction. But time flies; the servant delays, looking in the faces of the crowd and at the pictures on the hoardings, but still she keeps moving nearer; and remember, it is as if the gallows itself was striding toward you through the Christmas streets! Shall I help you; I, who know all? Shall I tell you where to find the money?"

"For what price?" asked Markheim.

"I offer you the service for a Christmas gift," returned the other.

Markheim could not refrain from smiling with a kind of bitter triumph. "No," said he, "I will take nothing at your hands; if I were dying of thirst, and it was your hand that put the pitcher to my lips, I should find the courage to refuse. It may be credulous, but I will do nothing to commit myself to evil."

"I have no objection to a death-bed repentance," observed the visitant.

"Because you disbelieve their efficacy!" Markheim cried.

"I do not say so," returned the other; "but I look on these things from a different side, and when the life is done my interest falls. The man has lived to serve me, to spread black looks under color of religion, or to sow tares in the wheat-field, as you do, in a course of weak compliance with desire. Now that he draws so near to his deliverance, he can add but one act of service—to repent, to die smiling, and thus to build up in confidence and hope the more timorous of my surviving followers. I am not so hard a master. Try me. Accept my help. Please yourself in life as you have done hitherto; please yourself more amply, spread your elbows at the board; and when

the night begins to fall and the curtains to be drawn, I tell you, for your greater comfort, that you will find it even easy to compound your quarrel with your conscience, and to make a truckling peace with God. I came but now from such a deathbed, and the room was full of sincere mourners, listening to the man's last words: and when I looked into that face, which had been set as a flint against mercy, I found it smiling with hope."

"And do you, then, suppose me such a creature?" asked Markheim. "Do you think I have no more generous aspirations than to sin, and sin, and sin, and, at last, sneak into heaven? My heart rises at the thought. Is this, then, your experience of mankind? or is it because you find me with red hands that you presume such baseness? and is this crime of murder indeed so impious as to dry up the very springs of good?"

"Murder is to me no special category," replied the other. "All sins are murder, even as all life is war. I behold your race, like starving mariners on a raft, plucking crusts out of the hands of famine and feeding on each other's lives. I follow sins beyond the moment of their acting; I find in all that the last consequence is death; and to my eyes, the pretty maid who thwarts her mother with such taking graces on a question of a ball, drips no less visibly with human gore than such a murderer as yourself. Do I say that I follow sins? I follow virtues also; they differ not by the thickness of a nail, they are both scythes for the reaping angel of Death. Evil, for which I live, consists not in action but in character. The bad man is dear to me; not the bad act, whose fruits, if we could follow them far enough down the hurtling cataract of the ages, might yet be found more blessed than those of the rarest virtues. And it is not because you have killed a dealer, but because you are Markheim, that I offered to forward your escape."

"I will lay my heart open to you," answered Markheim. "This crime on which you find me is my last. On my way to it I have learned many lessons; itself is a lesson, a momentous lesson. Hitherto I have been driven with revolt to what I would not; I was a bond-slave to poverty, driven and scourged. There are robust virtues that can stand in these temptations; mine was not so: I had a thirst of pleasure. But to-day, and out of this deed, I pluck both warning and riches—both the power and a fresh resolve to be myself. I become in all things a free actor in the world; I begin to see myself all changed, these hands the agents of good, this heart at peace. Something comes over me out of the past; something of what I have dreamed on Sabbath evenings to the sound of the church organ, of what I forecast when I shed tears over noble books, or talked, an innocent child, with my mother. There lies my life; I have wandered a few years, but now I see once more my city of destination."

"You are to use this money on the Stock Exchange, I think?" remarked the visitor; "and there, if I mistake not, you have already lost some thousands?"

"Ah," said Markheim, "but this time I have a sure thing."

"This time, again, you will lose," replied the visitor, quietly.

"Ah, but I keep back the half!" cried Markheim.

"That also you will lose," said the other.

The sweat started upon Markheim's brow. "Well, then, what matter?" he exclaimed. "Say it be lost, say I am plunged again in poverty, shall one part of me, and that the worse, continue until the end to override the better? Evil and good run strong in me, haling me both ways. I do not love the one thing, I love all. I can conceive great deeds, renunciations, martyrdoms; and though I be fallen to such a crime as murder, pity is no stranger to my thoughts. I pity the poor; who knows their trials better than myself? I pity and help them; I prize love, I love honest laughter; there is no good thing nor true thing on earth but I love it from my heart. And are my vices only to direct my life, and my virtues to lie without effect, like some passive lumber of the mind? Not so; good, also, is a spring of acts."

But the visitant raised his finger. "For six-and-thirty years that you have been in this world," said he, "through many changes of fortune and varieties of humor, I have watched you steadily fall. Fifteen years ago you would have started at a theft. Three years back you would have blenched at the name of murder. Is there any crime, is there any cruelty or meanness, from which you still recoil?—five years from now I shall detect you in the fact! Downward, downward, lies your way; nor can anything but death avail to stop you."

"It is true," Markheim said, huskily, "I have in some degree complied with evil. But it is so with all: the very saints, in the mere exercise of living, grow less dainty, and take on the tone of their surroundings."

"I will propound to you one simple question," said the other; "and as you answer, I shall read to you your moral horoscope. You have grown in many things more lax; possibly you do right to be so; and at any account, it is the same with all men. But granting that, are you in any one particular, however trifling, more difficult to please with your own conduct, or do you go in all things with a looser rein?"

"In any one?" repeated Markheim, with an anguish of consideration. "No," he added, with despair, "in none! I have gone down in all."

"Then," said the visitor, "content yourself with what you are, for you will never change; and the words of your part on this stage are irrevocably written down."

Markheim stood for a long while silent, and indeed it was the visitor who first broke the silence. "That being so," he said, "shall I show you the money?"

"And grace?" cried Markheim.

"Have you not tried it?" returned the other. "Two or three years ago, did I not see you on the platform of revival meetings, and was not your voice the loudest in the hymn?"

"It is true," said Markheim; "and I see clearly what remains for me by way of duty. I thank you for these lessons from my soul: my eyes are opened, and I behold myself at last for what I am."

At this moment, the sharp note of the door-bell rang through the house; and the visitant, as though this were some concerted signal for which he had been waiting, changed at once in his demeanor.

"The maid!" he cried. "She has returned, as I forewarned you, and there is now before you one more difficult passage. Her master, you must say, is ill; you must let her in, with an assured but rather serious countenance—no smiles, no overacting, and I promise you success! Once the girl within, and the door closed, the same dexterity that has already rid you of the dealer will relieve you of this last danger in your path. Thenceforward you have the whole evening—the whole night, if needful—to ransack the treasures of the house and to make good your safety. This is help that comes to you with the mask of danger. Up!" he cried: "up, friend; your life hangs trembling in the scales; up, and act!"

Markheim steadily regarded his counsellor. "If I be condemned to evil acts," he said, "there is still one door of freedom open—I can cease from action. If my life be an ill thing, I can lay it down. Though I be, as you say truly, at the beck of every small temptation, I can yet, by one decisive gesture, place myself beyond the reach of all. My love of good is damned to barrenness; it may, and let it be! But I have still my hatred of evil; and from that, to your galling disappointment, you shall see that I can draw both energy and courage."

The features of the visitor began to undergo a wonderful and lovely change; they brightened and softened with a tender triumph; and, even as they brightened, faded and dislimned. But Markheim did not pause to watch or understand the transformation. He opened the door and went downstairs very slowly, thinking to himself. His past went soberly before him; he beheld it as it was, ugly and strenuous like a dream, random as chance-medley—a scene of defeat. Life, as he thus reviewed it, tempted him no longer; but on the further side he perceived a quiet haven for his bark. He paused in the passage, and looked into the shop, where the candle still

burned by the dead body. It was strangely silent. Thoughts of the dealer swarmed into his mind, as he stood gazing. And then the bell once more broke out into impatient clamor.

He confronted the maid upon the threshold with something like a smile. "You had better go for the police," said he: "I have killed your master."

(1885)

RUDYARD KIPLING

The man who would be king

"Brother to a prince and fellow to a beggar if he be found worthy."

THE LAW, as quoted, lays down a fair conduct of life, and one not easy to follow. I have been fellow to a beggar again and again under circumstances which prevented either of us finding out whether the other was worthy. I have still to be brother to a prince, though I once came near to kinship with what might have been a veritable king and was promised the reversion of a kingdom—army, law-courts, revenue and policy all complete. But today I greatly fear that my king is dead, and if I want a crown I must go and hunt it for myself.

The beginning of everything was in a railway train upon the road to Mhow from Ajmir. There had been a Deficit in the Budget, which necessitated traveling not second-class, which is only half as dear as first-class, but by intermediate, which is very awful indeed. There are no cushions in the intermediate class, and the population are either intermediate, which is Eurasian, or native, which for a long night journey is nasty, or loafer, which is amusing though intoxicated. Intermediates do not patronize refreshment-rooms. They carry their food in bundles and pots, and buy sweets from the native sweetmeat sellers, and drink the roadside water. That is why in the hot weather intermediates are taken out of the carriages dead, and in all weathers are most properly looked down upon.

My particular intermediate happened to be empty till I reached Nasirabad, when a huge gentleman in shirt-sleeves entered and, following the custom of intermediates, passed the time of day. He was a wanderer and a vagabond like myself, but with an educated taste for whisky. He told tales of things he had seen and done, of out-of-the-way corners of the Empire into which he had penetrated, and of adventures in which he risked his life for a few days' food. "If India was filled with men like you and me, not knowing more

than the crows where they'd get their next day's rations, it isn't seventy millions of revenue the land would be paying—it's seven hundred millions," said he; and as I looked at his mouth and chin I was disposed to agree with him. We talked politics—the politics of loaferdom that sees things from the underside where the lath and plaster is not smoothed off—and we talked postal arrangements because my friend wanted to send a telegram back from the next station to Ajmir, which is the turning-off place from the Bombay to the Mhow line as you travel westward. My friend had no money beyond eight annas which he wanted for dinner, and I had no money at all, owing to the hitch in the Budget before mentioned. Further, I was going into a wilderness where, though I should resume touch with the Treasury, there were no telegraph offices. I was, therefore, unable to help him in any way.

"We might threaten a station-master to make him send a wire on tick," said my friend, "but that'd mean inquiries for you and for me, and I've got my hands full these days. Did you say you were traveling back along this line within any days?"

"Within ten," I said.

"Can't you make it eight?" said he. "Mine is rather urgent business."

"I can send your telegram within ten days if that will serve you," I said.

"I couldn't trust the wire to fetch him now I think of it. It's this way. He leaves Delhi on the 23d for Bombay. That means he'll be running through Ajmir about the night of the 23d."

"But I'm going into the Indian Desert," I explained.

"Well *and* good," said he. "You'll be changing at Marwar Junction to get into Jodhpore territory—you must do that—and he'll be coming through Marwar Junction in the early morning of the 24th by the Bombay Mail. Can you be at Marwar Junction on that time? 'Twon't be inconveniencing you, because I know that there's precious few pickings to be got out of those Central India States—even though you pretend to be correspondent of the *Backwoodsman.*"

"Have you ever tried that trick?" I asked.

"Again and again, but the Residents find you out, and then you get escorted to the Border before you've time to get your knife into them. But about my friend here. I *must* give him word o' mouth to tell him what's come to me or else he won't know where to go. I would take it more than kind of you if you was to come out of Central India in time to catch him at Marwar Junction, and say to him: 'He has gone south for the week.' He'll know what that means. He's a big man with a red beard, and a great swell he is. You'll find him sleeping like a gentleman with all his luggage round him in a second-class compartment. But don't you be afraid. Slip down the window and say: 'He has gone south for the week,' and he'll tumble. It's only cutting

your time of stay in those parts by two days. I ask you as a stranger—going to the west," he said with emphasis.

"Where have *you* come from?" said I.

"From the East," said he, "and I am hoping that you will give him the message on the square—for the sake of my mother as well as your own."

Englishmen are not usually softened by appeals to the memory of their mothers, but for certain reasons, which will be fully apparent, I saw fit to agree.

"It's more than a little matter," said he, "and that's why I ask you to do it —and now I know that I can depend on you doing it. A second-class carriage at Marwar Junction, and a red-haired man asleep in it. You'll be sure to remember. I get out at the next station, and I must hold on there till he comes or sends me what I want."

"I'll give the message if I catch him," I said, "and for the sake of your mother as well as mine I'll give you a word of advice. Don't try to run the Central India States just now as the correspondent of the *Backwoodsman.* There's a real one knocking about here, and it might lead to trouble."

"Thank you," said he simply, "and when will the swine be gone? I can't starve because he's ruining my work. I wanted to get hold of the Degumber Rajah down here about his father's widow, and give him a jump."

"What did he do to his father's widow, then?"

"Filled her up with red pepper and slippered her to death as she hung from a beam. I found that out myself and I'm the only man that would dare going into the state to get hush-money for it. They'll try to poison me, same as they did in Chortumna when I went on the loot there. But you'll give the man at Marwar Junction my message?"

He got out at a little roadside station, and I reflected. I had heard, more than once, of men personating correspondents of newspapers and bleeding small native states with threats of exposure, but I had never met any of the caste before. They lead a hard life, and generally die with great suddenness. The native states have a wholesome horror of English newspapers, which may throw light on their peculiar methods of government, and do their best to choke correspondents with champagne, or drive them out of their mind with four-in-hand barouches. They do not understand that nobody cares a straw for the internal administration of native states so long as oppression and crime are kept within decent limits, and the ruler is not drugged, drunk or diseased from one end of the year to the other. Native states were created by Providence in order to supply picturesque scenery, tigers and tall writing. They are the dark places of the earth, full of unimaginable cruelty, touching the Railway and the Telegraph on one side, and on the other the days of Harun-al-Raschid. When I left the train I did

business with divers kings, and in eight days passed through many changes of life. Sometimes I wore dress clothes and consorted with princes and politicals, drinking from crystal and eating from silver. Sometimes I lay out upon the ground and devoured what I could get from a plate made of a flapjack, and drank the running water, and slept under the same rug as my servant. It was all in the day's work.

Then I headed for the Great Indian Desert upon the proper date, as I had promised, and the night mail set me down at Marwar Junction, where a funny little happy-go-lucky, native-managed railway runs to Jodhpore. The Bombay Mail from Delhi makes a short halt at Marwar. She arrived as I got in, and I had just time to hurry to her platform and go down the carriages. There was only one second-class on the train. I slipped the window and looked down upon a flaming red beard, half-covered by a railway rug. That was my man, fast asleep, and I dug him gently in the ribs. He woke with a grunt and I saw his face in the light of the lamps. It was a great and shining face.

"Tickets again?" said he.

"No," said I. "I am to tell you that he is gone south for the week. He is gone south for the week!"

The train had begun to move out. The red man rubbed his eyes. "He has gone south for the week," he repeated. "Now that's just like his impidence. Did he say that I was to give you anything? 'Cause I won't."

"He didn't," I said and dropped away, and watched the red lights die out in the dark. It was horribly cold because the wind was blowing off the sands. I climbed into my own train—not an intermediate carriage this time —and went to sleep.

If the man with the beard had given me a rupee I should have kept it as a memento of a rather curious affair. But the consciousness of having done my duty was my only reward.

Later on I reflected that two gentlemen like my friends could not do any good if they foregathered and personated correspondents of newspapers, and might, if they "stuck up" one of the little rat-trap states of Central India or Southern Rajputana, get themselves into serious difficulties. I therefore took some trouble to describe them as accurately as I could remember to people who would be interested in deporting them: and succeeded, so I was later informed, in having them headed back from the Degumber borders.

Then I became respectable, and returned to an office where there were no kings and no incidents except the daily manufacture of a newspaper. A newspaper office seems to attract every conceivable sort of person to the prejudice of discipline. Zenana-mission ladies arrive, and beg that the editor will instantly abandon all his duties to describe a Christian prize-giving in a back slum of a perfectly inaccessible village; colonels who have been

overpassed for commands sit down and sketch the outline of a series of ten, twelve or twenty-four leading articles on Seniority versus Selection; missionaries wish to know why they have not been permitted to escape from their regular vehicles of abuse and swear at a brother missionary under special patronage of the editorial we; stranded theatrical companies troop up to explain that they cannot pay for their advertisements, but on their return from New Zealand or Tahiti will do so with interest; inventors of patent punkah-pulling machines, carriage couplings, and unbreakable swords and axle-trees call with specifications in their pockets and hours at their disposal; tea companies enter and elaborate their prospectuses with the office pens; secretaries of ball committees clamor to have the glories of their last dance more fully expounded; strange ladies rustle in and say: "I want a hundred lady's cards printed *at once*, please," which is manifestly part of an editor's duty; and every dissolute ruffian that ever tramped the Grand Trunk Road makes it his business to ask for employment as a proofreader. And, all the time, the telephone bell is ringing madly, and kings are being killed on the Continent, and empires are saying "You're another," and Mister Gladstone is calling down brimstone upon the British Dominions, and the little black copy boys are whining *"kaa-pi chay-ha-yeh"* (copy wanted) like tired bees, and most of the paper is as blank as Modred's shield.

But that is the amusing part of the year. There are other six months wherein none ever come to call, and the thermometer walks inch by inch up to the top of the glass, and the office is darkened to just above reading light, and the press machines are red-hot to touch, and nobody writes anything but accounts of amusements in the hill-stations, or obituary notices. Then the telephone becomes a tinkling terror, because it tells you of the sudden deaths of men and women that you knew intimately, and the prickly heat covers you as with a garment, and you sit down and write: "A slight increase of sickness is reported from the Khuda Janta Khan District. The outbreak is purely sporadic in its nature, and thanks to the energetic efforts of the district authorities, is now almost at an end. It is, however, with deep regret we record the death, etc."

Then the sickness really breaks out, and the less recording and reporting the better for the peace of the subscribers. But the empires and kings continue to divert themselves as selfishly as before, and the foreman thinks that a daily paper really ought to come out once in twenty-four hours, and all the people at the hill-stations in the middle of their amusements say: "Good gracious! Why can't the paper be sparkling? I'm sure there's plenty going on up here."

That is the dark half of the moon, and as the advertisements say, "must be experienced to be appreciated."

It was in that season, and a remarkably evil season, that the paper began

running the last issue of the week on Saturday night, which is to say Sunday morning, after the custom of a London paper. This was a great convenience, for immediately after the paper was put to bed the dawn would lower the thermometer from 96° to almost 84° for half an hour, and in that chill—you have no idea how cold is 84° on the grass until you begin to pray for it—a very tired man could set off to sleep ere the heat roused him.

One Saturday night it was my pleasant duty to put the paper to bed alone. A king or courtier or a courtesan or a community was going to die or get a new constitution, or do something that was important on the other side of the world, and the paper was to be held open till the latest possible minute in order to catch the telegram. It was a pitchy black night, as stifling as a June night can be, and the *loo,* the red-hot wind from the westward, was booming among the tinder-dry trees and pretending that the rain was on its heels. Now and again a spot of almost boiling water would fall on the dust with the flop of a frog, but all our weary world knew that was only pretense. It was a shade cooler in the press-room than the office, so I sat there while the type clicked and clicked, and the night-jars hooted at the windows, and the all but naked compositors wiped the sweat from their foreheads and called for water. The thing that was keeping us back, whatever it was, would not come off, though the *loo* dropped and the last type was set, and the whole round earth stood still in the choking heat, with its finger on its lip, to await the event. I drowsed, and wondered whether the telegraph was a blessing, and whether this dying man or struggling people was aware of the inconvenience the delay was causing. There was no special reason beyond the heat and worry to make tension, but as the clock hands crept up to three o'clock and the machines spun their flywheels two and three times to see that all was in order, before I said the word that would set them off, I could have shrieked aloud.

Then the roar and rattle of the wheels shivered the quiet into little bits. I rose to go away, but two men in white clothes stood in front of me. The first one said: "It's him!" The second said: "So it is!" And they both laughed almost as loudly as the machinery roared, and mopped their foreheads. "We see there was a light burning across the road and we were sleeping in that ditch there for coolness, and I said to my friend here: 'The office is open. Let's come along and speak to him as turned us back from the Degumber State,'" said the smaller of the two. He was the man I had met in the Mhow train, and his fellow was the red-bearded man of Marwar Junction. There was no mistaking the eyebrows of the one or the beard of the other.

I was not pleased, because I wished to go to sleep, not to squabble with loafers. "What do you want?" I asked.

"Half an hour's talk with you cool and comfortable, in the office," said

the red-bearded man. "We'd *like* some drink—the contrack doesn't begin yet, Peachey, so you needn't look—but what we really want is advice. We don't want money. We ask you as a favor, because you did us a bad turn about Degumber."

I led from the press-room to the stifling office with the maps on the walls, and the red-haired man rubbed his hands. "That's something like," said he. "This was the proper shop to come to. Now, sir, let me introduce to you Brother Peachey Carnehan, that's him, and Brother Daniel Dravot, that is *me,* and the less said about our professions the better, for we have been most things in our time. Soldier, sailor, compositor, photographer, proofreader, street preacher, and correspondents of the *Backwoodsman,* when we thought the paper wanted one. Carnehan is sober, and so am I. Look at us first and see that's sure. It will save you cutting into my talk. We'll take one of your cigars apiece, and you shall see us light it."

I watched the test: The men were absolutely sober, so I gave them each a tepid peg.

"Well *and* good," said Carnehan of the eyebrows, wiping the froth from his mustache. "Let me talk now, Dan. We have been all over India, mostly on foot. We have been boiler-fitters, engine-drivers, petty contractors, and all that, and we have decided that India isn't big enough for such as us."

They certainly were too big for the office. Dravot's beard seemed to fill half the room and Carnehan's shoulders the other half, as they sat on the big table. Carnehan continued: "The country isn't half worked out because they that governs it won't let you touch it. They spend all their blessed time in governing it, and you can't lift a spade, nor chip a rock, nor look for oil, nor anything like that without all the Government saying: 'Leave it alone and let us govern.' Therefore, such as it is, we will let it alone, and go away to some other place where a man isn't crowded and can come to his own. We are not little men, and there is nothing that we are afraid of except drink, and we have signed a contrack on that. *Therefore* we are going away to be kings."

"Kings in our own right," muttered Dravot.

"Yes, of course," I said. "You've been tramping in the sun, and it's a very warm night, and hadn't you better sleep over the notion? Come tomorrow."

"Neither drunk nor sunstruck," said Dravot. "We have slept over the notion half a year, and require to see books and atlases, and we have decided that there is only one place now in the world that two strong men can Sar-a-*whack.* They call it Kafiristan. By my reckoning it's the top right-hand corner of Afghanistan, not more than three hundred miles from Peshawar. They have two-and-thirty heathen idols there, and we'll be the thirty-third. It's a mountainous country, and the women of those parts are very beautiful."

"But that is provided against in the contrack," said Carnehan. "Neither women nor liquor, Daniel."

"And that's all we know, except that no one has gone there and they fight, and in any place where they fight a man who knows how to drill men can always be a king. We shall go to those parts and say to any king we find: 'D'you want to vanquish your foes?' and we will show him how to drill men; for that we know better than anything else. Then we will subvert that king and seize his throne and establish a dy-nasty."

"You'll be cut to pieces before you're fifty miles across the border," I said. "You have to travel through Afghanistan to get to that country. It's one mass of mountains and peaks and glaciers, and no Englishman has been through it. The people are utter brutes, and even if you reached them you couldn't do anything."

"That's more like," said Carnehan. "If you could think us a little more mad we would be more pleased. We have come to you to know about this country, to read a book about it, and to be shown maps. We want you to tell us that we are fools and to show us your books."

He turned to the bookcases.

"Are you at all in earnest?" I said.

"A little," said Dravot sweetly. "As big a map as you have got, even if it's all blank where Kafiristan is, and any books you've got. We can read, though we aren't very educated."

I uncased the big thirty-two-miles-to-the-inch map of India, and two smaller Frontier maps, hauled down volume Inf-Kan of the *Encyclopædia Britannica,* and the men consulted them.

"See here!" said Dravot, his thumb on the map. "Up to Jagdallak, Peachey and me know the road. We was there with Roberts's Army. We'll have to turn off to the right at Jagdallak through Laghmann territory. Then we get among the hills—fourteen thousand feet—fifteen thousand—it will be cold work there, but it don't look very far on the map."

I handed him Wood on the *Sources of the Oxus.* Carnehan was deep in the *Encyclopædia.*

"They're a mixed lot," said Dravot reflectively; "and it won't help us to know the names of their tribes. The more tribes the more they'll fight, and the better for us. From Jagdallak to Ashang. H'mm!"

"But all the information about the country is as sketchy and inaccurate as can be," I protested. "No one knows anything about it really. Here's the file of the *United Services' Institute.* Read what Bellew says."

"Blow Bellew!" said Carnehan. "Dan, they're an all-fired lot of heathens, but this book here says they think they're related to us English."

I smoked while the men pored over Raverty, Wood, the maps and the *Encyclopædia.*

"There is no use your waiting," said Dravot politely. "It's about four o'clock now. We'll go before six o'clock if you want to sleep, and we won't steal any of the papers. Don't you sit up. We're two harmless lunatics, and if you come tomorrow evening down to the Serai we'll say good-by to you."

"You *are* two fools," I answered. "You'll be turned back at the frontier or cut up the minute you set foot in Afghanistan. Do you want any money or a recommendation down-country? I can help you to the chance of work next week."

"Next week we shall be hard at work ourselves, thank you," said Dravot. "It isn't so easy being a king as it looks. When we've got our kingdom in going order we'll let you know, and you can come up and help us to govern it."

"Would two lunatics make a contrack like that?" said Carnehan, with subdued pride, showing me a greasy half-sheet of note-paper on which was written the following. I copied it, then and there, as a curiosity:

This Contract between me and you persuing witnesseth in the name of God—Amen and so forth.

(One) That me and you will settle this matter together: *i.e.,* to be Kings of Kafiristan.

(Two) That you and me will not, while this matter is being settled, look at any liquor, nor any woman black, white or brown, so as to get mixed up with one or the other harmful.

(Three) That we conduct ourselves with dignity and discretion, and if one of us gets into trouble the other will stay by him.

Signed by you and me this day.
Peachey Taliaferro Carnehan.
Daniel Dravot.
Both Gentlemen at Large.

"There was no need for the last article," said Carnehan, blushing modestly; "but it looks regular. Now you know the sort of men that loafers are—we *are* loafers, Dan, until we get out of India—and *do* you think that we would sign a contrack like that unless we was in earnest? We have kept away from the two things that make life worth having."

"You won't enjoy your lives much longer if you are going to try this idiotic adventure. Don't set the office on fire," I said, "and go away before nine o'clock."

I left them still poring over the maps and making notes on the back of the "contrack." "Be sure to come down to the Serai tomorrow," were their parting words.

The Kumharsen Serai is the great four-square sink of humanity where the strings of camels and horses from the North load and unload. All the nationalities of Central Asia may be found there, and most of the folk of India proper. Balkh and Bokhara there meet Bengal and Bombay, and try to draw eye-teeth. You can buy ponies, turquoises, Persian pussy-cats, saddle-bags, fat-tailed sheep and musk in the Kumharsen Serai, and get many strange things for nothing. In the afternoon I went down there to see whether my friends intended to keep their word or were lying about drunk.

A priest attired in fragments of ribbons and rags stalked up to me, gravely twisting a child's paper whirligig. Behind him was his servant bending under the load of a crate of mud toys. The two were loading up two camels, and the inhabitants of the Serai watched them with shrieks of laughter.

"The priest is mad," said a horse-dealer to me. "He is going up to Kabul to sell toys to the Amir. He will either be raised to honor or have his head cut off. He came in here this morning and has been behaving madly ever since."

"The witless are under the protection of God," stammered a flat-cheeked Usbeg in broken Hindi. "They foretell future events."

"Would they could have foretold that my caravan would have been cut up by the Shinwaris almost within shadow of the Pass!" grunted the Eusufzai agent of a Rajputana trading-house whose goods had been feloniously diverted into the hands of other robbers just across the border, and whose misfortunes were the laughing-stock of the bazaar. "Ohé, priest, whence come you and whither do you go?"

"From Roum have I come," shouted the priest, waving his whirligig; "from Roum, blown by the breath of a hundred devils across the sea! O thieves, robbers, liars, the blessing of Pir Khan on pigs, dogs and perjurers! Who will take the Protected of God to the north to sell charms that are never still to the Amir? The camels shall not gall, the sons shall not fall sick, and the wives shall remain faithful while they are away, of the men who give me place in their caravan. Who will assist me to slipper the King of the Roos with a golden slipper with a silver heel? The protection of Pir Khan be upon his labors!" He spread out the skirts of his gabardine and pirouetted between the lines of tethered horses.

"There starts a caravan from Peshawar to Kabul in twenty days, *Huzrut,*" said the Eusufzai trader. "My camels go therewith. Do thou also go and bring us good-luck."

"I will go even now!" shouted the priest. "I will depart upon my winged camels, and be at Peshawar in a day! Ho! Hazar Mir Khan," he yelled to his servant, "drive out the camels, but let me first mount my own."

He leaped on the back of his beast as it knelt, and, turning round to me,

cried: "Come thou also, Sahib, a little along the road, and I will sell thee a charm—an amulet that shall make thee King of Kafiristan."

Then the light broke upon me, and I followed the two camels out of the Serai till we reached open road and the priest halted.

"What d'you think o' that?" said he in English. "Carnehan can't talk their patter, so I've made him my servant. He makes a handsome servant. 'Tisn't for nothing that I've been knocking about the country for fourteen years. Didn't I do that talk neat? We'll hitch on to a caravan at Peshawar till we get to Jagdallak, and then we'll see if we can get donkeys for our camels, and strike into Kafiristan. Whirligigs for the Amir, O Lor'! Put your hand under the camel-bags and tell me what you feel."

I felt the butt of a Martini, and another and another.

"Twenty of 'em," said Dravot placidly. "Twenty of 'em, and ammunition to correspond, under the whirligigs and the mud dolls."

"Heaven help you if you are caught with those things!" I said. "A Martini is worth her weight in silver among the Pathans."

"Fifteen hundred rupees of capital—every rupee we could beg, borrow, or steal—are invested on these two camels," said Dravot. "We won't get caught. We're going through the Khaiber with a regular caravan. Who'd touch a poor mad priest?"

"Have you got everything you want?" I asked, overcome with astonishment.

"Not yet, but we shall soon. Give us a memento of your kindness, *Brother.* You did me a service yesterday, and that time in Marwar. Half my kingdom shall you have, as the saying is." I slipped a small charm compass from my watch-chain and handed it up to the priest.

"Good-by," said Dravot, giving me his hand cautiously. "It's the last time we'll shake hands with an Englishman these many days. Shake hands with him, Carnehan," he cried, as the second camel passed me.

Carnehan leaned down and shook hands. Then the camels passed away along the dusty road, and I was left alone to wonder. My eye could detect no failure in the disguises. The scene in the Serai attested that they were complete to the native mind. There was just the chance, therefore, that Carnehan and Dravot would be able to wander through Afghanistan without detection. But, beyond, they would find death, certain and awful death.

Ten days later a native friend of mine, giving me the news of the day from Peshawar, wound up his letter with: "There has been much laughter here on account of a certain mad priest who is going in his estimation to sell petty gauds and insignificant trinkets which he ascribes as great charms to H. H. the Amir of Bokhara. He passed through Peshawar and associated

himself to the Second Summer caravan that goes to Kabul. The merchants are pleased because through superstition they imagine that such mad fellows bring good fortune."

The two, then, were beyond the border. I would have prayed for them, but that night a real king died in Europe, and demanded an obituary notice.

THE WHEEL of the world swings through the same phases again and again. Summer passed and winter thereafter, and came and passed again. The daily paper continued and I with it, and upon the third summer there fell a hot night, a night-issue, and a strained waiting for something to be telegraphed from the other side of the world, exactly as had happened before. A few great men had died in the past two years, the machines worked with more clatter and some of the trees in the office garden were a few feet taller. But that was all the difference.

I passed over to the press-room, and went through just such a scene as I have already described. The nervous tension was stronger than it had been two years before and I felt the heat more acutely. At three o'clock I cried "Print off," and turned to go, when there crept to my chair what was left of a man. He was bent into a circle, his head was sunk between his shoulders, and he moved his feet one over the other like a bear. I could hardly see whether he walked or crawled—this rag-wrapped, whining cripple who addressed me by name, crying that he was come back. "Can you give me a drink?" he whimpered. "For the Lord's sake, give me a drink!"

I went back to the office, the man following with groans of pain, and I turned up the lamp.

"Don't you know me?" he gasped, dropping into a chair, and he turned his drawn face, surmounted by a shock of gray hair, to the light.

I looked at him intently. Once before had I seen eyebrows that met over the nose in an inch-broad black band, but for the life of me I could not tell where.

"I don't know you," I said, handing him the whisky. "What can I do for you?"

He took a gulp of the spirit raw, and shivered in spite of the suffocating heat.

"I've come back," he repeated; "and I was the King of Kafiristan—me and Dravot—crowned kings we was! In this office we settled it—you setting there and giving us the books. I am Peachey—Peachey Taliaferro Carnehan, and you've been setting here ever since—O Lord!"

I was more than a little astonished and expressed my feelings accordingly.

"It's true," said Carnehan, with a dry cackle, nursing his feet, which were wrapped in rags. "True as gospel, kings we were, with crowns upon our

heads—me and Dravot—poor Dan—oh, poor, poor Dan, that would never take advice, not though I begged of him!"

"Take the whisky," I said, "and take your own time. Tell me all you can recollect of everything from beginning to end. You got across the border on your camels, Dravot dressed as a mad priest, and you his servant. Do you remember that?"

"I ain't mad—yet, but I shall be that way soon. Of course I remember. Keep looking at me, or maybe my words will go all to pieces. Keep looking at me in my eyes and don't say anything."

I leaned forward and looked into his face as steadily as I could. He dropped one hand upon the table and I grasped it by the wrist. It was twisted like a bird's claw, and upon the back was a ragged, red, diamond-shaped scar.

"No, don't look there. Look at *me*," said Carnehan. "That comes afterwards, but for the Lord's sake don't distrack me. We left with that caravan, me and Dravot playing all sorts of antics to amuse the people we were with. Dravot used to make us laugh in the evening when all the people was cooking their dinners—cooking their dinners, and . . . what did they do then? They lit little fires with sparks that went into Dravot's beard, and we all laughed—fit to die. Little red fires they was, going into Dravot's big red beard—so funny." His eyes left mine and he smiled foolishly.

"You went as far as Jagdallak with that caravan," I said at a venture, "after you had lit those fires. To Jagdallak, where you turned off to try to get into Kafiristan."

"No, we didn't neither. What are you talking about? We turned off before Jagdallak, because we heard the roads was good. But they wasn't good enough for our two camels—mine and Dravot's. When we left the caravan Dravot took off all his clothes and mine too, and said we would be heathen, because the Kafirs didn't allow Mohammedans to talk to them. So we dressed betwixt and between, and such a sight as Daniel Dravot I never saw yet nor expect to see again. He burned half his beard, and slung a sheepskin over his shoulder, and shaved his head into patterns. He shaved mine, too, and made me wear outrageous things to look like a heathen. That was in a most mountainous country, and our camels couldn't go along any more because of the mountains. They were tall and black, and coming home I saw them fight like wild goats—there are lots of goats in Kafiristan. And these mountains, they never keep still, no more than the goats. Always fighting they are, and don't let you sleep at night."

"Take some more whisky," I said very slowly. "What did you and Daniel Dravot do when the camels could go no farther because of the rough roads that led into Kafiristan?"

"What did which do? There was a party called Peachey Taliaferro Carne-

han that was with Dravot. Shall I tell you about him? He died out there in the cold. Slap from the bridge fell old Peachey, turning and twisting in the air like a penny whirligig that you can sell to the Amir.—No; they was two for three ha'pence, those whirligigs, or I am much mistaken and woeful sore. And then these camels were no use, and Peachey said to Dravot: 'For the Lord's sake, let's get out of this before our heads are chopped off,' and with that they killed the camels all among the mountains, not having anything in particular to eat, but first they took off the boxes with the guns and the ammunition, till two men came along driving four mules. Dravot up and dances in front of them, singing: 'Sell me four mules.' Says the first man: 'If you are rich enough to buy you are rich enough to rob'; but before ever he could put his hand to his knife Dravot breaks his neck over his knee, and the other party runs away. So Carnehan loaded the mules with the rifles that was taken off the camels, and together we starts forward into those bitter cold mountainous parts, and never a road broader than the back of your hand."

He paused for a moment, while I asked him if he could remember the nature of the country through which he had journeyed.

"I am telling you as straight as I can, but my head isn't as good as it might be. They drove nails through it to make me hear better how Dravot died. The country was mountainous and the mules were most contrary, and the inhabitants was dispersed and solitary. They went up and up, and down and down, and that other party, Carnehan, was imploring of Dravot not to sing and whistle so loud, for fear of bringing down the tremenjus avalanches. But Dravot says that if a king couldn't sing it wasn't worth being king, and whacked the mules over the rump, and never took no heed for ten cold days. We came to a big level valley all among the mountains, and the mules were near dead, so we killed them, not having anything in special for them or us to eat. We sat upon the boxes, and played odd and even with the cartridges that was jolted out.

"Then ten men with bows and arrows ran down that valley chasing twenty men with bows and arrows, and the row was tremenjus. They was fair men —fairer than you or me—with yellow hair and remarkable well built. Says Dravot, unpacking the guns: 'This is the beginning of the business. We'll fight for the ten men,' and with that he fires two rifles at the twenty men, and drops one of them at two hundred yards from the rock where we was sitting. The other men began to run, but Carnehan and Dravot sits on the boxes picking them off at all ranges, up and down the valley. Then we goes up to the ten men that had run across the snow, too, and they fires a footy little arrow at us. Dravot he shoots above their heads and they all falls down flat. Then he walks over them and kicks them, and then he lifts them

up and shakes hands all around to make them friendly like. He calls them and gives them the boxes to carry, and waves his hand for all the world as though he was king already. They take the boxes and him across the valley and up the hill into a pine wood on the top, where there was half a dozen big stone idols. Dravot he goes to the biggest—a fellow they call Imbra—and lays a rifle and a cartridge at his feet, rubbing his nose respectful with his own nose, patting him on the head, and saluting in front of it. He turns round to the men and nods his head, and says 'That's all right. I'm in the know, too, and all these old jim-jams are my friends.' Then he opens his mouth and points down it, and when the first man brings him food, he says—'No'; and when the second man brings him food, he says—'No'; but when one of the old priests and the boss of the village brings him food, he says—'Yes,' very haughty, and eats it slow. That was how we came to our first village, without any trouble, just as though we had tumbled from the skies. But we tumbled from one of those damned rope-bridges, you see, and you couldn't expect a man to laugh much after that."

"Take some more whisky and go on," I said. "That was the first village you came into. How did you get to be king?"

"I wasn't king," said Carnehan. "Dravot he was the king, and a handsome man he looked with the gold crown on his head and all. Him and the other party stayed in that village, and every morning Dravot sat by the side of old Imbra, and the people came and worshiped. That was Dravot's order. Then a lot of men came into the valley, and Carnehan and Dravot picks them off with the rifles before they knew where they was, and runs down into the valley and up again the other side, and finds another village, same as the first one, and the people all falls down flat on their faces, and Dravot says, 'Now what is the trouble between you two villages?' and the people points to a woman, as fair as you or me, that was carried off, and Dravot takes her back to the first village and counts up the dead—eight there was. For each dead man Dravot pours a little milk on the ground and waves his arms like a whirligig and 'That's all right,' says he. Then he and Carnehan takes the big boss of each village by the arm and walks them down into the valley, and shows them how to scratch a line with a spear right down the valley, and gives each a sod of turf from both sides o' the line. Then all the people comes down and shouts like the devil and all, and Dravot says, 'Go and dig the land, and be fruitful and multiply,' which they did, though they didn't understand. Then we asks the names of things in their lingo—bread and water and fire and idols and such, and Dravot leads the priest of each village up to the idol, and says he must sit there and judge the people, and if anything goes wrong he is to be shot.

"Next week they was all turning up the land in the valley as quiet as bees

and much prettier, and the priests heard all the complaints and told Dravot in dumb show what it was about. 'That's just the beginning,' says Dravot. 'They think we're gods.' He and Carnehan picks out twenty good men and shows them how to click off a rifle and form fours, and advance in line, and they was very pleased to do so, and clever to see the hang of it. Then he takes out his pipe and his baccy-pouch and leaves one at one village and one at the other, and off we two goes to see what was to be done in the next valley. That was all rock, and there was a little village there, and Carnehan says,—'Send 'em to the old valley to plant,' and takes 'em there and gives 'em some land that wasn't took before. They were a poor lot, and we blooded 'em with a kid before letting 'em into the new kingdom. That was to impress the people, and then they settled down quiet, and Carnehan went back to Dravot, who had got into another valley all snow and ice and most mountainous. There was no people there and the army got afraid, so Dravot shoots one of them, and goes on till he finds some people in a village, and the army explains that unless the people wants to be killed they had better not shoot their little matchlocks; for they had matchlocks. We makes friends with the priest and I stays there alone with two of the army, teaching the men how to drill, and a thundering big chief comes across the snow with kettle-drums and horns twanging, because he heard there was a new god kicking about. Carnehan sights for the brown of the men half a mile across the snow and wings one of them. Then he sends a message to the chief that, unless he wished to be killed, he must come and shake hands with me and leave his arms behind. The chief comes alone first, and Carnehan shakes hands with him and whirls his arms about same as Dravot used, and very much surprised that chief was, and strokes my eyebrows. Then Carnehan goes alone to the chief and asks him in dumb show if he had an enemy he hated. 'I have,' said the chief. So Carnehan weeds out the pick of his men, and sets the two of the army to show them drill and at the end of two weeks the men can maneuver about as well as volunteers. So he marches with the chief to a great big plain on the top of a mountain, and the chief's men rushes into a village and takes it; we three Martinis firing into the brown of the enemy. So we took that village too, and I gives the chief a rag from my coat, and says, 'Occupy till I come,' which was Scriptural. By way of a reminder, when me and the army was eighteen hundred yards away, I drops a bullet near him standing on the snow, and all the people falls flat on their faces. Then I sends a letter to Dravot, wherever he be by land or by sea."

At the risk of throwing the creature out of train I interrupted, "How could you write a letter up yonder?"

"The letter? Oh! The letter! Keep looking at me between the eyes, please.

It was a string-talk letter, that we'd learned the way of it from a blind beggar in the Punjab."

I remembered that there had once come to the office a blind man with a knotted twig and a piece of string which he wound round the twig according to some cipher of his own. He could, after the lapse of days or hours, repeat the sentence which he had reeled up. He had reduced the alphabet to eleven primitive sounds; and tried to teach me his method, but failed.

"I sent that letter to Dravot," said Carnehan; "and told him to come back because this kingdom was growing too big for me to handle, and then I struck for the first valley, to see how the priests were working. They called the village we took along with the chief, Bashkai, and the first village we took Er-Heb. The priests at Er-Heb was doing all right, but they had a lot of pending cases about land to show me, and some men from another village had been firing arrows at night. I went out and looked for that village and fired four rounds at it from a thousand yards. That used all the cartridges I cared to spend, and I waited for Dravot, who had been away two or three months, and I kept my people quiet.

"One morning I heard the devil's own noise of drums and horns, and Dan Dravot marches down the hill with his army and a tail of hundreds of men, and, which was the most amazing—a great gold crown on his head. 'My Gord, Carnehan,' says Daniel, 'this is a tremenjus business, and we've got the whole country as far as it's worth having. I am the son of Alexander by Queen Semiramis, and you're my younger brother and a god too! It's the biggest thing we've ever seen. I've been marching and fighting for six weeks with the army, and every footy little village for fifty miles has come in rejoiceful; and more than that, I've got the key of the whole show, as you'll see, and I've got a crown for you! I told 'em to make two of 'em at a place called Shu, where the gold lies in the rock like suet in mutton. Gold I've seen, and turquoise I've kicked out of the cliffs, and there's garnets in the sands of the river, and here's a chunk of amber that a man brought me. Call up all the priests and, here, take your crown.'

"One of the men opens a black hair bag and I slips the crown on. It was too small and too heavy, but I wore it for the glory. Hammered gold it was —five-pound weight, like a hoop of a barrel.

" 'Peachey,' says Dravot, 'we don't want to fight no more. The craft's the trick, so help me!' and he brings forward that same chief that I left at Bashkai—Billy Fish we called him afterwards, because he was so like Billy Fish that drove the big tank-engine at Mach on the Bolan in the old days. 'Shake hands with him,' says Dravot, and I shook hands and nearly dropped, for Billy Fish gave me the grip. I said nothing, but tried him with the fellow-craft grip. He answers all right, and I tried the master's grip, but that was

a slip. 'A fellowcraft he is!' I says to Dan. 'Does he know the word?' 'He does,' says Dan, 'and all the priests know. It's a miracle! The chiefs and the priests can work a fellowcraft lodge in a way that's very like ours, and they've cut the marks on the rocks, but they don't know the third degree, and they've come to find out. It's Gord's truth. I've known these long years that the Afghans knew up to the fellowcraft degree, but this is a miracle. A god and a grand-master of the craft am I, and a lodge in the third degree I will open, and we'll raise the head priests and the chiefs of the villages.'

" 'It's against all the law,' I says, 'holding a lodge without warrant from any one; and we never held office in any lodge.'

" 'It's a master-stroke of policy,' says Dravot. 'It means running the country as easy as a four-wheeled bogy on a down grade. We can't stop to inquire now, or they'll turn against us. I've forty chiefs at my heel, and passed and raised according to their merit they shall be. Billet these men on the villages, and see that we run up a lodge of some kind. The temple of Imbra will do for the lodge room. The women must make aprons as you show them. I'll hold a levee of chiefs tonight and lodge tomorrow.'

"I was fair run off my legs, but I wasn't such a fool as not to see what a pull this craft business gave us. I showed the priests' families how to make aprons of the degrees, but for Dravot's apron the blue border and marks was made of turquoise lumps on white hide, not cloth. We took a great square stone in the temple for the master's chair, and little stones for the officers' chairs, and painted the black pavement with white squares, and did what we could to make things regular.

"At the levee which was held that night on the hillside with big bonfires, Dravot gives out that him and me were gods and sons of Alexander, and past grand-masters in the craft, and was come to make Kafiristan a country where every man should eat in peace and drink in quiet, and specially obey us. Then the chiefs come round to shake hands, and they was so hairy and white and fair it was just shaking hands with old friends. We gave them names according as they were like men we had known in India—Billy Fish, Holly Dilworth, Pikky Kargan that was bazaar-master when I was at Mhow, and so on and so on.

"*The* most amazing miracle was at lodge next night. One of the old priests was watching us continuous, and I felt uneasy, for I knew we'd have to fudge the ritual, and I didn't know what the men knew. The old priest was a stranger come in from beyond the village of Bashkai. The minute Dravot puts on the master's apron that the girls had made for him, the priest fetches a whoop and a howl, and tries to overturn the stone that Dravot was sitting on. 'It's all up now,' I says. 'That comes of meddling with the craft without warrant!' Dravot never winked an eye, not when ten priests took

and tilted over the grand-master's chair—which was to say the stone of Imbra. The priest begins rubbing the bottom of it to clear away the black dirt, and presently he shows all the other priests the master's mark, same as was on Dravot's apron, cut into the stone. Not even the priests of the temple of Imbra knew it was there. The old chap falls flat on his face at Dravot's feet and kisses 'em. 'Luck again,' says Dravot, across the lodge to me, 'they say it's the missing mark that no one could understand the why of. We're more than safe now.' Then he bangs the butt of his gun for a gavel and says: 'By virtue of the authority vested in me by my own right hand and the help of Peachey, I declare myself Grand-Master of all Freemasonry in Kafiristan in this the mother lodge o' the country, and King of Kafiristan equally with Peachey!' At that he puts on his crown and I puts on mine—I was doing senior warden—and we opens the lodge in most ample form. It was an amazing miracle! The priests moved in lodge through the first two degrees almost without telling, as if the memory was coming back to them. After that Peachey and Dravot raised such as was worthy—high priests and chiefs of far-off villages. Billy Fish was the first, and I can tell you we scared the soul out of him. It was not in any way according to ritual, but it served our turn. We didn't raise more than ten of the biggest men because we didn't want to make the degree common. And they was clamoring to be raised.

" 'In another six months,' says Dravot, 'we'll hold another communication and see how you are working.' Then he asks them about their villages, and learns that they was fighting one against the other and were fair sick and tired of it. And when they wasn't doing that they was fighting with the Mohammedans. 'You can fight those when they come into our country,' says Dravot. 'Tell off every tenth man of your tribes for a frontier guard, and send two hundred at a time to this valley to be drilled. Nobody is going to be shot or speared any more so long as he does well, and I know that you won't cheat me because you're white people—sons of Alexander—and not like common, black Mohammedans. You are *my* people, and by God,' says he, running off into English at the end—'I'll make a damned fine nation of you, or I'll die in the making!'

"I can't tell all we did for the next six months, because Dravot did a lot I couldn't see the hang of, and he learned their lingo in a way I never could. My work was to help the people plow, and now and again go out with some of the army and see what the other villages were doing, and make 'em throw rope bridges across the ravines which cut up the country horrid. Dravot was very kind to me, but when he walked up and down in the pine wood pulling that bloody red beard of his with both fists I knew he was thinking plans I could not advise him about and I just waited for orders.

"But Dravot never showed me disrespect before the people. They were

afraid of me and the army, but they loved Dan. He was the best of friends with the priests and the chiefs; but any one could come across the hills with a complaint and Dravot would hear him out fair and call four priests together and say what was to be done. He used to call in Billy Fish from Bashkai and Pikky Kargan from Shu, and an old chief we called Kefuzelum —it was like enough to his real name—and held councils with 'em when there was any fighting to be done in small villages. That was his Council of War, and the four priests of Bashkai, Shu, Khawak and Madora was his Privy Council. Between the lot of 'em they sent me, with forty men and twenty rifles, and sixty men carrying turquoises, into the Ghorband country to buy those hand-made Martini rifles that come out of the Amir's workshops at Kabul, from one of the Amir's Herati regiments that would have sold the very teeth out of their mouths for turquoises.

"I stayed in Ghorband a month, and gave the Governor there the pick of my baskets for hush-money, and bribed the colonel of the regiment some more, and between the two and the tribes people, we got more than a hundred hand-made Martinis, a hundred good Kohat Jezails that'll throw to six hundred yards, and forty man-loads of very bad ammunition for the rifles. I came back with what I had, and distributed 'em among the men that the chiefs sent in to me to drill. Dravot was too busy to attend to those things, but the old army that we first made helped me, and we turned out five hundred men that could drill, and two hundred that knew how to hold arms pretty straight. Even those cork-screwed, hand-made guns was a miracle to them. Dravot talked big about powder-shops and factories, walking up and down in the pine wood when the winter was coming on.

" 'I won't make a nation,' says he. 'I'll make an empire! These men aren't niggers; they're English! Look at their eyes—look at their mouths. Look at the way they stand up. They sit on chairs in their own houses. They're the Lost Tribes, or something like it, and they've grown to be English. I'll take a census in the spring if the priests don't get frightened. There must be fair two million of 'em in these hills. The villages are full o' little children. Two million people—two hundred and fifty thousand fighting men—and all English! They only want the rifles and a little drilling. Two hundred and fifty thousand men, ready to cut in on Russia's right flank when she tries for India! Peachey, man,' he says, chewing his beard in great hunks, 'we shall be emperors—emperors of the earth. Rajah Brooke will be a suckling to us. I'll treat with the Viceroy on equal terms. I'll ask him to send me twelve picked English—twelve that I know of—to help us govern a bit. There's Mackray, Sergeant-pensioner at Segowli—many's the good dinner he's given me, and his wife a pair of trousers. There's Donkin, the Warder of Tounghoo Jail; there's hundreds that I could lay my hands on if I was in India.

The Viceroy shall do it for me. I'll send a man through in the spring for those men, and I'll write for a dispensation from the grand lodge for what I've done as grand master. That—and all the Sniders that'll be thrown out when the native troops in India take up the Martini. They'll be worn smooth, but they'll do for fighting in these hills. Twelve English, a hundred thousand Sniders run through the Amir's country in driblets—I'd be content with twenty thousand in one year—and we'd be an empire. When everything was shipshape, I'd hand over the crown—this crown I'm wearing now—to Queen Victoria on my knees, and she'd say: "Rise up, Sir Daniel Dravot." Oh, it's big! It's big, I tell you! But there's so much to be done in every place—Bashkai, Khawak, Shu, and everywhere else.'

"'What is it?' I says. 'There are no more men coming in to be drilled this autumn. Look at those fat, black clouds. They're bringing the snow.'

"'It isn't that,' says Daniel, putting his hand very hard on my shoulder; 'and I don't wish to say anything that's against you, for no other living man would have followed me and made me what I am as you have done. You're a first-class commander-in-chief, and the people know you; but—it's a big country, and somehow you can't help me, Peachey, in the way I want to be helped.'

"'Go to your blasted priests, then!' I said, and I was sorry when I made that remark, but it did hurt me sore to find Daniel talking so superior when I'd drilled all the men, and done all he told me.

"'Don't let's quarrel, Peachey,' says Daniel without cursing. 'You're a king too, and the half of this kingdom is yours; but can't you see, Peachey, we want cleverer men than us now—three or four of 'em, that we can scatter about for our deputies. It's a huge great state, and I can't always tell the right thing to do, and I haven't time for all I want to do, and here's the winter coming on and all.' He put half his beard into his mouth, and it was as red as the gold of his crown.

"'I'm sorry, Daniel,' says I. 'I've done all I could. I've drilled the men and shown the people how to stack their oats better; and I've brought in those tinware rifles from Ghorband—but I know what you're driving at. I take it kings always feel oppressed that way.'

"'There's another thing, too,' says Dravot, walking up and down. 'The winter's coming and these people won't be giving much trouble, and if they do we can't move about. I want a wife.'

"'For Gord's sake leave the women alone!' I says. 'We've both got all the work we can, though I *am* a fool. Remember the contrack and keep clear o' women.'

"'The contrack only lasted till such time as we was kings; and kings we have been these months past,' says Dravot, weighing his crown in his hand.

'You go get a wife too, Peachey, a nice, strappin', plump girl that'll keep you warm in the winter. They're prettier than English girls, and we can take the pick of 'em. Boil 'em once or twice in hot water, and they'll come as fair as chicken and ham.'

"'Don't tempt me!' I says. 'I will not have any dealings with a woman, not till we are a dam' side more settled than we are now. I've been doing the work o' two men and you've been doing the work o' three. Let's lie off a bit, and see if we can get some better tobacco from Afghan country and run in some good liquor; but no women.'

"'Who's talking o' *women?*' says Dravot. 'I said *wife*—a queen to breed a king's son for the king. A queen out of the strongest tribe, that'll make them your blood-brothers, and that'll lie by your side and tell you all the people thinks about you and their own affairs. That's what I want.'

"'Do you remember that Bengali woman I kept at Mogul Serai when I was a plate layer?' says I. 'A fat lot o' good she was to me. She taught me the lingo and one or two other things; but what happened? She ran away with the station master's servant and half my month's pay. Then she turned up at Dadur Junction in tow of a half-caste, and had the impidence to say I was her husband—all among the drivers in the running-shed.'

"'We've done with that,' says Dravot. 'These women are whiter than you or me, and a queen I will have for the winter months.'

"'For the last time o' asking, Dan, do *not*,' I says. 'It'll only bring us harm. The Bible says that kings ain't to waste their strength on women, 'specially when they've got a new raw kingdom to work over.'

"'For the last time of answering I will,' says Dravot, and he went away through the pine-trees looking like a big red devil. The low sun hit his crown and beard on one side, and the two blazed like hot coals.

"But getting a wife was not as easy as Dan thought. He put it before the Council, and there was no answer till Billy Fish said he'd better ask the girls. Dravot damned them all round. 'What's wrong with me?' he shouts, standing by the idol Imbra. 'Am I a dog or am I not enough of a man for your wenches? Haven't I put the shadow of my hand over this country? Who stopped the last Afghan raid?' It was me really, but Dravot was too angry to remember. 'Who bought your guns? Who repaired the bridges? Who's the grand master of the sign cut in the stone?' and he thumped his hand on the block that he used to sit on in lodge, and at council, which opened like lodge always. Billy Fish said nothing and no more did the others. 'Keep your hair on, Dan,' said I, 'and ask the girls. That's how it's done at home, and these people are quite English.'

"'The marriage of the king is a matter of state,' says Dan, in a white-hot

rage, for he could feel, I hope, that he was going against his better mind. He walked out of the council room, and the others sat still, looking at the ground.

" 'Billy Fish,' says I to the Chief of the Bashkai, 'what's the difficulty here? A straight answer to a true friend.' 'You know,' says Billy Fish. 'How should a man tell you, who knows everything? How can daughters of men marry gods or devils? It's not proper.'

"I remembered something like that in the Bible; but if, after seeing us as long as they had, they still believed we were gods, it wasn't for me to undeceive them.

" 'A god can do anything,' says I. 'If the king is fond of a girl he'll not let her die.' 'She'll have to,' said Billy Fish. 'There are all sorts of gods and devils in these mountains, and now and again a girl marries one of them and isn't seen any more. Besides, you two know the mark cut in the stone. Only the gods know that. We thought you were men till you showed the sign of the master.'

"I wished then that we had explained about the loss of the genuine secrets of a Master Mason at the first go-off; but I said nothing. All that night there was a blowing of horns in a little dark temple half-way down the hill and I heard a girl crying fit to die. One of the priests told us that she was being prepared to marry the king.

" 'I'll have no nonsense of that kind,' says Dan. 'I don't want to interfere with your customs, but I'll take my own wife.' 'The girl's a little bit afraid,' says the priest. 'She thinks she's going to die, and they are aheartening her up down in the temple.'

" 'Hearten her very tender, then,' says Dravot, 'or I'll hearten you with the butt of a gun so that you'll never want to be heartened again.' He licked his lips, did Dan, and stayed up walking about more than half the night, thinking of the wife that he was going to get in the morning. I wasn't any means comfortable, for I knew that dealings with a woman in foreign parts, though you was crowned king twenty times over, could not but be risky. I got up very early in the morning while Dravot was asleep, and I saw the priests talking together in whispers, and the chiefs talking together, too, and they looked at me out of the corners of their eyes.

" 'What is up, Fish?' I says to the Bashkai man, who was wrapped up in his furs and looking splendid to behold.

" 'I can't rightly say,' says he; 'but if you can induce the king to drop all this nonsense about marriage you'll be doing him and me and yourself a great service.'

" 'That I do believe,' says I. 'But sure, you know, Billy, as well as me,

having fought against and for us, that the king and me are nothing more than two of the finest men that God Almighty ever made. Nothing more, I do assure you.'

"'That may be,' says Billy Fish, 'and yet I should be sorry if it was.' He sinks his head upon his great fur coat for a minute and thinks. 'King,' says he, 'be you man or god or devil, I'll stick by you today. I have twenty of my men with me, and they will follow me. We'll go to Bashkai until the storm blows over.'

"A little snow had fallen in the night, and everything was white except the greasy fat clouds that blew down and down from the north. Dravot came out with his crown on his head, swinging his arms and stamping his feet, and looking more pleased than Punch.

"'For the last time drop it, Dan,' says I in a whisper. 'Billy Fish here says that there will be a row.'

"'A row among my people!' says Dravot. 'Not much. Peachey, you're a fool not to get a wife too. Where's the girl?' says he with a voice as loud as the braying of a jackass. 'Call up all the chiefs and priests, and let the emperor see if his wife suits him.'

"There was no need to call any one. They were all there leaning on their guns and spears round the clearing in the center of the pine wood. A deputation of priests went down to the little temple to bring up the girl, and the horns blew fit to wake the dead. Billy Fish saunters round and gets as close to Daniel as he could, and behind him stood his twenty men with matchlocks. Not a man of them under six feet. I was next to Dravot, and behind me was twenty men of the regular army. Up comes the girl, and a strapping wench she was, covered with silver and turquoises, but white as death, and looking back every minute at the priests.

"'She'll do,' said Dan, looking her over. 'What's to be afraid of, lass? Come and kiss me.' He puts his arm round her. She shuts her eyes, gives a bit of a squeak, and down goes her face in the side of Dan's flaming red beard.

"'The slut's bitten me!' says he, clapping his hand to his neck; and sure enough his hand was red with blood. Billy Fish and two of his matchlockmen catches hold of Dan by the shoulders and drags him into the Bashkai lot, while the priests howls in their lingo, 'Neither god nor devil but a man!' I was all taken aback, for a priest cut at me in front, and the army began firing into the Bashkai men.

"'God A'mighty!' says Dan. 'What is the meaning o' this?'

"'Come back! Come away!' says Billy Fish. 'Ruin and mutiny is the matter. We'll break for Bashkai if we can.'

"I tried to give some sort of orders to my men—the men o' the regular army—but it was no use, so I fired into the brown of 'em with an English

Martini and drilled three beggars in a line. The valley was full of shouting, howling creatures, and every soul was shrieking, 'Not a god nor a devil but only a man!' The Bashkai troops stuck to Billy Fish all they were worth, but their matchlocks wasn't half as good as the Kabul breech-loaders, and four of them dropped. Dan was bellowing like a bull, for he was very wrathy; and Billy Fish had a hard job to prevent him running out at the crowd.

"'We can't stand,' said Billy Fish. 'Make a run for it down the valley! The whole place is against us.' The matchlock-men ran, and we went down the valley in spite of Dravot's protestations. He was swearing horribly and crying out that he was a king. The priests rolled great stones on us, and the regular army fired hard, and there wasn't more than six men, not counting Dan, Billy Fish and me, that came down to the bottom of the valley alive.

"Then they stopped firing and the horns in the temple blew again. 'Come away—for Gord's sake come away!' says Billy Fish. 'They'll send runners out to all the villages before ever we get to Bashkai. I can protect you there, but I can't do anything now.'

"My own notion is that Dan began to go mad in his head from that hour. He stared up and down like a stuck pig. Then he was all for walking back alone and killing the priests with his bare hands, which he could have done. 'An emperor am I,' says Daniel, 'and next year I shall be a knight of the queen.'

"'All right, Dan,' says I; 'but come along now while there's time.'

"'It's your fault,' says he, 'for not looking after your army better. There was mutiny in the midst, and you didn't know—you damned engine-driving, plate-laying, missionaries'-pass hunting hound!' He sat upon a rock and called me every foul name he could lay tongue to. I was too heartsick to care, though it was all his foolishness that brought the smash.

"'I'm sorry, Dan,' says I, 'but there's no accounting for natives. This business is our Fifty-Seven. Maybe we'll make something out of it yet, when we've got back to Bashkai.'

"'Let's get to Bashkai, then,' says Dan, 'and by God, when I come back here again I'll sweep the valley so there isn't a bug in a blanket left!'

"We walked all that day, and all that night Dan was stumping up and down on the snow, chewing his beard and muttering to himself.

"'There's no hope o' getting clear,' says Billy Fish. 'The priests will have sent runners to the villages to say that you are only men. Why didn't you stick on as gods till things was more settled? I'm a dead man,' says Billy Fish, and he throws himself down on the snow and begins to pray to his gods.

"Next morning we was in a cruel bad country—all up and down, no level ground at all, and no food either. The six Bashkai men looked at Billy Fish hungry-wise as if they wanted to ask something, but they said never a word.

At noon we came to the top of a flat mountain all covered with snow, and when we climbed up into it, behold, there was an army in position waiting in the middle!

" 'The runners have been very quick,' says Billy Fish, with a little bit of a laugh. 'They are waiting for us.'

"Three or four men began to fire from the enemy's side, and a chance shot took Daniel in the calf of the leg. That brought him to his senses. He looks across the snow at the army, and sees the rifles that we had brought into the country.

" 'We're done for,' says he. 'They are Englishmen, these people—and it's my blasted nonsense that has brought you to this. Get back, Billy Fish, and take your men away; you've done what you could, and now cut for it. Carnehan,' says he, 'shake hands with me and go along with Billy. Maybe they won't kill you. I'll go and meet 'em alone. It's me that did it. Me, the king!' "

" 'Go!' says I. 'Go to Hell, Dan. I'm with you here. Billy Fish, you clear out and we two will meet those folk.'

" 'I'm a chief,' says Billy Fish quite quiet. 'I stay with you. My men can go.'

"The Bashkai fellows didn't wait for a second word but ran off, and Dan and me and Billy Fish walked across to where the drums were drumming and the horns were horning. It was cold—awful cold. I've got that cold in the back of my head now. There's a lump of it there."

The punkah-coolies had gone to sleep. Two kerosene lamps were blazing in the office, and the perspiration poured down my face and splashed on the blotter as I leaned forward. Carnehan was shivering, and I feared that his mind might go. I wiped my face, took a fresh grip of the piteously mangled hands and said, "What happened after that?"

The momentary shift of my eyes had broken the clear current.

"What was you pleased to say?" whined Carnehan. "They took them without any sound. Not a little whisper all along the snow, not though the king knocked down the first man that set hand on him—not though old Peachey fired his last cartridge into the brown of 'em. Not a single solitary sound did those swines make. They just closed up tight, and I tell you their furs stunk. There was a man called Billy Fish, a good friend of us all, and they cut his throat, Sir, then and there, like a pig; and the king kicks up the bloody snow and says:—'We've had a dashed fine run for our money. What's coming next?' But Peachey, Peachey Taliaferro, I tell you, Sir, in confidence as betwixt two friends, he lost his head, Sir. No, he didn't either. The king lost his head, so he did, all along o' one of those cunning rope-bridges. Kindly let me have the paper-cutter, Sir. It tilted this way. They marched him a mile across that snow to a rope-bridge over a ravine with a river at the

bottom. You may have seen such. They prodded him behind like an ox. 'Damn your eyes!' says the king. 'D' you suppose I can't die like a gentleman?' He turns to Peachey—Peachey that was crying like a child. 'I've brought you to this, Peachey,' says he. 'Brought you out of your happy life to be killed in Kafiristan, where you was late commander-in-chief of the emperor's forces. Say you forgive me, Peachey.' 'I do,' says Peachey. 'Fully and freely do I forgive you, Dan.' 'Shake hands, Peachey,' says he. 'I'm going now.' Out he goes, looking neither right nor left, and when he was plumb in the middle of those dizzy dancing ropes, 'Cut, you beggars,' he shouts; and they cut, and old Dan fell, turning round and round and round, twenty thousand miles, for he took half an hour to fall till he struck the water, and I could see his body caught on a rock with the gold crown close beside.

"But do you know what they did to Peachey between two pine-trees? They crucified him, Sir, as Peachey's hands will show. They used wooden pegs for his hands and his feet; and he didn't die. He hung there and screamed; and they took him down next day and said it was a miracle that he wasn't dead. They took him down—poor old Peachey that hadn't done them any harm—that hadn't done them any . . ."

He rocked to and fro and wept bitterly, wiping his eyes with the back of his scarred hands and moaning like a child for some ten minutes.

"They was cruel enough to feed him up in the temple, because they said he was more of a god than old Daniel that was a man. Then they turned him out on the snow, and told him to go home; and Peachey came home in about a year, begging along the roads quite safe; for Daniel Dravot he walked before and said: 'Come along, Peachey. It's a big thing we're doing.' The mountains they danced at night, and the mountains they tried to fall on Peachey's head, but Dan he held up his hand and Peachey came along bent double. He never let go of Dan's hand, and he never let go of Dan's head. They gave it to him as a present in the temple, to remind him not to come again, and though the crown was pure gold, and Peachey was starving, never would Peachey sell the same. You knew Dravot, Sir! You knew Right Worshipful Brother Dravot! Look at him now!"

He fumbled in the mass of rags round his bent waist; brought out a black horsehair bag embroidered with silver thread; and shook therefrom onto my table—the dried, withered head of Daniel Dravot! The morning sun that had long been paling the lamps struck the red beard and blind, sunken eyes; struck, too, a heavy circlet of gold studded with raw turquoises, that Carnehan placed tenderly on the battered temples.

"You behold now," said Carnehan, "the Emperor in his habit as he lived —the King of Kafiristan with his crown upon his head. Poor old Daniel that was a monarch once!"

I shuddered, for, in spite of defacements manifold, I recognized the head of the man of Marwar Junction. Carnehan rose to go. I attempted to stop him. He was not fit to walk abroad. "Let me take away the whisky and give me a little money," he gasped. "I was a king once. I'll go to the deputy commissioner and ask to set in the poor-house till I get my health. No, thank you, I can't wait till you get a carriage for me. I've urgent private affairs —in the south—at Marwar."

He shambled out of the office and departed in the direction of the deputy commissioner's house. That day at noon I had occasion to go down the blinding hot Mall, and I saw a crooked man crawling along the white dust of the roadside, his hat in his hand, quavering dolorously after the fashion of street-singers at home. There was not a soul in sight, and he was out of all possible earshot of the houses. And he sang through his nose, turning his head from right to left:

"The Son of Man goes forth to war,
A golden crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar—
Who follows in his train?"

I waited to hear no more, but put the poor wretch into my carriage and drove him off to the nearest missionary for eventual transfer to the asylum. He repeated the hymn twice while he was with me, whom he did not in the least recognize, and I left him singing it to the missionary.

Two days later I inquired after his welfare of the superintendent of the asylum.

"He was admitted suffering from sunstroke. He died early yesterday morning," said the superintendent. "Is it true that he was half an hour bareheaded in the sun at midday?"

"Yes," said I; "but do you happen to know if he had anything upon him by any chance when he died?"

"Not to my knowledge," said the superintendent.

And there the matter rests. (1888)

"And this also," said Marlow suddenly, "has been one of the dark places on the earth."

He was the only man of us who still "followed the sea." The worst that could be said of him was that he did not represent his class. He was a seaman, but he was a wanderer, too, while most seamen lead, if one may so express it, a sedentary life. Their minds are of the stay-at-home order, and their home is always with them—the ship; and so is their country—the sea. One ship is very much like another, and the sea is always the same. In the immutability of their surroundings the foreign shores, the foreign faces, the changing immensity of life, glide past, veiled not by a sense of mystery but by a slightly disdainful ignorance; for there is nothing mysterious to a seaman unless it be the sea itself, which is the mistress of his existence and as inscrutable as Destiny. For the rest, after his hours of work, a casual stroll or a casual spree on shore suffices to unfold for him the secret of a whole continent, and generally he finds the secret not worth knowing. The yarns of seamen have a direct simplicity, the whole meaning of which lies within the shell of a cracked nut. But Marlow was not typical (if his propensity to spin yarns be excepted), and to him the meaning of an episode was not inside like a kernel but outside, enveloping the tale which brought it out only as a glow brings out a haze, in the likeness of one of these misty halos that sometimes are made visible by the spectral illumination of moonshine.

His remark did not seem at all surprising. It was just like Marlow. It was accepted in silence. No one took the trouble to grunt even; and presently he said, very slow—

"I was thinking of very old times, when the Romans first came here, nineteen hundred years ago—the other day. . . . Light came out of this river since—you say Knights? Yes; but it is like a running blaze on a plain, like a flash of lightning in the clouds. We live in the flicker—may it last as long as the old earth keeps rolling! But darkness was here yesterday. Imagine the feelings of a commander of a fine—what d'ye call 'em—trireme in the Mediterranean, ordered suddenly to the north; run overland across the Gauls in a hurry; put in charge of one of these craft the legionaries—a wonderful lot of handy men they must have been, too—used to build, apparently by the hundred, in a month or two, if we may believe what we read. Imagine him here—the very end of the world, a sea the color of lead, a sky the color of smoke, a kind of ship about as rigid as a concertina—and going up this river with stores, or orders, or what you like. Sand-banks, marshes, forests, savages,—precious little to eat fit for a civilized man, nothing but Thames water to drink. No Falernian wine here, no going ashore. Here and there a military camp lost in a wilderness, like a needle in a bundle of hay—cold, fog, tempests, disease, exile, and death,—death skulking in the air, in the water, in

one, and could not exist without loving. In earlier days she had loved her papa, who now sat in a darkened room, breathing with difficulty; she had loved her aunt who used to come every other year from Bryansk; and before that, when she was at school, she had loved her French master. She was a gentle, soft-hearted, compassionate girl, with mild, tender eyes and very good health. At the sight of her full rosy cheeks, her soft white neck with a little dark mole on it, and the kind, naïve smile, which came into her face when she listened to anything pleasant, men thought, "Yes, not half bad," and smiled too, while lady visitors could not refrain from seizing her hand in the middle of a conversation, exclaiming in a gush of delight, "You darling!"

The house in which she had lived from her birth upwards, and which was left her in her father's will, was at the extreme end of the town, not far from the Tivoli. In the evenings and at night she could hear the band playing, and the crackling and banging of fireworks, and it seemed to her that it was Kukin struggling with his destiny, storming the entrenchments of his chief foe, the indifferent public; there was a sweet thrill at her heart, she had no desire to sleep, and when he returned home at daybreak, she tapped softly at her bedroom window, and showing him only her face and one shoulder through the curtain, she gave him a friendly smile. . . .

He proposed to her, and they were married. And when he had a closer view of her neck and her plump, fine shoulders, he threw up his hands, and said:

"You darling!"

He was happy, but as it rained on the day and night of his wedding, his face still retained an expression of despair.

They got on very well together. She used to sit in his office, to look after things in the Tivoli, to put down the accounts and pay the wages. And her rosy cheeks, her sweet, naïve, radiant smile, were to be seen now at the office window, now in the refreshment bar or behind the scenes of the theater. And already she used to say to her acquaintances that the theater was the chief and most important thing in life, and that it was only through the drama that one could derive true enjoyment and become cultivated and humane.

"But do you suppose the public understands that?" she used to say. "What they want is a clown. Yesterday we gave *Faust Inside Out,* and almost all the boxes were empty; but if Vanitchka and I had been producing some vulgar thing, I assure you the theater would have been packed. Tomorrow Vanitchka and I are doing *Orpheus in Hell.* Do come."

And what Kukin said about the theater and the actors she repeated. Like him she despised the public for their ignorance and their indifference to art; she took part in the rehearsals, she corrected the actors, she kept an

eye on the behavior of the musicians, and when there was an unfavorab notice in the local paper, she shed tears, and then went to the editor's offi to set things right.

The actors were fond of her and used to call her "Vanitchka and I," an "the darling"; she was sorry for them and used to lend them small sums money, and if they deceived her, she used to shed a few tears in privat but did not complain to her husband.

They got on well in the winter too. They took the theater in the tow for the whole winter, and let it for short terms to a Little Russian compan or to a conjurer, or to a local dramatic society. Olenka grew stouter, and w always beaming with satisfaction, while Kukin grew thinner and yellowe and continually complained of their terrible losses, although he had not do badly all the winter. He used to cough at night, and she used to give hi hot raspberry tea or lime-flower water, to rub him with eau de Cologne an to wrap him in her warm shawls.

"You're such a sweet pet!" she used to say with perfect sincerity, strokin his hair. "You're such a pretty dear!"

Towards Lent he went to Moscow to collect a new troupe, and without hi she could not sleep, but sat all night at her window, looking at the star and she compared herself to the hens, who are awake all night and unea when the cock is not in the henhouse. Kukin was detained in Moscow, an wrote that he would be back at Easter, adding some instructions about t Tivoli. But on the Sunday before Easter, late in the evening, came a sudd ominous knock at the gate; some one was hammering on the gate as thou on a barrel—boom, boom boom! The drowsy cook went flopping with h bare feet through the puddles, as she ran to open the gate.

"Please open," said some one outside in a thick bass. "There is a telegra for you."

Olenka had received telegrams from her husband before, but this tim for some reason she felt numb with terror. With shaking hands she opene the telegram and read as follows:

Ivan Petrovitch died suddenly today. Awaiting immate instructions fufuner Tuesday.

That was how it was written in the telegram—"fufuneral," and the utter incomprehensible word "immate." It was signed by the stage manager the operatic company.

"My darling!" sobbed Olenka. "Vanitchka, my precious, my darling! Wh did I ever meet you! Why did I know you and love you! Your poor hear broken Olenka is all alone without you!"

Kukin's funeral took place on Tuesday in Moscow, Olenka returned hon

on Wednesday, and as soon as she got indoors she threw herself on her bed and sobbed so loudly that it could be heard next door, and in the street.

"Poor darling!" the neighbors said, as they crossed themselves. "Olga Semyonovna, poor darling! How she does take on!"

Three months later Olenka was coming home from mass, melancholy and in deep mourning. It happened that one of her neighbors, Vassily Andreitch Pustovalov, returning home from church, walked back beside her. He was the manager at Babakayev's, the timber merchant's. He wore a straw hat, a white waistcoat, and a gold watch-chain, and looked more like a country gentleman than a man in trade.

"Everything happens as it is ordained, Olga Semyonovna," he said gravely, with a sympathetic note in his voice; "and if any of our dear ones die, it must be because it is the will of God, so we ought to have fortitude and bear it submissively."

After seeing Olenka to her gate, he said good-by and went on. All day afterwards she heard his sedately dignified voice, and whenever she shut her eyes she saw his dark beard. She liked him very much. And apparently she had made an impression on him too, for not long afterwards an elderly lady, with whom she was only slightly acquainted, came to drink coffee with her, and as soon as she was seated at table began to talk about Pustovalov, saying that he was an excellent man whom one could thoroughly depend upon, and that any girl would be glad to marry him. Three days later Pustovalov came himself. He did not stay long, only about ten minutes, and he did not say much, but when he left, Olenka loved him—loved him so much that she lay awake all night in a perfect fever, and in the morning she sent for the elderly lady. The match was quickly arranged, and then came the wedding.

Pustovalov and Olenka got on very well together when they were married.

Usually he sat in the office till dinnertime, then he went out on business, while Olenka took his place, and sat in the office till evening, making up accounts and booking orders.

"Timber gets dearer every year; the price rises twenty per cent," she would say to her customers and friends. "Only fancy we used to sell local timber, and now Vassitchka always has to go for wood to the Mogilev district. And the freight!" she would add, covering her cheeks with her hands in horror. "The freight!"

It seemed to her that she had been in the timber trade for ages and ages, and that the most important and necessary thing in life was timber; and there was something intimate and touching to her in the very sound of words such as "baulk," "post," "beam," "pole," "scantling," "batten," "lath," "plank," etc.

At night when she was asleep she dreamed of perfect mountains of planks and boards, and long strings of wagons, carting timber somewhere far away. She dreamed that a whole regiment of six-inch beams forty feet high, standing on end, was marching upon the timber-yard; that logs, beams, and boards knocked together with the resounding crash of dry wood, kept falling and getting up again, piling themselves on each other. Olenka cried out in her sleep, and Pustovalov said to her tenderly: "Olenka, what's the matter, darling? Cross yourself!"

Her husband's ideas were hers. If he thought the room was too hot, or that business was slack, she thought the same. Her husband did not care for entertainments, and on holidays he stayed at home. She did likewise.

"You are always at home or in the office," her friends said to her. "You should go to the theater, darling, or to the circus."

"Vassitchka and I have no time to go to theaters," she would answer sedately. "We have no time for nonsense. What's the use of these theaters?"

On Saturdays Pustovalov and she used to go to the evening service; on holidays to early mass, and they walked side by side with softened faces as they came home from church. There was a pleasant fragrance about them both, and her silk dress rustled agreeably. At home they drank tea, with fancy bread and jams of various kinds, and afterwards they ate pie. Every day at twelve o'clock there was a savory smell of beet-root soup and of mutton or duck in their yard, and on fast-days of fish, and no one could pass the gate without feeling hungry. In the office the samovar was always boiling, and customers were regaled with tea and cracknels. Once a week the couple went to the baths and returned side by side, both red in the face.

"Yes, we have nothing to complain of, thank God," Olenka used to say to her acquaintances. "I wish every one were as well off as Vassitchka and I."

When Pustovalov went away to buy wood in the Mogilev district, she missed him dreadfully, lay awake and cried. A young veterinary surgeon in the army, called Smirnin, to whom they had let their lodge, used sometimes to come in in the evening. He used to talk to her and play cards with her, and this entertained her in her husband's absence. She was particularly interested in what he told her of his home life. He was married and had a little boy, but was separated from his wife because she had been unfaithful to him, and now he hated her and used to send her forty roubles a month for the maintenance of their son. And hearing of all this, Olenka sighed and shook her head. She was sorry for him.

"Well, God keep you," she used to say to him at parting, as she lighted him down the stairs with a candle. "Thank you for coming to cheer me up, and may the Mother of God give you health."

And she always expressed herself with the same sedateness and dignity,

the same reasonableness, in imitation of her husband. As the veterinary surgeon was disappearing behind the door below, she would say:

"You know, Vladimir Platonitch, you'd better make it up with your wife. You should forgive her for the sake of your son. You may be sure the little fellow understands."

And when Pustovalov came back, she told him in a low voice about the veterinary surgeon and his unhappy home life, and both sighed and shook their heads and talked about the boy, who, no doubt, missed his father, and by some strange connection of ideas, they went up to the holy ikons, bowed to the ground before them and prayed that God would give them children.

And so the Pustovalovs lived for six years quietly and peaceably in love and complete harmony.

But behold! one winter day after drinking hot tea in the office, Vassily Andreitch went out into the yard without his cap on to see about sending off some timber, caught cold and was taken ill. He had the best doctors, but he grew worse and died after four months' illness. And Olenka was a widow once more.

"I've nobody, now you've left me, my Darling," she sobbed, after her husband's funeral. "How can I live without you, in wretchedness and misery! Pity me, good people, all alone in the world!"

She went about dressed in black with long "weepers," and gave up wearing hat and gloves for good. She hardly ever went out, except to church, or to her husband's grave, and led the life of a nun. It was not till six months later that she took off the weepers and opened the shutters of the windows. She was sometimes seen in the mornings, going with her cook to market for provisions, but what went on in her house and how she lived now could only be surmised. People guessed, from seeing her drinking tea in her garden with the veterinary surgeon, who read the newspaper aloud to her, and from the fact that, meeting a lady she knew at the post office, she said to her:

"There is no proper veterinary inspection in our town, and that's the cause of all sorts of epidemics. One is always hearing of people's getting infection from the milk supply, or catching diseases from horses and cows. The health of domestic animals ought to be as well cared for as the health of human beings."

She repeated the veterinary surgeon's words, and was of the same opinion as he about everything. It was evident that she could not live a year without some attachment, and had found new happiness in the lodge. In any one else this would have been censured, but no one could think ill of Olenka; everything she did was so natural. Neither she nor the veterinary

surgeon said anything to other people of the change in their relations, and tried, indeed, to conceal it, but without success, for Olenka could not keep a secret. When he had visitors, men serving in his regiment, and she poured out tea or served the supper, she would begin talking of the cattle plague, of the foot and mouth disease, and of the municipal slaughter-houses. He was dreadfully embarrassed, and when the guests had gone, he would seize her by the hand and hiss angrily:

"I've asked you before not to talk about what you don't understand. When we veterinary surgeons are talking among ourselves, please don't put your word in. It's really annoying."

And she would look at him with astonishment and dismay, and ask him in alarm: "But, Voloditchka, what *am* I to talk about?"

And with tears in her eyes she would embrace him, begging him not to be angry, and they were both happy.

But this happiness did not last long. The veterinary surgeon departed, departed forever with his regiment, when it was transferred to a distant place —to Siberia, it may be. And Olenka was left alone.

Now she was absolutely alone. Her father had long been dead, and his armchair lay in the attic, covered with dust and lame of one leg. She got thinner and plainer, and when people met her in the street they did not look at her as they used to, and did not smile to her; evidently her best years were over and left behind, and now a new sort of life had begun for her, which did not bear thinking about. In the evening Olenka sat in the porch, and heard the band playing and the fireworks popping in the Tivoli, but now the sound stirred no response. She looked into her yard without interest, thought of nothing, wished for nothing, and afterwards, when night came on she went to bed and dreamed of her empty yard. She ate and drank as it were unwillingly.

And what was worst of all, she had no opinions of any sort. She saw the objects about her and understood what she saw, but could not form any opinion about them, and did not know what to talk about. And how awful it is not to have any opinions! One sees a bottle, for instance, or the rain, or a peasant driving in his cart, but what the bottle is for, or the rain, or the peasant, and what is the meaning of it, one can't say, and could not even for a thousand roubles. When she had Kukin, or Pustovalov, or the veterinary surgeon, Olenka could explain everything, and give her opinion about anything you like, but now there was the same emptiness in her brain and in her heart as there was in her yard outside. And it was as harsh and as bitter as wormwood in the mouth.

Little by little the town grew in all directions. The road became a street, and where the Tivoli and the timber-yard had been there were new turnings

and houses. How rapidly time passes! Olenka's house grew dingy, the roof got rusty, the shed sank on one side, and the whole yard was overgrown with docks and stinging-nettles. Olenka herself had grown plain and elderly; in summer she sat in the porch, and her soul, as before, was empty and dreary and full of bitterness. In winter she sat at her window and looked at the snow. When she caught the scent of spring, or heard the chime of the church bells, a sudden rush of memories from the past came over her, there was a tender ache in her heart, and her eyes brimmed over with tears; but this was only for a minute, and then came emptiness again and the sense of the futility of life. The black kitten, Briska, rubbed against her and purred softly, but Olenka was not touched by these feline caresses. That was not what she needed. She wanted a love that would absorb her whole being, her whole soul and reason—that would give her ideas and an object in life, and would warm her old blood. And she would shake the kitten off her skirt and say with vexation:

"Get along; I don't want you!"

And so it was, day after day and year after year, and no joy, and no opinions. Whatever Mavra, the cook, said she accepted.

One hot July day, towards evening, just as the cattle were being driven away, and the whole yard was full of dust, some one suddenly knocked at the gate. Olenka went to open it herself and was dumbfounded when she looked out: she saw Smirnin, the veterinary surgeon, gray-headed, and dressed as a civilian. She suddenly remembered everything. She could not help crying and letting her head fall on his breast without uttering a word, and in the violence of her feeling she did not notice how they both walked into the house and sat down to tea.

"My dear Vladimir Platonitch! What fate has brought you?" she muttered, trembling with joy.

"I want to settle here for good, Olga Semyonovna," he told her. "I have resigned my post, and have come to settle down and try my luck on my own account. Besides, it's time for my boy to go to school. He's a big boy. I am reconciled with my wife, you know."

"Where is she?" asked Olenka.

"She's at the hotel with the boy, and I'm looking for lodgings."

"Good gracious, my dear soul! Lodgings? Why not have my house? Why shouldn't that suit you? Why, my goodness, I wouldn't take any rent!" cried Olenka in a flutter, beginning to cry again. "You live here, and the lodge will do nicely for me. Oh, dear! how glad I am!"

Next day the roof was painted and the walls were whitewashed, and Olenka, with her arms akimbo, walked about the yard giving directions. Her face was beaming with her old smile, and she was brisk and alert as

though she had waked from a long sleep. The veterinary's wife arrived—a thin, plain lady, with short hair and a peevish expression. With her was her little Sasha, a boy of ten, small for his age, blue-eyed, chubby, with dimples in his cheeks. And scarcely had the boy walked into the yard when he ran after the cat, and at once there was the sound of his gay, joyous laugh.

"Is that your puss, Auntie?" he asked Olenka. "When she has little ones, do give us a kitten. Mamma is awfully afraid of mice."

Olenka talked to him, and gave him tea. Her heart warmed and there was a sweet ache in her bosom, as though the boy had been her own child. And when he sat at the table in the evening, going over his lessons, she looked at him with deep tenderness and pity as she murmured to herself:

"You pretty pet! . . . my precious! . . . Such a fair little thing, and so clever."

" 'An island is a piece of land which is entirely surrounded by water,' " he read aloud.

"An island is a piece of land," she repeated, and this was the first opinion to which she gave utterance with positive conviction after so many years of silence and dearth of ideas.

Now she had opinions of her own, and at supper she talked to Sasha's parents, saying how difficult the lessons were at the high schools, but that yet the high school was better than a commercial one, since with a high school education all careers were open to one, such as being a doctor or an engineer.

Sasha began going to the high school. His mother departed to Harkov to her sister's and did not return; his father used to go off every day to inspect cattle, and would often be away from home for three days together, and it seemed to Olenka as though Sasha was entirely abandoned, that he was not wanted at home, that he was being starved, and she carried him off to her lodge and gave him a little room there.

And for six months Sasha had lived in the lodge with her. Every morning Olenka came into his bedroom and found him fast asleep, sleeping noiselessly with his hand under his cheek. She was sorry to wake him.

"Sashenka," she would say mournfully, "get up, Darling. It's time for school."

He would get up, dress and say his prayers, and then sit down to breakfast, drink three glasses of tea, and eat two large cracknels and half a buttered roll. All this time he was hardly awake and a little ill-humored in consequence.

"You don't quite know your fable, Sashenka," Olenka would say, looking at him as though he were about to set off on a long journey. "What a lot of trouble I have with you! You must work and do your best, Darling, and obey your teachers."

"Oh, do leave me alone!" Sasha would say.

Then he would go down the street to school, a little figure, wearing a big cap and carrying a satchel on his shoulder. Olenka would follow him noiselessly.

"Sashenka!" she would call after him, and she would pop into his hand a date or a caramel. When he reached the street where the school was, he would feel ashamed of being followed by a tall, stout woman; he would turn round and say:

"You'd better go home, Auntie. I can go the rest of the way alone."

She would stand still and look after him fixedly till he had disappeared at the school gate.

Ah, how she loved him! Of her former attachments not one had been so deep; never had her soul surrendered to any feeling so spontaneously, so disinterestedly, and so joyously as now that her maternal instincts were aroused. For this little boy with the dimple in his cheek and the big school cap she would have given her whole life, she would have given it with joy and tears of tenderness. Why? Who can tell why?

When she had seen the last of Sasha, she returned home, contented and serene, brimming over with love; her face, which had grown younger during the last six months, smiled and beamed; people meeting her looked at her with pleasure.

"Good morning, Olga Semyonovna, Darling. How are you, Darling?"

"The lessons at the high school are very difficult now," she would relate at the market. "It's too much; in the first class yesterday they gave him a fable to learn by heart, and a Latin translation and a problem. You know it's too much for a little chap."

And she would begin talking about the teachers, the lessons, and the school books, saying just what Sasha said.

At three o'clock they had dinner together: in the evening they learned their lessons together and cried. When she put him to bed, she would stay a long time making the cross over him and murmuring a prayer; then she would go to bed and dream of that far-away, misty future when Sasha would finish his studies and become a doctor or an engineer, would have a big house of his own with horses and a carriage, would get married and have children. . . . She would fall asleep still thinking of the same thing, and tears would run down her cheeks from her closed eyes, while the black cat lay purring beside her: "Mrr, mrr, mrr."

Suddenly there would come a loud knock at the gate.

Olenka would wake up breathless with alarm, her heart throbbing. Half a minute later would come another knock.

"It must be a telegram from Harkov," she would think, beginning to

tremble from head to foot. "Sasha's mother is sending for him from Harkov. . . . Oh, mercy on us!"

She was in despair. Her head, her hands, and her feet would turn chill, and she would feel that she was the most unhappy woman in the world. But another minute would pass, voices would be heard: it would turn out to be the veterinary surgeon coming home from the club.

"Well, thank God!" she would think.

And gradually the load in her heart would pass off, and she would feel at ease. She would go back to bed thinking of Sasha, who lay sound asleep in the next room, sometimes crying out in his sleep:

"I'll give it you! Get away! Shut up!"

HENRY JAMES Mrs. Medwin

WELL, we *are* a pair!" the poor lady's visitor broke out to her, at the end of her explanation, in a manner disconcerting enough. The poor lady was Miss Cutter, who lived in South Audley Street, where she had an "upper half" so concise that it had to pass, boldly, for convenient; and her visitor was her half-brother, whom she had not seen for three years. She was remarkable for a maturity of which every symptom might have been observed to be admirably controlled, had not a tendency to stoutness just affirmed its independence. Her present, no doubt, insisted too much on her past, but with the excuse, sufficiently valid, that she must certainly once have been prettier. She was clearly not contented with once—she wished to be prettier again. She neglected nothing that could produce that illusion, and, being both fair and fat, dressed almost wholly in black. When she added a little color it was not, at any rate, to her drapery. Her small rooms had the peculiarity that everything they contained appeared to testify with vividness to her position in society, quite as if they had been furnished by the bounty of admiring friends. They were adorned indeed almost exclusively with objects that nobody buys, as had more than once been remarked by spectators of her own sex, for herself, and would have been luxurious if luxury consisted mainly in photographic portraits slashed across with signatures, in baskets of flowers beribboned with the cards of passing compatriots, and in a neat collection of red volumes, blue volumes, alphabetical volumes,

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aids to London lucidity, of every sort, devoted to addresses and engagements. To be in Miss Cutter's tiny drawing-room, in short, even with Miss Cutter alone—should you by any chance have found her so—was somehow to be in the world and in a crowd. It was like an agency—it bristled with particulars.

That was what the tall, lean, loose gentleman lounging there before her might have appeared to read in the suggestive scene over which, while she talked to him, his eyes moved without haste and without rest. "Oh, come, Mamie!" he occasionally threw off; and the words were evidently connected with the impression thus absorbed. His comparative youth spoke of waste even as her positive—her too positive—spoke of economy. There was only one thing, that is, to make up in him for everything he had lost, though it was distinct enough indeed that this thing might sometimes serve. It consisted in the perfection of an indifference, an indifference at the present moment directed to the plea—a plea of inability, of pure destitution—with which his sister had met him. Yet it had even now a wider embrace, took in quite sufficiently all consequences of queerness, confessed in advance to the false note that, in such a setting, he almost excruciatingly constituted. He cared as little that he looked at moments all his impudence as that he looked all his shabbiness, all his cleverness, all his history. These different things were written in him—in his premature baldness, his seamed, strained face, the lapse from bravery of his long tawny moustache; above all, in his easy, friendly, universally acquainted eye, so much too sociable for mere conversation. What possible relation with him could be natural enough to meet it? He wore a scant, rough Inverness cape and a pair of black trousers, wanting in substance and marked with the sheen of time, that had presumably once served for evening use. He spoke with the slowness helplessly permitted to Americans—as something too slow to be stopped—and he repeated that he found himself associated with Miss Cutter in a harmony worthy of wonder. She had been telling him not only that she couldn't possibly give him ten pounds, but that his unexpected arrival, should he insist on being much in view, might seriously interfere with arrangements necessary to her own maintenance; on which he had begun by replying that he of course knew she had long ago spent her money, but that he looked to her now exactly because she had, without the aid of that convenience, mastered the art of life.

"I'd really go away with a fiver, my dear, if you'd only tell me how you do it. It's no use saying only, as you've always said, that 'people are very kind to you.' What the devil are they kind to you *for*?"

"Well, one reason is precisely that no particular inconvenience has hitherto been supposed to attach to me. I'm just what I am," said Mamie Cutter;

"nothing less and nothing more. It's awkward to have to explain to you, which, moreover, I really needn't in the least. I'm clever and amusing and charming." She was uneasy and even frightened, but she kept her temper and met him with a grace of her own. "I don't think you ought to ask me more questions than I ask you."

"Ah, my dear," said the odd young man, "*I've* no mysteries. Why in the world, since it was what you came out for and have devoted so much of your time to, haven't you pulled it off? Why haven't you married?"

"Why haven't *you?*" she retorted. "Do you think that if I had it would have been better for you?—that my husband would for a moment have put up with you? Do you mind my asking you if you'll kindly go *now?*" she went on after a glance at the clock. "I'm expecting a friend, whom I must see alone, on a matter of great importance——"

"And my being seen with you may compromise your respectability or undermine your nerve?" He sprawled imperturbably in his place, crossing again, in another sense, his long black legs and showing, above his low shoes, an absurd reach of parti-coloured sock. "I take your point well enough, but mayn't you be after all quite wrong? If you can't do anything for me couldn't you at least do something *with* me? If it comes to that, I'm clever and amusing and charming too! I've been such an ass that you don't appreciate me. But people like me—I assure you they do. They usually don't know what an ass I've been; they only see the surface, which"—and he stretched himself afresh as she looked him up and down—"you *can* imagine them, can't you, rather taken with? I'm 'what I am' too; nothing less and nothing more. That's true of us as a family, you see. We *are* a crew!" He delivered himself serenely. His voice was soft and flat, his pleasant eyes, his simple tones tending to the solemn, achieved at moments that effect of quaintness which is, in certain connections, socially so known and enjoyed. "English people have quite a weakness for me—more than any others. I get on with them beautifully. I've always been with them abroad. They think me," the young man explained, "diabolically American."

"You!" Such stupidity drew from her a sigh of compassion.

Her companion apparently quite understood it. "Are you homesick, Mamie?" he asked, with wondering irrelevance.

The manner of the question made her for some reason, in spite of her preoccupations, break into a laugh. A shade of indulgence, a sense of other things, came back to her. "You *are* funny, Scott!"

"Well," remarked Scott, "that's just what I claim. But *are* you so homesick?" he spaciously inquired, not as if to a practical end, but from an easy play of intelligence.

"I'm just dying of it!" said Mamie Cutter.

"Why, so am I!" Her visitor had a sweetness of concurrence.

"We're the only decent people," Miss Cutter declared. "And I know. *You* don't—you can't; and I can't explain. Come in," she continued with a return of her impatience and an increase of her decision, "at seven sharp."

She had quitted her seat some time before, and now, to get him into motion, hovered before him while, still motionless, he looked up at her. Something intimate, in the silence, appeared to pass between them—a community of fatigue and failure and, after all, of intelligence. There was a final, cynical humour in it. It determined him, at any rate, at last, and he slowly rose, taking in again as he stood there the testimony of the room. He might have been counting the photographs, but he looked at the flowers with detachment. "Who's coming?"

"Mrs. Medwin."

"American?"

"Dear no!"

"Then what are you doing for her?"

"I work for everyone," she promptly returned.

"For everyone who pays? So I suppose. Yet isn't it only we who do pay?"

There was a drollery, not lost on her, in the way his queer presence lent itself to his emphasised plural. "Do you consider that *you* do?"

At this, with his deliberation, he came back to his charming idea. "Only try me, and see if I can't be *made* to. Work me in." On her sharply presenting her back he stared a little at the clock. "If I come at seven may I stay to dinner?"

It brought her round again. "Impossible. I'm dining out."

"With whom?"

She had to think. "With Lord Considine."

"Oh, my eye!" Scott exclaimed.

She looked at him gloomily. "Is *that* sort of tone what makes you pay? I think you might understand," she went on, "that if you're to sponge on me successfully you mustn't ruin me. I must have *some* remote resemblance to a lady."

"Yes? But why must *I?*" Her exasperated silence was full of answers, of which, however, his inimitable manner took no account. "You don't understand my real strength; I doubt if you even understand your own. You're clever, Mamie, but you're not so clever as I supposed. However," he pursued, "it's out of Mrs. Medwin that you'll get it."

"Get what?"

"Why, the cheque that will enable you to assist me."

On this, for a moment, she met his eyes. "If you'll come back at seven sharp—not a minute before, and not a minute after, I'll give you two five-pound notes."

He thought it over. "Whom are you expecting a minute after?"

It sent her to the window with a groan almost of anguish, and she answered nothing till she had looked at the street. "If you injure me, you know, Scott, you'll be sorry."

"I wouldn't injure you for the world. What I want to do in fact is really to help you, and I promise you that I won't leave you—by which I mean won't leave London—till I've effected something really pleasant for you. I like you, Mamie, because I like pluck; I like you much more than you like me. I like you very, *very* much." He had at last with this reached the door and opened it, but he remained with his hand on the latch. "What does Mrs. Medwin want of you?" he thus brought out.

She had come round to see him disappear, and in the relief of this prospect she again just indulged him. "The impossible."

He waited another minute. "And you're going to do it?"

"I'm going to do it," said Mamie Cutter.

"Well, then, that ought to be a haul. Call it *three* fivers!" he laughed. "At seven sharp." And at last he left her alone.

II

MISS CUTTER waited till she heard the house-door close; after which, in a sightless, mechanical way, she moved about the room, readjusting various objects that he had not touched. It was as if his mere voice and accent had spoiled her form. But she was not left too long to reckon with these things, for Mrs. Medwin was promptly announced. This lady was not, more than her hostess, in the first flush of her youth; her appearance—the scattered remains of beauty manipulated by taste—resembled one of the light repasts in which the fragments of yesterday's dinner figure with a conscious ease that makes up for the want of presence. She was perhaps of an effect still too immediate to be called interesting, but she was candid, gentle and surprised—not fatiguingly surprised, only just in the right degree; and her white face—it was too white—with the fixed eyes, the somewhat touzled hair and the Louis Seize hat, might at the end of the very long neck have suggested the head of a princess carried, in a revolution, on a pike. She immediately took up the business that had brought her, with the air, however, of drawing from the omens then discernible less confidence than she had hoped. The complication lay in the fact that if it was Mamie's part to present the omens, that lady yet had so to colour them as to make her own service large. She perhaps overcoloured, for her friend gave way to momentary despair.

"What you mean is then that it's simply impossible?"

"Oh, no," said Mamie, with a qualified emphasis. "It's *possible.*"

"But disgustingly difficult?"

"As difficult as you like."

"Then what can I do that I haven't done?"

"You can only wait a little longer."

"But that's just what I *have* done. I've done nothing else. I'm always waiting a little longer!"

Miss Cutter retained, in spite of this pathos, her grasp of the subject. "*The* thing, as I've told you, is for you first to be seen."

"But if people won't look at me?"

"They will."

"They *will?*" Mrs. Medwin was eager.

"They shall," her hostess went on. "It's their only having heard—without having seen."

"But if they stare straight the other way?" Mrs. Medwin continued to object. "You can't simply go up to them and twist their heads about."

"It's just what I can," said Mamie Cutter.

But her charming visitor, heedless for the moment of this attenuation, had found the way to put it. "It's the old story. You can't go into the water till you swim, and you can't swim till you go into the water. I can't be spoken to till I'm seen, but I can't be seen till I'm spoken to."

She met this lucidity, Miss Cutter, with but an instant's lapse. "You say I can't twist their heads about. But I *have* twisted them."

It had been quietly produced, but it gave her companion a jerk. "They say 'Yes'?"

She summed it up. "All but one. She says 'No.'"

Mrs. Medwin thought; then jumped. "Lady Wantridge?"

Miss Cutter, as more delicate, only bowed admission. "I shall see her either this afternoon or late to-morrow. But she has written."

Her visitor wondered again. "May I see her letter?"

"No." She spoke with decision. "But I shall square her."

"Then how?"

"Well"—and Miss Cutter, as if looking upward for inspiration, fixed her eyes awhile on the ceiling—"well, it will come to me."

Mrs. Medwin watched her—it was impressive. "And will *they* come to you—the others?" This question drew out the fact that they would—so far, at least, as they consisted of Lady Edward, Lady Bellhouse and Mrs. Pouncer, who had engaged to muster, at the signal of tea, on the 14th—prepared, as it were, for the worst. There was of course always the chance that Lady Wantridge might take the field in such force as to paralyse them, though that danger, at the same time, seemed inconsistent with her being squared. It didn't perhaps all quite ideally hang together; but what it sufficiently came to was that if she was the one who could do most *for* a person in Mrs. Medwin's position she was also the one who could do most against. It would

therefore be distinctly what our friend familiarly spoke of as "collar-work." The effect of these mixed considerations was at any rate that Mamie eventually acquiesced in the idea, handsomely thrown out by her client, that she should have an "advance" to go on with. Miss Cutter confessed that it seemed at times as if one scarce *could* go on; but the advance was, in spite of this delicacy, still more delicately made—made in the form of a bank-note, several sovereigns, some loose silver and two coppers, the whole contents of her purse, neatly disposed by Mrs. Medwin on one of the tiny tables. It seemed to clear the air for deeper intimacies, the fruit of which was that Mamie, lonely, after all, in her crowd, and always more helpful than helped, eventually brought out that the way Scott had been going on was what seemed momentarily to overshadow her own power to do so.

"I've had a descent from him." But she had to explain. "My half-brother—Scott Homer. A wretch."

"What kind of a wretch?"

"Every kind. I lose sight of him at times—he disappears abroad. But he always turns up again, worse than ever."

"Violent?"

"No."

"Maudlin?"

"No."

"Only unpleasant?"

"No. Rather pleasant. Awfully clever—awfully travelled and easy."

"Then what's the matter with him?"

Mamie mused, hesitated—seemed to see a wide past. "I don't know."

"Something in the background?" Then as her friend was silent, "Something queer about cards?" Mrs. Medwin threw off.

"I don't know—and I don't want to!"

"Ah, well, I'm sure *I* don't," Mrs. Medwin returned with spirit. The note of sharpness was perhaps also a little in the observation she made as she gathered herself to go. "Do you mind my saying something?"

Mamie took her eyes quickly from the money on the little stand. "You may say what you like."

"I only mean that anything awkward you may have to keep out of the way does seem to make more wonderful, doesn't it, that you should have got just where you are? I allude, you know, to your position."

"I see." Miss Cutter somewhat coldly smiled. "To my power."

"So awfully remarkable in an American."

"Ah, you like us so."

Mrs. Medwin candidly considered. "But we don't, dearest."

Her companion's smile brightened. "Then why do you come to me?"

"Oh, I like *you!*" Mrs. Medwin made out.

"Then that's it. There are no 'Americans.' It's always 'you.'"

"Me?" Mrs. Medwin looked lovely, but a little muddled.

"*Me!*" Mamie Cutter laughed. "But if you like me, you dear thing, you can judge if I like *you.*" She gave her a kiss to dismiss her. "I'll see you again when I've seen her."

"Lady Wantridge? I hope so, indeed. I'll turn up late to-morrow, if you don't catch me first. Has it come to you yet?" the visitor, now at the door, went on.

"No; but it will. There's time."

"Oh, a little less every day!"

Miss Cutter had approached the table and glanced again at the gold and silver and the note, not indeed absolutely overlooked the two coppers. "The balance," she put it, "the day after?"

"That very night, if you like."

"Then count on me."

"Oh, if I didn't——!" But the door closed on the dark idea. Yearningly then, and only when it had done so, Miss Cutter took up the money.

She went out with it ten minutes later, and, the calls on her time being many, remained out so long that at half-past six she had not come back. At that hour, on the other hand, Scott Homer knocked at her door, where her maid, who opened it with a weak pretence of holding it firm, ventured to announce to him, as a lesson well learnt, that he had not been expected till seven. No lesson, none the less, could prevail against his native art. He pleaded fatigue, her, the maid's, dreadful depressing London, and the need to curl up somewhere. If she would just leave him quiet half an hour that old sofa upstairs would do for it, of which he took quickly such effectual possession that when, five minutes later, she peeped, nervous for her broken vow, into the drawing-room, the faithless young woman found him extended at his length and peacefully asleep.

III

THE SITUATION before Miss Cutter's return developed in other directions still, and when that event took place, at a few minutes past seven, these circumstances were, by the foot of the stair, between mistress and maid, the subject of some interrogative gasps and scared admissions. Lady Wantridge had arrived shortly after the interloper, and wishing, as she said, to wait, had gone straight up in spite of being told he was lying down.

"She distinctly understood he was there?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I thought it right to mention."

"And what did you call him?"

"Well, ma'am, I thought it unfair to *you* to call him anything but a gentleman."

Mamie took it all in, though there might well be more of it than one could quickly embrace. "But if she has had time," she flashed, "to find out he isn't one?"

"Oh, ma'am, she had a quarter of an hour."

"Then she isn't with him still?"

"No, ma'am; she came down again at last. She rang, and I saw her here, and she said she wouldn't wait longer."

Miss Cutter darkly mused. "Yet had already waited——?"

"Quite a quarter."

"Mercy on us!" She began to mount. Before reaching the top, however, she had reflected that quite a quarter was long if Lady Wantridge had only been shocked. On the other hand, it was short if she had only been pleased. But how *could* she have been pleased? The very essence of their actual crisis was just that there was no pleasing her. Mamie had but to open the drawing-room door indeed to perceive that this was not true at least of Scott Homer, who was horribly cheerful.

Miss Cutter expressed to her brother without reserve her sense of the constitutional, the brutal selfishness that had determined his mistimed return. It had taken place, in violation of their agreement, exactly at the moment when it was most cruel to her that he should be there, and if she must now completely wash her hands of him he had only himself to thank. She had come in flushed with resentment and for a moment had been voluble; but it would have been striking that, though the way he received her might have seemed but to aggravate, it presently justified him by causing their relation really to take a stride. He had the art of confounding those who would quarrel with him by reducing them to the humiliation of an irritated curiosity.

"What *could* she have made of you?" Mamie demanded.

"My dear girl, she's not a woman who's eager to make too much of anything—anything, I mean, that will prevent her from doing as she likes, what she takes into her head. Of course," he continued to explain, "if it's something she doesn't want to do, she'll make as much as Moses."

Mamie wondered if that was the way he talked to her visitor, but felt obliged to own to his acuteness. It was an exact description of Lady Wantridge, and she was conscious of tucking it away for future use in a corner of her miscellaneous little mind. She withheld, however, all present acknowledgment, only addressing him another question. "Did you really get on with her?"

"Have you still to learn, darling—I can't help again putting it to you—that I get on with everybody? That's just what I don't seem able to drive into you. Only see how I get on with *you.*"

She almost stood corrected. "What I mean is, of course, whether——"

"Whether she made love to me? Shyly, yet—or because—shamefully? She would certainly have liked awfully to stay."

"Then why didn't she?"

"Because, on account of some other matter—and I could see it was true—she hadn't time. Twenty minutes—she was here less—were all she came to give you. So don't be afraid I've frightened her away. She'll come back."

Mamie thought it over. "Yet you didn't go with her to the door?"

"She wouldn't let me, and I know when to do what I'm told—quite as much as what I'm not told. She wanted to find out about me. I mean from your little creature; a pearl of fidelity, by the way."

"But what on earth did she come up for?" Mamie again found herself appealing, and, just by that fact, showing her need of help.

"Because she always goes up." Then, as, in the presence of this rapid generalisation, to say nothing of that of such a relative altogether, Miss Cutter could only show as comparatively blank: "I mean she knows when to go up and when to come down. She has instincts; she didn't know whom you might have up here. It's a kind of compliment to you anyway. Why, Mamie," Scott pursued, "you don't know the curiosity we any of us inspire. You wouldn't believe what I've seen. The bigger bugs they are the more they're on the look-out."

Mamie still followed, but at a distance. "The look-out for what?"

"Why, for anything that will help them to live. You've been here all this time without making out then, about them, what I've had to pick out as I can? They're dead, don't you see? And *we're* alive."

"You? Oh!"—Mamie almost laughed about it.

"Well, they're a worn-out old lot, anyhow; they've used up their resources. They do look out; and I'll do them the justice to say they're not afraid—not even of me!" he continued as his sister again showed something of the same irony. "Lady Wantridge, at any rate, wasn't; that's what I mean by her having made love to me. She does what she likes. Mind it, you know." He was by this time fairly teaching her to know one of her best friends, and when, after it, he had come back to the great point of his lesson—that of her failure, through feminine inferiority, practically to grasp the truth that their being just as they were, he and she, was the real card for them to play—when he had renewed that reminder he left her absolutely in a state of dependence. Her impulse to press him on the subject of Lady Wantridge dropped; it was as if she had felt that, whatever had taken place, something

would somehow come of it. She was to be, in a manner, disappointed, but the impression helped to keep her over to the next morning, when, as Scott had foretold, his new acquaintance did reappear, explaining to Miss Cutter that she had acted the day before to gain time and that she even now sought to gain it by not waiting longer. What, she promptly intimated she had asked herself, could that friend be thinking of? She must show where she stood before things had gone too far. If she had brought her answer without more delay she wished to make it sharp. Mrs. Medwin? Never! "No, my dear—not I. *There* I stop."

Mamie had known it would be "collar-work," but somehow now, at the beginning, she felt her heart sink. It was not that she had expected to carry the position with a rush, but that, as always after an interval, her visitor's defences really loomed—and quite, as it were, to the material vision—too large. She was always planted with them, voluminous, in the very centre of the passage; was like a person accommodated with a chair in some unlawful place at the theatre. She wouldn't move and you couldn't get round. Mamie's calculation indeed had not been on getting round; she was obliged to recognise that, too foolishly and fondly, she had dreamed of producing a surrender. Her dream had been the fruit of her need; but, conscious that she was even yet unequipped for pressure, she felt, almost for the first time in her life, superficial and crude. She was to be paid—but with what was she, to that end, to pay? She had engaged to find an answer to this question, but the answer had not, according to her promise, "come." And Lady Wantridge meanwhile massed herself, and there was no view of her that didn't show her as verily, by some process too obscure to be traced, the hard depository of the social law. She was no younger, no fresher, no stronger, really, than any of them; she was only, with a kind of haggard fineness, a sharpened taste for life, and, with all sorts of things behind and beneath her, more abysmal and more immoral, more secure and more impertinent. The points she made were two in number. One was that she absolutely declined; the other was that she quite doubted if Mamie herself had measured the job. The thing couldn't be done. But say it *could* be; was Mamie quite the person to do it? To this Miss Cutter, with a sweet smile, replied that she quite understood how little she might seem so. "I'm only one of the persons to whom it has appeared that *you* are."

"Then who are the others?"

"Well, to begin with, Lady Edward, Lady Bellhouse and Mrs. Pouncer."

"Do you mean that they'll come to meet her?"

"I've seen them, and they've promised."

"To come, of course," Lady Wantridge said, "if *I* come."

Her hostess hesitated. "Oh, of course, you could prevent them. But I

should take it as awfully kind of you not to. *Won't* you do this for me?" Mamie pleaded.

Her friend looked about the room very much as Scott had done. "Do they really understand what it's *for*?"

"Perfectly. So that she may call."

"And what good will that do her?"

Miss Cutter faltered, but she presently brought it out. "Of course what one hopes is that you'll ask her."

"Ask her to call?"

"Ask her to dine. Ask her, if you'd be so *truly* sweet, for a Sunday, or something of that sort, and even if only in one of your *most* mixed parties, to Catchmore."

Miss Cutter felt the less hopeful after this effort in that her companion only showed a strange good nature. And it was not the amiability of irony; yet it *was* amusement. "Take Mrs. Medwin into my family?"

"Some day, when you're taking forty others."

"Ah, but what I don't see is what it does for *you*. You're already so welcome among us that you can scarcely improve your position even by forming for us the most delightful relation."

"Well, I know how dear you are," Mamie Cutter replied; "but one has, after all, more than one side, and more than one sympathy. I like her, you know." And even at this Lady Wantridge was not shocked; she showed that ease and blandness which were her way, unfortunately, of being most impossible. She remarked that *she* might listen to such things, because she was clever enough for them not to matter; only Mamie should take care how she went about saying them at large. When she became definite, however, in a minute, on the subject of the public facts, Miss Cutter soon found herself ready to make her own concession. Of course, she didn't dispute *them:* there they were; they were unfortunately on record, and nothing was to be done about them but to—Mamie found it, in truth, at this point, a little difficult.

"Well, what? Pretend already to have forgotten them?"

"Why not, when you've done it in so many other cases?"

"There *are* no other cases so bad. One meets them, at any rate, as they come. Some you can manage, others you can't. It's no use, you must give them up. They're past patching; there's nothing to be done with them. There's nothing, accordingly, to be done with Mrs. Medwin but to put her off." And Lady Wantridge rose to her height.

"Well, you know, I *do* do things," Mamie quavered with a smile so strained that it partook of exaltation.

"You help people? Oh yes, I've known you to do wonders. But stick,"

said Lady Wantridge with strong and cheerful emphasis, "to your Americans!"

Miss Cutter, gazing, got up. "You don't do justice, Lady Wantridge, to your own compatriots. Some of them are really charming. Besides," said Mamie, "working for mine often strikes me, so far as the interest—the inspiration and excitement, don't you know?—go, as rather too easy. You all, as I constantly have occasion to say, like us so!"

Her companion frankly weighed it. "Yes; it takes that to account for your position. I've always thought of you, nevertheless, as keeping, for their benefit, a regular working agency. They come to you, and you place them. There remains, I confess," her ladyship went on in the same free spirit, "the great wonder—"

"Of how I first placed my poor little self? Yes," Mamie bravely conceded, "when *I* began there was no agency. I just worked my passage. I didn't even come to *you*, did I? You never noticed me till, as Mrs. Short Stokes says, 'I was, 'way up!' Mrs. Medwin," she threw in, "can't get over it." Then, as her friend looked vague: "Over my social situation."

"Well, it's no great flattery to you to say," Lady Wantridge good-humouredly returned, "that she certainly can't hope for one resembling it." Yet it really seemed to spread there before them. "You simply *made* Mrs. Short Stokes."

"In spite of her name!" Mamie smiled.

"Oh, your names—! In spite of everything."

"Ah, I'm something of an artist." With which, and a relapse marked by her wistful eyes into the gravity of the matter, she supremely fixed her friend. She felt how little she minded betraying at last the extremity of her need, and it was out of this extremity that her appeal proceeded. "Have I really had your last word? It means so much to me."

Lady Wantridge came straight to the point. "You mean you depend on it?"

"Awfully!"

"Is it all you have?"

"All. Now."

"But Mrs. Short Stokes and the others—'rolling,' aren't they? Don't they pay up?"

"Ah," sighed Mamie, "if it wasn't for them—!"

Lady Wantridge perceived. "You've had so much?"

"I couldn't have gone on."

"Then what do you do with it all?"

"Oh, most of it goes back to them. There are all sorts, and it's all help. Some of them have nothing."

"Oh, if you feed the hungry," Lady Wantridge laughed, "you're indeed

in a great way of business. Is Mrs. Medwin"—her transition was immediate—"really rich?"

"Really. He left her everything."

"So that if I do say 'yes'——"

"It will quite set me up."

"I see—and how much more responsible it makes one! But I'd rather myself give you the money."

"Oh!" Mamie coldly murmured.

"You mean I mayn't suspect your prices? Well, I daresay I don't! But I'd rather give you ten pounds."

"Oh!" Mamie repeated in a tone that sufficiently covered her prices. The question was in every way larger. "Do you *never* forgive?" she reproachfully inquired. The door opened, however, at the moment she spoke, and Scott Homer presented himself.

IV

Scott Homer wore exactly, to his sister's eyes, the aspect he had worn the day before, and it also formed, to her sense, the great feature of his impartial greeting.

"How d'ye do, Mamie? How d'ye do, Lady Wantridge?"

"How d'ye do again?" Lady Wantridge replied with an equanimity striking to her hostess. It was as if Scott's own had been contagious; it was almost indeed as if she had seen him before. *Had* she ever so seen him—before the previous day? While Miss Cutter put to herself this question her visitor, at all events, met the one she had previously uttered.

"Ever 'forgive'?" this personage echoed in a tone that made as little account as possible of the interruption. "Dear, yes! The people I *have* forgiven!" She laughed—perhaps a little nervously; and she was now looking at Scott. The way she looked at him was precisely what had already had its effect for his sister. "The people I can!"

"Can you forgive *me*?" asked Scott Homer.

She took it so easily. "But—what?"

Mamie interposed; she turned directly to her brother. "Don't try her. Leave it so." She had had an inspiration; it was the most extraordinary thing in the world. "Don't try *him*"—she had turned to their companion. She looked grave, sad, strange. "Leave it so." Yes, it was a distinct inspiration, which she couldn't have explained, but which had come, prompted by something she had caught—the extent of the recognition expressed—in Lady Wantridge's face. It had come absolutely of a sudden, straight out of the opposition of the two figures before her—quite as if a concussion had struck a light. The light was helped by her quickened sense that her friend's silence on the incident of the day before showed some sort of consciousness. She looked surprised. "Do you know my brother?"

"*Do* I know you?" Lady Wantridge asked of him.

"No, Lady Wantridge," Scott pleasantly confessed, "not one little mite!"

"Well, then, if you *must* go—!" and Mamie offered her a hand. "But I'll go down with you. Not *you!*" she launched at her brother, who immediately effaced himself. His way of doing so—and he had already done so, as for Lady Wantridge, in respect to their previous encounter—struck her even at the moment as an instinctive, if slightly blind, tribute to her possession of an idea; and as such, in its celerity, made her so admire him and their common wit, that, on the spot, she more than forgave him his queerness. He was right. He could be as queer as he liked! The queerer the better! It was at the foot of the stairs, when she had got her guest down, that what she had assured Mrs. Medwin would come did indeed come. "*Did* you meet him here yesterday?"

"Dear, yes. Isn't he too funny?"

"Yes," said Mamie gloomily. "He *is* funny. But had you ever met him before?"

"Dear, no!"

"Oh!"—and Mamie's tone might have meant many things.

Lady Wantridge, however, after all, easily overlooked it. "I only knew he was one of your odd Americans. That's why, when I heard yesterday, here, that he was up there awaiting your return, I didn't let that prevent me. I thought he might be. He certainly," her ladyship laughed, "*is.*"

"Yes, he's very American," Mamie went on in the same way.

"As you say, we *are* fond of you! Good-bye," said Lady Wantridge.

But Mamie had not half done with her. She felt more and more—or she hoped at least—that she looked strange. She *was,* no doubt, if it came to that, strange. "Lady Wantridge," she almost convulsively broke out, "I don't know whether you'll understand me, but I seem to feel that I must act with you—I don't know what to call it!—responsibly. He *is* my brother."

"Surely—and why not?" Lady Wantridge stared. "He's the image of you!"

"Thank you!"—and Mamie was stranger than ever.

"Oh, he's good-looking. He's handsome, my dear. Oddly—but distinctly!" Her ladyship was for treating it much as a joke.

But Mamie, all sombre, would have none of this. She boldly gave him up. "I think he's awful."

"He is indeed—delightfully. And where *do* you get your ways of saying things? It isn't anything—and the things aren't anything. But it's so droll."

"Don't let yourself, all the same," Mamie consistently pursued, "be carried away by it. The thing can't be done—simply."

Lady Wantridge wondered. " 'Done simply'?"

"Done at all."

"But what can't be?"

"Why, what you might think—from his pleasantness. What he spoke of your doing for him."

Lady Wantridge recalled. "Forgiving him?"

"He asked you if you couldn't. But you can't. It's too dreadful for me, as so near a relation, to have, loyally—loyally to *you*—to say it. But he's impossible."

It was so portentously produced that her ladyship had somehow to meet it. "What's the matter with him?"

"I don't know."

"Then what's the matter with *you*?" Lady Wantridge inquired.

"It's because I *won't* know," Mamie—not without dignity—explained.

"Then *I* won't either!"

"Precisely. Don't. It's something," Mamie pursued, with some inconsequence, "that—somewhere or other, at some time or other—he appears to have done; something that has made a difference in his life."

" 'Something'?" Lady Wantridge echoed again. "What kind of thing?"

Mamie looked up at the light above the door through which the London sky was doubly dim. "I haven't the least idea."

"Then what kind of difference?"

Mamie's gaze was still at the light. "The difference you see."

Lady Wantridge, rather obligingly, seemed to ask herself what she saw "But I don't see any! It seems, at least," she added, "such an amusing one! And he has such nice eyes."

"Oh, *dear* eyes!" Mamie conceded; but with too much sadness, for the moment, about the connections of the subject, to say more.

It almost forced her companion, after an instant, to proceed. "Do you mean he can't go home?"

She weighed her responsibility. "I only make out—more's the pity!—that he doesn't."

"Is it then something too terrible——?"

She thought again. "I don't know what—for men—*is* too terrible."

"Well then, as you don't know what 'is' for women either—good-bye!" her visitor laughed.

It practically wound up the interview; which, however terminating thus on a considerable stir of the air, was to give Miss Cutter, the next few days, the sense of being much blown about. The degree to which to begin with, she had been drawn—or perhaps rather pushed—closer to Scott was marked in the brief colloquy that, on her friend's departure, she had with him. He had immediately said it. "You'll see if she doesn't ask me down!"

"So soon?"

"Oh, I've known them at places—at Cannes, at Pau, at Shanghai—to do it

sooner still. I always know when they will. You *can't* make out they don't love me!" He spoke almost plaintively, as if he wished she could.

"Then I don't see why it hasn't done you more good."

"Why, Mamie," he patiently reasoned, "what more good *could* it? As I tell you," he explained, "it has just been my life."

"Then why do you come to me for money?"

"Oh, they don't give me *that!*" Scott returned.

"So that it only means then, after all, that I, at the best, must keep you up?"

He fixed on her the nice eyes that Lady Wantridge admired. "Do you mean to tell me that already—at this very moment—I am not distinctly keeping *you?*"

She gave him back his look. "Wait till she *has* asked you, and then," Mamie added, "decline."

Scott, not too grossly, wondered. "As acting for *you?*"

Mamie's next injunction was answer enough. "But *before*—yes—call."

He took it in. "Call—but decline. Good."

"The rest," she said, "I leave to you." And she left it, in fact, with such confidence that for a couple of days she was not only conscious of no need to give Mrs. Medwin another turn of the screw, but positively evaded, in her fortitude, the reappearance of that lady. It was not till the third day that she waited upon her, finding her, as she had expected, tense.

"Lady Wantridge *will*——?"

"Yes, though she says she won't."

"She says she won't? O—oh!" Mrs. Medwin moaned.

"Sit tight all the same. I *have* her!"

"But how?"

"Through Scott—whom she wants."

"Your bad brother!" Mrs. Medwin stared. "What does she want of him?"

"To amuse them at Catchmore. Anything for that. And he *would.* But he sha'n't!" Mamie declared.

"He sha'n't go unless she comes. She must meet you first—You're my condition."

"O—o—oh!" Mrs. Medwin's tone was a wonder of hope and fear. "But doesn't he want to go?"

"He wants what *I* want. She draws the line at you. I draw the line at *him.*"

"But she—doesn't she mind that he's bad?"

It was so artless that Mamie laughed. "No; it doesn't touch her. Besides, perhaps he isn't. It isn't as for *you*—people seem not to know. He has settled everything, at all events, by going to see her. It's before her that he's the thing she will have to have."

"Have to?"

"For Sundays in the country. A feature—*the* feature."

"So she has asked him?"

"Yes; and he has declined."

"For *me*?" Mrs. Medwin panted.

"For me," said Mamie, on the doorstep. "But I don't leave him for long." Her hansom had waited. "She'll come."

Lady Wantridge did come. She met in South Audley Street, on the fourteenth, at tea, the ladies whom Mamie had named to her, together with three or four others, and it was rather a masterstroke for Miss Cutter that, if Mrs. Medwin was modestly present, Scott Homer was as markedly not. This occasion, however, is a medal that would take rare casting, as would also, for that matter, even the minor light and shade, the lower relief, of the pecuniary transaction that Mrs. Medwin's flushed gratitude scarce awaited the dispersal of the company munificently to complete. A new understanding indeed, on the spot rebounded from it, the conception of which, in Mamie's mind, had promptly bloomed. "He sha'n't go *now* unless he takes you." Then, as her fancy always moved quicker for her client than her client's own—"Down with him to Catchmore! When he goes to amuse them, *you*," she comfortably declared, "shall amuse them too." Mrs. Medwin's response was again rather oddly divided, but she was sufficiently intelligible when it came to meeting the intimation that this latter would be an opportunity involving a separate fee. "Say," Mamie had suggested, "the same."

"Very well; the same."

The knowledge that it was to be the same had perhaps something to do, also, with the obliging spirit in which Scott eventually went. It was all, at the last, rather hurried—a party rapidly got together for the Grand Duke, who was in England but for the hour, who had good-naturedly proposed himself, and who liked his parties small, intimate and funny. This one was of the smallest, and it was finally judged to conform neither too little nor too much to the other conditions—after a brief whirlwind of wires and counterwires, and an iterated waiting of hansoms at various doors—to include Mrs. Medwin. It was from Catchmore itself that, snatching a moment on the wondrous Sunday afternoon, this lady had the harmonious thought of sending the new cheque. She was in bliss enough, but her scribble none the less intimated that it was Scott who amused them most. He *was* the feature. (1903)

JOSEPH CONRAD Heart of darkness

I

THE *Nellie*, a cruising yawl, swung to her anchor without a flutter of the sails, and was at rest. The flood had made, the wind was nearly calm, and being bound down the river, the only thing for it was to come to and wait for the turn of the tide.

The sea-reach of the Thames stretched before us like the beginning of an interminable waterway. In the offing the sea and the sky were welded together without a joint, and in the luminous space the tanned sails of the barges drifting up with the tide seemed to stand still in red clusters of canvas sharply peaked, with gleams of varnished sprits. A haze rested on the low shores that ran out to sea in vanishing flatness. The air was dark above Gravesend, and farther back still seemed condensed into a mournful gloom, brooding motionless over the biggest, and the greatest, town on earth.

The Director of Companies was our captain and our host. We four affectionately watched his back as he stood in the bows looking to seaward. On the whole river there was nothing that looked half so nautical. He resembled a pilot, which to a seaman is trustworthiness personified. It was difficult to realize his work was not out there in the luminous estuary, but behind him, within the brooding gloom.

Between us there was, as I have already said somewhere, the bond of the sea. Besides holding our hearts together through long periods of separation, it had the effect of making us tolerant of each other's yarns—and even convictions. The Lawyer—the best of old fellows—had, because of his many years and many virtues, the only cushion on deck, and was lying on the only rug. The Accountant had brought out already a box of dominoes, and was toying architecturally with the bones. Marlow sąt cross-legged right aft, leaning against the mizzen-mast. He had sunken cheeks, a yellow complexion, a straight back, an ascetic aspect, and, with his arms dropped, the palms of hands outwards, resembled an idol. The director, satisfied the anchor had good hold, made his way aft and sat down amongst us. We exchanged a few words lazily. Afterwards there was silence on board the yacht. For some reason or other we did not begin that game of dominoes. We felt meditative, and fit for nothing but placid staring. The day was ending in a serenity of still and exquisite brilliance. The water shone pacifically; the sky, without a speck, was a benign immensity of unstained light; the

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very mist on the Essex marshes was like a gauzy and radiant fabric, hung from the wooded rises inland, and draping the low shores in diaphanous folds. Only the gloom to the west, brooding over the upper reaches, became more somber every minute, as if angered by the approach of the sun.

And at last, in its curved and imperceptible fall, the sun sank low, and from glowing white changed to a dull red without rays and without heat, as if about to go out suddenly, stricken to death by the touch of that gloom brooding over a crowd of men.

Forthwith a change came over the waters, and the serenity became less brilliant but more profound. The old river in its broad reach rested unruffled at the decline of day, after ages of good service done to the race that peopled its banks, spread out in the tranquil dignity of a waterway leading to the uttermost ends of the earth. We looked at the venerable stream not in the vivid flush of a short day that comes and departs forever, but in the august light of abiding memories. And indeed nothing is easier for a man who has, as the phrase goes, "followed the sea" with reverence and affection, than to evoke the great spirit of the past upon the lower reaches of the Thames. The tidal current runs to and fro in its unceasing service, crowded with memories of men and ships it had borne to the rest of home or to the battles of the sea. It had known and served all the men of whom the nation is proud, from Sir Francis Drake to Sir John Franklin, knights all, titled and untitled —the knights-errant of the sea. It had borne all the ships whose names are like jewels flashing in the night of time, from the *Golden Hind* returning with her round flanks full of treasure, to be visited by the Queen's Highness and thus pass out of the gigantic tale to the *Erebus* and *Terror,* bound on other conquests--and that never returned. It had known the ships and the men. They had sailed from Deptford, from Greenwich, from Erith—the adventurers and the settlers; kings' ships and the ships of men on 'Change; captains, admirals, the dark "interlopers" of the Eastern trade, and the commissioned "generals" of East India fleets. Hunters for gold or pursuers of fame, they all had gone out on that stream, bearing the sword, and often the torch, messengers of the might within the land, bearers of a spark from the sacred fire. What greatness had not floated on the ebb of that river into the mystery of an unknown earth! . . . The dreams of men, the seed of commonwealths, the germs of empires.

The sun set; the dusk fell on the stream, and lights began to appear along the shore. The Chapman lighthouse, a three-legged thing erect on a mudflat, shone strongly. Lights of ships moved in the fairway—a great stir of lights going up and going down. And farther west on the upper reaches the place of the monstrous town was still marked ominously on the sky, a brooding gloom in sunshine, a lurid glare under the stars.

"And this also," said Marlow suddenly, "has been one of the dark places on the earth."

He was the only man of us who still "followed the sea." The worst that could be said of him was that he did not represent his class. He was a seaman, but he was a wanderer, too, while most seamen lead, if one may so express it, a sedentary life. Their minds are of the stay-at-home order, and their home is always with them—the ship; and so is their country—the sea. One ship is very much like another, and the sea is always the same. In the immutability of their surroundings the foreign shores, the foreign faces, the changing immensity of life, glide past, veiled not by a sense of mystery but by a slightly disdainful ignorance; for there is nothing mysterious to a seaman unless it be the sea itself, which is the mistress of his existence and as inscrutable as Destiny. For the rest, after his hours of work, a casual stroll or a casual spree on shore suffices to unfold for him the secret of a whole continent, and generally he finds the secret not worth knowing. The yarns of seamen have a direct simplicity, the whole meaning of which lies within the shell of a cracked nut. But Marlow was not typical (if his propensity to spin yarns be excepted), and to him the meaning of an episode was not inside like a kernel but outside, enveloping the tale which brought it out only as a glow brings out a haze, in the likeness of one of these misty halos that sometimes are made visible by the spectral illumination of moonshine.

His remark did not seem at all surprising. It was just like Marlow. It was accepted in silence. No one took the trouble to grunt even; and presently he said, very slow—

"I was thinking of very old times, when the Romans first came here, nineteen hundred years ago—the other day. . . . Light came out of this river since—you say Knights? Yes; but it is like a running blaze on a plain, like a flash of lightning in the clouds. We live in the flicker—may it last as long as the old earth keeps rolling! But darkness was here yesterday. Imagine the feelings of a commander of a fine—what d'ye call 'em—trireme in the Mediterranean, ordered suddenly to the north; run overland across the Gauls in a hurry; put in charge of one of these craft the legionaries—a wonderful lot of handy men they must have been, too—used to build, apparently by the hundred, in a month or two, if we may believe what we read. Imagine him here—the very end of the world, a sea the color of lead, a sky the color of smoke, a kind of ship about as rigid as a concertina—and going up this river with stores, or orders, or what you like. Sand-banks, marshes, forests, savages,—precious little to eat fit for a civilized man, nothing but Thames water to drink. No Falernian wine here, no going ashore. Here and there a military camp lost in a wilderness, like a needle in a bundle of hay—cold, fog, tempests, disease, exile, and death,—death skulking in the air, in the water, in

the bush. They must have been dying like flies here. Oh, yes—he did it. Did it very well, too, no doubt, and without thinking much about it either, except afterwards to brag of what he had gone through in his time, perhaps. They were men enough to face the darkness. And perhaps he was cheered by keeping his eye on a chance of promotion to the fleet at Ravenna by and by, if he had good friends in Rome and survived the awful climate. Or think of a decent young citizen in a toga—perhaps too much dice, you know—coming out here in the train of some prefect, or tax-gatherer, or trader even, to mend his fortunes. Land in a swamp, march through the woods, and in some inland post feel the savagery, the utter savagery, had closed round him,—all that mysterious life of the wilderness that stirs in the forest, in the jungles, in the hearts of wild men. There's no initiation either into such mysteries. He has to live in the midst of the incomprehensible, which is also detestable. And it has a fascination, too, that goes to work upon him. The fascination of the abomination—you know, imagine the growing regrets, the longing to escape, the powerless disgust, the surrender, the hate."

He paused.

"Mind," he began again, lifting one arm from the elbow, the palm of the hand outwards, so that, with his legs folded before him, he had the pose of a Buddha preaching in European clothes and without a lotus-flower—"Mind, none of us would feel exactly like this. What saves us is efficiency—the devotion to efficiency. But these chaps were not much account, really. They were no colonists; their administration was merely a squeeze, and nothing more, I suspect. They were conquerors, and for that you want only brute force—nothing to boast of, when you have it, since your strength is just an accident arising from the weakness of others. They grabbed what they could get for the sake of what was to be got. It was just robbery with violence, aggravated murder on a great scale, and men going at it blind—as is very proper for those who tackle a darkness. The conquest of the earth, which mostly means the taking it away from those who have a different complexion or slightly flatter noses than ourselves, is not a pretty thing when you look into it too much. What redeems it is the idea only. An idea at the back of it; not a sentimental pretense but an idea; and an unselfish belief in the idea—something you can set up, and bow down before, and offer a sacrifice to. . . ."

He broke off. Flames glided in the river, small green flames, red flames, white flames, pursuing, overtaking, joining, crossing each other—then separating slowly or hastily. The traffic of the great city went on in the deepening night upon the sleepless river. We looked on, waiting patiently—there was nothing else to do till the end of the flood; but it was only after a long silence, when he said, in a hesitating voice, "I suppose you fellows remember

I did once turn fresh-water sailor for a bit," that we knew we were fated, before the ebb began to run, to hear one of Marlow's inconclusive experiences.

"I don't want to bother you much with what happened to me personally," he began, showing in this remark the weakness of many tellers of tales who seem so often unaware of what their audience would best like to hear; "yet to understand the effect of it on me you ought to know how I got out there, what I saw, how I went up that river to the place where I first met the poor chap. It was the farthest point of navigation and the culminating point of my experience. It seemed somehow to throw a kind of light on everything about me—and into my thoughts. It was somber enough, too—and pitiful—not extraordinary in any way—not very clear either. No, not very clear. And yet it seemed to throw a kind of light.

"I had then, as you remember, just returned to London after a lot of Indian Ocean, Pacific, China Seas—a regular dose of the East—six years or so, and I was loafing about, hindering you fellows in your work and invading your homes, just as though I had got a heavenly mission to civilize you. It was very fine for a time, but after a bit I did get tired of resting. Then I began to look for a ship—I should think the hardest work on earth. But the ships wouldn't even look at me. And I got tired of that game, too.

"Now when I was a little chap I had a passion for maps. I would look for hours at South America, or Africa, or Australia, and lose myself in all the glories of exploration. At that time there were many blank spaces on the earth, and when I saw one that looked particularly inviting on a map (but they all look that) I would put my finger on it and say, When I grow up I will go there. The North Pole was one of these places, I remember. Well, I haven't been there yet, and shall not try now. The glamour's off. Other places were scattered about the Equator, and in every sort of latitude all over the two hemispheres. I have been in some of them, and . . . well, we won't talk about that. But there was one yet—the biggest, the most blank, so to speak—that I had a hankering after.

"True, by this time it was not a blank space any more. It had got filled since my childhood with rivers and lakes and names. It had ceased to be a blank space of delightful mystery—a white patch for a boy to dream gloriously over. It had become a place of darkness. But there was in it one river especially, a mighty big river, that you could see on the map, resembling an immense snake uncoiled, with its head in the sea, its body at rest curving afar over a vast country, and its tail lost in the depths of the land. And as I looked at the map of it in a shop-window, it fascinated me as a snake would a bird—a silly little bird. Then I remembered there was a big concern, a Company for trade on that river. Dash it all! I thought to myself, they can't

trade without using some kind of craft on that lot of fresh water—steamboats! Why shouldn't I try to get charge of one? I went on along Fleet Street, but could not shake off the idea. The snake had charmed me.

"You understand it was a Continental concern, that Trading society; but I have a lot of relations living on the Continent, because it's cheap and not so nasty as it looks, they say.

"I am sorry to own I began to worry them. This was already a fresh departure for me. I was not used to getting things that way, you know. I always went my own road and on my own legs where I had a mind to go. I wouldn't have believed it of myself; but, then—you see—I felt somehow I must get there by hook or by crook. So I worried them. The men said 'My dear fellow,' and did nothing. Then—would you believe it?—I tried the women. I, Charlie Marlow, set the women to work—to get a job. Heavens! Well, you see, the notion drove me. I had an aunt, a dear enthusiastic soul. She wrote: 'It will be delightful. I am ready to do anything, anything for you. It is a glorious idea. I know the wife of a very high personage in the Administration, and also a man who has lots of influence with,' etc., etc. She was determined to make no end of fuss to get me appointed skipper of a river steamboat, if such was my fancy.

"I got my appointment—of course; and I got it very quick. It appears the Company had received news that one of their captains had been killed in a scuffle with the natives. This was my chance, and it made me the more anxious to go. It was only months and months afterwards, when I made the attempt to recover what was left of the body, that I heard the original quarrel arose from a misunderstanding about some hens. Yes, two black hens. Fresleven—that was the fellow's name, a Dane—thought himself wronged somehow in the bargain, so he went ashore and started to hammer the chief of the village with a stick. Oh, it didn't surprise me in the least to hear this, and at the same time to be told that Fresleven was the gentlest, quietest creature that ever walked on two legs. No doubt he was; but he had been a couple of years already out there engaged in the noble cause, you know, and he probably felt the need at last of asserting his self-respect in some way. Therefore he whacked the old nigger mercilessly, while a big crowd of his people watched him, thunderstruck, till some man—I was told the chief's son—in desperation at hearing the old chap yell, made a tentative jab with a spear at the white man—and of course it went quite easy between the shoulder-blades. Then the whole population cleared into the forest, expecting all kinds of calamities to happen, while, on the other hand, the steamer Fresleven commanded left also in a bad panic, in charge of the engineer, I believe. Afterwards nobody seemed to trouble much about Fresleven's remains, till I got out and stepped into his shoes. I couldn't let it rest, though;

but when an opportunity offered at last to meet my predecessor, the grass growing through his ribs was tall enough to hide his bones. They were all there. The supernatural being had not been touched after he fell. And the village was deserted, the huts gaped black, rotting, all askew within the fallen enclosures. A calamity had come to it, sure enough. The people had vanished. Mad terror had scattered them, men, women, and children, through the bush, and they had never returned. What became of the hens I don't know either. I should think the cause of progress got them, anyhow. However, through this glorious affair I got my appointment, before I had fairly begun to hope for it.

"I flew around like mad to get ready, and before forty-eight hours I was crossing the Channel to show myself to my employers, and sign the contract. In a very few hours I arrived in a city that always makes me think of a whited sepulcher. Prejudice no doubt. I had no difficulty in finding the Company's offices. It was the biggest thing in the town, and everybody I met was full of it. They were going to run an over-sea empire, and make no end of coin by trade.

"A narrow and deserted street in deep shadow, high houses, innumerable windows with venetian blinds, a dead silence, grass sprouting between the stones, imposing carriage archways right and left, immense double doors standing ponderously ajar. I slipped through one of these cracks, went up a swept and ungarnished staircase, as arid as a desert, and opened the first door I came to. Two women, one fat and the other slim, sat on straw-bottomed chairs, knitting black wool. The slim one got up and walked straight at me—still knitting with down-cast eyes—and only just as I began to think of getting out of her way, as you would for a somnambulist, stood still, and looked up. Her dress was as plain as an umbrella-cover, and she turned round without a word and preceded me into a waiting-room. I gave my name, and looked about. Deal table in the middle, plain chairs all around the walls, on one end a large shining map, marked with all the colors of a rainbow. There was a vast amount of red—good to see at any time, because one knows that some real work is done in there, a deuce of a lot of blue, a little green, smears of orange, and, on the East Coast, a purple patch, to show where the jolly pioneers of progress drink the jolly lager-beer. However, I wasn't going into any of these. I was going into the yellow. Dead in the center. And the river was there—fascinating—deadly—like a snake. Ough! A door opened, a white-haired secretarial head, but wearing a compassionate expression, appeared, and a skinny forefinger beckoned me into the sanctuary. Its light was dim, and a heavy writing-desk squatted in the middle. From behind that structure came out an impression of pale plumpness in a frock-coat. The great man himself. He was five feet six, I should judge, and

had his grip on the handle-end of ever so many millions. He shook hands, I fancy, murmured vaguely, was satisfied with my French. *Bon voyage.*

"In about forty-five seconds I found myself again in the waiting-room with the compassionate secretary, who, full of desolation and sympathy, made me sign some document. I believe I undertook amongst other things not to disclose any trade secrets. Well, I am not going to.

"I began to feel slightly uneasy. You know I am not used to such ceremonies, and there was something ominous in the atmosphere. It was just as though I had been let into some conspiracy—I don't know—something not quite right; and I was glad to get out. In the outer room the two women knitted black wool feverishly. People were arriving, and the younger one was walking back and forth introducing them. The old one sat on her chair. Her flat cloth slippers were propped up on a foot-warmer, and a cat reposed on her lap. She wore a starched white affair on her head, had a wart on one cheek, and silver-rimmed spectacles hung on the tip of her nose. She glanced at me above the glasses. The swift and indifferent placidity of that look troubled me. Two youths with foolish and cheery countenances were being piloted over, and she threw at them the same quick glance of unconcerned wisdom. She seemed to know all about them and about me, too. An eerie feeling came over me. She seemed uncanny and fateful. Often far away there I thought of these two, guarding the door of Darkness, knitting black wool as for a warm pall, one introducing, introducing continuously to the unknown, the other scrutinizing the cheery and foolish faces with unconcerned old eyes. *Ave!* Old knitter of black wool. *Morituri te salutant.* Not many of those she looked at ever saw her again—not half, by a long way.

"There was yet a visit to the doctor. 'A simple formality,' assured me the secretary, with an air of taking an immense part in all my sorrows. Accordingly a young chap wearing his hat over the left eyebrow, some clerk I suppose,—there must have been clerks in the business, though the house was as still as a house in a city of the dead—came from somewhere upstairs, and led me forth. He was shabby and careless, with inkstains on the sleeves of his jacket, and his cravat was large and billowy, under a chin shaped like the toe of an old boot. It was a little too early for the doctor, so I proposed a drink, and thereupon he developed a vein of joviality. As we sat over our vermouths he glorified the Company's business, and by and by I expressed casually my surprise at him not going out there. He became very cool and collected all at once. 'I am not such a fool as I look, quoth Plato to his disciples,' he said sententiously, emptied his glass with great resolution, and we rose.

"The old doctor felt my pulse, evidently thinking of something else the while. 'Good, good for there,' he mumbled, and then with a certain eager-

ness asked me whether I would let him measure my head. Rather surprised, I said Yes, when he produced a thing like calipers and got the dimensions back and front and every way, taking notes carefully. He was an unshaven little man in a threadbare coat like a gaberdine, with his feet in slippers, and I thought him a harmless fool. 'I always ask leave, in the interests of science, to measure the crania of those going out there,' he said. 'And when they come back, too?' I asked. 'Oh, I never see them,' he remarked; and, moreover, the changes take place inside, you know.' He smiled, as if at some quiet joke. 'So you are going out there. Famous. Interesting, too.' He gave me a searching glance, and made another note. 'Ever any madness in your family?' he asked, in a matter-of-fact tone. I felt very annoyed. 'Is that question in the interests of science, too?' 'It would be,' he said, without taking notice of my irritation, 'interesting for science to watch the mental changes of individuals, on the spot, but . . .' 'Are you an alienist?' I interrupted. 'Every doctor should be—a little,' answered that original, imperturbably. 'I have a little theory which you Messieurs who go out there must help me to prove. This is my share in the advantages my country shall reap from the possession of such a magnificent dependency. The mere wealth I leave to others. Pardon my questions, but you are the first Englishman coming under my observation . . .' I hastened to assure him I was not in the least typical. 'If I were,' said I, 'I wouldn't be talking like this with you.' 'What you say is rather profound, and probably erroneous,' he said, with a laugh. 'Avoid irritation more than exposure to the sun. Adieu. How do you English say, eh? Good-by. Ah! Good-by. Adieu. In the tropics one must before everything keep calm.' . . . He lifted a warning forefinger. . . . *'Du calme, du calme. Adieu.'*

"One thing more remained to do—say good-by to my excellent aunt. I found her triumphant. I had a cup of tea—the last decent cup of tea for many days—and in a room that most soothingly looked just as you would expect a lady's drawing-room to look, we had a long quiet chat by the fireside. In the course of these confidences it became quite plain to me I had been represented to the wife of the high dignitary, and goodness knows to how many more people besides, as an exceptional and gifted creature—a piece of good fortune for the Company—a man you don't get hold of every day. Good heavens! and I was going to take charge of a two-penny-half-penny river-steamboat with a penny whistle attached! It appeared, however, I was also one of the Workers, with a capital—you know. Something like an emissary of light, something like a lower sort of apostle. There had been a lot of such rot let loose in print and talk just about that time, and the excellent woman, living right in the rush of all that humbug, got carried off her feet. She talked about 'weaning those ignorant millions from their horrid

ways,' till, upon my word, she made me quite uncomfortable. I ventured to hint that the Company was run for profit.

" 'You forget, dear Charlie, that the laborer is worthy of his hire,' she said, brightly. It's queer how out of touch with truth women are. They live in a world of their own, and there has never been anything like it, and never can be. It is too beautiful altogether, and if they were to set it up it would go to pieces before the first sunset. Some confounded fact we men have been living contentedly with ever since the day of creation would start up and knock the whole thing over.

"After this I got embraced, told to wear flannel, be sure to write often, and so on—and I left. In the street—I don't know why—a queer feeling came to me that I was an impostor. Odd thing that I, who used to clear out for any part of the world at twenty-four hours' notice, with less thought than most men give to the crossing of a street, had a moment—I won't say of hesitation, but of startled pause, before this commonplace affair. The best way I can explain it to you is by saying that, for a second or two, I felt as though, instead of going to the center of a continent, I were about to set off for the center of the earth.

"I left in a French steamer, and she called in every blamed port they have out there, for, as far as I could see, the sole purpose of landing soldiers and custom-house officers. I watched the coast. Watching a coast as it slips by the ship is like thinking about an enigma. There it is before you—smiling, frowning, inviting, grand, mean, insipid, or savage, and always mute with an air of whispering, Come and find out. This one was almost featureless, as if still in the making, with an aspect of monotonous grimness. The edge of a colossal jungle, so dark-green as to be almost black, fringed with white surf, ran straight, like a ruled line, far, far away along a blue sea whose glitter was blurred by a creeping mist. The sun was fierce, the land seemed to glisten and drip with steam. Here and there grayish-whitish specks showed up clustered inside the white surf, with a flag flying above them perhaps. Settlements some centuries old, and still no bigger than pinheads on the untouched expanse of their background. We pounded along, stopped, landed soldiers; went on, landed custom-house clerks to levy toll in what looked like a God-forsaken wilderness, with a tin shed and a flag-pole lost in it; landed more soldiers—to take care of the custom-house clerks, presumably. Some, I heard, got drowned in the surf; but whether they did or not, nobody seemed particularly to care. They were just flung out there, and on we went. Every day the coast looked the same, as though we had not moved; but we passed various places—trading places—with names like Gran' Bassam, Little Popo; names that seemed to belong to some sordid farce acted in front of a sinister backcloth. The idleness of a passenger, my isolation amongst all these men with whom I had no point of contact, the oily and languid sea,

the uniform somberness of the coast, seemed to keep me away from the truth of things, within the toil of a mournful and senseless delusion. The voice of the surf heard now and then was a positive pleasure, like the speech of a brother. It was something natural, that had its reason, that had a meaning. Now and then a boat from the shore gave one a momentary contact with reality. It was paddled by black fellows. You could see from afar the white of their eyeballs glistening. They shouted, sang; their bodies streamed with perspiration; they had faces like grotesque masks—these chaps; but they had bone, muscle, a wild vitality, an intense energy of movement, that was as natural and true as the surf along their coast. They wanted no excuse for being there. They were a great comfort to look at. For a time I would feel I belonged still to a world of straightforward facts; but the feeling would not last long. Something would turn up to scare it away. Once, I remember, we came upon a man-of-war anchored off the coast. There wasn't even a shed there, and she was shelling the bush. It appears the French had one of their wars going on thereabouts. Her ensign dropped limp like a rag; the muzzles of the long six-inch guns stuck out all over the low hull; the greasy, slimy swell swung her up lazily and let her down, swaying her thin masts. In the empty immensity of earth, sky, and water, there she was, incomprehensible, firing into a continent. Pop, would go one of the six-inch guns; a small flame would dart and vanish, a little white smoke would disappear, a tiny projectile would give a feeble screech—and nothing happened. Nothing could happen. There was a touch of insanity in the proceeding, a sense of lugubrious drollery in the sight; and it was not dissipated by somebody on board assuring me earnestly there was a camp of natives—he called them enemies!—hidden out of sight somewhere.

"We gave her her letters (I heard the men in that lonely ship were dying of fever at the rate of three a day) and went on. We called at some more places with farcical names, where the merry dance of death and trade goes on in a still and earthy atmosphere as of an overheated catacomb; all along the formless coast bordered by dangerous surf, as if Nature herself had tried to ward off intruders; in and out of rivers, streams of death in life, whose banks were rotting into mud, whose waters, thickened into slime, invaded the contorted mangroves, that seemed to writhe at us in the extremity of an impotent despair. Nowhere did we stop long enough to get a particularized impression, but the general sense of vague and oppressive wonder grew upon me. It was like a weary pilgrimage amongst hints for nightmares.

"It was upward of thirty days before I saw the mouth of the big river. We anchored off the seat of the government. But my work would not begin till some two hundred miles farther on. So as soon as I could I made a start for a place thirty miles higher up.

"I had my passage on a little sea-going steamer. Her captain was a Swede,

and knowing me for a seaman, invited me on the bridge. He was a young man, lean, fair, and morose, with lanky hair and a shuffling gait. As we left the miserable little wharf, he tossed his head contemptuously at the shore. 'Been living there?' he asked. I said, 'Yes.' 'Fine lot these government chaps—are they not?' he went on, speaking English with great precision and considerable bitterness. 'It is funny what some people will do for a few francs a month. I wonder what becomes of that kind when it goes up-country?' I said to him I expected to see that soon. 'So-o-o!' he exclaimed. He shuffled athwart, keeping one eye ahead vigilantly. 'Don't be too sure,' he continued. 'The other day I took up a man who hanged himself on the road. He was a Swede, too.' 'Hanged himself! Why, in God's name?' I cried. He kept on looking out watchfully. 'Who knows? The sun was too much for him, or the country perhaps.'

"At last we opened a reach. A rocky cliff appeared, mounds of turned-up earth by the shore, houses on a hill, others with iron roofs, amongst a waste of excavations, or hanging to the declivity. A continuous noise of the rapids above hovered over this scene of inhabited devastation. A lot of people, mostly black and naked, moved about like ants. A jetty projected into the river. A blinding sunlight drowned all this at times in a sudden recrudescence of glare. 'There's your Company's station,' said the Swede, pointing to three wooden barrack-like structures on the rocky slope. 'I will send your things up. Four boxes did you say? So. Farewell.'

"I came upon a boiler wallowing in the grass, then found a path leading up the hill. It turned aside for the bowlders, and also for an undersized railway-truck lying there on its back with its wheels in the air. One was off. The thing looked as dead as the carcass of some animal. I came upon more pieces of decaying machinery, a stack of rusty rails. To the left a clump of trees made a shady spot, where dark things seemed to stir feebly. I blinked, the path was steep. A horn tooted to the right, and I saw the black people run. A heavy and dull detonation shook the ground, a puff of smoke came out of the cliff, and that was all. No change appeared on the face of the rock. They were building a railway. The cliff was not in the way or anything; but this objectless blasting was all the work going on.

"A slight clinking behind me made me turn my head. Six black men advanced in a file, toiling up the path. They walked erect and slow, balancing small baskets full of earth on their heads, and the clink kept time with their footsteps. Black rags were wound round their loins, and the short ends behind waggled to and fro like tails. I could see every rib, the joints of their limbs were like knots in a rope; each had an iron collar on his neck, and all were connected together with a chain whose bights swung between them, rhythmically clinking. Another report from the cliff made me think suddenly

of that ship of war I had seen firing into a continent. It was the same kind of ominous voice; but these men could by no stretch of imagination be called enemies. They were called criminals, and the outraged law, like the bursting shells, had come to them, an insoluble mystery from the sea. All their meager breasts panted together, the violently dilated nostrils quivered, the eyes stared stonily up-hill. They passed me within six inches, without a glance, with that complete, deathlike indifference of unhappy savages. Behind this raw matter one of the reclaimed, the product of the new forces at work, strolled despondently, carrying a rifle by its middle. He had a uniform jacket with one button off, and seeing a white man on the path, hoisted his weapon to his shoulder with alacrity. This was simple prudence, white men being so much alike at a distance that he could not tell who I might be. He was speedily reassured, and with a large, white rascally grin, and a glance at his charge, seemed to take me into partnership in his exalted trust. After all, I also was a part of the great cause of these high and just proceedings.

"Instead of going up, I turned and descended to the left. My idea was to let that chain-gang get out of sight before I climbed the hill. You know I am not particularly tender; I've had to strike and to fend off. I've had to resist and to attack sometimes—that's only one way of resisting—without counting the exact cost, according to the demands of such sort of life as I had blundered into. I've seen the devil of violence, and the devil of greed, and the devil of hot desire; but, by all the stars! these were strong, lusty, red-eyed devils, that swayed and drove men—men, I tell you. But as I stood on this hillside, I foresaw that in the blinding sunshine of that land I would become acquainted with a flabby, pretending, weak-eyed devil of a rapacious and pitiless folly. How insidious he could be, too, I was only to find out several months later and a thousand miles farther. For a moment I stood appalled, as though by a warning. Finally I descended the hill, obliquely, towards the trees I had seen.

"I avoided a vast artificial hole somebody had been digging on the slope, the purpose of which I found it impossible to divine. It wasn't a quarry or a sandpit, anyhow. It was just a hole. It might have been connected with the philanthropic desire of giving the criminals something to do. I don't know. Then I nearly fell into a very narrow ravine, almost no more than a scar in the hillside. I discovered that a lot of imported drainage-pipes for the settlement had been tumbled in there. There wasn't one that was not broken. It was a wanton smash-up. At last I got under the trees. My purpose was to stroll into the shade for a moment; but no sooner within than it seemed to me I had stepped into the gloomy circle of some Inferno. The rapids were near, and an uninterrupted, uniform, headlong, rushing noise filled the mournful stillness of the grove, where not a breath stirred, not a leaf moved,

with a mysterious sound—as though the tearing pace of the launched earth had suddenly become audible.

"Black shapes crouched, lay, sat between the trees leaning against the trunks, clinging to the earth, half coming out, half effaced within the dim light, in all the attitudes of pain, abandonment, and despair. Another mine on the cliff went off, followed by a slight shudder of the soil under my feet. The work was going on. The work! And this was the place where some of the helpers had withdrawn to die.

"They were dying slowly—it was very clear. They were not enemies, they were not criminals, they were nothing earthly now,—nothing but black shadows of disease and starvation, lying confusedly in the greenish gloom. Brought from all the recesses of the coast in all the legality of time contracts, lost in uncongenial surroundings, fed on unfamiliar food, they sickened, became inefficient, and were then allowed to crawl away and rest. These moribund shapes were free as air—and nearly as thin. I began to distinguish the gleam of the eyes under the trees. Then, glancing down, I saw a face near my hand. The black bones reclined at full length with one shoulder against the tree, and slowly the eyelids rose and the sunken eyes looked up at me, enormous and vacant, a kind of blind, white flicker in the depths of the orbs, which died out slowly. The man seemed young—almost a boy—but you know with them it's hard to tell. I found nothing else to do but to offer him one of my good Swede's ship's biscuits I had in my pocket. The fingers closed slowly on it and held—there was no other movement and no other glance. He had tied a bit of white worsted round his neck— Why? Where did he get it? Was it a badge—an ornament—a charm—a propitiatory act? Was there any idea at all connected with it? It looked startling round his black neck, this bit of white thread from beyond the seas.

"Near the same tree two more bundles of acute angles sat with their legs drawn up. One, with his chin propped on his knees, stared at nothing, in an intolerable and appalling manner: his brother phantom rested its forehead, as if overcome with a great weariness; and all about others were scattered in every pose of contorted collapse, as in some picture of a massacre or a pestilence. While I stood horror-struck, one of these creatures rose to his hands and knees, and went off on all-fours towards the river to drink. He lapped out of his hand, then sat up in the sunlight, crossing his shins in front of him, and after a time let his woolly head fall on his breastbone.

"I didn't want any more loitering in the shade, and I made haste towards the station. When near the buildings I met a white man, in such an unexpected elegance of get-up that in the first moment I took him for a sort of vision. I saw a high starched collar, white cuffs, a light alpaca jacket, snowy trousers, a clean necktie, and varnished boots. No hat. Hair parted,

brushed, oiled, under a green-lined parasol held in a big white hand. He was amazing, and had a penholder behind his ear.

"I shook hands with this miracle, and I learned he was the Company's chief accountant, and that all the book-keeping was done at this station. He had come out for a moment, he said, 'to get a breath of fresh air.' The expression sounded wonderfully odd, with its suggestion of sedentary desk-life. I wouldn't have mentioned the fellow to you at all, only it was from his lips that I first heard the name of the man who is so indissolubly connected with the memories of that time. Moreover, I respected the fellow. Yes; I respected his collars, his vast cuffs, his brushed hair. His appearance was certainly that of a hairdresser's dummy; but in the great demoralization of the land he kept up his appearance. That's backbone. His starched collars and got-up shirt-fronts were achievements of character. He had been out nearly three years; and, later, I could not help asking him how he managed to sport such linen. He had just the faintest blush, and said modestly, 'I've been teaching one of the native women about the station. It was difficult. She had a distaste for the work.' Thus this man had verily accomplished something. And he was devoted to his books, which were in apple-pie order.

"Everything else in the station was in a muddle,—heads, things, buildings. Strings of dusty niggers with splay feet arrived and departed; a stream of manufactured goods, rubbishy cottons, beads, and brass-wire set into the depths of darkness, and in return came a precious trickle of ivory.

"I had to wait in the station for ten days—an eternity. I lived in a hut in the yard, but to be out of the chaos I would sometimes get into the accountant's office. It was built of horizontal planks, and so badly put together that, as he bent over his high desk, he was barred from neck to heels with narrow strips of sunlight. There was no need to open the big shutter to see. It was hot there, too; big flies buzzed fiendishly, and did not sting, but stabbed. I sat generally on the floor, while, of faultless appearance (and even slightly scented), perching on a high stool, he wrote, he wrote. Sometimes he stood up for exercise. When a trucklebed with a sick man (some invalid agent from up-country) was put in there, he exhibited a gentle annoyance. 'The groans of this sick person,' he said, 'distract my attention. And without that it is extremely difficult to guard against clerical errors in this climate.'

"One day he remarked, without lifting his head, 'In the interior you will no doubt meet Mr. Kurtz.' On my asking who Mr. Kurtz was, he said he was a first-class agent; and seeing my disappointment at this information, he added slowly, laying down his pen, 'He is a very remarkable person.' Further questions elicited from him that Mr. Kurtz was at present in charge of a trading post, a very important one, in the true ivory-country, at 'the very bottom of there. Sends in as much ivory as all the others put together. . . .'

He began to write again. The sick man was too ill to groan. The flies buzzed in a great peace.

"Suddenly there was a growing murmur of voices and a great tramping of feet. A caravan had come in. A violent babble of uncouth sounds burst out on the other side of the planks. All the carriers were speaking together, and in the midst of the uproar the lamentable voice of the chief agent was heard 'giving it up' tearfully for the twentieth time that day. . . . He rose slowly. 'What a frightful row,' he said. He crossed the room gently to look at the sick man, and returning, said to me, 'He does not hear.' 'What! Dead?' I asked, startled. 'No, not yet,' he answered, with great composure. Then, alluding with a toss of the head to the tumult in the stationyard, 'When one has got to make correct entries, one comes to hate those savages—hate them to the death.' He remained thoughtful for a moment. 'When you see Mr. Kurtz,' he went on, 'tell him for me that everything here'—he glanced at the desk—'is very satisfactory. I don't like to write to him—with those messengers of ours you never know who may get hold of your letter—at that Central Station.' He stared at me for a moment with his mild, bulging eyes. 'Oh, he will go far, very far,' he began again. 'He will be a somebody in the Administration before long. They, above—the Council in Europe, you know—mean him to be.'

"He turned to his work. The noise outside had ceased, and presently in going out I stopped at the door. In the steady buzz of flies the homeward-bound agent was lying flushed and insensible; the other, bent over his books, was making correct entries of perfectly correct transactions; and fifty feet below the doorstep I could see the still tree-tops of the grove of death.

"Next day I left that station at last, with a caravan of sixty men, for a two-hundred-mile tramp.

"No use telling you much about that. Paths, paths, everywhere; a stamped-in network of paths spreading over the empty land, through long grass, through burnt grass, through thickets, down and up chilly ravines, up and down stony hills ablaze with heat; and a solitude, a solitude, nobody, not a hut. The population had cleared out a long time ago. Well, if a lot of mysterious niggers armed with all kinds of fearful weapons suddenly took to traveling on the road between Deal and Gravesend, catching the yokels right and left to carry heavy loads for them, I fancy every farm and cottage thereabouts would get empty very soon. Only here the dwellings were gone, too. Still I passed through several abandoned villages. There's something pathetically childish in the ruins of grass walls. Day after day, with the stamp and shuffle of sixty pair of bare feet behind me, each pair under a sixty-lb. load. Camp, cook, sleep, strike camp, march. Now and then a carrier dead in harness, at rest in the long grass near the path, with an

empty water-gourd and his long staff lying by his side. A great silence around and above. Perhaps on some quiet night the tremor of far-off drums, sinking, swelling, a tremor vast, faint; a sound weird, appealing, suggestive, and wild—and perhaps with as profound a meaning as the sound of bells in a Christian country. Once a white man in an unbuttoned uniform, camping on the path with an armed escort of lank Zanzibars, very hospitable and festive—not to say drunk. Was looking after the upkeep of the road, he declared. Can't say I saw any road or any upkeep, unless the body of a middle-aged Negro, with a bullet-hole in the forehead, upon which I absolutely stumbled three miles farther on, may be considered as a permanent improvement. I had a white companion, too, not a bad chap, but rather too fleshy and with the exasperating habit of fainting on the hot hillsides, miles away from the least bit of shade and water. Annoying, you know, to hold your own coat like a parasol over a man's head while he is coming-to. I couldn't help asking him once what he meant by coming there at all. 'To make money, of course. What do you think?' he said, scornfully. Then he got fever, and had to be carried in a hammock slung under a pole. As he weighed sixteen stone I had no end of rows with the carriers. They jibbed, ran away, sneaked off with their loads in the night—quite a mutiny. So, one evening, I made a speech in English with gestures, not one of which was lost to the sixty pairs of eyes before me, and the next morning I started the hammock off in front all right. An hour afterwards I came upon the whole concern wrecked in a bush—man, hammock, groans, blankets, horrors. The heavy pole had skinned his poor nose. He was very anxious for me to kill somebody, but there wasn't the shadow of a carrier near. I remembered the old doctor —'It would be interesting for science to watch the mental changes of individuals, on the spot.' I felt I was becoming scientifically interesting. However, all that is to no purpose. On the fifteenth day I came in sight of the big river again, and hobbled into the Central Station. It was on a back water surrounded by scrub and forest, with a pretty border of smelly mud on one side, and on the three others enclosed by a crazy fence of rushes. A neglected gap was all the gate it had, and the first glance at the place was enough to let you see the flabby devil was running that show. White men with long staves in their hands appeared languidly from amongst the buildings, strolling up to take a look at me, and then retired out of sight somewhere. One of them, a stout, excitable chap with black mustaches, informed me with great volubility and many digressions, as soon as I told him who I was, that my steamer was at the bottom of the river. I was thunderstruck. What, how, why? Oh, it was 'all right.' The 'manager himself' was there. All quite correct. 'Everybody had behaved splendidly! splendidly!'—'you must,' he said in agitation, 'go and see the general manager at once. He is waiting!'

"I did not see the real significance of that wreck at once. I fancy I see it now, but I am not sure—not at all. Certainly the affair was too stupid—when I think of it—to be altogether natural. Still. . . . But at the moment it presented itself simply as a confounded nuisance. The steamer was sunk. They had started two days before in a sudden hurry up the river with the manager on board, in charge of some volunteer skipper, and before they had been out three hours they tore the bottom out of her on stones, and she sank near the south bank. I asked myself what I was to do there, now my boat was lost. As a matter of fact, I had plenty to do in fishing my command out of the river. I had to set about it the very next day. That, and the repairs when I brought the pieces to the station, took some months.

"My first interview with the manager was curious. He did not ask me to sit down after my twenty-mile walk that morning. He was commonplace in complexion, in feature, in manners, and in voice. He was of middle size and of ordinary build. His eyes, of the usual blue, were perhaps remarkably cold, and he certainly could make his glance fall on one as trenchant and heavy as an ax. But even at these times the rest of his person seemed to disclaim the intention. Otherwise there was only an indefinable, faint expression of his lips, something stealthy—a smile—not a smile—I remember it, but I can't explain. It was unconscious, this smile was, though just after he had said something it got intensified for an instant. It came at the end of his speeches like a seal applied on the words to make the meaning of the commonest phrase appear absolutely inscrutable. He was a common trader, from his youth up employed in these parts—nothing more. He was obeyed, yet he inspired neither love nor fear, nor even respect. He inspired uneasiness. That was it! Uneasiness. Not a definite mistrust—just uneasiness —nothing more. You have no idea how effective such a . . . a . . . faculty can be. He had no genius for organizing, for initiative, or for order even. That was evident in such things as the deplorable state of the station. He had no learning, and no intelligence. His position had come to him—why? Perhaps because he was never ill. . . . He had served three terms of three years out there. . . . Because triumphant health in the general rout of constitutions is a kind of power in itself. When he went home on leave he rioted on a large scale—pompously. Jack ashore—with a difference—in externals only. This one could gather from his casual talk. He originated nothing, he could keep the routine going—that's all. But he was great. He was great by this little thing that it was impossible to tell what could control such a man. He never gave that secret away. Perhaps there was nothing within him. Such a suspicion made one pause—for out there there were no external checks. Once when various tropical diseases had laid low almost every 'agent' in the station, he was heard to say, 'Men who come out here

should have no entrails.' He sealed the utterance with that smile of his, as though it had been a door opening into a darkness he had in his keeping. You fancied you had seen things—but the seal was on. When annoyed at meal-times by the constant quarrels of the white men about precedence, he ordered an immense round table to be made, for which a special house had to be built. This was the station's mess-room. Where he sat was the first place—the rest were nowhere. One felt this to be his unalterable conviction. He was neither civil nor uncivil. He was quiet. He allowed his 'boy'—an overfed young Negro from the coast—to treat the white men, under his very eyes, with provoking insolence.

"He began to speak as soon as he saw me. I had been very long on the road. He could not wait. Had to start without me. The up-river stations had to be relieved. There had been so many delays already that he did not know who was dead and who was alive, and how they got on—and so on, and so on. He paid no attention to my explanations, and, playing with a stick of sealing-wax, repeated several times that the situation was 'very grave, very grave.' There were rumors that a very important station was in jeopardy, and its chief, Mr. Kurtz, was ill. Hoped it was not true. Mr. Kurtz was . . . I felt weary and irritable. Hang Kurtz, I thought. I interrupted him by saying I had heard of Mr. Kurtz on the coast. 'Ah! So they talk of him down there,' he murmured to himself. Then he began again, assuring me Mr. Kurtz was the best agent he had, an exceptional man, of the greatest importance to the Company; therefore I could understand his anxiety. He was, he said, 'very, very uneasy.' Certainly he fidgeted on his chair a good deal, exclaimed, 'Ah, Mr. Kurtz!' broke the stick of sealing-wax and seemed dumfounded by the accident. Next thing he wanted to know 'how long it would take to.' . . . I interrupted him again. Being hungry, you know, and kept on my feet too, I was getting savage. 'How can I tell?' I said. 'I haven't even seen the wreck yet—some months, no doubt.' All this talk seemed to me so futile. 'Some months,' he said. 'Well, let us say three months before we can make a start. Yes. That ought to do the affair.' I flung out of his hut (he lived all alone in a clay hut with a sort of veranda) muttering to myself my opinion of him. He was a chattering idiot. Afterwards I took it back when it was borne in upon me startlingly with what extreme nicety he had estimated the time requisite for the 'affair.'

"I went to work the next day, turning, so to speak, my back on that station. In that way only it seemed to me I could keep my hold on the redeeming facts of life. Still, one must look about sometimes; and then I saw this station, these men strolling aimlessly about in the sunshine of the yard. I asked myself sometimes what it all meant. They wandered here and there with their absurd long staves in their hands, like a lot of faithless pilgrims be-

witched inside a rotten fence. The word 'ivory' rang in the air, was whispered, was sighed. You would think they were praying to it. A taint of imbecile rapacity blew through it all, like a whiff from some corpse. By Jove! I've never seen anything so unreal in my life. And outside, the silent wilderness surrounding this cleared speck on the earth struck me as something great and invincible, like evil or truth, waiting patiently for the passing away of this fantastic invasion.

"Oh, these months! Well, never mind. Various things happened. One evening a grass shed full of calico, cotton prints, beads, and I don't know what else, burst into a blaze so suddenly that you would have thought the earth had opened to let an avenging fire consume all that trash. I was smoking my pipe quietly by my dismantled steamer, and saw them all cutting capers in the light, with their arms lifted high, when the stout man with mustaches came tearing down to the river, a tin pail in his hand, assured me that everybody was 'behaving splendidly, splendidly,' dipped about a quart of water and tore back again. I noticed there was a hole in the bottom of his pail.

"I strolled up. There was no hurry. You see the thing had gone off like a box of matches. It had been hopeless from the very first. The flame had leaped high, driven everybody back, lighted up everything—and collapsed. The shed was already a heap of embers glowing fiercely. A nigger was being beaten near by. They said he had caused the fire in some way; be that as it may, he was screeching most horribly. I saw him, later, for several days, sitting in a bit of shade looking very sick and trying to recover himself: afterwards he arose and went out—and the wilderness without a sound took him into its bosom again. As I approached the glow from the dark I found myself at the back of two men, talking. I heard the name of Kurtz pronounced, then the words, 'take advantage of this unfortunate accident.' One of the men was the manager. I wished him a good evening. 'Did you ever see anything like it—eh? it is incredible,' he said, and walked off. The other man remained. He was a first-class agent, young, gentlemanly, a bit reserved, with a forked little beard and a hooked nose. He was stand-offish with the other agents, and they on their side said he was the manager's spy upon them. As to me, I had hardly ever spoken to him before. We got into talk, and by and by we strolled away from the hissing ruins. Then he asked me to his room, which was in the main building of the station. He struck a match, and I perceived that this young aristocrat had not only a silver-mounted dressing-case but also a whole candle all to himself. Just at that time the manager was the only man supposed to have any right to candles. Native mats covered the clay walls; a collection of spears, assegais, shields, knives was hung up in trophies. The business intrusted to this fellow was the making of bricks—so I had been informed; but there wasn't a fragment of a brick anywhere in the station, and he had been there more than a year—waiting. It seems he could

not make bricks without something, I don't know what—straw, maybe. Anyway, it could not be found there, and as it was not likely to be sent from Europe, it did not appear clear to me what he was waiting for. An act of special creation perhaps. However, they were all waiting—all the sixteen or twenty pilgrims of them—for something; and upon my word it did not seem an uncongenial occupation, from the way they took it, though the only thing that ever came to them was disease—as far as I could see. They beguiled the time by backbiting and intriguing against each other in a foolish kind of way. There was an air of plotting about that station, but nothing came of it, of course. It was as unreal as everything else—as the philanthropic pretense of the whole concern, as their talk, as their government, as their show of work. The only real feeling was a desire to get appointed to a trading-post where ivory was to be had, so that they could earn percentages. They intrigued and slandered and hated each other only on that account,—but as to effectually lifting a little finger—oh, no. By heavens! there is something after all in the world allowing one man to steal a horse while another must not look at a halter. Steal a horse straight out. Very well. He has done it. Perhaps he can ride. But there is a way of looking at a halter that would provoke the most charitable of saints into a kick.

"I had no idea why he wanted to be sociable, but as we chatted in there it suddenly occurred to me the fellow was trying to get at something—in fact, pumping me. He alluded constantly to Europe, to the people I was supposed to know there—putting leading questions as to my acquaintances in the sepulchral city, and so on. His little eyes glittered like mica discs—with curiosity—though he tried to keep up a bit of superciliousness. At first I was astonished, but very soon I became awfully curious to see what he would find out from me. I couldn't possibly imagine what I had in me to make it worth his while. It was very pretty to see how he baffled himself, for in truth my body was full only of chills, and my head had nothing in it but that wretched steamboat business. It was evident he took me for a perfectly shameless prevaricator. At last he got angry, and, to conceal a movement of furious annoyance, he yawned. I rose. Then I noticed a small sketch in oils, on a panel, representing a woman, draped and blindfolded, carrying a lighted torch. The background was somber—almost black. The movement of the woman was stately, and the effect of the torch-light on the face was sinister.

"It arrested me, and he stood by civilly, holding an empty half-pint champagne bottle (medical comforts) with the candle stuck in it. To my question he said Mr. Kurtz had painted this—in this very station more than a year ago—while waiting for means to go to his trading-post. 'Tell me, pray,' said I, 'who is this Mr. Kurtz?'

"'The chief of the Inner Station,' he answered in a short tone, looking

away. 'Much obliged,' I said, laughing. 'And you are the brickmaker of the Central Station. Every one knows that.' He was silent for a while. 'He is a prodigy,' he said at last. 'He is an emissary of pity, and science, and progress, and devil knows what else. We want,' he began to declaim suddenly, 'for the guidance of the cause intrusted to us by Europe, so to speak, higher intelligence, wide sympathies, a singleness of purpose.' 'Who says that?' I asked. 'Lots of them,' he replied. 'Some even write that; and so *he* comes here, a special being, as you ought to know.' 'Why ought I to know?' I interrupted, really surprised. He paid no attention. 'Yes. To-day he is chief of the best station, next year he will be assistant-manager, two years more and . . . but I daresay you know what he will be in two years' time. You are of the new gang—the gang of virtue. The same people who sent him specially also recommended you. Oh, don't say no. I've my own eyes to trust.' Light dawned upon me. My dear aunt's influential acquaintances were producing an unexpected effect upon that young man. I nearly burst into a laugh. 'Do you read the Company's confidential correspondence?' I asked. He hadn't a word to say. It was great fun. 'When Mr. Kurtz,' I continued, severely, 'is General Manager, you won't have the opportunity.'

"He blew the candle out suddenly, and we went outside. The moon had risen. Black figures strolled about listlessly, pouring water on the glow, whence proceeded a sound of hissing; steam ascended in the moonlight, the beaten nigger groaned somewhere. 'What a row the brute makes!' said the indefatigable man with the mustaches, appearing near us. 'Serves him right. Transgression—punishment—bang! Pitiless, pitiless. That's the only way. This will prevent all conflagrations for the future. I was just telling the manager. . . .' He noticed my companion, and became crestfallen all at once. 'Not in bed yet,' he said, with a kind of servile heartiness; 'it's so natural. Ha! Danger—agitation.' He vanished. I went on to the river-side, and the other followed me. I heard a scathing murmur at my ear, 'Heap of muffs—go to.' The pilgrims could be seen in knots gesticulating, discussing. Several had still their staves in their hands. I verily believe they took these sticks to bed with them. Beyond the fence the forest stood up spectrally in the moonlight, and through the dim stir, through the faint sounds of that lamentable courtyard, the silence of the land went home to one's very heart—its mystery, its greatness, the amazing reality of its concealed life. The hurt nigger moaned feebly somewhere near by, and then fetched a deep sigh that made me mend my pace away from there. I felt a hand introducing itself under my arm. 'My dear sir,' said the fellow, 'I don't want to be misunderstood, and especially by you, who will see Mr. Kurtz long before I can have that pleasure. I wouldn't like him to get a false idea of my disposition. . . .'

"I let him run on, this papier-mâché Mephistopheles, and it seemed to me

that if I tried I could poke my forefinger through him, and would find nothing inside but a little loose dirt, maybe. He, don't you see, had been planning to be assistant-manager by and by under the present man, and I could see that the coming of that Kurtz had upset them both not a little. He talked precipitately, and I did not try to stop him. I had my shoulders against the wreck of my steamer, hauled up on the slope like a carcass of some big river animal. The smell of mud, of primeval mud, by Jove! was in my nostrils, the high stillness of primeval forest was before my eyes; there were shiny patches on the black creek. The moon had spread over everything a thin layer of silver—over the rank grass, over the mud, upon the wall of matted vegetation standing higher than the wall of a temple, over the great river I could see through a somber gap glittering, glittering, as it flowed broadly by without a murmur. All this was great, expectant, mute, while the man jabbered about himself. I wondered whether the stillness on the face of the immensity looking at us two were meant as an appeal or as a menace. What were we who had strayed in here? Could we handle that dumb thing, or would it handle us? I felt how big, how confoundedly big, was that thing that couldn't talk, and perhaps was deaf as well. What was in there? I could see a little ivory coming out from there, and I had heard Mr. Kurtz was in there. I had heard enough about it, too—God knows! Yet somehow it didn't bring any image with it—no more than if I had been told an angel or a fiend was in there. I believed it in the same way one of you might believe there are inhabitants in the planet Mars. I knew once a Scotch sailmaker who was certain, dead sure, there were people in Mars. If you asked him for some idea how they looked and behaved, he would get shy and mutter something about 'walking on all-fours.' If you as much as smiled, he would—though a man of sixty-four—offer to fight you. I would not have gone so far as to fight for Kurtz, but I went for him near enough to a lie. You know I hate, detest, and can't bear a lie, not because I am straighter than the rest of us, but simply because it appalls me. There is a taint of death, a flavor of mortality in lies—which is exactly what I hate and detest in the world—what I want to forget. It makes me miserable and sick, like biting something rotten would do. Temperament, I suppose. Well, I went near enough to it by letting the young fool there believe anything he liked to imagine as to my influence in Europe. I became in an instant as much of a pretense as the rest of the bewitched pilgrims. This simply because I had a notion it somehow would be of help to that Kurtz whom at the time I did not see—you understand. He was just a word for me. I did not see the man in the name any more than you do. Do you see him? Do you see the story? Do you see anything? It seems to me I am trying to tell you a dream—making a vain attempt, because no relation of a dream can convey the dream-sensa-

tion, that commingling of absurdity, surprise, and bewilderment in a tremor of struggling revolt, that notion of being captured by the incredible which is of the very essence of dreams. . . ."

He was silent for a while.

". . . No, it is impossible; it is impossible to convey the life-sensation of any given epoch of one's existence—that which makes its truth, its meaning —its subtle and penetrating essence. It is impossible. We live, as we dream —alone. . . ."

He paused again as if reflecting, then added—

"Of course in this you fellows see more than I could then. You see me, whom you know. . . ."

It had become so pitch dark that we listeners could hardly see one another. For a long time already he, sitting apart, had been no more to us than a voice. There was not a word from anybody. The others might have been asleep, but I was awake. I listened, I listened on the watch for the sentence, for the word, that would give me the clew to the faint uneasiness inspired by this narrative that seemed to shape itself without human lips in the heavy night-air of the river.

". . . Yes—I let him run on," Marlow began again, "and think what he pleased about the powers that were behind me. I did! And there was nothing behind me! There was nothing but that wretched, old, mangled steamboat I was leaning against, while he talked fluently about 'the necessity for every man to get on.' 'And when one comes out here, you conceive, it is not to gaze at the moon.' Mr. Kurtz was a 'universal genius,' but even a genius would find it easier to work with 'adequate tools—intelligent men.' He did not make bricks—why, there was a physical impossibility in the way—as I was well aware; and if he did secretarial work for the manager, it was because 'no sensible man rejects wantonly the confidence of his superiors.' Did I see it? I saw it. What more did I want? What I really wanted was rivets, by heaven! Rivets. To get on with the work—to stop the hole. Rivets I wanted. There were cases of them down at the coast—cases—piled up—burst—split! You kicked a loose rivet at every second step in that station yard on the hillside. Rivets had rolled into the grove of death. You could fill your pockets with rivets for the trouble of stooping down—and there wasn't one rivet to be found where it was wanted. We had plates that would do, but nothing to fasten them with. And every week the messenger, a lone negro, letter-bag on shoulder and staff in hand, left our station for the coast. And several times a week a coast caravan came in with trade goods—ghastly glazed calico that made you shudder only to look at it; glass beads, valued about a penny a quart, confounded spotted cotton handkerchiefs. And no rivets. Three carriers could have brought all that was wanted to set that steamboat afloat.

"He was becoming confidential now, but I fancy my unresponsive attitude must have exasperated him at last, for he judged it necessary to inform me he feared neither God nor devil, let alone any mere man. I said I could see that very well, but what I wanted was a certain quantity of rivets—and rivets were what really Mr. Kurtz wanted, if he had only known it. Now letters went to the coast every week. . . . 'My dear sir,' he cried, 'I write from dictation.' I demanded rivets. There was a way—for an intelligent man. He changed his manner; became very cold, and suddenly began to talk about a hippopotamus; wondered whether sleeping on board the steamer (I stuck to my salvage night and day) I wasn't disturbed. There was an old hippo that had the bad habit of getting out on the bank and roaming at night over the station grounds. The pilgrims used to turn out in a body and empty every rifle they could lay hands on at him. Some even had sat up o' nights for him. All this energy was wasted, though. 'That animal has a charmed life,' he said; 'but you can say this only of brutes in this country. No man—you apprehend me?—no man here bears a charmed life.' He stood there for a moment in the moonlight with his delicate hooked nose set a little askew, and his mica eyes glittering without a wink, then, with a curt good night, he strode off. I could see he was disturbed and considerably puzzled, which made me feel more hopeful than I had been for days. It was a great comfort to turn from that chap to my influential friend, the battered, twisted, ruined, tin-pot steamboat. I clambered on board. She rang under my feet like an empty Huntley & Palmer biscuit-tin kicked along a gutter; she was nothing so solid in make, and rather less pretty in shape, but I had expended enough hard work on her to make me love her. No influential friend would have served me better. She had given me a chance to come out a bit—to find out what I could do. No, I don't like work. I had rather laze about and think of all the fine things that can be done. I don't like work—no man does—but I like what is in the work,—the chance to find yourself. Your own reality—for yourself, not for others—what no other man can ever know. They can only see the mere show, and never can tell what it really means.

"I was not surprised to see somebody sitting aft, on the deck, with his legs dangling over the mud. You see I rather chummed with the few mechanics there were in that station, whom the other pilgrims naturally despised—on account of their imperfect manners, I suppose. This was the foreman—a boiler-maker by trade—a good worker. He was a lank, bony, yellow-faced man, with big intense eyes. His aspect was worried, and his head was as bald as the palm of my hand; but his hair in falling seemed to have stuck to his chin, and had prospered in the new locality, for his beard hung down to his waist. He was a widower with six young children (he had left them in charge of a sister of his to come out there), and the passion of his life was

pigeon-flying. He was an enthusiast and a connoisseur. He would rave about pigeons. After work hours he used sometimes to come over from his hut for a talk about his children and his pigeons; at work, when he had to crawl in the mud under the bottom of the steamboat, he would tie up that beard of his in a kind of white serviette he brought for the purpose. It had loops to go over his ears. In the evening he could be seen squatted on the bank rinsing that wrapper in the creek with great care, then spreading it solemnly on a bush to dry.

"I slapped him on the back and shouted, 'We shall have rivets!' He scrambled to his feet exclaiming, 'No! Rivets!' as though he couldn't believe his ears. Then in a low voice, 'You . . . eh?' I don't know why we behaved like lunatics. I put my finger to the side of my nose and nodded mysteriously. 'Good for you!' he cried, snapped his fingers above his head, lifting one foot. I tried a jig. We capered on the iron deck. A frightful clatter came out of that hulk, and the virgin forest on the other bank of the creek sent it back in a thundering roll upon the sleeping station. It must have made some of the pilgrims sit up in their hovels. A dark figure obscured the lighted doorway of the manager's hut, vanished, then, a second or so after, the doorway itself vanished, too. We stopped, and the silence driven away by the stamping of our feet flowed back again from the recesses of the land. The great wall of vegetation, an exuberant and entangled mass of trunks, branches, leaves, boughs, festoons, motionless in the moonlight, was like a rioting invasion of soundless life, a rolling wave of plants, piled up, crested, ready to topple over the creek, to sweep every little man of us out of his little existence. And it moved not. A deadened burst of mighty splashes and snorts reached us from afar, as though an ichthyosaurus had been taking a bath of glitter in the great river. 'After all,' said the boiler-maker in a reasonable tone, 'why shouldn't we get the rivets?' Why not, indeed? I did not know of any reason why we shouldn't. 'They'll come in three weeks,' I said, confidently.

"But they didn't. Instead of rivets there came an invasion, an infliction, a visitation. It came in sections during the next three weeks, each section headed by a donkey carrying a white man in new clothes and tan shoes, bowing from that elevation right and left to the impressed pilgrims. A quarrelsome band of footsore sulky niggers trod on the heels of the donkeys; a lot of tents, campstools, tin boxes, white cases, brown bales would be shot down in the courtyard, and the air of mystery would deepen a little over the muddle of the station. Five such installments came, with their absurd air of disorderly flight with the loot of innumerable outfit shops and provision stores, that, one would think, they were lugging, after a raid, into the wilderness for equitable division. It was an inextricable mess of things decent in themselves but that human folly made look like the spoils of thieving.

"This devoted band called itself the Eldorado Exploring Expedition, and I believe they were sworn to secrecy. Their talk, however, was the talk of sordid buccaneers: it was reckless without hardihood, greedy without audacity, and cruel without courage; there was not an atom of foresight or of serious intention in the whole batch of them, and they did not seem aware these things are wanted for the work of the world. To tear treasure out of the bowels of the land was their desire, with no more moral purpose at the back of it than there is in burglars breaking into a safe. Who paid the expenses of the noble enterprise I don't know; but the uncle of our manager was leader of that lot.

"In exterior he resembled a butcher in a poor neighborhood, and his eyes had a look of sleepy cunning. He carried his fat paunch with ostentation on his short legs, and during the time his gang infested the station spoke to no one but his nephew. You could see these two roaming about all day long with their heads close together in an everlasting confab.

"I had given up worrying myself about the rivets. One's capacity for that kind of folly is more limited than you would suppose. I said Hang!—and let things slide. I had plenty of time for meditation, and now and then I would give some thought to Kurtz. I wasn't very interested in him. No. Still, I was curious to see whether this man, who had come out equipped with moral ideas of some sort, would climb to the top after all and how he would set about his work when there."

II

ONE EVENING as I was lying flat on the deck of my steamboat, I heard voices approaching—and there were the nephew and the uncle strolling along the bank. I laid my head on my arm again, and had nearly lost myself in a doze, when somebody said in my ear, as it were: 'I am as harmless as a little child, but I don't like to be dictated to. Am I the manager—or am I not? I was ordered to send him there. It's incredible.' . . . I became aware that the two were standing on the shore alongside the forepart of the steamboat, just below my head. I did not move; it did not occur to me to move: I was sleepy. 'It *is* unpleasant,' grunted the uncle. 'He has asked the Administration to be sent there,' said the other, 'with the idea of showing what he could do; and I was instructed accordingly. Look at the influence that man must have. Is it not frightful?' They both agreed it was frightful, then made several bizarre remarks: 'Make rain and fine weather—one man—the Council—by the nose'—bits of absurd sentences that got the better of my drowsiness, so that I had pretty near the whole of my wits about me when the uncle said, 'The climate may do away with this difficulty for you. Is he alone there?' 'Yes,' answered the manager; 'he sent his assistant down the river with a note to me in these terms: "Clear this poor devil out of the country, and don't bother sending more of that sort. I had rather be alone than have the kind of men

you can dispose of with me." It was more than a year ago. Can you imagine such impudence!' 'Anything since then?' asked the other, hoarsely. 'Ivory,' jerked the nephew; 'lots of it—prime sort—lots—most annoying, from him.' 'And with that?' questioned the heavy rumble. 'Invoice,' was the reply fired out, so to speak. Then silence. They had been talking about Kurtz.

"I was broad awake by this time, but, lying perfectly at ease, remained still, having no inducement to change my position. 'How did that ivory come all this way?' growled the elder man, who seemed very vexed. The other explained that it had come with a fleet of canoes in charge of an English half-caste clerk Kurtz had with him; that Kurtz had apparently intended to return himself, the station being by that time bare of goods and stores, but after coming three hundred miles, had suddenly decided to go back, which he started to do alone in a small dugout with four paddlers, leaving the half-caste to continue down the river with the ivory. The two fellows there seemed astounded at anybody attempting such a thing. They were at a loss for an adequate motive. As to me, I seemed to see Kurtz for the first time. It was a distinct glimpse: the dugout, four paddling savages, and the lone white man turning his back suddenly on the headquarters, on relief, on thoughts of home—perhaps; setting his face towards the depths of the wilderness, towards his empty and desolate station. I did not know the motive. Perhaps he was just simply a fine fellow who stuck to his work for its own sake. His name, you understand, had not been pronounced once. He was 'that man.' The half-caste, who, as far as I could see, had conducted a difficult trip with great prudence and pluck, was invariably alluded to as 'that scoundrel.' The 'scoundrel' had reported that the 'man' had been very ill—had recovered imperfectly. . . . The two below me moved away then a few paces, and strolled back and forth at some little distance. I heard: 'Military post—doctor—two hundred miles—quite alone now—unavoidable delays—nine months—no news—strange rumors.' They approached again, just as the manager was saying, 'No one, as far as I know, unless a species of wandering trader—a pestilential fellow, snapping ivory from the natives.' Who was it they were talking about now? I gathered in snatches that this was some man supposed to be in Kurtz's district, and of whom the manager did not approve. 'We will not be free from unfair competition till one of these fellows is hanged for an example,' he said. 'Certainly,' grunted the other; 'get him hanged! Why not? Anything—anything can be done in this country. That's what I say; nobody here, you understand, *here*, can endanger your position. And why? You stand the climate—you outlast them all. The danger is in Europe; but there before I left I took care to—' They moved off and whispered, then their voices rose again. 'The extraordinary series of delays is not my fault. I did my best.' The fat man sighed. 'Very sad.' 'And the pestiferous

absurdity of his talk,' continued the other; 'he bothered me enough when he was here. "Each station should be like a beacon on the road towards better things, a center for trade, of course, but also for humanizing, improving, instructing." Conceive you—that ass! And he wants to be manager! No, it's—' Here he got choked by excessive indignation, and I lifted my head the least bit. I was surprised to see how near they were—right under me. I could have spat upon their hats. They were looking on the ground, absorbed in thought. The manager was switching his leg with a slender twig: his sagacious relative lifted his head. 'You have been well since you came out this time?' he asked. The other gave a start. 'Who? I? Oh! Like a charm—like a charm. But the rest —oh, my goodness! All sick. They die so quick, too, that I haven't the time to send them out of the country—it's incredible!' 'H'm. Just so,' grunted the uncle. 'Ah! my boy, trust to this—I say, trust to this.' I saw him extend his short flipper of an arm for a gesture that took in the forest, the creek, the mud, the river,—seemed to beckon with a dishonoring flourish before the sunlit face of the land a treacherous appeal to the lurking death, to the hidden evil, to the profound darkness of its heart. It was so startling that I leaped to my feet and looked back at the edge of the forest, as though I had expected an answer of some sort to that black display of confidence. You know the foolish notions that come to one sometimes. The high stillness confronted these two figures with its ominous patience, waiting for the passing away of a fantastic invasion.

"They swore aloud together—out of sheer fright, I believe—then pretending not to know anything of my existence, turned back to the station. The sun was low; and leaning forward side by side, they seemed to be tugging painfully uphill their two ridiculous shadows of unequal length, that trailed behind them slowly over the tall grass without bending a single blade.

"In a few days the Eldorado Expedition went into the patient wilderness, that closed upon it as the sea closes over a diver. Long afterwards the news came that all the donkeys were dead. I know nothing as to the fate of the less valuable animals. They, no doubt, like the rest of us, found what they deserved. I did not inquire. I was then rather excited at the prospect of meeting Kurtz very soon. When I say very soon I mean it comparatively. It was just two months from the day we left the creek when we came to the bank below Kurtz's station.

"Going up that river was like traveling back to the earliest beginnings of the world, when vegetation rioted on the earth and the big trees were kings. An empty stream, a great silence, an impenetrable forest. The air was warm, thick, heavy, sluggish. There was no joy in the brilliance of sunshine. The long stretches of the waterway ran on, deserted, into the gloom of overshadowed distances. On silvery sandbanks hippos and alligators sunned themselves side

by side. The broadening waters flowed through a mob of wooded islands; you lost your way on that river as you would in a desert, and butted all day long against shoals, trying to find the channel, till you thought yourself bewitched and cut off forever from everything you had known once—somewhere—far away—in another existence perhaps. There were moments when one's past came back to one, as it will sometimes when you have not a moment to spare to yourself; but it came in the shape of an unrestful and noisy dream, remembered with wonder amongst the overwhelming realities of this strange world of plants, and water, and silence. And this stillness of life did not in the least resemble a peace. It was the stillness of an implacable force brooding over an inscrutable intention. It looked at you with a vengeful aspect. I got used to it afterwards; I did not see it any more; I had no time. I had to keep guessing at the channel; I had to discern, mostly by inspiration, the signs of hidden banks; I watched for sunken stones; I was learning to clap my teeth smartly before my heart flew out, when I shaved by a fluke some infernal sly old snag that would have ripped the life out of the tin-pot steamboat and drowned all the pilgrims; I had to keep a look-out for the signs of dead wood we could cut up in the night for next day's steaming. When you have to attend to things of that sort, to the mere incidents of the surface, the reality—the reality, I tell you—fades. The inner truth is hidden—luckily, luckily. But I felt it all the same; I felt often its mysterious stillness watching me at my monkey tricks, just as it watches you fellows performing on your respective tight-ropes for—what is it? half-a-crown a tumble—"

" 'Try to be civil, Marlow,' growled a voice, and I knew there was at least one listener awake besides myself.

"I beg your pardon. I forgot the heartache which makes up the rest of the price. And indeed what does the price matter, if the trick be well done? You do your tricks very well. And I didn't do badly either, since I managed not to sink that steamboat on my first trip. It's a wonder to me yet. Imagine a blindfolded man set to drive a van over a bad road. I sweated and shivered over that business considerably, I can tell you. After all, for a seaman, to scrape the bottom of the thing that's supposed to float all the time under his care is the unpardonable sin. No one may know of it, but you never forget the thump—eh? A blow on the very heart. You remember it, you dream of it, you wake up at night and think of it—years after—and go hot and cold all over. I don't pretend to say that steamboat floated all the time. More than once she had to wade for a bit, with twenty cannibals splashing around and pushing. We had enlisted some of these chaps on the way for a crew. Fine fellows—cannibals—in their place. They were men one could work with, and I am grateful to them. And, after all, they did not eat each other before my

face: they had brought along a provision of hippo-meat which went rotten, and made the mystery of the wilderness stink in my nostrils. Phoo! I can sniff it now. I had the manager on board and three or four pilgrims with their staves—all complete. Sometimes we came upon a station close by the bank, clinging to the skirts of the unknown, and the white men rushing out of a tumble-down hovel, with great gestures of joy and surprise and welcome, seemed very strange—had the appearance of being held there captive by a spell. The word ivory would ring in the air for a while—and on we went again into the silence, along empty reaches, round the still bends, between the high walls of our winding way, reverberating in hollow claps the ponderous beat of the stern-wheel. Trees, trees, millions of trees, massive, immense, running up high; and at their foot, hugging the bank against the stream, crept the little begrimed steamboat, like a sluggish beetle crawling on the floor of a lofty portico. It made you feel very small, very lost, and yet it was not altogether depressing, that feeling. After all, if you were small, the grimy beetle crawled on—which was just what you wanted it to do. Where the pilgrims imagined it crawled to I don't know. To some place where they expected to get something, I bet! For me it crawled towards Kurtz—exclusively; but when the steam-pipes started leaking we crawled very slow. The reaches opened before us and closed behind, as if the forest had stepped leisurely across the water to bar the way for our return. We penetrated deeper and deeper into the heart of darkness. It was very quiet there. At night sometimes the roll of drums behind the curtain of trees would run up the river and remain sustained faintly, as if hovering in the air high over our heads, till the first break of day. Whether it meant war, peace, or prayer we could not tell. The dawns were heralded by the descent of a chill stillness; the wood-cutters slept, their fires burned low; the snapping of a twig would make you start. We were wanderers on a prehistoric earth, on an earth that wore the aspect of an unknown planet. We could have fancied ourselves the first of men taking possession of an accursed inheritance, to be subdued at the cost of profound anguish and of excessive toil. But suddenly, as we struggled round a bend, there would be a glimpse of rush walls, of peaked grass-roofs, a burst of yells, a whirl of black limbs, a mass of hands clapping, of feet stamping, of bodies swaying, of eyes rolling, under the droop of heavy and motionless foliage. The steamer toiled along slowly on the edge of a black and incomprehensible frenzy. The prehistoric man was cursing us, praying to us, welcoming us—who could tell? We were cut off from the comprehension of our surroundings; we glided past like phantoms, wondering and secretly appalled, as sane men would be before an enthusiastic outbreak in a madhouse. We could not understand because we were too far and could not remember, because we were traveling in the night of first

ages, of those ages that are gone, leaving hardly a sign—and no memories.

"The earth seemed unearthly. We are accustomed to look upon the shackled form of a conquered monster, but there—there you could look at a thing monstrous and free. It was unearthly, and the men were— No, they were not inhuman. Well, you know, that was the worst of it—this suspicion of their not being inhuman. It would come slowly to one. They howled and leaped, and spun, and made horrid faces; but what thrilled you was just the thought of their humanity—like yours—the thought of your remote kinship with this wild and passionate uproar. Ugly. Yes, it was ugly enough; but if you were man enough you would admit to yourself that there was in you just the faintest trace of a response to the terrible frankness of that noise, a dim suspicion of there being a meaning in it which you—you so remote from the night of first ages—could comprehend. And why not? The mind of man is capable of anything—because everything is in it, all the past as well as all the future. What was there after all? Joy, fear, sorrow, devotion, valor, rage—who can tell?—but truth—truth stripped of its cloak of time. Let the fool gape and shudder—the man knows, and can look on without a wink. But he must at least be as much of a man as these on the shore. He must meet that truth with his own true stuff—with his own inborn strength. Principles won't do. Acquisitions, clothes, pretty rags—rags that would fly off at the first good shake. No; you want a deliberate belief. An appeal to me in this fiendish row —is there? Very well; I hear; I admit, but I have a voice, too, and for good or evil mine is the speech that cannot be silenced. Of course, a fool, what with sheer fright and fine sentiments, is always safe. Who's that grunting? You wonder I didn't go ashore for a howl and a dance? Well, no—I didn't. Fine sentiments, you say? Fine sentiments, be hanged! I had no time. I had to mess about with whitelead and strips of woolen blanket helping to put bandages on those leaky steam-pipes—I tell you. I had to watch the steering, and circumvent those snags, and get the tinpot along by hook or by crook. There was surface-truth enough in these things to save a wiser man. And between whiles I had to look after the savage who was fireman. He was an improved specimen; he could fire up a vertical boiler. He was there below me, and, upon my word, to look at him was as edifying as seeing a dog in a parody of breeches and a feather hat, walking on his hind-legs. A few months of training had done for that really fine chap. He squinted at the steam-gauge and at the water-gauge with an evident effort of intrepidity—and he had filed teeth, too, the poor devil, and the wool of his pate shaved into queer patterns, and three ornamental scars on each of his cheeks. He ought to have been clapping his hands and stamping his feet on the bank, instead of which he was hard at work, a thrall to strange witchcraft, full of improving knowledge. He was useful because he had been instructed; and

what he knew was this—that should the water in that transparent thing disappear, the evil spirit inside the boiler would get angry through the greatness of his thirst, and take a terrible vengeance. So he sweated and fired up and watched the glass fearfully (with an impromptu charm, made of rags, tied to his arm, and a piece of polished bone, as big as a watch, stuck flatways through his lower lip), while the wooden banks slipped past us slowly, the short noise was left behind, the interminable miles of silence—and we crept on, towards Kurtz. But the snags were thick, the water was treacherous and shallow, the boiler seemed indeed to have a sulky devil in it, and thus neither that fireman nor I had any time to peer into our creepy thoughts.

"Some fifty miles below the Inner Station we came upon a hut of reeds, an inclined and melancholy pole, with the unrecognizable tatters of what had been a flag of some sort flying from it, and a neatly stacked woodpile. This was unexpected. We came to the bank, and on the stack of firewood found a flat piece of board with some faded pencil-writing on it. When deciphered it said: 'Wood for you. Hurry up. Approach cautiously.' There was a signature, but it was illegible—not Kurtz—a much longer word. 'Hurry up.' Where? Up the river? 'Approach cautiously.' We had not done so. But the warning could not have been meant for the place where it could be only found after approach. Something was wrong above. But what—and how much? That was the question. We commented adversely upon the imbecility of that telegraphic style. The bush around said nothing, and would not let us look very far, either. A torn curtain of red twill hung in the doorway of the hut, and flapped sadly in our faces. The dwelling was dismantled; but we could see a white man had lived there not very long ago. There remained a rude table—a plank on two posts; a heap of rubbish reposed in a dark corner, and by the door I picked up a book. It had lost its covers, and the pages had been thumbed into a state of extremely dirty softness; but the back had been lovingly stitched afresh with white cotton thread, which looked clean yet. It was an extraordinary find. Its title was, *An Inquiry into some Points of Seamanship,* by a man Towser, Towson—some such name—Master in his Majesty's Navy. The matter looked dreary reading enough, with illustrative diagrams and repulsive tables of figures, and the copy was sixty years old. I handled this amazing antiquity with the greatest possible tenderness, lest it should dissolve in my hands. Within, Towson or Towser was inquiring earnestly into the breaking strain of ships' chains and tackle, and other such matters. Not a very enthralling book; but at the first glance you could see there a singleness of intention, an honest concern for the right way of going to work, which made these humble pages, thought out so many years ago, luminous with another than a professional light. The simple old sailor, with his talk of chains and purchases, made me forget the

jungle and the pilgrims in a delicious sensation of having come upon something unmistakably real. Such a book being there was wonderful enough; but still more astounding were the notes penciled in the margin, and plainly referring to the text. I couldn't believe my eyes! They were in cipher! Yes, it looked like cipher. Fancy a man lugging with him a book of that description into this nowhere and studying it—and making notes—in cipher at that! It was an extravagant mystery.

"I had been dimly aware for some time of a worrying noise, and when I lifted my eyes I saw the wood pile was gone, and the manager, aided by all the pilgrims, was shouting at me from the river-side. I slipped the book into my pocket. I assure you to leave off reading was like tearing myself away from the shelter of an old and solid friendship.

"I started the lame engine ahead. 'It must be this miserable trader—this intruder,' exclaimed the manager, looking back malevolently at the place we had left. 'He must be English,' I said. 'It will not save him from getting into trouble if he is not careful,' muttered the manager darkly. I observed with assumed innocence that no man was safe from trouble in this world.

"The current was more rapid now, the steamer seemed at her last gasp, the stern-wheel flopped languidly, and I caught myself listening on tiptoe for the next beat of the boat, for in sober truth I expected the wretched thing to give up every moment. It was like watching the last flickers of a life. But still we crawled. Sometimes I would pick out a tree a little way ahead to measure our progress towards Kurtz by, but I lost it invariably before we got abreast. To keep the eyes so long on one thing was too much for human patience. The manager displayed a beautiful resignation. I fretted and fumed and took to arguing with myself whether or no I would talk openly with Kurtz; but before I could come to any conclusion it occurred to me that my speech or my silence, indeed any action of mine, would be a mere futility. What did it matter what any one knew or ignored? What did it matter who was manager? One gets sometimes such a flash of insight. The essentials of this affair lay deep under the surface, beyond my reach, and beyond my power of meddling.

"Towards the evening of the second day we judged ourselves about eight miles from Kurtz's station. I wanted to push on; but the manager looked grave, and told me the navigation up there was so dangerous that it would be advisable, the sun being very low already, to wait where we were till next morning. Moreover, he pointed out that if the warning to approach cautiously were to be followed, we must approach in daylight—not at dusk, or in the dark. This was sensible enough. Eight miles meant nearly three hours' steaming for us, and I could also see suspicious ripples at the upper end of the reach. Nevertheless, I was annoyed beyond expression at the de-

lay, and most unreasonably, too, since one night more could not matter much after so many months. As we had plenty of wood, and caution was the word, I brought up in the middle of the stream. The reach was narrow, straight, with high sides like a railway cutting. The dusk came gliding into it long before the sun had set. The current ran smooth and swift, but a dumb immobility sat on the banks. The living trees, lashed together by the creepers and every living bush of the undergrowth, might have been changed into stone, even to the slenderest twig, to the lightest leaf. It was not sleep—it seemed unnatural, like a state of trance. Not the faintest sound of any kind could be heard. You looked on amazed, and began to suspect yourself of being deaf—then the night came suddenly, and struck you blind as well. About three in the morning some large fish leaped, and the loud splash made me jump as though a gun had been fired. When the sun rose there was a white fog, very warm and clammy, and more blinding than the night. It did not shift or drive; it was just there, standing all round you like something solid. At eight or nine, perhaps, it lifted as a shutter lifts. We had a glimpse of the towering multitude of trees, of the immense matted jungle, with the blazing little ball of the sun hanging over it—all perfectly still—and then the white shutter came down again, smoothly, as if sliding in greased grooves. I ordered the chain, which we had begun to heave in, to be paid out again. Before it stopped running with a muffled rattle, a cry, a very loud cry, as of infinite desolation, soared slowly in the opaque air. It ceased. A complaining clamor, modulated in savage discords, filled our ears. The sheer unexpectedness of it made my hair stir under my cap. I don't know how it struck the others: to me it seemed as though the mist itself had screamed, so suddenly, and apparently from all sides at once, did this tumultuous and mournful uproar arise. It culminated in a hurried outbreak of almost intolerably excessive shrieking, which stopped short, leaving us stiffened in a variety of silly attitudes, and obstinately listening to the nearly as appalling and excessive silence. 'Good God! What is the meaning—' stammered at my elbow one of the pilgrims,—a little fat man, with sandy hair and red whiskers, who wore side-spring boots, and pink pajamas tucked into his socks. Two others remained open-mouthed a whole minute, then dashed into the little cabin, to rush out incontinently and stand darting scared glances, with Winchesters at 'ready' in their hands. What we could see was just the steamer we were on, her outlines blurred as though she had been on the point of dissolving, and a misty strip of water, perhaps two feet broad, around her—and that was all. The rest of the world was nowhere, as far as our eyes and ears were concerned. Just nowhere. Gone, disappeared; swept off without leaving a whisper or a shadow behind.

"I went forward, and ordered the chain to be hauled in short, so as to be

ready to trip the anchor and move the steamboat at once if necessary. 'Will they attack?' whispered an awed voice 'We will be all butchered in this fog,' murmured another. The faces twitched with the strain, the hands trembled slightly, the eyes forgot to wink. It was very curious to see the contrast of expressions of the white men and of the black fellows of our crew, who were as much strangers to that part of the river as we, though their homes were only eight hundred miles away. The whites, of course, greatly discomposed, had besides a curious look of being painfully shocked by such an outrageous row. The others had an alert, naturally interested expression; but their faces were essentially quiet, even those of the one or two who grinned as they hauled at the chain. Several exchanged short, grunting phrases, which seemed to settle the matter to their satisfaction. Their headman, a young, broad-chested black, severely draped in dark-blue fringed cloths, with fierce nostrils and his hair all done up artfully in oily ringlets, stood near me. 'Aha!' I said, just for good fellowship's sake. 'Catch 'em,' he snapped, with a bloodshot widening of his eyes and a flash of sharp teeth—'catch 'im. Give 'im to us.' 'To you, eh?' I asked; 'what would you do with them?' 'Eat 'im!' he said, curtly, and, leaning his elbow on the rail, looked out into the fog in a dignified and profoundly pensive attitude. I would no doubt have been properly horrified, had it not occurred to me that he and his chaps must be very hungry: that they must have been growing increasingly hungry for at least this month past. They had been engaged for six months (I don't think a single one of them had any clear idea of time, as we at the end of countless ages have. They still belonged to the beginnings of time—had no inherited experience to teach them as it were), and of course, as long as there was a piece of paper written over in accordance with some farcical law or other made down the river, it didn't enter anybody's head to trouble how they would live. Certainly they had brought with them some rotten hippo-meat, which couldn't have lasted very long, anyway, even if the pilgrims hadn't, in the midst of a shocking hullabaloo, thrown a considerable quantity of it overboard. It looked like a high-handed proceeding; but it was really a case of legitimate self-defense. You can't breathe dead hippo waking, sleeping, and eating, and at the same time keep your precarious grip on existence. Besides that, they had given them every week three pieces of brass wire, each about nine inches long; and the theory was they were to buy their provisions with that currency in river-side villages. You can see how *that* worked. There were either no villages, or the people were hostile, or the director, who like the rest of us fed out of tins, with an occasional old he-goat thrown in, didn't want to stop the steamer for some more or less recondite reason. So, unless they swallowed the wire itself, or made loops of it to snare the fishes with, I don't see what good their extravagant salary could

be to them. I must say it was paid with a regularity worthy of a large and honorable trading company. For the rest, the only thing to eat—though it didn't look eatable in the least—I saw in their possession was a few lumps of some stuff like half-cooked dough, of a dirty lavender color, they kept wrapped in leaves, and now and then swallowed a piece of, but so small that it seemed done more for the looks of the thing than for any serious purpose of sustenance. Why in the name of all the gnawing devils of hunger they didn't go for us—they were thirty to five—and have a good tuck-in for once, amazes me now when I think of it. They were big powerful men, with not much capacity to weigh the consequences, with courage, with strength, even yet, though their skins were no longer glossy and their muscles no longer hard. And I saw that something restraining, one of those human secrets that baffle probability, had come into play there. I looked at them with a swift quickening of interest—not because it occurred to me I might be eaten by them before very long, though I own to you that just then I perceived—in a new light, as it were—how unwholesome the pilgrims looked, and I hoped, yes, I positively hoped, that my aspect was not so—what shall I say?—so—unappetizing: a touch of fantastic vanity which fitted well with the dream-sensation that pervaded all my days at that time. Perhaps I had a little fever, too. One can't live with one's finger everlastingly on one's pulse. I had often 'a little fever,' or a little touch of other things—the playful paw-strokes of the wilderness, the preliminary trifling before the more serious onslaught which came in due course. Yes; I looked at them as you would on any human being, with a curiosity of their impulses, motives, capacities, weaknesses, when brought to the test of an inexorable physical necessity. Restraint! What possible restraint? Was it superstition, disgust, patience, fear—or some kind of primitive honor? No fear can stand up to hunger, no patience can wear it out, disgust simply does not exist where hunger is; and as to superstition, beliefs, and what you may call principles, they are less than chaff in a breeze. Don't you know the devilry of lingering starvation, its exasperating torment, its black thoughts, its somber and brooding ferocity? Well, I do. It takes a man all his inborn strength to fight hunger properly. It's really easier to face bereavement, dishonor, and the perdition of one's soul—than this kind of prolonged hunger. Sad, but true. And these chaps, too, had no earthly reason for any kind of scruple. Restraint! I would just as soon have expected restraint from a hyena prowling amongst the corpses of a battlefield. But there was the fact facing me—the fact dazzling, to be seen, like the foam on the depths of the sea, like a ripple on an unfathomable enigma, a mystery greater—when I thought of it—than the curious, inexplicable note of desperate grief in this savage clamor that had swept by us on the river-bank, behind the blind whiteness of the fog.

"Two pilgrims were quarreling in hurried whispers as to which bank. 'Left.' 'No, no; how can you? Right, right, of course.' 'It is very serious,' said the manager's voice behind me; 'I would be desolated if anything should happen to Mr. Kurtz before we came up.' I looked at him, and had not the slightest doubt he was sincere. He was just the kind of man who would wish to preserve appearances. That was his restraint. But when he muttered something about going on at once, I did not even take the trouble to answer him. I knew, and he knew, that it was impossible. Were we to let go our hold of the bottom, we would be absolutely in the air—in space. We wouldn't be able to tell where we were going to—whether up or down stream, or across—till we fetched against one bank or the other,—and then we wouldn't know at first which it was. Of course I made no move. I had no mind for a smash-up. You couldn't imagine a more deadly place for a shipwreck. Whether drowned at once or not, we were sure to perish speedily in one way or another. 'I authorize you to take all the risks,' he said, after a short silence. 'I refuse to take any,' I said, shortly; which was just the answer he expected, though its tone might have surprised him. 'Well, I must defer to your judgment. You are captain,' he said, with marked civility. I turned my shoulder to him in sign of my appreciation, and looked into the fog. How long would it last? It was the most hopeless look-out. The approach to this Kurtz grubbing for ivory in the wretched bush was beset by as many dangers as though he had been an enchanted princess sleeping in a fabulous castle. 'Will they attack, do you think?' asked the manager, in a confidential tone.

"I did not think they would attack, for several obvious reasons. The thick fog was one. If they left the bank in their canoes they would get lost in it, as we would be if we attempted to move. Still, I had also judged the jungle of both banks quite impenetrable—and yet eyes were in it, eyes that had seen us. The river-side bushes were certainly very thick; but the undergrowth behind was evidently penetrable. However, during the short lift I had seen no canoes anywhere in the reach—certainly not abreast of the steamer. But what made the idea of attack inconceivable to me was the nature of the noise—of the cries we had heard. They had not the fierce character boding immediate hostile intention. Unexpected, wild, and violent as they had been, they had given me an irresistible impression of sorrow. The glimpse of the steamboat had for some reason filled those savages with unrestrained grief. The danger, if any, I expounded, was from our proximity to a great human passion let loose. Even extreme grief may ultimately vent itself in violence—but more generally takes the form of apathy. . . .

"You should have seen the pilgrims stare! They had no heart to grin, or even to revile me: but I believe they thought me gone mad—with fright,

maybe. I delivered a regular lecture. My dear boys, it was no good bothering. Keep a look-out? Well, you may guess I watched the fog for the signs of lifting as a cat watches a mouse; but for anything else our eyes were of no more use to us than if we had been buried miles deep in a heap of cotton-wool. It felt like it, too—choking, warm, stifling. Besides, all I said, though it sounded extravagant, was absolutely true to fact. What we afterwards alluded to as an attack was really an attempt at repulse. The action was very far from being aggressive—it was not even defensive, in the usual sense: it was undertaken under the stress of desperation, and in its essence was purely protective.

"It developed itself, I should say, two hours after the fog lifted, and its commencement was at a spot, roughly speaking, about a mile and a half below Kurtz's station. We had just floundered and flopped round a bend, when I saw an islet, a mere grassy hummock of bright green, in the middle of the stream. It was the only thing of the kind; but as we opened the reach more, I perceived it was the head of a long sandbank, or rather of a chain of shallow patches stretching down the middle of the river. They were discolored, just awash, and the whole lot was seen just under the water, exactly as a man's backbone is seen running down the middle of his back under the skin. Now, as far as I did see, I could go to the right or to the left of this. I didn't know either channel, of course. The banks looked pretty well alike, the depth appeared the same; but as I had been informed the station was on the west side, I naturally headed for the western passage.

"No sooner had we fairly entered it than I became aware it was much narrower than I had supposed. To the left of us there was the long uninterrupted shoal, and to the right a high, steep bank heavily overgrown with bushes. Above the bush the trees stood in serried ranks. The twigs overhung the current thickly, and from distance to distance a large limb of some tree projected rigidly over the stream. It was then well on in the afternoon, the face of the forest was gloomy, and a broad strip of shadow had already fallen on the water. In this shadow we steamed up—very slowly, as you may imagine. I sheered her well inshore—the water being deepest near the bank, as the sounding-pole informed me.

"One of my hungry and forbearing friends was sounding in the bows just below me. This steamboat was exactly like a decked scow. On the deck, there were two little teak-wood houses, with doors and windows. The boiler was in the fore-end, and the machinery right astern. Over the whole there was a light roof, supported on stanchions. The funnel projected through that roof, and in front of the funnel a small cabin built of light planks served for a pilot-house. It contained a couch, two camp-stools, a loaded Martini-Henry leaning in one corner, a tiny table, and the steering-wheel.

It had a wide door in front and a broad shutter at each side. All these were always thrown open, of course. I spent my days perched up there on the extreme fore-end of that roof, before the door. At night I slept, or tried to, on the couch. An athletic black belonging to some coast tribe, and educated by my poor predecessor, was the helmsman. He sported a pair of brass earrings, wore a blue cloth wrapper from the waist to the ankles, and thought all the world of himself. He was the most unstable kind of fool I had ever seen. He steered with no end of a swagger while you were by; but if he lost sight of you, he became instantly the prey of an abject funk, and would let that cripple of a steamboat get the upper hand of him in a minute.

"I was looking down at the sounding-pole, and feeling much annoyed to see at each try a little more of it stick out of that river, when I saw my poleman give up the business suddenly, and stretch himself flat on the deck, without even taking the trouble to haul his pole in. He kept hold on it though, and it trailed in the water. At the same time the fireman, whom I could also see below me, sat down abruptly before his furnace and ducked his head. I was amazed. Then I had to look at the river mighty quick, because there was a snag in the fairway. Sticks, little sticks, were flying about —thick: they were whizzing before my nose, dropping below me, striking behind me against my pilot-house. All this time the river, the shore, the woods, were very quiet—perfectly quiet. I could only hear the heavy splashing thump of the stern-wheel and the patter of these things. We cleared the snag clumsily. Arrows, by Jove! We were being shot at! I stepped in quickly to close the shutter on the land-side. That fool-helmsman, his hands on the spokes, was lifting his knees high, stamping his feet, champing his mouth, like a reined-in horse. Confound him! And we were staggering within ten feet of the bank. I had to lean right out to swing the heavy shutter, and I saw a face amongst the leaves on the level with my own, looking at me very fierce and steady; and then suddenly, as though a veil had been removed from my eyes, I made out, deep in the tangled gloom, naked breasts, arms, legs, glaring eyes,—the bush was swarming with human limbs in movement, glistening, of bronze color. The twigs shook, swayed, and rustled, the arrows flew out of them, and then the shutter came to. 'Steer her straight,' I said to the helmsman. He held his head rigid, face forward; but his eyes rolled, he kept on lifting and setting down his feet gently, his mouth foamed a little. 'Keep quiet!' I said in a fury. I might just as well have ordered a tree not to sway in the wind. I darted out. Below me there was a great scuffle of feet on the iron deck; confused exclamations; a voice screamed, 'Can you turn back?' I caught sight of a V-shaped ripple on the water ahead. What? Another snag! A fusillade burst out under my feet. The pilgrims had opened with their Winchesters, and were simply squirting lead into that bush. A

deuce of a lot of smoke came up and drove slowly forward. I swore at it. Now I couldn't see the ripple or the snag either. I stood in the doorway, peering, and the arrows came in swarms. They might have been poisoned, but they looked as though they wouldn't kill a cat. The bush began to howl. Our wood-cutters raised a warlike whoop; the report of a rifle just at my back deafened me. I glanced over my shoulder, and the pilothouse was yet full of noise and smoke when I made a dash at the wheel. The fool-nigger had dropped everything, to throw the shutter open and let off that Martini-Henry. He stood before the wide opening, glaring, and I yelled at him to come back, while I straightened the sudden twist out of that steamboat. There was no room to turn even if I had wanted to, the snag was somewhere very near ahead in that confounded smoke, there was no time to lose, so I just crowded her into the bank—right into the bank, where I knew the water was deep.

"We tore slowly along the overhanging bushes in a whirl of broken twigs and flying leaves. The fusillade below stopped short, as I had foreseen it would when the squirts got empty. I threw my head back to a glinting whizz that traversed the pilot-house, in at one shutter-hole and out at the other. Looking past that mad helmsman, who was shaking the empty rifle and yelling at the shore, I saw vague forms of men running bent double, leaping, gliding, distinct, incomplete, evanescent. Something big appeared in the air before the shutter, the rifle went overboard, and the man stepped back swiftly, looked at me over his shoulder in an extraordinary, profound, familiar manner, and fell upon my feet. The side of his head hit the wheel twice, and the end of what appeared a long cane clattered round and knocked over a little camp-stool. It looked as though after wrenching that thing from somebody ashore he had lost his balance in the effort. The thin smoke had blown away, we were clear of the snag, and looking ahead I could see that in another hundred yards or so I would be free to sheer off, away from the bank; but my feet felt so very warm and wet that I had to look down. The man had rolled on his back and stared straight up at me; both his hands clutched that cane. It was the shaft of a spear that, either thrown or lunged through the opening, had caught him in the side just below the ribs; the blade had gone in out of sight, after making a frightful gash; my shoes were full; a pool of blood lay very still, gleaming dark-red under the wheel; his eyes shone with an amazing luster. The fusillade burst out again. He looked at me anxiously, gripping the spear like something precious, with an air of being afraid I would try to take it away from him. I had to make an effort to free my eyes from his gaze and attend to steering. With one hand I felt above my head for the line of the steam whistle, and jerked out screech after screech hurriedly. The tumult of angry and war-

like yells was checked instantly, and then from the depths of the woods went out such a tremulous and prolonged wail of mournful fear and utter despair as may be imagined to follow the flight of the last hope from the earth. There was a great commotion in the bush; the shower of arrows stopped, a few dropping shots rang out sharply—then silence, in which the languid beat of the stern-wheel came plainly to my ears. I put the helm hard a-starboard at the moment when the pilgrim in pink pajamas, very hot and agitated, appeared in the doorway. 'The manager sends me—' he began in an official tone, and stopped short. 'Good God!' he said, glaring at the wounded man.

"We two whites stood over him, and his lustrous and inquiring glance enveloped us both. I declare it looked as though he would presently put to us some question in an understandable language; but he died without uttering a sound, without moving a limb, without twitching a muscle. Only in the very last moment, as though in response to some sign we could not see, to some whisper we could not hear, he frowned heavily, and that frown gave to his black death-mask an inconceivably somber, brooding, and menacing expression. The luster of inquiring glance faded swiftly into vacant glassiness. 'Can you steer?' I asked the agent eagerly. He looked very dubious; but I made a grab at his arm, and he understood at once I meant him to steer whether or no. To tell you the truth, I was morbidly anxious to change my shoes and socks. 'He is dead,' murmured the fellow, immensely impressed. 'No doubt about it,' said I, tugging like mad at the shoe-laces. 'And by the way, I suppose Mr. Kurtz is dead as well by this time.'

"For the moment that was the dominant thought. There was a sense of extreme disappointment, as though I had found out I had been striving after something altogether without a substance. I couldn't have been more disgusted if I had traveled all this way for the sole purpose of talking with Mr. Kurtz. Talking with . . . I flung one shoe overboard, and became aware that that was exactly what I had been looking forward to—a talk with Kurtz. I made the strange discovery that I had never imagined him as doing, you know, but as discoursing. I didn't say to myself, 'Now I will never see him,' or 'Now I will never shake him by the hand,' but, 'Now I will never hear him.' The man presented himself as a voice. Not of course that I did not connect him with some sort of action. Hadn't I been told in all the tones of jealousy and admiration that he had collected, bartered, swindled, or stolen more ivory than all the other agents together? That was not the point. The point was in his being a gifted creature, and that of all his gifts the one that stood out preëminently, that carried with it a sense of real presence, was his ability to talk, his words—the gift of expression, the bewildering, the illuminating, the most exalted and the most contemptible, the pulsating

stream of light, or the deceitful flow from the heart of an impenetrable darkness.

"The other shoe went flying unto the devil-god of that river. I thought, by Jove! it's all over. We are too late; he has vanished—the gift has vanished, by means of some spear, arrow, or club. I will never hear that chap speak after all,—and my sorrow had a startling extravagance of emotion, even such as I had noticed in the howling sorrow of these savages in the bush. I couldn't have felt more lonely desolation somehow, had I been robbed of a belief or had missed my destiny in life. . . . Why do you sigh in this beastly way, somebody? Absurd? Well, absurd. Good Lord! mustn't a man ever—Here, give me some tobacco." . . .

There was a pause of profound stillness, then a match flared, and Marlow's lean face appeared, worn, hollow, with downward folds and drooped eyelids, with an aspect of concentrated attention; and as he took vigorous draws at his pipe, it seemed to retreat and advance out of the night in the regular flicker of the tiny flame. The match went out.

"Absurd!" he cried. "This is the worst of trying to tell. . . . Here you all are, each moored with two good addresses, like a hulk with two anchors, a butcher round one corner, a policeman round another, excellent appetites, and temperature normal—you hear—normal from year's end to year's end. And you say, Absurd! Absurd be—exploded! Absurd! My dear boys, what can you expect from a man who out of sheer nervousness had just flung overboard a pair of new shoes! Now I think of it, it is amazing I did not shed tears. I am, upon the whole, proud of my fortitude. I was cut to the quick at the idea of having lost the inestimable privilege of listening to the gifted Kurtz. Of course I was wrong. The privilege was waiting for me. Oh, yes, I heard more than enough. And I was right, too. A voice. He was very little more than a voice. And I heard—him—it—this voice—other voices—all of them were so little more than voices—and the memory of that time itself lingers around me, impalpable, like a dying vibration of one immense jabber, silly, atrocious, sordid, savage, or simply mean, without any kind of sense. Voices, voices—even the girl herself—now—"

He was silent for a long time.

"I laid the ghost of his gifts at last with a lie," he began, suddenly. "Girl! What? Did I mention a girl? Oh, she is out of it—completely. They—the women I mean—are out of it—should be out of it. We must help them to stay in that beautiful world of their own, lest ours gets worse. Oh, she had to be out of it. You should have heard the disinterred body of Mr. Kurtz saying, 'My Intended.' You would have perceived directly then how completely she was out of it. And the lofty frontal bone of Mr. Kurtz! They say the hair goes on growing sometimes, but this—ah—specimen, was impressively bald.

The wilderness had patted him on the head, and, behold, it was like a ball —an ivory ball; it had caressed him, and—lo!—he had withered; it had taken him, loved him, embraced him, got into his veins, consumed his flesh, and sealed his soul to its own by the inconceivable ceremonies of some devilish initiation. He was its spoiled and pampered favorite. Ivory? I should think so. Heaps of it, stacks of it. The old mud shanty was bursting with it. You would think there was not a single tusk left either above or below the ground in the whole country. 'Mostly fossil,' the manager had remarked, disparagingly. It was no more fossil than I am; but they call it fossil when it is dug up. It appears these niggers do bury the tusks sometimes—but evidently they couldn't bury this parcel deep enough to save the gifted Mr. Kurtz from his fate. We filled the steamboat with it, and had to pile a lot on the deck. Thus he could see and enjoy as long as he could see, because the appreciation of this favor had remained with him to the last. You should have heard him say, 'My ivory.' Oh, yes, I heard him. 'My Intended, my ivory, my station, my river, my—' everything belonged to him. It made me hold my breath in expectation of hearing the wilderness burst into a prodigious peal of laughter that would shake the fixed stars in their places. Everything belonged to him—but that was a trifle. The thing was to know what he belonged to, how many powers of darkness claimed him for their own. That was the reflection that made you creepy all over. It was impossible—it was not good for one either—trying to imagine. He had taken a high seat amongst the devils of the land—I mean literally. You can't understand. How could you? —with solid pavement under your feet, surrounded by kind neighbors ready to cheer you or to fall on you, stepping delicately between the butcher and the policeman, in the holy terror of scandal and gallows and lunatic asylums—how can you imagine what particular region of the first ages a man's untrammeled feet may take him into by the way of solitude—utter solitude without a policeman—by the way of silence—utter silence, where no warning voice of a kind neighbor can be heard whispering of public opinion? These little things make all the great difference. When they are gone you must fall back upon your own innate strength, upon your own capacity for faithfulness. Of course you may be too much of a fool to go wrong—too dull even to know you are being assaulted by the powers of darkness. I take it, no fool ever made a bargain for his soul with the devil: the fool is too much of a fool, or the devil too much of a devil—I don't know which. Or you may be such a thunderingly exalted creature as to be altogether deaf and blind to anything but heavenly sights and sounds. Then the earth for you is only a standing place—and whether to be like this is your loss or your gain I won't pretend to say. But most of us are neither one nor the other. The earth for us is a place to live in, where we must put

up with sights, with sounds, with smells, too, by Jove!—breathe dead hippo, so to speak, and not be contaminated. And there, don't you see? your strength comes in, the faith in your ability for the digging of unostentatious holes to bury the stuff in—your power of devotion, not to yourself, but to an obscure, back-breaking business. And that's difficult enough. Mind, I am not trying to excuse or even explain—I am trying to account to myself for—for—Mr. Kurtz—for the shade of Mr. Kurtz. This initiated wraith from the back of Nowhere honored me with its amazing confidence before it vanished altogether. This was because it could speak English to me. The original Kurtz had been educated partly in England, and—as he was good enough to say himself—his sympathies were in the right place. His mother was half-English, his father was half-French. All Europe contributed to the making of Kurtz; and by and by I learned that, most appropriately, the International Society for the Suppression of Savage Customs had intrusted him with the making of a report, for its future guidance. And he had written it, too. I've seen it. I've read it. It was eloquent, vibrating with eloquence, but too high-strung, I think. Seventeen pages of close writing he had found time for! But this must have been before his—let us say—nerves, went wrong, and caused him to preside at certain midnight dances ending with unspeakable rites, which—as far as I reluctantly gathered from what I heard at various times—were offered up to him—do you understand?—to Mr. Kurtz himself. But it was a beautiful piece of writing. The opening paragraph, however, in the light of later information, strikes me now as ominous. He began with the argument that we whites, from the point of development we had arrived at, 'must necessarily appear to them [savages] in the nature of supernatural beings—we approach them with the might as of a deity,' and so on, and so on. 'By the simple exercise of our will we can exert a power for good practically unbounded,' etc. etc. From that point he soared and took me with him. The peroration was magnificent, though difficult to remember, you know. It gave me the notion of an exotic Immensity ruled by an august Benevolence. It made me tingle with enthusiasm. This was the unbounded power of eloquence—of words—of burning noble words. There were no practical hints to interrupt the magic current of phrases, unless a kind of note at the foot of the last page, scrawled evidently much later, in an unsteady hand, may be regarded as the exposition of a method. It was very simple, and at the end of that moving appeal to every altruistic sentiment it blazed at you, luminous and terrifying, like a flash of lightning in a serene sky: 'Exterminate all the brutes!' The curious part was that he had apparently forgotten all about the valuable postscriptum, because, later on, when he in a sense came to himself, he repeatedly entreated me to take good care of 'my pamphlet' (he called it),

as it was sure to have in the future a good influence upon his career. I had full information about all these things, and, besides, as it turned out, I was to have the care of his memory. I've done enough for it to give me the indisputable right to lay it, if I choose, for an everlasting rest in the dustbin of progress, amongst all the sweepings and, figuratively speaking, all the dead cats of civilization. But then, you see, I can't choose. He won't be forgotten. Whatever he was, he was not common. He had the power to charm or frighten rudimentary souls into an aggravated witch-dance in his honor; he could also fill the small souls of the pilgrims with bitter misgivings: he had one devoted friend at least, and he had conquered one soul in the world that was neither rudimentary nor tainted with self-seeking. No; I can't forget him, though I am not prepared to affirm the fellow was exactly worth the life we lost in getting to him. I missed my late helmsman awfully, —I missed him even while his body was still lying in the pilot-house. Perhaps you will think it passing strange this regret for a savage who was no more account than a grain of sand in a black Sahara. Well, don't you see, he had done something, he had steered; for months I had him at my back—a help—an instrument. It was a kind of partnership. He steered for me—I had to look after him, I worried about his deficiencies, and thus a subtle bond had been created, of which I only became aware when it was suddenly broken. And the intimate profundity of that look he gave me when he received his hurt remains to this day in my memory—like a claim of distant kinship affirmed in a supreme moment.

"Poor fool! If he had only left that shutter alone. He had no restraint, no restraint—just like Kurtz—a tree swayed by the wind. As soon as I had put on a dry pair of slippers, I dragged him out, after first jerking the spear out of his side, which operation I confess I performed with my eyes shut tight. His heels leaped together over the little door-step; his shoulders were pressed to my breast; I hugged him from behind desperately. Oh! he was heavy, heavy; heavier than any man on earth, I should imagine. Then without more ado I tipped him overboard. The current snatched him as though he had been a wisp of grass, and I saw the body roll over twice before I lost sight of it forever. All the pilgrims and the manager were then congregated on the awning-deck about the pilot-house, chattering at each other like a flock of excited magpies, and there was a scandalized murmur at my heartless promptitude. What they wanted to keep that body hanging about for I can't guess. Embalm it, maybe. But I had also heard another, and a very ominous, murmur on the deck below. My friends the wood-cutters were likewise scandalized, and with a better show of reason—though I admit that the reason itself was quite inadmissible. Oh, quite! I had made up my mind that if my late helmsman was to be eaten, the fishes alone should have him. He had been a very second-rate helmsman while

alive, but now he was dead he might have become a first-class temptation, and possibly cause some startling trouble. Besides, I was anxious to take the wheel, the man in pink pajamas showing himself a hopeless duffer at the business.

"This I did directly the simple funeral was over. We were going half-speed, keeping right in the middle of the stream, and I listened to the talk about me. They had given up Kurtz, they had given up the station; Kurtz was dead, and the station had been burnt—and so on—and so on. The red-haired pilgrim was beside himself with the thought that at least this poor Kurtz had been properly avenged. 'Say! We must have made a glorious slaughter of them in the bush. Eh? What do you think? Say?' He positively danced, the bloodthirsty little gingery beggar. And he had nearly fainted when he saw the wounded man! I could not help saying, 'You made a glorious lot of smoke, anyhow.' I had seen, from the way the tops of the bushes rustled and flew, that almost all the shots had gone too high. You can't hit anything unless you take aim and fire from the shoulder; but these chaps fired from the hip with their eyes shut. The retreat, I maintained—and I was right—was caused by the screeching of the steam-whistle. Upon this they forgot Kurtz, and began to howl at me with indignant protests.

"The manager stood by the wheel murmuring confidentially about the necessity of getting well away down the river before dark at all events, when I saw in the distance a clearing on the river-side and the outlines of some sort of building. 'What's this?' I asked. He clapped his hands in wonder. 'The station!' he cried. I edged in at once, still going half-speed.

"Through my glasses I saw the slope of a hill interspersed with rare trees and perfectly free from undergrowth. A long decaying building on the summit was half buried in the high grass; the large holes in the peaked roof gaped black from afar; the jungle and the woods made a background. There was no enclosure or fence of any kind; but there had been one apparently, for near the house half-a-dozen slim posts remained in a row, roughly trimmed, and with their upper ends ornamented with round carved balls. The rails, or whatever there had been between, had disappeared. Of course the forest surrounded all that. The river-bank was clear, and on the water-side I saw a white man under a hat like a cartwheel beckoning persistently with his whole arm. Examining the edge of the forest above and below, I was almost certain I could see movements—human forms gliding here and there. I steamed past prudently, then stopped the engines and let her drift down. The man on the shore began to shout, urging us to land. 'We have been attacked,' screamed the manager. 'I know—I know. It's all right,' yelled back the other, as cheerful as you please. 'Come along. It's all right. I am glad.'

"His aspect reminded me of something I had seen—something funny I

had seen somewhere. As I maneuvered to get alongside, I was asking myself, 'What does this fellow look like?' Suddenly I got it. He looked like a harlequin. His clothes had been made of some stuff that was brown holland probably, but it was covered with patches all over, with bright patches, blue, red and yellow,—patches on the back, patches on the front, patches on elbows, on knees; colored binding around his jacket, scarlet edging at the bottom of his trousers; and the sunshine made him look extremely gay and wonderfully neat withal, because you could see how beautifully all this patching had been done. A beardless, boyish face, very fair, no features to speak of, nose peeling, little blue eyes, smiles and frowns chasing each other over that open countenance like sunshine and shadow on a wind-swept plain. 'Look out, captain!' he cried; 'there's a snag lodged in her last night.' 'What! Another snag?' I confess I swore shamefully. I had nearly holed my cripple, to finish off that charming trip. The harlequin on the bank turned his little pug-nose up to me. 'You English?' he asked, all smiles. 'Are you?' I shouted from the wheel. The smiles vanished, and he shook his head as if sorry for my disappointment. Then he brightened up. 'Never mind!' he cried, encouragingly. 'Are we in time?' I asked. 'He is up there,' he replied, with a toss of the head up the hill, and becoming gloomy all of a sudden. His face was like the autumn sky, overcast one moment and bright the next.

"When the manager, escorted by the pilgrims, all of them armed to the teeth, had gone to the house this chap came on board. 'I say, I don't like this. These natives are in the bush,' I said. He assured me earnestly it was all right. 'They are simple people,' he added; 'well, I am glad you came. It took me all my time to keep them off.' 'But you said it was all right,' I cried. 'Oh, they meant no harm,' he said; and as I stared he corrected himself, 'Not exactly.' Then vivaciously, 'My faith, your pilot-house wants a clean-up!' In the next breath he advised me to keep enough steam on the boiler to blow the whistle in case of any trouble. 'One good screech will do more for you than all your rifles. They are simple people,' he repeated. He rattled away at such a rate he quite overwhelmed me. He seemed to be trying to make up for lots of silence, and actually hinted, laughing, that such was the case. 'Don't you talk with Mr. Kurtz?' I said. 'You don't talk with that man—you listen to him,' he exclaimed with severe exaltation. 'But now—' He waved his arm, and in the twinkling of an eye was in the uttermost depths of despondency. In a moment he came up again with a jump, possessed himself of both my hands, shook them continuously, while he gabbled: 'Brother sailor . . . honor . . . pleasure . . . delight . . . introduce myself . . . Russian . . . son of an arch-priest . . . Government of Tambov. . . . What? Tobacco! English tobacco; the excellent English tobacco! Now, that's brotherly. Smoke? Where's a sailor that does not smoke?'

"The pipe soothed him, and gradually I made out he had run away from school, had gone to sea in a Russian ship; ran away again; served some time in English ships; was now reconciled with the arch-priest. He made a point of that. 'But when one is young one must see things, gather experience, ideas; enlarge the mind.' 'Here!' I interrupted. 'You can never tell! Here I met Mr. Kurtz,' he said, youthfully solemn and reproachful. I held my tongue after that. It appears he had persuaded a Dutch trading house on the coast to fit him out with stores and goods, and had started for the interior with a light heart, and no more idea of what would happen to him than a baby. He had been wandering about that river for nearly two years alone, cut off from everybody and everything. 'I am not so young as I look. I am twenty-five,' he said. 'At first old Van Shuyten would tell me to go to the devil,' he narrated with keen enjoyment; 'but I stuck to him, and talked and talked, till at last he got afraid I would talk the hind-leg off his favorite dog, so he gave me some cheap things and a few guns, and told me he hoped he would never see my face again. Good old Dutchman, Van Shuyten. I've sent him one small lot of ivory a year ago, so that he can't call me a little thief when I get back. I hope he got it. And for the rest I don't care. I had some wood stacked for you. That was my old house. Did you see?'

"I gave him Towson's book. He made as though he would kiss me, but restrained himself. 'The only book I had left, and I thought I had lost it,' he said, looking at it ecstatically. 'So many accidents happen to a man going about alone, you know. Canoes get upset sometimes—and sometimes you've got to clear out so quick when the people get angry.' He thumbed the pages. 'You made notes in Russian?' I asked. He nodded. 'I thought they were written in cipher,' I said. He laughed, then became serious. 'I had lots of trouble to keep these people off,' he said. 'Did they want to kill you?' I asked. 'Oh, no!' he cried, and checked himself. 'Why did they attack us?' I pursued. He hesitated, then said shamefacedly, 'They don't want him to go.' 'Don't they?' I said curiously. He nodded a nod full of mystery and wisdom. 'I tell you,' he cried, 'this man has enlarged my mind.' He opened his arms wide, staring at me with his little blue eyes that were perfectly round."

III

I LOOKED at him, lost in astonishment. There he was before me, in motley, as though he had absconded from a troupe of mimes, enthusiastic, fabulous. His very existence was improbable, inexplicable, and altogether bewildering. He was an insoluble problem. It was inconceivable how he had existed, how he had succeeded in getting so far, how he had managed to remain—why he did not instantly disappear. 'I went a little farther,' he said, 'then still a little farther—till I had gone so far that I don't know how I'll ever get back. Never mind. Plenty time. I can manage. You take Kurtz away quick—quick—I tell you.' The glamour of youth enveloped his parti-colored

rags, his destitution, his loneliness, the essential desolation of his futile wanderings. For months—for years—his life hadn't been worth a day's purchase; and there he was gallantly, thoughtlessly alive, to all appearance indestructible solely by the virtue of his few years and of his unreflecting audacity. I was seduced into something like admiration—like envy. Glamour urged him on, glamour kept him unscathed. He surely wanted nothing from the wilderness but space to breathe in and to push on through. His need was to exist, and to move onwards at the greatest possible risk, and with a maximum of privation. If the absolutely pure, uncalculating, unpractical spirit of adventure had ever ruled a human being, it ruled this be-patched youth. I almost envied him the possession of this modest and clear flame. It seemed to have consumed all thought of self so completely, that even while he was talking to you, you forgot that it was he—the man before your eyes—who had gone through these things. I did not envy him his devotion to Kurtz, though. He had not meditated over it. It came to him and he accepted it with a sort of eager fatalism. I must say that to me it appeared about the most dangerous thing in every way he had come upon so far.

"They had come together unavoidably, like two ships becalmed near each other, and lay rubbing sides at last. I suppose Kurtz wanted an audience, because on a certain occasion, when encamped in the forest, they had talked all night, or more probably Kurtz had talked. 'We talked of everything,' he said, quite transported at the recollection. 'I forgot there was such a thing as sleep. The night did not seem to last an hour. Everything! Everything! . . . Of love, too.' 'Ah, he talked to you of love!' I said, much amused. 'It isn't what you think,' he cried, almost passionately. 'It was in general. He made me see things—things.'

"He threw his arms up. We were on deck at the time, and the headman of my wood-cutters, lounging near by, turned upon him his heavy and glittering eyes. I looked around, and I don't know why, but I assure you that never, never before, did this land, this river, this jungle, the very arch of this blazing sky, appear to me so hopeless and so dark, so impenetrable to human thought, so pitiless to human weakness. 'And, ever since, you have been with him, of course?' I said.

"On the contrary. It appears their intercourse had been very much broken by various causes. He had, as he informed me proudly, managed to nurse Kurtz through two illnesses (he alluded to it as you would to some risky feat), but as a rule Kurtz wandered alone far in the depths of the forest. 'Very often coming to this station, I had to wait days and days before he would turn up,' he said. 'Ah, it was worth waiting for!—sometimes.' 'What was he doing? exploring or what?' I asked. 'Oh, yes, of course'; he had

discovered lots of villages, a lake, too—he did not know exactly in what direction; it was dangerous to inquire too much—but mostly his expeditions had been for ivory. 'But he had no goods to trade with by that time,' I objected. 'There's a good lot of cartridges left even yet,' he answered, looking away. 'To speak plainly, he raided the country,' I said. He nodded. 'Not alone, surely!' He muttered something about the villages round that lake. 'Kurtz got the tribe to follow him, did he?' I suggested. He fidgeted a little. 'They adored him,' he said. The tone of these words was so extraordinary that I looked at him searchingly. It was curious to see his mingled eagerness and reluctance to speak of Kurtz. The man filled his life, occupied his thoughts, swayed his emotions. 'What can you expect?' he burst out; 'he came to them with thunder and lightning, you know—and they had never seen anything like it—and very terrible. He could be very terrible. You can't judge Mr. Kurtz as you would an ordinary man. No, no, no! Now—just to give you an idea—I don't mind telling you he wanted to shoot me, too, one day—but I don't judge him.' 'Shoot you!' I cried. 'What for?' 'Well, I had a small lot of ivory the chief of that village near my house gave me. You see I used to shoot game for them. Well, he wanted it, and wouldn't hear reason. He declared he would shoot me unless I gave him the ivory and then cleared out of the country, because he could do so, and had a fancy for it, and there was nothing on earth to prevent him killing whom he jolly well pleased. And it was true, too. I gave him the ivory. What did I care! But I didn't clear out. No, no, I couldn't leave him. I had to be careful, of course, till we got friendly again for a time. He had his second illness then. Afterwards I had to keep out of the way; but I didn't mind. He was living for the most part in those villages on the lake. When he came down to the river, sometimes he would take to me, and sometimes it was better for me to be careful. This man suffered too much. He hated all this, and somehow he couldn't get away. When I had a chance I begged him to try and leave while there was time; I offered to go back with him. And he would say yes, and then he would remain; go off on another ivory hunt; disappear for weeks; forget himself amongst these people—forget himself—you know.' 'Why! he's mad,' I said. He protested indignantly. Mr. Kurtz couldn't be mad. If I had heard him talk, only two days ago, I wouldn't dare hint at such a thing. . . . I had taken up my binoculars while we talked, and was looking at the shore, sweeping the limit of the forest at each side and at the back of the house. The consciousness of there being people in that bush, so silent, so quiet—as silent and quiet as the ruined house on the hill—made me uneasy. There was no sign on the face of nature of this amazing tale that was not so much told as suggested to me in desolate exclamations, completed by shrugs, in interrupted phrases, in hints ending in

deep sighs. The woods were unmoved, like a mask—heavy, like the closed door of a prison—they looked with their air of hidden knowledge, of patient expectation, of unapproachable silence. The Russian was explaining to me that it was only lately that Mr. Kurtz had come down to the river, bringing along with him all the fighting men of that lake tribe. He had been absent for several months—getting himself adored, I suppose—and had come down unexpectedly, with the intention to all appearance of making a raid either across the river or down stream. Evidently the appetite for more ivory had got the better of the—what shall I say?—less material aspirations. However he had got much worse suddenly. 'I heard he was lying helpless, and so I came up—took my chance,' said the Russian. 'Oh, he is bad, very bad.' I directed my glass to the house. There were no signs of life, but there was the ruined roof, the long mud wall peeping above the grass, with three little square window-holes, no two of the same size; all this brought within reach of my hand, as it were. And then I made a brusque movement, and one of the remaining posts of that vanished fence leaped up in the field of my glass. You remember I told you I had been struck at the distance by certain attempts at ornamentation, rather remarkable in the ruinous aspect of the place. Now I had suddenly a nearer view, and its first result was to make me throw my head back as if before a blow. Then I went carefully from post to post with my glass, and I saw my mistake. These round knobs were not ornamental but symbolic; they were expressive and puzzling, striking and disturbing—food for thought and also for vultures if there had been any looking down from the sky; but at all events for such ants as were industrious enough to ascend the pole. They would have been even more impressive, those heads on the stakes, if their faces had not been turned to the house. Only one, the first I had made out, was facing my way. I was not so shocked as you may think. The start back I had given was really nothing but a movement of surprise. I had expected to see a knob of wood there, you know. I returned deliberately to the first I had seen—and there it was, black, dried, sunken, with closed eyelids,—a head that seemed to sleep at the top of that pole, and with the shrunken dry lips showing a narrow white line of the teeth, was smiling, too, smiling continuously at some endless and jocose dream of that eternal slumber.

"I am not disclosing any trade secrets. In fact, the manager said afterwards that Mr. Kurtz's methods had ruined the district. I have no opinion on that point, but I want you clearly to understand that there was nothing exactly profitable in these heads being there. They only showed that Mr. Kurtz lacked restraint in the gratification of his various lusts, that there was something wanting in him—some small matter which, when the pressing need arose, could not be found under his magnificent eloquence. Whether he

knew of this deficiency himself I can't say. I think the knowledge came to him at last—only at the very last. But the wilderness had found him out early, and had taken on him a terrible vengeance for the fantastic invasion. I think it had whispered to him things about himself which he did not know, things of which he had no conception till he took counsel with this great solitude—and the whisper had proved irresistibly fascinating. It echoed loudly within him because he was hollow at the core. . . . I put down the glass, and the head that had appeared near enough to be spoken to seemed at once to have leaped away from me into inaccessible distance.

"The admirer of Mr. Kurtz was a bit crestfallen. In a hurried indistinct voice he began to assure me he had not dared to take these—say, symbols—down. He was not afraid of the natives; they would not stir till Mr. Kurtz gave the word. His ascendancy was extraordinary. The camps of these people surrounded the place, and the chiefs came every day to see him. They would crawl. . . . 'I don't want to know anything of the ceremonies used when approaching Mr. Kurtz,' I shouted. Curious, this feeling that came over me that such details would be more intolerable than those heads drying on the stakes under Mr. Kurtz's windows. After all, that was only a savage sight, while I seemed at one bound to have been transported into some lightless region of subtle horrors, where pure, uncomplicated savagery was a positive relief, being something that had a right to exist—obviously—in the sunshine. The young man looked at me with surprise. I suppose it did not occur to him that Mr. Kurtz was no idol of mine. He forgot I hadn't heard of any of these splendid monologues on, what was it? on love, justice, conduct of life—or what not. If it had come to crawling before Mr. Kurtz, he crawled as much as the veriest savage of them all. I had no idea of the conditions, he said: these heads were the heads of rebels. I shocked him excessively by laughing. Rebels! What would be the next definition I was to hear? There had been enemies, criminals, workers—and these were rebels. Those rebellious heads looked very subdued to me on their sticks. 'You don't know how such a life tries a man like Kurtz,' cried Kurtz's last disciple. 'Well, and you?' I said. 'I! I! I am a simple man. I have no great thoughts. I want nothing from anybody. How can you compare me to . . . ?' His feelings were too much for speech, and suddenly he broke down. 'I don't understand,' he groaned, 'I've been doing my best to keep him alive and that's enough. I had no hand in all this. I have no abilities. There hasn't been a drop of medicine or a mouthful of invalid food for months here. He was shamefully abandoned. A man like this, with such ideas. Shamefully! Shamefully! I—I—haven't slept for the last ten nights. . . .'

"His voice lost itself in the calm of the evening. The long shadows of the forest had slipped downhill while we talked, had gone far beyond the

ruined hovel, beyond the symbolic row of stakes. All this was in the gloom, while we down there were yet in the sunshine, and the stretch of the river abreast of the clearing glittered in a still and dazzling splendor, with a murky and overshadowed bend above and below. Not a living soul was seen on the shore. The bushes did not rustle.

"Suddenly round the corner of the house a group of men appeared, as though they had come up from the ground. They waded waist-deep in the grass, in a compact body, bearing an improvised stretcher in their midst. Instantly, in the emptiness of the landscape, a cry arose whose shrillness pierced the still air like a sharp arrow flying straight to the very heart of the land; and, as if by enchantment, streams of human beings—of naked human beings—with spears in their hands, with bows, with shields, with wild glances and savage movements, were poured into the clearing by the dark-faced and pensive forest. The bushes shook, the grass swayed for a time, and then everything stood still in attentive immobility.

" 'Now, if he does not say the right thing to them we are all done for,' said the Russian at my elbow. The knot of men with the stretcher had stopped, too, halfway to the steamer, as if petrified. I saw the man on the stretcher sit up, lank and with an uplifted arm, above the shoulders of the bearers. 'Let us hope that the man who can talk so well of love in general will find some particular reason to spare us this time,' I said. I resented bitterly the absurd danger of our situation, as if to be at the mercy of that atrocious phantom had been a dishonoring necessity. I could not hear a sound, but through my glasses I saw the thin arm extended commandingly, the lower jaw moving, the eyes of that apparition shining darkly far in its bony head that nodded with grotesque jerks. Kurtz—Kurtz—that means short in German—don't it? Well, the name was as true as everything else in his life—and death. He looked at least seven feet long. His covering had fallen off, and his body emerged from it pitiful and appalling as from a winding-sheet. I could see the cage of his ribs all astir, the bones of his arm waving. It was as though an animated image of death carved out of old ivory had been shaking its hand with menaces at a motionless crowd of men made of dark and glittering bronze. I saw him open his mouth wide—it gave him a weirdly voracious aspect, as though he had wanted to swallow all the air, all the earth, all the men before him. A deep voice reached me faintly. He must have been shouting. He fell back suddenly. The stretcher shook as the bearers staggered forward again, and almost at the same time I noticed that the crowd of savages was vanishing without any perceptible movement of retreat, as if the forest that had ejected these beings so suddenly had drawn them in again as the breath is drawn in a long aspiration.

"Some of the pilgrims behind the stretcher carried his arms—two shot-

guns, a heavy rifle, and a light revolver-carbine—the thunderbolts of that pitiful Jupiter. The manager bent over him murmuring as he walked beside his head. They laid him down in one of the little cabins—just a room for a bedplace and a camp-stool or two, you know. We had brought his belated correspondence, and a lot of torn envelopes and open letters littered his bed. His hand roamed feebly amongst these papers. I was struck by the fire of his eyes and the composed languor of his expression. It was not so much the exhaustion of disease. He did not seem in pain. This shadow looked satiated and calm, as though for the moment it had had its fill of all the emotions.

"He rustled one of the letters, and looking straight in my face said, 'I am glad.' Somebody had been writing to him about me. These special recommendations were turning up again. The volume of tone he emitted without effort, almost without the trouble of moving his lips, amazed me. A voice! a voice! It was grave, profound, vibrating, while the man did not seem capable of a whisper. However, he had enough strength in him—factitious no doubt —to very nearly make an end of us, as you shall hear directly.

"The manager appeared silently in the doorway; I stepped out at once and he drew the curtain after me. The Russian, eyed curiously by the pilgrims, was staring at the shore. I followed the direction of his glance.

"Dark human shapes could be made out in the distance, flitting indistinctly against the gloomy border of the forest, and near the river two bronze figures, leaning on tall spears, stood in the sunlight under fantastic head-dresses of spotted skins, warlike and still in statuesque repose. And from right to left along the lighted shore moved a wild and gorgeous apparition of a woman.

"She walked with measured steps, draped in striped and fringed cloths, treading the earth proudly, with a slight jingle and flash of barbarous ornaments. She carried her head high; her hair was done in the shape of a helmet; she had brass leggings to the knee, brass wire gauntlets to the elbow, a crimson spot on her tawny cheek, innumerable necklaces of glass beads on her neck; bizarre things, charms, gifts of witch-men, that hung about her, glittered and trembled at every step. She must have had the value of several elephant tusks upon her. She was savage and superb, wild-eyed and magnificent; there was something ominous and stately in her deliberate progress. And in the hush that had fallen suddenly upon the whole sorrowful land, the immense wilderness, the colossal body of the fecund and mysterious life seemed to look at her, pensive, as though it had been looking at the image of its own tenebrous and passionate soul.

"She came abreast of the steamer, stood still, and faced us. Her long shadow fell to the water's edge. Her face had a tragic and fierce aspect of

wild sorrow and of dumb pain mingled with the fear of some struggling, half-shaped resolve. She stood looking at us without a stir, and like the wilderness itself, with an air of brooding over an inscrutable purpose. A whole minute passed, and then she made a step forward. There was a low jingle, a glint of yellow metal, a sway of fringed draperies, and she stopped as if her heart had failed her. The young fellow by my side growled. The pilgrims murmured at my back. She looked at us all as if her life had depended upon the unswerving steadiness of her glance. Suddenly she opened her bared arms and threw them up rigid above her head, as though in an uncontrollable desire to touch the sky, and at the same time the swift shadows darted out on the earth, swept around on the river, gathering the steamer into a shadowy embrace. A formidable silence hung over the scene.

"She turned away slowly, walked on, following the bank, and passed into the bushes to the left. Once only her eyes gleamed back at us in the dusk of the thickets before she disappeared.

" 'If she had offered to come aboard I really think I would have tried to shoot her,' said the man of patches, nervously. 'I have been risking my life every day for the last fortnight to keep her out of the house. She got in one day and kicked up a row about those miserable rags I picked up in the storeroom to mend my clothes with. I wasn't decent. At least it must have been that, for she talked like a fury to Kurtz for an hour, pointing at me now and then. I don't understand the dialect of this tribe. Luckily for me, I fancy Kurtz felt too ill that day to care, or there would have been mischief. I don't understand. . . . No—it's too much for me. Ah, well, it's all over now.'

"At this moment I heard Kurtz's deep voice behind the curtain: 'Save me! —save the ivory, you mean. Don't tell me. Save *me!* Why, I've had to save you. You are interrupting my plans now. Sick! Sick! Not so sick as you would like to believe. Never mind. I'll carry my ideas out yet—I will return. I'll show you what can be done. You with your little peddling notions—you are interfering with me. I will return. I . . .'

"The manager came out. He did me the honor to take me under the arm and lead me aside. 'He is very low, very low,' he said. He considered it necessary to sigh, but neglected to be consistently sorrowful. 'We have done all we could for him—haven't we? But there is no disguising the fact, Mr. Kurtz has done more harm than good to the Company. He did not see the time was not ripe for vigorous action. Cautiously, cautiously—that's my principle. We must be cautious yet. The district is closed to us for a time. Deplorable! Upon the whole, the trade will suffer. I don't deny there is a remarkable quantity of ivory—mostly fossil. We must save it, at all events—but look how precarious the position is—and why? Because the method is unsound.' 'Do you,' said I, looking at the shore, 'call it "unsound method"?'

'Without doubt,' he exclaimed hotly. 'Don't you?' . . . 'No method at all,' I murmured after a while. 'Exactly,' he exulted. 'I anticipated this. Shows a complete want of judgment. It is my duty to point it out in the proper quarter.' 'Oh,' said I, 'that fellow—what's his name?—the brickmaker, will make a readable report for you.' He appeared confounded for a moment. It seemed to me I had never breathed an atmosphere so vile, and I turned mentally to Kurtz for relief—positively for relief. 'Nevertheless I think Mr. Kurtz is a remarkable man,' I said with emphasis. He started, dropped on me a cold heavy glance, said very quietly, 'he *was*,' and turned his back on me. My hour of favor was over; I found myself lumped along with Kurtz as a partisan of methods for which the time was not ripe: I was unsound! Ah! but it was something to have at least a choice of nightmares.

"I had turned to the wilderness really, not to Mr. Kurtz, who, I was ready to admit, was as good as buried. And for a moment it seemed to me as if I also were buried in a vast grave full of unspeakable secrets. I felt an intolerable weight oppressing my breast, the smell of the damp earth, the unseen presence of victorious corruption, the darkness of an impenetrable night. . . . The Russian tapped me on the shoulder. I heard him mumbling and stammering something about 'brother seaman—couldn't conceal—knowledge of matters that would affect Mr. Kurtz's reputation.' I waited. For him evidently Mr. Kurtz was not in his grave; I suspect that for him Mr. Kurtz was one of the immortals. 'Well!' said I at last, 'speak out. As it happens, I am Mr. Kurtz's friend—in a way.'

"He stated with a good deal of formality that had we not been 'of the same profession,' he would have kept the matter to himself without regard to consequences. 'He suspected there was an active ill will towards him on the part of these white men that—' 'You are right,' I said, remembering a certain conversation I had overheard. 'The manager thinks you ought to be hanged.' He showed a concern at this intelligence which amused me at first. 'I had better get out of the way quietly,' he said, earnestly. 'I can do no more for Kurtz now, and they would soon find some excuse. What's to stop them? There's a military post three hundred miles from here.' 'Well, upon my word,' said I, 'perhaps you had better go if you have any friends amongst the savages near by.' 'Plenty,' he said. 'They are simple people—and I want nothing, you know.' He stood biting his lip, then: 'I don't want any harm to happen to these whites here, but of course I was thinking of Mr. Kurtz's reputation—but you are a brother seaman and—' 'All right,' said I, after a time. 'Mr. Kurtz's reputation is safe with me.' I did not know how truly I spoke.

"He informed me, lowering his voice, that it was Kurtz who had ordered the attack to be made on the steamer. 'He hated sometimes the idea of being

soothing silence. I glanced casually into the little cabin. A light was burning within, but Mr. Kurtz was not there.

"I think I would have raised an outcry if I had believed my eyes. But I didn't believe them at first—the thing seemed so impossible. The fact is I was completely unnerved by a sheer blank fright, pure abstract terror, unconnected with any distinct shape of physical danger. What made this emotion so overpowering was—how shall I define it?—the moral shock I received, as if something altogether monstrous, intolerable to thought and odious to the soul, had been thrust upon me unexpectedly. This lasted of course the merest fraction of a second, and then the usual sense of commonplace, deadly danger, the possibility of a sudden onslaught and massacre, or something of the kind, which I saw impending, was positively welcome and composing. It pacified me, in fact, so much, that I did not raise an alarm.

"There was an agent buttoned up inside an ulster and sleeping on a chair on deck within three feet of me. The yells had not awakened him; he snored very slightly; I left him to his slumbers and leaped ashore. I did not betray Mr. Kurtz—it was ordered I should never betray him—it was written I should be loyal to the nightmare of my choice. I was anxious to deal with this shadow by myself alone,—and to this day I don't know why I was so jealous of sharing with any one the peculiar blackness of that experience.

"As soon as I got on the bank I saw a trail—a broad trail through the grass. I remember the exultation with which I said to myself, 'He can't walk —he is crawling on all-fours—I've got him.' The grass was wet with dew. I strode rapidly with clenched fists. I fancy I had some vague notion of falling upon him and giving him a drubbing. I don't know. I had some imbecile thoughts. The knitting old woman with the cat obtruded herself upon my memory as a most improper person to be sitting at the other end of such an affair. I saw a row of pilgrims squirting lead in the air out of Winchesters held to the hip. I thought I would never get back to the steamer, and imagined myself living alone and unarmed in the woods to an advanced age. Such silly things—you know. And I remember I confounded the beat of the drum with the beating of my heart, and was pleased at its calm regularity.

"I kept to the track though—then stopped to listen. The night was very clear; a dark blue space, sparkling with dew and starlight, in which black things stood very still. I thought I could see a kind of motion ahead of me. I was strangely cocksure of everything that night. I actually left the track and ran in a wide semicircle (I verily believe chuckling to myself) so as to get in front of that stir, of that motion I had seen—if indeed I had seen anything. I was circumventing Kurtz as though it had been a boyish game.

"I came upon him, and, if he had not heard me coming, I would have

WHY LOVE?

RITA GREY

Love is such a funny thing.
It breaks a heart or gives a ring;
Sometimes it is returned with care;
Sometimes it isn't even there;
You find it in the oddest places
And always on the strangest faces;
It never acts just the same;
I wonder at its name.

Love acts in the queerest way.
Sometimes it only lasts a day;
Again it may a lifetime last;
Some see it as it goes past;
Some find it not at all;
Others somehow always fall;
Why doesn't it stay the same?
It only has one name.

A dozen meanings for one word;
The oddest thing I ever heard.
Feelings, thrills, hugs, kisses,
Comely lads, and dainty misses;
Each has a different thought
And yet—only love is sought.
Why can't it behave the same
When it only has one name?

NIGHT BEAUTY

IMOGENE GRIFFIN

Lovely flowers dream
Where south breezes gay
Garden ferns caress
By the placid bay.

fallen over him, too, but he got up in time. He rose, unsteady, long, pale, indistinct, like a vapor exhaled by the earth, and swayed slightly, misty and silent before me; while at my back the fires loomed between the trees, and the murmur of many voices issued from the forest. I had cut him off cleverly; but when actually confronting him I seemed to come to my senses, I saw the danger in its right proportion. It was by no means over yet. Suppose he began to shout? Though he could hardly stand, there was still plenty of vigor in his voice. 'Go away—hide yourself,' he said, in that profound tone. It was very awful. I glanced back. We were within thirty yards from the nearest fire. A black figure stood up, strode on long black legs, waving long black arms, across the glow. It had horns—antelope horns, I think—on its head. Some sorcerer, some witch-man, no doubt: it looked fiend-like enough. 'Do you know what you are doing?' I whispered. 'Perfectly,' he answered, raising his voice for that single word: it sounded to me far off and yet loud, like a hail through a speaking-trumpet. If he makes a row we are lost, I thought to myself. This clearly was not a case for fisticuffs, even apart from the very natural aversion I had to beat that Shadow—this wandering and tormented thing. 'You will be lost,' I said—'utterly lost.' One gets sometimes such a flash of inspiration, you know. I did say the right thing, though indeed he could not have been more irretrievably lost than he was at this very moment, when the foundations of our intimacy were being laid—to endure —to endure—even to the end—even beyond.

"'I had immense plans,' he muttered irresolutely. 'Yes,' said I; 'but if you try to shout I'll smash your head with—' There was not a stick or a stone near. 'I will throttle you for good,' I corrected myself. 'I was on the threshold of great things,' he pleaded, in a voice of longing, with a wistfulness of tone that made my blood run cold. 'And now for this stupid scoundrel—' 'Your success in Europe is assured in any case,' I affirmed, steadily. I did not want to have the throttling of him, you understand—and indeed it would have been very little use for any practical purpose. I tried to break the spell—the heavy, mute spell of the wilderness—that seemed to draw him to its pitiless breast by the awakening of forgotten and brutal instincts, by the memory of gratified and monstrous passions. This alone, I was convinced, had driven him out to the edge of the forest, to the bush, towards the gleam of fires, the throb of drums, the drone of weird incantations; this alone had beguiled his unlawful soul beyond the bounds of permitted aspirations. And, don't you see, the terror of the position was not in being knocked on the head—though I had a very lively sense of that danger, too—but in this, that I had to deal with a being to whom I could not appeal in the name of anything high or low. I had, even like the niggers, to invoke him—himself—his own exalted and incredible degradation. There was nothing either above or below him,

and I knew it. He had kicked himself loose of the earth. Confound the man! he had kicked the very earth to pieces. He was alone, and I before him did not know whether I stood on the ground or floated in the air. I've been telling you what we said—repeating the phrases we pronounced—but what's the good? They were common everyday words—the familiar, vague sounds exchanged on every waking day of life. But what of that? They had behind them, to my mind, the terrific suggestiveness of words heard in dreams, of phrases spoken in nightmares. Soul! If anybody had ever struggled with a soul, I am the man. And I wasn't arguing with a lunatic either. Believe me or not, his intelligence was perfectly clear—concentrated, it is true, upon himself with horrible intensity, yet clear; and therein was my only chance —barring, of course, the killing him there and then, which wasn't so good, on account of unavoidable noise. But his soul was mad. Being alone in the wilderness, it had looked within itself, and, by heavens! I tell you, it had gone mad. I had—for my sins, I suppose—to go through the ordeal of looking into it myself. No eloquence could have been so withering to one's belief in mankind as his final burst of sincerity. He struggled with himself, too. I saw it,—I heard it. I saw the inconceivable mystery of a soul that knew no restraint, no faith, and no fear, yet struggling blindly with itself. I kept my head pretty well; but when I had him at last stretched on the couch, I wiped my forehead, while my legs shook under me as though I had carried half a ton on my back down that hill. And yet I had only supported him, his bony arm clasped round my neck—and he was not much heavier than a child.

"When next day we left at noon, the crowd, of whose presence behind the curtain of trees I had been acutely conscious all the time, flowed out of the woods again, filled the clearing, covered the slope with a mass of naked, breathing, quivering, bronze bodies. I steamed up a bit, then swung downstream, and two thousand eyes followed the evolutions of the splashing, thumping, fierce river-demon beating the water with its terrible tail and breathing black smoke into the air. In front of the first rank, along the river, three men, plastered with bright red earth from head to foot, strutted to and fro restlessly. When we came abreast again, they faced the river, stamped their feet, nodded their horned heads, swayed their scarlet bodies; they shook towards the fierce river-demon a bunch of black feathers, a mangy skin with a pendent tail—something that looked like a dried gourd; they shouted periodically together strings of amazing words that resembled no sounds of human language; and the deep murmurs of the crowd, interrupted suddenly, were like the responses of some satanic litany.

"We had carried Kurtz into the pilot-house: there was more air there. Lying on the couch, he stared through the open shutter. There was an eddy

in the mass of human bodies, and the woman with helmeted head and tawny cheeks rushed out to the very brink of the stream. She put out her hands, shouted something, and all that wild mob took up the shout in a roaring chorus of articulated, rapid, breathless utterance.

" 'Do you understand this?' I asked.

"He kept on looking out past me with fiery, longing eyes, with a mingled expression of wistfulness and hate. He made no answer, but I saw a smile, a smile of indefinable meaning, appear on his colorless lips that a moment after twitched convulsively. 'Do I not?' he said slowly, gasping, as if the words had been torn out of him by a supernatural power.

"I pulled the string of the whistle, and I did this because I saw the pilgrims on deck getting out their rifles with an air of anticipating a jolly lark. At the sudden screech there was a movement of abject terror through that wedged mass of bodies. 'Don't! don't you frighten them away,' cried some one on deck disconsolately. I pulled the string time after time. They broke and ran, they leaped, they crouched, they swerved, they dodged the flying terror of the sound. The three red chaps had fallen flat, face down on the shore, as though they had been shot dead. Only the barbarous and superb woman did not so much as flinch, and stretched tragically her bare arms after us over the somber and glittering river.

"And then that imbecile crowd down on the deck started their little fun, and I could see nothing more for smoke.

"The brown current ran swiftly out of the heart of darkness, bearing us down towards the sea with twice the speed of our upward progress; and Kurtz's life was running swiftly, too, ebbing, ebbing out of his heart into the sea of inexorable time. The manager was very placid, he had no vital anxieties now, he took us both in with a comprehensive and satisfied glance: the 'affair' had come off as well as could be wished. I saw the time approaching when I would be left alone of the party of 'unsound method.' The pilgrims looked upon me with disfavor. I was, so to speak, numbered with the dead. It is strange how I accepted this unforeseen partnership, this choice of nightmares forced upon me in the tenebrous land invaded by these mean and greedy phantoms.

"Kurtz discoursed. A voice! a voice! It rang deep to the very last. It survived his strength to hide in the magnificent folds of eloquence the barren darkness of his heart. Oh, he struggled! he struggled! The wastes of his weary brain were haunted by shadowy images now—images of wealth and fame revolving obsequiously round his unextinguishable gift of noble and lofty expression. My Intended, my station, my career, my ideas—these were the subjects for the occasional utterances of elevated sentiments. The shade

of the original Kurtz frequented the bedside of the hollow sham, whose fate it was to be buried presently in the mold of primeval earth. But both the diabolic love and the unearthly hate of the mysteries it had penetrated fought for the possession of that soul satiated with primitive emotions, avid of lying fame, of sham distinction, of all the appearances of success and power.

"Sometimes he was contemptibly childish. He desired to have kings meet him at railway stations on his return from some ghastly Nowhere, where he intended to accomplish great things. 'You show them you have in you something that is really profitable, and then there will be no limits to the recognition of your ability,' he would say. 'Of course you must take care of the motives—right motives—always.' The long reaches that were like one and the same reach, monotonous bends that were exactly alike, slipped past the steamer, with their multitude of secular trees looking patiently after this grimy fragment of another world, the forerunner of change, of conquest, of trade, of massacres, of blessings. I looked ahead—piloting. 'Close the shutter,' said Kurtz suddenly one day; 'I can't bear to look at this.' I did so. There was a silence. 'Oh, but I will wring your heart yet!' he cried at the invisible wilderness.

"We broke down—as I had expected—and had to lie up for repairs at the head of an island. This delay was the first thing that shook Kurtz's confidence. One morning he gave me a packet of papers and a photograph—the lot tied together with a shoestring. 'Keep this for me,' he said. 'This noxious fool' (meaning the manager) 'is capable of prying into my boxes when I am not looking.' In the afternoon I saw him. He was lying on his back with closed eyes, and I withdrew quietly, but I heard him mutter, 'Live rightly, die, die. . . .' I listened. There was nothing more. Was he rehearsing some speech in his sleep, or was it a fragment of a phrase from some newspaper article? He had been writing for the papers and meant to do so again, 'for the furthering of my ideas. It's a duty.'

"His was an impenetrable darkness. I looked at him as you peer down at a man who is lying at the bottom of a precipice where the sun never shines. But I had not much time to give him, because I was helping the engine-driver to take to pieces the leaky cylinders, to straighten a bent connecting-rod, and in other such matters. I lived in an infernal mess of rust, filings, nuts, bolts, spanners, hammers, ratchet-drills—things I abominate, because I don't get on with them. I tended the little forge we fortunately had aboard; I toiled wearily in a wretched scrap-heap—unless I had the shakes too bad to stand.

"One evening coming in with a candle I was startled to hear him say a little tremulously, 'I am lying here in the dark waiting for death.' The light

was within a foot of his eyes. I forced myself to murmur, 'Oh, nonsense!' and stood over him as if transfixed.

"Anything approaching the change that came over his features I have never seen before, and hope never to see again. Oh, I wasn't touched. I was fascinated. It was as though a veil had been rent. I saw on that ivory face the expression of somber pride, of ruthless power, of craven terror—of an intense and hopeless despair. Did he live his life again in every detail of desire, temptation, and surrender during that supreme moment of complete knowledge? He cried in a whisper at some image, at some vision—he cried out twice, a cry that was no more than a breath—

" 'The horror! The horror!'

"I blew the candle out and left the cabin. The pilgrims were dining in the mess-room, and I took my place opposite the manager, who lifted his eyes to give me a questioning glance, which I successfully ignored. He leaned back, serene, with that peculiar smile of his sealing the unexpressed depths of his meanness. A continuous shower of small flies streamed upon the lamp, upon the cloth, upon our hands and faces. Suddenly the manager's boy put his insolent black head in the doorway, and said in a tone of scathing contempt—

" 'Mistah Kurtz—he dead.'

"All the pilgrims rushed out to see. I remained, and went on with my dinner. I believe I was considered brutally callous. However, I did not eat much. There was a lamp in there—light, don't you know—and outside it was so beastly, beastly dark. I went no more near the remarkable man who had pronounced a judgment upon the adventures of his soul on this earth. The voice was gone. What else had been there? But I am of course aware that next day the pilgrims buried something in a muddy hole.

"And then they very nearly buried me.

"However, as you see I did not go to join Kurtz there and then. I did not. I remained to dream the nightmare out to the end, and to show my loyalty to Kurtz once more. Destiny. My destiny! Droll thing life is—that mysterious arrangement of merciless logic for a futile purpose. The most you can hope from it is some knowledge of yourself—that comes too late—a crop of unextinguishable regrets. I have wrestled with death. It is the most unexciting contest you can imagine. It takes place in an impalpable grayness, with nothing underfoot, with nothing around, without spectators, without clamor, without glory, without the great desire of victory, without the great fear of defeat, in a sickly atmosphere of tepid skepticism, without much belief in your own right, and still less in that of your adversary. If such is the form of ultimate wisdom, then life is a greater riddle than some of us think it to be. I was within a hair's breadth of the last opportunity for pro-

nouncement, and I found with humiliation that probably I would have nothing to say. This is the reason why I affirm that Kurtz was a remarkable man. He had something to say. He said it. Since I had peeped over the edge myself, I understand better the meaning of his stare, that could not see the flame of the candle, but was wide enough to embrace the whole universe, piercing enough to penetrate all the hearts that beat in the darkness. He had summed up—he had judged. 'The horror!' He was a remarkable man. After all, this was the expression of some sort of belief; it had candor, it had conviction, it had a vibrating note of revolt in its whisper, it had the appalling face of a glimpsed truth—the strange commingling of desire and hate. And it is not my own extremity I remember best—a vision of grayness without form filled with physical pain, and a careless contempt for the evanescence of all things—even of this pain itself. No! It is his extremity that I seem to have lived through. True, he had made that last stride, he had stepped over the edge, while I had been permitted to draw back my hesitating foot. And perhaps in this is the whole difference; perhaps all the wisdom, and all truth, and all sincerity, are just compressed into the inappreciable moment of time in which we step over the threshold of the invisible. Perhaps! I like to think my summing-up would not have been a word of careless contempt. Better his cry—much better. It was an affirmation, a moral victory paid for by innumerable defeats, by abominable terrors, by abominable satisfactions. But it was a victory! That is why I have remained loyal to Kurtz to the last, and even beyond, when a long time after I heard once more, not his own choice, but the echo of his magnificent eloquence thrown to me from a soul as translucently pure as a cliff of crystal.

"No, they did not bury me, though there is a period of time which I remember mistily, with a shuddering wonder, like a passage through some inconceivable world that had no hope in it and no desire. I found myself back in the sepulchral city resenting the sight of people hurrying through the streets to filch a little money from each other, to devour their infamous cookery, to gulp their unwholesome beer, to dream their insignificant and silly dreams. They trespassed upon my thoughts. They were intruders whose knowledge of life was to me an irritating pretense, because I felt so sure they could not possibly know the things I knew. Their bearing, which was simply the bearing of commonplace individuals going about their business in the assurance of perfect safety, was offensive to me like the outrageous flauntings of folly in the face of a danger it is unable to comprehend. I had no particular desire to enlighten them, but I had some difficulty in restraining myself from laughing in their faces, so full of stupid importance. I daresay I was not very well at that time. I tottered about the streets—there were

various affairs to settle—grinning bitterly at perfectly respectable persons. I admit my behavior was inexcusable, but then my temperature was seldom normal in these days. My dear aunt's endeavors to 'nurse up my strength' seemed altogether beside the mark. It was not my strength that wanted nursing, it was my imagination that wanted soothing. I kept the bundle of papers given me by Kurtz, not knowing exactly what to do with it. His mother had died lately, watched over, as I was told, by his Intended. A clean-shaved man, with an official manner and wearing gold-rimmed spectacles, called on me one day and made inquiries, at first circuitous, afterwards suavely pressing, about what he was pleased to denominate certain 'documents.' I was not surprised, because I had had two rows with the manager on the subject out there. I had refused to give up the smallest scrap out of that package, and I took the same attitude with the spectacled man. He became darkly menacing at last, and with much heat argued that the Company had the right to every bit of information about its 'territories.' And said he, 'Mr. Kurtz's knowledge of unexplored regions must have been necessarily extensive and peculiar—owing to his great abilities and to the deplorable circumstances in which he had been placed: therefore—' I assured him Mr. Kurtz's knowledge, however extensive, did not bear upon the problems of commerce or administration. He invoked then the name of science. 'It would be an incalculable loss, if,' etc., etc. I offered him the report on the 'Suppression of Savage Customs,' with the postscriptum torn off. He took it up eagerly, but ended by sniffing at it with an air of contempt. 'This is not what we had a right to expect,' he remarked. 'Expect nothing else,' I said. 'There are only private letters.' He withdrew upon some threat of legal proceedings, and I saw him no more; but another fellow, calling himself Kurtz's cousin, appeared two days later, and was anxious to hear all the details about his dear relative's last moments. Incidentally he gave me to understand that Kurtz had been essentially a great musician. 'There was the making of an immense success,' said the man, who was an organist, I believe, with lank gray hair flowing over a greasy coat-collar. I had no reason to doubt his statement; and to this day I am unable to say what was Kurtz's profession, whether he ever had any—which was the greatest of his talents. I had taken him for a painter who wrote for the papers, or else for a journalist who could paint—but even the cousin (who took snuff during the interview) could not tell me what he had been—exactly. He was a universal genius—on that point I agreed with the old chap, who thereupon blew his nose noisily into a large cotton handkerchief and withdrew in senile agitation, bearing off some family letters and memoranda without importance. Ultimately a journalist anxious to know something of the fate of his 'dear colleague' turned up. This visitor informed me Kurtz's proper sphere ought

to have been politics 'on the popular side.' He had furry straight eyebrows, bristly hair cropped short, an eye-glass on a broad ribbon, and, becoming expansive, confessed his opinion that Kurtz really couldn't write a bit—'but heavens! how that man could talk. He electrified large meetings. He had faith—don't you see?—he had the faith. He could get himself to believe anything—anything. He would have been a splendid leader of an extreme party.' 'What party?' I asked. 'Any party,' answered the other. 'He was an—an—extremist.' Did I not think so? I assented. Did I know, he asked, with a sudden flash of curiosity, 'what it was that had induced him to go out there?' 'Yes,' said I, and forthwith handed him the famous Report for publication, if he thought fit. He glanced through it hurriedly, mumbling all the time, judged 'it would do,' and took himself off with this plunder.

"Thus I was left at last with a slim packet of letters and the girl's portrait. She struck me as beautiful—I mean she had a beautiful expression. I know that the sunlight can be made to lie, too, yet one felt that no manipulation of light and pose could have conveyed the delicate shade of truthfulness upon those features. She seemed ready to listen without mental reservation, without suspicion, without a thought for herself. I concluded I would go and give her back her portrait and those letters myself. Curiosity? Yes; and also some other feeling perhaps. All that had been Kurtz's had passed out of my hands: his soul, his body, his station, his plans, his ivory, his career. There remained only his memory and his Intended—and I wanted to give that up, too, to the past, in a way—to surrender personally all that remained of him with me to that oblivion which is the last word of our common fate. I don't defend myself. I had no clear perception of what it was I really wanted. Perhaps it was an impulse of unconscious loyalty, or the fulfillment of one of those ironic necessities that lurk in the facts of human existence. I don't know. I can't tell. But I went.

"I thought his memory was like the other memories of the dead that accumulate in every man's life—a vague impress on the brain of shadows that had fallen on it in their swift and final passage; but before the high and ponderous door, between the tall houses of a street as still and decorous as a well-kept alley in a cemetery, I had a vision of him on the stretcher, opening his mouth voraciously, as if to devour all the earth with all its mankind. He lived then before me; he lived as much as he had ever lived—a shadow insatiable of splendid appearances, of frightful realities; a shadow darker than the shadow of the night, and draped nobly in the folds of a gorgeous eloquence. The vision seemed to enter the house with me—the stretcher, the phantom-bearers, the wild crowd of obedient worshipers, the gloom of the forest, the glitter of the reach between the murky bends, the beat of the drum, regular and muffled like the beating of a heart—the

heart of a conquering darkness. It was a moment of triumph for the wilderness, an invading and vengeful rush which, it seemed to me, I would have to keep back alone for the salvation of another soul. And the memory of what I had heard him say afar there, with the horned shapes stirring at my back, in the glow of fires, within the patient woods, those broken phrases came back to me, were heard again in their ominous and terrifying simplicity. I remembered his abject pleading, his abject threats, the colossal scale of his vile desires, the meanness, the torment, the tempestuous anguish of his soul. And later on I seemed to see his collected languid manner, when he said one day, 'This lot of ivory now is really mine. The Company did not pay for it. I collected it myself at a very great personal risk. I am afraid they will try to claim it as theirs though. H'm. It is a difficult case. What do you think I ought to do—resist? Eh? I want no more than justice.' . . . He wanted no more than justice—no more than justice. I rang the bell before a mahogany door on the first floor, and while I waited he seemed to stare at me out of the glassy panel—stare with that wide and immense stare embracing, condemning, loathing all the universe. I seemed to hear the whispered cry, 'The horror! The horror!'

"The dusk was falling. I had to wait in a lofty drawing room with three long windows from floor to ceiling that were like three luminous and bedraped columns. The bent gilt legs and backs of the furniture shone in indistinct curves. The tall marble fireplace had a cold and monumental whiteness. A grand piano stood massively in a corner; with dark gleams on the flat surfaces like a somber and polished sarcophagus. A high door opened—closed. I rose.

"She came forward, all in black, with a pale head, floating towards me in the dusk. She was in mourning. It was more than a year since his death, more than a year since the news came; she seemed as though she would remember and mourn forever. She took both my hands in hers and murmured, 'I had heard you were coming.' I noticed she was not very young—I mean not girlish. She had a mature capacity for fidelity, for belief, for suffering. The room seemed to have grown darker, as if all the sad light of the cloudy evening had taken refuge on her forehead. This fair hair, this pale visage, this pure brow, seemed surrounded by an ashy halo from which the dark eyes looked out at me. Their glance was guileless, profound, confident, and trustful. She carried her sorrowful head as though she were proud of that sorrow, as though she would say, I—I alone know how to mourn him as he deserves. But while we were still shaking hands, such a look of awful desolation came upon her face that I perceived she was one of those creatures that are not the playthings of Time. For her he had died only yesterday. And, by Jove! the impression was so powerful that for me, too, he seemed to have died only yesterday—nay, this very minute. I saw

her and him in the same instant of time—his death and her sorrow—I saw her sorrow in the very moment of his death. Do you understand? I saw them together—I heard them together. She had said, with a deep catch of the breath, 'I have survived' while my strained ears seemed to hear distinctly, mingled with her tone of despairing regret, the summing up whisper of his eternal condemnation. I asked myself what I was doing there, with a sensation of panic in my heart as though I had blundered into a place of cruel and absurd mysteries not fit for a human being to behold. She motioned me to a chair. We sat down. I laid the packet gently on the little table, and she put her hand over it. . . . 'You knew him well,' she murmured, after a moment of mourning silence.

" 'Intimacy grows quickly out there,' I said. 'I knew him as well as it is possible for one man to know another.'

" 'And you admired him,' she said. 'It was impossible to know him and not to admire him. Was it?'

" 'He was a remarkable man,' I said, unsteadily. Then before the appealing fixity of her gaze, that seemed to watch for more words on my lips, I went on, 'It was impossible not to—'

" 'Love him,' she finished eagerly, silencing me into an appalled dumbness. 'How true! how true! But when you think that no one knew him so well as I! I had all his noble confidence. I knew him best.'

" 'You knew him best,' I repeated. And perhaps she did. But with every word spoken the room was growing darker, and only her forehead, smooth and white, remained illumined by the unextinguishable light of belief and love.

" 'You were his friend,' she went on. 'His friend,' she repeated, a little louder. 'You must have been, if he had given you this, and sent you to me. I feel I can speak to you—and oh! I must speak. I want you—you have heard his last words—to know I have been worthy of him. . . . It is not pride. . . . Yes! I am proud to know I understood him better than any one on earth—he told me so himself. And since his mother died I have had no one—no one—to —to—'

"I listened. The darkness deepened. I was not even sure he had given me the right bundle. I rather suspect he wanted me to take care of another batch of his papers which, after his death, I saw the manager examining under the lamp. And the girl talked, easing her pain in the certitude of my sympathy; she talked as thirsty men drink. I had heard that her engagement with Kurtz had been disapproved by her people. He wasn't rich enough or something. And indeed I don't know whether he had not been a pauper all his life. He had given me some reason to infer that it was his impatience of comparative poverty that drove him out there.

" '. . . Who was not his friend who had heard him speak once?' she was

saying. 'He drew men towards him by what was best in them.' She looked at me with intensity. 'It is the gift of the great,' she went on, and the sound of her low voice seemed to have the accompaniment of all the other sounds, full of mystery, desolation, and sorrow, I had ever heard—the ripple of the river, the soughing of the trees swayed by the wind, the murmurs of the crowds, the faint ring of incomprehensible words cried from afar, the whisper of a voice speaking from beyond the threshold of an eternal darkness. 'But you have heard him! You know!' she cried.

"'Yes, I know,' I said with something like despair in my heart, but bowing my head before the faith that was in her, before that great and saving illusion that shone with an unearthly glow in the darkness, in the triumphant darkness from which I could not have defended her—from which I could not even defend myself.

"'What a loss to me—to us!'—she corrected herself with beautiful generosity; then added in a murmur, 'To the world.' By the last gleams of twilight I could see the glitter of her eyes, full of tears—of tears that would not fall.

"'I have been very happy—very fortunate—very proud,' she went on. 'Too fortunate. Too happy for a little while. And now I am unhappy for—for life.'

"She stood up; her fair hair seemed to catch all the remaining light in a glimmer of gold. I rose, too.

"'And of all this,' she went on, mournfully, 'of all his promise, and of all his greatness, of his generous mind, of his noble heart, nothing remains—nothing but a memory. You and I—'

"'We shall always remember him,' I said, hastily.

"'No!' she cried. 'It is impossible that all this should be lost—that such a life should be sacrificed to leave nothing—but sorrow. You know what vast plans he had. I knew of them, too—I could not perhaps understand—but others knew of them. Something must remain. His words, at least, have not died.'

"'His words will remain,' I said.

"'And his example,' she whispered to herself. 'Men looked up to him—his goodness shone in every act. His example—'

"'True,' I said; 'his example, too. Yes, his example. I forgot that.'

"'But I do not. I cannot—I cannot believe—not yet. I cannot believe that I shall never see him again, that nobody will see him again, never, never, never.'

"She put out her arms as if after a retreating figure, stretching them black and with clasped pale hands across the fading and narrow sheen of the window. Never see him! I saw him clearly enough then. I shall see this eloquent phantom as long as I live, and I shall see her, too, a tragic and familiar Shade, resembling in this gesture another one, tragic also, and bedecked with powerless charms, stretching bare brown arms over the glitter of the infernal

stream, the stream of darkness. She said suddenly very low, 'He died as he lived.'

" 'His end,' said I, with dull anger stirring in me, 'was in every way worthy of his life.'

" 'And I was not with him,' she murmured. My anger subsided before a feeling of infinite pity.

" 'Everything that could be done—' I mumbled.

" 'Ah, but I believed in him more than any one on earth—more than his own mother, more than—himself. He needed me! Me! I would have treasured every sigh, every word, every sign, every glance.'

"I felt like a chill grip on my chest. 'Don't,' I said, in a muffled voice.

" 'Forgive me. I—I—have mourned so long in silence—in silence. . . . You were with him—to the last? I think of his loneliness. Nobody near to understand him as I would have understood. Perhaps no one to hear. . . .'

" 'To the very end,' I said, shakily. 'I heard his very last words. . . .' I stopped in a fright.

" 'Repeat them,' she murmured in a heart-broken tone. 'I want—I want—something—something—to—live with.'

"I was on the point of crying at her, 'Don't you hear them?' The dusk was repeating them in a persistent whisper all around us, in a whisper that seemed to swell menacingly like the first whisper of a rising wind. 'The horror! The horror!'

" 'His last word—to live with,' she insisted. 'Don't you understand I loved him—I loved him—I loved him!'

"I pulled myself together and spoke slowly.

" 'The last word he pronounced was—your name.'

"I heard a light sigh and then my heart stood still, stopped dead short by an exulting and terrible cry, by the cry of inconceivable triumph and of unspeakable pain. 'I knew it—I was sure!' . . . She knew. She was sure. I heard her weeping; she had hidden her face in her hands. It seemed to me that the house would collapse before I could escape, that the heavens would fall upon my head. But nothing happened. The heavens do not fall for such a trifle. Would they have fallen, I wonder, if I had rendered Kurtz that justice which was his due? Hadn't he said he wanted only justice? But I couldn't. I could not tell her. It would have been too dark—too dark altogether. . . ."

Marlow ceased, and sat apart, indistinct and silent, in the pose of a meditating Buddha. Nobody moved for a time. "We have lost the first of the ebb," said the Director, suddenly. I raised my head. The offing was barred by a black bank of clouds, and the tranquil waterway leading to the uttermost ends of the earth flowed somber under an overcast sky—seemed to lead into the heart of an immense darkness. (1903)

JAMES JOYCE

Araby

NORTH RICHMOND STREET, being blind, was a quiet street except at the hour when the Christian Brothers' School set the boys free. An uninhabited house of two storeys stood at the blind end, detached from its neighbours in a square ground. The other houses of the street, conscious of decent lives within them, gazed at one another with brown imperturbable faces.

The former tenant of our house, a priest, had died in the back drawing-room. Air, musty from having been long enclosed, hung in all the rooms, and the waste room behind the kitchen was littered with old useless papers. Among these I found a few paper-covered books, the pages of which were curled and damp: *The Abbot,* by Walter Scott, *The Devout Communicant* and *The Memoirs of Vidocq.* I liked the last best, because its leaves were yellow. The wild garden behind the house contained a central apple-tree and a few straggling bushes, under one of which I found the late tenant's rusty bicycle-pump. He had been a very charitable priest; in his will he had left all his money to institutions and the furniture of his house to his sister.

When the short days of winter came, dusk fell before we had well eaten our dinners. When we met in the street, the houses had grown sombre. The space of sky above us was the colour of ever-changing violet, and towards it the lamps of the street lifted their feeble lanterns. The cold air stung us and we played till our bodies glowed. Our shouts echoed in the silent street. The career of our play brought us through the dark muddy lanes behind the houses where we ran the gauntlet of the rough tribes from the cottages, to the back doors of the dark dripping gardens where odours arose from the ashpits, to the dark odorous stables where a coachman smoothed and combed the horse or shook music from the buckled harness. When we returned to the street, light from the kitchen windows had filled the areas. If my uncle was seen turning the corner, we hid in the shadow until we had seen him safely housed. Or if Mangan's sister came out on the doorstep to call her brother in to his tea, we watched her from our shadow peer up and down the street. We waited to see whether she would remain or go in, and, if she remained, we left our shadow and walked up to Mangan's steps resignedly. She was waiting for us, her figure defined by the light from the half-opened door. Her brother always teased her before he

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obeyed, and I stood by the railings looking at her. Her dress swung as she moved her body, and the soft rope of her hair tossed from side to side.

Every morning I lay on the floor in the front parlour watching her door. The blind was pulled down to within an inch of the sash, so that I could not be seen. When she came out on the doorstep, my heart leaped. I ran to the hall, seized my books, and followed her. I kept her brown figure always in my eye, and, when we came near the point at which our ways diverged, I quickened my pace and passed her. This happened morning after morning. I had never spoken to her, except for a few casual words, and yet her name was like a summons to all my foolish blood.

Her image accompanied me even in places the most hostile to romance. On Saturday evenings, when my aunt went marketing, I had to go to carry some of the parcels. We walked through the flaring streets, jostled by drunken men and bargaining women, amid the curses of labourers, the shrill litanies of shop-boys who stood on guard by the barrels of pigs' cheeks, the nasal chanting of street-singers, who sang a *come-all-you* about O'Donovan Rossa, or a ballad about the troubles in our native land. These noises converged in a single sensation of life for me: I imagined that I bore my chalice safely through a throng of foes. Her name sprang to my lips at moments in strange prayers and praises which I myself did not understand. My eyes were often full of tears (I could not tell why) and at times a flood from my heart seemed to pour itself out into my bosom. I thought little of the future. I did not know whether I would ever speak to her or not, or, if I spoke to her, how I could tell her of my confused adoration. But my body was like a harp, and her words and gestures were like fingers running upon the wires.

One evening I went into the back drawing-room, in which the priest had died. It was a dark rainy evening, and there was no sound in the house. Through one of the broken panes I heard the rain impinge upon the earth, the fine incessant needles of water playing in the sodden beds. Some distant lamp or lighted window gleamed below me. I was thankful that I could see so little. All my senses seemed to desire to veil themselves, and, feeling that I was about to slip from them, I pressed the palms of my hands together until they trembled, murmuring: *'O love! O love!'* many times.

At last she spoke to me. When she addressed the first words to me, I was so confused that I did not know what to answer. She asked me was I going to *Araby*. I forget whether I answered yes or no. It would be a splendid bazaar; she said she would love to go.

"And why can't you?" I asked.

While she spoke, she turned a silver bracelet round and round her wrist. She could not go, she said, because there would be a retreat that week in

her convent. Her brother and two other boys were fighting for their caps, and I was alone at the railings. She held one of the spikes, bowing her head towards me. The light from the lamp opposite our door caught the white curve of her neck, lit up her hair that rested there, and, falling, lit up the hand upon the railing. It fell over one side of her dress and caught the white border of a petticoat, just visible as she stood at ease.

"It's well for you," she said.

"If I go," I said, "I will bring you something."

What innumerable follies laid waste my waking and sleeping thoughts after that evening! I wished to annihilate the tedious intervening days. I chafed against the work of school. At night in my bedroom and by day in the classroom her image came between me and the page I strove to read. The syllables of the word *Araby* were called to me through the silence in which my soul luxuriated and cast an Eastern enchantment over me. I asked for leave to go to the bazaar on Saturday night. My aunt was surprised and hoped it was not some Freemason affair. I answered few questions in class. I watched my master's face pass from amiability to sternness; he hoped I was not beginning to idle. I could not call my wandering thoughts together. I had hardly any patience with the serious work of life, which, now that it stood between me and my desire, seemed to me child's play, ugly monotonous child's play.

On Saturday morning I reminded my uncle that I wished to go to the bazaar in the evening. He was fussing at the hallstand, looking for the hat-brush, and answered me curtly:

"Yes, boy, I know."

As he was in the hall, I could not go into the front parlour and lie at the window. I left the house in bad humour and walked slowly towards the school. The air was pitilessly raw, and already my heart misgave me.

When I came home to dinner, my uncle had not yet been home. Still, it was early. I sat staring at the clock for some time, and, when its ticking began to irritate me, I left the room. I mounted the staircase and gained the upper part of the house. The high cold empty gloomy rooms liberated me and I went from room to room singing. From the front window I saw my companions playing below in the street. Their cries reached me weakened and indistinct, and, leaning my forehead against the cool glass, I looked over at the dark house where she lived. I may have stood there for an hour, seeing nothing but the brown-clad figure cast by my imagination, touched discreetly by the lamplight at the curved neck, at the hand upon the railings, and at the border below the dress.

When I came downstairs again, I found Mrs. Mercer sitting at the fire. She was an old garrulous woman, a pawnbroker's widow, who collected used stamps for some pious purpose. I had to endure the gossip of the tea-table.

The meal was prolonged beyond an hour, and still my uncle did not come. Mrs. Mercer stood up to go: she was sorry she couldn't wait any longer, but it was after eight o'clock, and she did not like to be out late, as the night air was bad for her. When she had gone, I began to walk up and down the room, clenching my fists. My aunt said:

"I'm afraid you may put off your bazaar for this night of Our Lord."

At nine o'clock I heard my uncle's latchkey in the hall-door. I heard him talking to himself and heard the hall-stand rocking when it had received the weight of his overcoat. I could interpret these signs. When he was midway through his dinner, I asked him to give me the money to go to the bazaar. He had forgotten.

"The people are in bed and after their first sleep now," he said.

I did not smile. My aunt said to him energetically:

"Can't you give him the money and let him go? You've kept him late enough as it is."

My uncle said he was very sorry he had forgotten. He said he believed in the old saying: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." He asked me where I was going, and, when I had told him a second time, he asked me did I know *The Arab's Farewell to His Steed.* When I left the kitchen, he was about to recite the opening lines of the piece to my aunt.

I held a florin tightly in my hand as I strode down Buckingham Street towards the station. The sight of the streets thronged with buyers and glaring with gas recalled to me the purpose of my journey. I took my seat in a third-class carriage of a deserted train. After an intolerable delay the train moved out of the station slowly. It crept onward among ruinous houses and over the twinkling river. At Westland Row Station a crowd of people pressed to the carriage doors; but the porters moved them back, saying that it was a special train for the bazaar. I remained alone in the bare carriage. In a few minutes the train drew up beside an improvised wooden platform. I passed out on to the road and saw by the lighted dial of a clock that it was ten minutes to ten. In front of me was a large building which displayed the magical name.

I could not find any sixpenny entrance, and, fearing that the bazaar would be closed, I passed in quickly through a turnstile, handing a shilling to a weary-looking man. I found myself in a big hall girdled at half its height by a gallery. Nearly all the stalls were closed and the greater part of the hall was in darkness. I recognised a silence like that which pervades a church after a service. I walked into the centre of the bazaar timidly. A few people were gathered about the stalls which were still open. Before a curtain, over which the words *Café Chantant* were written in coloured lamps, two men were counting money on a salver. I listened to the fall of the coins.

Remembering with difficulty why I had come, I went over to one of

the stalls and examined porcelain vases and flowered tea-sets. At the door of the stall a young lady was talking and laughing with two young gentlemen. I remarked their English accents and listened vaguely to their conversation.

"O, I never said such a thing!"

"O, but you did!"

"O, but I didn't!"

"Didn't she say that?"

"Yes. I heard her."

"O, there's a . . . fib!"

Observing me, the young lady came over and asked me did I wish to buy anything. The tone of her voice was not encouraging; she seemed to have spoken to me out of a sense of duty. I looked humbly at the great jars that stood like eastern guards at either side of the dark entrance to the stall and murmured:

"No, thank you."

The young lady changed the position of one of the vases and went back to the two young men. They began to talk of the same subject. Once or twice the young lady glanced at me over her shoulder.

I lingered before her stall, though I knew my stay was useless, to make my interest in her wares seem the more real. Then I turned away slowly and walked down the middle of the bazaar. I allowed the two pennies to fall against the sixpence in my pocket. I heard a voice call from one end of the gallery that the light was out. The upper part of the hall was now completely dark.

Gazing up into the darkness, I saw myself as a creature driven and derided by vanity; and my eyes burned with anguish and anger. (1914)

KATHERINE MANSFIELD Miss Brill

ALTHOUGH it was so brilliantly fine—the blue sky powdered with gold and great spots of light like white wine splashed over the Jardins Publiques—Miss Brill was glad that she had decided on her fur. The air was motionless, but when you opened your mouth there was just a faint chill, like a chill from a glass of iced water before you sip, and now and again a leaf came drifting—from nowhere, from the sky. Miss Brill put up her hand and

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touched her fur. Dear little thing! It was nice to feel it again. She had taken it out of its box that afternoon, shaken out the moth-powder, given it a good brush, and rubbed the life back into the dim little eyes. "What has been happening to me?" said the sad little eyes. Oh, how sweet it was to see them snap at her again from the red eiderdown! . . . But the nose, which was of some black composition, wasn't at all firm. It must have had a knock, somehow. Never mind—a little dab of black sealing-wax when the time came—when it was absolutely necessary. . . . Little rogue! Yes, she really felt like that about it. Little rogue biting its tail just by her left ear. She could have taken it off and laid it on her lap and stroked it. She felt a tingling in her hands and arms, but that came from walking, she supposed. And when she breathed, something light and sad—no, not sad, exactly—something gentle seemed to move in her bosom.

There were a number of people out this afternoon, far more than last Sunday. And the band sounded louder and gayer. That was because the Season had begun. For although the band played all the year round on Sundays, out of season it was never the same. It was like some one playing with only the family to listen; it didn't care how it played if there weren't any strangers present. Wasn't the conductor wearing a new coat, too? She was sure it was new. He scraped with his foot and flapped his arms like a rooster about to crow, and the bandsmen sitting in the green rotunda blew out their cheeks and glared at the music. Now there came a little "flutey" bit—very pretty!—a little chain of bright drops. She was sure it would be repeated. It was; she lifted her head and smiled.

Only two people shared her "special" seat: a fine old man in a velvet coat, his hands clasped over a huge carved walking-stick, and a big old woman, sitting upright, with a roll of knitting on her embroidered apron. They did not speak. This was disappointing, for Miss Brill always looked forward to the conversation. She had become really quite expert, she thought, at listening as though she didn't listen, at sitting in other people's lives just for a minute while they talked round her.

She glanced, sideways, at the old couple. Perhaps they would go soon. Last Sunday, too, hadn't been as interesting as usual. An Englishman and his wife, he wearing a dreadful Panama hat and she button boots. And she'd gone on the whole time about how she ought to wear spectacles; she knew she needed them; but that it was no good getting any; they'd be sure to break and they'd never keep on. And he'd been so patient. He'd suggested everything—gold rims, the kind that curved round your ears, little pads inside the bridge. No, nothing would please her. "They'll always be sliding down my nose!" Miss Brill had wanted to shake her.

The old people sat on the bench, still as statues. Never mind, there was

always the crowd to watch. To and fro, in front of the flower-beds and the band rotunda, the couples and groups paraded, stopped to talk, to greet, to buy a handful of flowers from the old beggar who had his tray fixed to the railings. Little children ran among them, swooping and laughing; little boys with big white silk bows under their chins, little girls, little French dolls, dressed up in velvet and lace. And sometimes a tiny staggerer came suddenly rocking into the open from under the trees, stopped, stared, as suddenly sat down "flop," until its small high-stepping mother, like a young hen, rushed scolding to its rescue. Other people sat on the benches and green chairs, but they were nearly always the same, Sunday after Sunday, and—Miss Brill had often noticed—there was something funny about nearly all of them. They were odd, silent, nearly all old, and from the way they stared they looked as though they'd just come from dark little rooms or even—even cupboards!

Behind the rotunda the slender trees with yellow leaves down drooping, and through them just a line of sea, and beyond the blue sky with gold-veined clouds.

Tum-tum-tum tiddle-um! tiddle-um! tum tiddley-um tum ta! blew the band.

Two young girls in red came by and two young soldiers in blue met them, and they laughed and paired and went off arm-in-arm. Two peasant women with funny straw hats passed, gravely, leading beautiful smoke-colored donkeys. A cold, pale nun hurried by. A beautiful woman came along and dropped her bunch of violets, and a little boy ran after to hand them to her, and she took them and threw them away as if they'd been poisoned. Dear me! Miss Brill didn't know whether to admire that or not! And now an ermine toque and a gentleman in gray met just in front of her. He was tall, stiff, dignified, and she was wearing the ermine toque she'd bought when her hair was yellow. Now everything, her hair, her face, even her eyes, was the same color as the shabby ermine, and her hand, in its cleaned glove, lifted to dab her lips, was a tiny yellowish paw. Oh, she was so pleased to see him—delighted! She rather thought they were going to meet that afternoon. She described where she'd been—everywhere, here, there, along by the sea. The day was so charming—didn't he agree? And wouldn't he, perhaps? . . . But he shook his head, lighted a cigarette, slowly breathed a great deep puff into her face, and, even while she was still talking and laughing, flicked the match away and walked on. The ermine toque was alone; she smiled more brightly than ever. But even the band seemed to know what she was feeling and played more softly, played tenderly, and the drum beat, "The Brute! The Brute!" over and over. What would she do? What was going to happen now? But as Miss

Brill wondered, the ermine toque turned, raised her hand as though she'd seen some one else, much nicer, just over there, and pattered away. And the band changed again and played more quickly, more gayly than ever, and the old couple on Miss Brill's seat got up and marched away, and such a funny old man with long whiskers hobbled along in time to the music and was nearly knocked over by four girls walking abreast.

Oh, how fascinating it was! How she enjoyed it! How she loved sitting here, watching it all! It was like a play. It was exactly like a play. Who could believe the sky at the back wasn't painted? But it wasn't till a little brown dog trotted on solemn and then slowly trotted off, like a little "theater" dog, a little dog that had been drugged, that Miss Brill discovered what it was that made it so exciting. They were all on the stage. They weren't only the audience, not only looking on; they were acting. Even she had a part and came every Sunday. No doubt somebody would have noticed if she hadn't been there; she was part of the performance after all. How strange she'd never thought of it like that before! And yet it explained why she made such a point of starting from home at just the same time each week—so as not to be late for the performance—and it also explained why she had quite a queer, shy feeling at telling her English pupils how she spent her Sunday afternoons. No wonder! Miss Brill nearly laughed out loud. She was on the stage. She thought of the old invalid gentleman to whom she read the newspaper four afternoons a week while he slept in the garden. She had got quite used to the frail head on the cotton pillow, the hollowed eyes, the open mouth and the high pinched nose. If he'd been dead she mightn't have noticed for weeks; she wouldn't have minded. But suddenly he knew he was having the paper read to him by an actress! "An actress!" The old head lifted; two points of light quivered in the old eyes. "An actress—are ye?" And Miss Brill smoothed the newspaper as though it were the manuscript of her part and said gently: "Yes, I have been an actress for a long time."

The band had been having a rest. Now they started again. And what they played was warm, sunny, yet there was just a faint chill—a something, what was it?—not sadness—no, not sadness—a something that made you want to sing. The tune lifted, lifted, the light shone; and it seemed to Miss Brill that in another moment all of them, all the whole company, would begin singing. The young ones, the laughing ones who were moving together, they would begin, and the men's voices, very resolute and brave, would join them. And then she too, she too, and the others on the benches—they would come in with a kind of accompaniment—something low, that scarcely rose or fell, something so beautiful—moving. . . . And Miss Brill's eyes filled with tears and she looked smiling at all the other members of the company. Yes,

we understand, we understand, she thought—though what they understood she didn't know.

Just at that moment a boy and a girl came and sat down where the old couple had been. They were beautifully dressed; they were in love. The hero and heroine, of course, just arrived from his father's yacht. And still soundlessly singing, still with that trembling smile, Miss Brill prepared to listen.

"No, not now," said the girl. "Not here, I can't."

"But why? Because of that stupid old thing at the end there?" asked the boy. "Why does she come here at all—who wants her? Why doesn't she keep her silly old mug at home?"

"It's her fu-fur which is so funny," giggled the girl. "It's exactly like a fried whiting."

"Ah, be off with you!" said the boy in an angry whisper. Then: "Tell me, ma petite chère—"

"No, not here," said the girl. "Not *yet*."

. . . . . .

On her way home she usually bought a slice of honeycake at the baker's. It was her Sunday treat. Sometimes there was an almond in her slice, sometimes not. It made a great difference. If there was an almond it was like carrying home a tiny present—a surprise—something that might very well not have been there. She hurried on the almond Sundays and struck the match for the kettle in quite a dashing way.

But to-day she passed the baker's by, climbed the stairs, went into the little dark room—her room like a cupboard—and sat down on the red eiderdown. She sat there for a long time. The box that the fur came out of was on the bed. She unclasped the necklet quickly; quickly, without looking, laid it inside. But when she put the lid on she thought she heard something crying. (1920)

FRANZ KAFKA

A hunger artist

DURING these last decades the interest in professional fasting has markedly diminished. It used to pay very well to stage such great performances under one's own management, but today that is quite impossible. We live in a different world now. At one time the whole town took a lively interest in the hunger artist; from day to day of his fast the excitement mounted; everybody wanted to see him at least once a day; there were people who bought season tickets for the last few days and sat from morning till night in front of his small barred cage; even in the nighttime there were visiting hours, when the whole effect was heightened by torch flares; on fine days the cage was set out in the open air, and then it was the children's special treat to see the hunger artist; for their elders he was often just a joke that happened to be in fashion, but the children stood open-mouthed, holding each other's hands for greater security, marveling at him as he sat there pallid in black tights, with his ribs sticking out so prominently, not even on a seat but down among straw on the ground, sometimes giving a courteous nod, answering questions with a constrained smile, or perhaps stretching an arm through the bars so that one might feel how thin it was, and then again withdrawing deep into himself, paying no attention to anyone or anything, not even to the all-important striking of the clock that was the only piece of furniture in his cage, but merely staring into vacancy with half-shut eyes, now and then taking a sip from a tiny glass of water to moisten his lips.

Besides casual onlookers there were also relays of permanent watchers selected by the public, usually butchers, strangely enough, and it was their task to watch the hunger artist day and night, three of them at a time, in case he should have some secret recourse to nourishment. This was nothing but a formality, instituted to reassure the masses, for the initiates knew well enough that during his fast the artist would never in any circumstances, not even under forcible compulsion, swallow the smallest morsel of food; the honor of his profession forbade it. Not every watcher, of course, was capable of understanding this, there were often groups of night watchers who were very lax in carrying out their duties and deliberately huddled together in a retired corner to play cards with great absorption, obviously intending to give the hunger artist the chance of a little refresh-

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ment, which they supposed he could draw from some private hoard. Nothing annoyed the artist more than such watchers; they made him miserable; they made his fast seem unendurable; sometimes he mastered his feebleness sufficiently to sing during their watch for as long as he could keep going, to show them how unjust their suspicions were. But that was of little use; they only wondered at his cleverness in being able to fill his mouth even while singing. Much more to his taste were the watchers who sat close up to the bars, who were not content with the dim night lighting of the hall but focused him in the full glare of the electric pocket torch given them by the impresario. The harsh light did not trouble him at all, in any case he could never sleep properly, and he could always drowse a little, whatever the light, at any hour, even when the hall was thronged with noisy onlookers. He was quite happy at the prospect of spending a sleepless night with such watchers; he was ready to exchange jokes with them, to tell them stories out of his nomadic life, anything at all to keep them awake and demonstrate to them again that he had no eatables in his cage and that he was fasting as not one of them could fast. But his happiest moment was when the morning came and an enormous breakfast was brought them, at his expense, on which they flung themselves with the keen appetite of healthy men after a weary night of wakefulness. Of course there were people who argued that this breakfast was an unfair attempt to bribe the watchers, but that was going rather too far, and when they were invited to take on a night's vigil without a breakfast, merely for the sake of the cause, they made themselves scarce, although they stuck stubbornly to their suspicions.

Such suspicions, anyhow, were a necessary accompaniment to the profession of fasting. No one could possibly watch the hunger artist continuously, day and night, and so no one could produce first-hand evidence that the fast had really been rigorous and continuous; only the artist himself could know that, he was therefore bound to be the sole completely satisfied spectator of his own fast. Yet for other reasons he was never satisfied; it was not perhaps mere fasting that had brought him to such skeleton thinness that many people had regretfully to keep away from his exhibitions, because the sight of him was too much for them, perhaps it was dissatisfaction with himself that had worn him down. For he alone knew, what no other initiate knew, how easy it was to fast. It was the easiest thing in the world. He made no secret of this, yet people did not believe him, at the best they set him down as modest, most of them, however, thought he was out for publicity or else was some kind of cheat who found it easy to fast because he had discovered a way of making it easy, and then had the impudence to admit the fact, more or less. He had to put up with all

that, and in the course of time had got used to it, but his inner dissatisfaction always rankled, and never yet, after any term of fasting—this must be granted to his credit—had he left the cage of his own free will. The longest period of fasting was fixed by his impresario at forty days, beyond that term he was not allowed to go, not even in great cities, and there was good reason for it, too. Experience had proved that for about forty days the interest of the public could be stimulated by a steadily increasing pressure of advertisement, but after that the town began to lose interest, sympathetic support began notably to fall off; there were of course local variations as between one town and another or one country and another, but as a general rule forty days marked the limit. So on the fortieth day the flower-bedecked cage was opened, enthusiastic spectators filled the hall, a military band played, two doctors entered the cage to measure the results of the fast, which were announced through a megaphone, and finally two young ladies appeared, blissful at having been selected for the honor, to help the hunger artist down the few steps leading to a small table on which was spread a carefully chosen invalid repast. And at this very moment the artist always turned stubborn. True, he would entrust his bony arms to the outstretched helping hands of the ladies bending over him, but stand up he would not. Why stop fasting at this particular moment, after forty days of it? He had held out for a long time, an illimitably long time; why stop now, when he was in his best fasting form, or rather, not yet quite in his best fasting form? Why should he be cheated of the fame he would get for fasting longer, for being not only the record hunger artist of all time, which presumably he was already, but for beating his own record by a performance beyond human imagination, since he felt that there were no limits to his capacity for fasting? His public pretended to admire him so much, why should it have so little patience with him; if he could endure fasting longer, why shouldn't the public endure it? Besides, he was tired, he was comfortable sitting in the straw, and now he was supposed to lift himself to his full height and go down to a meal the very thought of which gave him a nausea that only the presence of the ladies kept him from betraying, and even that with an effort. And he looked up into the eyes of the ladies who were apparently so friendly and in reality so cruel, and shook his head, which felt too heavy on its strengthless neck. But then there happened yet again what always happened. The impresario came forward, without a word—for the band made speech impossible—lifted his arms in the air above the artist, as if inviting Heaven to look down upon its creature here in the straw, this suffering martyr, which indeed he was, although in quite another sense; grasped him round the emaciated waist, with exaggerated caution, so that the frail condition he was in might be

appreciated; and committed him to the care of the blenching ladies, not without secretly giving him a shaking so that his legs and body tottered and swayed. The artist now submitted completely; his head lolled on his breast as if it had landed there by chance; his body was hollowed out; his legs in a spasm of self-preservation clung close to each other at the knees, yet scraped on the ground as if it were not really solid ground, as if they were only trying to find solid ground; and the whole weight of his body, a featherweight after all, relapsed onto one of the ladies, who, looking round for help and panting a little—this post of honor was not at all what she had expected it to be—first stretched her neck as far as she could to keep her face at least free from contact with the artist, then finding this impossible, and her more fortunate companion not coming to her aid but merely holding extended on her own trembling hand the little bunch of knucklebones that was the artist's, to the great delight of the spectators burst into tears and had to be replaced by an attendant who had long been stationed in readiness. Then came the food, a little of which the impresario managed to get between the artist's lips, while he sat in a kind of half-fainting trance, to the accompaniment of cheerful patter designed to distract the public's attention from the artist's condition; after that, a toast was drunk to the public, supposedly prompted by a whisper from the artist in the impresario's ear; the band confirmed it with a mighty flourish, the spectators melted away, and no one had any cause to be dissatisfied with the proceedings, no one except the hunger artist himself, he only, as always.

So he lived for many years, with small regular intervals of recuperation, in visible glory, honored by the world, yet in spite of that troubled in spirit, and all the more troubled because no one would take his trouble seriously. What comfort could he possibly need? What more could he possibly wish for? And if some good-natured person, feeling sorry for him, tried to console him by pointing out that his melancholy was probably caused by fasting, it could happen, especially when he had been fasting for some time, that he reacted with an outburst of fury and to the general alarm began to shake the bars of his cage like a wild animal. Yet the impresario had a way of punishing these outbreaks which he rather enjoyed putting into operation. He would apologize publicly for the artist's behavior, which was only to be excused, he admitted, because of the irritability caused by fasting; a condition hardly to be understood by well-fed people; then by natural transition he went on to mention the artist's equally incomprehensible boast that he could fast for much longer than he was doing; he praised the high ambition, the good will, the great self-denial undoubtedly implicit in such a statement; and then quite simply countered

it by bringing out photographs, which were also on sale to the public, showing the artist on the fortieth day of a fast lying in bed almost dead from exhaustion. This perversion of the truth, familiar to the artist though it was, always unnerved him afresh and proved too much for him. What was a consequence of the premature ending of his fast was here presented as the cause of it! To fight against this lack of understanding, against a whole world of non-understanding, was impossible. Time and again in good faith he stood by the bars listening to the impresario, but as soon as the photographs appeared he always let go and sank with a groan back on to his straw, and the reassured public could once more come close and gaze at him.

A few years later when the witnesses of such scenes called them to mind, they often failed to understand themselves at all. For meanwhile the aforementioned change in public interest had set in; it seemed to happen almost overnight; there may have been profound causes for it, but who was going to bother about that; at any rate the pampered hunger artist suddenly found himself deserted one fine day by the amusement seekers, who went streaming past him to other more favored attractions. For the last time the impresario hurried him over half Europe to discover whether the old interest might still survive here and there; all in vain; everywhere, as if by secret agreement, a positive revulsion from professional fasting was in evidence. Of course it could not really have sprung up so suddenly as all that, and many premonitory symptoms which had not been sufficiently remarked or suppressed during the rush and glitter of success now came retrospectively to mind, but it was now too late to take any countermeasures. Fasting would surely come into fashion again at some future date, yet that was no comfort for those living in the present. What, then, was the hunger artist to do? He had been applauded by thousands in his time and could hardly come down to showing himself in a street booth at village fairs, and as for adopting another profession, he was not only too old for that but too fanatically devoted to fasting. So he took leave of the impresario, his partner in an unparalleled career, and hired himself to a large circus; in order to spare his own feelings he avoided reading the conditions of his contract.

A large circus with its enormous traffic in replacing and recruiting men, animals and apparatus can always find a use for people at any time, even for a hunger artist, provided of course that he does not ask too much, and in this particular case anyhow it was not only the artist who was taken on but his famous and long-known name as well, indeed considering the peculiar nature of his performance, which was not impaired by advancing age, it could not be objected that here was an artist past his prime, no

longer at the height of his professional skill, seeking a refuge in some quiet corner of a circus, on the contrary, the hunger artist averred that he could fast as well as ever, which was entirely credible, he even alleged that if he were allowed to fast as he liked, and this was at once promised him without more ado, he could astound the world by establishing a record never yet achieved, a statement which certainly provoked a smile among the other professionals, since it left out of account the change in public opinion, which the hunger artist in his zeal conveniently forgot.

He had not, however, actually lost his sense of the real situation and took it as a matter of course that he and his cage should be stationed, not in the middle of the ring as a main attraction, but outside, near the animal cages, on a site that was after all easily accessible. Large and gaily painted placards made a frame for the cage and announced what was to be seen inside it. When the public came thronging out in the intervals to see the animals, they could hardly avoid passing the hunger artist's cage and stopping there for a moment, perhaps they might even have stayed longer had not those pressing behind them in the narrow gangway, who did not understand why they should be held up on their way towards the excitements of the menagerie, made it impossible for anyone to stand gazing quietly for any length of time. And that was the reason why the hunger artist, who had of course been looking forward to these visiting hours as the main achievement of his life, began instead to shrink from them. At first he could hardly wait for the intervals; it was exhilarating to watch the crowds come streaming his way, until only too soon—not even the most obstinate self-deception, clung to almost consciously, could hold out against the fact—the conviction was borne in upon him that these people, most of them, to judge from their actions, again and again, without exception, were all on their way to the menagerie. And the first sight of them from the distance remained the best. For when they reached his cage he was at once deafened by the storm of shouting and abuse that arose from the two contending factions, which renewed themselves continuously, of those who wanted to stop and stare at him—he soon began to dislike them more than the others—not out of real interest but only out of obstinate self-assertiveness, and those who wanted to go straight on to the animals. When the first great rush was past, the stragglers came along, and these, whom nothing could have prevented from stopping to look at him as long as they had breath, raced past with long strides, hardly even glancing at him, in their haste to get to the menagerie in time. And all too rarely did it happen that he had a stroke of luck, when some father of a family fetched up before him with his children, pointed a finger at the hunger artist and explained at length what the phenomenon meant, telling stories of earlier

years when he himself had watched similar but much more thrilling performances, and the children, still rather uncomprehending, since neither inside nor outside school had they been sufficiently prepared for this lesson—what did they care about fasting?—yet showed by the brightness of their intent eyes that new and better times might be coming. Perhaps, said the hunger artist to himself many a time, things would be a little better if his cage were set not quite so near the menagerie. That made it too easy for people to make their choice, to say nothing of what he suffered from the stench of the menagerie, the animals' restlessness by night, the carrying past of raw lumps of flesh for the beasts of prey, the roaring at feeding times, which depressed him continually. But he did not dare to lodge a complaint with the management; after all, he had the animals to thank for the troops of people who passed his cage, among whom there might always be one here and there to take an interest in him, and who could tell where they might seclude him if he called attention to his existence and thereby to the fact that, strictly speaking, he was only an impediment on the way to the menagerie.

A small impediment, to be sure, one that grew steadily less. People grew familiar with the strange idea that they could be expected, in times like these, to take an interest in a hunger artist, and with this familiarity the verdict went out against him. He might fast as much as he could, and he did so; but nothing could save him now, people passed him by. Just try to explain to anyone the art of fasting! Anyone who has no feeling for it cannot be made to understand it. The fine placards grew dirty and illegible, they were torn down; the little notice board telling the number of fast days achieved, which at first was changed carefully every day, had long stayed at the same figure, for after the first few weeks even this small task seemed pointless to the staff; and so the artist simply fasted on and on, as he had once dreamed of doing, and it was no trouble to him, just as he had always foretold, but no one counted the days, no one, not even the artist himself, knew what records he was already breaking, and his heart grew heavy. And when once in a time some leisurely passer-by stopped, made merry over the old figure on the board and spoke of swindling, that was in its way the stupidest lie ever invented by indifference and inborn malice, since it was not the hunger artist who was cheating, he was working honestly, but the world was cheating him of his reward.

Many more days went by, however, and that too came to an end. An overseer's eye fell on the cage one day and he asked the attendants why this perfectly good stage should be left standing there unused with dirty straw inside it; nobody knew, until one man, helped out by the notice

board, remembered about the hunger artist. They poked into the straw with sticks and found him in it. "Are you still fasting?" asked the overseer, "when on earth do you mean to stop?" "Forgive me, everybody," whispered the hunger artist; only the overseer, who had his ear to the bars, understood him. "Of course," said the overseer, and tapped his forehead with a finger to let the attendants know what state the man was in, "we forgive you." "I always wanted you to admire my fasting," said the hunger artist. "We do admire it," said the overseer, affably. "But you shouldn't admire it," said the hunger artist. "Well then we don't admire it," said the overseer, "but why shouldn't we admire it?" "Because I have to fast, I can't help it," said the hunger artist. "What a fellow you are," said the overseer, "and why can't you help it?" "Because," said the hunger artist, lifting his head a little and speaking, with his lips pursed, as if for a kiss, right into the overseer's ear, so that no syllable might be lost, "because I couldn't find the food I liked. If I had found it, believe me, I should have made no fuss and stuffed myself like you or anyone else." These were his last words, but in his dimming eyes remained the firm though no longer proud persuasion that he was still continuing to fast.

"Well, clear this out now!" said the overseer, and they buried the hunger artist, straw and all. Into the cage they put a young panther. Even the most insensitive felt it refreshing to see this wild creature leaping around the cage that had so long been dreary. The panther was all right. The food he liked was brought him without hesitation by the attendants; he seemed not even to miss his freedom; his noble body, furnished almost to the bursting point with all that it needed, seemed to carry freedom around with it too; somewhere in his jaws it seemed to lurk; and the joy of life streamed with such ardent passion from his throat that for the onlookers it was not easy to stand the shock of it. But they braced themselves, crowded round the cage, and did not want ever to move away. (1924)

ERNEST HEMINGWAY The killers

THE DOOR of Henry's lunch-room opened and two men came in. They sat down at the counter.

"What's yours?" George asked them.

"I don't know," one of the men said. "What do you want to eat, Al?"

"I don't know," said Al. "I don't know what I want to eat."

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Outside it was getting dark. The street-light came on outside the window. The two men at the counter read the menu. From the other end of the counter Nick Adams watched them. He had been talking to George when they came in.

"I'll have a roast pork tenderloin with apple sauce and mashed potatoes," the first man said.

"It isn't ready yet."

"What the hell do you put it on the card for?"

"That's the dinner," George explained. "You can get that at six o'clock."

George looked at the clock on the wall behind the counter.

"It's five o'clock."

"The clock says twenty minutes past five," the second man said.

"It's twenty minutes fast."

"Oh, to hell with the clock," the first man said. "What have you got to eat?"

"I can give you any kind of sandwiches," George said. "You can have ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, liver and bacon, or a steak."

"Give me chicken croquettes with green peas and cream sauce and mashed potatoes."

"That's the dinner."

"Everything we want's the dinner, eh? That's the way you work it."

"I can give you ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, liver——"

"I'll take ham and eggs," the man called Al said. He wore a derby hat and a black overcoat buttoned across the chest. His face was small and white and he had tight lips. He wore a silk muffler and gloves.

"Give me bacon and eggs," said the other man. He was about the same size as Al. Their faces were different but they were dressed like twins. Both wore overcoats too tight for them. They sat leaning forward, their elbows on the counter.

"Got anything to drink?" Al asked.

"Silver beer, bevo, ginger-ale," George said.

"I mean you got anything to *drink*?"

"Just those I said."

"This is a hot town," said the other. "What do they call it?"

"Summit."

"Ever hear of it?" Al asked his friend.

"No," said the friend.

"What do you do here nights?" Al asked.

"They eat the dinner," his friend said. "They all come here and eat the big dinner."

"That's right," George said.

"So you think that's right?" Al asked George.

"Sure."

"You're a pretty bright boy, aren't you?"

"Sure," said George.

"Well, you're not," said the other little man. "Is he, Al?"

"He's dumb," said Al. He turned to Nick. "What's your name?"

"Adams."

"Another bright boy," Al said. "Ain't he a bright boy, Max?"

"The town's full of bright boys," Max said.

George put the two platters, one of ham and eggs, the other of bacon and eggs, on the counter. He set down two side-dishes of fried potatoes and closed the wicket into the kitchen.

"Which is yours?" he asked Al.

"Don't you remember?"

"Ham and eggs."

"Just a bright boy," Max said. He leaned forward and took the ham and eggs. Both men ate with their gloves on. George watched them eat.

"What are *you* looking at?" Max looked at George.

"Nothing."

"The hell you were. You were looking at me."

"Maybe the boy meant it for a joke, Max," Al said.

George laughed.

"*You* don't have to laugh," Max said to him. "*You* don't have to laugh at all, see?"

"All right," said George.

"So he thinks it's all right." Max turned to Al. "He thinks it's all right. That's a good one."

"Oh, he's a thinker," Al said. They went on eating.

"What's the bright boy's name down the counter?" Al asked Max.

"Hey, bright boy," Max said to Nick. "You go around on the other side of the counter with your boy friend."

"What's the idea?" Nick asked.

"There isn't any idea."

"You better go around, bright boy," Al said. Nick went around behind the counter.

"What's the idea?" George asked.

"None of your damn business," Al said. "Who's out in the kitchen?"

"The nigger."

"What do you mean the nigger?"

"The nigger that cooks."

"Tell him to come in."

"What's the idea?"

"Tell him to come in."

"Where do you think you are?"

"We know damn well where we are," the man called Max said. "Do we look silly?"

"You talk silly," Al said to him. "What the hell do you argue with this kid for? Listen," he said to George, "tell the nigger to come out here."

"What are you going to do to him?"

"Nothing. Use your head, bright boy. What would we do to a nigger?"

George opened the slit that opened back into the kitchen. "Sam," he called. "Come in here a minute."

The door to the kitchen opened and the nigger came in. "What was it?" he asked. The two men at the counter took a look at him.

"All right, nigger. You stand right there," Al said.

Sam, the nigger, standing in his apron, looked at the two men sitting at the counter. "Yes, sir," he said. Al got down from his stool.

"I'm going back to the kitchen with the nigger and bright boy," he said. "Go on back to the kitchen, nigger. You go with him, bright boy." The little man walked after Nick and Sam, the cook, back into the kitchen. The door shut after them. The man called Max sat at the counter opposite George. He didn't look at George but looked in the mirror that ran along back of the counter. Henry's had been made over from a saloon into a lunch-counter.

"Well, bright boy," Max said, looking into the mirror, "why don't you say something?"

"What's it all about?"

"Hey, Al," Max called, "bright boy wants to know what it's all about."

"Why don't you tell him?" Al's voice came from the kitchen.

"What do you think it's all about?"

"I don't know."

"What do you think?"

Max looked into the mirror all the time he was talking.

"I wouldn't say."

"Hey, Al, bright boy says he wouldn't say what he thinks it's all about."

"I can hear you, all right," Al said from the kitchen. He had propped open the slit that dishes passed through into the kitchen with a catsup bottle. "Listen, bright boy," he said from the kitchen to George. "Stand a little further along the bar. You move a little to the left, Max." He was like a photographer arranging for a group picture.

"Talk to me, bright boy," Max said. "What do you think's going to happen?"

George did not say anything.

"I'll tell you," Max said. "We're going to kill a Swede. Do you know a big Swede named Ole Andreson?"

"Yes."

"He comes here to eat every night, don't he?"

"Sometimes he comes here."

"He comes here at six o'clock, don't he?"

"If he comes."

"We know all that, bright boy," Max said. "Talk about something else. Ever go to the movies?"

"Once in a while."

"You ought to go to the movies more. The movies are fine for a bright boy like you."

"What are you going to kill Ole Andreson for? What did he ever do to you?"

"He never had a chance to do anything to us. He never even seen us."

"And he's only going to see us once," Al said from the kitchen.

"What are you going to kill him for, then?" George asked.

"We're killing him for a friend. Just to oblige a friend, bright boy."

"Shut up," said Al from the kitchen. "You talk too goddam much."

"Well, I got to keep bright boy amused. Don't I, bright boy?"

"You talk too damn much," Al said. "The nigger and my bright boy are amused by themselves. I got them tied up like a couple of girl friends in the convent."

"I suppose you were in a convent?"

"You never know."

"You were in a kosher convent. That's where you were."

George looked up at the clock.

"If anybody comes in you tell them the cook is off, and if they keep after it, you tell them you'll go back and cook yourself. Do you get that, bright boy?"

"All right," George said. "What you going to do with us afterward?"

"That'll depend," Max said. "That's one of those things you never know at the time."

George looked up at the clock. It was a quarter past six. The door from the street opened. A street-car motorman came in.

"Hello, George," he said. "Can I get supper?"

"Sam's gone out," George said. "He'll be back in about half an hour."

"I'd better go up the street," the motorman said. George looked at the clock. It was twenty minutes past six.

"That was nice, bright boy," Max said. "You're a regular little gentleman."

"He knew I'd blow his head off," Al said from the kitchen.

"No," said Max. "It ain't that. Bright boy is nice. He's a nice boy. I like him."

At six-fifty-five George said: "He's not coming."

Two other people had been in the lunch-room. Once George had gone out to the kitchen and made a ham-and-egg sandwich "to go" that a man wanted to take with him. Inside the kitchen he saw Al, his derby hat tipped back, sitting on a stool beside the wicket with the muzzle of a sawed off shotgun resting on the ledge. Nick and the cook were back to back in the corner, a towel tied in each of their mouths. George had cooked the sandwich, wrapped it up in oiled paper, put it in a bag, brought it in, and the man had paid for it and gone out.

"Bright boy can do everything," Max said. "He can cook and everything. You'd make some girl a nice wife, bright boy."

"Yes?" George said. "Your friend, Ole Andreson, isn't going to come."

"We'll give him ten minutes," Max said.

Max watched the mirror and the clock. The hands of the clock marked seven o'clock, and then five minutes past seven.

"Come on, Al," said Max. "We better go. He's not coming."

"Better give him five minutes," Al said from the kitchen.

In the five minutes a man came in, and George explained that the cook was sick.

"Why the hell don't you get another cook?" the man asked. "Aren't you running a lunch-counter?" He went out.

"Come on, Al," Max said.

"What about the two bright boys and the nigger?"

"They're all right."

"You think so?"

"Sure. We're through with it."

"I don't like it," said Al. "It's sloppy. You talk too much."

"Oh, what the hell," said Max. "We got to keep amused, haven't we?"

"You talk too much, all the same," Al said. He came out from the kitchen. The cut-off barrels of the shotgun made a slight bulge under the waist of his too tight-fitting overcoat. He straightened his coat with his gloved hands.

"So long, bright boy," he said to George. "You got a lot of luck."

"That's the truth," Max said. "You ought to play the races, bright boy."

The two of them went out the door. George watched them, through the window, pass under the arc-light and cross the street. In their tight overcoats and derby hats they looked like a vaudeville team. George went back through the swinging-door into the kitchen and untied Nick and the cook.

"I don't want any more of that," said Sam, the cook. "I don't want any more of that."

Nick stood up. He had never had a towel in his mouth before.

"Say," he said. "What the hell?" He was trying to swagger it off.

"They were going to kill Ole Andreson," George said. "They were going to shoot him when he came in to eat."

"Ole Andreson?"

"Sure."

The cook felt the corners of his mouth with his thumbs.

"They all gone?" he asked.

"Yeah," said George. "They're gone now."

"I don't like it," said the cook. "I don't like any of it at all."

"Listen," George said to Nick. "You better go see Ole Andreson."

"All right."

"You better not have anything to do with it at all," Sam, the cook, said. "You better stay way out of it."

"Don't go if you don't want to," George said.

"Mixing up in this ain't going to get you anywhere," the cook said. "You stay out of it."

"I'll go see him," Nick said to George. "Where does he live?"

The cook turned away.

"Little boys always know what they want to do," he said.

"He lives up at Hirsch's rooming-house," George said to Nick.

"I'll go up there."

Outside the arc-light shone through the bare branches of a tree. Nick walked up the street beside the car-tracks and turned at the next arc-light down a side-street. Three houses up the street was Hirsch's rooming-house. Nick walked up the two steps and pushed the bell. A woman came to the door.

"Is Ole Andreson here?"

"Do you want to see him?"

"Yes, if he's in."

Nick followed the woman up a flight of stairs and back to the end of a corridor. She knocked on the door.

"Who is it?"

"It's somebody to see you, Mr. Andreson," the woman said.

"It's Nick Adams."

"Come in."

Nick opened the door and went into the room. Ole Andreson was lying on the bed with all his clothes on. He had been a heavyweight prizefighter and he was too long for the bed. He lay with his head on two pillows. He did not look at Nick.

"What was it?" he asked.

"I was up at Henry's," Nick said, "and two fellows came in and tied up me and the cook, and they said they were going to kill you."

It sounded silly when he said it. Ole Andreson said nothing.

"They put us out in the kitchen," Nick went on. "They were going to shoot you when you came to supper."

Ole Andreson looked at the wall and did not say anything.

"George thought I better come and tell you about it."

"There isn't anything I can do about it," Ole Andreson said.

"I'll tell you what they were like."

"I don't want to know what they were like," Ole Andreson said. He looked at the wall. "Thanks for coming to tell me about it."

"That's all right."

Nick looked at the big man lying on the bed.

"Don't you want me to go and see the police?"

"No," Ole Andreson said. "That wouldn't do any good."

"Isn't there something I could do?"

"No. There isn't anything to do."

"Maybe it was just a bluff."

"No. It ain't just a bluff."

Ole Andreson rolled over toward the wall.

"The only thing is," he said, talking toward the wall, "I just can't make up my mind to go out. I been in here all day."

"Couldn't you get out of town?"

"No," Ole Andreson said. "I'm through with all that running around."

He looked at the wall.

"There ain't anything to do now."

"Couldn't you fix it up some way?"

"No. I got in wrong." He talked in the same flat voice. "There ain't anything to do. After a while I'll make up my mind to go out."

"I better go back and see George," Nick said.

"So long," said Ole Andreson. He did not look toward Nick. "Thanks for coming around."

Nick went out. As he shut the door he saw Ole Andreson with all his clothes on, lying on the bed looking at the wall.

"He's been in his room all day," the landlady said down-stairs. "I guess he don't feel well. I said to him: 'Mr. Andreson, you ought to go out and take a walk on a nice fall day like this,' but he didn't feel like it."

"He doesn't want to go out."

"I'm sorry he don't feel well," the woman said. "He's an awfully nice man. He was in the ring, you know."

"I know it."

"You'd never know it except from the way his face is," the woman said. They stood talking just inside the street door. "He's just as gentle."

"Well, good-night, Mrs. Hirsch," Nick said.

"I'm not Mrs. Hirsch," the woman said. "She owns the place. I just look after it for her. I'm Mrs. Bell."

"Well, good-night, Mrs. Bell," Nick said.

"Good-night," the woman said.

Nick walked up the dark street to the corner under the arc-light, and then along the car-tracks to Henry's eating-house. George was inside, back of the counter.

"Did you see Ole?"

"Yes," said Nick. "He's in his room and he won't go out."

The cook opened the door from the kitchen when he heard Nick's voice.

"I don't even listen to it," he said and shut the door.

"Did you tell him about it?" George asked.

"Sure. I told him but he knows what it's all about."

"What's he going to do?"

"Nothing."

"They'll kill him."

"I guess they will."

"He must have got mixed up in something in Chicago."

"I guess so," said Nick.

"It's a hell of a thing."

"It's an awful thing," Nick said.

They did not say anything. George reached down for a towel and wiped the counter.

"I wonder what he did?" Nick said.

"Double-crossed somebody. That's what they kill them for."

"I'm going to get out of this town," Nick said.

"Yes," said George. "That's a good thing to do."

"I can't stand to think about him waiting in the room and knowing he's going to get it. It's too damned awful."

"Well," said George, "you better not think about it." (1927)

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

Flowering Judas

BRAGGIONI sits heaped upon the edge of a straightbacked chair much too small for him, and sings to Laura in a furry, mournful voice. Laura has begun to find reasons for avoiding her own house until the latest possible moment, for Braggioni is there almost every night. No matter how late she is, he will be sitting there with a surly, waiting expression, pulling at his kinky yellow hair, thumbing the strings of his guitar, snarling a tune under his breath. Lupe the Indian maid meets Laura at the door, and says with a flicker of a glance towards the upper room, "He waits."

Laura wishes to lie down, she is tired of her hairpins and the feel of her long tight sleeves, but she says to him, "Have you a new song for me this evening?" If he says yes, she asks him to sing it. If he says no, she remembers his favorite one, and asks him to sing it again. Lupe brings her a cup of chocolate and a plate of rice, and Laura eats at the small table under the lamp, first inviting Braggioni, whose answer is always the same: "I have eaten, and besides, chocolate thickens the voice."

Laura says, "Sing, then," and Braggioni heaves himself into song. He scratches the guitar familiarly as though it were a pet animal, and sings passionately off key, taking the high notes in a prolonged painful squeal. Laura, who haunts the markets listening to the ballad singers, and stops every day to hear the blind boy playing his reed-flute in Sixteenth of September Street, listens to Braggioni with pitiless courtesy, because she dares not smile at his miserable performance. Nobody dares to smile at him. Braggioni is cruel to everyone, with a kind of specialized insolence, but he is so vain of his talents, and so sensitive to slights, it would require a cruelty and vanity greater than his own to lay a finger on the vast cureless wound of his self-esteem. It would require courage, too, for it is dangerous to offend him, and nobody has this courage.

Braggioni loves himself with such tenderness and amplitude and eternal charity that his followers—for he is a leader of men, a skilled revolutionist, and his skin has been punctured in honorable warfare—warm themselves in the reflected glow, and say to each other: "He has a real nobility, a love of humanity raised above mere personal affections." The excess of this self-love has flowed out, inconveniently for her, over Laura, who, with so many others, owes her comfortable situation and her salary to him. When he is in

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a very good humor, he tells her, "I am tempted to forgive you for being a *gringa. Gringita!*" and Laura, burning, imagines herself leaning forward suddenly, and with a sound back-handed slap wiping the suety smile from his face. If he notices her eyes at these moments he gives no sign.

She knows what Braggioni would offer her, and she must resist tenaciously without appearing to resist, and if she could avoid it she would not admit even to herself the slow drift of his intention. During these long evenings which have spoiled a long month for her, she sits in her deep chair with an open book on her knees, resting her eyes on the consoling rigidity of the printed page when the sight and sound of Braggioni singing threaten to identify themselves with all her remembered afflictions and to add their weight to her uneasy premonitions of the future. The gluttonous bulk of Braggioni has become a symbol of her many disillusions, for a revolutionist should be lean, animated by heroic faith, a vessel of abstract virtues. This is nonsense, she knows it now and is ashamed of it. Revolution must have leaders, and leadership is a career for energetic men. She is, her comrades tell her, full of romantic error, for what she defines as cynicism in them is merely "a developed sense of reality." She is almost too willing to say, "I am wrong, I suppose I don't really understand the principles," and afterward she makes a secret truce with herself, determined not to surrender her will to such expedient logic. But she cannot help feeling that she has been betrayed irreparably by the disunion between her way of living and her feeling of what life should be, and at times she is almost contented to rest in this sense of grievance as a private store of consolation. Sometimes she wishes to run away, but she stays. Now she longs to fly out of this room, down the narrow stairs, and into the street where the houses lean together like conspirators under a single mottled lamp, and leave Braggioni singing to himself.

Instead she looks at Braggioni, frankly and clearly, like a good child who understands the rules of behavior. Her knees cling together under sound blue serge, and her round white collar is not purposely nun-like. She wears the uniform of an idea, and has renounced vanities. She was born Roman Catholic, and in spite of her fear of being seen by someone who might make a scandal of it, she slips now and again into some crumbling little church, kneels on the chilly stone, and says a Hail Mary on the gold rosary she bought in Tehuantepec. It is no good and she ends by examining the altar with its tinsel flowers and ragged brocades, and feels tender about the battered doll-shape of some male saint whose white, lace-trimmed drawers hang limply around his ankles below the hieratic dignity of his velvet robe. She has encased herself in a set of principles derived from her early training, leaving no detail of gesture or of personal taste untouched,

and for this reason she will not wear lace made on machines. This is her private heresy, for in her special group the machine is sacred, and will be the salvation of the workers. She loves fine lace, and there is a tiny edge of fluted cobweb on this collar, which is one of twenty precisely alike, folded in blue tissue paper in the upper drawer of her clothes chest.

Braggioni catches her glance solidly as if he had been waiting for it, leans forward, balancing his paunch between his spread knees, and sings with tremendous emphasis, weighing his words. He has, the song relates, no father and no mother, nor even a friend to console him; lonely as a wave of the sea he comes and goes, lonely as a wave. His mouth opens round and yearns sideways, his balloon cheeks grow oily with the labor of song. He bulges marvelously in his expensive garments. Over his lavender collar, crushed upon a purple necktie, held by a diamond hoop: over his ammunition belt of tooled leather worked in silver, buckled cruelly around his gasping middle: over the tops of his glossy yellow shoes Braggioni swells with ominous ripeness, his mauve silk hose stretched taut, his ankles bound with the stout leather thongs of his shoes.

When he stretches his eyelids at Laura she notes again that his eyes are the true tawny yellow cat's eyes. He is rich, not in money, he tells her, but in power, and this power brings with it the blameless ownership of things, and the right to indulge his love of small luxuries. "I have a taste for the elegant refinements," he said once, flourishing a yellow silk handkerchief before her nose. "Smell that? It is Jockey Club, imported from New York." Nonetheless he is wounded by life. He will say so presently. "It is true everything turns to dust in the hand, to gall on the tongue." He sighs and his leather belt creaks like a saddle girth. "I am disappointed in everything as it comes. Everything." He shakes his head. "You, poor thing, you will be disappointed too. You are born for it. We are more alike than you realize in some things. Wait and see. Some day you will remember what I have told you, you will know that Braggioni was your friend."

Laura feels a slow chill, a purely physical sense of danger, a warning in her blood that violence, mutilation, a shocking death, wait for her with lessening patience. She has translated this fear into something homely, immediate, and sometimes hesitates before crossing the street. "My personal fate is nothing, except as the testimony of a mental attitude," she reminds herself, quoting from some forgotten philosophic primer, and is sensible enough to add, "Anyhow, I shall not be killed by an automobile if I can help it."

"It may be true I am as corrupt, in another way, as Braggioni," she thinks in spite of herself, "as callous, as incomplete," and if this is so, any kind of death seems preferable. Still she sits quietly, she does not run. Where could

she go? Uninvited she has promised herself to this place; she can no longer imagine herself as living in another country, and there is no pleasure in remembering her life before she came here.

Precisely what is the nature of this devotion, its true motives, and what are its obligations? Laura cannot say. She spends part of her days in Xochimilco, near by, teaching Indian children to say in English, "The cat is on the mat." When she appears in the classroom they crowd about her with smiles on their wise, innocent, clay-colored faces, crying, "Good morning, my titcher!" in immaculate voices, and they make of her desk a fresh garden of flowers every day.

During her leisure she goes to union meetings and listens to busy important voices quarreling over tactics, methods, internal politics. She visits the prisoners of her own political faith in their cells, where they entertain themselves with counting cockroaches, repenting of their indiscretions, composing their memoirs, writing out manifestoes and plans for their comrades who are still walking about free, hands in pockets, sniffing fresh air. Laura brings them food and cigarettes and a little money, and she brings messages disguised in equivocal phrases from the men outside who dare not set foot in the prison for fear of disappearing into the cells kept empty for them. If the prisoners confuse night and day, and complain, "Dear little Laura, time doesn't pass in this infernal hole, and I won't know when it is time to sleep unless I have a reminder," she brings them their favorite narcotics, and says in a tone that does not wound them with pity, "Tonight will really be night for you," and though her Spanish amuses them, they find her comforting, useful. If they lose patience and all faith, and curse the slowness of their friends in coming to their rescue with money and influence, they trust her not to repeat everything, and if she inquires, "Where do you think we can find money, or influence?" they are certain to answer, "Well, there is Braggioni, why doesn't he do something?"

She smuggles letters from headquarters to men hiding from firing squads in back streets in mildewed houses, where they sit in tumbled beds and talk bitterly as if all Mexico were at their heels, when Laura knows positively they might appear at the band concert in the Alameda on Sunday morning, and no one would notice them. But Braggioni says, "Let them sweat a little. The next time they may be careful. It is very restful to have them out of the way for a while." She is not afraid to knock on any door in any street after midnight, and enter in the darkness, and say to one of these men who is really in danger: "They will be looking for you—seriously—tomorrow morning after six. Here is some money from Vicente. Go to Vera Cruz and wait."

She borrows money from the Roumanian agitator to give to his bitter enemy the Polish agitator. The favor of Braggioni is their disputed territory,

and Braggioni holds the balance nicely, for he can use them both. The Polish agitator talks love to her over café tables, hoping to exploit what he believes is her secret sentimental preference for him, and he gives her misinformation which he begs her to repeat as the solemn truth to certain persons. The Roumanian is more adroit. He is generous with his money in all good causes, and lies to her with an air of ingenuous candor, as if he were her good friend and confidant. She never repeats anything they may say. Braggioni never asks questions. He has other ways to discover all that he wishes to know about them.

Nobody touches her, but all praise her gray eyes, and the soft, round under lip which promises gayety, yet is always grave, nearly always firmly closed: and they cannot understand why she is in Mexico. She walks back and forth on her errands, with puzzled eyebrows, carrying her little folder of drawings and music and school papers. No dancer dances more beautifully than Laura walks, and she inspires some amusing, unexpected ardors, which cause little gossip, because nothing comes of them. A young captain who had been a soldier in Zapata's army attempted, during a horseback ride near Cuernavaca, to express his desire for her with the noble simplicity befitting a rude folk-hero: but gently, because he was gentle. This gentleness was his defeat, for when he alighted, and removed her foot from the stirrup, and essayed to draw her down into his arms, her horse, ordinarily a tame one, shied fiercely, reared and plunged away. The young hero's horse careered blindly after his stable-mate, and the hero did not return to the hotel until rather late that evening. At breakfast he came to her table in full charro dress, gray buckskin jacket and trousers with strings of silver buttons down the leg, and he was in a humorous, careless mood. "May I sit with you?" and "You are a wonderful rider. I was terrified that you might be thrown and dragged. I should never have forgiven myself. But I cannot admire you enough for your riding!"

"I learned to ride in Arizona," said Laura.

"If you will ride with me again this morning, I promise you a horse that will not shy with you," he said. But Laura remembered that she must return to Mexico City at noon.

Next morning the children made a celebration and spent their playtime writing on the blackboard, "We lov ar ticher," and with tinted chalks they drew wreaths of flowers around the words. The young hero wrote her a letter: "I am a very foolish, wasteful, impulsive man. I should have first said I love you, and then you would not have run away. But you shall see me again." Laura thought, "I must send him a box of colored crayons," but she was trying to forgive herself for having spurred her horse at the wrong moment.

A brown, shock-haired youth came and stood in her patio one night and

sang like a lost soul for two hours, but Laura could think of nothing to do about it. The moonlight spread a wash of gauzy silver over the clear spaces of the garden, and the shadows were cobalt blue. The scarlet blossoms of the Judas tree were dull purple, and the names of the colors repeated themselves automatically in her mind, while she watched not the boy, but his shadow, fallen like a dark garment across the fountain rim, trailing in the water. Lupe came silently and whispered expert counsel in her ear: "If you will throw him one little flower, he will sing another song or two and go away." Laura threw the flower, and he sang a last song and went away with the flower tucked in the band of his hat. Lupe said, "He is one of the organizers of the Typographers Union, and before that he sold corridos in the Merced market, and before that, he came from Guanajuato, where I was born. I would not trust any man, but I trust least those from Guanajuato."

She did not tell Laura that he would be back again the next night, and the next, nor that he would follow her at a certain fixed distance around the Merced market, through the Zócolo, up Francisco I. Madero Avenue, and so along the Paseo de la Reforma to Chapultepec Park, and into the Philosopher's Footpath, still with that flower withering in his hat, and an indivisible attention in his eyes.

Now Laura is accustomed to him, it means nothing except that he is nineteen years old and is observing a convention with all propriety, as though it were founded on a law of nature, which in the end it might well prove to be. He is beginning to write poems which he prints on a wooden press, and he leaves them stuck like handbills in her door. She is pleasantly disturbed by the abstract, unhurried watchfulness of his black eyes which will in time turn easily towards another object. She tells herself that throwing the flower was a mistake, for she is twenty-two years old and knows better; but she refuses to regret it, and persuades herself that her negation of all external events as they occur is a sign that she is gradually perfecting herself in the stoicism she strives to cultivate against that disaster she fears, though she cannot name it.

She is not at home in the world. Every day she teaches children who remain strangers to her, though she loves their tender round hands and their charming opportunist savagery. She knocks at unfamiliar doors not knowing whether a friend or a stranger shall answer, and even if a known face emerges from the sour gloom of that unknown interior, still it is the face of a stranger. No matter what this stranger says to her, nor what her message to him, the very cells of her flesh reject knowledge and kinship in one monotonous word. No. No. No. She draws her strength from this one holy talismanic word which does not suffer her to be led into evil. Denying

everything, she may walk anywhere in safety, she looks at everything without amazement.

No, repeats this firm unchanging voice of her blood; and she looks at Braggioni without amazement. He is a great man, he wishes to impress this simple girl who covers her great round breasts with thick dark cloth, and who hides long, invaluably beautiful legs under a heavy skirt. She is almost thin except for the incomprehensible fullness of her breasts, like a nursing mother's, and Braggioni, who considers himself a judge of women, speculates again on the puzzle of her notorious virginity, and takes the liberty of speech which she permits without a sign of modesty, indeed, without any sort of sign, which is disconcerting.

"You think you are so cold, *gringita!* Wait and see. You will surprise yourself some day! May I be there to advise you!" He stretches his eyelids at her, and his ill-humored cat's eyes waver in a separate glance for the two points of light marking the opposite ends of a smoothly drawn path between the swollen curve of her breasts. He is not put off by that blue serge, nor by her resolutely fixed gaze. There is all the time in the world. His cheeks are bellying with the wind of song. "O girl with the dark eyes," he sings, and reconsiders. "But yours are not dark. I can change all that. O girl with the green eyes, you have stolen my heart away!" then his mind wanders to the song, and Laura feels the weight of his attention being shifted elsewhere. Singing thus, he seems harmless, he is quite harmless, there is nothing to do but sit patiently and say "No," when the moment comes. She draws a full breath, and her mind wanders also, but not far. She dares not wander too far.

Not for nothing has Braggioni taken pains to be a good revolutionist and a professional lover of humanity. He will never die of it. He has the malice, the cleverness, the wickedness, the sharpness of wit, the hardness of heart, stipulated for loving the world profitably. *He will never die of it.* He will live to see himself kicked out from his feeding trough by other hungry world-saviors. Traditionally he must sing in spite of his life which drives him to bloodshed, he tells Laura, for his father was a Tuscany peasant who drifted to Yucatan and married a Maya woman: a woman of race, an aristocrat. They gave him the love and knowledge of music, thus: and under the tip of his thumbnail, the strings of the instrument complain like exposed nerves.

Once he was called Delgadito by all the girls and married women who ran after him; he was so scrawny all his bones showed under his thin cotton clothing, and he could squeeze his emptiness to the very backbone with his two hands. He was a poet and the revolution was only a dream then; too many women loved him and sapped away his youth, and he could never

find enough to eat anywhere, anywhere! Now he is a leader of men, crafty men who whisper in his ear, hungry men who wait for hours outside his office for a word with him, emaciated men with wild faces who waylay him at the street gate with a timid, "Comrade, let me tell you . . ." and they blow the foul breath from their empty stomachs in his face.

He is always sympathetic. He gives them handfuls of small coins from his own pocket, he promises them work, there will be demonstrations, they must join the unions and attend the meetings, above all they must be on the watch for spies. They are closer to him than his own brothers, without them he can do nothing—until tomorrow, comrade!

Until tomorrow. "They are stupid, they are lazy, they are treacherous, they would cut my throat for nothing," he says to Laura. He has good food and abundant drink, he hires an automobile and drives in the Paseo on Sunday morning, and enjoys plenty of sleep in a soft bed beside a wife who dares not disturb him, and he sits pampering his bones in easy billows of fat, singing to Laura, who knows and thinks these things about him. When he was fifteen, he tried to drown himself because he loved a girl, his first love, and she laughed at him. "A thousand women have paid for that," and his tight little mouth turns down at the corners. Now he perfumes his hair with Jockey Club, and confides to Laura: "One woman is really as good as another for me, in the dark. I prefer them all."

His wife organizes unions among the girls in the cigarette factories, and walks in picket lines, and even speaks at meetings in the evening. But she cannot be brought to acknowledge the benefits of true liberty. "I tell her I must have my freedom, net. She does not understand my point of view." Laura has heard this many times. Braggioni scratches the guitar and meditates. "She is an instinctively virtuous woman, pure gold, no doubt of that. If she were not, I should lock her up, and she knows it."

His wife, who works so hard for the good of the factory girls, employs part of her leisure lying on the floor weeping because there are so many women in the world, and only one husband for her, and she never knows where nor when to look for him. He told her: "Unless you can learn to cry when I am not here, I must go away for good." That day he went away and took a room at the Hotel Madrid.

It is this month of separation for the sake of higher principles that has been spoiled not only for Mrs. Braggioni, whose sense of reality is beyond criticism, but for Laura, who feels herself bogged in a nightmare. Tonight Laura envies Mrs. Braggioni, who is alone, and free to weep as much as she pleases about a concrete wrong. Laura has just come from a visit to the prison, and she is waiting for tomorrow with a bitter anxiety as if tomorrow may not come, but time may be caught immovably in this hour, with her-

self transfixed, Braggioni singing on forever, and Eugenio's body not yet discovered by the guard.

Braggioni says: "Are you going to sleep?" Almost before she can shake her head, he begins telling her about the May-day disturbances coming on in Morelia, for the Catholics hold a festival in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and the Socialists celebrate their martyrs on that day. "There will be two independent processions, starting from either end of town, and they will march until they meet, and the rest depends . . ." He asks her to oil and load his pistols. Standing up, he unbuckles his ammunition belt, and spreads it laden across her knees. Laura sits with the shells slipping through the cleaning cloth dipped in oil, and he says again he cannot understand why she works so hard for the revolutionary idea unless she loves some man who is in it. "Are you not in love with someone?" "No," says Laura. "And no one is in love with you?" "No." "Then it is your own fault. No woman need go begging. Why, what is the matter with you? The legless beggar woman in the Alameda has a perfectly faithful lover. Did you know that?"

Laura peers down the pistol barrel and says nothing, but a long, slow faintness rises and subsides in her; Braggioni curves his swollen fingers around the throat of the guitar and softly smothers the music out of it, and when she hears him again he seems to have forgotten her, and is speaking in the hypnotic voice he uses when talking in small rooms to a listening, close-gathered crowd. Some day this world, now seemingly so composed and eternal, to the edges of every sea shall be merely a tangle of gaping trenches, of crashing walls and broken bodies. Everything must be torn from its accustomed place where it has rotted for centuries, hurled skyward and distributed, cast down again clean as rain, without separate identity. Nothing shall survive that the stiffened hands of poverty have created for the rich and no one shall be left alive except the elect spirits destined to procreate a new world cleansed of cruelty and injustice, ruled by benevolent anarchy: "Pistols are good, I love them, cannon are even better, but in the end I pin my faith to good dynamite," he concludes, and strokes the pistol lying in her hands. "Once I dreamed of destroying this city, in case it offered resistance to General Ortíz, but it fell into his hands like an overripe pear."

He is made restless by his own words, rises and stands waiting. Laura holds up the belt to him: "Put that on, and go kill somebody in Morelia, and you will be happier," she says softly. The presence of death in the room makes her bold. "Today, I found Eugenio going into a stupor. He refused to allow me to call the prison doctor. He had taken all the tablets I brought him yesterday. He said he took them because he was bored."

"He is a fool, and his death is his own business," says Braggioni, fastening his belt carefully.

"I told him if he had waited only a little while longer, you would have got him set free," says Laura. "He said he did not want to wait."

"He is a fool and we are well rid of him," says Braggioni, reaching for his hat.

He goes away. Laura knows his mood has changed, she will not see him any more for a while. He will send word when he needs her to go on errands into strange streets, to speak to the strange faces that will appear, like clay masks with the power of human speech, to mutter their thanks to Braggioni for his help. Now she is free, and she thinks, I must run while there is time. But she does not go.

Braggioni enters his own house where for a month his wife has spent many hours every night weeping and tangling her hair upon her pillow. She is weeping now, and she weeps more at the sight of him, the cause of all her sorrows. He looks about the room. Nothing is changed, the smells are good and familiar, he is well acquainted with the woman who comes toward him with no reproach except grief on her face. He says to her tenderly: "You are so good, please don't cry any more, you dear good creature." She says, "Are you tired, my angel? Sit here and I will wash your feet." She brings a bowl of water, and kneeling, unlaces his shoes, and when from her knees she raises her sad eyes under her blackened lids, he is sorry for everything, and bursts into tears. "Ah, yes, I am hungry, I am tired, let us eat something together," he says, between sobs. His wife leans her head on his arm and says, "Forgive me!" and this time he is refreshed by the solemn, endless rain of her tears.

Laura takes off her serge dress and puts on a white linen nightgown and goes to bed. She turns her head a little to one side, and lying still, reminds herself that it is time to sleep. Numbers tick in her brain like little clocks, soundless doors close of themselves around her. If you would sleep, you must not remember anything, the children will say tomorrow, good morning, my teacher, the poor prisoners who come every day bringing flowers to their jailor. 1-2-3-4-5 it is monstrous to confuse love with revolution, night with day, life with death—ah, Eugenio!

The tolling of the midnight bell is a signal, but what does it mean? Get up, Laura, and follow me: come out of your sleep, out of your bed, out of this strange house. What are you doing in this house? Without a word, without fear she rose and reached for Eugenio's hand, but he eluded her with a sharp, sly smile and drifted away. This is not all, you shall see—Murderer, he said, follow me, I will show you a new country, but it is far away and we must hurry. No, said Laura, not unless you take my hand, no; and she clung first to the stair rail, and then to the topmost branch of the Judas tree that bent down slowly and set her upon the earth, and then to

the rocky ledge of a cliff, and then to the jagged wave of a sea that was not water but a desert of crumbling stone. Where are you taking me, she asked in wonder but without fear. To death, and it is a long way off, and we must hurry, said Eugenio. No, said Laura, not unless you take my hand. Then eat these flowers, poor prisoner, said Eugenio in a voice of pity, take and eat: and from the Judas tree he stripped the warm bleeding flowers, and held them to her lips. She saw that his hand was fleshless, a cluster of small white petrified branches, and his eye sockets were without light, but she ate the flowers greedily for they satisfied both hunger and thirst. Murderer! said Eugenio, and Cannibal! This is my body and my blood. Laura cried No! and at the sound of her own voice, she awoke trembling, and was afraid to sleep again. (1930)

WILLIAM FAULKNER The bear

He was ten. But it had already begun, long before that day when at last he wrote his age in two figures and he saw for the first time the camp where his father and Major de Spain and old General Compson and the others spent two weeks each November and two weeks again each June. He had already inherited then, without ever having seen it, the tremendous bear with one trap-ruined foot which, in an area almost a hundred miles deep, had earned itself a name, a definite designation like a living man.

He had listened to it for years: the long legend of corncribs rifled, of shotes and grown pigs and even calves carried bodily into the woods and devoured, of traps and deadfalls overthrown and dogs mangled and slain, and shotgun and even rifle charges delivered at point-blank range and with no more effect than so many peas blown through a tube by a boy—a corridor of wreckage and destruction beginning back before he was born, through which sped, not fast but rather with the ruthless and irresistible deliberation of a locomotive, the shaggy tremendous shape.

It ran in his knowledge before he ever saw it. It looked and towered in his dreams before he even saw the unaxed woods where it left its crooked print, shaggy, huge, red-eyed, not malevolent but just big—too big for the dogs which tried to bay it, for the horses which tried to ride it down, for the men and the bullets they fired into it, too big for the very country

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which was its constricting scope. He seemed to see it entire with a child's complete divination before he ever laid eyes on either—the doomed wilderness whose edges were being constantly and punily gnawed at by men with axes and plows who feared it because it was wilderness, men myriad and nameless even to one another in the land where the old bear had earned a name, through which ran not even a mortal animal but an anachronism, indomitable and invincible, out of an old dead time, a phantom, epitome and apotheosis of the old wild life at which the puny humans swarmed and hacked in a fury of abhorrence and fear, like pygmies about the ankles of a drowsing elephant: the old bear solitary, indomitable and alone, widowered, childless, and absolved of mortality—old Priam reft of his old wife and having outlived all his sons.

Until he was ten, each November he would watch the wagon containing the dogs and the bedding and food and guns and his father and Tennie's Jim, the Negro, and Sam Fathers, the Indian, son of a slave woman and a Chickasaw chief, depart on the road to town, to Jefferson, where Major de Spain and the others would join them. To the boy, at seven, eight, and nine, they were not going into the Big Bottom to hunt bear and deer, but to keep yearly rendezvous with the bear which they did not even intend to kill. Two weeks later they would return, with no trophy, no head and skin. He had not expected it. He had not even been afraid it would be in the wagon. He believed that even after he was ten and his father would let him go too, for those two weeks in November, he would merely make another one, along with his father and Major de Spain and General Compson and the others, the dogs which feared to bay at it and the rifles and shotguns which failed even to bleed it, in the yearly pageant of the old bear's furious immortality.

Then he heard the dogs. It was in the second week of his first time in the camp. He stood with Sam Fathers against a big oak beside the faint crossing where they had stood each dawn for nine days now, hearing the dogs. He had heard them once before, one morning last week—a murmur, sourceless, echoing through the wet woods, swelling presently into separate voices which he could recognize and call by name. He had raised and cocked the gun as Sam told him and stood motionless again while the uproar, the invisible course, swept up and past and faded; it seemed to him that he could actually see the deer, the buck, blond, smoke-colored, elongated with speed, fleeing, vanishing, the woods, the gray solitude, still ringing even when the cries of the dogs had died away.

"Now let the hammers down," Sam said.

"You knew they were not coming here too," he said.

"Yes," Sam said. "I want you to learn how to do when you didn't shoot.

It's after the chance for the bear or the deer has done already come and gone that men and dogs get killed."

"Anyway," he said, "it was just a deer."

Then on the tenth morning he heard the dogs again. And he readied the too-long, too-heavy gun as Sam had taught him, before Sam even spoke. But this time it was no deer, no ringing chorus of dogs running strong on a free scent, but a moiling yapping an octave too high, with something more than indecision and even abjectness in it, not even moving very fast, taking a long time to pass completely out of hearing, leaving then somewhere in the air that echo, thin, slightly hysterical, abject, almost grieving, with no sense of a fleeing, unseen, smoke-colored, grass-eating shape ahead of it, and Sam, who had taught him first of all to cock the gun and take position where he could see everywhere and then never move again, had himself moved up beside him; he could hear Sam breathing at his shoulder, and he could see the arched curve of the old man's inhaling nostrils.

"Hah," Sam said. "Not even running. Walking."

"Old Ben!" the boy said. "But up here!" he cried. "Way up here!"

"He do it every year," Sam said. "Once. Maybe to see who in camp this time, if he can shoot or not. Whether we got the dog yet that can bay and hold him. He'll take them to the river, then he'll send them back home. We may as well go back too; see how they look when they come back to camp."

When they reached the camp the hounds were already there, ten of them crouching back under the kitchen, the boy and Sam squatting to peer back into the obscurity where they had huddled, quiet, the eyes luminous, glowing at them and vanishing, and no sound, only that effluvium of something more than dog, stronger than dog and not just animal, just beast, because still there had been nothing in front of that abject and almost painful yapping save the solitude, the wilderness, so that when the eleventh hound came in at noon and with all the others watching—even old Uncle Ash, who called himself first a cook—Sam daubed the tattered ear and the raked shoulder with turpentine and axle grease, to the boy it was still no living creature, but the wilderness which, leaning for the moment down, had patted lightly once the hound's temerity.

"Just like a man," Sam said. "Just like folks. Put off as long as she could having to be brave, knowing all the time that sooner or later she would have to be brave to keep on living with herself, and knowing all the time beforehand what was going to happen to her when she done it."

That afternoon, himself on the one-eyed wagon mule which did not mind the smell of blood nor, as they told him, of bear, and with Sam on the other one, they rode for more than three hours through the rapid,

shortening winter day. They followed no path, no trail even that he could see; almost at once they were in a country which he had never seen before. Then he knew why Sam had made him ride the mule which would not spook. The sound one stopped short and tried to whirl and bolt even as Sam got down, blowing its breath, jerking and wrenching at the rein, while Sam held it, coaxing it forward with his voice, since he could not risk tying it, drawing it forward while the boy got down from the marred one.

Then, standing beside Sam in the gloom of the dying afternoon, he looked down at the rotted over-turned log, gutted and scored with claw marks and, in the wet earth beside it, the print of the enormous warped two-toed foot. He knew now what he had smelled when he peered under the kitchen where the dogs huddled. He realized for the first time that the bear which had run in his listening and loomed in his dreams since before he could remember to the contrary, and which, therefore, must have existed in the listening and dreams of his father and Major de Spain and even old General Compson, too, before they began to remember in their turn, was a mortal animal, and that if they had departed for the camp each November without any actual hope of bringing its trophy back, it was not because it could not be slain, but because so far they had had no actual hope to.

"Tomorrow," he said.

"We'll try tomorrow," Sam said. "We ain't got the dog yet."

"We've got eleven. They ran him this morning."

"It won't need but one," Sam said. "He ain't here. Maybe he ain't nowhere. The only other way will be for him to run by accident over somebody that has a gun."

"That wouldn't be me," the boy said. "It will be Walter or Major or—"

"It might," Sam said. "You watch close in the morning. Because he's smart. That's how come he has lived this long. If he gets hemmed up and has to pick out somebody to run over, he will pick out you."

"How?" the boy said. "How will he know—" He ceased. "You mean he already knows me, that I ain't never been here before, ain't had time to find out yet whether I—" He ceased again, looking at Sam, the old man whose face revealed nothing until it smiled. He said humbly, not even amazed, "It was me he was watching. I don't reckon he did need to come but once."

The next morning they left the camp three hours before daylight. They rode this time because it was too far to walk, even the dogs in the wagon; again the first gray light found him in a place which he had never seen before, where Sam had placed him and told him to stay and then departed. With the gun which was too big for him, which did not even belong to him,

but to Major de Spain, and which he had fired only once—at a stump on the first day, to learn the recoil and how to reload it—he stood against a gum tree beside a little bayou whose black still water crept without movement out of a canebrake and crossed a small clearing and into cane again, where, invisible, a bird—the big woodpecker called Lord-to-God by Negroes—clattered at a dead limb.

It was a stand like any other, dissimilar only in incidentals to the one where he had stood each morning for ten days; a territory new to him, yet no less familiar than that other one which, after almost two weeks, he had come to believe he knew a little—the same solitude, the same loneliness through which human beings had merely passed without altering it, leaving no mark, no scar, which looked exactly as it must have looked when the first ancestor of Sam Fathers' Chickasaw predecessors crept into it and looked about, club or stone ax or bone arrow drawn and poised; different only because, squatting at the edge of the kitchen, he smelled the hounds huddled and cringing beneath it and saw the raked ear and shoulder of the one who, Sam said, had had to be brave once in order to live with herself, and saw yesterday in the earth beside the gutted log the print of the living foot.

He heard no dogs at all. He never did hear them. He only heard the drumming of the woodpecker stop short off and knew that the bear was looking at him. He never saw it. He did not know whether it was in front of him or behind him. He did not move, holding the useless gun, which he had not even had warning to cock and which even now he did not cock, tasting in his saliva that taint as of brass which he knew now because he had smelled it when he peered under the kitchen at the huddled dogs.

Then it was gone. As abruptly as it had ceased, the woodpecker's dry, monotonous clatter set up again, and after a while he even believed he could hear the dogs—a murmur, scarce a sound even, which he had probably been hearing for some time before he even remarked it, drifting into hearing and then out again, dying away. They came nowhere near him. If it was a bear they ran, it was another bear. It was Sam himself who came out of the cane and crossed the bayou, followed by the injured bitch of yesterday. She was almost at heel, like a bird dog, making no sound. She came and crouched against his leg, trembling, staring off into the cane.

"I didn't see him," he said. "I didn't, Sam!"

"I know it," Sam said. "He done the looking. You didn't hear him neither, did you?"

"No," the boy said. "I—"

"He's smart," Sam said. "Too smart." He looked down at the hound, trem-

bling faintly and steadily against the boy's knee. From the raked shoulder a few drops of fresh blood oozed and clung. "Too big. We ain't got the dog yet. But maybe someday. Maybe not next time. But someday."

So I must see him, he thought. *I must look at him.* Otherwise, it seemed to him that it would go on like this forever, as it had gone on with his father and Major de Spain, who was older than his father, and even with old General Compson, who had been old enough to be a brigade commander in 1865. Otherwise, it would go on so forever, next time and next time, after and after and after. It seemed to him that he could never see the two of them, himself and the bear, shadowy in the limbo from which time emerged, becoming time; the old bear absolved of mortality and himself partaking, sharing a little of it, enough of it. And he knew now what he had smelled in the huddled dogs and tasted in his saliva. He recognized fear. *So I will have to see him,* he thought, without dread or even hope. *I will have to look at him.*

It was in June of the next year. He was eleven. They were in camp again, celebrating Major de Spain's and General Compson's birthdays. Although the one had been born in September and the other in the depth of winter and in another decade, they had met for two weeks to fish and shoot squirrels and turkey and run coons and wildcats with the dogs at night. That is, he and Boon Hoggenback and the Negroes fished and shot squirrels and ran the coons and cats, because the proved hunters, not only Major de Spain and old General Compson, who spent those two weeks sitting in a rocking chair before a tremendous iron pot of Brunswick stew, stirring and tasting, with old Ash to quarrel with about how he was making it and Tennie's Jim to pour whiskey from the demijohn into the tin dipper from which he drank it, but even the boy's father and Walter Ewell, who were still young enough, scorned such, other than shooting the wild gobblers with pistols for wagers on their marksmanship.

Or, that is, his father and the others believed he was hunting squirrels. Until the third day, he thought that Sam Fathers believed that too. Each morning he would leave the camp right after breakfast. He had his own gun now, a Christmas present. He went back to the tree beside the bayou where he had stood that morning. Using the compass which old General Compson had given him, he ranged from that point; he was teaching himself to be a better-than-fair woodsman without knowing he was doing it. On the second day he even found the gutted log where he had first seen the crooked print. It was almost completely crumbled now, healing with unbelievable speed, a passionate and almost visible relinquishment, back into the earth from which the tree had grown.

He ranged the summer woods now, green with gloom; if anything, actually dimmer than in November's gray dissolution, where, even at noon, the sun fell only in intermittent dappling upon the earth, which never completely dried out and which crawled with snakes—moccasins and water snakes and rattlers, themselves the color of the dappling gloom, so that he would not always see them until they moved, returning later and later, first day, second day, passing in the twilight of the third evening the little log pen enclosing the log stable where Sam was putting up the horses for the night.

"You ain't looked right yet," Sam said.

He stopped. For a moment he didn't answer. Then he said peacefully, in a peaceful rushing burst as when a boy's miniature dam in a little brook gives way, "All right. But how? I went to the bayou. I even found that log again. I—"

"I reckon that was all right. Likely he's been watching you. You never saw his foot?"

"I," the boy said—"I didn't—I never thought—"

"It's the gun," Sam said. He stood beside the fence, motionless—the old man, the Indian, in the battered faded overalls and the five-cent straw hat which in the Negro's race had been the badge of his enslavement and was now the regalia of his freedom. The camp—the clearing, the house, the barn and its tiny lot with which Major de Spain in his turn had scratched punily and evanescently at the wilderness—faded in the dusk, back into the immemorial darkness of the woods. *The gun,* the boy thought. *The gun.*

"Be scared," Sam said. "You can't help that. But don't be afraid. Ain't nothing in the woods going to hurt you unless you corner it, or it smells that you are afraid. A bear or a deer, too, has got to be scared of a coward the same as a brave man has got to be."

The gun, the boy thought.

"You will have to choose," Sam said.

He left the camp before daylight, long before Uncle Ash would wake in his quilts on the kitchen floor and start the fire for breakfast. He had only the compass and a stick for snakes. He could go almost a mile before he would begin to need the compass. He sat on a log, the invisible compass in his invisible hand, while the secret night sounds, fallen still at his movements, scurried again and then ceased for good, and the owls ceased and gave over to the waking of day birds, and he could see the compass. Then he went fast yet still quietly; he was becoming better and better as a woodsman, still without having yet realized it.

He jumped a doe and a fawn at sunrise, walked them out of the bed, close enough to see them—the crash of undergrowth, the white scut, the fawn scudding behind her faster than he had believed it could run. He was hunt-

ing right, upwind, as Sam had taught him; not that it mattered now. He had left the gun; of his own will and relinquishment he had accepted not a gambit, not a choice, but a condition in which not only the bear's heretofore inviolable anonymity but all the old rules and balances of hunter and hunted had been abrogated. He would not even be afraid, not even in the moment when the fear would take him completely—blood, skin, bowels, bones, memory from the long time before it became his memory—all save that thin, clear, immortal lucidity which alone differed him from this bear and from all the other bear and deer he would ever kill in the humility and pride of his skill and endurance, to which Sam had spoken when he leaned in the twilight on the lot fence yesterday.

By noon he was far beyond the little bayou, farther into the new and alien country than he had ever been. He was traveling now not only by the old, heavy, biscuit-thick silver watch which had belonged to his grandfather. When he stopped at last, it was for the first time since he had risen from the log at dawn when he could see the compass. It was far enough. He had left the camp nine hours ago; nine hours from now, dark would have already been an hour old. But he didn't think that. He thought, *All right. Yes. But what?* and stood for a moment, alien and small in the green and topless solitude, answering his own question before it had formed and ceased. It was the watch, the compass, the stick—the three lifeless mechanicals with which for nine hours he had fended the wilderness off; he hung the watch and compass carefully on a bush and leaned the stick beside them and relinquished completely to it.

He had not been going very fast for the last two or three hours. He went no faster now, since distance would not matter even if he could have gone fast. And he was trying to keep a bearing on the tree where he had left the compass, trying to complete a circle which would bring him back to it or at least intersect itself, since direction would not matter now either. But the tree was not there, and he did as Sam had schooled him—made the next circle in the opposite direction, so that the two patterns would bisect somewhere, but crossing no print of his own feet, finding the tree at last, but in the wrong place—no bush, no compass, no watch—and the tree not even the tree, because there was a down log beside it and he did what Sam Fathers had told him was the next thing and the last.

As he sat down on the log he saw the crooked print—the warped, tremendous, two-toed indentation which, even as he watched it, filled with water. As he looked up, the wilderness coalesced, solidified—the glade, the tree he sought, the bush, the watch and the compass glinting where a ray of sunshine touched them. Then he saw the bear. It did not emerge, appear; it was just there, immobile, solid, fixed in the hot dappling of the green and wind-

less noon, not as big as he had dreamed it, but as big as he had expected it, bigger, dimensionless, against the dappled obscurity, looking at him where he sat quietly on the log and looked back at it.

Then it moved. It made no sound. It did not hurry. It crossed the glade, walking for an instant into the full glare of the sun; when it reached the other side it stopped again and looked back at him across one shoulder while his quiet breathing inhaled and exhaled three times.

Then it was gone. It didn't walk into the woods, the undergrowth. It faded, sank back into the wilderness as he had watched a fish, a huge old bass, sink and vanish into the dark depths of its pool without even any movement of its fins.

He thought, *It will be next fall.* But it was not next fall, nor the next nor the next. He was fourteen then. He had killed his buck, and Sam Fathers had marked his face with the hot blood, and in the next year he killed a bear. But even before that accolade he had become as competent in the woods as many grown men with the same experience; by his fourteenth year he was a better woodsman than most grown men with more. There was no territory within thirty miles of the camp that he did not know—bayou, ridge, brake, landmark, tree and path. He could have led anyone to any point in it without deviation, and brought them out again. He knew the game trails that even Sam Fathers did not know; in his thirteenth year he found a buck's bedding place, and unbeknown to his father he borrowed Walter Ewell's rifle and lay in wait at dawn and killed the buck when it walked back to the bed, as Sam had told him how the old Chickasaw fathers did.

But not the old bear, although by now he knew its footprints better than he did his own, and not only the crooked one. He could see any one of the three sound ones and distinguish it from any other, and not only by its size. There were other bears within these thirty miles which left tracks almost as large, but this was more than that. If Sam Fathers had been his mentor and the back-yard rabbits and squirrels at home his kindergarten, then the wilderness the old bear ran was his college, the old male bear itself, so long unwifed and childless as to have become its own ungendered progenitor, was his alma mater. But he never saw it.

He could find the crooked print now almost whenever he liked, fifteen or ten or five miles, or sometimes nearer the camp than that. Twice while on stand during the three years he heard the dogs strike its trail by accident; on the second time they jumped it seemingly, the voices high, abject, almost human in hysteria, as on that first morning two years ago. But not the bear itself. He would remember that noon three years ago, the glade, himself and the bear fixed during that moment in the windless and dappled blaze,

and it would seem to him that it had never happened, that he had dreamed that too. But it had happened. They had looked at each other, they had emerged from the wilderness old as earth, synchronized to the instant by something more than the blood that moved the flesh and bones which bore them, and touched, pledged something, affirmed, something more lasting than the frail web of bones and flesh which any accident could obliterate.

Then he saw it again. Because of the very fact that he thought of nothing else, he had forgotten to look for it. He was still hunting with Walter Ewell's rifle. He saw it cross the end of a long blow-down, a corridor where a tornado had swept, rushing through rather than over the tangle of trunks and branches as a locomotive would have, faster than he had ever believed it could move, almost as fast as a deer even, because a deer would have spent most of that time in the air, faster than he could bring the rifle sights up with it. And now he knew what had been wrong during all the three years. He sat on a log, shaking and trembling as if he had never seen the woods before nor anything that ran them, wondering with incredulous amazement how he could have forgotten the very thing which Sam Fathers had told him and which the bear itself had proved the next day and had now returned after three years to reaffirm.

And now he knew what Sam Fathers had meant about the right dog, a dog in which size would mean less than nothing. So when he returned alone in April—school was out then, so that the sons of farmers could help with the land's planting, and at last his father had granted him permission, on his promise to be back in four days—he had the dog. It was his own, a mongrel of the sort called by Negroes a fyce, a ratter, itself not much bigger than a rat and possessing that bravery which had long since stopped being courage and had become foolhardiness.

It did not take four days. Alone again, he found the trail on the first morning. It was not a stalk; it was an ambush. He timed the meeting almost as if it were an appointment with a human being. Himself holding the fyce muffled in a feed sack and Sam Fathers with two of the hounds on a piece of a plowline rope, they lay down wind of the trail at dawn of the second morning. They were so close that the bear turned without even running, as if in surprised amazement at the shrill and frantic uproar of the released fyce, turning at bay against the trunk of a tree, on its hind feet; it seemed to the boy that it would never stop rising, taller and taller, and even the two hounds seemed to take a desperate and despairing courage from the fyce, following it as it went in.

Then he realized that the fyce was actually not going to stop. He flung, threw the gun away, and ran; when he overtook and grasped the frantically

pin-wheeling little dog, it seemed to him that he was directly under the bear.

He could smell it, strong and hot and rank. Sprawling, he looked up to where it loomed and towered over him like a cloudburst and colored like a thunderclap, quite familiar, peacefully and even lucidly familiar, until he remembered: This was the way he had used to dream about it. Then it was gone. He didn't see it go. He knelt, holding the frantic fyce with both hands, hearing the abashed wailing of the hounds drawing farther and farther away, until Sam came up. He carried the gun. He laid it down quietly beside the boy and stood looking down at him.

"You've done seed him twice now with a gun in your hands," he said. "This time you couldn't have missed him."

The boy rose. He still held the fyce. Even in his arms and clear of the ground, it yapped frantically, straining and surging after the fading uproar of the two hounds like a tangle of wire springs. He was panting a little, but he was neither shaking nor trembling now.

"Neither could you!" he said. "You had the gun! Neither did you!"

"And you didn't shoot," his father said. "How close were you?"

"I don't know, sir," he said. "There was a big wood tick inside his right hind leg. I saw that. But I didn't have the gun then."

"But you didn't shoot when you had the gun," his father said. "Why?"

But he didn't answer, and his father didn't wait for him to, rising and crossing the room, across the pelt of the bear which the boy had killed two years ago and the larger one which his father had killed before he was born, to the bookcase beneath the mounted head of the boy's first buck. It was the room which his father called the office, from which all the plantation business was transacted; in it for the fourteen years of his life he had heard the best of all talking. Major de Spain would be there and sometimes old General Compson, and Walter Ewell and Boon Hoggenback and Sam Fathers and Tennie's Jim, too, were hunters, knew the woods and what ran them.

He would hear it, not talking himself but listening—the wilderness, the big woods, bigger and older than any recorded document of white man fatuous enough to believe he had bought any fragment of it or Indian ruthless enough to pretend that any fragment of it had been his to convey. It was of the men, not white nor black nor red, but men, hunters with the will and hardihood to endure and the humility and skill to survive, and the dogs and the bear and deer juxtaposed and reliefed against it, ordered and compelled by and within the wilderness in the ancient and unremitting contest by the ancient and immitigable rules which voided all regrets and brooked no quarter, the voices quiet and weighty and deliberate for retrospection and recollection and exact remembering, while he squatted in the blazing fire-

light as Tennie's Jim squatted, who stirred only to put more wood on the fire and to pass the bottle from one glass to another. Because the bottle was always present, so that after a while it seemed to him that those fierce instants of heart and brain and courage and wiliness and speed were concentrated and distilled into that brown liquor which not women, not boys and children, but only hunters drank, drinking not of the blood they had spilled but some condensation of the wild immortal spirit, drinking it moderately, humbly even, not with the pagan's base hope of acquiring the virtues of cunning and strength and speed, but in salute to them.

His father returned with the book and sat down again and opened it. "Listen," he said. He read the five stanzas aloud, his voice quiet and deliberate in the room where there was no fire now because it was already spring. Then he looked up. The boy watched him. "All right," his father said. "Listen." He read again, but only the second stanza this time, to the end of it, the last two lines, and closed the book and put it on the table beside him. "She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss, for ever wilt thou love, and she be fair," he said.

"He's talking about a girl," the boy said.

"He had to talk about something," his father said. Then he said, "He was talking about truth. Truth doesn't change. Truth is one thing. It covers all things which touch the heart—honor and pride and pity and justice and courage and love. Do you see now?"

He didn't know. Somehow it was simpler than that. There was an old bear, fierce and ruthless, not merely just to stay alive, but with the fierce pride of liberty and freedom, proud enough of the liberty and freedom to see it threatened without fear or even alarm; nay, who at times even seemed deliberately to put that freedom and liberty in jeopardy in order to savor them, to remind his old strong bones and flesh to keep supple and quick to defend and preserve them. There was an old man, son of a Negro slave and an Indian king, inheritor on the one side of the long chronicle of a people who had learned humility through suffering, and pride through the endurance which survived the suffering and injustice, and on the other side, the chronicle of a people even longer in the land than the first, yet who no longer existed in the land at all save in the solitary brotherhood of an old Negro's alien blood and the wild and invincible spirit of an old bear. There was a boy who wished to learn humility and pride in order to become skillful and worthy in the woods, who suddenly found himself becoming so skillful so rapidly that he feared he would never become worthy because he had not learned humility and pride, although he had tried to, until one day and as suddenly he discovered that an old man who could not have defined either had led him, as though by the hand, to that point where an old bear and a

little mongrel of a dog showed him that, by possessing one thing other, he would possess them both.

And a little dog, nameless and mongrel and many-fathered, grown, yet weighing less than six pounds, saying as if to itself, "I can't be dangerous, because there's nothing much smaller than I am; I can't be fierce, because they would call it just a noise; I can't be humble, because I'm already too close to the ground to genuflect; I can't be proud, because I wouldn't be near enough to it for anyone to know who was casting the shadow, and I don't even know that I'm not going to heaven, because they have already decided that I don't possess an immortal soul. So all I can be is brave. But it's all right. I can be that, even if they still call it just noise."

That was all. It was simple, much simpler than somebody talking in a book about youth and a girl he would never need to grieve over, because he could never approach any nearer her and would never have to get any farther away. He had heard about a bear, and finally got big enough to trail it, and he trailed it four years and at last met it with a gun in his hands and he didn't shoot. Because a little dog—But he could have shot long before the little dog covered the twenty yards to where the bear waited, and Sam Fathers could have shot at any time during that interminable minute while Old Ben stood on his hind feet over them. He stopped. His father was watching him gravely across the spring-rife twilight of the room; when he spoke, his words were as quiet as the twilight, too, not loud, because they did not need to be because they would last, "Courage, and honor, and pride," his father said, "and pity, and love of justice and of liberty. They all touch the heart, and what the heart holds to becomes truth, as far as we know the truth. Do you see now?"

Sam, and Old Ben, and Nip, he thought. And himself too. He had been all right too. His father had said so. "Yes, sir," he said. (1942)

J. D. SALINGER

For Esmé—with love and squalor

JUST recently, by air mail, I received an invitation to a wedding that will take place in England on April 18th. It happens to be a wedding I'd give a lot to be able to get to, and when the invitation first arrived, I thought it might just be possible for me to make the trip abroad, by plane, expenses be hanged. However, I've since discussed the matter rather extensively with my wife, a breathtakingly levelheaded girl, and we've decided against it—for one thing, I'd completely forgotten that my mother-in-law is looking forward to spending the last two weeks in April with us. I really don't get to see Mother Grencher terribly often, and she's not getting any younger. She's fifty-eight. (As she'd be the first to admit.)

All the same, though, wherever I happen to be, I don't think I'm the type that doesn't even lift a finger to prevent a wedding from flatting. Accordingly, I've gone ahead and jotted down a few revealing notes on the bride as I knew her almost six years ago. If my notes should cause the groom, whom I haven't met, an uneasy moment or two, so much the better. Nobody's aiming to please, here. More, really, to edify, to instruct.

In April of 1944, I was among some sixty American enlisted men who took a rather specialized pre-Invasion training course, directed by British Intelligence, in Devon, England. And as I look back, it seems to me that we were fairly unique, the sixty of us, in that there wasn't one good mixer in the bunch. We were all essentially letter-writing types, and when we spoke to each other out of the line of duty, it was usually to ask somebody if he had any ink he wasn't using. When we weren't writing letters or attending classes, each of us went pretty much his own way. Mine usually led me, on clear days, in scenic circles around the countryside. Rainy days, I generally sat in a dry place and read a book, often just an axe length away from a ping-pong table.

The training course lasted three weeks, ending on a Saturday, a very rainy one. At seven that last night, our whole group was scheduled to entrain for London, where, as rumor had it, we were to be assigned to infantry and air-borne divisions mustered for the D Day landings. By three in the afternoon, I'd packed all my belongings into my barrack bag, including a canvas gas-mask container full of books I'd brought over from the Other

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Side. (The gas mask itself I'd slipped through a porthole of the *Mauretania* some weeks earlier, fully aware that if the enemy ever *did* use gas I'd never get the damn thing on in time.) I remember standing at an end window of our Quonset hut for a very long time, looking out at the slanting, dreary rain, my trigger finger itching imperceptibly, if at all. I could hear behind my back the uncomradely scratching of many fountain pens on many sheets of V-mail paper. Abruptly, with nothing special in mind, I came away from the window and put on my raincoat, cashmere muffler, galoshes, woollen gloves, and overseas cap (the last of which, I'm still told, I wore at an angle all my own—slightly down over both ears). Then, after synchronizing my wristwatch with the clock in the latrine, I walked down the long, wet cobblestone hill into town. I ignored the flashes of lightning all around me. They either had your number on them or they didn't.

In the center of town, which was probably the wettest part of town, I stopped in front of a church to read the bulletin board, mostly because the featured numerals, white on black, had caught my attention but partly because, after three years in the Army, I'd become addicted to reading bulletin boards. At three-fifteen, the board stated, there would be children's choir practice. I looked at my wristwatch, then back at the board. A sheet of paper was tacked up, listing the names of the children expected to attend practice. I stood in the rain and read all the names, then entered the church.

A dozen or so adults were among the pews, several of them bearing pairs of small-size rubbers, soles up, in their laps. I passed along and sat down in the front row. On the rostrum, seated in three compact rows of auditorium chairs, were about twenty children, mostly girls, ranging in age from about seven to thirteen. At the moment, their choir coach, an enormous woman in tweeds, was advising them to open their mouths wider when they sang. Had anyone, she asked, ever heard of a little dickey-bird that *dared* to sing his charming song without first opening his little beak wide, wide, wide? Apparently nobody ever had. She was given a steady, opaque look. She went on to say that she wanted all her children to absorb the *meaning* of the words they sang, not just *mouth* them, like silly-billy parrots. She then blew a note on her pitch pipe, and the children, like so many underage weight-lifters, raised their hymnbooks.

They sang without instrumental accompaniment—or, more accurately in their case, without any interference. Their voices were melodious and unsentimental, almost to the point where a somewhat more denominational man than myself might, without straining, have experienced levitation. A couple of the very youngest children dragged the tempo a trifle, but in a way that only the composer's mother could have found fault with. I had

never heard the hymn, but I kept hoping it was one with a dozen or more verses. Listening, I scanned all the children's faces but watched one in particular, that of the child nearest me, on the end seat in the first row. She was about thirteen, with straight ash-blond hair of ear-lobe length, an exquisite forehead, and blasé eyes that, I thought, might very possibly have counted the house. Her voice was distinctly separate from the other children's voices, and not just because she was seated nearest me. It had the best upper register, the sweetest-sounding, the surest, and it automatically led the way. The young lady, however, seemed slightly bored with her own singing ability, or perhaps just with the time and place; twice, between verses, I saw her yawn. It was a ladylike yawn, a closed-mouth yawn, but you couldn't miss it; her nostril wings gave her away.

The instant the hymn ended, the choir coach began to give her lengthy opinion of people who can't keep their feet still and their lips sealed tight during the minister's sermon. I gathered that the singing part of the rehearsal was over, and before the coach's dissonant speaking voice could entirely break the spell the children's singing had cast, I got up and left the church.

It was raining even harder. I walked down the street and looked through the window of the Red Cross recreation room, but soldiers were standing two and three deep at the coffee counter, and, even through the glass, I could hear ping-pong balls bouncing in another room. I crossed the street and entered a civilian tearoom, which was empty except for a middle-aged waitress, who looked as if she would have preferred a customer with a dry raincoat. I used a coat tree as delicately as possible, and then sat down at a table and ordered tea and cinnamon toast. It was the first time all day that I'd spoken to anyone. I then looked through all my pockets, including my raincoat, and finally found a couple of stale letters to reread, one from my wife, telling me how the service at Schrafft's Eighty-eighth Street had fallen off, and one from my mother-in-law, asking me to please send her some cashmere yarn first chance I got away from "camp."

While I was still on my first cup of tea, the young lady I had been watching and listening to in the choir came into the tearoom. Her hair was soaking wet, and the rims of both ears were showing. She was with a very small boy, unmistakably her brother, whose cap she removed by lifting it off his head with two fingers, as if it were a laboratory specimen. Bringing up the rear was an efficient-looking woman in a limp felt hat—presumably their governess. The choir member, taking off her coat as she walked across the floor, made the table selection—a good one, from my point of view, as it was just eight or ten feet directly in front of me. She and the governess

sat down. The small boy, who was about five, wasn't ready to sit down yet. He slid out of and discarded his reefer; then, with the deadpan expression of a born heller, he methodically went about annoying his governess by pushing in and pulling out his chair several times, watching her face. The governess, keeping her voice down, gave him two or three orders to sit down, and, in effect, stop the monkey business, but it was only when his sister spoke to him that he came around and applied the small of his back to his chair seat. He immediately picked up his napkin and put it on his head. His sister removed it, opened it, and spread it out on his lap.

About the time their tea was brought, the choir member caught me staring over at her party. She stared back at me, with those house-counting eyes of hers, then, abruptly, gave me a small, qualified smile. It was oddly radiant, as certain small, qualified smiles sometimes are. I smiled back, much less radiantly, keeping my upper lip down over a coal-black G.I. temporary filling showing between two of my front teeth. The next thing I knew, the young lady was standing, with enviable poise, beside my table. She was wearing a tartan dress—a Campbell tartan, I believe. It seemed to me to be a wonderful dress for a very young girl to be wearing on a rainy, rainy day. "I thought Americans despised tea," she said.

It wasn't the observation of a smart aleck but that of a truth-lover or a statistics-lover. I replied that some of us never drank anything *but* tea. I asked her if she'd care to join me.

"Thank you," she said. "Perhaps for just a fraction of a moment."

I got up and drew a chair for her, the one opposite me, and she sat down on the forward quarter of it, keeping her spine easily and beautifully straight. I went back—almost hurried back—to my own chair, more than willing to hold up my end of a conversation. When I was seated, I couldn't think of anything to say, though. I smiled again, still keeping my coal-black filling under concealment. I remarked that it was certainly a terrible day out.

"Yes; quite," said my guest, in the clear, unmistakable voice of a small-talk detester. She placed her fingers flat on the table edge, like someone at a séance, then, almost instantly, closed her hands—her nails were bitten down to the quick. She was wearing a wristwatch, a military-looking one that looked rather like a navigator's chronograph. Its face was much too large for her slender wrist. "You were at choir practice," she said matter-of-factly. "I saw you."

I said I certainly had been, and that I had heard her voice singing separately from the others. I said I thought she had a very fine voice.

She nodded. "I know. I'm going to be a professional singer."

"Really? Opera?"

"Heavens, no. I'm going to sing jazz on the radio and make heaps of money. Then, when I'm thirty, I shall retire and live on a ranch in Ohio." She touched the top of her soaking-wet head with the flat of her hand. "Do you know Ohio?" she asked.

I said I'd been through it on the train a few times but that I didn't really know it. I offered her a piece of cinnamon toast.

"No, thank you," she said. "I eat like a bird, actually."

I bit into a piece of toast myself, and commented that there's some mighty rough country around Ohio.

"I know. An American I met told me. You're the eleventh American I've met."

Her governess was now urgently signalling her to return to her own table—in effect, to stop bothering the man. My guest, however, calmly moved her chair an inch or two so that her back broke all possible further communication with the home table. "You go to that secret Intelligence school on the hill, don't you?" she inquired coolly.

As security-minded as the next one, I replied that I was visiting Devonshire for my health.

"*Really*," she said, "I wasn't quite born yesterday, you know."

I said I'd bet she hadn't been, at that. I drank my tea for a moment. I was getting a trifle posture-conscious and I sat up somewhat straighter in my seat.

"You seem quite intelligent for an American," my guest mused.

I told her that was a pretty snobbish thing to say, if you thought about it at all, and that I hoped it was unworthy of her.

She blushed—automatically conferring on me the social poise I'd been missing. "Well. Most of the Americans *I've* seen act like animals. They're forever punching one another about, and insulting everyone, and—You know what one of them did?"

I shook my head.

"One of them threw an empty whiskey bottle through my aunt's window. *For*tunately, the window was open. But does that sound very intelligent to you?"

It didn't especially, but I didn't say so. I said that many soldiers, all over the world, were a long way from home, and that few of them had had many real advantages in life. I said I'd thought that most people could figure that out for themselves.

"Possibly," said my guest, without conviction. She raised her hand to her wet head again, picked at a few limp filaments of blond hair, trying to

cover her exposed ear rims. "My hair is soaking wet," she said. "I look a fright." She looked over at me. "I have quite wavy hair when it's dry."

"I can see that, I can see you have."

"Not actually curly, but quite wavy," she said. "Are you married?"

I said I was.

She nodded. "Are you very deeply in love with your wife? Or am I being too personal?"

I said that when she was, I'd speak up.

She put her hands and wrists farther forward on the table, and I remember wanting to do something about that enormous-faced wristwatch she was wearing—perhaps suggest that she try wearing it around her waist.

"Usually, I'm not terribly gregarious," she said, and looked over at me to see if I knew the meaning of the word. I didn't give her a sign, though, one way or the other. "I purely came over because I thought you looked extremely lonely. You have an extremely sensitive face."

I said she was right, that I *had* been feeling lonely, and that I was very glad she'd come over.

"I'm training myself to be more compassionate. My aunt says I'm a terribly cold person," she said and felt the top of her head again. "I live with my aunt. She's an extremely kind person. Since the death of my mother, she's done everything within her power to make Charles and me feel adjusted."

"I'm glad."

"Mother was an extremely intelligent person. Quite sensuous, in many ways." She looked at me with a kind of fresh acuteness. "Do you find me terribly cold?"

I told her absolutely not—very much to the contrary, in fact. I told her my name and asked for hers.

She hesitated. "My first name is Esmé. I don't think I shall tell you my full name, for the moment. I have a title and you may just be impressed by titles. Americans are, you know."

I said I didn't think I would be, but that it might be a good idea, at that, to hold onto the title for a while.

Just then, I felt someone's warm breath on the back of my neck. I turned around and just missed brushing noses with Esmé's small brother. Ignoring me, he addressed his sister in a piercing treble: "Miss Megley said you must come and finish your tea!" His message delivered, he retired to the chair between his sister and me, on my right. I regarded him with high interest. He was looking very splendid in brown Shetland shorts, a navy-blue jersey, white shirt, and striped necktie. He gazed back at me

with immense green eyes. "Why do people in films kiss sideways?" he demanded.

"Sideways?" I said. It was a problem that had baffled me in my childhood. I said I guessed it was because actors' noses are too big for kissing anyone head on.

"His name is Charles," Esmé said. "He's extremely brilliant for his age."

"He certainly has green eyes. Haven't you, Charles?"

Charles gave me the fishy look my question deserved, then wriggled downward and forward in his chair till all of his body was under the table except his head, which he left, wrestler's-bridge style, on the chair seat. "They're orange," he said in a strained voice, addressing the ceiling. He picked up a corner of the tablecloth and put it over his handsome, deadpan little face.

"Sometimes he's brilliant and sometimes he's not," Esmé said. "Charles, do sit up!"

Charles stayed right where he was. He seemed to be holding his breath.

"He misses our father very much. He was s-l-a-i-n in North Africa."

I expressed regret to hear it.

Esmé nodded. "Father adored him." She bit reflectively at the cuticle of her thumb. "He looks very much like my mother—Charles, I mean. I look exactly like my father." She went on biting at her cuticle. "My mother was quite a passionate woman. She was an extrovert. Father was an introvert. They were quite well mated, though, in a superficial way. To be quite candid, Father really needed more of an intellectual companion than Mother was. He was an extremely gifted genius."

I waited, receptively, for further information, but none came. I looked down at Charles, who was now resting the side of his face on his chair seat. When he saw that I was looking at him, he closed his eyes, sleepily, angelically, then stuck out his tongue—an appendage of startling length—and gave out what in *my* country would have been a glorious tribute to a myopic baseball umpire. It fairly shook the tearoom.

"Stop that," Esmé said, clearly unshaken. "He saw an American do it in a fish-and-chips queue, and now he does it whenever he's bored. Just stop it, now, or I shall send you directly to Miss Megley."

Charles opened his enormous eyes, as sign that he'd heard his sister's threat, but otherwise didn't look especially alerted. He closed his eyes again, and continued to rest the side of his face on the chair seat.

I mentioned that maybe he ought to save it—meaning the Bronx cheer—till he started using his title regularly. That is, if he had a title, too.

Esmé gave me a long, faintly clinical look. "You have a dry sense of

humor, haven't you?" she said—wistfully. "Father said I have no sense of humor at all. He said I was unequipped to meet life because I have no sense of humor."

Watching her, I lit a cigarette and said I didn't think a sense of humor was of any use in a real pinch.

"Father said it was."

This was a statement of faith, not a contradiction, and I quickly switched horses. I nodded and said her father had probably taken the long view, while I was taking the short (whatever *that* meant).

"Charles misses him exceedingly," Esmé said, after a moment. "He was an exceedingly lovable man. He was extremely handsome, too. Not that one's appearance matters greatly, but he was. He had terribly penetrating eyes, for a man who was intransically kind."

I nodded. I said I imagined her father had had quite an extraordinary vocabulary.

"Oh, yes; quite," said Esmé. "He was an archivist—amateur, of course."

At that point, I felt an importunate tap, almost a punch, on my upper arm, from Charles' direction. I turned to him. He was sitting in a fairly normal position in his chair now, except that he had one knee tucked under him. "What did one wall say to the other wall?" he asked shrilly. "It's a riddle!"

I rolled my eyes reflectively ceilingward and repeated the question aloud. Then I looked at Charles with a stumped expression and said I gave up.

"Meet you at the corner!" came the punch line, at top volume.

It went over biggest with Charles himself. It struck him as unbearably funny. In fact, Esmé had to come around and pound him on the back, as if treating him for a coughing spell. "Now, stop that," she said. She went back to her own seat. "He tells that same riddle to everyone he meets and has a fit every single time. Usually he drools when he laughs. Now, just stop, please."

"It's one of the best riddles I've heard, though," I said, watching Charles, who was very gradually coming out of it. In response to this compliment, he sank considerably lower in his chair and again masked his face up to the eyes with a corner of the tablecloth. He then looked at me with his exposed eyes, which were full of slowly subsiding mirth and the pride of someone who knows a really good riddle or two.

"May I inquire how you were employed before entering the Army?" Esmé asked me.

I said I hadn't been employed at all, that I'd only been out of college a

year but that I liked to think of myself as a professional short-story writer.

She nodded politely. "Published?" she asked.

It was a familiar but always touchy question, and one that I didn't answer just one, two, three. I started to explain how most editors in America were a bunch—

"My father wrote beautifully," Esmé interrupted. "I'm saving a number of his letters for posterity."

I said that sounded like a very good idea. I happened to be looking at her enormous-faced, chronographic-looking wristwatch again. I asked if it had belonged to her father.

She looked down at her wrist solemnly. "Yes, it did," she said. "He gave it to me just before Charles and I were evacuated." Self-consciously, she took her hands off the table, saying, "Purely as a momento, of course." She guided the conversation in a different direction. "I'd be extremely flattered if you'd write a story exclusively for me sometime. I'm an avid reader."

I told her I certainly would, if I could. I said that I wasn't terribly prolific.

"It doesn't have to be terribly prolific! Just so that it isn't childish and silly." She reflected. "I prefer stories about squalor."

"About what?" I said, leaning forward.

"Squalor. I'm extremely interested in squalor."

I was about to press her for more details, but I felt Charles pinching me, hard, on my arm. I turned to him, wincing slightly. He was standing right next to me. "What did one wall say to the other wall?" he asked, not unfamiliarly.

"You asked him that," Esmé said. "Now, stop it."

Ignoring his sister, and stepping up on one side of my feet, Charles repeated the key question. I noticed that his necktie knot wasn't adjusted properly. I slid it up into place, then, looking him straight in the eye, suggested, "Meetcha at the corner?"

The instant I'd said it, I wished I hadn't. Charles' mouth fell open. I felt as if I'd struck it open. He stepped down off my foot and, with white-hot dignity, walked over to his own table, without looking back.

"He's furious," Esmé said. "He has a violent temper. My mother had a propensity to spoil him. My father was the only one who didn't spoil him."

I kept looking over at Charles, who had sat down and started to drink his tea, using both hands on the cup. I hoped he'd turn around, but he didn't.

Esmé stood up. "*Il faut que je parte aussi,*" she said, with a sigh. "Do you know French?"

I got up from my own chair, with mixed feelings of regret and confusion. Esmé and I shook hands; her hand, as I'd suspected, was a nervous hand,

damp at the palm. I told her, in English, how very much I'd enjoyed her company.

She nodded. "I thought you might," she said. "I'm quite communicative for my age." She gave her hair another experimental touch. "I'm dreadfully sorry about my hair," she said. "I've probably been hideous to look at."

"Not at all! As a matter of fact, I think a lot of the wave is coming back already."

She quickly touched her hair again. "Do you think you'll be coming here again in the immediate future?" she asked. "We come here every Saturday, after choir practice."

I answered that I'd like nothing better but that, unfortunately, I was pretty sure I wouldn't be able to make it again.

"In other words, you can't discuss troop movements," said Esmé. She made no move to leave the vicinity of the table. In fact, she crossed one foot over the other and, looking down, aligned the toes of her shoes. It was a pretty little execution, for she was wearing white socks and her ankles and feet were lovely. She looked up at me abruptly. "Would you like me to write to you?" she asked, with a certain amount of color in her face. "I write extremely articulate letters for a person my—"

"I'd love it." I took out pencil and paper and wrote down my name, rank, serial number, and A.P.O. number.

"I shall write to you first," she said, accepting it, "so that you don't feel *comp*romised in any way." She put the address into a pocket of her dress. "Goodbye," she said, and walked back to her table.

I ordered another pot of tea and sat watching the two of them till they, and the harassed Miss Megley, got up to leave. Charles led the way out, limping tragically, like a man with one leg several inches shorter than the other. He didn't look over at me. Miss Megley went next, then Esmé, who waved to me. I waved back, half getting up from my chair. It was a strangely emotional moment for me.

Less than a minute later, Esmé came back into the tearoom, dragging Charles behind her by the sleeve of his reefer. "Charles would like to kiss you goodbye," she said.

I immediately put down my cup, and said that was very nice, but was she *sure?*

"Yes," she said, a trifle grimly. She let go Charles' sleeve and gave him a rather vigorous push in my direction. He came forward, his face livid, and gave me a loud, wet smacker just below the right ear. Following this ordeal, he started to make a beeline for the door and a less sentimental way of life,

but I caught the half belt at the back of his reefer, held on to it, and asked him, "What did one wall say to the other wall?"

His face lit up. "Meet you at the corner!" he shrieked, and raced out of the room, possibly in hysterics.

Esmé was standing with crossed ankles again. "You're quite sure you won't forget to write that story for me?" she asked. "It doesn't have to be ex*clus*ively for me. It can—"

I said there was absolutely no chance that I'd forget. I told her that I'd never written a story *for* anybody, but that it seemed like exactly the right time to get down to it.

She nodded. "Make it extremely squalid and moving," she suggested. "Are you at all acquainted with squalor?"

I said not exactly but that I was getting better acquainted with it, in one form or another, all the time, and that I'd do my best to come up to her specifications. We shook hands.

"Isn't it a pity that we didn't meet under less extenuating circumstances?"

I said it was, I said it certainly was.

"Goodbye," Esmé said. "I hope you return from the war with all your faculties intact."

I thanked her, and said a few other words, and then watched her leave the tearoom. She left it slowly, reflectively, testing the ends of her hair for dryness.

This is the squalid, or moving, part of the story, and the scene changes. The people change, too. I'm still around, but from here on in, for reasons I'm not at liberty to disclose, I've disguised myself so cunningly that even the cleverest reader will fail to recognize me.

It was about ten-thirty at night in Gaufurt, Bavaria, several weeks after V-E Day. Staff Sergeant X was in his room on the second floor of the civilian home in which he and nine other American soldiers had been quartered, even before the armistice. He was seated on a folding wooden chair at a small, messy-looking writing table, with a paperback overseas novel open before him, which he was having great trouble reading. The trouble lay with him, not the novel. Although the men who lived on the first floor usually had first grab at the books sent each month by Special Services, X usually seemed to be left with the book he might have selected himself. But he was a young man who had not come through the war with all his faculties intact, and for more than an hour he had been triple-reading paragraphs, and now he was doing it to the sentences. He suddenly closed the book, without marking his place. With his hand, he shielded his eyes

for a moment against the harsh, watty glare from the naked bulb over the table.

He took a cigarette from a pack on the table and lit it with fingers that bumped gently and incessantly against one another. He sat back a trifle in his chair and smoked without any sense of taste. He had been chain-smoking for weeks. His gums bled at the slightest pressure of the tip of his tongue, and he seldom stopped experimenting; it was a little game he played, sometimes by the hour. He sat for a moment smoking and experimenting. Then, abruptly, familiarly, and, as usual, with no warning, he thought he felt his mind dislodge itself and teeter, like insecure luggage on an overhead rack. He quickly did what he had been doing for weeks to set things right: he pressed his hands hard against his temples. He held on tight for a moment. His hair needed cutting, and it was dirty. He had washed it three or four times during his two weeks' stay at the hospital in Frankfort on the Main, but it had got dirty again on the long, dusty jeep ride back to Gaufurt. Corporal Z, who had called for him at the hospital, still drove a jeep combat-style, with the windshield down on the hood, armistice or no armistice. There were thousands of new troops in Germany. By driving with his windshield down, combat-style, Corporal Z hoped to show that he was not one of them, that not by a long shot was he some new son of a bitch in the E.T.O.

When he let go of his head, X began to stare at the surface of the writing table, which was a catchall for at least two dozen unopened letters and at least five or six unopened packages, all addressed to him. He reached behind the debris and picked out a book that stood against the wall. It was a book by Goebbels, entitled "Die Zeit Ohne Beispiel." It belonged to the thirty-eight-year-old unmarried daughter of the family that, up to a few weeks earlier, had been living in the house. She had been a low official in the Nazi Party, but high enough, by Army Regulations standards, to fall into an automatic-arrest category. X himself had arrested her. Now, for the third time since he had returned from the hospital that day, he opened the woman's book and read the brief inscription on the flyleaf. Written in ink, in German, in a small, hopelessly sincere handwriting, were the words "Dear God, life is hell." Nothing led up to or away from it. Alone on the page, and in the sickly stillness of the room, the words appeared to have the stature of an uncontestable, even classic indictment. X stared at the page for several minutes, trying, against heavy odds, not to be taken in. Then, with far more zeal than he had done anything in weeks, he picked up a pencil stub and wrote down under the inscription, in English, "Fathers and teachers, I ponder 'What is hell?' I maintain that it is the suffering of

being unable to love." He started to write Dostoevski's name under the inscription, but saw—with fright that ran through his whole body—that what he had written was almost entirely illegible. He shut the book.

He quickly picked up something else from the table, a letter from his older brother in Albany. It had been on his table even before he had checked into the hospital. He opened the envelope, loosely resolved to read the letter straight through, but read only the top half of the first page. He stopped after the words "Now that the g.d. war is over and you probably have a lot of time over there, how about sending the kids a couple of bayonets or swastikas . . ." After he'd torn it up, he looked down at the pieces as they lay in the wastebasket. He saw that he had overlooked an enclosed snapshot. He could make out somebody's feet standing on a lawn somewhere.

He put his arms on the table and rested his head on them. He ached from head to foot, all zones of pain seemingly interdependent. He was rather like a Christmas tree whose lights, wired in series, must all go out if even one bulb is defective.

The door banged open, without having been rapped on. X raised his head, turned it, and saw Corporal Z standing in the door. Corporal Z had been X's jeep partner and constant companion from D Day straight through five campaigns of the war. He lived on the first floor and he usually came up to see X when he had a few rumors or gripes to unload. He was a huge, photogenic young man of twenty-four. During the war, a national magazine had photographed him in Hürtgen Forest; he had posed, more than just obligingly, with a Thanksgiving turkey in each hand. "Ya writin' letters?" he asked X. "It's spooky in here, for Chrissake." He preferred always to enter a room that had the overhead light on.

X turned around in his chair and asked him to come in, and to be careful not to step on the dog.

"The what?"

"Alvin. He's right under your feet, Clay. How 'bout turning on the goddam light?"

Clay found the overhead-light switch, flicked it on, then stepped across the puny, servant's-size room and sat down on the edge of the bed, facing his host. His brick-red hair, just combed, was dripping with the amount of water he required for satisfactory grooming. A comb with a fountain-pen clip protruded, familiarly, from the right-hand pocket of his olive-drab shirt. Over the left-hand pocket he was wearing the Combat Infantryman's Badge (which, technically, he wasn't authorized to wear), the European Theatre ribbon, with five bronze battle stars in it (instead of a

lone silver one, which was the equivalent of five bronze ones), and the pre-Pearl Harbor service ribbon. He sighed heavily and said, "Christ almighty." It meant nothing; it was Army. He took a pack of cigarettes from his shirt pocket, tapped one out, then put away the pack and rebuttoned the pocket flap. Smoking, he looked vacuously around the room. His look finally settled on the radio. "Hey," he said. "They got this terrific show comin' on the radio in a coupla minutes. Bob Hope, and everybody."

X, opening a fresh pack of cigarettes, said he had just turned the radio off.

Undarkened, Clay watched X trying to get a cigarette lit. "Jesus," he said, with spectator's enthusiasm, "you oughta see your goddam hands. Boy, have you got the shakes. Ya know that?"

X got his cigarette lit, nodded, and said Clay had a real eye for detail.

"No kidding, hey. I goddam near fainted when I saw you at the hospital. You looked like a goddam *corpse*. How much weight ya lose? How many pounds? Ya know?"

"I don't know. How was your mail when I was gone? You heard from Loretta?"

Loretta was Clay's girl. They intended to get married at their earliest convenience. She wrote to him fairly regularly, from a paradise of triple exclamation points and inaccurate observations. All through the war, Clay had read all Loretta's letters aloud to X, however intimate they were—in fact, the more intimate, the better. It was his custom, after each reading, to ask X to plot out or pad out the letter of reply, or to insert a few impressive words in French or German.

"Yeah, I had a letter from her yesterday. Down in my room. Show it to ya later," Clay said, listlessly. He sat up straight on the edge of the bed, held his breath, and issued a long, resonant belch. Looking just semi-pleased with the achievement, he relaxed again. "Her goddam brother's gettin' outa the Navy on account of his hip," he said. "He's got this hip, the bastard." He sat up again and tried for another belch, but with below-par results. A jot of alertness came into his face. "Hey. Before I forget. We gotta get up at five tomorrow and drive to Hamburg or someplace. Pick up Eisenhower jackets for the whole detachment."

X, regarding him hostilely, stated that he didn't want an Eisenhower jacket.

Clay looked surprised, almost a trifle hurt. "Oh, they're good! They look good. How come?"

"No reason. Why do we have to get up at five? The war's over, for God's sake."

"I don't know—we gotta get back before lunch. They got some new forms

in we gotta fill out before lunch. . . . I asked Bulling how come we couldn't fill 'em out tonight—he's *got* the goddam forms right on his desk. He don't want to open the envelopes yet, the son of a bitch."

The two sat quiet for a moment, hating Bulling.

Clay suddenly looked at X with new—higher—interest than before. "Hey," he said. "Did you know the goddam side of your face is jumping all over the place?"

X said he knew all about it, and covered his tic with his hand.

Clay stared at him for a moment, then said, rather vividly, as if he were the bearer of exceptionally good news, "I wrote Loretta you had a nervous breakdown."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. She's interested as hell in all that stuff. She's majoring in psychology." Clay stretched himself out on the bed, shoes included. "You know what she said? She says nobody gets a nervous breakdown just from the war and all. She says you probably were unstable like, your whole goddam life."

X bridged his hand over his eyes—the light over the bed seemed to be blinding him—and said that Loretta's insight into things was always a joy.

Clay glanced over at him. "Listen, ya bastard," he said. "She knows a goddam sight more psychology than *you* do."

"Do you think you can bring yourself to take your stinking feet off my bed?" X asked.

Clay left his feet where they were for a few don't-tell-me-where-to-put-my-feet seconds, then swung them around to the floor and sat up. "I'm goin' downstairs anyway. They got the radio on in Walker's room." He didn't get up from the bed, though. "Hey. I was just tellin' that new son of a bitch, Bernstein, downstairs. Remember that time I and you drove into Valognes, and we got shelled for about two goddam hours, and that goddam cat I shot that jumped up on the hood of the jeep when we were layin' in that hole? Remember?"

"Yes—don't start that business with that cat again, Clay, God damn it. I don't want to hear about it."

"No, all I mean is I wrote Loretta about it. She and the whole psychology class discussed it. In class and all. The goddam professor and everybody."

"That's fine. I don't want to hear about it, Clay."

"No, you know the reason I took a pot shot at it, Loretta says? She says I was temporarily insane. No kidding. From the shelling and all."

X threaded his fingers, once, through his dirty hair, then shielded his eyes against the light again. "You weren't insane. You were simply doing

your duty. You killed that pussycat in as manly a way as anybody could've, under the circumstances."

Clay looked at him suspiciously. "What the hell are you talkin' about?"

"That cat was a spy. You *had* to take a pot shot at it. It was a very clever German midget dressed up in a cheap fur coat. So there was absolutely nothing brutal, or cruel, or dirty, or even—"

"God damn it!" Clay said, his lips thinned. "Can't you ever be *sincere*?"

X suddenly felt sick, and he swung around in his chair and grabbed the wastebasket—just in time.

When he had straightened up and turned toward his guest again, he found him standing, embarrassed, halfway between the bed and the door. X started to apologize, but changed his mind and reached for his cigarettes.

"C'mon down and listen to Hope on the radio, hey," Clay said, keeping his distance but trying to be friendly over it. "It'll do ya good. I mean it."

"You go ahead, Clay. . . . I'll look at my stamp collection."

"Yeah? You got a stamp collection? I didn't know you—"

"I'm only kidding."

Clay took a couple of slow steps toward the door. "I may drive over to Ehstadt later," he said. "They got a dance. It'll probably last till around two. Wanna go?"

"No, thanks. . . . I may practice a few steps in the room."

"O.K. G'night! Take it easy, now, for Chrissake." The door slammed shut, then instantly opened again. "Hey. O.K. if I leave a letter to Loretta under your door? I got some German stuff in it. Willya fix it up for me?"

"Yes. Leave me alone now, God damn it."

"Sure," said Clay. "You know what my mother wrote me? She wrote me she's glad you and I were together and all the whole war. In the same jeep and all. She says my letters are a helluva lot more intelligent since we been goin' around together."

X looked up and over at him, and said, with great effort, "Thanks. Tell her thanks for me."

"I will. G'night!" The door slammed shut, this time for good.

X sat looking at the door for a long while, then turned his chair around toward the writing table and picked up his portable typewriter from the floor. He made space for it on the messy table surface, pushing aside the collapsed pile of unopened letters and packages. He thought if he wrote a letter to an old friend of his in New York there might be some quick, however slight, therapy in it for him. But he couldn't insert his notepaper into the roller properly, his fingers were shaking so violently now. He put his hands

down at his sides for a minute, then tried again, but finally crumpled the notepaper in his hand.

He was aware that he ought to get the wastebasket out of the room, but instead of doing anything about it, he put his arms on the typewriter and rested his head again, closing his eyes.

A few throbbing minutes later, when he opened his eyes, he found himself squinting at a small, unopened package wrapped in green paper. It had probably slipped off the pile when he had made space for the typewriter. He saw that it had been readdressed several times. He could make out, on just one side of the package, at least three of his old A.P.O. numbers.

He opened the package without any interest, without even looking at the return address. He opened it by burning the string with a lighted match. He was more interested in watching the string burn all the way down than in opening the package, but he opened it, finally.

Inside the box, a note, written in ink, lay on top of a small object wrapped in tissue paper. He picked out the note and read it.

17, —— Road,
——, Devon
June 7, 1944

Dear Sergeant X,

I hope you will forgive me for having taken 38 days to begin our correspondence but, I have been extremely busy as my aunt has undergone streptococcus of the throat and nearly perished and I have been justifiably saddled with one responsibility after another. However I have thought of you frequently and of the extremely pleasant afternoon we spent in each other's company on April 30, 1944 between 3:45 and 4:15 P.M. in case it slipped your mind.

We are all tremendously excited and overawed about D Day and only hope that it will bring about the swift termination of the war and a method of existence that is ridiculous to say the least. Charles and I are both quite concerned about you; we hope you were not among those who made the first initial assault upon the Cotentin Peninsula. Were you? Please reply as speedily as possible. My warmest regards to your wife.

Sincerely yours,
Esmé

P.S. I am taking the liberty of enclosing my wristwatch which you may keep in your possession for the duration of the conflict. I did not observe whether you were wearing one during our brief association, but this one is extremely waterproof and shock-proof as well as having many other virtues among which one can tell at what velocity one is walking if one wishes. I am quite certain that you will use it to greater advantage in these difficult days than I ever can and that you will accept it as a lucky talisman.

Charles, whom I am teaching to read and write and whom I am finding an extremely intelligent novice, wishes to add a few words. Please write as soon as you have the time and inclination.

HELLO HELLO HELLO HELLO HELLO
HELLO HELLO HELLO HELLO HELLO
LOVE AND KISSES CHALES

It was a long time before X could set the note aside, let alone lift Esmé's father's wristwatch out of the box. When he did finally lift it out, he saw that its crystal had been broken in transit. He wondered if the watch was otherwise undamaged, but he hadn't the courage to wind it and find out. He just sat with it in his hand for another long period. Then, suddenly, almost ecstatically, he felt sleepy.

You take a really sleepy man, Esmé, and he *al*ways stands a chance of again becoming a man with all his fac—with all his f-a-c-u-l-t-i-e-s intact.

(1950)

THE DRAMA

Your study of literary craftsmanship in general and of the short story in particular has given you a good start toward understanding and appreciating dramas. Plots in dramas are in many respects like those in short stories: the overall patterns are similar, and the relationships between happening and happening, or between characters and actions, are similar. Moreover, much of what you have learned about setting, language, tone, meanings, and evaluations applies to the reading of plays.

Yet dramatic writing has peculiarities which you must keep in mind if you are to read it well. The unique purpose for which a play is written naturally influences its substance and form. Always you will find it useful to remember that a dramatic work—unless it is that rare thing, a "closet drama"—is a narrative form designed to be interpreted by actors on a stage in a theater. Dramatists as a result write primarily not for the general reader but for people of the theater likely to be concerned with stage presentations—producers, scene designers, directors, actors, and the like. The playwright sets down only what such specialists need—ordinarily mere hints about the scenery, about the appearance of characters, about the actors, plus everything the characters are to say.

When theatrical folk read dramas, they try to imagine exactly how such notations may be translated into an actual production. When we read a play, we should, to the best of our ability, do the same thing. As Schlegel, a famed critic of drama, says, "In reading dramatic works, our habitual practice is to supply the representation." Like a producer or an actor, in other words, we try to see what is implied by every detail which the author has given us. We form mental images of the theater and of the stage settings, and of the actors—their appearance, the quality of their voices and intonations, the nature of their gestures and movements. Furthermore, we note the nature of the motivation, of the plot, and of the tone, in ways appropriate for the reading of plays.

This means that we ask and answer —as well as we can—these questions: (1) How has the nature of the theater and of the audience shaped this play? (2) What are the implied thoughts, the feelings, and the motives of the characters in each scene? (3) How are the parts—the acts and scenes—important in the development of the whole play? (4) Is the tone that of tragedy, that of comedy, that of melodrama, that of farce, or a combination?

Theater and audience

How *has the nature of the theater and of the audience shaped this play?*

Every drama is designed for performance at a certain time and in a certain place. The limitations and the possibilities of the theater to a large degree determine the substance of a play and shape its form. Clearly, for instance, the dramas presented under the open sky in the orchestral space of a Greek

amphitheater (see p. 461) will differ greatly from those produced on the curtained and lighted stage of the modern playhouse. The scenic representation in Greek dramas, for one thing, was very different from scenic representation in modern productions. In the Greek dramas, it was simple and inflexible; in modern plays, it may be as elaborate as is necessary, and it may be completely changed one or more times in a play.

The audience, too, wields its influence. The physical position of the audience in relationship to the stage is bound to be important. In early theaters, down through the time of Shakespeare, the stage was in the midst of the audience or it at least projected into the audience. From that position, as time passed, it gradually receded until it came to be on the rim of a half circle occupied by the spectators. The result, naturally, was a decrease in the intimacy of the relationship between actor and spectator, and consequent changes in the dramas. In addition, audiences have varied from period to period in their make-up: sometimes they have been a cross section of a whole population, again they have been drawn from only one or two social classes. Since every dramatist wrote to please a particular audience, your knowledge of the education, the beliefs, and the psychology of the audience for which any play was written will help you understand the nature of the appeals of the play.

J. Dover Wilson affords an example of the importance of considering the audience. In his interesting study, *What Happens in Hamlet,* he suggests that it was natural for Elizabethans to interpret what happened in ancient Denmark into Elizabethan terms. "A trivial point, it may be said," he remarks, "yet it is one of far-reaching importance. For if Shakespeare and his audience thought of the constitution of Denmark in English terms, then Hamlet was rightful heir to the throne and Claudius a usurper." Understanding this point is vital to the understanding of the whole play. "The usurpation," as Wilson says, "is one of the main factors in the plot of *Hamlet*. . . ."

Thoughts, feelings, motives

WHAT ARE *the implied thoughts, the feelings, and the motives of the characters in each scene?*

Because his work is designed not to be told but to be acted, the playwright, perforce, ordinarily uses the objective point of view (see p. 219). In some periods, conventions of the stage—understandings, as it were, between the playwright and the audience—allow the actors to speak their thoughts to the spectators in soliloquies and asides. In most periods, however, these are used sparingly, and in modern times they have almost entirely disappeared. Since the playwright cannot open the heads and breasts of living men and women to permit us to peer into their minds and hearts, he is forced to show motives indirectly by means of speeches and actions.

Such speeches and actions must be examined by the alert reader for implications. What, you must ask yourself, lies behind that speech, that deed? Granted that this is what the character says and does, what is he really thinking and feeling? To answer these questions, you need. obviously, to have a clear idea about the nature of the character: you need to know what his traits are, why he is likely to act as he does, how likely he is to unfold his true thoughts, how articulate he will be in

analyzing his motives. But the method of showing characters makes this fairly difficult: you come to know the characters in a play only gradually—speech by speech, happening by happening. This means that you should make an effort from the first scene to draw every possible inference about each character, and that you should keep in mind your deductions and modify them or supplement them when you can. Thus only may you prepare to formulate as precisely as possible the thoughts, the feelings, and the motivations of each character in every scene throughout the drama.

In reading *Hamlet,* for instance, you first encounter Claudius, the usurping king, as he holds a Council Meeting in Act I, Scene ii. You read his words as he takes up a series of problems. You notice his way of talking to various people. You weigh each speech. And if you are as discerning as possible, you note, with Granville Barker, that "his tactless tact, the mellifluous excess of speech, the smiling kindness over done—such falseness shows that he feels his position to be false." Such an initial perception is supplemented by others as you read on in the play, and when, later, Claudius tries to arrange for Hamlet's execution, you understand the reason.

Scenes related to the play

HOW ARE *the parts—the acts and scenes—important in the development of the whole play?*

You recall how important it was, in reading the short story, to become aware of the nature of the whole work. Similarly, in reading a drama, you should become aware of the general pattern of the happenings, and of the relationship to this pattern of all other elements. After reading a drama, you should be able to see whatever foreshadowings there are of the events, and to comprehend the general course of all the happenings from the beginning to the conclusion.

Not only should you notice the course of the whole play; you should also notice the relationship of the parts—the acts and scenes—to the whole work. The dramatist, as a rule, is forced to divide his story into acts and scenes. A continuous narrative such as you find in some short stories is impossible, and summaries of action are for the most part impractical. This means that the dramatist must leave out many scenes which a fiction writer might portray, that he must be content with brief references to others, and that he must select and fully develop only those scenes which will best set forth the pattern of happenings which makes up the plot of his drama. Therefore, you will learn much by considering the artistic justification for certain omissions and certain summaries, and, above all, for the complete working out of the chosen scenes. You will find it useful to notice exactly what each scene accomplishes —how, for instance, the opening scene or scenes offer an exposition (i.e., the details the audience needs to understand the initial situation), and how scenes and acts, in order, mark stages in the advancement of the plot to climactic developments, conflicts, or changes. To notice how the play progresses from scene to scene is an important step toward understanding and appreciating the whole work.

Tone in drama

IS THE TONE *that of tragedy, that of comedy, that of melodrama, that of farce, or a combination?*

The playwright, unlike other narra-

tive writers, cannot lift his own voice to interpret the meanings of what he sets before you: the drama is a form in which explicit interpretation is an impossibility. The playwright cannot state directly his judgments of the characters and their deeds; nor can he tell you what he wants his play to signify. However, he probably will choose a dramatic form which will give you important clues concerning his attitude toward his material and the way he wants you to interpret his work. Over the years, dramatists in general have found four chief forms satisfactory for this purpose—tragedy, comedy, melodrama, and farce.[1] When you discover what choice among these forms an author has made, you define the general tone of his play.

The concepts of *tragedy* differ from period to period, as you will see when you read *Oedipus, Macbeth,* and *Hedda Gabler.* Nevertheless, certain qualities of tragedy have been fairly constant. One thing often said of tragedies is that they end unhappily, with the death, as a rule, of the hero or the heroine. Although there are some exceptions, tragedies usually do end disastrously. A playwright, however, cannot make a tragedy simply by tacking on an unhappy conclusion. Other things are important, indeed more important, notably a preparation for the ending which indicates its inevitability and a treatment of a subject which in the minds of the immediate audience is highly serious. The conclusion of a tragedy, in other words, must be the logical outcome of the struggle of the protagonist against his opponents or against himself in a given situation. And the central conflict must be a struggle which the audience believes is significant—man against the gods, say, or against fate, or against the promptings of his own character. Furthermore, such a conflict must be treated, not playfully, but seriously.

Since it treats a vital conflict seriously, a tragedy as a rule is found to have universal significance. You, the reader, note that the plight of the protagonist is similar to a plight in which you may find yourself—that the problems of the play, whether ancient or modern, are in a sense your problems, too. As a result, you find a meaning for yourself in the inevitable outcome. Furthermore, you probably find that not only the meaning but also the emotional effect is universal: you pity the suffering protagonist and share his terror of the inescapable catastrophe.

Although, like tragedy, *comedy* has taken many forms during the ages, ordinarily it does not so deeply engage the sympathies of the audience or the reader as does tragedy. Some comedies, as a matter of fact, do not arouse much sympathy or much dislike for the characters: they ridicule or satirize their traits, their manners, and their foibles. Therefore, the appeal of these plays is largely an intellectual one—an appeal to the audience's or the reader's sense of the incongruous. Other comedies do, it is true, arouse sympathy for some characters, dislike for others; and their author hopes that after sharing the troubles of the attractive characters, the audience will share their delight in a

[1] At one time and another, dramatists have used other forms—miracle plays, medieval mysteries, tragicomedies, chronicle plays, heroic plays, and so forth. Each type was written during a period or series of periods during which it appealed to contemporary audiences. The four forms which we have listed are more enduring. Furthermore, they will suffice for our present purposes.

happy ending. Even in such comedies, though, there will be no life and death struggles such as tragedies portray. The ending, as a matter of fact, will often show that the difficulties after all were not nearly so serious as the characters took them to be. The mood will not be desperate and grim but easy-going and good-natured. Most comedies will not, however, be exclusively intellectual or emotional in appeal: they will be a combination in which one appeal predominates. Thus the intellectual element predominates in Ben Jonson's *The Alchemist* or Noel Coward's *Private Lives,* but there are some emotional elements in each; and the emotional element predominates in Shakespeare's *As You Like It* and in Philip Barry's *The Philadelphia Story,* though not to the complete exclusion of satire.

Regardless of the proportions of intellectual and emotional appeal, a comedy (if the author succeeds) will not very deeply stir the audience which views it. The audience will not be moved to pity and terror but—at most—to sympathy mingled with amusement. It will be amiable and tolerant of the sympathetic characters, rather than violently partisan. Nevertheless, you will find that the best comedies have their universal qualities. You will see that, like tragedies, they reveal human nature and comment upon human philosophy, human values. Although they portray man in his lighter moments, they often say very important things about him.

Melodrama and *farce* are counterparts, respectively, of tragedy and comedy—counterparts, however, on a lower level. The lowness of the level is evident in the nature of the conflicts they portray, the emphasis they place upon action, their lack of significant commentary, and their appeal. The conflicts they portray are external rather than internal, trivial rather than important, temporary rather than universal. Melodramas and farces are crammed with action, action, however, which is often developed at the expense of characterization. Therefore, they contain little serious consideration of life and its problems, and they appeal in rather obvious ways to the heart and to the mind of the audience and of the reader.

Melodrama does deal, to be sure, with some situations which at the time appear to be serious or painful—passion, danger of death, even bad fortune. But the characters involved tend to be types who may be quickly classified as black-hearted and white-souled, and if you are familiar with melodrama, once you have so classified them, you will have little trouble guessing what will happen to them. These figures—the brave hero, the true-blue heroine, the scheming villain, his brutish henchmen, and others—will clash in scenes which are chiefly designed to deliver a series of thrills and (as a rule) to straighten out all difficulties in a final scene. If the characters have to be made inconsistent to make some of these thrills possible, the playwright makes them inconsistent. The plot is episodic rather than unified—with each episode delivering a punch. It lacks the inevitability one finds in tragedy: if a wrenching of logic is needed to provide the thrill of a happy ending, the author wrenches away without flinching. Thus, really, the author takes neither the characters nor the happenings very seriously. His chief aim is to provide thrill after thrill for the paying customers.

Farce, by contrast, is built not for a series of thrills but for frequent and hi-

larious laughs. Like melodrama, farce dispenses with subtlety. It thrives upon exaggeration—of the ridiculous qualities of its characters, of broadly comic actions. Its characters as a rule are not amalgams of several traits: they are exaggerated types such as the stuffy business tycoon, the windy politician, the giggling spinster ruthlessly trying to entrap a man, the haughty society dowager, and the like. Such figures are placed in an impossible situation or series of situations and then are manipulated through an episodic series of scenes each of which (so the author hopes) builds up to a point where the audience howls with laughter. And, of course, neither the author nor the audience takes the characters and the happenings very seriously.

At times melodramatic or farcical scenes occur in tragedies or comedies. When they do, you should note the clash of tones, the shift in interest, and the effect upon the drama as a whole. Such variations are not necessarily bad: witness the broadly comic scene provided by the drunken porter immediately following the murder of the king in *Macbeth*.

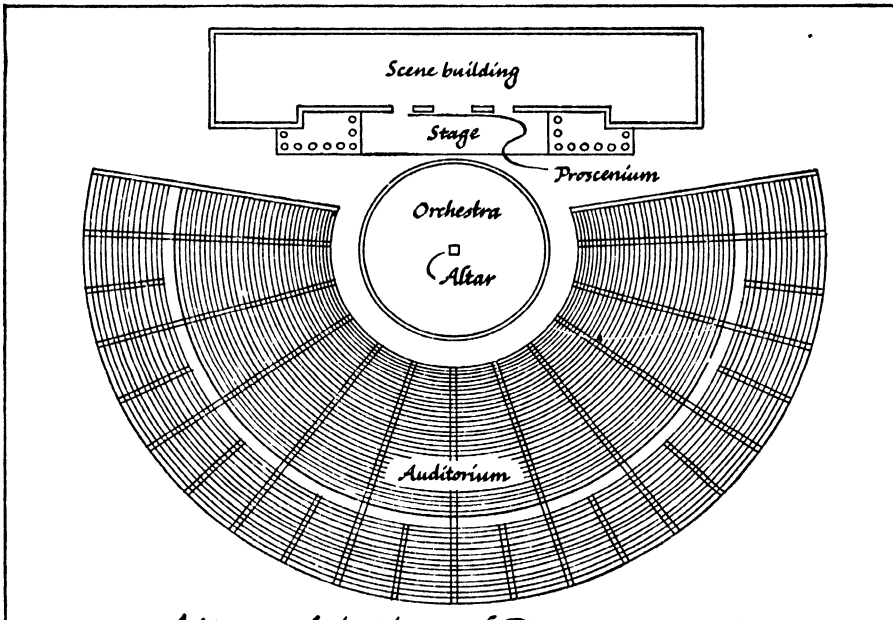
Of course, it is not enough simply to classify a play as tragedy, comedy, melodrama, or farce. So to classify a play is a very helpful start, but it is only a start. It is necessary, in addition, to see exactly what the nature of this particular play is—what it reveals by its characterization, its plot, its concern or lack of concern with important human problems. If "the yardstick of insight" (see p. 191) is important to you, the consideration of such matters will be highly relevant to your evaluation of the play.

SOPHOCLES Oedipus the King

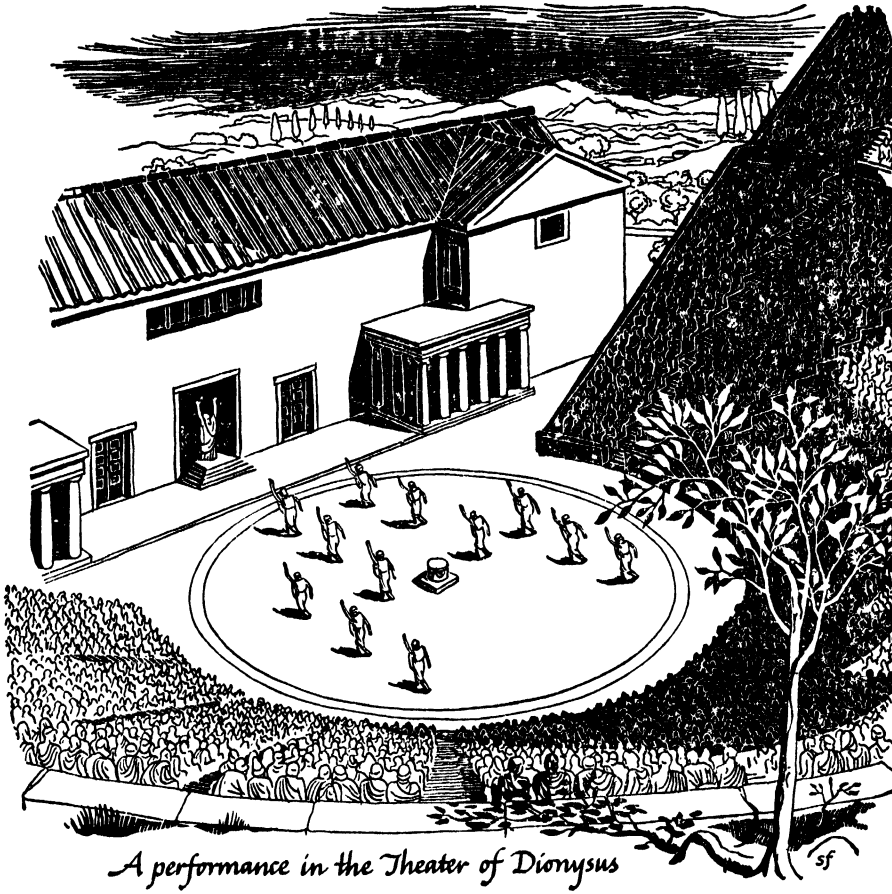
Sophocles (?496 B.C.—406 B.C.) was one of the great trio of Greek tragic authors; the other two were Aeschylus (525 B.C.—456 B.C.) and Euripides (485 B.C.—406 B.C.). The plays of these three were produced in the age of Pericles (490 B.C.—429 B.C.) or shortly after. The masterpiece of Greek drama, by general agreement, Sophocles' Oedipus Tyrannus *(425 B.C.), though outstanding, was in many ways a typical product of the Greek period.*

Perhaps the most important fact to keep in mind about Greek drama is that it was always closely associated with religious ritual. The tragedies were performed at annual Feasts of Dionysus, in a structure which was dedicated to the god of wine. These dramas used poetry, dancing, and music to recount legends about heroes and gods who were the ancestors of the people of Greece—legends known in detail by playwrights and audiences alike. Naturally, there was a ritualistic quality about plays which unfolded time-hallowed stories.

Although the theater in which Oedipus *and other tragedies were presented*



A diagram of the Theater of Dionysus (conjectural)



A performance in the Theater of Dionysus

was a temple of Dionysus, it differed greatly from any temple we know today. With its 17,000 seats arranged in semicircular tiers on a hillside, it somewhat resembled a present-day football stadium. From the seats, the spectators looked down on a circular dancing place about sixty feet in diameter—"the orchestra"—in the center of which stood a statue of Dionysus. Beyond this circular space, they saw a stage, perhaps slightly elevated, sixty feet wide but not very deep. Beyond the stage, finally, they saw a "scene building"—a temple which furnished a background and which also served as the actors' dressing room.

The actors, who as a rule appeared only on the stage, naturally differed a great deal from the actors of today because of the nature of the dramas and of the huge open-air theater in which they performed. By padding their flowing robes and by donning shoes which increased their stature, they made themselves both visible and impressive. The

colors of their robes at times indicated their station (purple for royalty, for instance), and at times symbolized emotions to be associated with them (dark or dim colors for mourning, for example). They wore masks which made their features distinctive when viewed at a distance and which suggested the emotions of the characters. The masks also increased the actors' height and, like megaphones, added to the carrying power of their voices. The tragedians did not strive, as modern actors do, for lifelike intonations: instead, they declaimed their lines somewhat in the fashion of an old-time orator, and, when they came to highly emotional or lyrical passages, they sang to the accompaniment of a flute. In some ways, therefore, Greek dramatic presentation was like modern operatic presentation. The method of production, as one would expect, greatly influenced the playwrights. Dramatists characterized not complexly but rather simply, not with subtle details but with broad strokes. They gave the figures in their plays lines which were majestic in diction, formal in movement—closer to oratory or to operatic arias than to lifelike talk. And they kept in mind the kind of scenic background against which all plays had to be presented.

During the whole course of every play, a "chorus" of from twelve to fifteen figures, wearing identical costumes and masks, danced and sang in unison in the orchestra. They were somewhat like a ballet in a modern musical comedy or an opera, for their movements interpreted the action. While the actors recited their lines, the chorus, drawn up in two rows, faced the stage and made interpretive gestures. During choral odes, the chorus faced the audience, sang, and danced to and fro about the altar. These odes at times were explanatory, at times narrative, at times philosophical; always, however, the dramatist made them an integral part of his play.

The audience which viewed these opera-like plays was made up of the free population of Athens, with the possible exception of the women of the city. It was a demonstrative group which loudly expressed its approval or disapproval of plays and actors, but it was also, evidently, a discriminating group which appreciated the best plays. It shared the religious beliefs incorporated in the plays, the beliefs, for instance, that overweening pride was one of the greatest of sins, and that sin (whether deliberate or unintentional) inevitably would be punished. It also shared with the dramatist a knowledge of the story which he was dramatizing. Thus, in viewing Oedipus, *when the king spoke of his world-wide renown, they knew not only that retribution was inevitable: they knew precisely what form it would take—that of a horrible discovery toward which the king moved during the course of the drama.*

CHARACTERS

OEDIPUS the King
PRIEST
CREON, the brother-in-law of OEDIPUS
TEIRESIAS
JOCASTA, the wife of OEDIPUS
HERDSMAN
MESSENGER
SECOND MESSENGER
ANTIGONE, ISMENE } daughters of OEDIPUS
CHORUS

Scene: In front of the palace of OEDIPUS *at Thebes. To the right of the stage near the altar stands the* PRIEST *with a crowd of children.* OEDIPUS *emerges from the central door.*

OEDIPUS. Children, young sons and daughters of old Cadmus,
why do you sit here with your suppliant crowns?
The town is heavy with a mingled burden
of sounds and smells, of groans and hymns and incense;
I did not think it fit that I should hear
of this from messengers but came myself,—
I Oedipus whom all men call the Great. *(He turns to the* PRIEST)
You're old and they are young; come, speak for them.
What do you fear or want, that you sit here
suppliant? Indeed I'm willing to give all
that you may need; I would be very hard
should I not pity suppliants like these.

PRIEST. O ruler of my country, Oedipus,
you see our company around the altar;
you see our ages; some of us, like these,
who cannot yet fly far, and some of us
heavy with age; these children are the chosen
among the young, and I the priest of Zeus.
Within the market place sit others crowned
with suppliant garlands, at the double shrine

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of Pallas and the temple where Ismenus
gives oracles by fire. King, you yourself
have seen our city reeling like a wreck
already; it can scarcely lift its prow
out of the depths, out of the bloody surf.
A blight is on the fruitful plants of the earth,
a blight is on the cattle in the fields,
a blight is on our women that no children
are born to them; a God that carries fire,
a deadly pestilence, is on our town,
strikes us and spares not, and the house of Cadmus
is emptied of its people while black Death
grows rich in groaning and in lamentation.
We have not come as suppliants to this altar
because we thought of you as of a God,
but rather judging you the first of men
in all the chances of this life and when
we mortals have to do with more than man.
You came and by your coming saved our city,
freed us from tribute which we paid of old
to the Sphinx, cruel singer. This you did
in virtue of no knowledge we could give you,
in virtue of no teaching; it was God
that aided you, men say, and you are held
with God's assistance to have saved our lives.
Now, Oedipus, whom all men call the Greatest,
here falling at your feet we all entreat you,
find us some strength for rescue.
Perhaps you'll hear a wise word from some God,
perhaps you will learn something from a man
(for I have seen that for the skilled of practice
the outcome of their counsels live the most).
Noblest of men, go, and raise up our city,
go,—and give heed. For now this land of ours
calls you its savior since you saved it once.
So, let us never speak about your reign
as of a time when first our feet were set
secure on high, but later fell to ruin.
Raise up our city, save it and raise it up.
Once you have brought us luck with happy omen;
be no less now in fortune.

If you will rule this land, as now you rule it,
better to rule it full of men than empty.
For neither town nor ship is anything
when empty, and none live in it together.

OEDIPUS. Poor children! You have come to me entreating,
but I have known the story before you told it
only too well. I know you are all sick,
yet there is not one of you, sick though you are,
that is as sick as I myself.
Your several sorrows each have single scope
and touch but one of you. My spirit groans
for city and myself and you at once.
You have not roused me like a man from sleep;
know that I have given many tears to this,
gone many ways wandering in thought,
but as I thought I found only one remedy
and that I took. I sent Menoeceus' son
Creon, Jocasta's brother, to Apollo,
to his Pythian temple,
that he might learn there by what act or word
I could save this city. As I count the days,
it vexes me what ails him; he is gone
far longer than he needed for the journey.
But when he comes, then, may I prove a villain,
if I shall not do all the God commands.

PRIEST. Thanks for your gracious words. Your servants here
signal that Creon is this moment coming.

OEDIPUS. His face is bright. O holy Lord Apollo,
grant that his news too may be bright for us
and bring us safety.

PRIEST. It is happy news,
I think, for else his head would not be crowned
with sprigs of fruitful laurel.

OEDIPUS. We will know soon,
he's within hail. Lord Creon, my good brother,
what is the word you bring us from the God?

(CREON *enters*)

CREON. A good word,—for things hard to bear themselves
if in the final issue all is well
I count complete good fortune.

OEDIPUS. What do you mean?

What you have said so far
leaves me uncertain whether to trust or fear.

CREON. If you will hear my news before these others
I am ready to speak, or else to go within.

OEDIPUS. Speak it to all;
the grief I bear, I bear it more for these
than for my own heart.

CREON. I will tell you, then,
what I heard from the God.
King Phoebus in plain words commanded us
to drive out a pollution from our land,
pollution grown ingrained within the land;
drive it out, said the God, not cherish it,
till it's past cure.

OEDIPUS. What is the rite
of purification? How shall it be done?

CREON. By banishing a man, or expiation
of blood by blood, since it is murder guilt
which holds our city in this storm of death.

OEDIPUS. Who is this man whose fate the God pronounces?

CREON. My Lord, before you piloted the state
we had a king called Laius.

OEDIPUS. I know of him by hearsay. I have not seen him.

CREON. The God commanded clearly: let some one
punish with force this dead man's murderers.

OEDIPUS. Where are they in the world? Where would a trace
of this old crime be found? It would be hard
to guess where.

CREON. The clue is in this land;
that which is sought is found;
the unheeded thing escapes:
so said the God.

OEDIPUS. Was it at home,
or in the country that death came upon him,
or in another country travelling?

CREON. He went, he said himself, upon an embassy,
but never returned when he set out from home.

OEDIPUS. Was there no messenger, no fellow traveller
who knew what happened? Such a one might tell
something of use.

CREON. They were all killed save one. He fled in terror

and he could tell us nothing in clear terms
of what he knew, nothing, but one thing only.

OEDIPUS. What was it?
If we could even find a slim beginning
in which to hope, we might discover much.

CREON. This man said that the robbers they encountered
were many and the hands that did the murder
were many; it was no man's single power.

OEDIPUS. How could a robber dare a deed like this
were he not helped with money from the city,
money and treachery?

CREON. That indeed was thought.
But Laius was dead and in our trouble
there was none to help.

OEDIPUS. What trouble was so great to hinder you
inquiring out the murder of your king?

CREON. The riddling Sphinx induced us to neglect
mysterious crimes and rather seek solution
of troubles at our feet.

OEDIPUS. I will bring this to light again. King Phoebus
fittingly took this care about the dead,
and you too fittingly.
And justly you will see in me an ally,
a champion of my country and the God.
For when I drive pollution from the land
I will not serve a distant friend's advantage,
but act in my own interest. Whoever
he was that killed the king may readily
wish to dispatch me with his murderous hand;
so helping the dead king I help myself.

Come children, take your suppliant boughs and go;
up from the altars now. Call the assembly
and let it meet upon the understanding
that I'll do everything. God will decide
whether we prosper or remain in sorrow.

PRIEST. Rise, children—it was this we came to seek,
which of himself the king now offers us.
May Phoebus who gave us the oracle
come to our rescue and stay the plague.

(Exeunt all but the CHORUS)

CHORUS

(Strophe)

What is the sweet spoken word of God from the shrine of Pytho rich in gold
that has come to glorious Thebes?
I am stretched on the rack of doubt, and terror and trembling hold
my heart, O Delian Healer, and I worship full of fears
for what doom you will bring to pass, new or renewed in the revolving years.
Speak to me, immortal voice,
child of Golden Hope.

(Antistrophe)

First I call on you, Athene, deathless daughter of Zeus,
and Artemis, Earth Upholder,
who sits in the midst of the market place in the throne which men call Fame,
and Phoebus, the Far Shooter, three averters of Fate,
come to us now, if ever before, when ruin rushed upon the state,
you drove destruction's flame away
out of our land.

(Strophe)

Our sorrows defy number;
all the ship's timbers are rotten;
taking of thought is no spear for the driving away of the plague.
There are no growing children in this famous land;
there are no women staunchly bearing the pangs of childbirth.
You may see them one with another, like birds swift on the wing,
quicker than fire unmastered,
speeding away to the coast of the Western God.

(Antistrophe)

In the unnumbered deaths
of its people the city dies;
those children that are born lie dead on the naked earth
unpitied, spreading contagion of death; and grey haired mothers and wives
everywhere stand at the altar's edge, suppliant moaning;
the hymn to the healing God rings out but with it the wailing voices are blended.
From these our sufferings grant us, O golden Daughter of Zeus,
glad faced deliverance.

(Strophe)

There is no clash of brazen shields but our fight is with the War God,

a War God ringed with the cries of men, a savage God who burns us;
grant that he turn in racing course backwards out of our country's bounds
to the great palace of Amphitrite or where the waves of the Thracian sea
deny the stranger safe anchorage.
Whatsoever escapes the night
at last the light of day revisits;
so smite the War God, Father Zeus,
beneath your thunderbolt,
for you are the Lord of the lightning, the lightning that
carries fire.

(Antistrophe)

And your unconquered arrow shafts, winged by the golden corded bow,
Lycean King, I beg to be at our side for help;
and the gleaming torches of Artemis with which she scours the Lycean hills,
and I call on the God with the turban of gold, who gave his name to this country of ours,
the Bacchic God with the wine flushed face,
Evian One, who travel
with the Maenad company,
combat the God that burns us
with your torch of pine;
for the God that is our enemy is a God unhonoured among the Gods.

(OEDIPUS *returns*)

OEDIPUS. For what you ask me—if you will hear my words,
and hearing welcome them and fight the plague,
you will find strength and lightening of your load.

Hark to me; what I say to you, I say
as one that is a stranger to the story
as stranger to the deed. For I would not
be far upon the track if I alone
were tracing it without a clue. But now,
since after all was finished, I became
a citizen among you, citizens—
now I proclaim to all the men of Thebes:
who so among you knows the murderer
by whose hand Laius, son of Labdacus,
died—I command him to tell everything
to me,—yes, though he fears himself to take the blame
on his own head; for bitter punishment
he shall have none, but leave this land unharmed.

Or if he knows the murderer, another,
a foreigner, still let him speak the truth.
For I will pay him and be grateful, too.
But if you shall keep silence, if perhaps
some one of you, to shield a guilty friend,
or for his own sake shall reject my words—
hear what I shall do then:
I forbid that man, whoever he be, my land,
my land where I hold sovereignty and throne;
and I forbid any to welcome him
or cry him greeting or make him a sharer
in sacrifice or offering to the Gods,
or give him water for his hands to wash.
I command all to drive him from their homes,
since he is our pollution, as the oracle
of Pytho's God proclaimed him now to me.
So I stand forth a champion of the God
and of the man who died.
Upon the murderer I invoke this curse—
whether he is one man and all unknown,
or one of many—may he wear out his life
in misery to miserable doom!
If with my knowledge he lives at my hearth
I pray that I myself may feel my curse.

Even were this no matter of God's ordinance
it would not fit you so to leave it lie,
unpurified, since a good man is dead
and one that was a king. Search it out.
Since I am now the holder of his office,
and have his bed and wife that once was his,
and had his line not been unfortunate
we would have common children—(fortune leaped
upon his head)—because of all these things,
I fight in his defence as for my father,
and I shall try all means to take the murderer
of Laius the son of Labdacus
the son of Polydorus and before him
of Cadmus and before him of Agenor.
Those who do not obey me, may the Gods
grant no crops springing from the ground they plough

nor children to their women! May a fate
like this, or one still worse than this consume them!
For you who these words please, the other Thebans,
may Justice as your ally and all the Gods
live with you, blessing you now and for ever!

CHORUS. As you have held me to my oath, I speak:
I neither killed the king nor can declare
the killer; but since Phoebus set the quest
it is his part to tell who the man is.

OEDIPUS. Right; but to put compulsion on the Gods
against their will—no man has strength for that.

CHORUS. May I then say what I think second best?

OEDIPUS. If there's a third best, too, spare not to tell it.

CHORUS. I know that what the Lord Teiresias
sees, is most often what the Lord Apollo
sees. If you should inquire of this from him
you might find out most clearly.

OEDIPUS. Even in this my actions have not been sluggard.
On Creon's word I have sent two messengers.
and why the prophet is not here already
I have been wondering.

CHORUS. His skill apart
there is besides only an old faint story.

OEDIPUS. What is it?
I seize on every story.

CHORUS. It was said
that he was killed by certain wayfarers.

OEDIPUS. I heard that, too, but no one saw the killer.

CHORUS. Yet if he has a share of fear at all,
his courage will not stand firm, hearing your curse.

OEDIPUS. The man who in the doing did not shrink
will fear no word.

CHORUS. Here comes his prosecutor:
led by your men the godly prophet comes
in whom alone of mankind truth is native.

(Enter TEIRESIAS, *led by a little boy)*

OEDIPUS. Teiresias, you are versed in everything,
things teachable and things not to be spoken,
things of the heaven and earth-creeping things.
You have no eyes but in your mind you know
with what a plague our city is afflicted.

My lord, in you alone we find a champion,
in you alone one that can rescue us.
Perhaps you have not heard the messengers,
but Phoebus sent in answer to our sending
an oracle declaring that our freedom
from this disease would only come when we
should learn the names of those who killed King Laius,
and kill them or expel from our country.
Do not begrudge us oracles from birds,
or any other way of prophecy
within your skill; save yourself and the city,
save me; redeem the debt of our pollution
that lies on us because of this dead man.
We are in your hands; it is the finest task
to help another when you have means and power.

TEIRESIAS. Alas, how terrible is wisdom when
it brings no profit to the man that's wise!
This I knew well, but had forgotten it.
else I would not have come here.

OEDIPUS. What is this?
How sad you are now you have come!

TEIRESIAS. Let me
go home. It will be easiest for us both
to bear our several destinies to the end
if you will follow my advice.

OEDIPUS. You'd rob us
of this your gift of prophecy? You talk
as one who had no care for law nor love
for Thebes who reared you.

TEIRESIAS. Yes, but I see that even your own words
miss the mark; therefore I must fear for mine.

OEDIPUS. For God's sake if you know of anything,
do not turn from us; all of us kneel to you,
all of us here, your suppliants.

TEIRESIAS. All of you here know nothing. I will not
bring to the light of day my troubles, mine—
rather than call them yours.

OEDIPUS. What do you mean?
You know of something but refuse to speak.
Would you betray us and destroy the city?

TEIRESIAS. I will not bring this pain upon us both,

neither on you nor on myself. Why is it
you question me and waste your labour? I
will tell you nothing.

OEDIPUS. You would provoke a stone! Tell us, you villain,
tell us, and do not stand there quietly
unmoved and balking at the final issue.

TEIRESIAS. You blame my temper but you do not see
your own that lives within you; it is me
you chide.

OEDIPUS. Who would not feel his temper rise
at words like these with which you shame our city?

TEIRESIAS. Of themselves things will come, although I hide them
and breathe no word of them.

OEDIPUS. Since they will come
tell them to me.

TEIRESIAS. I will say nothing further.
Against this answer let your temper rage
as wildly as you will.

OEDIPUS. Indeed I am
so angry I shall not hold back a jot
of what I think. For I would have you know
I think you were complotter of the deed
and doer of the deed save in so far
as for the actual killing. Had you had eyes
I would have said alone you murdered him.

TEIRESIAS. Yes? Then I warn you faithfully to keep
the letter of your proclamation and
from this day forth to speak no word of greeting
to these nor me; you are the land's pollution.

OEDIPUS. How shamelessly you started up this taunt!
How do you think you will escape?

TEIRESIAS. I have.
I have escaped; the truth is what I cherish
and that's my strength.

OEDIPUS. And who has taught you truth?
Not your profession surely!

TEIRESIAS. You have taught me,
for you have made me speak against my will.

OEDIPUS. Speak what? Tell me again that I may learn it better.

TEIRESIAS. Did you not understand before or would you
provoke me into speaking?

OEDIPUS. I did not grasp it,
not so to call it known. Say it again.
TEIRESIAS. I say you are the murderer of the king
whose murderer you seek.
OEDIPUS. Not twice you shall
say calumnies like this and stay unpunished.
TEIRESIAS. Shall I say more to tempt your anger more?
OEDIPUS. As much as you desire; it will be said
in vain.
TEIRESIAS. I say that with those you love best
you live in foulest shame unconsciously
and do not see where you are in calamity.
OEDIPUS. Do you imagine you can always talk
like this, and live to laugh at it hereafter?
TEIRESIAS. Yes, if the truth has anything of strength.
OEDIPUS. It has, but not for you; it has no strength
for you because you are blind in mind and ears
as well as in your eyes.
TEIRESIAS. You are a poor wretch
to taunt me with the very insults which
every one soon will heap upon yourself.
OEDIPUS. Your life is one long night so that you cannot
hurt me or any other who sees the light.
TEIRESIAS. It is not fate that I should be your ruin,
Apollo is enough; it is his care
to work this out.
OEDIPUS. Was this your own design
or Creon's?
TEIRESIAS. Creon is no hurt to you,
but you are to yourself.
OEDIPUS. Wealth, sovereignty and skill outmatching skill
for the contrivance of an envied life,
great store of jealousy fill your treasury chests,
if my friend Creon, friend from the first and loyal,
thus secretly attacks me, secretly
desires to drive me out and secretly
suborns this juggling, trick devising quack,
this wily beggar who has only eyes
for his own gains, but blindness in his skill.
For, tell me, where have you seen clear, Teiresias,
with your prophetic eyes? When the dark singer,

the sphinx, was in your country, did you speak
word of deliverance to its citizens?
And yet the riddle's answer was not the province
of a chance comer. It was a prophet's task
and plainly you had no such gift of prophecy
from birds nor otherwise from any God
to glean a word of knowledge. But I came,
Oedipus, who knew nothing, and I stopped her.
I solved the riddle by my wit alone.
Mine was no knowledge got from birds. And now
you would expel me,
because you think that you will find a place
by Creon's throne. I think you will be sorry,
both you and your accomplice, for your plot
to drive me out. And did I not regard you
as an old man, some suffering would have taught you
that what was in your heart was treason.

CHORUS. We look at this man's words and yours, my king,
and we find both have spoken them in anger.
We need no angry words but only thought
how we may best hit the God's meaning for us.

TEIRESIAS. If you are king, at least I have the right
no less to speak in my defence against you.
Of that much I am master. I am no slave
of yours, but Loxias', and so I shall not
enroll myself with Creon for my patron.
Since you have taunted me with being blind,
here is my word for you.
You have your eyes but see not where you are
in sin, nor where you live, nor whom you live with.
Do you know who your parents are? Unknowing
you are an enemy to kith and kin
in death, beneath the earth, and in this life.
A deadly footed, double-striking curse,
from father and mother both, shall drive you forth
out of this land, with darkness on your eyes,
that now have such straight vision. Shall there be
a place will not be harbour to your cries,
a corner of Cithaeron will not ring
in echo to your cries, soon, soon,—
when you shall learn the secret of your marriage,

which steered you to a haven in this house,—
haven no haven, after lucky voyage?
And of the multitude of other evils
establishing a grim equality
between you and your children, you know nothing.
So, muddy with contempt my words and Creon's!
there is no man shall perish as you shall.

OEDIPUS. Is it endurable that I should hear
such words from him? Go and a curse go with you!
Quick, home with you! Out of my house at once!

TEIRESIAS. I would not have come either had you not called me.

OEDIPUS. I did not know then you would talk like a fool—
or it would have been long before I called you.

TEIRESIAS. I am a fool then, as it seems to you—
but to the parents who have bred you, wise.

OEDIPUS. What parents? Stop! Who are they of all the world?

TEIRESIAS. This day will show your birth and bring your ruin.

OEDIPUS. How needlessly your riddles darken everything.

TEIRESIAS. But it's in riddle answering you are strongest.

OEDIPUS. Yes. Taunt me where you will find me great.

TEIRESIAS. It is this very luck that has destroyed you.

OEDIPUS. I do not care, if it has served this city.

TEIRESIAS. Well, I will go. Come, boy, lead me away.

OEDIPUS. Yes, lead him off. So long as you are here,
you'll be a stumbling block and a vexation;
once gone, you will not trouble me again.

TEIRESIAS. I have said
what I came here to say not fearing your
countenance: there is no way you can hurt me.
I tell you, king, this man, this murderer
(whom you have long declared you are in search of,
indicting him in threatening proclamation
as murderer of Laius)—he is here.
In name he is a stranger among citizens
but soon he will be shown to be a citizen
true native Theban, and he'll have no joy
of the discovery: blindness for sight
and beggary for riches his exchange,
he shall go journeying to a foreign country
tapping his way before him with a stick.
He shall be proved father and brother both

to his own children in his house; to her
that gave him birth, a son and husband both;
a fellow sower in his father's bed
with that same father that he murdered.
Go within, reckon that out, and if you find me
mistaken, say I have no skill in prophecy.

(Exeunt separately TEIRESIAS *and* OEDIPUS*)*

CHORUS

(Strophe)

Who is the man proclaimed
by Delphi's prophetic rock
as the bloody handed murderer,
the doer of deeds that none dare name?
Now is the time for him to run
with a stronger foot
than Pegasus
for the child of Zeus leaps in arms upon him
with fire and the lightning bolt,
and terribly close on his heels
are the Fates that never miss.

(Antistrophe)

Lately from snowy Parnassus
clearly the voice flashed forth,
bidding each Theban track him down,
the unknown murderer.
In the savage forests he lurks and in
the caverns like
the mountain bull.
He is sad and lonely, and lonely his feet
that carry him far from the navel of earth;
but its prophecies, ever living,
flutter around his head.

(Strophe)

The augur has spread confusion,
terrible confusion;
I do not approve what was said
nor can I deny it.
I do not know what to say;
I am in a flutter of foreboding;
I never heard in the present
nor past of a quarrel between

the sons of Labdacus and Polybus,
that I might bring as proof
in attacking the popular fame
of Oedipus, seeking
to take vengeance for undiscovered
death in the line of Labdacus.

(Antistrophe)

Truly Zeus and Apollo are wise
and in human things all knowing;
but amongst men there is no
distinct judgment, between the prophet
and me—which of us is right.
One man may pass another in wisdom
but I would never agree
with those that find fault with the king
till I should see the word
proved right beyond doubt. For once
in visible form the Sphinx
came on him and all of us
saw his wisdom and in that test
he saved the city. So he will not be condemned by my mind.

(Enter CREON*)*

CREON. Citizens, I have come because I heard
deadly words spread about me, that the king
accuses me. I cannot take that from him.
If he believes that in these present troubles
he has been wronged by me in word or deed
I do not want to live on with the burden
of such a scandal on me. The report
injures me doubly and most vitally—
for I'll be called a traitor to my city
and traitor also to my friends and you.

CHORUS. Perhaps it was a sudden gust of anger
that forced that insult from him, and no judgment.

CREON. But did he say that it was in compliance
with schemes of mine that the seer told him lies?

CHORUS. Yes, he said that, but why, I do not know.

CREON. Were his eyes straight in his head? Was his mind right
when he accused me in this fashion?

CHORUS. I do not know; I have no eyes to see
what princes do. Here comes the king himself.

(Enter OEDIPUS)

OEDIPUS. You, sir, how is it you come here? Have you so much
brazen-faced daring that you venture in
my house although you are proved manifestly
the murder of that man, and though you tried,
openly, highway robbery of my crown?
For God's sake, tell me what you saw in me,
what cowardice or what stupidity,
that made you lay a plot like this against me?
Did you imagine I should not observe
the crafty scheme that stole upon me or
seeing it, take no means to counter it?
Was it not stupid of you to make the attempt,
to try to hunt down royal power without
the people at your back or friends? For only
with the people at your back or money can
the hunt end in the capture of a crown.

CREON. Do you know what you're doing? Will you listen
to words to answer yours, and then pass judgment?

OEDIPUS. You're quick to speak, but I am slow to grasp you,
for I have found you dangerous,—and my foe.

CREON. First of all hear what I shall say to that.

OEDIPUS. At least don't tell me that you are not guilty.

CREON. If you believe you cherish something fine
in obstinacy without brains, you're wrong.

OEDIPUS. And you are wrong if you believe that one,
a criminal, will not be punished only
because he is my kinsman.

CREON. This is but just—
but tell me, then, of what offense I'm guilty?

OEDIPUS. Did you or did you not urge me to send
to this prophetic mumbler?

CREON. I did indeed,
and I shall stand by what I told you.

OEDIPUS. How long ago is it since Laius . . . .

CREON. What about Laius? I don't understand.

OEDIPUS. Vanished—died—was murdered?

CREON. It is long,
a long, long time to reckon.

OEDIPUS. Was this prophet
in the profession then?

CREON. He was, and honoured
as highly as he is today.
OEDIPUS. At that time did he say a word about me?
CREON. Never, at least when I was near him.
OEDIPUS. You never made a search for the dead man?
CREON. We searched, indeed, but never learned of anything.
OEDIPUS. Why did our wise old friend not say this then?
CREON. I don't know; and when I know nothing, I
usually hold my tongue.
OEDIPUS. You know this much,
and can declare this much if you are loyal.
CREON. What is it? If I know I'll not deny it.
OEDIPUS. That he would not have said that I killed Laius
had he not met you first.
CREON. You know yourself
whether he said this, but I demand that I
should hear as much from you as you from me.
OEDIPUS. Then hear,—I'll not be proved a murderer.
CREON. Well, then. You're married to my sister.
OEDIPUS. Yes,
that I am not disposed to deny.
CREON. You rule
this country giving her an equal share
in the government?
OEDIPUS. Yes, everything she wants
she has from me.
CREON. And I, as thirdsman to you,
am rated as the equal of you two?
OEDIPUS. Yes, and it's there you've proved yourself false friend.
CREON. Not if you will reflect on it as I do.
Consider, first, if you think any one
would choose to rule and fear rather than rule
and sleep untroubled by a fear if power
were equal in both cases. I, at least,
I was not born with such a frantic yearning
to be a king—but to do what kings do.
And so it is with every one who has learned
wisdom and self-control. As it stands now,
the prizes are all mine—and without fear.
But if I were the king myself, I must
do much that went against the grain.
How should despotic rule seem sweeter to me

than painless power and an assured authority?
I am not so besotted yet that I
want other honours than those that come with profit.
Now every man's my pleasure; every man greets me;
now those who are your suitors fawn on me,—
success for them depends upon my favour.
Why should I let all this go to win that?
My mind would not be traitor if it's wise;
I am no treason lover, of my nature,
nor would I ever dare to join a plot.
Prove what I say. Go to the oracle
at Pytho and inquire about the answers,
if they are as I told you. For the rest,
if you discover I laid any plot
together with the seer, kill me, I say,
not only by your vote but by my own.
But do not charge me on obscure opinion
without some proof to back it. It's not just
lightly to count your knaves as honest men,
nor honest men as knaves. To throw away
an honest friend is, as it were, to throw
your life away, which a man loves the best.
In time you will know all with certainty;
time is the only test of honest men,
one day is space enough to know a rogue.

CHORUS. His words are wise, king, if one fears to fall.
Those who are quick of temper are not safe.

OEDIPUS. When he that plots against me secretly
moves quickly, I must quickly counterplot.
If I wait taking no decisive measure
his business will be done, and mine be spoiled.

CREON. What do you want to do then? Banish me?

OEDIPUS. No, certainly; kill you, not banish you.

CREON. I do not think that you've your wits about you.

OEDIPUS. For my own interests, yes.

CREON. But for mine, too,
you should think equally.

OEDIPUS. You are a rogue.

CREON. Suppose you do not understand?

OEDIPUS. But yet
I must be ruler.

CREON. Not if you rule badly.

OEDIPUS. O, city, city!
CREON. I too have some share
in the city; it is not yours alone.
CHORUS. Stop, my lords! Here—and in the nick of time
I see Jocasta coming from the house;
with her help lay the quarrel that now stirs you.
(Enter JOCASTA)
JOCASTA. For shame! Why have you raised this foolish squabbling
brawl? Are you not ashamed to air your private
griefs when the country's sick? Go in, you, Oedipus,
and you, too, Creon, into the house. Don't magnify
your nothing troubles.
CREON. Sister, Oedipus,
your husband, thinks he has the right to do
terrible wrongs—he has but to choose between
two terrors: banishing or killing me.
OEDIPUS. He's right, Jocasta; for I find him plotting
with knavish tricks against my person.
CREON. That God may never bless me! May I die
accursed, if I have been guilty of
one tittle of the charge you bring against me!
JOCASTA. I beg you, Oedipus, trust him in this,
spare him for the sake of this his oath to God,
for my sake, and the sake of those who stand here.
CHORUS. Be gracious, be merciful,
we beg of you.
OEDIPUS. In what would you have me yield?
CHORUS. He has been no silly child in the past.
He is strong in his oath now.
Spare him.
OEDIPUS. Do you know what you ask?
CHORUS. Yes.
OEDIPUS. Tell me then.
CHORUS. He has been your friend before all men's eyes; do not cast
him away dishonoured on an obscure conjecture.
OEDIPUS. I would have you know that this request of yours
really requests my death or banishment.
CHORUS. May the Sun God, king of Gods, forbid! May I die without
God's blessing, without friends' help, if I had any such
thought. But my spirit is broken by my unhappiness for my
wasting country; and this would but add troubles amongst
ourselves to the other troubles.

OEDIPUS. Well, let him go then—if I must die ten times for it,
or be sent out dishonoured into exile.
It is your lips that prayed for him I pitied,
not his; wherever he is, I shall hate him.
CREON. I see you sulk in yielding and you're dangerous
when you are out of temper; natures like yours
are justly heaviest for themselves to bear.
OEDIPUS. Leave me alone! Take yourself off, I tell you.
CREON. I'll go, you have not known me, but they have,
and they have known my innocence. *(Exit)*
CHORUS. Won't you take him inside, lady?
JOCASTA. Yes, when I've found out what was the matter.
CHORUS. There was some misconceived suspicion of a story, and on
the other side the sting of injustice.
JOCASTA. So, on both sides?
CHORUS. Yes.
JOCASTA. What was the story?
CHORUS. I think it best, in the interests of the country, to leave it
where it ended.
OEDIPUS. You see where you have ended, straight of judgment
although you are, by softening my anger.
CHORUS. Sir, I have said before and I say again—be sure that I would
have been proved a madman, bankrupt in sane council, if I
should put you away, you who steered the country I love
safely when she was crazed with troubles. God grant that
now, too, you may prove a fortunate guide for us.
JOCASTA. Tell me, my lord, I beg of you, what was it
that roused your anger so?
OEDIPUS. Yes, I will tell you.
I honour you more than I honour them.
It was Creon and the plots he laid against me.
JOCASTA. Tell me—if you can clearly tell the quarrel—
OEDIPUS. Creon says
that I'm the murderer of Laius.
JOCASTA. Of his own knowledge or on information?
OEDIPUS. He sent this rascal prophet to me, since
he keeps his own mouth clean of any guilt.
JOCASTA. Do not concern yourself about the matter;
listen to me and learn that human beings
have no part in the craft of prophecy.
Of that I'll show you a short proof.
There was an oracle once that came to Laius,—

I will not say that it was Phoebus' own,
but it was from his servants—and it told him
that it was fate that he should die a victim
at the hands of his own son, a son to be born
of Laius and me. But, see now, he,
the king, was killed by foreign highway robbers
at a place where three roads meet—so goes the story;
and for the son—before three days were out
after his birth King Laius pierced his ankles
and by the hands of others cast him forth
upon a pathless hillside. So Apollo
failed to fulfill his oracle to the son,
that he should kill his father, and to Laius
also proved false in that the thing he feared,
death at his son's hands, never came to pass.
So clear in this case were the oracles,
so clear and false. Give them no heed, I say;
what God discovers need of, easily
he shows to us himself.

OEDIPUS. O dear Jocasta,
as I hear this from you, there comes upon me
a wandering of the soul—I could run mad.

JOCASTA. What trouble is it, that you turn again
and speak like this?

OEDIPUS. I thought I heard you say
that Laius was killed at a crossroads.

JOCASTA. Yes, that was how the story went and still
that word goes round.

OEDIPUS. Where is this place, Jocasta,
where he was murdered?

JOCASTA. Phocis is the country
and the road splits there, one of two roads from Delphi,
another comes from Daulia.

OEDIPUS. How long ago is this?

JOCASTA. The news came to the city just before
you became king and all men's eyes looked to you.
What is it, Oedipus, that's in your mind?

OEDIPUS. Don't ask me yet—tell me of Laius—
how did he look? How old or young was he?

JOCASTA. He was a tall man and his hair was grizzled
already—nearly white—and in his form
not unlike you.

OEDIPUS. O God, I think I have
called curses on myself in ignorance.
JOCASTA. What do you mean? I am terrified
when I look at you.
OEDIPUS. I have a deadly fear
that the old seer had eyes. You'll show me more
if you can tell me one more thing.
JOCASTA. I will.
I'm frightened,—but if I can understand,
I'll tell you all you ask.
OEDIPUS. How was his company?
Had he few with him when he went this journey,
or many servants, as would suit a prince?
JOCASTA. In all there were but five, and among them
a herald; and one carriage for the king.
OEDIPUS. It's plain—it's plain—who was it told you this?
JOCASTA. The only servant that escaped safe home.
OEDIPUS. Is he at home now?
JOCASTA. No, when he came home again
and saw you king and Laius was dead,
he came to me and touched my hand and begged
that I should send him to the fields to be
my shepherd and so he might see the city
as far off as he might. So I
sent him away. He was an honest man,
as slaves go, and was worthy of far more
than what he asked of me.
OEDIPUS. O, how I wish that he could come back quickly!
JOCASTA. He can. Why is your heart so set on this?
OEDIPUS. O dear Jocasta, I am full of fears
that I have spoken far too much; and therefore
I wish to see this shepherd.
JOCASTA. He will come;
but, Oedipus, I think I'm worthy too
to know what is it that disquiets you.
OEDIPUS. It shall not be kept from you, since my mind
has gone so far with its forebodings. Whom
should I confide in rather than you, who is there
of more importance to me who have passed
through such a fortune?
Polybus was my father, king of Corinth,
and Merope, the Dorian, my mother.

I was held greatest of the citizens
in Corinth till a curious chance befell me
as I shall tell you—curious, indeed,
but hardly worth the store I set upon it.
There was a dinner and at it a man,
a drunken man, accused me in his drink
of being bastard. I was furious
but held my temper under for that day.
Next day I went and taxed my parents with it;
they took the insult very ill from him,
the drunken fellow who had uttered it.
So I was comforted for their part, but
still this thing rankled always, for the story
crept about widely. And I went at last
To Pytho, though my parents did not know.
But Phoebus sent me home again unhonoured
in what I came to learn, but he foretold
other and desperate horrors to befall me,
that I was fated to lie with my mother,
and show to daylight an accursed breed
which men would not endure, and I was doomed
to be murderer of the father that begot me.
When I heard this I fled, and in the days
that followed I would measure from the stars
the whereabouts of Corinth—yes, I fled
to somewhere where I should not see fulfilled
the infamies told in that dreadful oracle.
And as I journeyed I came to the place
where, as you say, this king met with his death.
Jocasta, I will tell you the whole truth.
When I was near the branching of the crossroads,
going on foot, I was encountered by
a herald and a carriage with a man in it,
just as you tell me. He that led the way
and the old man himself wanted to thrust me
out of the road by force. I became angry
and struck the coachman who was pushing me.
When the old man saw this he watched his moment,
and as I passed he struck me from his carriage,
full on the head with his two pointed goad.
But he was paid in full and presently

my stick had struck him backwards from the car
and he rolled out of it. And then I killed them
all. If it happened there was any tie
of kinship twixt this man and Laius,
who is then now more miserable than I,
what man on earth so hated by the Gods,
since neither citizen nor foreigner
may welcome me at home or even greet me,
but drive me out of doors? And it is I,
I and no other have so cursed myself.
And I pollute the bed of him I killed
by the hands that killed him. Was I not born evil?
Am I not utterly unclean? I had to fly
and in my banishment not even see
my kindred nor set foot in my own country,
or otherwise my fate was to be yoked
in marriage with my mother and kill my father,
Polybus who begot me and had reared me.
Would not one rightly judge and say that on me
these things were sent by some malignant God?
O no, no, no—O holy majesty
of God on high, may I not see that day!
May I be gone out of men's sight before
I see the deadly taint of this disaster
come upon me.

CHORUS. Sir, we too fear these things. But until you see this man face to face and hear his story, hope.

OEDIPUS. Yes, I have just this much of hope—to wait until the herdsman comes.

JOCASTA. And when he comes, what do you want with him?

OEDIPUS. I'll tell you; if I find that his story is the same as yours, I at least will be clear of this guilt.

JOCASTA. Why what so particularly did you learn from my story?

OEDIPUS. You said that he spoke of highway *robbers* who killed Laius. Now if he uses the same number, it was not I who killed him. One man cannot be the same as many. But if he speaks of a man travelling alone, then clearly the burden of the guilt inclines towards me.

JOCASTA. Be sure, at least, that this was how he told the story. He cannot unsay it now, for every one in the city heard it—not I alone. But, Oedipus, even if he diverges from what he said then, he shall never prove that the murder of Laius squares rightly with the prophecy—for Loxias declared

that the king should be killed by his own son. And that poor creature did not kill him surely,—for he died himself first. So as far as prophecy goes, henceforward I shall not look to the right hand or the left.

OEDIPUS. Right. But yet, send some one for the peasant to bring him here; do not neglect it.

JOCASTA. I will send quickly. Now let me go indoors. I will do nothing except what pleases you. *(Exeunt)*

CHORUS.

(Strophe)

May destiny ever find me
pious in word and deed
prescribed by the laws that live on high
laws begotten in the clear air of heaven,
whose only father is Olympus;
no mortal nature brought them to birth,
no forgetfulness shall lull them to sleep;
for God is great in them and grows not old.

(Antistrophe)

Insolence breeds the tyrant, insolence
if it is glutted with a surfeit, unseasonable, unprofitable,
climbs to the roof-top and plunges
sheer down to the ruin that must be,
and there its feet are no service.
But I pray that the God may never
abolish the eager ambition that profits the state.
For I shall never cease to hold the God as our protector.

(Strophe)

If a man walks with haughtiness
of hand or word and gives no heed
to Justice and the shrines of Gods
despises—may an evil doom
smite him for his ill-starred pride of heart!—
if he reaps gains without justice
and will not hold from impiety
and his fingers itch for untouchable things.
When such things are done, what man shall contrive
to shield his soul from the shafts of the God?
When such deeds are held in honour,
why should I honour the Gods in the dance?

(Antistrophe)

No longer to the holy place,
to the navel of earth I'll go

to worship, nor to Abae
nor to Olympia,
unless the oracles are proved to fit,
for all men's hands to point at.
O Zeus, if you are rightly called
the sovereign lord, all-mastering,
let this not escape you nor your ever-living power!
The oracles concerning Laius
are old and dim and men regard them not.
Apollo is nowhere clear in honour; God's service perishes.

(Enter JOCASTA, *carrying garlands)*

JOCASTA. Princes of the land, I have had the thought to go
to the Gods' temples, bringing in my hand
garlands and gifts of incense, as you see.
For Oedipus excites himself too much
at every sort of trouble, not conjecturing,
like a man of sense, what will be from what was,
but he is always at the speaker's mercy,
when he speaks terrors. I can do no good
by my advice, and so I came as suppliant
to you, Lycaean Apollo, who are nearest.
These are the symbols of my prayer and this
my prayer: grant us escape free of the curse.
Now when we look to him we are all afraid;
he's pilot of our ship and he is frightened.

(Enter a MESSENGER)

MESSENGER. Might I learn from you, sirs, where is the house of Oedipus? Or best of all, if you know, where is the king himself?

CHORUS. This is his house and he is within doors. This lady is his wife and mother of his children.

MESSENGER. God bless you, lady, and God bless your household! God bless Oedipus' noble wife!

JOCASTA. God bless you, sir, for your kind greeting! What do you want of us that you have come here? What have you to tell us?

MESSENGER. Good news, lady. Good for your house and for your husband.

JOCASTA. What is your news? Who sent you to us?

MESSENGER. I come from Corinth and the news I bring will give you pleasure. Perhaps a little pain too.

JOCASTA. What is this news of double meaning?

MESSENGER. The people of the Isthmus will choose Oedipus to be their king. That is the rumour there.

JOCASTA. But isn't their king still old Polybus?

MESSENGER. No. He is in his grave. Death has got him.
JOCASTA. Is that the truth? Is Oedipus' father dead?
MESSENGER. May I die myself if it be otherwise!
JOCASTA *(to a servant)*. Be quick and run to the King with the news. O oracles of the Gods, where are you now? It was from this man Oedipus fled, lest he should be his murderer! And now he is dead, in the course of nature, and not killed by Oedipus.
(Enter OEDIPUS)
OEDIPUS. Dearest Jocasta, why have you sent for me?
JOCASTA. Listen to this man and when you hear reflect what is the outcome of the holy oracles of the Gods.
OEDIPUS. Who is he? What is his message for me?
JOCASTA. He is from Corinth and he tells us that your father Polybus is dead and gone.
OEDIPUS. What's this you say, sir? Tell me yourself.
MESSENGER. Since this is the first matter you want clearly told: Polybus has gone down to death. You may be sure of it.
OEDIPUS. By treachery or sickness?
MESSENGER. A small thing will put old bodies asleep.
OEDIPUS. So he died of sickness, it seems,—poor old man!
MESSENGER. Yes, and of age—the long years he had measured.
OEDIPUS. Ha! Ha! O dear Jocasta, why should one
look to the Pythian hearth? Why should one look
to the birds screaming overhead? They prophesied
that I should kill my father! But he's dead,
and hidden deep in earth, and I stand here
who never laid a hand on spear against him,—
unless perhaps he died of longing for me,
and thus I am his murderer. But they,
the oracles, as they stand—he's taken them
away with him, they're dead as he himself is,
and worthless.
JOCASTA. That I told you before now.
OEDIPUS. You did, but I was misled by my fear.
JOCASTA. Then lay no more of them to heart, not one.
OEDIPUS. But surely I must fear my mother's bed?
JOCASTA. Why should man fear since chance is all in all
for him, and he can clearly foreknow nothing?
Best to live lightly, as one can, unthinkingly.
As to your mother's marriage bed,—don't fear it.
Before this, in dreams too, as well as oracles,

many a man has lain with his own mother.
But he to whom such things are nothing bears
his life most easily.

OEDIPUS. All that you say would be said perfectly
if she were dead; but since she lives I must
still fear, although you talk so well, Jocasta.

JOCASTA. Still in your father's death there's light of comfort?

OEDIPUS. Great light of comfort; but I fear the living.

MESSENGER. Who is the woman that makes you afraid?

OEDIPUS. Merope, old man, Polybus' wife.

MESSENGER. What about her frightens the queen and you?

OEDIPUS. A terrible oracle, stranger, from the Gods.

MESSENGER. Can it be told? Or does the sacred law
forbid another to have knowledge of it?

OEDIPUS. O no! Once on a time Loxias said
that I should lie with my own mother and
take on my hands the blood of my own father.
And so for these long years I've lived away
from Corinth; it has been to my great happiness;
but yet it's sweet to see the face of parents.

MESSENGER. This was the fear which drove you out of Corinth?

OEDIPUS. Old man, I did not wish to kill my father.

MESSENGER. Why should I not free you from this fear, sir,
since I have come to you in all goodwill?

OEDIPUS. You would not find me thankless if you did.

MESSENGER. Why, it was just for this I brought the news,—
to earn your thanks when you had come safe home.

OEDIPUS. No, I will never come near my parents

MESSENGER. Son,
it's very plain you don't know what you're doing.

OEDIPUS. What do you mean, old man? For God's sake, tell me.

MESSENGER. If your homecoming is checked by fears like these.

OEDIPUS. Yes, I'm afraid that Phoebus may prove right.

MESSENGER. The murder and the incest?

OEDIPUS. Yes, old man;
that is my constant terror.

MESSENGER. Do you know
that all your fears are empty?

OEDIPUS. How is that,
if they are father and mother and I their son?

MESSENGER. Because Polybus was no kin to you in blood.

OEDIPUS. What, was not Polybus my father?
MESSENGER. No more than I but just so much.
OEDIPUS. How can
my father be my father as much as one
that's nothing to me?
MESSENGER. Neither he nor I
begat you.
OEDIPUS. Why then did he call me son?
MESSENGER. A gift he took you from these hands of mine.
OEDIPUS. Did he love so much what he took from another's hand?
MESSENGER. His childlessness before persuaded him.
OEDIPUS. Was I a child you bought or found when I
was given to him?
MESSENGER. On Cithaeron's slopes
in the twisting thickets you were found.
OEDIPUS. And why
were you a traveller in those parts?
MESSENGER. I was
in charge of mountain flocks.
OEDIPUS. You were a shepherd?
A hireling vagrant?
MESSENGER. Yes, but at least at that time
the man that saved your life, son.
OEDIPUS. What ailed me when you took me in your arms?
MESSENGER. In that your ankles should be witnesses.
OEDIPUS. Why do you speak of that old pain?
MESSENGER. I loosed you;
the tendons of your feet were pierced and fettered,—
OEDIPUS. My swaddling clothes brought me a rare disgrace.
MESSENGER. So that from this you're called your present name.
OEDIPUS. Was this my father's doing or my mother's?
For God's sake, tell me.
MESSENGER. I don't know, but he
who gave you to me has more knowledge than I.
OEDIPUS. You yourself did not find me then? You took me
from someone else?
MESSENGER. Yes, from another shepherd.
OEDIPUS. Who was he? Do you know him well enough
to tell?
MESSENGER. He was called Laius' man.
OEDIPUS. You mean the king who reigned here in the old days?

MESSENGER. Yes, he was that man's shepherd.
OEDIPUS. Is he alive
still, so that I could see him?
MESSENGER. You who live here
would know that best.
OEDIPUS. Do any of you here
know of this shepherd whom he speaks about
in town or in the fields? Tell me. It's time
that this was found out once for all.
CHORUS. I think he is none other than the peasant
whom you have sought to see already; but
Jocasta here can tell us best of that.
OEDIPUS. Jocasta, do you know about this man
whom we have sent for? Is he the man he mentions?
JOCASTA. Why ask of whom he spoke? Don't give it heed;
nor try to keep in mind what has been said.
It will be wasted labour.
OEDIPUS. With such clues
I could not fail to bring my birth to light.
JOCASTA. I beg you—do not hunt this out—I beg you,
if you have any care for your own life.
What I am suffering is enough.
OEDIPUS. Keep up
your heart, Jocasta. Though I'm proved a slave,
thrice slave, and though my mother is thrice slave,
you'll not be shown to be of lowly lineage.
JOCASTA. O be persuaded by me, I entreat you;
do not do this.
OEDIPUS. I will not be persuaded to let be
the chance of finding out the whole thing clearly.
JOCASTA. It is because I wish you well that I
give you this counsel—and it's the best counsel.
OEDIPUS. Then the best counsel vexes me, and has
for some while since.
JOCASTA. O Oedipus, God help you!
God keep you from the knowledge of who you are!
OEDIPUS. Here, some one, go and fetch the shepherd for me;
and let her find her joy in her rich family!
JOCASTA. O Oedipus, unhappy Oedipus!
that is all I can call you, and the last thing
that I shall ever call you. *(Exit)*

CHORUS. Why has the queen gone, Oedipus, in wild
grief rushing from us? I am afraid that trouble
will break out of this silence.
OEDIPUS. Break out what will! I at least shall be
willing to see my ancestry, though humble.
Perhaps she is ashamed of my low birth,
for she has all a woman's high-flown pride.
But I account myself a child of Fortune,
beneficent Fortune, and I shall not be
dishonoured. She's the mother from whom I spring;
the months, my brothers, marked me, now as small,
and now again as mighty. Such is my breeding,
and I shall never prove so false to it,
as not to find the secret of my birth.
CHORUS.
(Strophe)
If I am a prophet and wise of heart
you shall not fail, Cithaeron,
by the limitless sky, you shall not!—
to know at tomorrow's full moon
that Oedipus honours you,
as native to him and mother and nurse at once;
and that you are honoured in dancing by us, as finding favour in sight of our king.
Apollo, to whom we cry, find these things pleasing!
(Antistrophe)
Who was it bore you, child? One of
the long-lived nymphs who lay with Pan—
the father who treads the hills?
Or was she a bride of Loxias, your mother? The grassy slopes
are all of them dear to him. Or perhaps Cyllene's king
or the Bacchants' God that lives on the tops
of the hills received you a gift from some
one of the Helicon Nymphs, with whom he mostly plays?
(Enter an OLD MAN, *led by* OEDIPUS' *servants)*
OEDIPUS. If some one like myself who never met him
may make a guess,—I think this is the herdsman,
whom we were seeking. His old age is consonant
with the other. And besides, the men who bring him
I recognize as my own servants. You
perhaps may better me in knowledge since
you've seen the man before.

CHORUS. You can be sure
I recognize him. For if Laius
had ever an honest shepherd, this was he.
OEDIPUS. You, sir, from Corinth, I must ask you first,
is this the man you spoke of?
MESSENGER. This is he
before your eyes.
OEDIPUS. Old man, look here at me
and tell me what I ask you. Were you ever
a servant of King Laius?
HERDSMAN. I was,—
no slave he bought but reared in his own house.
OEDIPUS. What did you do as work? How did you live?
HERDSMAN. Most of my life was spent among the flocks.
OEDIPUS. In what part of the country did you live?
HERDSMAN. Cithaeron and the places near to it.
OEDIPUS. And somewhere there perhaps you knew this man?
HERDSMAN. What was his occupation? Who?
OEDIPUS. This man here,
have you had any dealings with him?
HERDSMAN. No—
not such that I can quickly call to mind.
MESSENGER. That is no wonder, master. But I'll make him remember what he does not know. For I know, that he well knows the country of Cithaeron, how he with two flocks, I with one kept company for three years—each year half a year—from spring till autumn time and then when winter came I drove my flocks to our fold home again and he to Laius' steadings. Well—am I right or not in what I said we did?
HERDSMAN. You're right—although it's a long time ago.
MESSENGER. Do you remember giving me a child
to bring up as my foster child?
HERDSMAN. What's this?
Why do you ask this question?
MESSENGER. Look, old man,
here he is—here's the man who was that child!
HERDSMAN. Death take you! Won't you hold your tongue?
OEDIPUS. No, no,
do not find fault with him, old man. Your words
are more at fault than his.
HERDSMAN. O best of masters,
how do I give offense?
OEDIPUS. When you refuse

to speak about the child of whom he asks you.
HERDSMAN. He speaks out of his ignorance, without meaning.
OEDIPUS. If you'll not talk to gratify me, you
will talk with pain to urge you.
HERDSMAN. O please, sir,
don't hurt an old man, sir.
OEDIPUS *(to the* SERVANTS). Here, one of you,
twist his hands behind him.
HERDSMAN. Why, God help me, why?
What do you want to know?
OEDIPUS. You gave a child
to him,—the child he asked you of?
HERDSMAN. I did.
I wish I'd died the day I did.
OEDIPUS. You will
unless you tell me truly.
HERDSMAN. And I'll die
far worse if I should tell you.
OEDIPUS. This fellow
is bent on more delays, as it would seem.
HERDSMAN. O no, no! I have told you that I gave it.
OEDIPUS. Where did you get this child from? Was it your own
or did you get it from another?
HERDSMAN. Not
my own at all; I had it from some one.
OEDIPUS. One of these citizens? or from what house?
HERDSMAN. O master, please—I beg of you, master, please
don't ask me more.
OEDIPUS. You're a dead man if I
ask you again.
HERDSMAN. It was one of the children
of Laius.
OEDIPUS. A slave? Or born in wedlock?
HERDSMAN. O God, I am on the brink of frightful speech.
OEDIPUS. And I of frightful hearing. But I must hear.
HERDSMAN. The child was called his child; but she within,
your wife would tell you best how all this was.
OEDIPUS. *She* gave it to you?
HERDSMAN. Yes, she did, my lord.
OEDIPUS. To do what with it?
HERDSMAN. Make away with it.

OEDIPUS. She was so hard—its mother?
HERDSMAN. Aye, through fear
of evil oracles.
OEDIPUS. Which?
HERDSMAN. They said that he
should kill his parents.
OEDIPUS. How was it that you
gave it away to this old man?
HERDSMAN. O master,
I pitied it, and thought that I could send it
off to another country and this man
was from another country. But he saved it
for the most terrible troubles. If you are
the man he says you are, you're bred to misery.
OEDIPUS. O, O, O, they will all come,
all come out clearly! Light of the sun, let me
look upon you no more after today!
I who first saw the light bred of a match
accursed, and accursed in my living
with them I lived with, cursed in my killing.
(Exeunt all but the CHORUS)
CHORUS.
(Strophe)
O generations of men, how I
count you as equal with those who live
not at all!
what man, what man on earth wins more
of happiness than a seeming
and after that turning away?
Oedipus, you are my pattern of this,
Oedipus, you and your fate!
Luckless Oedipus, whom of all men
I envy not at all.
Antistrophe)
In as much as he shot his bolt
beyond the others and won the prize
of happiness complete—
O Zeus—and killed and reduced to nought
the hooked taloned maid of the riddling speech,
standing a tower against death for my land:
hence he was called my king and hence

was honoured the highest of all
honours; and hence he ruled
in the great city of Thebes.
(Strophe)
But now whose tale is more miserable?
Who is there lives with a savager fate?
Whose troubles so reverse his life as his?
O Oedipus, the famous prince
for whom a great haven
the same both as father and son
sufficed for generation,
how, O how, have the furrows ploughed
by your father endured to bear you, poor wretch,
and hold their peace so long?
(Antistrophe)
Time who sees all has found you out
against your will; judges your marriage accursed,
begetter and begot at one in it.

O child of Laius,
would I had never seen you,
I weep for you and cry
a dirge of lamentation.

To speak directly, I drew my breath
from you at the first and so now I lull
my mouth to sleep with your name.
(Enter a SECOND MESSENGER*)*
SECOND MESSENGER. O Princes always honoured by our country,
what deeds you'll hear of and what horrors see
what grief you'll feel, if you as true born Thebans
care for the house of Labdacus's sons.
Phasis nor Ister cannot purge this house,
I think, with all their streams, such things
it hides, such evils shortly will bring forth
into the light, whether they will or not;
and troubles hurt the most
when they prove self-inflicted.
CHORUS. What we had known before did not fall short
of bitter groaning's worth; what's more to tell?
SECOND MESSENGER. Shortest to hear and tell—our glorious queen
Jocasta's dead.

CHORUS. Unhappy woman! How?

SECOND MESSENGER. By her own hand. The worst of what was done
you cannot know. You did not see the sight.
Yet in so far as I remember it
you'll hear the end of our unlucky queen.
When she came raging into the house she went
straight to her marriage bed, tearing her hair
with both her hands, and crying upon Laius
long dead—Do you remember, Laius,
that night long past which bred a child for us
to send you to your death and leave
a mother making children with her son?
And then she groaned and cursed the bed in which
she brought forth husband by her husband, children
by her own child, an infamous double bond.
How after that she died I do not know,—
for Oedipus distracted us from seeing.
He burst upon us shouting and we looked
to him as he paced frantically around,
begging us always: Give me a sword, I say,
to find this wife no wife, this mother's womb,
this field of double sowing whence I sprang
and where I sowed my children! As he raved
some god showed him the way—none of us there.
Bellowing terribly and led by some
invisible guide he rushed on the two doors,—
wrenching the hollow bolts out of their sockets,
he charged inside. There, there, we saw his wife
hanging, the twisted rope around her neck.
When he saw her, he cried out fearfully
and cut the dangling noose. Then, as she lay,
poor woman, on the ground, what happened after,
was terrible to see. He tore the brooches—
the gold chased brooches fastening her robe—
away from her and lifting them up high
dashed them on his own eyeballs, shrieking out
such things as: they will never see the crime
I have committed or had done upon me!
Dark eyes, now in the days to come look on
forbidden faces, do not recognize
those whom you long for—with such imprecations
he struck his eyes again and yet again

with the brooches. And the bleeding eyeballs gushed
and stained his beard—no sluggish oozing drops
but a black rain and bloody hail poured down.

So it has broken—and not on one head
but troubles mixed for husband and for wife.
The fortune of the days gone by was true
good fortune—but today groans and destruction
and death and shame—of all ills can be named
not one is missing.

CHORUS. Is he now in any ease from pain?

SECOND MESSENGER. He shouts
for some one to unbar the doors and show him
to all the men of Thebes, his father's killer,
his mother's—no I cannot say the word,
it is unholy—for he'll cast himself,
out of the land, he says, and not remain
to bring a curse upon his house, the curse
he called upon it in his proclamation. But
he wants for strength, aye, and some one to guide him;
his sickness is too great to bear. You, too,
will be shown that. The bolts are opening.
Soon you will see a sight to waken pity
even in the horror of it.

(Enter the blinded OEDIPUS*)*

CHORUS. This is a terrible sight for men to see!
I never found a worse!
Poor wretch, what madness came upon you!
What evil spirit leaped upon your life
to your ill-luck—a leap beyond man's strength!
Indeed I pity you, but I cannot
look at you, though there's much I want to ask
and much to learn and much to see.
I shudder at the sight of you.

OEDIPUS. O, O,
where am I going? Where is my voice
borne on the wind to and fro?
Spirit, how far have you sprung?

CHORUS. To a terrible place whereof men's ears
may not hear, nor their eyes behold it.

OEDIPUS. Darkness!
Horror of darkness enfolding, resistless, unspeakable visitant sped by an ill wind in haste!
madness and stabbing pain and memory
of evil deeds I have done!
CHORUS. In such misfortunes it's no wonder
if double weighs the burden of your grief.
OEDIPUS. My friend,
you are the only one steadfast, the only one that attends on me;
you still stay nursing the blind man.
Your care is not unnoticed. I can know
your voice, although this darkness is my world.
CHORUS. Doer of dreadful deeds, how did you dare
so far to do despite to your own eyes?
what spirit urged you to it?
OEDIPUS. It was Apollo, friends, Apollo,
that brought this bitter bitterness, my sorrows to completion.
But the hand that struck me
was none but my own.
Why should I see
whose vision showed me nothing sweet to see?
CHORUS. These things are as you say.
OEDIPUS. What can I see to love?
What greeting can touch my ears with joy?
Take me away, and haste—to a place out of the way!
Take me away, my friends, the greatly miserable,
the most accursed, whom God too hates
above all men on earth!
CHORUS. Unhappy in your mind and your misfortune,
would I had never known you!
OEDIPUS. Curse on the man who took
the cruel bonds from off my legs, as I lay in the field.
He stole me from death and saved me,
no kindly service.
Had I died then
I would not be so burdensome to friends.
CHORUS. I, too, could have wished it had been so.
OEDIPUS. Then I would not have come
to kill my father and marry my mother infamously.
Now I am godless and child of impurity,

begetter in the same seed that created my wretched self.
If there is any ill worse than ill,
that is the lot of Oedipus.

CHORUS. I cannot say your remedy was good;
you would be better dead than blind and living.

OEDIPUS. What I have done here was best done—don't tell me
otherwise, do not give me further counsel.
I do not know with what eyes I could look
upon my father when I die and go
under the earth, nor yet my wretched mother—
those two to whom I have done things deserving
worse punishment than hanging. Would the sight
of children, bred as mine are, gladden me?
No, not these eyes, never. And my city,
its towers and sacred places of the Gods,
of these I robbed my miserable self
when I commanded all to drive *him* out,
the criminal since proved by God impure
and of the race of Laius.
To this guilt I bore witness against myself—
with what eyes shall I look upon my people?
No. If there were a means to choke the fountain
of hearing I would not have stayed my hand
from locking up my miserable carcase,
seeing and hearing nothing; it is sweet
to keep our thoughts out of the range of hurt.

Cithaeron, why did you receive me? why
having received me did you not kill me straight?
And so I had not shown to men my birth.

O Polybus and Corinth and the house,
the old house that I used to call my father's—
what fairness you were nurse to, and what foulness
festered beneath! Now I am found to be
a sinner and a son of sinners. Crossroads,
and hidden glade, oak and the narrow way
at the crossroads, that drank my father's blood
offered you by my hands, do you remember
still what I did as you looked on, and what

I did when I came here? O marriage, marriage!
you bred me and again when you had bred
bred children of your child and showed to men
brides, wives and mothers and the foulest deeds
that can be in this world of ours.

Come—it's unfit to say what is unfit
to do.—I beg of you in God's name hide me
somewhere outside your country, yes, or kill me,
or throw me into the sea, to be forever
out of your sight. Approach and deign to touch me
for all my wretchedness, and do not fear.
No man but I can bear my evil doom.

CHORUS. Here Creon comes in fit time to perform
or give advice in what you ask of us.
Creon is left sole ruler in your stead.

OEDIPUS. Creon! Creon! What shall I say to him?
How can I justly hope that he will trust me?
In what is past I have been proved towards him
an utter liar.

(Enter CREON*)*

CREON. Oedipus, I've come
not so that I might laugh at you nor taunt you
with evil of the past. But if you still
are without shame before the face of men
reverence at least the flame that gives all life,
our Lord the Sun, and do not show unveiled
to him pollution such that neither land
nor holy rain nor light of day can welcome.
(To a SERVANT*)* Be quick and take him in. It is most decent
that only kin should see and hear the troubles
of kin.

OEDIPUS. I beg you, since you've torn me from
my dreadful expectations and have come
in a most noble spirit to a man
that has used you vilely—do a thing for me.
I shall speak for your own good, not for my own.

CREON. What do you need that you would ask of me?

OEDIPUS. Drive me from here with all the speed you can
to where I may not hear a human voice.

CREON. Be sure, I would have done this had not I
wished first of all to learn from God the course
of action I should follow.
OEDIPUS. But his word
has been quite clear to let the parricide,
the sinner, die.
CREON. Yes, that indeed was said.
But in the present need we had best discover
what we should do.
OEDIPUS. And will you ask about
a man so wretched?
CREON. Now even you will trust
the God.
OEDIPUS. So. I command you—and will beseech you—
to her that lies inside that house give burial
as you would have it; she is yours and rightly
you will perform the rites for her. For me—
never let this my father's city have me
living a dweller in it. Leave me live
in the mountains where Cithaeron is, that's called
my mountain, which my mother and my father
while they were living would have made my tomb.
So I may die by their decree who sought
indeed to kill me. Yet I know this much:
no sickness and no other thing will kill me.
I would not have been saved from death if not
for some strange evil fate. Well, let my fate
go where it will.
Creon, you need not care
about my sons; they're men and so wherever
they are, they will not lack a livelihood.
But my two girls—so sad and pitiful—
whose table never stood apart from mine,
and everything I touched they always shared—
O Creon, have a thought for them! And most
I wish that you might suffer me to touch them
and sorrow with them.
(Enter ANTIGONE *and* ISMENE, OEDIPUS' *two daughters)*
O my lord! O true noble Creon! Can I
really be touching them, as when I saw?
What shall I say?

Yes, I can hear them sobbing—my two darlings!
and Creon has had pity and has sent me
what I loved most?
Am I right?

CREON. You're right: it was I gave you this
because I knew from old days how you loved them
as I see now.

OEDIPUS. God bless you for it, Creon,
and may God guard you better on your road
than he did me!
O children,
where are you? Come here, come to my hands,
a brother's hands which turned your father's eyes,
those bright eyes you knew once, to what you see,
a father seeing nothing, knowing nothing,
begetting you from his own source of life.
I weep for you—I cannot see your faces—
I weep when I think of the bitterness
there will be in your lives, how you must live
before the world. At what assemblages
of citizens will you make one? to what
gay company will you go and not come home
in tears instead of sharing in the holiday?
And when you're ripe for marriage, who will he be,
the man who'll risk to take such infamy
as shall cling to my children, to bring hurt
on them and those that marry with them? What
curse is not there? "Your father killed his father
and sowed the seed where he had sprung himself
and begot you out of the womb that held him."
These insults you will hear. Then who will marry you?
No one, my children; clearly you are doomed
to waste away in barrenness unmarried.
Son of Menoeceus, since you are all the father
left these two girls, and we, their parents, both
are dead to them—do not allow them wander
like beggars, poor and husbandless.
They are of your own blood.
And do not make them equal with myself
in wretchedness; for you can see them now
so young, so utterly alone, save for you only.

Touch my hand, noble Creon, and say yes.
If you were older, children, and were wiser,
there's much advice I'd give you. But as it is,
let this be what you pray: give me a life
wherever there is opportunity
to live, and better life than was my father's.

CREON. Your tears have had enough of scope; now go within the house.

OEDIPUS. I must obey, though bitter of heart.

CREON. In season, all is good.

OEDIPUS. Do you know on what conditions I obey?

CREON. You tell me them,
and I shall know them when I hear.

OEDIPUS. That you shall send me out
to live away from Thebes.

CREON. That gift you must ask of the God.

OEDIPUS. But I'm now hated by the Gods.

CREON. So quickly you'll obtain your prayer.

OEDIPUS. You consent then?

CREON. What I do not mean, I do not use to say.

OEDIPUS. Now lead me away from here.

CREON. Let go the children, then, and come.

OEDIPUS. Do not take them from me.

CREON. Do not seek to be master in everything,
for the things you mastered did not follow you throughout your life.

(As CREON *and* OEDIPUS *go out)*

CHORUS. You that live in my ancestral Thebes, behold this Oedipus,—
him who knew the famous riddles and was a man most masterful;
not a citizen who did not look with envy on his lot—
See him now and see the breakers of misfortune swallow him!
Look upon that last day always. Count no mortal happy till
he has passed the final limit of his life secure from pain.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE Macbeth

The Elizabethan theater, in which the plays of Shakespeare and his great contemporaries were produced, contrasted strikingly with the Greek theater. A reason for this was that the classic tradition, which might have related the ancient amphitheaters to the London playhouses, had been broken, and the English theater as an institution had evolved from its own beginnings and in its independent way. The Theatre, the first permanent playhouse built in or near London, was set up in 1576. As a structure it followed the patterns of the innyards in which during recent times dramatic works had been performed: it was unroofed; its pit recalled an innyard, its galleries the porches of an inn from which performances had been watched; and its stage was like the temporary platforms with dressing rooms behind them which had been improvised, as it were, for innyard productions.

In 1599, because of trouble about the lease of the land on which the Theatre stood, the sons of its builder tore down the structure and, using its old materials, rebuilt it on a new site on the Southwark side of the Thames. Shakespeare had a financial interest in the rebuilt and refurbished structure, the famous Globe Theatre. Here, like others of his masterpieces, Macbeth *was first presented to the public; the date was probably 1606.*

Though it was considered the handsomest theater in London, the Globe, architecturally, probably was not prepossessing. The plain wooden and plaster walls of the circular structure were dotted with playbills and topped with a rough thatch, and experts guess that because of its small height, the building must have been rather heavy and thick in appearance. From the river stairs opposite Old St. Paul's, however, Londoners could look to the top of its turret and see whether a flag was unfurled to announce that a performance was to be given that afternoon. Playgoers were carried by boat across the Thames to the Bankside.

A typical audience was likely to be a heterogeneous assemblage ranging from the highest to the lowest ranks. Ben Jonson spoke of the audience as

Compos'd of gamester, captain, knight,
knight's man,
Lady or pucelle, that wears mask or
fan,
Velvet or taffeta cap, rank'd in the dark,
With the shop's foreman, or some such
brave spark. . . .

"Groundlings" paid a penny for standing space in the pit; others paid a higher price—sometimes as high as half a crown—for comfortable cushioned seats in the three tiers of galleries or for stools on the stage. Such an audience, if it was to be pleased, had to be given a variety of fare. As Professor Holzknecht says, "Some in that assembly expected philosophical speculation, some wanted rough-and-tumble comedy, some liked music and dancing, some loved a good knockabout fight with plenty of sword-play, some made sure that the play had a clown in it before they paid the admission price, many were incapable of enjoying anything but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise, and some were for a jig or a tale of bawdry or they slept. In the modern

theater, separate types of entertainment cater to this variety of tastes. Hamlet *and* Romeo and Juliet *supplied them all."*

So, one might add, did Macbeth. *Royalty and the nobles enjoyed the compliments paid in the play to King James and his ancestors. (There is some evidence that the drama was presented —perhaps even first presented—at court.) Intellectuals must have found the characterization, the philosophical speeches, and the poetic lines appealing. Though the play had no clown, those who liked broad comedy at least had the drunken porter to amuse them; and the witches, the apparitions, and the scenes of physical conflict were such 'stuff as the groundlings are believed to have found delightful. One sign of Shakespeare's marvelous skill was the way he amalgamated such varied elements into a meaningful and well-wrought play.*

The theater as well as the audience was likely to shape any Elizabethan play. One must remember that the alcove or picture stage of modern times was far in the future. The main Elizabethan stage was a rectangular or wedge-shaped platform, probably about 43 feet in greatest width and 25 feet on a side, which jutted out into the circular pit. In addition, there were a lower inner stage (probably about 23 feet by eight feet) directly back of this platform, and an upper inner stage at the same height as the second gallery. Unlike the platform, or "outer" stage, the latter stages could be shut off by a curtain or tapestry when not in use. From the dressing rooms back of these three stages, actors had access to all of them. Most of the action took place on the platform stage, surrounded on three sides by the audience in the pit. Little scenery was possible here, though properties such as trees, furniture or witches' cauldrons might be brought up through trap doors or lowered from the canopy above the stage. Similar properties or even more elaborate ones could, of course, be placed on either of the inner stages while the curtains were drawn. The lower inner stage could be used in several ways: its curtains might serve as an arras for a room represented by the outer stage; or the curtains might be drawn to reveal a character seated in a chair, lying on a couch, or moving about a room or a small stage. The upper inner stage might be used to represent a balcony or an upstairs chamber. (See p. 90.)

Such a theater had both disadvantages and advantages for the playwright. Nonexistent or sparse settings made it necessary for him to place most of his scenes against neutral or vague backgrounds (e.g., a public place, a street, the hall of a castle, a heath) or to denote their nature and atmosphere in dialog. But since the play did not have to be interrupted while scenes were changed, and since the three stages might be used alternatively, the action might be continuous. The mood or mounting tension of a dramatic presentation, therefore, was not dispelled during long halts during which the audience wandered out to a lobby to chatter and smoke.

The text of Macbeth *which has come down to us, unfortunately, gives us the play not as it was first produced but in an abbreviated and contaminated form. Some of Shakespeare's scenes have been lost, others (e.g., III, v; IV, i, 39–43, 125–132) have been wholly or in part replaced by a later dramatist, possibly Thomas Middleton. Nevertheless, what remains is one of the greatest plays of the world's finest dramatist.*

CHARACTERS

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*

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?
SECOND 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?
SECOND WITCH. Upon the heath.
THIRD WITCH. There to meet with Macbeth.
FIRST WITCH. I come, Graymalkin!
SECOND 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, MALCOM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, *with* Attendants, *meeting a bleeding* Sergeant.

DUNCAN. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
MALCOLM. 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.
SERGEANT. 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

Text and abridged footnotes from *The Complete Works of Shakespeare,* edited by Hardin Craig, Scott, Foresman, 1951. Used with the kind permission of Mr. Craig.

ACT I, SCENE I. 3. *hurlyburly,* tumult. 8. *Graymalkin,* gray cat, name of the witch's familiar spirit. 9. *Paddock,* toad; also, a familiar. SCENE II. Stage direction: *Alarum,* noise of battle. 6. *broil,* battle. 9. *choke their art,* render their skill useless. 10. *to that,* in addition to.

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.

DUNCAN. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

SERGEANT. 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.

DUNCAN. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

SERGEANT. 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.

DUNCAN. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons.
(*Exit Sergeant, attended*)
Who comes here?

---

13. *kerns,* light-armed Irish foot soldiers. *gallowglasses,* retainers of Irish chiefs, armed with axes. 21. *Which,* who, i.e., Macbeth. 22. *nave,* navel. *chaps,* jaws. 28. *Mark,* listen, take heed. 37. *cracks,* discharges of cannon. 40. *memorize,* make memorable or famous. *Golgotha,* "place of a skull," where the Saviour was crucified (Mark 15:22).

(*Enter* ROSS)

MALCOLM. The worthy thane of Ross.

LENNOX. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.

ROSS. God Save the king!

DUNCAN. 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.

DUNCAN. 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.

DUNCAN. 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.

DUNCAN. 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?

SECOND WITCH. Killing swine.

THIRD WITCH. Sister, where thou?

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45. *thane,* Scottish title of honor, roughly equivalent to earl. 47. *seems to speak,* probably, "is about to speak." 53. *dismal,* disastrous, calamitous. 54. *Bellona's bridegroom,* i.e., Macbeth. Bellona was the Roman goddess of war. 55. *self-comparisons,* comparisons between their two selves. 57. *lavish,* insolent, unrestrained. 59. *Norways',* Norwegians'. *composition,* agreement, treaty of peace. 61. *Saint Colme's inch,* Incholm, the Isle of St. Columba in the Firth of Forth. 62. *general,* public. 64. *bosom,* close and affectionate.

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.
SECOND 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.
SECOND 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)
MACBETH. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
BANQUO. How far is 't call'd to Forres? What are these

5. *munch'd,* chewed with closed lips. 6. *Aroint thee,* avaunt, begone. *rump-fed,* fed on refuse, or fat-rumped. *ronyon,* mangy creature; a term of contempt. 7. *Tiger,* a ship's name. 15. *blow,* blow upon. 17. *shipman's card,* compass card, or a chart. 20. *pent-house lid,* eyelid. 21. *forbid,* accursed. 22. *se'nnights,* weeks. 32. *weird,* connected with fate. 33. *Posters of,* travelers over.

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.

MACBETH. Speak, if you can: what are you?

FIRST WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

SECOND WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

THIRD WITCH. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO. 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!

SECOND WITCH. Hail!

THIRD WITCH. Hail!

FIRST WITCH. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

SECOND 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!

MACBETH. 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

53. *fantastical,* creatures of fantasy or imagination. 54. *show,* appear. 71. *Sinel's.* Sinel was Macbeth's father. *Glamis,* now a village near Perth; pronounced by the Scotch as a monosyllable rhyming with "alms."

With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you. (*Witches vanish*)

BANQUO. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

MACBETH. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

BANQUO. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

MACBETH. Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO. You shall be king.

MACBETH. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

BANQUO. 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 view 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.

ANGUS. 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.

BANQUO. What, can the devil speak true?

MACBETH. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

ANGUS. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgement bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel

81. *corporal,* bodily. 84. *insane root,* root causing insanity. 112. *line,* strengthen.

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.

MACBETH (*aside*). Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. (*To* ROSS *and* ANGUS) Thanks for your pains.
(*To* BANQUO) Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

BANQUO. That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis 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.

MACBETH (*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.

BANQUO. Look, how our partner 's rapt.

MACBETH (*aside*). If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

---

126. *deepest consequence,* matters of the greatest importance. 129. *imperial theme,* theme of empire. 130. *supernatural soliciting,* temptation by supernatural beings. 135. *unfix my hair,* make it stand on end. 140. *single state of man,* whole being; an obvious allusion to the doctrine of the microcosm, according to which the being of man is a counterpart of the macrocosm, or universe. 144. *stir,* bestirring (myself).

BANQUO. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.
MACBETH (*aside*). Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
BANQUO. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.
MACBETH. 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.
BANQUO. Very gladly.
MACBETH. Till then, enough. Come, friends. (*Exeunt*)

Scene IV: Forres. The palace.

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, *and* Attendants.

DUNCAN. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?
MALCOLM. 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,
Implor'd 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 'twere a careless trifle.
DUNCAN. 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!

144. *come*, i.e., which have come. 153. *at more time*, at a time of greater leisure. 155. *our free hearts*, our hearts freely. SCENE IV. 2. *commission*, those having warrant to see to the execution of Cawdor. 11. *careless*, uncared for.

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.

MACBETH. 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.

DUNCAN. 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.

BANQUO. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

DUNCAN. 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.

MACBETH. 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.

DUNCAN. My worthy Cawdor!

MACBETH (*aside*). The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,

27. *Safe toward,* securely directed toward. 37. *establish our estate,* fix the succession of our state. 42. *Inverness,* the seat of Macbeth's castle.

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*)

DUNCAN. 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 MACBETH. "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 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;

50. *in my way it lies.* Prince of Cumberland was the title of the heir apparent to Duncan's throne. The monarchy was not hereditary, and Macbeth had a right to believe that he himself might be chosen as Duncan's successor; he here states the issue as to whether or not he will interfere with the course of circumstance. SCENE V. 7. *missives,* messengers. 18. *milk of human kindness,* gentleness of human nature. 21. *illness,* evil.

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?
MESSENGER. The king comes here to-night.
LADY MACBETH. Thou 'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.
MESSENGER. 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 MACBETH. 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!

29. *golden round,* the crown. 30. *metaphysical,* supernatural. 36. *had the speed of,* outstripped. 42. *tend . . . thoughts,* are the instruments of deadly or murderous thoughts. The spirits conveying various passions were the tools of thought. 44–45. *make . . . remorse.* By making the blood thick it would be less able to flow out in generous passions and thus awaken remorse or pity. 46. *compunctious . . . nature,* natural feelings of pity and conscience. 49. *murdering ministers,* evil angels. 50. *sightless,* invisible. 52. *pall,* envelop. *dunnest,* darkest.

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.

MACBETH. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

LADY MACBETH. And when goes hence?

MACBETH. To-morrow, as he purposes.

LADY MACBETH. 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.

MACBETH. We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH. 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.

DUNCAN. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

BANQUO. 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.

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72. *clear,* serenely. 73. *To . . . fear,* to change the aspect of one's face is always to feel fear. SCENE VI. 6. *jutty,* projection of wall or building. 7. *coign of vantage,* convenient corner, i.e., for nesting. 10. *delicate,* delicious.

(*Enter* LADY MACBETH)

DUNCAN. 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 MACBETH. 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.

DUNCAN. 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 MACBETH. 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.

DUNCAN. 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.

MACBETH. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination

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11. *follows,* attends. 13. *God 'ild us,* God reward us, i.e., thank us. Duncan means that, since he is there because he loves them, they should thank him even for the trouble he causes them. 16. *single,* small, inconsiderable. 16–17. *contend Against,* vie with. 20. *rest,* remain. *hermits,* i.e., those who will pray for you like hermits or beadsmen. 22. *purveyor,* an officer sent ahead of the king to provide for his entertainment; here, forerunner. 26. *in compt,* under obligation (to serve the king). SCENE VII. Stage direction: *Hautboys,* wooden double-reed musical instruments. *Sewer,* chief servant who directed the placing of dishes on the table, or the servant who acted as taster and guard against poison.

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 judgement 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 MACBETH. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

MACBETH. Hath he ask'd for me?

LADY MACBETH. Know you not he has?

MACBETH. 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 MACBETH. 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

3. *trammel up*, entangle in a net, prevent. 4. *surcease*, cessation. 17. *faculties*, prerogatives. 20. *taking-off*, murder. 28. *other*, i.e., the other side of my intent.

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?

MACBETH. Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH. 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.

MACBETH. If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH. 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,

45. *adage,* "The cate would eate fyshe, and would not wet her feete" (Heywood). 47–51. *beast . . . man,* if you are a man, it must have been a beast that prompted you to *break* (disclose) this enterprise to me; if it is unmanly to do the deed, it was unmanly to suggest it. 52. *adhere,* agree, suit. 60. *sticking-place,* probably a metaphor from the tightening of the strings of a musical instrument. 64. *wassail,* carousal, drink. *convince,* overpower. 65–67. *warder . . . only.* The brain was divided into three ventricles, imagination in front, memory at the back, and between them the seat of reason. The fumes of wine would deaden memory and judgment. 67. *limbeck,* alembic, still.

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?
MACBETH. 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 MACBETH. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?
MACBETH. 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.*

BANQUO. How goes the night, boy?
FLEANCE. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
BANQUO. And she goes down at twelve.
FLEANCE. I take 't, 'tis later, sir.
BANQUO. 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?
MACBETH. A friend.
BANQUO. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king 's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

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70. *put upon,* attribute to. 71. *spongy,* drunken. 72. *quell,* murder. 74. *received,* as truth. 79. *settled,* determined.

ACT II, SCENE I. 4. *husbandry,* economy.

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.
MACBETH. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.
BANQUO. All 's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.
MACBETH. 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.
BANQUO. At your kind'st leisure.
MACBETH. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.
BANQUO. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.
MACBETH. Good repose the while!
BANQUO. Thanks, sir: the like to you! (*Exeunt* BANQUO *and* FLEANCE)
MACBETH. 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,

14. *offices,* servants' quarters. 25. *If . . . 'tis.* If you give me your support when the fulfillment occurs. 28. *franchised,* free (from guilt). *clear,* unstained. 46. *dudgeon,* hilt of a dagger. *gouts,* drops.

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 curtain'd 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 MACBETH. 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.
MACBETH (*within*). Who 's there? what, ho!
LADY MACBETH. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis 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!
MACBETH. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

52. *Hecate's.* Hecate was the goddess of witchcraft. SCENE II. 5. *grooms,* servants. 6. *possets,* hot milk poured on ale or wine and spiced, a bedtime drink common at the time.

LADY MACBETH. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
MACBETH. When?
LADY MACBETH. Now.
MACBETH. As I descended?
LADY MACBETH. Ay.
MACBETH. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?
LADY MACBETH. Donalbain.
MACBETH. This is a sorry sight. (*Looking on his hands*)
LADY MACBETH. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
MACBETH. 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 MACBETH. There are two lodged together.
MACBETH. 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 MACBETH. Consider it not so deeply.
MACBETH. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.
LADY MACBETH. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
MACBETH. 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 MACBETH. What do you mean?
MACBETH. 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 MACBETH. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,

25. *address'd them,* settled themselves. 26. *two,* possibly, Malcolm and Donalbain thus half-awakened by their father's murder. 29. *Listening,* listening to. 37. *ravell'd sleave,* tangled unwrought silk. 39. *second course.* Ordinary feasts had two courses; only the more elaborate ones had three; hence, the second course was the *chief nourisher* and the conclusion of the feast.

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.

MACBETH. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.

LADY MACBETH. 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*)

MACBETH. 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 MACBETH. 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.

MACBETH. To know my deed, 'twere 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.

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46. *brainsickly,* insanely, madly. 56–57. *gild . . . guilt.* The pun would be more obvious to Shakespeare's audience than to us, for gold was ordinarily thought of as red. 64. *shame,* am ashamed. 68–69. *Your . . . unattended,* your firmness has deserted you. 70. *nightgown,* dressing gown. 72. *poorly,* dejectedly. 73. *To . . . deed.* It were better to be lost in my thoughts than to have consciousness of my deed.

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)

MACDUFF. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

PORTER. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

MACDUFF. What three things does drink especially provoke?

PORTER. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

MACDUFF. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

PORTER. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

MACDUFF. Is thy master stirring?

(*Enter* MACBETH)

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

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2. *porter of hell-gate.* The game the porter plays with himself is based on the mystery play, *Harrowing of Hell,* in which Christ knocks at the gate of hell, supplied, we may believe, with a humorous porter. 3. *old,* colloquial use, as in "a high old time." 7. *come in time,* you have come in good time. 17. *French hose,* very narrow breeches and therefore hard for the tailor to steal cloth from when he made them. 18. *goose,* tailor's smoothing iron.

LENNOX. Good morrow, noble sir.
MACBETH. Good morrow, both.
MACDUFF. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
MACBETH. Not yet.
MACDUFF. He did command me to call timely on him:
I have almost slipp'd the hour.
MACBETH. I'll bring you to him.
MACDUFF. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 'tis one.
MACBETH. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.
MACDUFF. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. (*Exit*)
LENNOX. Goes the king hence to-day?
MACBETH. He does: he did appoint so.
LENNOX. 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.
MACBETH. 'Twas a rough night.
LENNOX. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.
(*Re-enter* MACDUFF)
MACDUFF. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!
MACBETH. } What 's the matter?
LENNOX. }
MACDUFF. 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!
MACBETH. What is 't you say? the life?
LENNOX. Mean you his majesty?
MACDUFF. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

51. *timely*, betimes, early. 52. *slipp'd*, let slip. 55. *physics*, cures. 57. *limited*, appointed. 64. *obscure bird*, owl, the bird of darkness. 71. *Confusion*, destruction. 73. *The Lord's anointed temple*, allusion to the king as God's anointed representative.

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 MACBETH. What 's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!
MACDUFF. O gentle lady,
'Tis 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 MACBETH. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
BANQUO. Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.
(*Re-enter* MACBETH *and* LENNOX, *with* ROSS)
MACBETH. 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)
DONALBAIN. What is amiss?
MACBETH. 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.
MACDUFF. Your royal father 's murdered.
MALCOLM. O, by whom?

77. *Gorgon,* allusion to the monsters of Greek mythology whose look turned the beholders to stone. 85. *countenance,* be in keeping with. 98. *mortality,* mortal life.

LENNOX. 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.
MACBETH. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
MACDUFF. Wherefore did you so?
MACBETH. 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 MACBETH. Help me hence, ho!
MACDUFF. Look to the lady.
MALCOLM (*aside to* DONALBAIN). Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
DONALBAIN (*aside to* MALCOLM). 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.
MALCOLM (*aside to* DONALBAIN). Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.
BANQUO. 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.

107. *badged,* marked as with a badge or emblem. 116. *expedition,* haste. 122. *breech'd,* covered to the hilts with gore (as with breeches). 128. *in an auger-hole,* in some obscure place.

MACDUFF. And so do I.
ALL. So all.
MACBETH. Let 's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.
ALL. Well contented.
(*Exeunt all but* MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN)
MALCOLM. 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.
DONALBAIN. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There 's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.
MALCOLM. 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 MAN. 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, 'tis 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 MAN. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,

139. *manly readiness,* men's clothing, or armor. 146. *near,* nearer, i.e., the nearer in relationship the greater the danger of being murdered. 148. *lighted,* descended. SCENE IV. 4. *trifled . . . knowings,* made trivial all former knowledge. 8. *predominance,* ascendancy, superior influence (of a heavenly body). 12. *towering,* soaring (term in falconry). *place,* pitch, highest point in the falcon's flight.

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 MAN. 'Tis 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?

MACDUFF. Why, see you not?

ROSS. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?

MACDUFF. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

ROSS. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?

MACDUFF. 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 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

MACDUFF. He is already named, and gone to Scone
To be invested.

ROSS. Where is Duncan's body?

MACDUFF. Carried to Colmekill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

ROSS. Will you to Scone?

MACDUFF. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

ROSS. Well, I will thither.

MACDUFF. Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

14. *horses,* pronounced as one syllable, indicating the old form of the plural then in common use. 24. *pretend,* intend, design. *suborn'd,* procured to do an evil action. 28. *ravin up,* devour ravenously. 31. *Scone,* ancient royal city of Scotland near Perth. The stone of Scone, on which Jacob rested his head at Bethel, was carried to England by Edward I. It has ever since formed a part of the coronation chair of English kings in Westminster Abbey. 33. *Colmekill,* Icolmkill, i.e., Cell of St. Columba, the barren islet of Iona in the Western Islands, a sacred spot where the kings were buried; here called a *storehouse.*

ROSS. Farewell, father.
OLD MAN. 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.

BANQUO. 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)
MACBETH. Here 's our chief guest.
LADY MACBETH. If he had been forgotten.
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.
MACBETH. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.
BANQUO. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
MACBETH. Ride you this afternoon?
BANQUO. Ay, my good lord.
MACBETH. 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?
BANQUO. 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

ACT III, SCENE I. 7. *shine,* are brilliantly manifest. 13. *all-thing,* in every way. 14. *solemn,* ceremonious.

For a dark hour or twain.

MACBETH. Fail not our feast.

BANQUO. My lord, I will not.

MACBETH. 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?

BANQUO. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.

MACBETH. 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?

ATTENDANT. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

MACBETH. 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: 'tis 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,

30. *bestow'd*, lodged. 34. *cause of state*, questions of state. 44. *while*, till. 48–49. *To . . . thus*. This is explained in several ways, of which the following is perhaps correct: "To be thus (i.e., on the throne) is nothing unless we are safely on the throne." 62. *gripe*, grasp.

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 MURDERER. It was, so please your highness.
MACBETH. 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 MURDERER. You made it known to us.
MACBETH. 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 MURDERER. We are men, my liege.
MACBETH. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves are clept

65. *filed,* defiled. 71. *list,* lists, place of combat. 72. *champion me,* fight with me in single combat. *to the utterance,* to the last extremity; French *à l'outrance.* 80. *probation,* proof, i.e., in detail. 81. *borne in hand,* deceived (by false promises). 83. *notion,* mind. 88. *gospell'd,* imbued with the gospel spirit. 94. *Shoughs,* a kind of shaggy dog, called also *shocks.* water-rugs, rough water dogs(?). *demi-wolves,* apparently a crossbreed with the wolf. *clept,* called.

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 i' the worst rank of manhood, say 't;
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.

SECOND MURDERER. 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 MURDERER. 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.

MACBETH. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

BOTH MURDERERS. True, my lord.

MACBETH. 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.

SECOND MURDERER. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

---

95. *valued file,* list classified according to value. 97. *housekeeper,* watchdog. 100. *Particular . . . bill,* particular qualification apart from the catalog. 112. *tugg'd with,* pulled about by (as in wrestling). 116. *distance,* hostility. 118. *near'st of life,* most vital interests. 120. *avouch,* warrant, i.e., destroy him as an act of royal will.

FIRST MURDERER. Though our lives—

MACBETH. 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 MURDERERS. We are resolved, my lord.

MACBETH. 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 MACBETH. Is Banquo gone from court?

SERVANT. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

LADY MACBETH. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

SERVANT. Madam, I will. (*Exit*)

LADY MACBETH. Nought 's had, all 's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis 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.

MACBETH. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice

128. *Your . . . you,* i.e., the spirits of hatred and revenge rise into their faces. 130. *perfect spy o' the time,* knowledge or espiel of the exact time; many conjectures. 132. *thought,* being borne in mind. 133. *clearness,* freedom from suspicion. SCENE II. 13. *scotch'd,* cut, gashed.

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 MACBETH. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

MACBETH. 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 MACBETH. You must leave this.

MACBETH. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

LADY MACBETH. But in them nature's copy 's not eterne.

MACBETH. 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 MACBETH. What 's to be done?

MACBETH. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,

16. *frame of things,* universe. *both the worlds suffer,* heaven and earth perish. 27. *sleek o'er,* smooth. 31. *Present him eminence,* distinguish him with favor. 32–33. *Unsafe . . . streams,* we are unsafe so long as we have to keep our dignities unsullied by means of flattery. 38. *nature's copy,* lease of life (i.e., by copyhold); possibly, man. *eterne,* perpetual. 42. *shard-borne,* borne on shards, or horny wing cases. 43. *yawning,* drowsy. 45. *chuck,* term of endearment. 46. *seeling,* eye-closing. Night is pictured as a falconer sewing up the eyes of day lest it should struggle against the deed that is to be done (Parrott).

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 MURDERER. But who did bid thee join with us?
THIRD MURDERER. Macbeth.
SECOND MURDERER. He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices and what we have to do
To the direction just.
FIRST MURDERER. 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 MURDERER. Hark! I hear horses.
BANQUO (*within*). Give us a light there, ho!
SECOND MURDERER. Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.
FIRST MURDERER. His horses go about.
THIRD MURDERER. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.
SECOND MURDERER. A light, a light!
(*Enter* BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE *with a torch*)
THIRD MURDERER. 'Tis he.
FIRST MURDERER. Stand to 't.

47. *Scarf up,* blindfold. 49. *bond,* Banquo's lease of life. 51. *rooky,* full of rooks. SCENE III. 2–3. *He . . . offices,* we need not mistrust him, since he reports upon our business. 4. *To,* according to. *just,* exactly. That is, they know he comes from Macbeth; it has been thought by certain ingenious critics that the Third Murderer is Macbeth. 6. *lated,* belated. 10. *note of expectation,* list of those expected.

BANQUO. It will be rain to-night.
FIRST MURDERER. Let it come down. (*They set upon* BANQUO)
BANQUO. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge. O slave! (*Dies.* FLEANCE *escapes*)
THIRD MURDERER. Who did strike out the light?
FIRST MURDERER. Was 't not the way?
THIRD MURDERER. There 's but one down; the son is fled.
SECOND MURDERER. We have lost
Best half of our affair.
FIRST MURDERER. 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.

MACBETH. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.
LORDS. Thanks to your majesty.
MACBETH. 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 MACBETH. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.
(First Murderer *appears at the door*)
MACBETH. 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.
MURDERER. 'Tis Banquo's then.
MACBETH. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?
MURDERER. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
MACBETH. 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.
MURDERER. Most royal sir,

SCENE IV. 1. *degrees,* ranks. 1–2. *at first And last,* from the beginning to the end (of the feast). 6. *require,* request. 14. *'Tis better . . . within.* It is better for it to be on the outside of thee than on the inside of him; sometimes explained as "better that his blood should be on thy face than he in this room."

Fleance is 'scaped.

ACBETH. 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?

URDERER. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

ACBETH. 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*)

ADY MACBETH. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

ACBETH. Sweet remembrancer!
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

ENNOX. May 't please your highness sit.

(*The Ghost of* BANQUO *enters, and sits in* MACBETH*'s place*)

ACBETH. 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!

OSS. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.

ACBETH. The table 's full.

ENNOX. Here is a place reserved, sir.

ACBETH. Where?

ENNOX. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your highness?

ACBETH. Which of you have done this?

ORDS. What, my good lord?

---

23. *casing,* enveloping. 24–25. *bound in To,* confined along with. 25. *saucy,* sharp Koppel); impudent (Schmidt). 26. *bides,* lies. 29. *worm,* small serpent. 32. *hear, ourelves,* talk it over. 34. *vouch'd,* assurance given that it is not sold like a meal at an inn. 0. *roof'd,* under one roof. 41. *graced,* gracious. 42. *Who may I,* whom I hope I may.

MACBETH. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
ROSS. Gentlemen rise; his highness is not well.
LADY MACBETH. 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?
MACBETH. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
LADY MACBETH. 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.
MACBETH. 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 MACBETH. What, quite unmann'd in folly?
MACBETH. If I stand here, I saw him.
LADY MACBETH. Fie, for shame!
MACBETH. 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.

---

55. *upon a thought,* in a moment. 57. *extend,* prolong. 60. *O proper stuff!* O veritable nonsense! 64. *to,* compared with. 73. *maws,* stomachs. If the body were devoured by kites, the ghost could not rise. 76. *humane.* This spelling carried both meanings: "appertaining to mankind" and "befitting man." *purged . . . weal,* cleansed the commonwealth of violence and made it gentle. 81. *mortal murders,* deadly wounds.

LADY MACBETH. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
MACBETH. 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.
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.
(*Re-enter* Ghost)
MACBETH. 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 MACBETH. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
MACBETH. 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 MACBETH. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.
MACBETH. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange

84. *lack,* miss. 91. *thirst,* desire to drink. 92. *all to all,* all good wishes to all. 95. *speculation,* light of living intellect; also defined as "power of sight." 100–101. *bear . . . tiger.* Bears of Russia and tigers of Hyrcania were types of ferocity. 101. *arm'd* sheathed in armor. 105. *If . . . then,* if then I tremble (i.e., put on trembling as a garment). 106. *baby of a girl,* (puny) infant of an immature mother. 109. *displaced,* banished.

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 MACBETH. 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.

LENNOX. Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!

LADY MACBETH. A kind good night to all!

(*Exeunt all but* MACBETH *and* LADY MACBETH)

MACBETH. 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 MACBETH. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

MACBETH. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

LADY MACBETH. Did you send to him, sir?

MACBETH. 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 MACBETH. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

MACBETH. 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*)

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119. *Stand . . . order,* do not wait for the ceremonies. 123. *Stones,* thought to be an allusion to rocking-stones or great stones so balanced on their foundations that they can be rocked with little effort. 124. *Augurs,* probably, auguries. *understood relations,* secret mystical connections. 125. *magot-pies,* magpies. 141. *season,* seasoning, relish. 142. *self-abuse,* self-delusion. 143. *initiate,* of the beginner. *use,* experience.

Scene V: A heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, *meeting* HECATE.

FIRST WITCH. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.
HECATE. 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,

SCENE V. 15. *Acheron,* a river of hell. 24. *profound,* ready to drop(?) of deep significance(?) 27. *artificial,* produced by magical arts. 32. *security,* confidence, overconfidence.

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.

LENNOX. 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 'twould 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 'twere 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

SCENE VI. 8. *want the thought,* help thinking. 21. *from,* on account of. *broad,* open, plain. 22. *tyrant's,* usurper's. 27. *Edward,* Edward the Confessor. 30. *upon his aid,* in aid of Malcolm.

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 the king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

LENNOX. 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."

LENNOX. 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.

SECOND WITCH. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

THIRD WITCH. Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis 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;

---

35. *Free . . . feasts,* free our feasts from. 36. *free,* freely bestowed, or the honors pertaining to freemen. 40. *absolute,* curt, peremptory. 41. *cloudy,* sullen. 48–49. *suffering country Under,* country suffering under.

ACT IV, SCENE I. 1. *brinded,* marked with streaks (as by fire), brindled. 2. *hedge-pig,* hedgehog. 3. *Harpier,* form doubtful, probably intended for "harpy." 6. *cold,* two syllables. 8. *venom.* The toad was commonly thought to be venomous.

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

SECOND 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.

SECOND WITCH. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

(*Enter* HECATE *to the other three* Witches)

HECATE. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains:
And now about the cauldron sing,
Likes elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

(*Music and a song:* "Black spirits," &c. HECATE *retires*)

SECOND WITCH. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

---

16. *fork,* forked tongue. *blind-worm,* a harmless kind of snake also called slowworm. 17. *howlet's,* owl's. 23. *gulf,* gullet. 24. *ravin'd,* ravenous. 32. *slab,* viscous, thick. 33. *chaudron,* entrails.

(*Enter* MACBETH)

MACBETH. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is 't you do?

ALL. A deed without a name.

MACBETH. 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.

SECOND WITCH. Demand.

THIRD WITCH. We'll answer.

FIRST WITCH. Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

MACBETH. 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*)

MACBETH. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

FIRST WITCH. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

FIRST APPARITION. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough. (*Descends*)

MACBETH. 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,

---

53. *yesty*, foamy. 55. *bladed*, in the blade, still green. *corn*, general name for wheat and other grains. *lodged*, thrown down, laid. 59. *nature's germens*, seeds or elements, from which nature operates. 60. *sicken*, be surfeited. 65. *nine farrow*, litter of nine. 68. Stage direction: *armed Head*. This symbolizes the head of Macbeth cut off by Macduff and presented by him to Malcolm. 74. *harp'd*, hit, touched.

More potent than the first.
(*Thunder. Second* Apparition: *a bloody Child*)
SECOND APPARITION. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
MACBETH. Had I three ears, I 'ld hear thee.
SECOND APPARITION. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. (*Descends*)
MACBETH. 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 APPARITION. 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*)
MACBETH. 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.
MACBETH. I will be satisfied: deny me this,

---

76. Stage direction: *bloody Child.* This symbolizes Macduff (see V, viii, 15–16). 86. Stage direction: *Child . . . hand.* This third apparition symbolizes Malcolm, the royal child. 88–89. *round . . . sovereignty,* seems to allude to the shape of a crown as made up of a lower round and a top part, and also to the rounding out and culmination in sovereignty. 93. *Birnam, Dunsinane.* Birnam is a hill near Dunkeld, twelve miles from Dunsinane, which is seven miles from Perth. 95. *impress,* like soldiers. 96. *bodements,* prophecies. 99. *lease of nature,* natural period.

And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this? (*Hautboys*)

FIRST WITCH. Show!

SECOND 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*)

MACBETH. 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, 'tis 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)

MACBETH. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

(*Enter* LENNOX)

106. *noise,* music. 112. *Thou . . . Banquo.* This would be the first in the succession of Scottish kings down to James I, therefore Fleance, whose coronation was the thing most dreaded by Macbeth. 117. *crack of doom,* possibly, thunder announcing Doomsday. 121. *two-fold balls,* a probable reference to the double coronation of James at Scone and Westminster, as kings of England and Scotland. *treble sceptres,* almost certainly refers to James' assumed title of King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland. 123. *blood-bolter'd,* having his hair matted with blood. 130. *antic round,* grotesque dance in a circle.

LENNOX. What 's your grace's will?
MACBETH. Saw you the weird sisters?
LENNOX. No, my lord.
MACBETH. Came they not by you?
LENNOX. No, indeed, my lord.
MACBETH. 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?
LENNOX. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.
MACBETH. Fled to England!
LENNOX. Ay, my good lord.
MACBETH. 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.

LADY MACDUFF. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
ROSS. You must have patience, madam.
LADY MACDUFF. 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.
LADY MACDUFF. 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;

145. *flighty,* fleeting. 153. *trace,* follow. SCENE II. 2. *He had none.* Patience was the virtue by which the faculties were controlled; hence, *His flight was madness* (l. 3). 7. *titles,* possessions.

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!
LADY MACDUFF. 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*)
LADY MACDUFF. Sirrah, your father 's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?
SON. As birds do, mother.
LADY MACDUFF. What, with worms and flies?
SON. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.
LADY MACDUFF. 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.
LADY MACDUFF. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?
SON. Nay, how will you do for a husband?
LADY MACDUFF. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.
SON. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.
LADY MACDUFF. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

9. *touch,* affection, feeling. 17. *fits o' the season,* violent disorders of the time. 19. *know ourselves,* know ourselves (or possibly, each other) to be traitors. Owing to Macbeth's system of espionage even good men have grown suspicious of each other. *hold,* accept, believe. 34. *lime,* birdlime. 35. *gin,* snare. 36. *they,* the snares.

SON. Was my father a traitor, mother?
LADY MACDUFF. Ay, that he was.
SON. What is a traitor?
LADY MACDUFF. Why, one that swears and lies.
SON. And be all traitors that do so?
LADY MACDUFF. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.
SON. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?
LADY MACDUFF. Every one.
SON. Who must hang them?
LADY MACDUFF. 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.
LADY MACDUFF. 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.
LADY MACDUFF. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!
(*Enter a* Messenger)
MESSENGER. 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*)
LADY MACDUFF. 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 MURDERER. Where is your husband?
LADY MACDUFF. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.
FIRST MURDERER. He 's a traitor.

47. *swears and lies,* swears allegiance and breaks his oath. 66. *in . . . honour,* with your honorable rank. *perfect,* perfectly acquainted.

SON. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!
FIRST MURDERER. 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.

MALCOLM. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
MACDUFF. 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.
MALCOLM. What I believe I'll wail,
What know believe, and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What 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.
MACDUFF. I am not treacherous.
MALCOLM. 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.

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83. *egg*, used contemptuously of the young. 84. *fry*, swarm of young fishes; contemptuously used. SCENE III. 4. *Bestride*, stand over in defense. *birthdom*, fatherland. 10. *to friend*, for my friend. 12. *sole*, mere. 19. *recoil*, fall away, degenerate. 20. *imperial charge*, royal command. 24. *so*, like grace.

MACDUFF. I have lost my hopes.
MALCOLM. 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.
MACDUFF. 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.
MALCOLM. 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.
MACDUFF. What should he be?
MALCOLM. 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.
MACDUFF. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.
MALCOLM. I grant him bloody,

26. *rawness,* haste, unpreparedness. 34. *affeer'd,* confirmed, certified. 43. *England,* king of England. 49. *What,* who. 52. *open'd,* unfolded (like buds). 55. *my confineless harms,* the boundless injuries I shall inflict.

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.

MACDUFF. 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.

MALCOLM. With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless 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.

MACDUFF. 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.

58. *Luxurious,* lustful. 59. *Sudden,* violent, passionate. 64. *continent,* restraining. 67. *tyranny,* usurpation. 69. *yet,* nevertheless. 71. *Convey,* manage with secrecy. 72. *the time . . . hoodwink,* you may so deceive the age. 77. *ill-composed affection,* evil disposition. 78. *stanchless,* insatiable. 86. *summer-seeming,* passing away with youth, transitory. 88. *foisons,* resources. 89. *your mere own,* what is absolutely your own. *portable,* bearable. 90. *With,* against.

MALCOLM. 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.
MACDUFF. O Scotland, Scotland!
MALCOLM. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.
MACDUFF. 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!
MALCOLM. 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

95. *relish of,* flavor or trace of. 104. *untitled,* lacking rightful title. 107. *interdiction,* authoritative exclusion. 108. *blaspheme,* slander, defame. 111. *Died . . . lived,* lived a life of daily mortification (Delius). 118. *trains,* plots, artifices.

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?

MACDUFF. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

(*Enter a* Doctor)

MALCOLM. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

DOCTOR. 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.

MALCOLM. I thank you, doctor. (*Exit Doctor*)

MACDUFF. What 's the disease he means?

MALCOLM. 'Tis 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 'tis 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,

126. *forsworn*, perjured. 135. *at a point*, ready, prepared. 136. *chance of goodness*, chance of success. 141. *crew*, company. 142. *convinces*, conquers. 143. *assay of art*, efforts of medical skill. 146. *evil*, disease, i.e., scrofula. The passage is an obvious compliment to James I, who claimed the miraculous power of the royal touch. 150. *strangely-visited*, afflicted by strange diseases. 153. *stamp*, coin (hung around the necks of the persons touched).

That speak him full of grace.

(*Enter* ROSS)

MACDUFF. See, who comes here?

MALCOLM. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

MACDUFF. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

MALCOLM. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!

ROSS. Sir, amen.

MACDUFF. 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.

MACDUFF. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

MALCOLM. What 's the newest grief?

ROSS. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker:
Each minute teems a new one.

MACDUFF. How does my wife?

ROSS. Why, well.

MACDUFF. And all my children?

ROSS. Well too.

MACDUFF. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

ROSS. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

MACDUFF. 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.

---

166. *nothing*, nobody. 167. *once*, ever. 170. *modern ecstasy*, commonplace excitement. 175. *hiss*, cause to be hissed. 176. *teems*, teems with. 182. *heavily*, sadly. 183. *out*, in arms.

MALCOLM. 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.
MACDUFF. 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.
MACDUFF. 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.
MACDUFF. 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.
MALCOLM. 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.
MACDUFF. My children too?
ROSS. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
MACDUFF. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?
ROSS. I have said.
MALCOLM. Be comforted:
Let 's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
MACDUFF. He has no children. All my pretty ones?

189. *England,* the king of England. 192. *gives out,* tells of. 195. *latch,* catch the sound of. 196. *fee-grief,* a grief with an individual owner. 206. *quarry,* heap of slaughtered deer at a hunt. 210. *Whispers,* whispers to. *o'er-fraught,* overburdened.

Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?
MALCOLM. Dispute it like a man.
MACDUFF. 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!
MALCOLM. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
MACDUFF. 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!
MALCOLM. 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.

DOCTOR. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?
GENTLEWOMAN. 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.
DOCTOR. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of

220. *Dispute,* fight on the issue; not reason upon it. 237. *Our . . . leave,* we need only to take our leave, or possibly, we need only permission to depart. 239. *Put on their instruments,* set us on as their instruments.

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?

GENTLEWOMAN. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

DOCTOR. You may to me: and 'tis most meet you should.

GENTLEWOMAN. 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.

DOCTOR. How came she by that light?

GENTLEWOMAN. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

DOCTOR. You see, her eyes are open.

GENTLEWOMAN. Ay, but their sense is shut.

DOCTOR. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

GENTLEWOMAN. 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 MACBETH. Yet here 's a spot.

DOCTOR. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

LADY MACBETH. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One: two: why, then 'tis 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.

DOCTOR. Do you mark that?

LADY MACBETH. 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.

DOCTOR. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

GENTLEWOMAN. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

LADY MACBETH. Here 's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

DOCTOR. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

GENTLEWOMAN. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

DOCTOR. Well, well, well,—

GENTLEWOMAN. Pray God it be, sir.

12. *effects of watching,* deeds characteristic of waking. 60. *sorely charged,* heavily burdened with passions.

DOCTOR. 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 MACBETH. 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.

DOCTOR. Even so?

LADY MACBETH. 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*)

DOCTOR. Will she go now to bed?

GENTLEWOMAN. Directly.

DOCTOR. 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.

GENTLEWOMAN. Good night, good doctor. (*Exeunt*)

Scene II: The country near Dunsinane.

Drum and colours. Enter MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, *and* Soldiers.

MENTEITH. 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.

ANGUS. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

CAITHNESS. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

LENNOX. 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.

MENTEITH. What does the tyrant?

CAITHNESS. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he 's mad; others that lesser hate him

71. *on 's,* of his. 84. *annoyance,* i.e., harming herself. 86. *mated,* bewildered, stupefied. SCENE II. 4. *alarm,* call to battle. 5. *mortified,* paralyzed. 8. *file,* list, roster. 10. *unrough,* beardless. 11. *Protest,* assert publicly.

Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

ANGUS. 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.

MENTEITH. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

CAITHNESS. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.

LENNOX. 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.

MACBETH. 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)

18. *minutely,* happening every minute. 23. *pester'd,* troubled. *recoil,* degenerate. 27. *medicine,* i.e., Malcolm. 30. *dew,* bedew. SCENE III. 1. *them,* the thanes. 3. *taint,* become imbued with (an undesirable quality). 5. *mortal consequences,* what befalls man. 8. *epicures,* luxury-loving persons. Holinshed refers to the introduction of luxurious habits of living by the English into Scotland. 9. *sway by,* am swayed by.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?
SERVANT. There is ten thousand—
MACBETH. Geese, villain?
SERVANT. Soldiers, sir.
MACBETH. 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, whey-face?
SERVANT. The English force, so please you.
MACBETH. 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 disseat 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)
SEYTON. What is your gracious pleasure?
MACBETH. What news more?
SEYTON. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
MACBETH. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.
SEYTON. 'Tis not needed yet.
MACBETH. 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?
DOCTOR. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

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11. *loon,* stupid fellow. 14. *over-red,* redden over. The servant's blood has all retired into his lower abdomen on account of his fear, so that he is very pale and there is no blood in his liver, where his courage should have resided – hence *lily-liver'd* (1. 15). 15. *patch,* domestic fool; here used contemptuously. 17. *counsellors to fear,* i.e., they suggest fear in conformity with psychological doctrine; I, v, 73. 20. *push,* crisis, onset. 35. *skirr,* scour.

MACBETH. 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?
DOCTOR. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
MACBETH. 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?
DOCTOR. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
MACBETH. Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.
DOCTOR (*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.*

MALCOLM. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.
MENTEITH. We doubt it nothing.
SIWARD. What wood is this before us?
MENTEITH. The wood of Birnam.
MALCOLM. Let every soldier hew him down a bough
And bear 't before him: thereby shall we shadow

43. *oblivious*, causing forgetfulness. 48. *staff*, lance; probably not the general's baton. 50. *cast*, technical term for "diagnose." 54. *Pull 't off*, referring to some part of the armor. 55. *senna*, purgative drug. 58. *it*, the armor. SCENE IV. 2. *chambers*, i.e., men may sleep safely in their bed-chambers.

The numbers of our host and make discovery
Err in report of us.
SOLDIERS. It shall be done.
SIWARD. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.
MALCOLM. 'Tis 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.
MACDUFF. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
SIWARD. 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.*

MACBETH. 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?
SEYTON. It is the cry of women, my good lord. (*Exit*)
MACBETH. 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,

14. *censures.* The older soldier recalls them to their task; in this he is seconded by Siward. SCENE V. 5. *forced,* reinforced. 11. *my fell of hair,* the hair of my scalp. 12. *dismal treatise,* sinister story. 14. *slaughterous thoughts,* thoughts of murder.

Cannot once start me.
(*Re-enter* SEYTON)
Wherefore was that cry?
SEYTON. The queen, my lord, is dead.
MACBETH. 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.
MESSENGER. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.
MACBETH. Well, say, sir.
MESSENGER. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
MACBETH. Liar and slave!
MESSENGER. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
MACBETH. 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!

17. *She . . . hereafter.* Her death should have been deferred to some more peaceful hour (Johnson); or, she would have died some day. 18. *such a word,* i.e., as death. 40. *cling,* cause to shrivel up. *sooth,* truth. 42. *pull in,* explained as "check," "restrain." Johnson conjectured *pall,* grow stale, fail—a preferable reading.

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.*

MALCOLM. 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.
SIWARD. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
MACDUFF. 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.

MACBETH. 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)
YOUNG SIWARD. What is thy name?
MACBETH. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.
YOUNG SIWARD. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
MACBETH. My name 's Macbeth.
YOUNG SIWARD. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
MACBETH. No, nor more fearful.
YOUNG SIWARD. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword

SCENE VII. 2. *bear-like . . . course.* This is a simile from bearbaiting, in which the bear was tied to a stake and dogs were set upon him; the *course* was a bout or round.

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st. (*They fight and young* SIWARD *is slain*)

MACBETH. 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)

MACDUFF. 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)

SIWARD. 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.

MALCOLM. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

SIWARD. Enter, sir, the castle. (*Exeunt. Alarums*)

Scene VIII: Another part of the field.

Enter MACBETH.

MACBETH. 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)

MACDUFF. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

MACBETH. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

MACDUFF. I have no words:
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! (*They fight*)

MACBETH. Thou losest labour:

17. *kerns,* properly, Irish foot soldiers; here applied contemptuously to the rank and file. 18. *staves,* spears. 22. *bruited,* noised abroad, announced.

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.

MACDUFF. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

MACBETH. 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.

MACDUFF. 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."

MACBETH. 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)

MALCOLM. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

SIWARD. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

MALCOLM. 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

SCENE VIII. 9. *intrenchant,* invulnerable, indivisible. 14. *angel,* evil angel, Macbeth's genius. 18. *cow'd . . . man,* subdued my soul, or spirit, or mind. Macbeth's invulnerability was, in some measure, his belief in his invulnerability. 26. *Painted upon a pole,* i.e., painted on a board suspended on a pole.

In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

SIWARD. 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.

SIWARD. Had he his hurts before?

ROSS. Ay, on the front.

SIWARD. 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.

MALCOLM. He 's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

SIWARD. 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*)

MACDUFF. 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*)

MALCOLM. 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 'tis 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*)

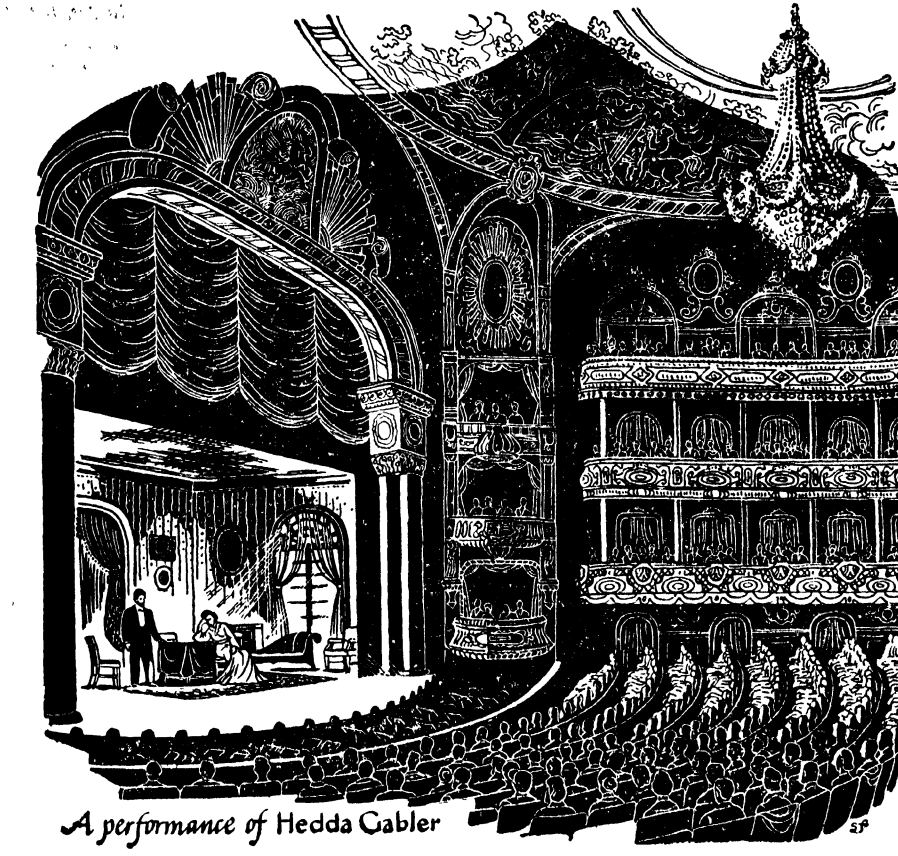
42. *unshrinking station,* post from which he did not shrink. 56. *thy kingdom's pearl,* the flower of thy kingdom. 70. *self and violent,* her own violent.

HENRIK IBSEN

Hedda Gabler

By the time Ibsen's Hedda Gabler *appeared, in 1891, the modern theater, in most of its essentials, had come into being. Examples were to be found in all the big cities, not only in Europe and Great Britain but also in the United States. Since that time, some of the architectural fashions have changed, and various experiments have been tried, but most of the important generalizations about the theater hold good for the whole period from 1891 to the present.*

The typical modern theater has an auditorium containing a main floor, two or three horseshoe galleries, and boxes. In general, the prices of seats are determined by the excellence of the view of the stage which they afford. Only those theatergoers who sit in boxes pay high



A performance of Hedda Gabler

prices for poor (but easily seen) vantage points and thus prolong a generally outmoded aristocratic tradition. The audiences as a rule are made up of the upper and middle economic classes: the laboring class has tended to find its entertainment away from the playhouse. The modern audience contains a much larger proportion of women than any audience in the past. Since the dramatist tries to appeal to his audience, especially in a period when the theater is commercialized as it is today, these shifts in the make-up of the audience naturally have influenced dramatic productions.

The stage—the portion of the modern theater building behind the proscenium —has become very complicated because of the liking of present-day audiences for realistic or unusual scenery. Only half or two thirds of the whole area—the part enclosed by painted scenery—is visible, like a picture in a frame, to the audience. Above this five-sided box, in an area extending to the roof of the theater, scenery is lifted and hung, to be lowered when needed. Behind the scene-enclosed area, and to each side, are placed properties and additional scenery. Unless costs prevent, greatly varied and quite elaborate settings and properties may be used in any play. Such extensive changes of scenery are time-consuming, and so the modern theater misses the continuity of action most earlier theaters had, but most contemporary audiences do not find this lack disturbing. The chief modern development, of course, has been in lighting made possible by electricity. By arranging and manipulating lights—footlights, lights in the wings or above the stage, or spotlights located in the gallery, directors can secure realistic or fantastic effects, emphasize details in the setting or parts of the action, and communicate moods or emotions.

In general, modern audiences have

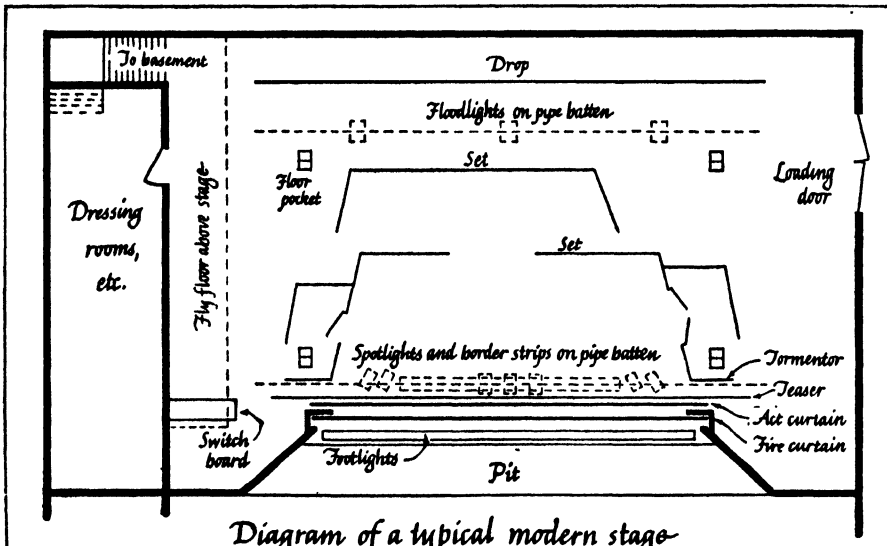


Diagram of a typical modern stage

been less enthusiastic about tragedies than most audiences in the past were. They do support some tragedies, however, which have been written by first-rate dramatists and which deal with serious current problems. Ibsen, a great dramatist who was also a pioneer in the writing of "problem plays," was internationally famous during his lifetime and continues to command admiration. In Hedda Gabler, *he has achieved fine characterization and has dealt with an important problem. As a result, he has written a play which, from 1891 to the present, has been an exciting experience for many playgoers and readers.*

CHARACTERS

GEORGE TESMAN, *a young man of letters*
MRS. HEDDA TESMAN *(born* GABLER*), his wife*
MISS JULIANA TESMAN, *his aunt*
MRS. ELVSTED
JUDGE BRACK
EJLERT LÖVBORG
BERTHA, *servant to the Tesmans.*

The action proceeds in Tesman's villa in the western part of the city.

ACT I

A spacious, pretty, and tastefully furnished sitting-room, decorated in dark colors. In the wall at the back is a broad door-way, with curtains drawn aside. This door-way leads into a smaller room, which is furnished in the same style as the sitting-room. On the wall to the right in this latter there is a folding-door, which leads out to the hall. On the opposite wall, to the left, there is a glass door, also with curtains drawn back. Through the panes of glass are seen part of a verandah, which projects outside, and trees covered with autumn foliage. On the floor in front stands an oval table with a cover on it and chairs around. In front of the wall on the right a broad, dark, porcelain stove, a high-backed arm-chair, a foot-stool, with cushions and two ottomans. Up in the right-hand corner a settee and a small round table. In front, to left, a little away from the wall, a sofa. Opposite the glass door a pianoforte. On both sides of the door-way in the back stand étagères with pieces of terra cotta and majolica. Close to the back wall of the inner room is seen a sofa, a table, and some chairs. Above this sofa hangs the portrait of a handsome elderly man in a general's uniform. Over the table a chandelier with dim, milk-colored shade. A great

Translated from the Norwegian by Edmund Gosse.

many bouquets of flowers, in vases and glasses, are arranged about the sitting-room. Others lie on the table. Thick carpets are spread on the floors of both rooms. It is morning, and the sun shines in through the glass door.

(MISS JULIANA TESMAN, *with hat and parasol, comes in from the hall, followed by* BERTHA, *who carries a bouquet with paper wrapped around it.* MISS TESMAN *is a good-natured-looking lady of about sixty-five, neatly, but simply dressed in a gray walking-costume.* BERTHA *is a somewhat elderly servant-maid, with a plain and rather countrified appearance)*

MISS TESMAN *(stands inside the door, listens, and says under her breath).* Well! I declare if I believe that they are up yet!

BERTHA *(in the same tone).* That's just what I said, Miss Juliana. Just think how late the steamer came in last night. And what they were doing after that! Gracious, the amount of things the young mistress would unpack before she would consent to go to bed!

MISS TESMAN. Yes, yes! Let them have their sleep out. But, at all events, they shall have fresh morning air when they come. *(She goes to the glass door, and throws it wide open)*

BERTHA *(at the table, standing irresolute, with the bouquet in her hand).* There isn't an atom of room left anywhere. I think I shall put it down here, miss. *(Lays down the bouquet in front of the pianoforte)*

MISS TESMAN. Well, you've got a new master and mistress at last, my dear Bertha. God knows how hard it is for me to part with you.

BERTHA *(tearfully).* And—for me—too! What am I to say? I, who have been in your service for all these years and years, Miss Juliana.

MISS TESMAN. We must take it quietly, Bertha. The truth is, there's nothing else to be done. George *must* have you with him in the house, you see. He *must*. You have been used to look after him ever since he was a little boy.

BERTHA. Yes, miss, but I can't help thinking so much about her who lies at home. Poor thing, so utterly helpless! And then with a new servant-maid there. *She'll* never, never learn to wait on the invalid properly.

MISS TESMAN. Oh! I shall get her into proper training for it. And I shall do most of it myself, you may be sure. You need not be so anxious about my poor sister, dear Bertha.

BERTHA. Yes, but you know there are other things besides, Miss Juliana. I am so dreadfully afraid that I shall not be able to suit the young mistress.

MISS TESMAN. Now, dear me, just at first there may possibly be one thing or another——

BERTHA. For there's no doubt that she's tremendously particular.

MISS TESMAN. Well, you can understand that. General Gabler's daughter. What she was used to as long as the General lived! Can you remember when she rode over with her father? In the long, black riding-habit? And with feathers in her hat?

BERTHA. Yes, I should think I did. Well! if ever I thought in those days that she and Master George would make a match of it.

MISS TESMAN. Nor I either. But by the way, Bertha, while I remember it, you must not say Master George in future; you must say the Doctor.

BERTHA. Oh, yes, the young mistress said something about that last night—the very moment she came in at the door. Is that so, Miss Juliana?

MISS TESMAN. Yes, of course it is. Recollect, Bertha, they made him a doctor while he was abroad. While he was travelling, you understand. I did not know a word about it until he told me down there on the quay.

BERTHA. Well, he can be made whatever he likes, he can. He is so clever. But I should never have believed that he would have taken to curing people.

MISS TESMAN. No, he is not that sort of doctor. *(Nods significantly)* Besides, who knows but what you may soon have to call him something grander still.

BERTHA. Not really! What may that be, Miss Juliana?

MISS TESMAN *(smiles)*. H'm—I'm not sure that you ought to know about it. *(Agitated)* Oh, dear, Oh dear! if only my poor Jochum could rise from his grave and see what his little boy has grown into. *(Glances around)* Taken the covers off all the furniture?

BERTHA. Mrs. George said I was to do so. She can't bear covers on the chairs she says.

MISS TESMAN. But—are they to be like this every day?

BERTHA. Yes, I believe so. Mrs. George said so. As to the doctor, he didn't say anything.

(GEORGE TESMAN *enters, humming, from the right side into the back room, carrying an empty open hand-bag. He is of middle height, a young-looking man of thirty-three, rather stout, with an open, round, jolly countenance, blond hair and beard. He wears spectacles and is dressed in a comfortable, rather careless indoor suit)*

MISS TESMAN. Good-morning, good-morning, George.

TESMAN. Aunt Julie! Dear Aunt Julie! *(Walks up to her and shakes her hand)* Right out here so early! Eh?

MISS TESMAN. Well, you can fancy I wanted to look after you a little.

TESMAN. And that although you have not had your usual night's rest!

MISS TESMAN. Oh, that doesn't matter the least in the world.

TESMAN. Well, did you get safe home from the quay? Eh?

MISS TESMAN. Oh, dear me, yes, thank God! The Judge was so kind as to see me home right to my door.

TESMAN. We were so sorry we could not take you up in the carriage. But you saw yourself—Hedda had so many boxes that she was obliged to take with her.

MISS TESMAN. Yes, it was quite dreadful what a quantity of boxes she had.

BERTHA (*to* TESMAN). Shall I go up and ask the mistress whether I can help her?

TESMAN. No, thank you, Bertha—it is not worth while for you to do that. If she wanted anything she would ring, she said.

BERTHA *(to the right).* Yes, yes, all right.

TESMAN. But look here—take this bag away with you.

BERTHA *(takes it).* I will put it up in the garret. *(She goes out through the hall door)*

TESMAN. Just fancy, Aunt, that whole bag was stuffed full of nothing but transcripts. It is perfectly incredible what I have collected in the various archives. Wonderful old things, which nobody had any idea of the existence of.

MISS TESMAN. Yes, indeed, you have not wasted your time on your wedding-journey, George.

TESMAN. No, I may say I have not. But do take off your hat, Aunt. Look here. Let me untie the bow. Eh?

MISS TESMAN *(while he does it).* Oh, dear me! it seems exactly as if you were still at home with us.

TESMAN *(turns and swings the hat in his hand).* Well, what a smart, showy hat you have got for yourself, to be sure.

MISS TESMAN. I bought it for Hedda's sake.

TESMAN. For Hedda's sake, eh?

MISS TESMAN. Yes, in order that Hedda may not be ashamed of me when we are walking in the street together.

TESMAN *(patting her under the chin).* You positively think of everything, Aunt Julie! *(Puts the hat on a chair close to the table)* Now, look here, let us sit down here on this sofa and chat a little until Hedda comes. *(They sit down. She places her parasol on the settee)*

MISS TESMAN *(takes both his hands in hers and looks at him).* How nice it is to have you, George, as large as life, before one's very eyes again. Oh, my dear, you are poor Jochum's own boy.

TESMAN. And for me, too. To see you again, Aunt Julie! You who have been both father and mother to me.

MISS TESMAN. Yes, I know very well that you are still fond of your old aunts.

TESMAN. And so there's no improvement in Aunt Rina. Eh?

MISS TESMAN. Ah, no, there is no improvement for her to be hoped for, poor

thing. She lies there just as she has lain all these years. But I pray the Lord to let me keep her a while yet. For I don't know how I could live without her, George. Most of all now, you see, when I have not you to look after any longer.

TESMAN *(pats her on the back).* Come, come!

MISS TESMAN. Well, but remember that you are a married man now, George. Fancy its being *you* who carried off Hedda Gabler! The lovely Hedda Gabler. Think of it! She who had such a crowd of suitors around her!

TESMAN *(hums a little and smiles contentedly).* Yes, I expect I have plenty of good friends here in town that envy me. Eh?

MISS TESMAN. And what a long wedding-journey you made, to be sure! More than five—nearly six months.

TESMAN. Well, it has been a sort of travelling scholarship for me as well. All the archives I had to examine. And the mass of books I had to read through!

MISS TESMAN. Yes, indeed, I expect so. *(More quietly and in a lower voice)* But now listen, George—haven't you anything—anything particular to tell me?

TESMAN. About the journey?

MISS TESMAN. Yes.

TESMAN. No, I don't think of anything more than I have mentioned in my letters. I told you yesterday about my taking my doctor's degree while we were abroad.

MISS TESMAN. Oh, yes, yes, you told me that. But I mean—haven't you any—any particular—prospects——?

TESMAN. Prospects?

MISS TESMAN. Good God, George—I'm your old aunt!

TESMAN. Oh, yes, I have prospects.

MISS TESMAN. Well!

TESMAN. I have an excellent chance of becoming a professor one of these days.

MISS TESMAN. Yes, a professor——!

TESMAN. Or—I might even say I am certain of becoming one. But, dear Aunt Julie, you know that just as well as I do!

MISS TESMAN *(giggling).* Yes, of course I do. You are quite right about that. *(Crosses over)* But we were talking about your journey. It must have cost a lot of money, George?

TESMAN. No, indeed. That large stipend went a long way toward paying our expenses.

MISS TESMAN. But I can scarcely understand how you can have made it sufficient for two of you.

TESMAN. No, no, it is not easy to make that out, is it? Eh?

MISS TESMAN. And when it is a lady that is your travelling companion. For I've heard that that makes everything frightfully more expensive.

TESMAN. Yes, of course—rather more expensive it certainly is. But Hedda was *bound* to have that journey, Aunt. She was really *bound* to have it. We could not have done anything else.

MISS TESMAN. No, no, you could not. A wedding-trip is quite the proper thing nowadays. But tell me—have you made yourself quite comfortable here in these rooms?

TESMAN. Oh, yes, indeed. I have been busy ever since it was light.

MISS TESMAN. And what do you think of it all?

TESMAN. Splendid. Perfectly splendid! The only thing I don't know is what we shall do with the two empty rooms between the back-room there and Hedda's bedroom.

MISS TESMAN *(smiling)*. Oh, my dear George, you may find a use for them in the—course of time.

TESMAN. Yes, you are quite right about that, Aunt Julie. For, as I add to my collection of books, I shall—eh?

MISS TESMAN. Just so, my dear boy. It was your collection of books I was thinking about.

TESMAN. I am most pleased for Hedda's sake. Before we were engaged she said that she never wanted to live anywhere else than in Mrs. Falk's villa.

MISS TESMAN. Yes, fancy!—and that it should happen to be for sale just when you had started on your journey.

TESMAN. Yes, Aunt Julie, there is no doubt we were in luck's way, eh?

MISS TESMAN. But expensive, my dear George! It will be expensive for you —all this place.

TESMAN *(looks rather dispiritedly at her)*. Yes, I daresay it will be, Aunt.

MISS TESMAN. Oh, my goodness!

TESMAN. How much do you think? Give a guess. Eh?

MISS TESMAN. No, I can't possibly tell till all the bills come in.

TESMAN. Well, fortunately Judge Brack has bargained for lenient terms for me. He wrote so himself to Hedda.

MISS TESMAN. Yes, do not bother about that, my boy. Besides I have given security for the furniture and all the carpets.

TESMAN. Security? You? Dear Aunt Julie, what sort of security could you give?

MISS TESMAN. I have given a mortgage on our income.

TESMAN *(jumps up)*. What! On your—and Aunt Rina's income!

MISS TESMAN. Yes, you know I did not see any other way out of it.

TESMAN *(stands in front of her)*. But you must be mad, Aunt! The income—that is the only thing which you and Aunt Rina have to live upon.

MISS TESMAN. Well, well, don't be so excited about it. It is all a matter of form, you know. Judge Brack said so too. For it was he who was so kind as to arrange the whole thing for me. Merely a matter of form, he said.

TESMAN. Yes, that may well be. But at the same time——

MISS TESMAN. And now you will have your own salary to draw from. And, dear me, supposing we have to fork out a little? Pinch a little at first? It will merely be like a pleasure for us, that will.

TESMAN. Oh, Aunt, you will never be tired of sacrificing yourself for me!

MISS TESMAN *(stands up and places her hands on his shoulders).* Do you think I have any other joy in this world than to smooth the way for you, my dear boy? You, who have never had a father or a mother to look after you. And now we stand close to the goal. The prospect may have seemed a little black from time to time. But, thank God, it's all over now, George!

TESMAN. Yes, it really is marvellous how everything has adapted itself.

MISS TESMAN. Yes, and those who opposed you—and tried to bar your way—they have all had to submit. They are fallen, George! He who was the most dangerous of all—he is just the one who has fallen worst. And now he lies in the pit he digged for himself—poor misguided man!

TESMAN. Have you heard anything about Ejlert? Since I went away, I mean.

MISS TESMAN. Nothing, except that he has been publishing a new book.

TESMAN. Not really? Ejlert Lövborg? Quite lately? Eh?

MISS TESMAN. Yes, they say so. Heaven knows if there can be much good in it. No, when *your* new book comes out—that will be something different, that will, George! What is the subject to be?

TESMAN. It will treat of the domestic industries of Brabant during the Middle Ages.

MISS TESMAN. Fancy your being able to write about that as well!

TESMAN. At the same time, it may be a long while before the book is ready. I have these extensive collections, which must be arranged first of all, you see.

MISS TESMAN. Yes, arrange and collect—you are good at that. You are not poor Jochum's son for nothing.

TESMAN. I am so awfully glad to be going on with it. Especially now that I have a comfortable house and home to work in.

MISS TESMAN. And first and foremost, now you have her who was the desire of your heart, dear George.

TESMAN *(embraces her).* Oh, yes, yes, Aunt Julie. Hedda—she is the loveliest part of it all! *(Looks toward the doorway)* I think she's coming now, eh?

*(*HEDDA *approaches from the left through the back room. She is a lady of twenty-nine. Face and figure dignified and distinguished. The color of*

the skin uniformly pallid. The eyes steel-gray, with a cold, open expression of serenity. The hair an agreeable brown, of medium tint, but not very thick. She is dressed in tasteful, somewhat loose morning costume)

MISS TESMAN. Good-morning, dear Hedda! Good-morning!

HEDDA *(stretching her hand to her).* Good-morning, dear Miss Tesman! Paying a visit so early? That was friendly of you.

MISS TESMAN *(seems a little embarrassed).* Well, have you slept comfortably in your new home?

HEDDA. Oh, yes, thanks! Tolerably.

TESMAN *(laughs).* Tolerably. Well, that is a joke, Hedda! You were sleeping like a stone, when I got up.

HEDDA. Fortunately. We have to accustom ourselves to everything new, Miss Tesman. It comes little by little. *(Looks toward the left)* Ugh!—the girl has left the balcony door open. There is a perfect tide of sunshine in here.

MISS TESMAN *(goes to the door).* Well, we will shut it.

HEDDA. No, no, don't do that! Dear Tesman, draw the curtains. That gives a softer light.

TESMAN *(at the door).* All right—all right. There, Hedda—now you have both shade and fresh air.

HEDDA. Yes, there is some need of fresh air here. All these flowers—— But, dear Miss Tesman, won't you sit down?

MISS TESMAN. No, thank you. Now that I know that all is going well here, thank God. And I must be getting home again now. To her who lies and waits there so drearily, poor thing.

TESMAN. Give her ever so many kind messages from me. And say that I am coming over to see her to-day, later on.

MISS TESMAN. Yes, I will. Oh! but—George. *(Fumbles in the pocket of her cloak)* I almost forgot. I have something here for you.

TESMAN. What is it, Aunt? Eh?

MISS TESMAN *(brings up a flat package wrapped in newspaper and gives it to him).* Look here, my dear boy.

TESMAN *(opens it).* No, you don't say so. Have you really been keeping this for me, Aunt Julie! Hedda! This is positively touching! Eh?

HEDDA *(by the étagères to the right).* Yes, dear, what is it?

TESMAN. My old morning shoes! My slippers!

HEDDA. Ah, yes! I remember you so often spoke of them while we were travelling.

TESMAN. Yes, I wanted them so badly. *(Goes to her)* You shall just look at them, Hedda.

HEDDA *(goes away toward the stove).* No, thanks, I really don't care about doing that.

TESMAN *(following her).* Just think—Aunt Rina lay and embroidered them for me. So ill as she was. Oh, you can't believe how many memories are bound up in them.

HEDDA *(by the table).* Not for me personally.

MISS TESMAN. Hedda is quite right about that, George.

TESMAN. Yes, but I thought that now, now she belongs to the family.

HEDDA *(interrupting).* We shall never be able to get on with that servant, Tesman.

MISS TESMAN. Not get on with Bertha?

TESMAN. What do you mean, dear? Eh?

HEDDA *(points).* Look there! She has left her old hat behind her on the chair.

TESMAN *(horrified, drops the slippers on the floor).* But Hedda—

HEDDA. Think—if any one came in and saw a thing of that kind.

TESMAN. But—but Hedda—it is Aunt Julie's hat!

HEDDA. Really?

MISS TESMAN *(takes the hat).* Yes, indeed, it is mine. And it is not old at all, little Mrs. Hedda.

HEDDA. I really did not look carefully at it, Miss Tesman.

MISS TESMAN *(putting on the hat).* This is positively the first time I have worn it. Yes, I assure you it is.

TESMAN. And it is smart, too! Really splendid!

MISS TESMAN. Oh, only moderately, my dear George. *(Looks around)* My parasol? Here it is. *(Takes it)* For this is also mine. *(Murmurs)* Not Bertha's.

TESMAN. New hat and parasol! Think of that, Hedda!

HEDDA. And very nice and pretty they are.

TESMAN. Yes, are they not? Eh? But, Aunt, look carefully at Hedda before you go. See how nice and pretty *she* is!

MISS TESMAN. Oh, my dear, there is nothing new in that, Hedda has been lovely all her days. *(She nods and goes to the right)*

TESMAN *(follows her).* Yes, but have you noticed how buxom and plump she has become? How she has filled out during our trip?

HEDDA *(walks across the floor).* Oh! Don't!

MISS TESMAN *(stops and turns around).* Filled out?

TESMAN. Yes, Aunt Julie, you don't notice it so much now she has her wrapper on. But I, who have opportunity of—

HEDDA *(at the glass door, impatiently).* Oh, you have no opportunity for anything!

TESMAN. It must be the mountain air down there in the Tyrol—

HEDDA *(sharply, interrupting).* I am exactly as I was when I started.

TESMAN. Yes, that is what you maintain. But I declare that you are not. Do not you think so, Aunt?

MISS TESMAN *(folds her hands and gazes at her).* Hedda is lovely—lovely—lovely. *(Goes to her, bends her head down with both her hands, and kisses her hair)* God bless and preserve Hedda Tesman. For George's sake.

HEDDA *(gently releases herself).* Oh! let me go.

MISS TESMAN *(quietly agitated).* I shall come in to have a look at you every single day.

TESMAN. Yes, do, Aunt! Eh?

MISS TESMAN. Good-by—good-by!

(She goes out through the hall door. TESMAN *follows her out. The door stands half open.* TESMAN *is heard to repeat his messages to Aunt Rina and thanks for the slippers. At the same time,* HEDDA *walks across the floor, lifts her arms and clenches her hands as if distracted. Draws the curtains from the glass door, remains standing there, and looks out. Shortly after,* TESMAN *comes in again and shuts the door behind him)*

TESMAN *(takes the slippers up from the floor).* What are you standing there and looking at, Hedda?

HEDDA *(once more calm and self-possessed).* I was merely standing and looking out at the foliage. It is so yellow. And so withered.

TESMAN *(picks up the slippers and lays them on the table).* Yes, we have got into September now.

HEDDA *(agitated again).* Yes, think—we are already in—in September.

TESMAN. Did you not think Aunt Julie was odd? Almost mysterious? Can you make out what was the matter with her? Eh?

HEDDA. I scarcely know her. Is she accustomed to be like that?

TESMAN. No, not as she was to-day.

HEDDA *(goes away from the glass door).* Do you think she was offended about the hat?

TESMAN. Oh! nothing much! Perhaps just a very little for the moment—

HEDDA. But what a way of behaving to throw one's hat away from one here in the drawing-room! One does not do that.

TESMAN. Well, you can depend upon it, Aunt Julie is not in the habit of doing so.

HEDDA. All the same I shall take care to make it all right again with her.

TESMAN. Yes, dear, sweet Hedda, you will do that, won't you?

HEDDA. When you go to see them later on to-day, you can ask her to come here this evening.

TESMAN. Yes, that I certainly will. And then there is one thing you could do which would please her immensely.

HEDDA. What?

TESMAN. If you could only persuade yourself to say "Thou" to her. For my sake, Hedda? Eh?

HEDDA. No, no, Tesman—that you really must not ask me to do. I have told you so once before. I shall try to call her Aunt. And that must be enough.

TESMAN. Very well, very well. But I merely thought, that now you belong to the family—

HEDDA. H'm—I am not perfectly sure. *(Goes across the floor toward the doorway)*

TESMAN *(after a pause)*. Is anything the matter with you, Hedda? Eh?

HEDDA. I was merely looking at my old piano. It does not seem to match very well with all the rest.

TESMAN. The first time I am paid we will see about getting it changed.

HEDDA. No, no—not changed. I will not have it taken away. We can put it in the back room. And we can have another here in its place. When there's an occasion, I mean.

TESMAN *(slightly embarrassed)*. Yes, we can do that.

HEDDA *(takes up the bouquet on the piano)*. These flowers were not here when we came last night.

TESMAN. Aunt Julie must have brought them for you.

HEDDA *(looks into the bouquet)*. A visiting card. *(Takes it out and reads)* "Am coming again later in the day." Can you guess whom it is from?

TESMAN. No. From whom, then? Eh?

HEDDA. The name is "Mrs. Elvsted."

TESMAN. Not really? Mrs. Elvsted! Miss Rysing, her name used to be.

HEDDA. Just so. She with the irritating hair which she went around and made a sensation with. Your old flame, I've heard.

TESMAN *(laughing)*. Well, it did not last long. And that was before I knew you, Hedda, that was. But fancy her being in town!

HEDDA. Extraordinary that she should call upon us. I have scarcely known her since our being at school together.

TESMAN. Yes, and I have not seen her for—goodness knows how long. How she can endure living up there in that poky hole. Eh?

HEDDA *(considers, and suddenly says)*. Listen, Tesman—is it not up there that there is a place which he haunts—he—Ejlert Lövborg?

TESMAN. Yes, it is somewhere up there in that neighborhood.

(BERTHA *appears in the hall door)*

BERTHA. She has come again, ma'am—that lady who was here just now and left the flowers. *(Points)* Those you are holding, ma'am.

HEDDA. Ah! is she? Then will you show her in?

(BERTHA *opens the door for* MRS. ELVSTED, *and goes out herself.* MRS. ELVSTED *is a slender figure, with a pretty, gentle face. The eyes are light blue, large, round, and somewhat prominent, with a frightened, questioning expression. Her hair is singularly bright, almost white-gold, and un-*

usually copious and wavy. She is a year or two younger than HEDDA. *Her costume is a dark visiting-dress, which is in good taste, but not in the latest fashion)*

HEDDA *(comes pleasantly to meet her).* Good-day, dear Mrs. Elvsted. It is awfully nice to see you again.

MRS. ELVSTED *(nervously trying to get self-command).* Yes, it is very long since we met.

TESMAN *(holding out his hand to her).* And we two, also. Eh?

HEDDA. Thanks, for your lovely flowers——

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, please—I wanted to have come here at once, yesterday afternoon. But when I heard that you were travelling——

TESMAN. Are you just come to town? Eh?

MRS. ELVSTED. I arrived at noon yesterday. Oh, I was so perfectly in despair, when I heard you were not at home.

HEDDA. In despair? Why?

TESMAN. But, my dear Mrs. Rysing—Mrs. Elvsted, I mean——

HEDDA. I hope there is nothing wrong.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, there is. And I don't know any other living creature whom I could appeal to.

HEDDA *(puts the bouquet on the table).* Come—let us sit here on the sofa.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, I have not a moment's quiet to sit down.

HEDDA. Oh, yes, I'm sure you have. Come here. *(She drags* MRS. ELVSTED *down on the sofa, and sits at her side)*

TESMAN. Well? And so, Mrs.——

HEDDA. Has anything particular happened up at your place?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes—it both has and has not happened. Oh—I should be so extremely sorry if you misunderstood me——

HEDDA. But the best thing you can do is to tell us the whole story, Mrs. Elvsted.

TESMAN. You have come here on purpose to do that. Eh?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, yes—that is so. And so I must tell you—if you don't know it already—that Ejlert Lövborg is also in town.

HEDDA. Is Lövborg——

TESMAN. No, you don't say that Ejlert Lövborg is come back again! Think of that, Hedda!

HEDDA. Good gracious, I hear it!

MRS. ELVSTED. He has now been here a week. Just think of that—a whole week! In this dangerous town. Alone! With all the bad company that is to be found here.

HEDDA. But, dear Mrs. Elvsted—how does *he* really concern you?

MRS. ELVSTED *(looks terrified around and says rapidly).* He was the tutor for the children.

HEDDA. For your children?

MRS. ELVSTED. For my husband's. I have none.

HEDDA. For your step-children, then.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes.

TESMAN *(somewhat hesitatingly)*. Was he so far—I don't quite know how to express myself—so far—regular in his mode of life that he could be set to that kind of employment? Eh?

MRS. ELVSTED. Of late years there has been nothing to bring forward against him.

TESMAN. Has there not, really? Fancy that, Hedda!

HEDDA. I hear it.

MRS. ELVSTED. Not the smallest thing, I assure you! Not in any respect whatever. But at the same time—now, when I knew that he was here—in town—and a great deal of money passing through his hands! Now I am so mortally frightened for him.

TESMAN. But why did he not stay up there, where he was? With you and your husband? Eh?

MRS. ELVSTED. When the book was published, he could not settle down up there with us any longer.

TESMAN. Ah! that is true—Aunt Julie said he had brought out a new book.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, a large new book, all about the progress of civilization. It was a fortnight ago. And now it is being bought and read so much—and has made such a great sensation——

TESMAN. Has it really? It must be something he has had lying about him from his good days.

MRS. ELVSTED. You mean, from before——?

TESMAN. Yes, of course.

MRS. ELVSTED. No, he has written it all since he has been up with us. Now—within the last year.

TESMAN. That is good news, Hedda! Fancy that!

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, yes, if only it might keep like that!

HEDDA. Have you met him here?

MRS. ELVSTED. No, not yet. I have had the greatest difficulty in finding out his address. But I am really to see him to-morrow.

HEDDA *(gives her a searching look)*. All things considered, I think it seems a little strange of your husband—h'm——

MRS. ELVSTED *(nervously)*. Of my husband! What?

HEDDA. To send *you* to town on such an errand. Not to come in himself and look after his friend.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, no, no—my husband has no time for that. And there were—some purchases I had to make.

HEDDA *(slightly smiling)*. Ah, that is a different matter.

MRS. ELVSTED *(rising quickly and uneasily).* And now I do beg of you, Mr. Tesman, receive Ejlert Lövborg kindly, if he comes to you! And that he is sure to do! Good gracious, you used to be such great friends once. And you both go in for the same studies. The same class of knowledge—so far as I can judge.

TESMAN. Well, we used to, at all events.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, and therefore I do beg you so earnestly that you will—you too—that you will keep an eye upon him. Oh! you will, won't you, Mr. Tesman—you promise me you will?

TESMAN. Yes, I shall be very glad indeed, Mrs. Rysing—

HEDDA. Elvsted.

TESMAN. I shall do for Ejlert all that it is in my power to do. You can depend upon that.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, how perfectly lovely that is of you! *(Presses his hands)* Thanks, thanks, thanks! *(With a frightened expression)* Yes, for my husband is so very fond of him.

HEDDA *(rising).* You ought to write to him, Tesman. For perhaps he might not quite like to come to you of himself.

TESMAN. Yes, that would be best, wouldn't it, Hedda? Eh?

HEDDA. And do not put it off. Now, immediately, it seems to me.

MRS. ELVSTED *(supplicating).* Oh, yes, if you would!

TESMAN. I'll write this very moment. Have you his address, Mrs.—Mrs. Elvsted?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes. *(Takes a little slip of paper out of her pocket and gives it to him)* Here it is.

TESMAN. Good, good. Then I will go in. *(Looks around him)* That is true—the slippers? Now then. *(Takes the package and is going)*

HEDDA. Be sure you write in a very cordial and friendly way to him. And write a pretty long letter, too.

TESMAN. Yes, I will.

MRS. ELVSTED. But not a word to hint that I have been begging for him.

TESMAN. No, of course, not a word. Eh? *(He goes through the back room to the left)*

HEDDA *(walks up to* MRS. ELVSTED, *smiles, and says in a low voice).* Well! Now we have killed two birds with one stone.

MRS. ELVSTED. What *do* you mean?

HEDDA. Do you not understand that I wanted to get rid of him?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, that he might write the letter—

HEDDA. And also to have a chat alone with you.

MRS. ELVSTED *(confused).* About the same subject?

HEDDA. Yes.

MRS. ELVSTED *(distressed).* But there is no more, Mrs. Tesman! Really no more!

HEDDA. Oh, yes, indeed there is. There is a great deal more. I understand as much as that. Come here—let us sit down and be perfectly frank with one another. *(She presses* MRS. ELVSTED *down into the arm-chair—by the stove, and seats herself on one of the footstools)*

MRS. ELVSTED *(anxiously, looks at her watch).* But dear Mrs.—I really intended to be going now.

HEDDA. Oh! there cannot be any reason for hurrying—is there? Tell me a little how you are getting on at home.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, that is the very last thing I should wish to discuss.

HEDDA. But to me, dear—? Goodness, we went to the same school together.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, but you were in the class above me! Oh! how fearfully afraid of you I was then!

HEDDA. Were you afraid of me?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, fearfully afraid. Because, when we met on the stairs, you always used to pull my hair.

HEDDA. No, did I really?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, and once you said you would scorch it off my head.

HEDDA. Oh, that was only nonsense, you know.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, but I was so stupid in those days. And then besides, after—we were separated so far—far from one another. Our circles were so entirely different.

HEDDA. Well, now we will try to come closer to each other again. Now listen! At school we said "thou" to one another. And we called one another by our Christian names—

MRS. ELVSTED. No, you are certainly quite mistaken about that.

HEDDA. No, I am sure I am not, no! I recollect it perfectly. And we will be frank with one another, just as we were in those old days. *(Draws footstool nearer)* There! *(Kisses her cheek)* Now say "thou" to me, and call me Hedda.

MRS. ELVSTED *(presses and pats her hands).* Oh, such goodness and friendliness! It is something that I am not at all accustomed to.

HEDDA. There, there, there! And I shall say "thou" to you, just as I used to do, and call you my dear Thora.

MRS. ELVSTED. My name is Thea.

HEDDA. So it is. Of course. I meant Thea. *(Looks significantly at her)* So you are but little accustomed to goodness and friendliness, Thea? In your own home?

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, if I had a home! But I have not one. Have never had one.

HEDDA *(looking slightly at her).* I had a suspicion of something of the sort

MRS. ELVSTED *(staring helplessly in front of her).* Yes, yes, yes.

HEDDA. I cannot quite remember now. But was it not first as housekeeper that you went up there to the sheriff's?

MRS. ELVSTED. More properly as governess. But his wife—his then wife—she was an invalid, and confined to her bed most of the time. So I really had to undertake the housekeeping.

HEDDA. But then, at last, you became the mistress of the house.

MRS. ELVSTED *(dejected).* Yes, I did.

HEDDA. Let me see—about how long is it now, since then?

MRS. ELVSTED. Since my marriage?

HEDDA. Yes.

MRS. ELVSTED. It is now five years.

HEDDA. Ah, yes; it must be.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, those five years! Or, at all events, the last two or three. Oh, if you could realize——

HEDDA *(slaps her hand softly). You?* Fie, Thea!

MRS. ELVSTED. No, no—I must get used to it. Yes, if you merely could just realize and understand—— *(Tries to use "thou" in the remainder of the conversation, but frequently relapses into "you")*

HEDDA *(casually).* Ejlert Lövborg has also been up there for three years I believe.

MRS. ELVSTED *(looking embarrassed at her).* Ejlert Lövborg? Yes, he has.

HEDDA. Did you know him already, from seeing him in town?

MRS. ELVSTED. Scarcely at all. Yes, that is to say, by name of course.

HEDDA. But up there in the country—he came to your house?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, he came over to us every day. He had to read with the children. For it became at last more than I could manage all by myself.

HEDDA. One can well understand that. And your husband? I suppose that he is often away travelling?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes. You can imagine that as sheriff he has to travel around the district.

HEDDA *(leans on the arm of the chair).* Thea—poor, sweet Thea—now you must tell me everything just as it is.

MRS. ELVSTED. Well, then you must ask me questions.

HEDDA. What sort of a man is your husband really, Thea? I mean, how is he, socially? Is he good to you?

MRS. ELVSTED *(evasively).* He believes that he does all for the best.

HEDDA. It seems to me that he must be too old for you. More than twenty years older at least.

MRS. ELVSTED *(irritated).* That too. One thing with another. Everything around him is distasteful to me! We do not possess a thought in common. Not one thing in the world, he and I.

HEDDA. But is he fond of you, all the same? In his own way?

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh! I don't know what he is. I am certainly just useful to him. And it does not cost much to keep me. I am cheap.

HEDDA. That is stupid of you.

MRS. ELVSTED *(shakes her head).* Can't be otherwise. Not with him. He is not really fond of anybody but himself. And perhaps of the children a little.

HEDDA. And of Ejlert Lövborg, Thea.

MRS. ELVSTED *(looks at her).* Of Ejlert Lövborg! What makes you think that?

HEDDA. But, dear—I thought that if he sends you right in here to town after him. *(Smiles almost imperceptibly)*—And then you yourself said so to Tesman.

MRS. ELVSTED *(with a nervous movement).* Well! Yes, I did say so. *(Bursts out in a low voice)* No—I may just as well say it first as last! For it is sure to come to the light in any case.

HEDDA. But, my dear Thea—

MRS. ELVSTED. Well, to make a clean breast of it! My husband had no idea I had left home.

HEDDA. Really! Did not your husband know that?

MRS. ELVSTED. No, of course not. Besides, he was not at home. He was travelling, he too. Oh, I could not bear it any longer, Hedda! Absolutely impossible! So lonely as I should be up there after this.

HEDDA. Well? And so?

MRS. ELVSTED. So I packed up some of my things, you see. What was most necessary. Quite quietly. And then I walked away from the house.

HEDDA. Without doing anything else?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes. And then I took the train and came to town.

HEDDA. But, my dear Thea—fancy your daring to do it!

MRS. ELVSTED *(rises and crosses the floor).* Yes, and what else in the world should I do?

HEDDA. But what do you think your husband will say when you go home again?

MRS. ELVSTED *(at the table, looks at her).* Up there to him?

HEDDA. Yes, of course!

MRS. ELVSTED. I shall never go up there to him any more.

HEDDA *(rises and approaches her).* Then you have—in serious earnest—gone away for good?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes. I did not think that there was anything else for me to do.

HEDDA. And so—you went so perfectly openly.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, well! such things can't be really concealed, whatever you do.

HEDDA. But what do you suppose that people will say about you, Thea?

BRACK. Altered perhaps you find?

HEDDA. Yes, a little younger, I think.

BRACK. Sincerest thanks!

TESMAN. But what do you think of Hedda? Eh? Does not she look well? She positively—

HEDDA. Oh! Do leave off discussing me. Rather thank the Judge for all the trouble he has had—

BRACK. Oh, dear me—it was a positive pleasure—

HEDDA. Yes, you are a loyal soul! But my friend here is standing and all impatience to be off. *Au revoir,* Judge. I shall be back here again in a moment. *(Greetings pass.* MRS. ELVSTED *and* HEDDA *go out through the hall door)*

BRACK. Well—is your wife pleased on the whole?

TESMAN. Yes, thank you so very much. That is to say—a little shifting here and there will be necessary, I understand. And there are a few things wanting. We shall be obliged to order in some little matters.

BRACK. Indeed! Really?

TESMAN. But you must not take any trouble about that. Hedda said that she would attend herself to anything that is wanted. Shall we sit down? Eh?

BRACK. Thanks, just a moment. *(Sits close to the table)* There is something I wanted to speak to you about, my dear Tesman.

TESMAN. Indeed? Ah, of course. *(Sits down)* It is no doubt time to think about the serious part of the feast. Eh?

BRACK. Oh, there is no such great hurry about settling the money affairs. At the same time I can't help wishing that we had made our arrangements a little more economically.

TESMAN. But that would never have done. Think of Hedda! You, who know her so well—I could not possibly have settled her in mean surroundings.

BRACK. No, no. That, of course, was just the difficulty.

TESMAN. And so, fortunately, it cannot be long before I am appointed.

BRACK. Oh, you see, these things often drag on for a long time.

TESMAN. Do you happen to have heard anything more precise? Eh?

BRACK. Not anything absolutely definite. *(Breaking off)* But it is true—I have one piece of news to give you.

TESMAN. Ah?

BRACK. Your old friend, Ejlert Lövborg, has come back to town.

TESMAN. I know that already.

BRACK. Indeed? How did you find out?

TESMAN. She told me—that lady who went out with Hedda.

BRACK. Ah, indeed! What was her name? I did not quite catch—

HEDDA *(coldly, with self-command).* Oh, dear me! Nobody does that sort of thing here.

MRS. ELVSTED. No. And therefore I think it must be that red-haired opera-singer, whom he once——

HEDDA. Yes, I should think it might be.

MRS. ELVSTED. For I recollect hearing it said that she went about with loaded firearms.

HEDDA. Well—then of course it is she.

MRS. ELVSTED *(wrings her hands).* Yes, but just think, Hedda—I have been hearing that that singer—she is in town again. Oh!—I am perfectly in despair.

HEDDA *(glances toward the back room).* Hush! There is Tesman coming. *(Rises and whispers)* Thea—all this must be between you and me.

MRS. ELVSTED *(starting up).* Oh, yes! yes! for God's sake!

(GEORGE TESMAN, *with a letter in his hand, comes from the left through the back room)*

TESMAN. There—the letter is finished.

HEDDA. That is all right. But Mrs. Elvsted wants to be going, I think. Wait a moment. I will walk to the garden-gate with you.

TESMAN. Hedda—can't Bertha attend to this?

HEDDA *(takes the letter).* I will tell her to. (BERTHA *comes from the hall)*

BERTHA. Judge Brack is here and says he should so much like to see you and master.

HEDDA. Yes, ask the Judge to be so kind as to come in. And, Bertha, listen —just post this letter.

BERTHA *(takes the letter).* Yes, ma'am.

(She opens the door for JUDGE BRACK *and goes out herself. The* JUDGE *is a gentleman of forty-five. Short and well built, and elastic in his movements. Face round, with distinguished profile. Hair cut short, still almost black and carefully brushed. Eyes bright and sparkling; eyebrows thick; mustache the same, with waxed ends. He is dressed in an elegant walking suit, a little too juvenile for his age. Uses an eyeglass, which now and then he lets drop)*

JUDGE BRACK *(bows, with his hat in his hand).* May I venture to call so early in the day?

HEDDA. Yes, indeed.

TESMAN *(presses his hand).* You are always welcome. *(Presenting him)* Judge Brack—Miss Rysing——

HEDDA. H'm!

BRACK *(bowing).* Ah—it is a great pleasure——

HEDDA *(looks at him and laughs).* It seems awfully funny to look at you by daylight, Judge!

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HEDDA. Yes, a little younger, I think.

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BRACK. Ah, indeed! What was her name? I did not quite catch——

TESMAN. Mrs. Elvsted.

BRACK. Aha!—then she's the sheriff's wife. Yes, it is up there with them th he has been staying.

TESMAN. And fancy—I hear, to my great joy, that he is a perfectly respectab member of society again.

BRACK. Yes, they maintain that that is so.

TESMAN. And so he has published a new book. Eh?

BRACK. Bless me, yes!

TESMAN. And it has made a sensation.

BRACK. The sensation it has made is quite extraordinary.

TESMAN. Fancy—is not that good news to hear? He, with his marvelous gift I was so painfully certain that he had gone right down for good.

BRACK. And that was the general opinion about him.

TESMAN. But I can scarcely conceive what he will take to now! How in th world will he be able to make a living? Eh?

*(*HEDDA, *during these last words, has entered through the hall door)*

HEDDA *(to* BRACK, *laughs somewhat scornfully).* Tesman is always goir about in a fright lest people should not be able to make a living.

TESMAN. Good gracious, my dear, we are talking about poor Ejlert Lövbor

HEDDA *(looks sharply at him).* Ah? *(Sits in the arm-chair by the stove, an asks, indifferently)* What is the matter with *him?*

TESMAN. Well, he certainly ran through all his property long ago. And h can't write a new book every year. Eh? Well—then I do seriously as what is to become of him?

BRACK. Perhaps I can tell you a little about that.

TESMAN. Really?

BRACK. You must remember that he has relatives who have considerab influence.

TESMAN. Oh, unfortunately, his relatives have entirely washed their han of him.

BRACK. They used to call him the hope of the family.

TESMAN. Yes, they used to, yes! But he has forfeited all that.

HEDDA. Who knows? *(Smiles slightly)* Up there in Sheriff Elvsted's fami they have restored him——

BRACK. And then this book that has been published——

TESMAN. Yes, yes, we can only hope that they may be willing to help hi in one way or another. I have just written to him, Hedda, dear; I aske him to drop in this evening.

BRACK. But, my dear friend, you are coming to my bachelor party this ev ning. You promised you would, on the quay last night.

HEDDA. Had you forgotten that, Tesman?

TESMAN. Yes, the truth is I had forgotten it.

BRACK. Besides, you may rest perfectly sure that he will not come.

TESMAN. Why do you think that? Eh?

BRACK *(loitering a little, rises and rests his hands on the back of the chair).* Dear Tesman—and you too, Mrs. Tesman—I am not justified in leaving you in ignorance about a matter which—which——

TESMAN. Which concerns Ejlert?

BRACK. Both you and him.

TESMAN. But, dear Judge, let us know what it is!

BRACK. You must be prepared for your appointment perhaps not taking place quite so soon as you desire and expect.

TESMAN *(jumping up uneasily).* Has anything happened to prevent it? Eh?

BRACK. The possession of the post might possibly depend on the result of a competition——

TESMAN. Competition! Fancy that, Hedda!

HEDDA *(leans farther back in her chair).* Ah!

TESMAN. But with whom? For you never mean to say with——

BRACK. Yes, that's just it. With Ejlert Lövborg.

TESMAN *(clasps his hands together).* No, no—that is perfectly inconceivable. Absolutely impossible. Eh?

BRACK. H'm—it may come to be a matter of experience with us.

TESMAN. No, but, Judge Brack—that would show the most incredible want of consideration for me! *(Gesticulating)* Yes, for—consider—I am a married man! We married on my prospects, Hedda and I. Gone off and spent a lot of money. Borrowed money from Aunt Julie too. For, good Lord! I had as good as a promise of the appointment. Eh?

BRACK. Well, well, well—and you will get the appointment all the same. But there will be a contest first.

HEDDA *(motionless in the arm-chair).* Think, Tesman—it will be almost like a kind of game.

TESMAN. But, dearest Hedda, how can you sit there and be so calm about it?

HEDDA *(as before).* I am not doing so at all. I am perfectly excited about it.

BRACK. In any case, Mrs. Tesman, it is best that you should know how matters stand. I mean—before you carry out those little purchases that I hear you are intending.

HEDDA. That can make no difference.

BRACK. Really? That is another matter. Good-by. *(To* TESMAN) When I take my afternoon walk, I shall come in and fetch you.

TESMAN. Oh, yes, yes——

HEDDA *(lying back, stretches out her hand).* Good-by, Judge. And come soon again.

BRACK. Many thanks. Good-by, good-by.

TESMAN *(follows him to the door).* Good-by, dear Judge! You must really excuse me. (JUDGE BRACK *goes out through the hall-door)*

TESMAN *(crosses the floor).* Oh, Hedda—one should never venture into fairyland. Eh?

HEDDA *(looks at him and smiles).* Is that what you are doing?

TESMAN. Yes, dear—there is no denying it—it was an adventure in fairyland to go and get married and settle into a house on mere empty prospects.

HEDDA. Perhaps you are right about that.

TESMAN. Well, at all events we have our comfortable home, Hedda! Fancy —the home that we both went and dreamed about. Raved about, I may almost say. Eh?

HEDDA *(rises slowly and wearily).* That was the agreement, that we should be in society. Keep house.

TESMAN. Yes, good Lord! how I have looked forward to that! Fancy, to see you as a hostess—in a select circle! Eh? Yes, yes, yes, for the present we two must keep ourselves very much to ourselves, Hedda. Merely see Aunt Julie now and then. Oh, my dear! it was to have been so very, very different——

HEDDA. Of course I shall not have a liveried servant now, at first.

TESMAN. Oh, no—unfortunately. We can't possibly talk about keeping a man servant, you see.

HEDDA. And the horse for riding, that I was to have——

TESMAN *(horrified).* The horse for riding!

HEDDA. I shall not think of having now.

TESMAN. No, good gracious!—I should rather think not!

HEDDA *(crosses the floor).* Well, *one* thing I have to amuse myself with meanwhile.

TESMAN *(beaming with joy).* Oh, God be praised and thanked for that! And what may that be, Hedda? Eh?

HEDDA *(at the doorway, looks at him with her hand concealed).* My pistols, George.

TESMAN *(in an agony).* The pistols!

HEDDA *(with cold eyes).* General Gabler's pistols. *(She goes through the back room out to the left)*

TESMAN *(runs to the doorway and shouts after her).* No, for goodness sake, dearest Hedda, don't touch the dangerous things! For my sake, Hedda! Eh?

ACT II

The room at TESMAN'S, *as in the first act, only that the pianoforte is taken away, and an elegant writing-table, with a book-case, is put in the place of it. A smaller table is placed close to the sofa, to the left. Most of the bouquets of flowers have been removed.* MRS. ELVSTED'S *bouquet stands on the larger table in the front of the floor. It is afternoon.* HEDDA, *dressed to receive callers, is alone in the room. She stands by the open glass door, and loads a revolver. The fellow to it lies in an open pistol-case on the writing-table.*

HEDDA *(looks down the garden, and shouts).* Good-day, again, Judge!

JUDGE BRACK *(is heard from below).* The same to you, Mrs. Tesman!

HEDDA *(lifts the pistol and aims).* I am going to shoot you, Judge Brack!

BRACK *(shouts out below).* No, no, no—don't stand there aiming at me!

HEDDA. That's the result of coming in the back way. *(She fires)*

BRACK *(near).* Are you perfectly mad?

HEDDA. Oh, my God! Did I hit you?

BRACK *(still outside).* Don't play such silly tricks!

HEDDA. Then come in, Judge.

(JUDGE BRACK, *in morning dress, comes in through the glass door. He carries a light overcoat on his arm)*

BRACK. What the devil are you doing with that revolver? What are you shooting?

HEDDA. Oh, I was only standing and shooting up into the blue sky.

BRACK *(takes the pistol gently out of her hand).* Allow me, Mrs. Tesman. *(Looks at it)* Ah!—I know this well. *(Looks around)* Where is the case? Ah, yes. *(Puts the pistol into it, and closes it)* For we are not going to have any more of that tomfoolery today.

HEDDA. Well, what in the name of goodness would you have me do to amuse myself?

BRACK. Have you had no visitors?

HEDDA *(shuts the glass door).* Not a single one. All our intimate friends are still in the country.

BRACK. And is not Tesman at home, either?

HEDDA *(stands at the writing-table, and shuts the pistol-case up in the drawer).* No. Directly after lunch he ran off to his aunt's, for he did not expect you so early.

BRACK. H'm. I ought to have thought of that. It was stupid of me.

HEDDA *(turns her head and looks at him).* Why stupid?

BRACK. Because, if I had thought of it, I would have come here a little—earlier.

HEDDA *(crosses the floor).* Yes, you would then have found nobody at all. For I have been in and dressed myself for the afternoon.

BRACK. And there is not so much as a little crack of a door that one could have parleyed through?

HEDDA. You forgot to arrange for that.

BRACK. That was stupid of me, too.

HEDDA. Now let us sit down here and wait, for Tesman is sure not to be home for a good while yet.

BRACK. Well, well—good Lord, I shall be patient.

*(*HEDDA *sits in the sofa corner.* BRACK *lays his paletot over the back of the nearest chair and sits down, but keeps his hat in his hand. Short pause. They look at one another)*

HEDDA. Well?

BRACK *(in the same tone).* Well?

HEDDA. It was I who asked first.

BRACK *(bends forward a little).* Yes, let us have a little chat together, Mrs. Hedda.

HEDDA *(leans farther back in the sofa).* Does it not seem to you a perfect age since we had a talk together last? Oh, yes; that chatter yesterday evening and this morning—I don't count that as anything.

BRACK. But between ourselves? Tête-à-tête, do you mean?

HEDDA. Oh, yes. That sort of thing.

BRACK. Every single day I have been here, longing to have you home again.

HEDDA. And all the time I have been wishing the same thing.

BRACK. You? Really, Mrs. Hedda? And I, who fancied you were having such a delightful time on your journey.

HEDDA. Oh, you can imagine that.

BRACK. But that is what Tesman always said in his letters.

HEDDA. Yes, *he!* For him, the nicest thing in the world is to go and rummage in libraries. And to sit and copy out of old pages of parchment—or whatever it may happen to be.

BRACK *(rather maliciously).* Well, that is his business in the world—or partly, at least.

HEDDA. Yes, it is. And then one may, perhaps—but *I!* Oh, no, dear Judge. I have been horribly bored.

BRACK *(sympathetically).* Do you really mean that? In serious earnest?

HEDDA. Yes. You can fancy for yourself. For a whole half year not to meet a single person who knows anything about *our* set, and whom one can talk to about our own affairs.

BRACK. No, no—that *I* should feel was a great deprivation.

HEDDA. And then, what is the most intolerable of all—

BRACK. Well?

HEDDA. Everlastingly to be in the company of—of one and the same—

BRACK *(nods in approval).* Late and early—yes. Fancy—at all possible times.

HEDDA. I said everlastingly.

BRACK. Yes. And yet, with our excellent Tesman, I should have thought that one could have managed—

HEDDA. Tesman is—a professional person, my dear.

BRACK. Can't deny that.

HEDDA. And professional persons are not amusing to travel with. Not in the long run, at least.

BRACK. Not even—the professional person—one is *in love with?*

HEDDA. Ugh!—don't use that hackneyed phrase.

BRACK *(startled).* What now, Mrs. Hedda?

HEDDA *(half in laughter, half in anger).* Yes, just you try it for yourself! To hear talk about the history of civilization from the first thing in the morning till the last thing at night—

BRACK. Everlastingly—

HEDDA. Yes, yes, yes! And then about the domestic industries of the Middle Ages. That is the most hideous of all!

BRACK *(looks searchingly at her).* But tell me, how am I really to understand that—? H'm.

HEDDA. That I and George Tesman made up a pair of us, do you mean?

BRACK. Well, let us express it so.

HEDDA. Good Lord! do you see anything so wonderful in that?

BRACK. Both yes and no, Mrs. Hedda.

HEDDA. I had really danced till I was tired, my dear Judge. My time was over. Oh, no; I won't exactly say that—nor think it, either.

BRACK. You have positively no reason whatever for thinking so.

HEDDA. Oh—reason. *(Looks searchingly at him)* And George Tesman—he must be admitted to be a presentable person in every respect.

BRACK. Presentable! I should rather think so.

HEDDA. And I do not discover anything actually ridiculous about him. Do you?

BRACK. Ridiculous? No-o, that is not quite the word I should use.

HEDDA. Well, but he is an awfully industrious collector, all the same! I should think it was possible that in time he would be quite a success.

BRACK *(looks inquiringly at her).* I supposed you thought like everybody else, that he was going to be a very distinguished man.

HEDDA *(with a weary expression).* Yes, I did. And then he would go and make such a tremendous fuss about being allowed to provide for me. I did not know why I should not accept it.

BRACK. No, no. Looked at from that point of view——

HEDDA. It was more than my other friends in waiting were willing to do, Judge.

BRACK *(laughs)*. Yes. I cannot positively answer for all the others; but, as far as regards myself, you know very well that I have always nourished a—a certain respect for the marriage tie. Generally speaking, Mrs. Hedda.

HEDDA *(mocking)*. I never formed any expectations with respect to you.

BRACK. All that I wish for is to have a pleasant, confidential circle of associates, whom I can serve by word and deed, and be allowed to go in and out among—as a tried friend——

HEDDA. Of the man of the house, do you mean?

BRACK *(bows)*. To say the truth—most of all of the lady. But next to her, of the husband, of course. Do you know that such a—let me say such a three-cornered arrangement—is really a great comfort to all parties.

HEDDA. Yes, I have often realized the want of a third, while we have been travelling. Ugh! to sit tête-à-tête in the coupé.

BRACK. Happily, the wedding journey is over now——

HEDDA *(shakes her head)*. The journey will be a long one—a long one yet. I have merely stopped at a station on the route.

BRACK. Well, then one jumps out. And one amuses one's self a little, Mrs. Hedda.

HEDDA. I shall never jump out.

BRACK. Really, never?

HEDDA. No. For there is always somebody here, who——

BRACK *(laughing)*. Who looks at one's legs, do you mean?

HEDDA. Just that.

BRACK. Well, but, dear me——

HEDDA *(with a forbidding gesture)*. Don't like it. So I shall stay there sitting —where I now am. Tête-à-tête.

BRACK. Well, but then a third person gets in and joins the couple.

HEDDA. Ah well! That is another question.

BRACK. A tried, experienced friend——

HEDDA. Entertaining one with all sorts of lively subjects——

BRACK. And not a trace of the professional person!

HEDDA *(audibly drawing in her breath)*. Yes, that certainly is a relief.

BRACK *(hears the outer door opened, and gives a glance)*. The triple alliance is concluded.

HEDDA *(whispers)*. And so the train starts again.

(GEORGE TESMAN, *in a gray walking-suit and soft felt hat, comes in from the hall. He has a number of unbound books under his arm and in his pockets)*

TESMAN *(walks up to the table at the settee)*. Puf! It was pretty hot, dragging

all these things here. *(Puts the book down)* I am all in a perspiration, Hedda. Well, well—so you have come, my dear Judge? Eh? Bertha did not tell me that.

BRACK *(rises)*. I came up through the garden.

HEDDA. What books are those you have brought?

TESMAN *(stands and turns over the pages)*. Some new professional publications I was obliged to get.

HEDDA. Professional publications?

BRACK. Aha! they are professional publications, Mrs. Tesman. (BRACK *and* HEDDA *exchange a confidential smile)*

HEDDA. Do you need any more professional publications?

TESMAN. Yes. *My* dear Hedda, one can never have too many. One must follow what is written and printed.

HEDDA. Yes, one must.

TESMAN *(handling the books)*. And look here; I have got Ejlert Lövborg's new book, too. *(Passes it to her)* Do you care to glance at it, Hedda? Eh?

HEDDA. No, many thanks. Or—yes, perhaps I will presently.

TESMAN. I looked through it a little as I came along.

BRACK. Well, what do you think of it—as a professional man?

TESMAN. I think it is wonderful how thoughtfully it is worked out. He never wrote so well before. *(Collects the books in a heap)* But now I will carry all these in. It will be a pleasure to cut them all open! And I must change my clothes a little. *(To* BRACK) We don't need to start just this moment? Eh?

BRACK. Oh, dear no; there is not the slightest hurry.

TESMAN. Very well, then I will take my time. *(Goes off with the books, but pauses in the doorway and turns)* By the way, Hedda, Aunt Julie is not coming to see you this evening.

HEDDA. Why not? Is it that affair of the hat which prevents her?

TESMAN. Oh, dear no. How can you think such a thing of Aunt Julie? Fancy! But Aunt Rina is so awfully poorly, you see.

HEDDA. She is always that.

TESMAN. Yes, but to-day she was worse than usual, poor thing.

HEDDA. Well, then it was perfectly reasonable that the other should stay with her. I will put up with it.

TESMAN. And you cannot imagine how awfully pleased Aunt Julie was, too, because you looked so well after your journey.

HEDDA *(aside, rises)*. Oh, those everlasting aunts!

TESMAN. What?

HEDDA *(goes to the glass doors)*. Nothing.

TESMAN. By-by, then. *(He goes through the back-room out to the right)*

BRACK. What was that you were saying about a hat?

HEDDA. Oh! it was only something about Miss Tesman yesterday. She threw her hat down upon a chair. *(Looks at him and smiles)* And so I pretended to think it was the servant-maid's.

BRACK *(shakes his head).* But dear Mrs. Hedda, how could you do it? Such a nice old lady!

HEDDA *(nervously, crosses the floor).* Yes, you see, it just takes me like that all of a sudden. And then I *can't* help doing it. *(Throws herself down into the arm-chair near the stove)* Oh, I don't know how I am to explain it.

BRACK *(behind the arm-chair).* You are not really happy; that is what is the matter.

HEDDA *(looks in front of her).* I don't know why I should be—happy. Or can you perhaps tell me?

BRACK. Yes; among other reasons because you have got just the home that you were wishing for.

HEDDA *(looks up at him and laughs).* Do you, too, believe in that story of the wish?

BRACK. Is there nothing in it, then?

HEDDA. Yes, to be sure; there is something.

BRACK. Well?

HEDDA. There is *this* in it, that I used Tesman to take me home from evening parties last summer.

BRACK. Unfortunately, I lived in the opposite direction.

HEDDA. That is true. You went in the opposite direction last summer.

BRACK *(laughs).* Shame upon you, Mrs. Hedda! Well, but you and Tesman—?

HEDDA. Yes, well, we came by here one evening. And Tesman, poor fellow, he was at his wit's end to know what to talk about. So I thought it was too bad of such a learned person—

BRACK *(smiling dubiously).* Did you? H'm—

HEDDA. Yes, I positively did. And so—in order to help him out of his misery I—happened, quite thoughtlessly, to say that I should like to live in this villa.

BRACK. Nothing more than that?

HEDDA. Not that evening.

BRACK. But afterward?

HEDDA. Yes. My thoughtlessness had consequences, dear Judge.

BRACK. Unfortunately, your thoughtlessnesses only too often have, Mrs. Hedda.

HEDDA. Thanks! But it was in this enthusiasm for Mr. Falk's villa that George Tesman and I found common ground, do you see? *That* was the cause of engagement, and marriage, and wedding-tour, and all the rest of it. Yes, yes, Judge, one builds one's nest and one has to lie in it, I was almost saying.

BRACK. That is extraordinary. And so you really scarcely cared for this place at all?

HEDDA. No, goodness knows I did not.

BRACK. Yes, but now? Now that you have got it arranged like a home for you?

HEDDA. Ugh! there seems to be a smell of lavender and *pot pourri* in all the rooms. But perhaps Aunt Julie brought that smell with her.

BRACK *(laughing)*. No, I think that must be a relic of Mrs. Falk.

HEDDA. Yes, it belongs to some dead person. It reminds me of flowers at a ball, the day after. *(Folds her hands behind her neck, leans back in the chair and looks at him)* Oh, Judge, you cannot conceive how frightfully bored I shall be out here.

BRACK. Is there no occupation you can turn to to make life interesting to you, Mrs. Hedda?

HEDDA. An occupation in which there might be something attractive?

BRACK. Of course.

HEDDA. Goodness knows what sort of an occupation that might be. I often wonder whether—*(Interrupts herself)* But it will never come to anything, either.

BRACK. Who knows? Let me hear what it is.

HEDDA. Whether I could get Tesman to take to politics, I mean.

BRACK *(laughs)*. Tesman! No, don't you know, such things as politics, they are not the sort of occupation for him, not the least.

HEDDA. No, I believe that is so. But could I not make him take them up all the same?

BRACK. Yes, what satisfaction would that be to you if he is not a success? Why would you have him do that?

HEDDA. Because I am bored, I tell you. *(After a pause)* Do you think it would be absolutely impossible for Tesman to become a cabinet minister?

BRACK. H'm, you see, dear Mrs. Hedda, in order to become that he must, first of all, be a tolerably rich man.

HEDDA *(rising impatiently)*. Yes, there you have it! It is this poverty that I have come into. *(Crosses the floor)* It is that which makes life so miserable! So perfectly ludicrous! For that's what it is.

BRACK. I believe, now, that the fault does not lie there.

HEDDA. Where then?

BRACK. In the fact that you have never lived through anything really stimulating.

HEDDA. Anything serious, you mean?

BRACK. Well, you may call it so, if you like. But now, perhaps, it may be coming.

HEDDA. Oh, you are thinking about the annoyances with regard to this

wretched post of professor! But that is Tesman's own affair. I shall not waste a thought on that, you may be sure.

BRACK. No, no, never mind about that. But, suppose, now there were created what one, in the loftier style, might call more serious and more responsible claims upon you? *(Smiles)* New claims, little Mrs. Hedda.

HEDDA *(angry)*. Be quiet. You shall never live to see anything of that sort.

BRACK *(cautiously)*. We will talk about that a year hence, at the very latest.

HEDDA *(shortly)*. I have no plans of that kind, Judge. Nothing that will have any claim upon me.

BRACK. Would you not, like most women, form plans for a vocation, such as——

HEDDA *(away near the glass door)*. Ah, hold your tongue, I tell you! It often seems to me that the only vocation I have in the world is for one single thing.

BRACK *(comes closer to her)*. And what is that, if I may ask?

HEDDA *(stands and looks out)*. To bore the life out of myself. Now you know it. *(Turns, looks toward the back-room and laughs)* Yes, quite right! We have the professor.

BRACK *(softly, in a warning voice)*. Now, now, now, Mrs. Hedda.

(GEORGE TESMAN, *in evening dress, with gloves and hat in his hand, comes from right side through back-room)*

TESMAN. Hedda, has anyone come with a message from Ejlert Lövborg? Eh?

HEDDA. No.

TESMAN. Well, you will see that he will be here himself in a little while.

BRACK. Do you really think he will come?

TESMAN. Yes, I am almost sure of it. For those are only flying rumors that you were repeating this morning.

BRACK. Indeed?

TESMAN. Yes, at all events Aunt Julie said that she never would believe that he would stand in my way after to-day. Fancy that!

BRACK. Well, then it is all right.

TESMAN *(puts his hat with his gloves in it on chair to right)*. Yes, but I must really be allowed to wait for him as long as there's a chance.

BRACK. We have plenty of time for that. Nobody comes to me until seven o'clock—half-past seven.

TESMAN. Well, then we can keep Hedda company till then. And keep an eye on the time. Eh?

HEDDA *(carries* BRACK'S *overcoat and hat over to the settee)*. And if the worst comes to the worst Mr. Lövborg can sit here with me.

BRACK *(wishes to carry the things himself)*. Oh, please don't, Mrs.——! What do you mean by the worst?

HEDDA. If he will not go with you and Tesman.

TESMAN *(looks dubiously at her).* But, dear Hedda, do you think it would be quite the thing for him to stay here with you? Eh? Recollect that Aunt Julie can't come.

HEDDA. No, but Mrs. Elvsted is coming. And so we three can have a cup of tea together.

TESMAN. Yes, in *that* case, all right.

BRACK *(smiles).* And that would, perhaps, be the wisest thing for him.

HEDDA. Why?

BRACK. Good gracious, Mrs. Tesman, you have teased me often enough about my little bachelor parties. You ought not to associate with any but men of the highest principles, you used to say.

HEDDA. But Mr. Lövborg has the highest principles possible now. A sinner that repents——

*(*BERTHA *appears at the hall-door.)*

BERTHA. Please, ma'am, there's a gentleman that wishes to——

HEDDA. Yes, show him in.

TESMAN *(aside).* I am certain it is he! Fancy that!

*(*EJLERT LÖVBORG *comes in from the hall. He is slim and thin; the same age as* TESMAN, *but looks older and somewhat worn. Hair and beard dark-brown; face long, pale, but with red patches on the cheek-bones. He is dressed in an elegant, black, perfectly new visiting suit. Dark gloves and tall hat in his hand. He remains standing in the neighborhood of the door and bows hastily. Seems a little embarrassed)*

TESMAN *(goes to him and shakes hands).* Well, dear Ejlert, so we really meet once more!

EJLERT LÖVBORG *(speaking in a low voice).* Thank you for your letter. *(Approaches* HEDDA*)* May I venture to hope that you, too, will shake hands with me, Mrs. Tesman?

HEDDA *(shakes hands with him).* Welcome, Mr. Lövborg. *(With a gesture)* I don't know whether you two gentlemen——?

LÖVBORG *(bowing slightly).* Mr. Justice Brack, I believe.

BRACK *(in the same way).* Certainly. Some years ago.

TESMAN *(to* LÖVBORG, *with his hands on his shoulders).* And now, Ejlert, you are to feel exactly as if you were at home. Isn't he, Hedda? For I hear you are going to settle down here in town. Eh?

LÖVBORG. I want to.

TESMAN. Well, that is very natural. Listen, I have got your new book. But the truth is, I have not had it long enough to read it through yet.

LÖVBORG. You may spare yourself the trouble.

TESMAN. What do you mean by that?

LÖVBORG. Oh, there is not anything much in it.

TESMAN. No, fancy! you yourself say that?

BRACK. But it is being tremendously praised, I hear.

LÖVBORG. That is what I wanted. And so I wrote the book in such a way that everybody could agree with it.

BRACK. Very sagacious.

TESMAN. Yes, but—dear Ejlert—!

LÖVBORG. For my object now is to rebuild a position for myself. Begin afresh.

TESMAN *(slightly embarrassed).* Ah! You wish to do that? Eh?

LÖVBORG *(smiles, puts his hat down, and takes a packet wrapped up in paper out of his coat pocket).* But when this is published, George Tesman, you must read this. For *this* is the real thing. What I am part of myself.

TESMAN. Indeed! And what may that be?

LÖVBORG. This is the continuation.

TESMAN. The continuation? Of what?

LÖVBORG. Of the book.

TESMAN. Of the new book?

LÖVBORG. Certainly.

TESMAN. Yes; but, Ejlert, that comes down to our days!

LÖVBORG. Yes, it does. And this treats of the future.

TESMAN. Of the future? But, good gracious, we don't know anything about that!

LÖVBORG. No. But there are several things though can be said about it all the same. *(Opens the packet)* You will see here—

TESMAN. That is not your handwriting.

LÖVBORG. I have dictated it. *(Turns over the pages)* It is divided into two sections. The first is about the civilizing forces of the future. And the other *(goes on turning the pages)* is about the civilizing progress of the future.

TESMAN. Extraordinary! It would never have occurred to me to write about that.

HEDDA *(at the glass door. Drums on the panes).* H'm—no, no!

LÖVBORG *(puts the papers back into their envelope and lays the package on the table).* I brought it with me because I thought I would read you a little of it this evening.

TESMAN. That was awfully nice of you. But—this evening—*(Looks at* BRACK*)* I really don't know what to say about that.

LÖVBORG. Well, then, another time. There is no hurry.

BRACK. I must tell you, Mr. Lövborg, there is a little gathering at my house this evening. Chiefly for Tesman, you understand.

LÖVBORG *(looking for his hat).* Ah! then I won't stay any longer.

BRACK. No, just listen. Will you not give me the pleasure of coming too?

LÖVBORG *(short and firm).* No, I can't do that. Thank you so much.

BRACK. Oh, now do! We shall be a little select circle. And you may depend upon it that we shall make it "lively," as Mrs. Hed–, as Mrs. Tesman says.

LÖVBORG. I don't doubt that. But all the same——

BRACK. You might bring your manuscript and read it to Tesman there in my house. For I have rooms enough.

TESMAN. Yes, think, Ejlert, you might do that! Eh?

HEDDA *(joining them).* But, dear, suppose Mr. Lövborg does not wish to. I am certain Mr. Lövborg would like much better to stay here and have dinner with me.

LÖVBORG *(gazes at her).* With you, Mrs. Tesman?

HEDDA. And with Mrs. Elvsted.

LÖVBORG. Ah! *(With a gesture of refusal)* I met her just now in the middle of the day.

HEDDA. Did you? Yes, she is coming. And therefore it is almost a matter of necessity that you should stay, Mr. Lövborg. Or else she will have nobody to see her home.

LÖVBORG. That is true. Yes, many thanks, Mrs. Tesman, then I will stay.

HEDDA. Then I will just give the servant a few directions.

(She goes over to the hall-door and rings. BERTHA *comes in.* HEDDA *talks aside to her and points to the back room.* BERTHA *nods and goes out again)*

TESMAN *(at the same time to* EJLERT LÖVBORG). Tell me, Ejlert, is it this new subject–this about the future–which you intend to lecture about?

LÖVBORG. Yes.

TESMAN. For I heard at the bookseller's that you are to deliver a course of lectures here in the autumn.

LÖVBORG. Yes, I am. You must not blame me for that, Tesman.

TESMAN. No, of course not! But——

LÖVBORG. I can easily understand that it must seem rather provoking to you.

TESMAN. Oh, for my sake I cannot expect that you——

LÖVBORG. But I wait until you have got your nomination.

TESMAN. Are you going to wait? Yes, but–but–then are you not going to contest the post with me? Eh?

LÖVBORG. No. I will merely triumph over you. In the popular judgment.

TESMAN. But, good Lord, then Aunt Julie was right all along! Oh, yes, I knew *that* was how it would be! Hedda! Fancy–Ejlert Lövborg is not going to oppose us after all.

HEDDA *(sharply).* Us? Pray keep me out of it.

(She crosses to the back room, where BERTHA *is standing, and spreading a*

table-cloth with decanters and glasses on the table, HEDDA *nods approvingly and crosses back again.* BERTHA *goes out)*

TESMAN *(at the same time).* But you, Judge Brack, what do you say to this? Eh?

BRACK. Well, I say that honor and victory—h'm—they may be monstrous fine things——

TESMAN. Yes, of course, they may be. At the same time——

HEDDA *(looks at* TESMAN *with a cold smile).* I think that you stand there and look as if you were thunderstruck.

TESMAN. Yes—that's about it—I almost fancy——

BRACK. But that was a thunder-storm that hung over us, Mrs. Tesman.

HEDDA *(points to the back room).* Won't you gentlemen go in and take a glass of cold punch?

BRACK *(looks at his watch).* As a stirrup-cup? Well, that won't be a bad idea.

TESMAN. Splendid, Hedda! Perfectly splendid! In such a happy mood as I now feel in——

HEDDA. You too, I hope, Mr. Lövborg?

LÖVBORG *(refusing).* No, many thanks. Not for me.

BRACK. But, good Lord, cold punch isn't poison, that I know of.

LÖVBORG. Perhaps not for every one.

HEDDA. I shall keep Mr. Lövborg company while you go in.

TESMAN. Yes, yes, dear Hedda, do that.

(He and BRACK *go into the back room, sit down, drink punch, smoke cigarettes, and talk cheerfully during the following dialogue.* EJLERT LÖVBORG *remains standing near the stove.* HEDDA *goes to the writing-table)*

HEDDA *(raising her voice a little).* Now, I will show you some photographs, if you like. For Tesman and I—we made a tour through the Tyrol as we came home.

(She comes with an album, which she places on the table near the sofa and sits on the upper corner of the latter. EJLERT LÖVBORG *goes closer, stops, and gazes at her. Then he takes a chair and sits down at her left side with his back to the farther room)*

HEDDA *(opens the album).* Do you see this mountain landscape, Mr. Lövborg? This is the Ortler group. Tesman has written it underneath. You see it here: The Ortler Group, near Meran.

LÖVBORG *(who has gazed at her all this time, says slowly in a low tone of voice).* Hedda—Gabler!

HEDDA *(glances quickly at him).* Well! Hush!

LÖVBORG *(repeats softly).* Hedda Gabler!

HEDDA *(looks in the album).* Yes, that used to be my name. Then—when we two knew one another.

LÖVBORG. And henceforward—and all my life long—I must get out of the habit of saying Hedda Gabler.

HEDDA *(goes on turning the leaves).* Yes, you must. And I think you ought to practice it in time. The sooner the better, I think.

LÖVBORG *(with resentful expression).* Hedda Gabler married! And to—George Tesman!

HEDDA. Yes, that's how it is.

LÖVBORG. Oh, Hedda, Hedda! how could you throw yourself away like that?

HEDDA *(looks sharply at him).* Now! None of that here.

LÖVBORG. None of what, do you mean?

(TESMAN *comes in and approaches sofa)*

HEDDA *(hears him coming and says indifferently).* And this, Mr. Lövborg, this is down from the Ampezzo Valley. Just look at the peaks there. *(Looks kindly at* TESMAN*)* What are these wonderful peaks called, dear?

TESMAN. Let me see. Oh! Those are the Dolomites.

HEDDA. So they are, yes. Those are the Dolomites, Mr. Lövborg.

TESMAN. Hedda, dear, I was just going to ask whether we should not bring you in a little punch? For yourself at all events? Eh?

HEDDA. Oh, thanks. And one or two biscuits as well, perhaps.

TESMAN. No cigarettes?

HEDDA. No.

TESMAN. Very well.

(He goes into the back room and out to right. BRACK *sits there and now and then glances at* HEDDA *and* LÖVBORG*)*

LÖVBORG *(in a low voice, as before).* Answer me, Hedda. How could you go and do all this?

HEDDA *(apparently absorbed in the album).* If you go on saying "thou" to me I shall not talk to you any more.

LÖVBORG. May I not say "thou" when we are by ourselves?

HEDDA. No. You may be allowed to think it. But you must not say it.

LÖVBORG. Ah! I understand. It clashes with your love—for George Tesman.

HEDDA *(glances at him and smiles).* Love? No, that *is* a joke!

LÖVBORG. Not love then?

HEDDA. No sort of unfaithfulness, either! I won't hear of anything of that kind.

LÖVBORG. Hedda, just give me an answer about one thing.

HEDDA. Hush!

(TESMAN, *with a serviette, comes from the back room)*

TESMAN. Come, then! Here are the good things. *(He spreads the cloth on the table)*

HEDDA. Why, do you lay the cloth yourself?

TESMAN *(fills up the glasses).* Yes, because it seems such fun to wait upon you, Hedda.

HEDDA. But now, you have filled both glasses. And Mr. Lövborg does not wish for any.

TESMAN. No, but Mrs. Elvsted is sure to come in a minute.

HEDDA. Yes, that is true—Mrs. Elvsted——

TESMAN. Had you forgotten her? Eh?

HEDDA. We were so absorbed in these photographs. *(Shows him a picture)* Do you recollect this little mountain-village?

TESMAN. Ah, that is the one below the Brenner Pass! It was there that we stayed all night——

HEDDA. And met all those entertaining tourists.

TESMAN. Yes, to be sure, it was *there.* Fancy—if we could have had *you* with us, Ejlert! Well! *(He goes in again and sits down by* BRACK*)*

LÖVBORG. Just give me an answer about one thing, Hedda——

HEDDA. Well?

LÖVBORG. Was there no love in your relation to *me* either? Not a splash—not a gleam of love over that either?

HEDDA. I wonder if there really was? For my part I feel that we were two very good comrades. Two thoroughly intimate friends. *(Smiles)* You especially were awfully frank.

LÖVBORG. It was you who wished it to be so.

HEDDA. When I look back upon it, there was certainly something beautiful, something fascinating—something spirited it seems to me there was about —about that secret intimacy—that comradeship, which no living human being had a suspicion of.

LÖVBORG. Yes, isn't that so, Hedda! Was there not? When I used to come up to see your father of a morning—and the general sat away by the window and read the papers—with his back to us.

HEDDA. And we, on the settee.

LÖVBORG. Always with the same illustrated newspaper in front of us——

HEDDA. For want of an album, yes.

LÖVBORG. Yes, Hedda—and when I used to confess to you. Told you about myself, things that nobody else knew in those days. Sat there and admitted that I had been out on the loose for whole days and nights. Ah, Hedda, what power was it in you that forced me to acknowledge things like that?

HEDDA. Do you think it was a power in me?

LÖVBORG. Yes, how else can I explain it? And all those—those mysterious questions that you used to ask me——

HEDDA. And which you understood so thoroughly.

LÖVBORG. That you could sit and ask such things! Quite boldly.

HEDDA. Mysteriously, if you please.

LÖVBORG. Yes, but boldly, all the same. Ask me—about things of that kind.

HEDDA. And that you could answer, Mr. Lövborg.

LÖVBORG. Yes, that is just what I do not understand—now looking back upo it. But tell me then, Hedda—was not love at the basis of that relation Had not you an idea that you could wash me clean, if only I came to yo in confession? Was it not so?

HEDDA. No, not quite.

LÖVBORG. Then what actuated you?

HEDDA. Can't you understand that a young girl—if it can be done in—i secret——

LÖVBORG. Well?

HEDDA. Might want very much to get a peep into a world which——

LÖVBORG. Which——?

HEDDA. Which she is not allowed to know anything about?

LÖVBORG. Then that was it?

HEDDA. That too. That too—I almost fancy.

LÖVBORG. Comradeship in the desire of life. But why could it not be *that* a well?

HEDDA. That was your own fault.

LÖVBORG. It was you who were to blame.

HEDDA. Yes, there was the impending danger that the real thing woul assert itself in our relation. You ought to be ashamed, Ejlert Lövborg how could you take advantage of me—of your bold comrade?

LÖVBORG *(wrings his hands)*. Oh, why did you not take it up in earnest! Wh did you not shoot me down as you threatened to do?

HEDDA. I was so afraid of the scandal.

LÖVBORG. Yes, Hedda, you are a coward at heart.

HEDDA. A frightful coward. *(Moves)* But that was fortunate for you. And no you have found the loveliest consolation up at Elvsted's.

LÖVBORG. I know what Thea has confided to you.

HEDDA. And perhaps you have confided something to her about us two?

LÖVBORG. Not a word. She is too stupid to understand that sort of thing

HEDDA. Stupid?

LÖVBORG. In that kind of thing she is stupid.

HEDDA. And I am cowardly. *(Bends nearer to him without looking him in th face, and says in a lower tone of voice)* But now I will confide somethin to *you.*

LÖVBORG *(inquisitive)*. Well?

HEDDA. That I dared not shoot you down——

LÖVBORG. Yes?

HEDDA. That was not my most arrant cowardice that evening.

LÖVBORG *(looks at her a moment, understands, and passionately whispers).* Oh, Hedda! Hedda Gabler! Now I catch a glimpse of the hidden reason of our comradeship. You and I! It was the longing for life in you, after all——

HEDDA *(softly, with a keen expression).* Take care! Don't believe anything of that! *(It begins to grow dark. The hall door is opened from outside by* BERTHA. HEDDA *shuts the album and calls out, smiling)* Now, at last! Dearest Thea, come in!

(MRS. ELVSTED *comes from the hall. She is dressed for the evening. The door is closed behind her)*

HEDDA *(from the sofa, holds out her arms to her).* Dear Thea, you can't think how impatient I have been for you!

(During this time MRS. ELVSTED *has exchanged a slight greeting with the gentlemen in the back room, then goes across to the table, and holds out her hand to* HEDDA. EJLERT LÖVBORG *has risen. He and* MRS. ELVSTED *greet one another with a silent nod)*

MRS. ELVSTED. Ought I not to go in and chat a little with your husband?

HEDDA. By no means. Let those two sit there. They will soon be off.

MRS. ELVSTED. Are they going?

HEDDA. Yes, they are going off to a carouse.

MRS. ELVSTED *(rapidly to* LÖVBORG). You as well?

LÖVBORG. No.

HEDDA. Mr. Lövborg—he stays with us.

MRS. ELVSTED *(takes a chair and is going to sit down at his side).* Oh! how nice it is to be here.

HEDDA. No, thanks, my little Thea! Not there! You come right over here to me. I will be between you.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, just as you like. *(She goes round the table and sits down on the sofa on the left side of* HEDDA. LÖVBORG *sits down in the chair again)*

LÖVBORG *(after a short pause, to* HEDDA). Is she not lovely to sit and look at?

HEDDA *(strokes her hair lightly).* Merely to look at?

LÖVBORG. Yes. For we two—she and I—we are two genuine comrades. We believe implicitly in one another. And so we can sit and talk so confidentially to one another——

HEDDA. Without any mystery, Mr. Lövborg?

LÖVBORG. Well——

MRS. ELVSTED *(softly clinging to* HEDDA). Oh, how fortunate I am, Hedda! For, fancy, he says that I inspire him too.

HEDDA *(looks at her with a smile).* No, dear, does he say that?

LÖVBORG. And then the courage in action that she has, Mrs. Tesman.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, goodness! *I* courage!

LÖVBORG. Immensely—when it refers to the comrade.

HEDDA. Yes, *courage*, yes! If one only had it.

LÖVBORG. What do you mean, then?

HEDDA. Then one could perhaps manage to live one's life. *(Turns suddenly)* But now, my dearest Thea, now you must drink up a good glass of cold punch.

MRS. ELVSTED. No, thanks, I never drink things of that kind.

HEDDA. Well, then, you at least, Mr. Lövborg.

LÖVBORG. Thanks, nor I either.

MRS. ELVSTED. No, nor he either.

HEDDA *(looks firmly at him)*. But if I wish it?

LÖVBORG. Can't help it!

HEDDA *(laughs)*. Then I have no power over you at all, poor I?

LÖVBORG. Not in that direction.

HEDDA. Seriously speaking, I think you ought to do it all the same. For your own sake.

MRS. ELVSTED. No, but, Hedda—!

LÖVBORG. Why?

HEDDA. Or for other people's sake, I ought to say.

LÖVBORG. Indeed?

HEDDA. Otherwise people might easily get the impression that you did not —really—feel yourself perfectly confident—perfectly sure of yourself.

MRS. ELVSTED *(aside)*. Oh, no, Hedda—!

LÖVBORG. People may get whatever impression they choose for the present.

MRS. ELVSTED *(joyfully)*. Yes, is it not so?

HEDDA. I noticed that so plainly in Judge Brack just now.

LÖVBORG. What did you notice?

HEDDA. He smiled so scornfully when you dared not go in there to the table.

LÖVBORG. Dared not! I preferred, of course, to stay here and talk to you.

MRS. ELVSTED. That was so natural, Hedda!

HEDDA. But the Judge could not possibly know that. And I saw that he gave a smile and glanced at Tesman when you dared not go with them to that wretched little banquet.

LÖVBORG. Dared! Do you say that I did not dare?

HEDDA. Not I. But that is how Judge Brack understood it.

LÖVBORG. Well, let him.

HEDDA. Then you will not go with them?

LÖVBORG. I shall stay here with you and Thea.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, Hedda, you may be sure that is best.

HEDDA *(smiles and nods with approval to* LÖVBORG). Firm as a rock, then!

Rooted in principle for all times and seasons! There, that's what a man should be! *(Turns to* MRS. ELVSTED *and pats her)* Well, was not that what I said when you came here so awfully anxious this morning?

LÖVBORG *(starting)*. Anxious?

MRS. ELVSTED *(terrified)*. Hedda, Hedda, then——

HEDDA. Just look yourself! It is not necessary that you should go about in this mortal dread——*(Interrupting)* Well, now we can all three be in high spirits!

LÖVBORG. Ah! what is the meaning of all this, Mrs. Tesman?

MRS. ELVSTED. Good gracious, Hedda! What are you saying? What are you doing?

HEDDA. Be quiet! That disgusting Judge is sitting there and keeping his eye on you.

LÖVBORG. In mortal dread? For the sake of me?

MRS. ELVSTED *(aside, complaining)*. Oh, Hedda, now you have made me perfectly miserable!

LÖVBORG *(looks steadily at her for a little while. His face is gloomy)*. Then *that* was my comrade's frank faith in me.

MRS. ELVSTED *(beseechingly)*. Ah! dearest friend, you must listen to me first——

LÖVBORG *(takes one full glass of punch, lifts it and says softly, with husky voice)*. Your health, Thea! *(He empties the glass, puts it down and takes the other)*

MRS. ELVSTED *(aside)*. O Hedda, Hedda! how could you wish for this?

HEDDA. Wish! I! Are you mad?

LÖVBORG. And a health to you also, Mrs. Tesman. Thanks for the truth. The living truth! *(He drinks and wishes to refill the glass)*

HEDDA *(lays her hand upon his arm)*. There, there! No more for the moment. Remember, that you are going to the party.

MRS. ELVSTED. No, no, no!

HEDDA. Hush! They are sitting and watching you.

LÖVBORG *(puts the glass away)*. Thea, now tell the truth.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes!

LÖVBORG. Had the Sheriff any idea you were following me?

MRS. ELVSTED *(wringing her hands)*. Oh, Hedda, do you hear what he asks?

LÖVBORG. Was it an agreement between him and you that you should come up to town and spy after me? Perhaps it was the Sheriff himself that made you do it? Aha! Perhaps he thought he could make use of me in his office again! Or was it at the card-table he missed me?

MRS. ELVSTED *(aside, moaning)*. Oh, Lövborg, Lövborg——

LÖVBORG *(snatches a glass and tries to fill it)*. A health to the old Sheriff too!

HEDDA *(refusing)*. No more now. Remember, you have to go and read aloud to Tesman.

LÖVBORG *(quieter, pushes the glass away)*. That was stupid of me, Thea, that was. To take it up in such a way, I mean. Don't be angry with me, my dear, dear comrade. You shall see—you and other people—that if I was fallen now I am up again! By *your* help, Thea.

MRS. ELVSTED *(beaming with delight)*. Oh, thank God! *(Meanwhile* BRACK *has looked at his watch. He and* TESMAN *get up and come into the drawing-room).*

BRACK *(takes his hat and overcoat)*. Yes, Mrs. Tesman, it is now time for us.

HEDDA. That is all right.

LÖVBORG *(gets up)*. For me, too, Mr. Justice.

MRS. ELVSTED *(aside entreating)*. Oh, Lövborg, don't do it!

HEDDA *(pinches her arm)*. They hear you!

MRS. ELVSTED *(gives a slight scream)*. Au!

LÖVBORG *(to* BRACK*)*. You were so kind as to invite me.

BRACK. Well, will you come, after all?

LÖVBORG. Yes, many thanks.

BRACK. I shall be most delighted.

LÖVBORG *(draws the packet of MS. toward him, and says to* TESMAN*)*. For I should like to submit one or two points to you before I send it off.

TESMAN. No, fancy! that will be amusing! But, dear Hedda, how will Mrs. Elvsted be seen home? Eh?

HEDDA. Oh, that can always be managed somehow.

LÖVBORG *(looks toward the ladies)*. Mrs. Elvsted? Of course I am coming back to fetch her. *(Closer)* About ten o'clock, Mrs. Tesman? How will that do?

HEDDA. Yes, certainly. That will do splendidly.

TESMAN. Well, then, that is all right. But you must not expect me so early, Hedda.

HEDDA. Oh, my dear, stay as long—as long as ever you like.

MRS. ELVSTED *(in concealed agony)*. Mr. Lövborg, I shall be waiting here until you come.

LÖVBORG *(with his hat in his hand)*. Of course, Mrs. Elvsted.

BRACK. And now we are off for a happy day, gentlemen! I hope we shall make it "lively," as a certain lovely lady puts it.

HEDDA. Ah! if only the lovely lady could be present invisibly.

BRACK. Why invisibly?

HEDDA. To hear a little of your unadulterated liveliness, Mr. Justice.

BRACK *(laughs)*. I would not advise the lovely lady to do that.

TESMAN *(also laughs)*. Well, that is a good joke, Hedda! Fancy that!

BRACK. Now good-by, good-by, ladies.

LÖVBORG *(bows as he goes).* About ten o'clock, then.

(BRACK, LÖVBORG, *and* TESMAN *go out through the hall door. At the same time* BERTHA *comes from the back room with a lighted lamp, which she puts down on the drawing-room table and goes out the same way)*

MRS. ELVSTED *(has risen and walks about uneasily).* Hedda, Hedda, what will be the end of all this?

HEDDA. Ten o'clock—when he is coming to fetch you. I see him before me. With vine-leaves in his hair. Hot and bold——

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, if only it might be so.

HEDDA. And you see he has regained power over himself. He is now a free man for the rest of his life.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, goodness, yes—if he might only come back as you see him.

HEDDA. So, and not otherwise will he come! *(Rises and approaches her)* You may doubt him as long as you will. I believe in him. And now we shall try——

MRS. ELVSTED. There is something mysterious about you, Hedda.

HEDDA. Yes, there is. I wish for once in my life to have power over the fate of a human being.

MRS. ELVSTED. Have you not got that?

HEDDA. Haven't—and never have had.

MRS. ELVSTED. But not over your husband?

HEDDA. Oh, that would not be worth taking much trouble about. Oh, if you could only know how poor I am. And you are allowed to be so rich. *(Looks passionately at her)* I believe I shall scorch your hair off, after all.

MRS. ELVSTED. Let me go! let me go! I am afraid of you, Hedda.

BERTHA *(in the doorway).* Tea is served in the dining-room, ma'am.

HEDDA. Very well. We are coming.

MRS. ELVSTED. No, no, no! I wish to go home alone! Now, at once!

HEDDA. Nonsense! you shall have tea first, you little simpleton. And then, at ten o'clock, comes Ejlert Lövborg, with vine-leaves in his hair. *(She drags* MRS. ELVSTED *almost by force to the doorway)*

ACT III

The room at TESMAN'S. *The curtains are drawn in front of the doorway and of the glass door. The lamp, with a shade over it, burns, half turned down, on the table. In the stove, the door of which is open, there has been a fire, which is now almost out.*

MRS. ELVSTED, *wrapped in a great beaver cloak, and with her feet on a footstool, sits close to the stove, sunken back in the arm-chair.* HEDDA *lies, dressed, asleep on the sofa, with a rug over her.*

MRS. ELVSTED *(after a pause, sits up quickly in her chair and listens keenly. Then sinks wearily back again and softly murmurs).* Not yet! O God! O God!—not yet!

(BERTHA *comes in cautiously, listening, through the hall door. She has a letter in her hand.)*

MRS. ELVSTED *(turns and whispers sharply).* Well, has anyone been here?

BERTHA *(aside).* Yes, just now a girl came with this letter.

MRS. ELVSTED *(quickly, holding out her hand).* A letter! Give it me!

BERTHA. No, it is for the Doctor, ma'am.

MRS. ELVSTED. Ah!

BERTHA. It was Miss Tesman's maid who brought it. I will put it here on the table.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, do.

BERTHA *(lays down the letter).* I had better put out the lamp. For it is merely being wasted.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, put it out. It will soon be light now.

BERTHA *(puts it out).* It *is* quite light, ma'am.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, broad daylight! And not come home yet.

BERTHA. Oh, goodness! I thought that that was what would happen.

MRS. ELVSTED. Did you think so?

BERTHA. Yes, when I saw that a certain person was come to town again—and went off with them. We have heard a good deal about that gentleman before now.

MRS. ELVSTED. Don't talk so loud. You'll wake your mistress.

BERTHA *(looks at the sofa and sighs).* No, let her sleep, poor thing. Shall I make up the fire a little?

MRS. ELVSTED. Thanks, not for me.

BERTHA. Very well, then. *(She goes out softly through the hall-door)*

HEDDA *(wakes up at the shutting of the door, and looks up).* What is it?

MRS. ELVSTED. It was only the servant.

HEDDA *(looks around).* Ah! in here! yes, I recollect now. *(Sits up on the sofa, stretches herself, and rubs her eyes)* What o'clock is it, Thea?

MRS. ELVSTED. It is past seven, now.

HEDDA. When did Tesman come?

MRS. ELVSTED. He has not come yet.

HEDDA. Not come home yet?

MRS. ELVSTED *(rises).* Nobody has come.

HEDDA. And we who sat here and watched and waited up till four o'clock—

MRS. ELVSTED *(wrings her hands).* And *what* I expected of him!

HEDDA *(yawns, and says, with her hand before her mouth).* Ah, yes, we might have spared ourselves that trouble.

MRS. ELVSTED. Have you been able to sleep at all?

HEDDA. Oh, yes. I believe I have had a very good sleep. Didn't you?

MRS. ELVSTED. Not one moment. I could not, Hedda. It was absolutely impossible for me.

HEDDA *(rises and goes across to her).* There, there, there! There is nothing to be anxious about. I know perfectly well what has happened.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, what do you suppose, then? Can you tell me?

HEDDA. Well, of course they went on drinking at the Judge's for a frightful time——

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, dear, yes—they did to be sure. But at the same time——

HEDDA. And so, you see, Tesman did not like to come home and make a noise and ring us up in the middle of the night. *(Laughs)* Perhaps did not particularly wish to show himself, either, in such a very jovial condition.

MRS. ELVSTED. But, my dear, where can he have gone?

HEDDA. He is gone up to his aunt's, of course, and has had out his sleep there. They keep up his old room.

MRS. ELVSTED. No, he can't be there. For a letter has just come for him from Miss Tesman. There it is.

HEDDA. Really? *(Looks at the address)* Yes, it certainly is from Aunt Julie herself. Well, then, he must have stayed all night at the Judge's house. And Ejlert Lövborg—he is sitting, with vine-leaves in his hair, and reading aloud.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, Hedda, you merely go on saying what you don't yourself believe a word of.

HEDDA. You really are a little ninny, Thea.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, yes, I am sorry to say I suppose I am.

HEDDA. And so deadly tired out you look.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, I am deadly tired, too.

HEDDA. Well, then, you shall do what I tell you. You shall go into my room and lie down on the bed a little.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, no, no, I should not sleep if I did.

HEDDA. Yes, you certainly would.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, but your husband is sure to come home soon, now. And then I shall want to know at once.

HEDDA. I will tell you when he comes.

MRS. ELVSTED. Will you promise me that, Hedda?

HEDDA. Yes, you can depend upon that. Just go in and sleep until then.

MRS. ELVSTED. Thanks. Well, I will try to. *(She goes in through the back room)*

*(*HEDDA *goes to the glass door and draws back the curtains. Broad daylight enters the room. Thereupon she takes a little hand-mirror which stands on the writing-table, and arranges her hair. Then goes to the hall-door and presses the button of the bell.* BERTHA *soon after appears at the door)*

BERTHA. Do you want anything, ma'am?

HEDDA. Yes, you must make up the fire in the stove. I am chilled to the bone.

BERTHA. The room shall be warm in a minute. *(She draws the embers together, and puts more fuel on)*

BERTHA. That was a ring at the street door, ma'am.

HEDDA. Well, then go and open it. I will attend to the stove.

BERTHA. It will soon burn up. *(She goes out through the hall-door.* HEDDA *kneels on the footstool and puts several pieces of fuel into the stove)*

(GEORGE TESMAN *comes, after a short delay, in from the hall. He looks tired and rather serious. Walks on the tips of his toes toward the doorway and is going to slip in between the curtains)*

HEDDA *(at the stove, without looking up).* Good-morning!

TESMAN *(turns).* Hedda! *(Comes nearer)* But what in the world are you up so early for? Eh?

HEDDA. Yes, I am up awfully early to-day.

TESMAN. And I, who felt so certain you would be still in bed and asleep! Fancy, Hedda!

HEDDA. Don't talk so loud. Mrs. Elvsted is lying in my room.

TESMAN. Has Mrs. Elvsted been here all night?

HEDDA. Yes, nobody came to fetch her.

TESMAN. No, nobody did.

HEDDA *(shuts the stove-door and rises).* Well, did you amuse yourself at the Judge's?

TESMAN. Have you been anxious about me? Eh?

HEDDA. No, it never occurred to me to be that. But I asked you whether you had amused yourself.

TESMAN. Yes, tolerably. For once. But most at the beginning, I think now. Because then Ejlert read aloud to me. We arrived an hour too soon—fancy! And Brack had so many things to arrange. But then Ejlert read.

HEDDA. Really? Let me hear.

TESMAN *(sits down on an ottoman by the stove).* No, Hedda, you could never believe what a book it is! It is certainly one of the most astonishing things that have been written. Fancy that!

HEDDA. Yes, yes, I don't care about that.

TESMAN. I will tell you one thing, Hedda. When he had finished reading—something ugly came over me.

HEDDA. Something ugly?

TESMAN. I sat and envied Ejlert, for having been able to write like that. Fancy that, Hedda.

HEDDA. Yes, yes, I can understand that.

TESMAN. And then, you know, with all the talent that he has, unfortunately he is utterly irreclaimable all the same.

HEDDA. You mean, I suppose, that he has more of the courage of life than the others?

TESMAN. Good Lord, no! He can scarcely preserve any moderation in his pleasures, you see.

HEDDA. And what came of it all—at last?

TESMAN. Well, I almost think that it might have been called a bacchanalian orgy, Hedda.

HEDDA. Had he vine-leaves in his hair?

TESMAN. Vine-leaves? No, I did not see anything of that sort. But he kept up a long, confused story about the woman who had inspired him in his work. Yes, that was how he expressed himself.

HEDDA. Did he name her?

TESMAN. No, he did not do that. But I can't help thinking that it must be Mrs. Elvsted. Do you agree?

HEDDA. Well, where did you leave him?

TESMAN. On the way back. We broke up—the last of us—at the same time. And Brack walked with us to get a little fresh air. And then, you see, we all agreed to take Ejlert home. Yes, for he was completely overcome.

HEDDA. He was?

TESMAN. But now for the most extraordinary part of it, Hedda! Or the sad part, I ought to say. Oh!—I am almost ashamed—for Ejlert's sake—to tell you about it.

HEDDA. Well? Well?

TESMAN. While coming back, you see, I was by accident a little behind the others. Merely for a minute or two, fancy!

HEDDA. Yes, yes, Good God! But—

TESMAN. And when I was hurrying after the others what do you think I found at the corner of the road? Eh?

HEDDA. No, how can I possibly tell!

TESMAN. Be sure you don't tell anybody, Hedda. Do you hear? Promise me that, for Ejlert's sake. *(Takes a packet wrapped in paper out of his coat pocket)* Fancy—I found this.

HEDDA. Is not that the packet which he had with him when he was here yesterday?

TESMAN. Yes, it is the whole of his precious, irreparable manuscript! And that he had gone and dropped without having noticed it. Just fancy that, Hedda! So sad!

HEDDA. But why did you not give him back the parcel at once?

TESMAN. No, I dared not do that—in the condition in which he was.

HEDDA. Did you not tell any of the others that you had found it, either?

TESMAN. Oh, no, indeed. You may be sure I never would do that, for Ejlert's sake.

HEDDA. So that nobody knows that you have Ejlert Lövborg's papers?

TESMAN. No. And nobody must know either.

HEDDA. What have you said to him since?

TESMAN. I had no more conversation whatever with him. For when we came into the streets he and one or two others went quite away from us. Fancy that!

HEDDA. Ah! Then they must have taken him home.

TESMAN. Yes, they were going to do that. And Brack went back to his own house.

HEDDA. And where have you been racketing since then?

TESMAN. Well, I and some of the others we went up to the rooms of one of these jolly chaps and had an early cup of coffee with him. Or a very late cup of coffee it might more properly be called. Eh? But when I have rested a little—and when I can suppose that Ejlert, poor fellow, has had his sleep out, I must go over to his place to take this back to him.

HEDDA. No, don't give it from yourself. Not at once, I mean. Let me read it first.

TESMAN. No, dear darling Hedda, I really dare not do that.

HEDDA. Do you not dare?

TESMAN. No, for you can well imagine how perfectly in despair he will be when he wakens and misses the manuscript. For he has no copy of it, you must know! He said so himself.

HEDDA *(looks searchingly at him).* Can't a thing of that kind, then, be written over again? Once more?

TESMAN. No, I don't believe that would ever answer. For the inspiration—you see——

HEDDA. Yes, yes—of course there is that. *(Rejecting the idea)* But by the way, there is a letter here for you.

TESMAN. No, fancy that!

HEDDA *(hands him the letter).* It came early this morning.

TESMAN. From Aunt Julie! What can it be? *(Puts the packet of MS. on the other ottoman, opens the letter, runs through it and jumps up)* Oh, Hedda, she writes to say that poor Aunt Rina is dying!

HEDDA. Well, that was to be expected.

TESMAN. And that if I wish to see her once again I must make haste. I will rush off to them at once.

HEDDA *(suppresses a smile).* Must you *rush?*

TESMAN. Oh, dearest Hedda, if you only could make up your mind to come with me! Do!

HEDDA *(rises and says wearily).* No, no, don't ask me to do such a thing

I don't want to look upon disease and death. Let me be kept from everything that is ugly.

TESMAN. Yes, good Lord, then—! *(Walks about)* My hat?—my overcoat? Ah! in the hall. I do hope that I shall not arrive too late, Hedda? Eh?

HEDDA. Well, then rush—!

BERTHA. Mr. Justice Brack is outside asking if he may come in.

TESMAN. At this hour! No, I cannot possibly receive him.

HEDDA. But I can. *(To* BERTHA) Show Mr. Brack in. (BERTHA *goes)*

HEDDA *(rapidly, whispering).* The packet, Tesman! *(She snatches it from the ottoman)*

TESMAN. Yes, give it me!

HEDDA. No, no, I will hide it till you come back. *(She goes up to the writing-table and pushes it into the book-case.* TESMAN *fidgets about and cannot get his gloves on)*

(JUDGE BRACK *enters from the hall)*

HEDDA *(nods to him).* Well, you *are* an early bird.

BRACK. Yes, don't you think so? *(To* TESMAN) Are you going out, then?

TESMAN. Yes, it is absolutely necessary I should go over to my aunts'. Fancy! the sick one is dying, poor thing.

BRACK. Oh, dear me, is she really? But in that case you must not let me detain you. At such a serious moment—

TESMAN. Yes, I must really run. Good-by, good-by! *(He hurries out through the hall-door)*

HEDDA. It must have been more than lively at your house last night, Mr. Brack.

BRACK. I have not got out of my clothes, Mrs. Hedda.

HEDDA. Haven't you really?

BRACK. No, as you see. But how much has Tesman told you of the night's festivities?

HEDDA. Oh, some tiresome stuff. Merely that he had been up somewhere drinking coffee.

BRACK. I have heard all about that coffee-drinking. Ejlert Lövborg was not of the party, I believe?

HEDDA. No, they had already taken him home.

BRACK. Tesman as well?

HEDDA. No, but some of the others, he said.

BRACK *(smiles).* George Tesman is really an innocent creature, Mrs. Hedda.

HEDDA. Oh, my goodness, I should think he was. But is there any mystery in it, then?

BRACK. Yes, there is to a certain extent.

HEDDA. Really! Let us sit down, dear Judge. Then you will talk more comfortably. *(She sits at the left side of the table.* BRACK *close to her)*

HEDDA. Well! now what is it?

BRACK. I had particular reasons for tracking my guests—or, more properly, a portion of my guests last night.

HEDDA. And was Ejlert Lövborg one of them?

BRACK. I must confess that he was.

HEDDA. Now you are making me fearfully inquisitive.

BRACK. Do you know where he and some of the others spent the rest of the night, Mrs. Hedda?

HEDDA. If you are going to tell me, tell me.

BRACK. Dear me, it can be very well told. Yes, they took part in a singularly animated *soirée.*

HEDDA. Of the lively kind?

BRACK. Of the liveliest conceivable.

HEDDA. Let me know a little more about it, Judge.

BRACK. Lövborg had received an invitation beforehand, he too. I knew all about that. But then he had declined to come. For now, as you know, he has become a reformed character.

HEDDA. Up at Sheriff Elvsted's, yes. But then he did go, after all?

BRACK. Yes, you see, Mrs. Hedda, unfortunately the spirit came upon him last evening up at my house——

HEDDA. Yes, I hear he became very inspired.

BRACK. Inspired to a somewhat violent degree. Well, he changed his mind, I suppose. For we men, we are unfortunately not so firm in our principles as we ought to be.

HEDDA. Oh, I am sure you are an exception, Mr. Brack. But now about Lövborg——

BRACK. Well, to make a long story short, he found a haven at last in Miss Diana's parlors.

HEDDA. Miss Diana's?

BRACK. It was Miss Diana who gave the party. To a select circle of admirers and female friends.

HEDDA. Is she a red-haired girl?

BRACK. Just so.

HEDDA. Such a sort of opera-singer?

BRACK. Oh, yes—that as well. And with it all a mighty huntress—after the gentlemen—Mrs. Hedda. You must have heard of her. Ejlert Lövborg was one of her warmest protectors in his influential days.

HEDDA. And how did all this end?

BRACK. Not quite so amiably, I must confess. Miss Diana passed from the tenderest greetings to mere loggerheads——

HEDDA. Toward Lövborg?

BRACK. Yes. He accused her or her friends of having robbed him. He declared that his pocket-book was gone. And other things, too. In short, he made a horrible spectacle of himself.

HEDDA. And what did that lead to?

BRACK. That led to a general rumpus between all the ladies and gentlemen. Happily, the police came up at last.

HEDDA. What, did the police come?

BRACK. Yes. But it was a costly joke for that mad fellow, Ejlert Lövborg.

HEDDA. How?

BRACK. He made a violent resistance. Then he struck one of the constables in the ear, and tore his coat to pieces. So then he was walked off to the police-station.

HEDDA. How do you know all this?

BRACK. From the police themselves.

HEDDA *(looks before her).* So that is how it has all happened. Then he did not have vine-leaves in his hair?

BRACK. Vine-leaves, Mrs. Hedda?

HEDDA *(changes her tone).* But now, tell me, Judge, why, really, do you go about in this way, tracking and spying after Ejlert Lövborg?

BRACK. In the first place, it can be no matter of indifference to me that when it comes before the magistrates, it should appear that he came straight from my house.

HEDDA. Then it will come before the magistrates?

BRACK. Of course. Besides, whatever my reason may have been, I thought that it was only my duty, as a friend of the house, to let you and Tesman have a full account of his nocturnal exploits.

HEDDA. But precisely why, Mr. Brack?

BRACK. Well, because I have a lively suspicion that he will use you as a sort of screen.

HEDDA. No, but how can you think of such a thing?

BRACK. Oh, good Lord, we are not blind, Mrs. Hedda. Just look here! This Mrs. Elvsted, she is in no hurry to leave town.

HEDDA. Well, if there was anything between those two, there are many other places where they can meet.

BRACK. No family. Every respectable house will from this time forth be closed to Ejlert Lövborg.

HEDDA. And so ought mine to be, you think?

BRACK. Yes. I confess that it will be more than distressing for me if this gentleman fixes himself here. If he, as a superfluous and an irrelevant element should force himself into——

HEDDA. Into the triple alliance?

BRACK. Just so. It would be the same for me as being homeless.

HEDDA. So, to be sole cock of the walk, that is your object?

BRACK *(nods slowly and lowers his voice).* Yes, that is my object. And that object I will fight for with all the means I have at my disposal.

HEDDA *(while her smile fades away).* You are certainly a dangerous person, when it comes to the point.

BRACK. Do you think so?

HEDDA. Yes, I begin to think so now. And I am glad of it with all my heart—so long as you do not in any way get a hold over me.

BRACK *(laughs ambiguously).* Yes, yes, Mrs. Hedda, you are perhaps right about that. Who knows whether I may not be man enough to get such a hold.

HEDDA. No, but listen to me, Mr. Brack! It is almost as though you were sitting there and threatening me.

BRACK *(rises).* Oh, far from it! The triple alliance you see is best confirmed and defended by voluntary action.

HEDDA. That is my opinion, too.

BRACK. Yes, and now I have said what I wanted to say, and I must be getting back. Good-by, Mrs. Hedda. *(He goes to the glass door)*

HEDDA. Are you going through the garden?

BRACK. Yes, it is the nearer way for me.

HEDDA. Yes, and then it is the back way too.

BRACK. Very true. I have no objection to back ways. At the proper moment they may be piquant enough.

HEDDA. When there is firing with shot going on.

BRACK *(in the door, laughs to her).* Oh! one does not shoot one's domestic fowls!

HEDDA *(laughs also).* Oh, no! if one has not more than the one, then——

(They nod, as they laugh, and say good-by. He goes. She shuts the door after him. HEDDA *stands for a while, gravely, and looks out. Then she goes and peeps in through the curtains to the back room. Then goes to the writing-table, takes* LÖVBORG'S *packet down from the book-case, and begins to turn the pages.* BERTHA'S *voice is heard loud in the hall.* HEDDA *turns and listens. Then rapidly locks the packet up in the drawer and puts the key in the plate of the inkstand.* EJLERT LÖVBORG, *with his overcoat on and his hat in his hand, bursts the hall-door open. He looks somewhat confused and excited)*

LÖVBORG *(turning toward the hall).* And I tell you I must and I will go in! There! *(He shuts the door, turns, sees* HEDDA; *he immediately regains his self-command and bows)*

HEDDA *(at the writing-table).* Well, Mr. Lövborg, you are pretty late in coming to fetch Thea.

LÖVBORG. Or else it is pretty early to be calling on you. I hope you will excuse me.

HEDDA. How do you know she is still here?

LÖVBORG. They told me at her lodgings that she had been out all night.

HEDDA *(crosses to the drawing-room table).* Did you notice how the people looked when they said that?

LÖVBORG *(looks inquiringly at her).* How the people looked?

HEDDA. I mean whether they seemed to think it was odd?

LÖVBORG *(suddenly comprehending).* Oh, yes, that is quite true! I drag her down with me! At the same time I did not notice anything. Has Tesman not got up yet?

HEDDA. No, I don't think so.

LÖVBORG. When did he get home?

HEDDA. Awfully late.

LÖVBORG. Did he tell you anything?

HEDDA. Yes, I heard that you had had a very jolly time at Mr. Brack's.

LÖVBORG. Nothing else?

HEDDA. No, I don't think so. Besides I was so fearfully sleepy.

(MRS. ELVSTED *comes in through the curtains in the background)*

MRS. ELVSTED *(goes toward him).* Ah, Lövborg! At last——!

LÖVBORG. Yes, at last! And too late!

MRS. ELVSTED *(sees the anguish in his face).* What is too late?

LÖVBORG. All is too late now. It is all over with me.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, no, no—don't say that!

LÖVBORG. You will say it yourself, when you have heard—

MRS. ELVSTED. I will hear nothing!

HEDDA. Perhaps you would like best to talk to her alone? If so, I'll go.

LÖVBORG. No, stay—you too. I beg you to stay.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, but I don't wish to hear anything, I tell you.

LÖVBORG. It is not last night's adventures that I wish to speak about.

MRS. ELVSTED. What is it, then?

LÖVBORG. It is about this—that our paths must now be parted.

MRS. ELVSTED. Parted?

HEDDA *(involuntarily).* I knew it!

LÖVBORG. For I have no more use for you, Thea.

MRS. ELVSTED. And you can stand here and say that! No more use for me! Can't I help you just as I did before? Can't we go on working together?

LÖVBORG. I don't mean to do any work after to-day.

MRS. ELVSTED *(in despair).* Then what shall I do with my life?

LÖVBORG. You must try to live your life as if you had never known me.

MRS. ELVSTED. But I cannot do that!

LÖVBORG. Try whether you can, Thea. You must go home again.

MRS. ELVSTED *(in agitation).* Never in this world! Where are you, there will I also be! I will not allow myself to be hunted away like that! I will stay here where I am! Be with you, when the book comes out.

HEDDA *(aside, in suspense).* Ah! the book—yes!

LÖVBORG *(looks at her).* My book and Thea's. For that's what it is.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes. I feel it is that. And therefore I have a right to be with you when it comes out! I wish to see to it that esteem and honor are poured out over you again. And the joy—the joy, that I will share with you.

LÖVBORG. Thea—our book will never come out.

HEDDA. Ah!

MRS. ELVSTED. Never come out?

LÖVBORG. Can never come out.

MRS. ELVSTED *(in agonized foreboding).* Lövborg—what have you done with the sheets?

HEDDA *(looks excitedly at him).* Yes, the sheets——?

MRS. ELVSTED. Where have you put them?

LÖVBORG. Oh, Thea—don't ask me that.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, yes, I will know. I have a right to be told at once.

LÖVBORG. The sheets! Well then—the sheets, I have torn them into a thousand fragments.

MRS. ELVSTED *(screams).* Oh, no, no——!

HEDDA *(involuntarily).* But it is not——

LÖVBORG *(looks at her).* Not true, do you think?

HEDDA *(recovers herself).* Yes, indeed. Of course. When you yourself say it. But it sounded so improbable.

LÖVBORG. True all the same.

MRS. ELVSTED *(wrings her hands).* Oh, God! Oh, God! Hedda—torn his own work to pieces.

LÖVBORG. I have torn my own life to pieces. So that I might as well tear my life's work to pieces too——

MRS. ELVSTED. And did you do that last night?

LÖVBORG. Yes, I tell you! Into a thousand pieces. And scattered them on the fjord. Far out! There is, in any case, fresh salt water there. Let them drift out into it. Drift in the tide and wind. And then in a little while they sink. Deeper and deeper. As I am doing, Thea.

MRS. ELVSTED. Do you know, Lövborg, that this about the book—all my life it will present itself to me, as if you had killed a little child.

LÖVBORG. You are right in that. It is a sort of infanticide.

MRS. ELVSTED. But how could you then——? I had my part, too, in the child.

HEDDA *(almost inaudible).* Ah, the child——

MRS. ELVSTED *(breathing heavily).* It's all over. Yes, yes, now I am going, Hedda.

HEDDA. But you are not going away from town?

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh! I don't know myself what I shall do. Everything is dark before me now. *(She goes out through the hall door)*

HEDDA *(stands and waits a little).* You are not going to go home with her, then, Lövborg?

LÖVBORG. I? Through the streets? Do you suppose people ought to see her walking with me?

HEDDA. I don't know what else happened last night. But is it so absolutely irretrievable?

LÖVBORG. It is not merely last night. I know that perfectly well. But it is *this,* that I don't want to live that kind of life either. Not now over again. It is the courage of life and the defiance of life that she has snapped in me.

HEDDA *(looking in front of her).* The sweet little simpleton has had her fingers in the destinies of a man. *(Looks at him)* But how could you be so heartless to her, all the same?

LÖVBORG. Oh, don't say that it was heartless!

HEDDA. Go and destroy what has filled her thoughts for such a long, long time! You don't call that heartless?

LÖVBORG. To you I can speak the truth, Hedda.

HEDDA. The truth?

LÖVBORG. Promise me first—give me your word upon it, that what I now confide to you, you will never let Thea know.

HEDDA. You have my word upon it.

LÖVBORG. Good. Then I will tell you that that was not true which I stood here and declared.

HEDDA. That about the sheets?

LOVBORG. Yes. I have not torn them into fragments. I have not thrown them into the fjord either.

HEDDA. No, no—But—where are they, then?

LÖVBORG. I have destroyed them all the same! To all intents and purposes, Hedda.

HEDDA. I don't understand that.

LÖVBORG. Thea said that what I had done was the same to her as murdering a child.

HEDDA. Yes, that's what she said.

LÖVBORG. But, to kill one's child—that is not the worst thing you can do to it.

HEDDA. *That* not the worst?

LÖVBORG. No. That is the worse which I wished to shield Thea from hearing about.

HEDDA. And what then is this worst?

LÖVBORG. Suppose now, Hedda, that a man—about such an hour in the morning as this—after a wild night of carouse, came home to the mother

of his child and said: Listen—I have been here and there. In this place and that place. And I have taken your child with me. To this place and that place. I have lost the child. Utterly lost it. The Devil knows into whose hands it has fallen. Who may have had their fingers in it.

HEDDA. Ah! but, after all—this was nothing more than a book——

LÖVBORG. The pure soul of Thea was in that book.

HEDDA. Yes, I understand that.

LÖVBORG. And therefore you understand also that between her and me there is no future henceforward.

HEDDA. And which way will you go?

LÖVBORG. No way. Merely see how I can make an end altogether. The sooner the better.

HEDDA *(a step nearer).* Ejlert Lövborg—now listen to me. Could you not contrive—that it should be done beautifully?

LÖVBORG. Beautifully? *(Smiles)* With vine-leaves in my hair, as you used to fancy——

HEDDA. Oh, no! The vine-leaf—I don't think anything more about that! But, beautifully, all the same! Just for once—Good-by! You must go now. And don't come here any more.

LÖVBORG. Good-by, Mrs. Tesman. And give a message to George Tesman from me. *(He is going)*

HEDDA. No, wait! You shall take with you a keepsake from me. *(She goes to the writing-table and opens the drawer and pistol-case. Comes back to Lövborg with one of the pistols)*

LÖVBORG *(looking at her).* This? Is *this* the keepsake?

HEDDA *(nods slowly).* Do you recollect it? It was aimed at you once.

LÖVBORG. You should have used it then.

HEDDA. Look here! *You* use it now.

LÖVBORG *(puts the pistol into his breast pocket).* Thanks!

HEDDA. And do it beautifully, Ejlert Lövborg. Only promise me that!

LÖVBORG. Good-by, Hedda Gabler.

(He goes out through the hall door. She then goes to the writing-table and takes out the packet with the manuscript, peeps into the envelope, pulls one or two of the leaves half out, and glances at them. She then takes the whole of it and sits down in the arm-chair by the stove. She holds the packet in her lap. After a pause, she opens the door of the stove, and then the packet also)

HEDDA *(throws one of the sheets into the fire and whispers to herself).* Now I am burning your child, Thea! You with your curly hair! *(Throws several sheets into the fire)* Your child and Ejlert Lövborg's child. *(Throws the rest in)* Now I am burning—am burning the child.

ACT IV

Same room at TESMAN'S. *It is evening. The drawing-room is in darkness. The back-room is lighted up by the chandelier over the table. The curtains in front of the glass door are drawn.*

HEDDA, *in black, goes to and fro over the floor in the darkened room. Then she passes into the back-room, and crosses over to the left side. There are heard some chords on the piano. Then she comes in again and enters the drawing-room.* BERTHA *comes from the left, through the back-room, with a lighted lamp, which she puts on the table in front of the settee in the drawing-room. Her eyes are red with weeping, and she has black ribands in her cap. She walks quietly and carefully out to the left.* HEDDA *goes to the glass door, moves the curtain a little to one side, and looks out into the darkness. Soon after,* MISS TESMAN *arrives, in black, with hat and veil on, in from the hall.* HEDDA *goes toward her with her hands outstretched.*

MISS TESMAN. Yes, Hedda, I come in the colors of sorrow. For at last my poor sister has found rest.

HEDDA. I know it already, as you see. Tesman sent me a card.

MISS TESMAN. Yes, he promised me he would. But I thought, all the same, that to Hedda, here—in the house of life—I ought myself to be the herald of death.

HEDDA. That was very kind of you.

MISS TESMAN. Oh, Rina ought not to have left us just *now*. Hedda's house ought not to be weighed down with grief at such a time as this.

HEDDA *(diverting her).* She died very quietly, didn't she, Miss Tesman?

MISS TESMAN. Oh, so exquisitely—so peacefully she departed. And then, the unspeakable joy that she saw George once more, and was able really to say good-by to him! Has he not come home yet?

HEDDA. No. He wrote that I must not expect him at once. But do sit down.

MISS TESMAN. No, thanks, dear, blessed Hedda! I should so like to. But I have so little time. Now I have to lay her out and adorn her as well as I can. She shall go down to her grave looking really nice.

HEDDA. Can't I help you with anything?

MISS TESMAN. Oh! don't you think of that! Hedda Tesman must not touch such work! Nor let her thoughts fasten upon it either. Not at this time, no!

HEDDA. Oh! one's thoughts—they don't obey such masters——

MISS TESMAN *(continuing).* Yes, dear Lord, that is how the world goes. At home with me we must now be sewing linen for Rina. And here there will soon be seen sewing too, I can very well imagine. But that will be of another sort, that will, thank God!

(GEORGE TESMAN *enters through the hall-door)*

HEDDA. Well, that is a good thing, you have come at last.

TESMAN. Are you here, Aunt Julie? With Hedda? Fancy that!

MISS TESMAN. I was just going away, my dear boy. Well, have you arranged everything as you promised me?

TESMAN. No, I am really afraid I have forgotten half of it, dear. I shall rush over to you again to-morrow. For to-day my head seems absolutely bewildered. I can't keep my thoughts together.

MISS TESMAN. But, dear George, you must not take it in this way.

TESMAN. What? How do you mean?

MISS TESMAN. You must rejoice even in grief. Glad for what has happened. As I am.

TESMAN. Oh! yes, yes. You are thinking about Aunt Rina.

HEDDA. It will be lonesome for you now, Miss Tesman.

MISS TESMAN. The first few days, yes. But that won't last very long; dear Rina's little room will not always be empty, that I know.

TESMAN. Indeed? Who is going to move into it? Eh?

MISS TESMAN. Oh, there is always some poor invalid or other, who needs to be looked after and tended, unfortunately.

HEDDA. Will you really take such a burden upon you?

MISS TESMAN. Burden? God forgive you, child, that has never been a burden to me.

HEDDA. But now if a stranger should come, then surely——

MISS TESMAN. Oh! one soon becomes friends with sick people. And I haven't any such great need to have anyone to live for, either. No, God be praised and thanked—here in the house there will be this and that going on that an old aunt may have a hand in.

HEDDA. Oh, don't speak about our house.

TESMAN. Yes, fancy, what a lovely time we three can have together, if——

HEDDA. If——?

TESMAN *(unquiet).* Oh, nothing. That will arrange itself all right. Let us hope so. Eh?

MISS TESMAN. Yes, yes. You two have something to chat about, I can well understand. *(Smiles)* And Hedda has also something to tell you, perhaps, George. Good-by! Now I must go home to Rina. *(Turns at the door)* Goodness, how strange it is to think that Rina is at home with me and is with poor Jochum as well!

TESMAN. Yes, fancy that, Aunt Julie! Eh?

(MISS TESMAN *goes out through the hall-door)*

HEDDA *(follows* TESMAN *coldly and critically with her eyes).* I almost think that the death upsets you more than it does her.

TESMAN. Oh, it is not the death alone. It is Ejlert whom I am so uneasy about.

HEDDA *(quickly).* Is there anything new about him?

TESMAN. I wanted to run up and tell him this afternoon that the manuscript was in safe-keeping.

HEDDA. Well? Did you not find him?

TESMAN. No. He was not at home. But afterward I met Mrs. Elvsted, and she told me he had been here early this morning.

HEDDA. Yes, directly after you went.

TESMAN. And he had said that he had torn his manuscript to bits. Eh?

HEDDA. Yes, that's what he declared.

TESMAN. Well, but he must have been completely out of his mind. And then did you not give it back to him either, Hedda?

HEDDA. No, he did not get it.

TESMAN. But you told him that we had it?

HEDDA. No. *(Quickly)* Did you tell Mrs. Elvsted?

TESMAN. No, I would not do that. But you ought to have told him himself. Fancy if, in despair, he should go away and do himself an injury! Let me have the manuscript, Hedda! I will rush round with it to him at once. Where is the package?

HEDDA *(cold and immovable, supported by the arm-chair)* I haven't got it any longer.

TESMAN. Haven't got it? What in the world do you mean?

HEDDA. I have burned it all up—the whole of it.

TESMAN *(breaks into a shriek).* Burned! Burned, Ejlert's manuscript!

HEDDA. Don't shriek so. The servant might hear you.

TESMAN. Burned! But, good God—! No, no, no—this is absolutely impossible.

HEDDA. Well, it is so, anyhow.

TESMAN. But do you know what you have been doing, Hedda? It is an illegal proceeding with goods found. Think of that! Yes, if you only ask Judge Brack, he will tell you what it is.

HEDDA. It is certainly best that you should say nothing about it, neither to the Judge nor to anyone else.

TESMAN. Yes, but how could you go and do anything so monstrous? How could such a thing come into your mind? How could it occur to you? Answer me that. Eh?

HEDDA *(suppresses an almost imperceptible smile).* I did it for your sake, George.

TESMAN. For my sake!

HEDDA. When you came home yesterday and said that he had been reading aloud to you—

TESMAN. Yes, yes, well?

HEDDA. Then you acknowledged that you envied him the work.

TESMAN. Oh, my goodness, I didn't mean that literally.

HEDDA. All the same, I could not bear the idea that anyone else should put you into the shade.

TESMAN *(in an outburst between doubt and joy).* Hedda, oh! is that the truth you are saying! Yes, but—yes, but—I never noticed that your love took that form before. Fancy that!

HEDDA. Well, it is best that you should know—that just at this time—*(Breaks off)* No, no—you can ask Aunt Julie for yourself. She will give you information enough.

TESMAN. Oh, I almost believe that I understand you, Hedda! *(Clasps his hands together)* No, good lord, is *that* possible! Eh?

HEDDA. Don't shout so. The servant might hear.

TESMAN *(laughing in excess of joy).* The servant! No, you really are fun, Hedda! The servant—is just Bertha! I will go out and tell Bertha myself.

HEDDA *(wrings her hands as if in despair).* Oh, it's killing me, it's killing me, all this!

TESMAN. What is, Hedda? Eh?

HEDDA *(coldly, in self-command).* All this ridiculous nonsense, George.

TESMAN. Ridiculous? That I am so intensely happy! But at the same time—perhaps it is not worth while that I should say anything to Bertha.

HEDDA. Oh, no, why should you not do so?

TESMAN. No, no, not yet. But Aunt Julie must undoubtedly be told. And then, that you begin to call me George as well! Fancy that! Oh, Aunt Julie, she will be so happy, so happy!

HEDDA. When she hears that I have burned Ejlert Lövborg's papers for your sake?

TESMAN. No, that's true too! That affair with the papers, of course nobody must know about that. But that you burned for me, Hedda—Aunt Julie must really have her share in that! But now I should like to know whether that sort of thing is usual with young wives? Eh?

HEDDA. You ought to ask Aunt Julie about *that* too, it seems to me.

TESMAN. Yes, I really will do so when I have an opportunity. *(Looks uneasy and pensive again)* No, but—no, but the manuscript then! Good lord, it is frightful to think of poor Ejlert, all the same.

(MRS. ELVSTED, *dressed as during her first visit, with hat and mantle, comes in through the hall-door)*

MRS. ELVSTED *(greets them hurriedly and says, with agitation).* Oh, dear Hedda, don't be angry with me for coming again.

HEDDA. What has happened to you, Thea?

TESMAN. Is there anything wrong again with Ejlert Lövborg? Eh?

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, yes—I am so dreadfully afraid that a misfortune has happened to him.

HEDDA *(seizes her arm).* Ah!—do you think so?

TESMAN. No, but good lord—how can you imagine such a thing, Mrs. Elvsted?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, for I heard them talking about him in the *pension,* just as I came in. Oh, the most hideous rumors about him are going around the town to-day.

TESMAN. Yes, fancy, I heard that too! And I can bear witness that he walked straight home and went to bed. Fancy!

HEDDA. Well, what did they say in the *pension?*

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh! I could not get any clear account. Either they knew nothing exact, or else—They stopped talking when they saw me. And I did not dare to ask.

TESMAN *(uneasily about the floor).* We must hope—we must hope that you heard wrong, Mrs. Elvsted.

MRS. ELVSTED. No, no, I am certain that it was him they were talking about. And then I heard them say something about the hospital or——

TESMAN. The hospital!

HEDDA. No—that is quite impossible!

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, I was so deadly frightened about him. And then I went up to his lodgings and asked for him there.

HEDDA. *Could* you persuade yourself to do that, Thea?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, what else could I do? For it did not seem to me that I could endure the uncertainty any longer.

TESMAN. But you did not find him, even there? Eh?

MRS. ELVSTED. No. And the people knew nothing about his movements. He had not been home since yesterday afternoon, they said.

TESMAN. Yesterday! Fancy their saying that!

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, I think that nothing else is possible but that something wrong must have happened to him!

TESMAN. What do you say, Hedda—to my going and making inquiries at various places——

HEDDA. No, no—don't you mix yourself up in this affair.

(JUDGE BRACK, *with his hat in his hand, comes in through the hall-door, which* BERTHA *opens and closes behind him. He looks grave, and bows in silence)*

TESMAN. Oh, is that you, dear Judge? Eh?

BRACK. Yes, of course I felt obliged to come to you this evening.

TESMAN. I can see that you have had a message from Aunt Julie.

BRACK. Yes, I have.

TESMAN. Isn't it sad? Eh?

BRACK. Well, dear Tesman, that depends on the way in which one takes it.

TESMAN *(looks inquiringly at him).* Has anything else happened?

BRACK. Yes, there has.

HEDDA *(eagerly).* Anything distressing, Mr. Brack?

BRACK. Again, that depends on how one takes it, Mrs. Tesman.

MRS. ELVSTED *(in an involuntary outburst)*. Oh! it has something to do with Ejlert Lövborg!

BRACK *(looks slightly at her)*. What makes you think that, madame? Perhaps you already know something?

MRS. ELVSTED *(distracted)*. No, no, I don't in any way; but——

TESMAN. But, good gracious, do tell us what it is!

BRACK. Well, unhappily, Ejlert Lövborg has been taken to the hospital. He lies there at the point of death.

MRS. ELVSTED *(shrieks)*. O God! O God!

TESMAN. To the hospital! And at the point of death!

HEDDA *(involuntarily)*. So quickly too!

MRS. ELVSTED *(wailing)*. And we, who parted in anger, Hedda!

HEDDA *(whispers)*. But Thea—Thea there!

MRS. ELVSTED *(paying no attention to her)*. I must go to him. I must see him alive!

BRACK. It is of no use, madame. No one may see him.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, but only tell me, what has happened to him? What is it?

TESMAN. Yes, you don't mean to say that he has—himself—Eh?

HEDDA. Yes, I am certain that he has.

TESMAN. Hedda, how can you know?

BRACK *(keeps his eyes fixed upon her)*. Perhaps you have guessed quite correctly, Mrs. Tesman.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, how horrible!

TESMAN. Himself too! Fancy that!

HEDDA. Shot himself!

BRACK. Guessed right again, Mrs. Tesman.

MRS. ELVSTED *(tries to be calm)*. When did it happen, Mr. Brack?

BRACK. This afternoon, between three and four.

TESMAN. But, good lord—where did he do it, then! Eh?

BRACK *(a little hesitating)*. Where? Yes, my dear Tesman—he must have done it in his own lodgings.

MRS. ELVSTED. No, that can't be right. For I was there between six and seven.

BRACK. Well, then somewhere else. I don't exactly know. I only know he was found—He had shot himself—through the breast.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, how terrible to think of! That he should come to such an end.

HEDDA *(to* BRACK*)*. Was it through the breast?

BRACK. Yes, as I say.

HEDDA. Then not through the temple?

BRACK. Through the breast, Mrs. Tesman.

HEDDA. Yes, yes—the breast is also a good place.

BRACK. What, Mrs. Tesman?

HEDDA *(evasively)*. Oh, no, nothing.

TESMAN. And the wound is dangerous, you say? Eh?

BRACK. The wound is absolutely mortal. It is probably all over with him by this time.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, yes, I have a foreboding! It is all over! All over! Oh, Hedda—!

TESMAN. But tell me—where did you learn all this?

BRACK *(shortly)*. Through one of the police. One whom I had to speak to.

HEDDA *(half aloud)*. At last a positive act!

TESMAN *(terrified)*. God save us—Hedda, what are you saying?

HEDDA. I say that there is something beautiful in this.

BRACK. Hum, Mrs. Tesman—

TESMAN. Beautiful. No, fancy that!

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, Hedda, how can you talk about beauty in such a matter?

HEDDA. Ejlert Lövborg has settled the account with himself. He has had the courage to do what—what had to be done.

MRS. ELVSTED. No, never believe that that is what has happened. What he has done, he has done in his delirium.

TESMAN. In despair he has done it!

HEDDA. That he has not. I am certain of that.

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, he has! In delirium! Just as when he tore our sheets to fragments.

BRACK *(starting)*. The sheets? The manuscript, do you mean? Has he torn that into fragments?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, he did that last night.

TESMAN *(whispers softly)*. Oh, Hedda, we shall never get clear of this.

BRACK. H'm, that was extraordinary.

TESMAN *(crosses the floor)*. Only to think of Ejlert's going out of the world in this way! And not to leave behind him what would have given such a lasting reputation to his name—

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, if it only could be put together again!

TESMAN. Yes, think, if it only could! I don't know what I would give—

MRS. ELVSTED. Perhaps it can, Mr. Tesman.

TESMAN. What do you mean?

MRS. ELVSTED *(searches in the pocket of her mantle)*. Look here. I hid the loose scraps which he used when he dictated.

HEDDA *(a step closer)*. Ah—!

TESMAN. You have kept them, Mrs. Elvsted? Eh?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, I have them here, I took them with me when I left home. And they have been lying here in my pocket——

TESMAN. Oh, do just let me see them!

MRS. ELVSTED *(passes him a bundle of small pages).* But they are in such disorder! All higgledy-piggledy.

TESMAN. Fancy, if we could only arrange them. Perhaps if we two set our heads together——

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, let us try, at all events.

TESMAN. It *shall* come right! It must come right! I will dedicate my life to this task!

HEDDA. You, George? Your life?

TESMAN. Yes, or more properly speaking, all the time I can spare. Lord, there is no use in wailing over what has happened. Eh? We will try to quiet ourselves down as much as possible and——

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, yes, Mr. Tesman, I will do the best I can.

TESMAN. Well, then come here. We must see about the notices at once. Where shall we sit? Here? No, in there in the back-room. Excuse us, my dear Brack! Come with me, then, Mrs. Elvsted.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, God—if it only might be possible!

(TESMAN *and* MRS. ELVSTED *come into the back-room. She takes off her hat and mantle. They both sit down at the table under the chandelier, and become absorbed in an eager examination of the papers.* HEDDA *crosses to the stove and sits down in the arm-chair. A little later* BRACK *crosses to her)*

HEDDA *(in a low voice).* Oh, Judge—what a relief this is about Ejlert Lövborg.

BRACK. Relief, Mrs. Hedda? Yes, indeed, it is a relief for him——

HEDDA. I mean, for me. A relief to know that it is still possible for an act of voluntary courage to take place in this world. Some over which there falls a veil of unintentional beauty.

BRACK *(smiles).* H'm—dear Mrs. Hedda——

HEDDA. Oh, I know what you are going to say. For you are a kind of professional person, you too, like—well!

BRACK *(looks firmly at her).* Ejlert Lövborg has been more to you than, perhaps, you are willing to admit to yourself. Or is that a mistake of mine?

HEDDA. I don't answer you such questions as that. I only know that Ejlert Lövborg has had the courage to live his life after his own fashion. And then now—the great act! That over which the sense of beauty falls! That he had force and will enough to break away from the banquet of life—so early.

BRACK. I am sorry, Mrs. Hedda—but I am obliged to destroy this pretty piece of imagination of yours.

HEDDA. Imagination?

BRACK. Which in any case you would soon abandon for yourself.

HEDDA. And what is it then?

BRACK. He has not shot himself—voluntarily.

HEDDA. Not voluntarily?

BRACK. No. The affair about Ejlert Lövborg does not run on quite the same lines that I drew just now.

HEDDA *(excitedly)*. Have you concealed something? What is it?

BRACK. For poor Mrs. Elvsted's sake I used a few small circumlocutions.

HEDDA. What are they?

BRACK. First, that he is really already dead.

HEDDA. At the hospital?

BRACK. Yes. And without regaining consciousness.

HEDDA. What more have you concealed?

BRACK. This, that the event did not occur in his room.

HEDDA. Well, that is of no particular consequence.

BRACK. You are mistaken. For I have to tell you—Ejlert Lövborg was found shot in—in Miss Diana's boudoir.

HEDDA *(will jump up, but sinks back again)*. That is impossible, Mr. Brack! He cannot have been there again to-day!

BRACK. He was there this afternoon. He came to beg for something, he said, which had been taken away from him. Talked wildly about a child, that was lost——

HEDDA. Ah!

BRACK. I thought that perhaps it might be his manuscript. But that, I hear, he himself destroyed. So that it must have been the pocketbook.

HEDDA. Yes, no doubt. And there—so there he was found.

BRACK. Yes, there. With a discharged pistol in his breast pocket. The shot had been fatal.

HEDDA. In the breast—yes.

BRACK. No—it struck him in the abdomen.

HEDDA *(looks up at him with an expression of disgust)*. That too! Oh, what a curse of ridicule and of vulgarity hangs over everything that I merely touch.

BRACK. There is one point more, Mrs. Hedda. Something which also may be looked upon as rather squalid.

HEDDA. And what is that?

BRACK. The pistol which he carried——

HEDDA *(breathless)*. Well! What then?

BRACK. He must have stolen it.

HEDDA *(leaps up)*. Stolen! That is not true! He did not steal it!

BRACK. No other solution is possible. He *must* have stolen it. Hush!

(TESMAN *and* MRS. ELVSTED *have risen from the table in the back-room, and enter the drawing-room)*

TESMAN *(with the papers in both his hands).* Hedda, dear, it is hardly possible for me to see there under the chandelier. Think of that!

BRACK. Yes, I am thinking.

TESMAN. Would you mind our sitting for a little while at your writing-table? Eh?

HEDDA. Yes, as far as I am concerned. *(Rapidly)* Now, wait! Let me clear it first!

TESMAN. Oh, that doesn't matter at all, Hedda. There is plenty of room.

HEDDA. No, no, let me just clear it first, I say. Carry all these things in, and put them on the piano. There!

(She has pushed an object, covered with note-paper, under the bookcase, puts several other papers on, and carries the whole into the back-room. TESMAN *lays the scraps of manuscript on the writing-table and moves the lamp then from the corner table. He and* MRS. ELVSTED *sit down and proceed with their work.* HEDDA *returns)*

HEDDA *(behind* MRS. ELVSTED'S *chair, gently strokes her hair).* Well, my sweet Thea, how goes it with Ejlert Lövborg's monument?

MRS. ELVSTED *(looks dispiritedly up at her).* Oh, goodness, it will be awfully hard to make it all out.

TESMAN. It *must* be done. There is nothing else for it. And this, to set other people's papers in order, is just the work I am fitted for.

(HEDDA *goes over to the stove and seats herself on one of the ottomans.* BRACK *stands over her, leaning on the arm-chair)*

HEDDA *(whispers).* What was that you said about the pistol?

BRACK *(softly).* That he must have stolen it.

HEDDA. Why must he have stolen it?

BRACK. Because no other explanation can be possible, Mrs. Hedda.

HEDDA. Ah, really!

BRACK *(glances at her).* Ejlert Lövborg was here this morning, of course. Isn't that so?

HEDDA. Yes.

BRACK. Were you alone with him?

HEDDA. Yes, part of the time.

BRACK. Did you leave this room while he was here?

HEDDA. No.

BRACK. Just consider. Were you not out of the room a moment?

HEDDA. Yes, perhaps just a moment—out in the hall.

BRACK. And where was your pistol-case during that time?

HEDDA. I had that down in——

BRACK. Well, Mrs. Hedda?

HEDDA. The case stood there away on the writing-table.

BRACK. Have you looked there since to see whether both the pistols are there?

HEDDA. No.

BRACK. There is no need. I saw the pistol Lövborg had carried. And I knew it again at once from yesterday. And from before that too.

HEDDA. Have you got it with you, perhaps?

BRACK. No, the police have it.

HEDDA. What will the police do with the pistol?

BRACK. Search till they find out who was the proprietor.

HEDDA. Do you think that that can be discovered?

BRACK *(bends over her and whispers).* No, Hedda Gabler—not so long as I hold my tongue.

HEDDA *(looks shyly at him).* And if you do *not* hold your tongue—what then?

BRACK *(shrugs his shoulders).* There is always the theory that the pistol was stolen.

HEDDA *(rapidly).* Rather die! foreshadowing

BRACK *(smiles).* That's what people *say.* But nobody *does* it.

HEDDA *(without replying).* And supposing that the pistol was not stolen, and the proprietor is discovered. What will happen then?

BRACK. Yes, Hedda—then the scandal comes.

HEDDA. The scandal—?

BRACK. Yes, the scandal, about which you are now in such a mortal terror. You will, of course, be brought into court. Both you and Miss Diana. She will have to explain what the whole matter was about. Whether it was an accidental shot or murder. Was he trying to take the pistol out of his pocket to fire at her? And then did the shot go off? Or did she tear the pistol out of his hand, shoot him, and then push the pistol back into his pocket? That would be quite like her. For she is a stout wench, this same Miss Diana.

HEDDA. But all this repulsive business does not affect *me.*

BRACK. No. But you will have to answer the question: Why did you give Ejlert Lövborg the pistol? And what conclusions will people form from the fact that you did give it to him?

HEDDA *(lets her head sink).* That is true. I did not think of that.

BRACK. Well, fortunately there is no danger, so long as I hold my tongue.

HEDDA *(looks up at him).* So I am in your power, Judge. You have me bound hand and foot from this time forward.

BRACK *(whispers softly).* Dearest Hedda—believe me—I shall not misuse my position.

HEDDA. All the same—entirely in your power. Subject to your desire and will. A slave. A slave, then! *(Rises impetuously)* No—I will not endure the thought of that! Never.

BRACK *(looks half-mockingly at her).* One gets used to the inevitable.

HEDDA *(returns his look).* Yes, perhaps. *(She crosses to the writing-table)*

HEDDA *(suppresses an involuntary smile and imitates* TESMAN*'s tone of voice)* Well? is it a success, George? Eh?

TESMAN. Lord knows, dear. In any case it will be the work of entire months.

HEDDA *(as before).* No, fancy that! *(Passes her hands softly through* MRS. ELVSTED*'s hair)* Is it not a strange thing, Thea? You are sitting here with Tesman just in the same way as you used to sit with Ejlert Lövborg.

MRS. ELVSTED. Oh, goodness, if I could only inspire your husband in the same way.

HEDDA. Oh, that will come—in time.

TESMAN. Yes, do you know, Hedda—it really does seem as if I was beginning to perceive something of that kind. But go and sit down again with Brack!

HEDDA. Is there nothing I can do here to make myself useful to you two?

TESMAN. No, nothing in the world. *(Turns his head)* For the rest of the evening *you* must be kind enough, dear Judge, to supply Hedda with society.

BRACK *(with a glance at* HEDDA). It will be an immense pleasure to me.

HEDDA. Thanks. But I am tired this evening. I will go in and lie down on the sofa a little.

TESMAN. Yes, do so, dear. Eh?

(HEDDA *goes into the back-room and draws the curtains to behind her. Short pause. Suddenly she is heard playing a wild dance-music within on the piano)*

MRS. ELVSTED *(rises from her chair).* Ugh, what is that?

TESMAN *(runs to the doorway).* But, dearest Hedda—don't play dance-music this evening! Just think of Aunt Rina! And of Ejlert too!

HEDDA *(puts her head out between the curtains).* And of Aunt Julie. And of all the rest of them. I will be quiet after this. *(Closes the curtains again)*

TESMAN *(at the writing-table).* She does not like to see us at this distressing work. I tell you what, Mrs. Elvsted, you shall move in to Aunt Julie's, and then I shall be able to come up in the evenings. And then we can sit and work *there.* Eh?

MRS. ELVSTED. Yes, perhaps that would be best—

HEDDA *(in the back-room).* I hear what you are saying, Tesman. But how am I to get through the evenings out here?

TESMAN *(turning over the papers).* Oh, Mr. Brack is so kind, that I have no doubt he will look after you.

BRACK *(in the arm-chair, shouts vivaciously).* Every blessed evening, with all my heart, Mrs. Tesman. We will have great fun here together, we two!

HEDDA *(clearly and firmly).* Yes, do you not cherish that hope, Judge? You,

as sole cock of the walk. (*A shot is heard within.* TESMAN, MRS. ELVSTED, *and* BRACK *leap to their feet*)

TESMAN. Oh, now she is fingering those pistols again. (*He throws the curtains aside, and runs in, followed by* MRS. ELVSTED. HEDDA *lies extended lifeless on the sofa. Confusion and noise.* BERTHA *comes in from the right*)

TESMAN (*shrieks to* BRACK). Shot herself! She shot herself in the temple. Fancy that!

BRACK (*half-fainting in the arm-chair*). But, may God take pity on us, people don't *do* such things as that.

EUGENE O'NEILL Bound east for Cardiff

Relatively few dramas produced in America during the twentieth century seem vital one year—let alone ten or twenty—after their first presentation. Only a few such works may be read after plays by Sophocles, Shakespeare, and Ibsen without giving the reader a woeful sense of complete anticlimax. One of the few is Bound East for Cardiff *(1916), an outstanding work by a playwright generally considered the finest our country has brought forth.*

Eugene O'Neill was a product of a movement in the American theater which had begun less than a decade before Bound East for Cardiff *appeared. Distressed by the commercialization of our theater and stimulated by productions which they had seen in experimental theaters abroad, a number of young playwrights and directors had founded "Little Theaters" or "Art Theaters" in many parts of the country and had begun presenting plays in them. The plays which they staged were often more serious in intention and more experimental in method than those presented in commercial theaters.*

Amateur though it was, the movement in time profoundly influenced the commercial stage. It battled against stale techniques. It cultivated a taste on the part of at least some theatergoers for the unusual in playwriting, acting, and producing. And it trained theatrical groups which could satisfy such a taste. One such group was the Provincetown Players, founded in 1915. When this group brought to New York some of its authors, directors, and actors from the Cape Cod fish-house which it had been using for a theater, its dramatic productions won immediate attention and respect. Eugene O'Neill was the most notable playwright active in the Provincetown Players. His first produced play, Bound East for Cardiff, *was presented in Provincetown in 1916. This was followed by others such as* The Moon of the Caribbees, The Long Voyage Home, Ile, *and* Where the Cross Is Made *before* Beyond the Horizon *and* Emperor Jones, *in 1920, and* Anna Christie, *in 1921, established him as a successful writer for the commercial theater.*

Part of an autobiographical sketch indicates the variety of O'Neill's experiences before he became a playwright: "My undergraduate college education was confined to a freshman year at Princeton University, class of 1910. I went with a mining engineer on a gold prospecting trip to Spanish Honduras, Central America. At the end of six months I was invalided home—tropical malarial fever—no gold. After that I became assistant manager of a theatrical company touring the East and Middle West. My first voyage to sea followed: sixty-five days on a Norwegian barque, Boston to Buenos Aires. In Argentina I worked at various occupations—in the draughting department of the Westinghouse Electrical Company, in the wool house of a packing plant in La Plata, in the office of the Singer Sewing Machine Company in Buenos Aires. Followed another voyage at sea, tending mules in a cattle steamer, Buenos Aires to Durban, South Africa, and return. After that a lengthy period of complete destitution in Buenos Aires—'on the beach'—terminated by my signing on as ordinary seaman on a British tramp steamer bound home for New York. My final experience at sea followed soon after this—able seaman on the American Line, New York-Southampton. The next winter I played a part in my father's vaudeville version of The Count of Monte Cristo, *touring the Far West. Then I worked as reporter on the New London, Connecticut,* Telegraph. *My health broke down, my lungs being affected, and I spent six months in a sanatorium thinking it over. It was in this enforced period of reflection that the urge to write first came to me. The next fall—I was twenty-four—I began my first play—'The Web.' In 1914–1915 I was a student in Professor Baker's English 47 at Harvard. The summer 1916 I spent at Provincetown. It was during that summer the Provincetown Players, who have made the original productions of nearly all my short plays in New York, were first organized."*

The Players' first staging of Bound East for Cardiff *was assisted by the natural setting of Wharf Theater: a fog was on the harbor and the high tide washed in under the floor of the erstwhile fish-house. George Cram Cook, the dominating figure in the group, played Yank; O'Neill played the Second Mate. Two leading members of the Players testified to the original impact of the play. Said Frank Shay: "The effect produced on us was so strong we all felt instinctively we had had a profound experience." Said Susan Glaspell: "I may see it through memories too emotional, but it seems to me I never sat through a more moving production than* Bound East for Cardiff." *Barrett H. Clark, O'Neill's biographer, asserts, "Of the score of plays written by O'Neill during the first three years [of his career], this is easily the best. . . . An unpretentious episode, moving and tense, yet with hardly a vestige of 'theater' in the conventional sense of the word."*

This and three other sea plays in which the same characters appeared were presented as a group in Provincetown and New York in 1924 and were revived in New York in 1929. Bound East for Cardiff *has since been given frequently.*

CHARACTERS

YANK
DRISCOLL
COCKY
DAVIS
SCOTTY
OLSON
PAUL
SMITTY
IVAN
THE CAPTAIN
THE SECOND MATE

Scene: The seamen's forecastle of the British tramp steamer Glencairn *on a foggy night midway on the voyage between New York and Cardiff. An irregular shaped compartment, the sides of which almost meet at the far end to form a triangle. Sleeping bunks about six feet long, ranged three deep with a space of three feet separating the upper from the lower, are built against the sides. On the right above the bunks three or four port holes can be seen. In front of the bunks, rough wooden benches. Over the bunks on the left, a lamp in a bracket. In the left foreground, a doorway. On the floor near it, a pail with a tin dipper. Oilskins are hanging from a hook near the doorway.*

The far side of the forecastle is so narrow that it contains only one series of bunks.

In under the bunks a glimpse can be had of seachests, suit cases, seaboots, etc., jammed in indiscriminately.

At regular intervals of a minute or so the blast of the steamer's whistle can be heard above all the other sounds.

Five men are sitting on the benches talking. They are dressed in dirty patched suits of dungaree, flannel shirts, and all are in their stocking feet. Four of the men are pulling on pipes and the air is heavy with rancid tobacco smoke. Sitting on the top bunk in the left foreground, a Norwegian, PAUL, *is softly playing some folk song on a battered accordion. He stops from time to time to listen to the conversation.*

In the lower bunk in the rear a dark-haired, hard-featured man is lying apparently asleep. One of his arms is stretched limply over the side of the bunk. His face is very pale, and drops of clammy perspiration glisten on his forehead.

It is nearing the end of the dog watch—about ten minutes to eight in the evening.

COCKY (*a weazened runt of a man. He is telling a story. The others are listening with amused, incredulous faces, interrupting him at the end of each sentence with loud derisive guffaws*). Makin' love to me, she was! It's Gawd's truth! A bloomin' nigger! Greased all over with cocoanut oil, she was. Gawd blimey, I couldn't stand 'er. Bloody old cow, I says; and with that I fetched 'er a biff on the ear wot knocked 'er silly, an'—— (*He is interrupted by a roar of laughter from the others*)

DAVIS (*a middle-aged man with black hair and mustache*). You're a liar, Cocky.

SCOTTY (*a dark young fellow*). Ho-ho! Ye werr neverr in New Guinea in yourr life, I'm thinkin'.

OLSON (*a Swede with a drooping blond mustache—with ponderous sarcasm*). Yust tink of it! You say she wass a cannibal, Cocky?

DRISCOLL (*a brawny Irishman with the battered features of a prizefighter*). How cud ye doubt ut, Ollie? A quane av the naygurs she musta been surely. Who else wud think herself aqual to fallin' in love wid a beauthiful, divil-may-care rake av a man the loike av Cocky? (*A burst of laughter from the crowd*)

COCKY (*indignantly*). Gawd strike me dead if it ain't true, every bleedin' word of it. 'Appened ten year ago come Christmas.

SCOTTY. 'Twas a Christmas dinner she had her eyes on.

DAVIS. He'd a been a tough old bird.

DRISCOLL. 'Tis lucky for both av ye ye escaped; for the quane av the cannibal isles wad 'a died av the belly ache the day after Christmas, divil a doubt av ut. (*The laughter at this is long and loud*)

COCKY (*sullenly*). Blarsted fat 'eads! (*The sick man in the lower bunk in the rear groans and moves restlessly. There is a hushed silence. All the men turn and stare at him*)

DRISCOLL. Ssshh! (*In a hushed whisper*) We'd best not be talkin' so loud and him tryin' to have a bit av a sleep. (*He tiptoes softly to the side of the bunk*) Yank! You'd be wantin' a drink av wather, maybe? (YANK *does not reply.* DRISCOLL *bends over and looks at him*) It's asleep he is, sure enough. His breath is chokin' in his throat loike wather gurglin' in a poipe. (*He comes back quietly and sits down. All are silent, avoiding each other's eyes*)

COCKY (*after a pause*). Pore devil! It's over the side for 'im, Gawd 'elp 'im.

DRISCOLL. Stop your croakin'! He's not dead yet and, praise God, he'll have many a long day yet before him.

SCOTTY (*shaking his head doubtfully*). He's bod, mon, he's verry bod.

DAVIS. Lucky he's alive. Many a man's light woulda gone out after a fall like that.

OLSON. You saw him fall?

DAVIS. Right next to him. He and me was goin' down in number two hold to do some chippin'. He puts his leg over careless-like and misses the ladder and plumps straight down to the bottom. I was scared to look over for a minute, and then I heard him groan and I scuttled down after him. He was hurt bad inside for the blood was drippin' from the side of his mouth. He was groanin' hard, but he never let a word out of him.

COCKY. An' you blokes remember when we 'auled 'im in 'ere? Oh, 'ell, 'e says, oh, 'ell—like that, and nothink else.

OLSON. Did the captain know where he iss hurted?

COCKY. That silly ol' josser! Wot the 'ell would 'e know abaht anythink?

SCOTTY (*scornfully*). He fiddles in his mouth wi' a bit of glass.

DRISCOLL (*angrily*). The divil's own life ut is to be out on the lonely sea wid nothin' betune you and a grave in the ocean but a spindle-shanked, gray-whiskered auld fool the loike av him. 'Twas enough to make a saint shwear to see him wid his gold watch in his hand, tryin' to look as wise as an owl on a tree, and all the toime he not knowin' whether 'twas cholery or the barber's itch was the matther wid Yank.

SCOTTY (*sardonically*). He gave him a dose of salts, na doot?

DRISCOLL. Divil a thing he gave him at all, but looked in the book he had wid him, and shook his head, and walked out widout sayin' a word, the second mate afther him no wiser than himself, God's curse on the two av thim!

COCKY (*after a pause*). Yank was a good shipmate, pore beggar. Lend me four bob in Noo Yark, 'e did.

DRISCOLL (*warmly*). A good shipmate he was and is, none betther. Ye said no more than the truth, Cocky. Five years and more ut is since first I shipped wid him, and we've stuck together iver since through good luck and bad. Fights we've had, God help us, but 'twas only when we'd a bit av drink taken, and we always shook hands the nixt mornin'. Whativer was his was mine, and many's the toime I'd a been on the beach or worse, but for him. And now—— (*His voice trembles as he fights to control his emotion*) Divil take me if I'm not startin' to blubber loike an auld woman, and he not dead at all, but goin' to live many a long year yet, maybe.

DAVIS. The sleep'll do him good. He seems better now.

OLSON. If he wude eat someting——

DRISCOLL. Wud ye have him be eatin' in his condishun? Sure it's hard enough on the rest av us wid nothin' the matther wid our insides to be stomachin' the skoff on this rusty lime-juicer.

SCOTTY (*indignantly*). It's a starvation ship.

DAVIS. Plenty o' work and no food—and the owners ridin' around in carriages!

OLSON. Hash, hash! Stew, stew! Marmalade, py damn! (*He spits disgustedly*)

COCKY. Bloody swill! Fit only for swine is wot I say.

DRISCOLL. And the dishwather they disguise wid the name av tea! And the putty they call bread! My belly feels loike I'd swalleyed a dozen rivets at the thought av ut! And sea-biscuit that'd break the teeth av a lion if he had the misfortune to take a bite at one! (*Unconsciously they have all raised their voices, forgetting the sick man in their sailor's delight at finding something to grumble about*)

PAUL (*swings his feet over the side of his bunk, stops playing his accordion, and says slowly*): And rot-ten po-tay-toes! (*He starts in playing again. The sick man gives a groan of pain*)

DRISCOLL (*holding up his hand*). Shut your mouths, all av you. 'Tis a hell av a thing for us to be complainin' about our guts, and a sick man maybe dyin' listenin' to us. (*Gets up and shakes his fist at the Norwegian*) God stiffen you, ye squarehead scut! Put down that organ av yours or I'll break your ugly face for you. Is that banshee schreechin' fit music for a sick man? (*The Norwegian puts his accordion in the bunk and lies back and closes his eyes.* DRISCOLL *goes over and stands beside* YANK. *The steamer's whistle sounds particularly loud in the silence*)

DAVIS. Damn this fog! (*Reaches in under a bunk and yanks out a pair of seaboots, which he pulls on*) My lookout next, too. Must be nearly eight bells, boys. (*With the exception of* OLSON, *all the men sitting up put on oilskins, sou'westers, seaboots, etc., in preparation for the watch on deck.* OLSON *crawls into a lower bunk on the right*)

SCOTTY. My wheel.

OLSON (*disgustedly*). Nothin' but yust dirty weather all dis voyage. I yust can't sleep when weestle blow. (*He turns his back to the light and is soon fast asleep and snoring*)

SCOTTY. If this fog keeps up, I'm tellin' ye, we'll no be in Carrdiff for a week or more.

DRISCOLL. 'Twas just such a night as this the auld Dover wint down. Just about this toime ut was, too, and we all sittin' round in the fo'castle, Yank beside me, whin all av a suddint we heard a great slitherin' crash, and the ship heeled over till we was all in a heap on wan side. What came afther I disremimber exactly, except 'twas a hard shift to get the boats over the side before the auld teakittle sank. Yank was in the same boat wid me, and sivin morthal days we drifted wid scarcely a drop of wather or a bite to chew on. 'Twas Yank here that held me down whin I wanted to jump into the ocean, roarin' mad wid the thirst. Picked up we were on the same day wid only Yank in his senses, and him steerin' the boat.

COCKY (*protestingly*). Blimey but you're a cheerful blighter, Driscoll! Talkin' abaht shipwrecks in this 'ere blushin' fog. (YANK *groans and stirs uneasily, opening his eyes.* DRISCOLL *hurries to his side*)

DRISCOLL. Are ye feelin' any betther, Yank?

YANK (*in a weak voice*). No.

DRISCOLL. Sure, you must be. You look as sthrong as an ox. (*Appealing to the others*) Am I tellin' him a lie?

DAVIS. The sleep's done you good.

COCKY. You'll be 'avin your pint of beer in Cardiff this day week.

SCOTTY. And fish and chips, mon!

YANK (*peevishly*). What're yuh all lyin' fur? D'yuh think I'm scared to—— (*He hesitates as if frightened by the word he is about to say*)

DRISCOLL. Don't be thinkin' such things! (*The ship's bell is heard heavily tolling eight times. From the forecastle head above the voice of the lookout rises in a long wail: Aaall's welll. The men look uncertainly at* YANK *as if undecided whether to say good-by or not*)

YANK (*in an agony of fear*). Don't leave me, Drisc! I'm dyin', I tell yuh. I won't stay here alone with every one snorin'. I'll go out on deck. (*He makes a feeble attempt to rise, but sinks back with a sharp groan. His breath comes in wheezy gasps*). Don't leave me, Drisc! (*His face grows white and his head falls back with a jerk*)

DRISCOLL. Don't be worryin', Yank. I'll not move a step out av here—and let that divil av a bosun curse his black head off. You speak a word to the bosun, Cocky. Tell him that Yank is bad took and I'll be stayin' wid him a while yet.

COCKY. Right-o. (COCKY, DAVIS, *and* SCOTTY *go out quietly*)

COCKY (*from the alleyway*). Gawd blimey, the fog's thick as soup.

DRISCOLL. Are ye satisfied now, Yank? (*Receiving no answer, he bends over the still form*) He's fainted, God help him! (*He gets a tin dipper from the bucket and bathes* YANK'S *forehead with the water.* YANK *shudders and opens his eyes*)

YANK (*slowly*). I thought I was goin' then. Wha' did yuh wanta wake me up fur?

DRISCOLL (*with forced gayety*). Is it wishful for heaven ye are?

YANK (*gloomily*). Hell, I guess.

DRISCOLL (*crossing himself involuntarily*). For the love av the saints don't be talkin' loike that! You'd give a man the creeps. It's chippin' rust on deck you'll be in a day or two wid the best av us. (YANK *does not answer, but closes his eyes wearily. The seaman who has been on lookout,* SMITTY, *a young Englishman, comes in and takes off his dripping oilskins. While he is doing this the man whose turn at the wheel has been relieved enters. He is a dark burly fellow with a round stupid face. The Englishman steps softly over to* DRISCOLL. *The other crawls into a lower bunk*)

SMITTY (*whispering*). How's Yank?

DRISCOLL. Betther. Ask him yourself. He's awake.

YANK. I'm all right, Smitty.

SMITTY. Glad to hear it, Yank (*He crawls to an upper bunk and is soon asleep*)

IVAN (*The stupid-faced seaman who came in after* SMITTY *twists his head in the direction of the sick man*). You feel gude, Jank?

YANK (*wearily*). Yes, Ivan.

IVAN. Dot's gude. (*He rolls over on his side and falls asleep immediately*)

YANK (*after a pause broken only by snores—with a bitter laugh*). Good-by and good luck to the lot of you!

DRISCOLL. Is ut painin' you again?

YANK. It hurts like hell—here. (*He points to the lower part of his chest on the left side*) I guess my old pump's busted. Ooohh! (*A spasm of pain contracts his pale features. He presses his hand to his side and writhes on the thin mattress of his bunk. The perspiration stands out in beads on his forehead*)

DRISCOLL (*terrified*). Yank! Yank! What is ut? (*Jumping to his feet*) I'll run for the captain. (*He starts for the doorway*)

YANK (*sitting up in his bunk, frantic with fear*). Don't leave me, Drisc! For God's sake don't leave me alone! (*He leans over the side of his bunk and spits.* DRISCOLL *comes back to him*). Blood! Ugh!

DRISCOLL. Blood again! I'd best be gettin' the captain.

YANK. No, no, don't leave me! If yuh do I'll git up and follow you. I ain't no coward, but I'm scared to stay here with all of them asleep and snorin'. (DRISCOLL, *not knowing what to do, sits down on the bench beside him. He grows calmer and sinks back on the mattress*) The captain can't do me no good, yuh know it yourself. The pain ain't so bad now, but I thought it had me then. It was like a buzz-saw cuttin' into me.

DRISCOLL (*fiercely*). God blarst ut!

(*The* CAPTAIN *and the* SECOND MATE *of the steamer enter the forecastle. The* CAPTAIN *is an old man with gray mustache and whiskers. The* MATE *is clean-shaven and middle-aged. Both are dressed in simple blue uniforms*)

THE CAPTAIN (*taking out his watch and feeling* YANK'S *pulse*). And how is the sick man?

YANK (*feebly*). All right, sir.

THE CAPTAIN. And the pain in the chest?

YANK. It still hurts, sir, worse than ever.

THE CAPTAIN (*taking a thermometer from his pocket and putting it into* YANK'S *mouth*). Here. Be sure and keep this in under your tongue, not over it.

THE MATE (*after a pause*). Isn't this your watch on deck, Driscoll?

DRISCOLL. Yes, sorr, but Yank was fearin' to be alone, and——

THE CAPTAIN. That's all right, Driscoll.

DRISCOLL. Thank ye, sorr.

THE CAPTAIN (*stares at his watch for a moment or so; then takes the thermometer from* YANK's *mouth and goes to the lamp to read it. His expression grows very grave. He beckons the* MATE *and* DRISCOLL *to the corner near the doorway.* YANK *watches them furtively. The* CAPTAIN *speaks in a low voice to the* MATE). Way up, both of them. (*To* DRISCOLL) Has he been spitting blood again?

DRISCOLL. Not much for the hour just past, sorr, but before that——

THE CAPTAIN. A great deal?

DRISCOLL. Yes, sorr.

THE CAPTAIN. He hasn't eaten anything?

DRISCOLL. No, sorr.

THE CAPTAIN. Did he drink that medicine I sent him?

DRISCOLL. Yes, sorr, but it didn't stay down.

THE CAPTAIN (*shaking his head*). I'm afraid—he's very weak. I can't do anything else for him. It's too serious for me. If this had only happened a week later we'd be in Cardiff in time to——

DRISCOLL. Plaze help him some way, sorr!

THE CAPTAIN (*impatiently*). But, my good man, I'm not a doctor. (*More kindly as he sees* DRISCOLL's *grief*) You and he have been shipmates a long time?

DRISCOLL. Five years and more, sorr.

THE CAPTAIN. I see. Well, don't let him move. Keep him quiet and we'll hope for the best. I'll read the matter up and send him some medicine, something to ease the pain, anyway. (*Goes over to* YANK) Keep up your courage! You'll be better to-morrow. (*He breaks down lamely before* YANK's *steady gaze*) We'll pull you through all right—and—hm—well—coming, Robinson? Dammit! (*He goes out hurriedly, followed by the* MATE)

DRISCOLL (*trying to conceal his anxiety*). Didn't I tell you you wasn't half as sick as you thought you was? The Captain'll have you out on deck cursin' and swearin' loike a trooper before the week is out.

YANK. Don't lie, Drisc. I heard what he said, and if I didn't I c'd tell by the way I feel. I know what's goin' to happen. I'm goin' to—— (*He hesitates for a second—then resolutely*) I'm goin' to die, that's what, and the sooner the better!

DRISCOLL (*wildly*). No, and be damned to you, you're not. I'll not let you.

YANK. It ain't no use, Drisc. I ain't got a chance, but I ain't scared. Gimme a drink of water, will yuh, Drisc? My throat's burnin' up. (DRISCOLL *brings the dipper full of water and supports his head while he drinks in great gulps*)

DRISCOLL (*seeking vainly for some word of comfort*). Are ye feelin' more aisy loike now?

YANK. Yes—now—when I know it's all up. (*A pause*) You mustn't take it so hard, Drisc. I was just thinkin' it ain't as bad as people think—dyin'. I ain't never took much stock in the truck them sky-pilots preach. I ain't never had religion; but I know whatever it is what comes after it can't be no worser'n this. I don't like to leave you, Drisc, but—that's all.

DRISCOLL (*with a groan*). Lad, lad, don't be talkin'.

YANK. This sailor life ain't much to cry about leavin'—just one ship after another, hard work, small pay, and bum grub; and when we git into port, just a drunk endin' up in a fight, and all your money gone, and then ship away again. Never meetin' no nice people; never gittin' outa sailor town, hardly, in any port; travellin' all over the world and never seein' none of it; without no one to care whether you're alive or dead. (*With a bitter smile*) There ain't much in all that that'd make yuh sorry to lose it, Drisc.

DRISCOLL (*gloomily*). It's a hell av a life, the sea.

YANK (*musingly*). It must be great to stay on dry land all your life and have a farm with a house of your own with cows and pigs and chickens, 'way in the middle of the land where yuh'd never smell the sea or see a ship. It must be great to have a wife, and kids to play with at night after supper when your work was done. It must be great to have a home of your own, Drisc.

DRISCOLL (*with a great sigh*). It must, surely; but what's the use av thinkin' av ut? Such things are not for the loikes av us.

YANK. Sea-farin' is all right when you're young and don't care, but we ain't chickens no more, and somehow, I dunno, this last year has seemed rotten, and I've had a hunch I'd quit—with you, of course—and we'd save our coin, and go to Canada or Argentine or some place and git a farm, just a small one, just enough to live on. I never told yuh this cause I thought you'd laugh at me.

DRISCOLL (*enthusiastically*). Laugh at you, is ut? When I'm havin' the same thoughts myself, toime afther toime. It's a grand idea and we'll be doin' ut sure if you'll stop your crazy notions—about—about bein' so sick.

YANK (*sadly*). Too late. We shouldn'ta made this trip, and then—— How'd all the fog git in here?

DRISCOLL. Fog?

YANK. Everything looks misty. Must be my eyes gittin' weak, I guess. What was we talkin' of a minute ago? Oh, yes, a farm. It's too late. (*His mind wandering*) Argentine, did I say? D'yuh remember the times we've had in Buenos Aires? The moving pictures in Barracas? Some class to them, d'yuh remember?

DRISCOLL (*with satisfaction*). I do that; and so does the piany player. He'll not be forgettin' the black eye I gave him in a hurry.

YANK. Remember the time we was there on the beach and had to go to Tommy Moore's boarding house to git shipped? And he sold us rotten oilskins and seaboots full of holes, and shipped us on a skysail yarder round the Horn, and took two months' pay for it. And the days we used to sit on the park benches along the Paseo Colon with the vigilantes lookin' hard at us? And the songs at the Sailor's Opera where the guy played ragtime—d'yuh remember them?

DRISCOLL. I do, surely.

YANK. And La Plata—phew, the stink of the hides! I always liked Argentine—all except that booze, caña. How drunk we used to git on that, remember?

DRISCOLL. Cud I forget ut? My head pains me at the menshun av that divil's brew.

YANK. Remember the night I went crazy with the heat in Singapore? And the time you was pinched by the cops in Port Said? And the time we was both locked up in Sydney for fightin'?

DRISCOLL. I do so.

YANK. And that fight on the dock at Cape Town—— (*His voice betrays great inward perturbation*)

DRISCOLL (*hastily*). Don't be thinkin' av that now. 'Tis past and gone.

YANK. D'yuh think He'll hold it up against me?

DRISCOLL (*mystified*). Who's that?

YANK. God. They say He sees everything. He must know it was done in fair fight, in self-defense, don't yuh think?

DRISCOLL. Av course. Ye stabbed him, and be damned to him, for the skulkin' swine he was, afther him tryin' to stick you in the back, and you not suspectin'. Let your conscience be aisy. I wisht I had nothin' blacker than that on my sowl. I'd not be afraid av the angel Gabriel himself.

YANK (*with a shudder*). I c'd see him a minute ago with the blood spurtin' out of his neck. Ugh!

DRISCOLL. The fever, ut is, that makes you see such things. Give no heed to ut.

YANK (*uncertainly*). You don't think He'll hold it up agin me—God, I mean.

DRISCOLL. If there's justice in hiven, no! (YANK *seems comforted by this assurance*)

YANK (*after a pause*). We won't reach Cardiff for a week at least. I'll be buried at sea.

DRISCOLL (*putting his hands over his ears*). Ssshh! I won't listen to you.

YANK (*as if he had not heard him*). It's as good a place as any other, I s'pose—only I always wanted to be buried on dry land. But what the hell'll I care—then? (*Fretfully*) Why should it be a rotten night like this with that

damned whistle blowin' and people snorin' all round? I wish the stars was out, and the moon, too; I c'd lie out on deck and look at them, and it'd make it easier to go—somehow.

DRISCOLL. For the love av God don't be talkin' loike that!

YANK. Whatever pay's comin' to me yuh can divvy up with the rest of the boys; and you take my watch. It ain't worth much, but it's all I've got.

DRISCOLL. But have ye no relations at all to call your own?

YANK. No, not as I know of. One thing I forgot: You know Fanny the barmaid at the Red Stork in Cardiff?

DRISCOLL. Sure, and who doesn't?

YANK. She's been good to me. She tried to lend me half a crown when I was broke there last trip. Buy her the biggest box of candy yuh c'n find in Cardiff. (*Breaking down—in a choking voice*) It's hard to ship on this voyage I'm goin' on—alone! (DRISCOLL *reaches out and grasps his hand. There is a pause, during which both fight to control themselves*) My throat's like a furnace. (*He gasps for air*) Gimme a drink of water, will yuh, Drisc? (DRISCOLL *gets him a dipper of water*) I wish this was a pint of beer. Oooohh! (*He chokes, his face convulsed with agony, his hands tearing at his shirt front. The dipper falls from his nerveless fingers*)

DRISCOLL. For the love av God, what is ut, Yank?

YANK (*speaking with tremendous difficulty*). S'long, Drisc! (*He stares straight in front of him with eyes starting from their sockets*) Who's that?

DRISCOLL. Who? What?

YANK (*faintly*). A pretty lady dressed in black. (*His face twitches and his body writhes in a final spasm, then straightens out rigidly*)

DRISCOLL (*pale with horror*). Yank! Yank! Say a word to me for the love av hiven! (*He shrinks away from the bunk, making the sign of the cross. Then comes back and puts a trembling hand on* YANK's *chest and bends closely over the body*)

COCKY (*from the alleyway*). Oh, Driscoll! Can you leave Yank for arf a mo' and give me a 'and?

DRISCOLL (*with a great sob*). Yank! (*He sinks down on his knees beside the bunk, his head on his hands. His lips move in some half-remembered prayer*)

COCKY (*enters, his oilskins and sou'wester glistening with drops of water*). The fog's lifted. (COCKY *sees* DRISCOLL *and stands staring at him with open mouth.* DRISCOLL *makes the sign of the cross again*)

COCKY (*mockingly*). Sayin' 'is prayers! (*He catches sight of the still figure in the bunk and an expression of awed understanding comes over his face. He takes off his dripping sou'wester and stands, scratching his head*)

COCKY (*in a hushed whisper*). Gawd blimey!

CHRISTOPHER FRY

A phoenix too frequent

'To whom conferr'd a peacock's undecent,
A squirrel's harsh, a phoenix too frequent.'
Robert Burton quoting Martial

Eugene O'Neill once said of the reading he did during his apprenticeship as a playwright: "I read about everything I could lay hands on: the Greeks, the Elizabethans—practically all the classics—and of course the moderns. Ibsen and Strindberg, especially Strindberg." The last two authors named were influential not only on the young O'Neill but also upon a vast majority of writers of drama contemporaneous with him. Plays were predominantly realistic and naturalistic—prosaic in their plots and their language. Most

A performance of A Phoenix Too Frequent

authors were much concerned with verisimilitude, with psychological motivation, with social preachments.

Some dramatists, however—including O'Neill at times—were dissatisfied with prevalent aims and methods. They turned to legend and history for settings and stories, attempted to universalize characters and themes, and employed poetic prose or even metrical forms. Authors such as Synge and Yeats in Ireland, for example, and Maxwell Anderson in the United States wrote poetic dramas which were well received by critics and theater-going audiences alike. In very recent times, metrical drama has been given new life by a small but talented group of writers in England. Most notable of these have been two men—T. S. Eliot, already famous as a poet, whose verse plays include Murder in the Cathedral *and* The Cocktail Party, *and Christopher Fry.*

Fry's work benefited from a long-standing interest in and association with the stage. He wrote his first play, it is said, at eleven, his first verse play at fourteen. At seventeen he was a teacher for a brief time, and then went into theatrical work—as a member of a repertory company, a cabaret entertainer, an understudy, an actor, and eventually a playwright. His best known verse plays include The Boy with a Cart, The Tower, Thursday's Child, A Phoenix Too Frequent, The Lady's Not for Burning, *and* Venus Observed.

Fry, like most other authors of dramas in verse, is antirealistic. Says he: "The realistic play is not realistic at all, but just a slice off the top of existence. Writing a realistic play is like meeting a human being for the first time. The realist would observe that this is Mr. So-and-So, that he has a beard and an accent and a mole on his face. But the human being is far more peculiar, something that has gone on since the beginning of time, now miraculously summed up in the strange sort of mysterious creature that stands before us. . . . In my plays I want to look at life—at the commonplaces of existence—as if we had just turned a corner and run into it for the first time." The universal, rather than the particular, in other words, is what he hopes to discover and to convey in his dramas.

Fry's versified plays, like those of Eliot, are in the vein of modern poetry. They are influenced by seventeenth-century authors who are so generally admired and at times imitated by the poets of today: the story of A Phoenix Too Frequent *came from Jeremy Taylor, the title from Robert Burton. Typically wit and humor are mingled with high seriousness, the humor benefiting from Fry's natural tendency toward playfulness. Typically, too, there are sharp descents from the language of poetry to that of the vernacular. The figures of speech are often startling; sometimes they are rather wild conceits; and the packed lines often take a good deal of thinking about to be understood. And even in a play like the one which follows, the plot of which is essentially that of a comedy, Fry's characters—and Fry himself—are often concerned with very serious implications and problems.*

A Phoenix Too Frequent *was first produced in the Mercury Theatre in London in the spring of 1946. It was revived in the Arts Theatre, London, in the autumn of the same year. It had its American première in New York in 1950, and since then it has been frequently presented elsewhere in the United States.*

CHARACTERS

DYNAMENE
DOTO
TEGEUS-CHROMIS

Scene: The tomb of Virilius, near Ephesus; night
Note: The story was got from Jeremy Taylor who had it from Petronius

An underground tomb, in darkness except for the very low light of an oil-lamp. Above ground the starlight shows a line of trees on which hang the bodies of several men. It also penetrates a gate and falls on to the first of the steps which descend into the darkness of the tomb. DOTO *talks to herself in the dark.*

DOTO. Nothing but the harmless day gone into black
Is all the dark is. And so what's my trouble?
Demons is so much wind. Are so much wind.
I've plenty to fill my thoughts. All that I ask
Is don't keep turning men over in my mind,
Venerable Aphrodite. I've had my last one
And thank you. I thank thee. He smelt of sour grass
And was likeable. He collected ebony quoits.
(*An owl hoots near at hand*)
O Zeus! O some god or other, where is the oil?
Fire's from Prometheus. I thank thee. If I
Mean to die I'd better see what I'm doing.
(*She fills the lamp with oil. The flame burns up brightly and shows* DYNAMENE, *beautiful and young, leaning asleep beside a bier*)
Honestly, I would rather have to sleep
With a bald bee-keeper who was wearing his boots
Than spend more days fasting and thirsting and crying
In a tomb. I shouldn't have said that. Pretend
I didn't hear myself. But life and death
Is cat and dog in this double-bed of a world.
My master, my poor master, was a man
Whose nose was as straight as a little buttress,
And now he has taken it into Elysium
Where it won't be noticed among all the other straightness.

A Phoenix Too Frequent by Christopher Fry. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Oxford University Press, London.

(*The owl cries again and wakens* DYNAMENE)
Oh, them owls. Those owls. It's woken her.
DYNAMENE. Ah! I'm breathless. I caught up with the ship
But it spread its wings, creaking a cry of *Dew,*
Dew! and flew figurehead foremost into the sun.
DOTO. How crazy, madam.
DYNAMENE. Doto, draw back the curtains.
I'll take my barley-water.
DOTO. We're not at home
Now, madam. It's the master's tomb.
DYNAMENE. Of course!
Oh, I'm wretched. Already I have disfigured
My vigil. My cynical eyelids have soon dropped me
In a dream.
DOTO. But then it's possible, madam, you might
Find yourself in bed with him again
In a dream, madam. Was he on the ship?
DYNAMENE. He was the ship.
DOTO. Oh. That makes it different.
DYNAMENE. He was the ship. He had such a deck, Doto,
Such a white, scrubbed deck. Such a stern prow,
Such a proud stern, so slim from port to starboard.
If ever you meet a man with such fine masts
Give your life to him, Doto. The figurehead
Bore his own features, so serene in the brow
And hung with a little seaweed. O Virilius,
My husband, you have left a wake in my soul.
You cut the glassy water with a diamond keel.
I must cry again.
DOTO. What, when you mean to join him?
Don't you believe he will be glad to see you, madam?
Thankful to see you, I should imagine, among
Them shapes and shades; all shapes of shapes and all
Shades of shades, from what I've heard. I know
I shall feel odd at first with Cerberus,
Sop or no sop. Still, I know how you feel, madam.
You think he may find a temptation in Hades.
I shouldn't worry. It would help him to settle down.
(DYNAMENE *weeps*)
It would only be *fun,* madam. He couldn't go far
With a shade.
DYNAMENE. He was one of the coming men.

He was certain to have become the most well-organized provost
The town has known, once they had made him provost.
He was so punctual, you could regulate
The sun by him. He made the world succumb
To his daily revolution of habit. But who,
In the world he has gone to, will appreciate that?
O poor Virilius! To be a coming man
Already gone—it must be distraction.
Why did you leave me walking about our ambitions
Like a cat in the ruins of a house? Promising husband,
Why did you insult me by dying? Virilius,
Now I keep no flower, except in the vase
Of the tomb.

DOTO. O poor madam! O poor master!
I presume so far as to cry somewhat for myself
As well. I know you won't mind, madam. It's two
Days not eating makes me think of my uncle's
Shop in the country, where he has a hardware business,
Basins, pots, ewers, and alabaster birds.
He makes you die of laughing. O madam,
Isn't it sad? (*They both weep*)

DYNAMENE. How could I have allowed you
To come and die of my grief? Doto, it puts
A terrible responsibility on me. Have you
No grief of your own you could die of?

DOTO. Not really, madam.

DYNAMENE. Nothing?

DOTO. Not really. They was all one to me.
Well, all but two was all one to me. And they,
Strange enough, was two who kept recurring.
I could never be sure if they had gone for good
Or not; and so that kept things cheerful, madam.
One always gave a wink before he deserted me,
The other slapped me as it were behind, madam;
Then they would be away for some months.

DYNAMENE. Oh Doto,
What an unhappy life you were having to lead.

DOTO. Yes, I'm sure. But never mind, madam,
It seemed quite lively then. And now I know
It's what you say; life is more big than a bed
And full of miracles and mysteries like
One man made for one woman, etcetera, etcetera.

Lovely. I feel sung, madam, by a baritone
In mixed company with everyone pleased.
And so I had to come with you here, madam,
For the last sad chorus of me. It's all
Fresh to me. Death's a new interest in life,
If it doesn't disturb you, madam, to have me crying.
It's because of us not having breakfast again.
And the master, of course. And the beautiful world.
And you crying too, madam. Oh—Oh!

DYNAMENE. I can't forbid your crying; but you must cry
On the other side of the tomb. I'm becoming confused.
This is my personal grief and my sacrifice
Of self, solus. Right over there, darling girl.

DOTO. What here?

DYNAMENE. Now, if you wish, you may cry, Doto.
But our tears are very different. For me
The world is all with Charon, all, all,
Even the metal and plume of the rose garden,
And the forest where the sea fumes overhead
In vegetable tides, and particularly
The entrance to the warm baths in Arcite Street
Where we first met;—all!—the sun itself
Trails an evening hand in the sultry river
Far away down by Acheron. I am lonely,
Virilius. Where is the punctual eye
And where is the cautious voice which made
Balance-sheets sound like Homer and Homer sound
Like balance-sheets? The precision of limbs, the amiable
Laugh, the exact festivity? Gone from the world.
You were the peroration of nature, Virilius.
You explained everything to me, even the extremely
Complicated gods. You wrote them down
In seventy columns. Dear curling calligraphy!
Gone from the world, once and for all. And I taught you
In your perceptive moments to appreciate me.
You said I was harmonious, Virilius,
Moulded and harmonious, little matronal
Ox-eye, your package. And then I would walk
Up and down largely, as it were making my own
Sunlight. What a mad blacksmith creation is
Who blows his furnaces until the stars fly upward

And iron Time is hot and politicians glow
And bulbs and roots sizzle into hyacinth
And orchis, and the sand puts out the lion,
Roaring yellow, and oceans bud with porpoises,
Blenny, tunny and the almost unexisting
Blindfish; throats are cut, the masterpiece
Looms out of labour; nations and rebellions
Are spat out to hang on the wind—and all is gone
In one Virilius, wearing his office tunic,
Checking the pence column as he went.
Where's animation now? What is there that stays
To dance? The eye of the one-eyed world is out. (*She weeps*)

DOTO. I shall try to grieve a little, too.
It would take lessons, I imagine, to do it out loud
For long. If I could only remember
Any one of those fellows without wanting to laugh.
Hopeless, I am. Now those good pair of shoes
I gave away without thinking, that's a different—
Well, I've cried enough about *them*, I suppose.
Poor madam, poor master.

(TEGEUS *comes through the gate to the top of the steps*)

TEGEUS. What's your trouble?

DOTO. Oh!
Oh! Oh, a man. I thought for a moment it was something
With harm in it. Trust a man to be where it's dark.
What is it? Can't you sleep?

TEGEUS. Now, listen—

DOTO. Hush!
Remember you're in the grave. You must go away.
Madam is occupied.

TEGEUS. What, here?

DOTO. Becoming
Dead. We both are.

TEGEUS. What's going on here?

DOTO. Grief.
Are you satisfied now?

TEGEUS. Less and less. Do you know
What the time is?

DOTO. I'm not interested.
We've done with all that. Go away. Be a gentleman.
If we can't be free of men in a grave

Death's a dead loss.
TEGEUS. It's two in the morning. All
I ask is what are women doing down here
At two in the morning?
DOTO. Can't you see she's crying?
Or is she sleeping again? Either way
She's making arrangements to join her husband.
TEGEUS. Where?
DOTO. Good god, in the Underworld, dear man. Haven't you learnt
About life and death?
TEGEUS. In a manner, yes; in a manner;
The rudiments. So the lady means to die?
DOTO. For love; beautiful, curious madam.
TEGEUS. Not curious;
I've had thoughts like it. Death is a kind of love.
Not anything I can explain.
DOTO. You'd better come in
And sit down.
TEGEUS. I'd be grateful.
DOTO. Do. It will be my last
Chance to have company, in the flesh.
TEGEUS. Do you mean
You're going too?
DOTO. Oh, certainly I am.
Not anything I can explain.
It all started with madam saying a man
Was two men really, and I'd only noticed one,
One each, I mean. It seems he has a soul
As well as his other troubles. And I like to know
What I'm getting with a man. I'm inquisitive,
I suppose you'd call me.
TEGEUS. It takes some courage.
DOTO. Well, yes
And no. I'm fond of change.
TEGEUS. Would you object
To have me eating my supper here?
DOTO. Be careful
Of the crumbs. We don't want a lot of squeaking mice
Just when we're dying.
TEGEUS. What a sigh she gave then.
Down the air like a slow comet.

And now she's all dark again. Mother of me.
How long has this been going on?

DOTO. Two days.
It should have been three by now, but at first
Madam had difficulty with the Town Council. They said
They couldn't have a tomb used as a private residence.
But madam told them she wouldn't be eating here,
Only suffering, and they thought that would be all right.

TEGEUS. Two of you. Marvellous. Who would have said
I should ever have stumbled on anything like this?
Do you have to cry? Yes, I suppose so. It's all
Quite reasonable.

DOTO. Your supper and your knees.
That's what's making me cry. I can't bear sympathy
And they're sympathetic.

TEGEUS. Please eat a bit of something.
I've no appetite left.

DOTO. And see her go ahead of me?
Wrap it up; put it away. You sex of wicked beards!
It's no wonder you have to shave off your black souls
Every day as they push through your chins.
I'll turn my back on you. It means utter
Contempt. Eat? Utter contempt. Oh, little new rolls!

TEGEUS. Forget it, forget it; please forget it. Remember
I've had no experience of this kind of thing before.
Indeed I'm as sorry as I know how to be. Ssh,
We'll disturb her. She sighed again. O Zeus,
It's terrible! Asleep, and still sighing.
Mourning has made a warren in her spirit,
All that way below. Ponos! the heart
Is the devil of a medicine.

DOTO. And I don't intend
To turn round.

TEGEUS. I understand how you must feel.
Would it be—have you any objection
To my having a drink? I have a little wine here.
And, you probably see how it is: grief's in order,
And death's in order, and women—I can usually
Manage that too; but not all three together
At this hour of the morning. So you'll excuse me.
How about you? It would make me more comfortable

If you'd take a smell of it.

DOTO. One for the road?

TEGEUS. One for the road.

DOTO. It's the dust in my throat. The tomb
Is so dusty. Thanks, I will. There's no point in dying
Of everything, simultaneous.

TEGEUS. It's lucky
I brought two bowls. I was expecting to keep
A drain for my relief when he comes in the morning.

DOTO. Are you on duty?

TEGEUS. Yes.

DOTO. It looks like it.

TEGEUS. Well,
Here's your good health.

DOTO. What good is that going to do me?
Here's to an easy crossing and not too much waiting
About on the bank. Do you have to tremble like that?

TEGEUS. The idea—I can't get used to it.

DOTO. For a member
Of the forces, you're peculiarly queasy. I wish
Those owls were in Hades—oh no; let them stay where they are.
Have you never had nothing to do with corpses before?

TEGEUS. I've got six of them outside.

DOTO. Morpheus, that's plenty.
What are they doing there?

TEGEUS. Hanging.

DOTO. Hanging?

TEGEUS. On trees.
Five plane trees and a holly. The holly-berries
Are just reddening. Another drink?

DOTO. Why not?

TEGEUS. It's from Samos. Here's—

DOTO. All right. Let's just drink it.
—How did they get in that predicament?

TEGEUS. The sandy-haired fellow said we should collaborate
With everybody; the little man said he wouldn't
Collaborate with anybody; the old one
Said that the Pleiades weren't sisters but cousins
And anyway were manufactured in Lacedaemon.
The fourth said that we hanged men for nothing
The other two said nothing. Now they hang

About at the corner of the night, they're present
And absent, horribly obsequious to every
Move in the air, and yet they keep me standing
For five hours at a stretch.

DOTO. The wine has gone
Down to my knees.

TEGEUS. And up to your cheeks. You're looking
Fresher. If only—

DOTO. Madam? She never would.
Shall I ask her?

TEGEUS. No; no, don't dare, don't breathe it.
This is privilege, to come so near
To what is undeceiving and uncorrupt
And undivided; this is the clear fashion
For all souls, a ribbon to bind the unruly
Curls of living, a faith, a hope, Zeus
Yes, a fine thing. I am human, and this
Is human fidelity, and we can be proud
And unphilosophical.

DOTO. I need to dance
But I haven't the use of my legs.

TEGEUS. No, no, don't dance,
Or, at least, only inwards; don't dance; cry
Again. We'll put a moat of tears
Round her bastion of love, and save
The world. It's something, it's more than something,
It's regeneration, to see how a human cheek
Can become as pale as a pool.

DOTO. Do you love me, handsome?

TEGEUS. To have found life, after all, unambiguous!

DOTO. Did you say Yes?

TEGEUS. Certainly; just now I love all men.

DOTO. So do I.

TEGEUS. And the world is a good creature again.
I'd begun to see it as mildew, verdigris,
Rust, woodrot, or as though the sky had uttered
An oval twirling blasphemy with occasional vistas
In country districts. I was within an ace
Of volunteering for overseas service. Despair
Abroad can always nurse pleasant thoughts of home.
Integrity, by god!

DOTO. I love all the world
And the movement of the apple in your throat.
So shall you kiss me? It would be better, I should think,
To go moistly to Hades.
TEGEUS. Hers is the way,
Luminous with sorrow.
DOTO. Then I'll take
Another little swiggy. I love all men,
Everybody, even you, and I'll pick you
Some outrageous honeysuckle for your helmet,
If only it lived here. Pardon.
DYNAMENE. Doto. Who is it?
DOTO. Honeysuckle, madam. Because of the bees.
Go back to sleep, madam.
DYNAMENE. What person is it?
DOTO. Yes, I see what you mean, madam. It's a kind of
Corporal talking to his soul, on a five-hour shift,
Madam, with six bodies. He's been having his supper.
TEGEUS. I'm going. It's terrible that we should have disturbed her.
DOTO. He was delighted to see you so sad, madam.
It has stopped him going abroad.
DYNAMENE. One with six bodies?
A messenger, a guide to where we go
It is possible he has come to show us the way
Out of these squalid suburbs of life, a shade,
A gorgon, who has come swimming up, against
The falls of my tears (for which in truth he would need
Many limbs) to guide me to Virilius.
I shall go quietly.
TEGEUS. I do assure you—
Such clumsiness, such a vile and unforgivable
Intrusion. I shall obliterate myself
Immediately.
DOTO. Oblit—oh, what a pity
To oblit. Pardon. Don't let him, the nice fellow.
DYNAMENE. Sir: your other five bodies: where are they?
TEGEUS. Madam—
Outside; I have them outside. On trees.
DYNAMENE. Quack!
TEGEUS. What do I reply?
DYNAMENE. Quack, charlatan!
You've never known the gods. You came to mock me.

Doto, this never was a gorgon, never.
Nor a gentleman either. He's completely spurious.
Admit it, you creature. Have you even a feather
Of the supernatural in your system? Have you?

TEGEUS. Some of my relations—

DYNAMENE. Well?

TEGEUS. Are dead, I think;
That is to say I have connexions—

DYNAMENE. Connexions
With pickpockets. It's a shameless imposition.
Does the army provide you with no amusements?
If I were still of the world, and not cloistered
In a colourless landscape of winter thought
Where the approaching Spring is desired oblivion,
I should write sharply to your commanding officer.
It should be done, it should be done. If my fingers
Weren't so cold I would do it now. But they are,
Horribly cold. And why should insolence matter
When my colour of life is unreal, a blush on death,
A partial mere diaphane? I don't know
Why it should matter. Oafish, non-commissioned
Young man! The boots of your conscience will pinch for ever
If life's dignity has any self-protection.
Oh, I have to sit down. The tomb's going round.

DOTO. Oh, madam, don't give over. I can't remember
When things were so lively. He looks marvellously
Marvellously uncomfortable. Go on, madam.
Can't you, madam? Oh, madam, don't you feel up to it?
There, do you see her, you acorn-chewing infantryman?
You've made her cry, you square-bashing barbarian.

TEGEUS. O history, my private history, why
Was I led here? What stigmatism has got
Into my stars? Why wasn't it my brother?
He has a tacit misunderstanding with everybody
And washes in it. Why wasn't it my mother?
She makes a collection of other people's tears
And dries them all. Let them forget I came;
And lie in the terrible black crystal of grief
Which held them, before I broke it. Outside, Tegeus.

DOTO. Hey, I don't think so, I shouldn't say so. Come
Down again, uniform. Do you think you're going
To half kill an unprotected lady and then

Back out upwards? Do you think you can leave her like this?

TEGEUS. Yes, yes, I'll leave her. O directorate of gods,
How can I? Beauty's bit is between my teeth.
She has added another torture to me. Bottom
Of Hades' bottom.

DOTO. Madam. Madam, the corporal
Has some wine here. It will revive you, madam.
And then you can go at him again, madam.

TEGEUS. It's the opposite of everything you've said,
I swear. I swear by Horkos and the Styx,
I swear by the nine acres of Tityos,
I swear the Hypnotic oath, by all the Titans—
By Koeos, Krios, Iapetos, Kronos, and so on—
By the three Hekatoncheires, by the insomnia
Of Tisiphone, by Jove, by jove, and the dew
On the feet of my boyhood, I am innocent
Of mocking you. Am I a Salmoneus
That, seeing such a flame of sorrow—

DYNAMENE. You needn't
Labour to prove your secondary education.
Perhaps I jumped to a wrong conclusion, perhaps
I was hasty.

DOTO. How easy to swear if you're properly educated.
Wasn't it pretty, madam? Pardon.

DYNAMENE. If I misjudged you
I apologize, I apologize. Will you please leave us?
You were wrong to come here. In a place of mourning
Light itself is a trespasser; nothing can have
The right of entrance except those natural symbols
Of mortality, the jabbing, funeral, sleek-
With-omen raven, the death-watch beetle which mocks
Time: particularly, I'm afraid, the spider
Weaving his home with swift self-generated
Threads of slaughter; and, of course, the worm.
I wish it could be otherwise. Oh dear,
They aren't easy to live with.

DOTO. Not even a *little* wine, madam?

DYNAMENE. Here, Doto?

DOTO. Well, on the steps perhaps,
Except it's so draughty.

DYNAMENE. Doto! Here?

DOTO. No, madam;

I quite see.

DYNAMENE. I might be wise to strengthen myself
In order to fast again; it would make me abler
For grief. I will breathe a little of it, Doto.

DOTO. Thank god. Where's the bottle?

DYNAMENE. What an exquisite bowl.

TEGEUS. Now that it's peacetime we have pottery classes.

DYNAMENE. You made it yourself?

TEGEUS. Yes. Do you see the design?
The corded god, tied also by the rays
Of the sun, and the astonished ship erupting
Into vines and vine-leaves, inverted pyramids
Of grapes, the uplifted hands of the men (the raiders),
And here the headlong sea, itself almost
Venturing into leaves and tendrils, and Proteus
With his beard braiding the wind, and this
Held by other hands is a drowned sailor—

DYNAMENE. Always, always.

DOTO. Hold the bowl steady, madam.
Pardon.

DYNAMENE. Doto, have you been drinking?

DOTO. Here, madam?
I coaxed some a little way towards my mouth, madam,
But I scarcely swallowed except because I had to. The hiccup
Is from no breakfast, madam, and not meant to be funny.

DYNAMENE. You may drink this too. Oh, how the inveterate body,
Even when cut from the heart, insists on leaf,
Puts out, with a separate meaningless will,
Fronds to intercept the thankless sun.
How it does, oh, how it does. And how it confuses
The nature of the mind.

TEGEUS. Yes, yes, the confusion;
That's something I understand better than anything.

DYNAMENE. When the thoughts would die, the instincts will set sail
For life. And when the thoughts are alert for life
The instincts will rage to be destroyed on the rocks.
To Virilius it was not so; his brain was an ironing-board
For all crumpled indecision: and I follow him,
The hawser of my world. You don't belong here,
You see; you don't belong here at all.

TEGEUS. If only
I did. If only you knew the effort it costs me

To mount those steps again into an untrustworthy,
Unpredictable, unenlightened night,
And turn my back on—on a state of affairs,
I can only call it a vision, a hope, a promise,
A—By that I mean loyalty, enduring passion,
Unrecking bravery and beauty all in one.

DOTO. He means you, or you and me; or me, madam.

TEGEUS. It only remains for me to thank you, and to say
That whatever awaits me and for however long
I may be played by this poor musician, existence,
Your person and sacrifice will leave their trace
As clear upon me as the shape of the hills
Around my birthplace. Now I must leave you to your husband.

DOTO. Oh! You, madam.

DYNAMENE. I'll tell you what I will do.
I will drink with you to the memory of my husband,
Because I have been curt, because you are kind,
And because I'm extremely thirsty. And then we will say
Good-bye and part to go to our opposite corruptions,
The world and the grave.

TEGEUS. The climax to the vision.

DYNAMENE (*drinking*). My husband, and all he stood for.

TEGEUS. Stands for.

DYNAMENE. Stands for.

TEGEUS. Your husband.

DOTO. The master.

DYNAMENE. How good it is,
How it sings to the throat, purling with summer.

TEGEUS. It has a twin nature, winter and warmth in one,
Moon and meadow. Do you agree?

DYNAMENE. Perfectly;
A cold bell sounding in a golden month.

TEGEUS. Crystal in harvest.

DYNAMENE. Perhaps a nightingale
Sobbing among the pears.

TEGEUS. In an old autumnal midnight.

DOTO. Grapes.—Pardon. There's some more here.

TEGEUS. Plenty.
I drink to the memory of your husband.

DYNAMENE. My husband.

DOTO. The master.

DYNAMENE. He was careless in his choice of wines.

TEGEUS. And yet
Rendering to living its rightful poise is not
Unimportant.
DYNAMENE. A mystery's in the world
Where a little liquid, with flavour, quality, and fume
Can be as no other, can hint and flute our senses
As though a music played in harvest hollows
And a movement was in the swathes of our memory.
Why should scent, why should flavour come
With such wings upon us? Parsley, for instance.
TEGEUS. Seaweed.
DYNAMENE. Lime trees.
DOTO. Horses.
TEGEUS. Fruit in the fire.
DYNAMENE. Do I know your name?
TEGEUS. Tegeus.
DYNAMENE. That's very thin for you,
It hardly covers your bones. Something quite different,
Altogether other. I shall think of it presently.
TEGEUS. Darker vowels, perhaps.
DYNAMENE. Yes, certainly darker vowels.
And your consonants should have a slight angle,
And a certain temperature. Do you know what I mean?
It will come to me.
TEGEUS. Now *your* name—
DYNAMENE. It is nothing
To any purpose. I'll be to you the She
In the tomb. You have the air of a natural-historian
As though you were accustomed to handling birds' eggs,
Or tadpoles, or putting labels on moths. You see?
The genius of dumb things, that they are nameless.
Have I found the seat of the weevil in human brains?
Our names. They make us broody; we sit and sit
To hatch them into reputation and dignity.
And then they set upon us and become despair,
Guilt and remorse. We go where they lead. We dance
Attendance on something wished upon us by the wife
Of our mother's physician. But insects meet and part
And put the woods about them, fill the dusk
And freckle the light and go and come without
A name among them, without the wish of a name
And very pleasant too. Did I interrupt you?

TEGEUS. I forget. We'll have no names then.
DYNAMENE. I should like
You to have a name, I don't know why; a small one
To fill out the conversation.
TEGEUS. I should like
You to have a name too, if only for something
To remember. Have you still some wine in your bowl?
DYNAMENE. Not altogether.
TEGEUS. We haven't come to the end
By several inches. Did I splash you?
DYNAMENE. It doesn't matter.
Well, here's to my husband's name.
TEGEUS. Your husband's name.
DOTO. The master.
DYNAMENE. It was kind of you to come.
TEGEUS. It was more than coming. I followed my future here,
As we all do if we're sufficiently inattentive
And don't vex ourselves with questions; or do I mean
Attentive? If so, attentive to what? Do I sound
Incoherent?
DYNAMENE. You're wrong. There isn't a future here,
Not here, not for you.
TEGEUS. Your name's Dynamene.
DYNAMENE. Who—Have I been utterly irreverent? Are you—
Who made you say that? Forgive me the question,
But are you dark or light? I mean which shade
Of the supernatural? Or if neither, what prompted you?
TEGEUS. Dynamene—
DYNAMENE. No, but I'm sure you're the friend of nature,
It must be so, I think I see little Phoebuses
Rising and setting in your eyes.
DOTO. They're not little Phoebuses,
They're hoodwinks, madam. Your name is on your brooch.
No little Phoebuses to-night.
DYNAMENE. That's twice
You've played me a trick. Oh, I know practical jokes
Are common on Olympus, but haven't we at all
Developed since the gods were born? Are gods
And men both to remain immortal adolescents?
How tiresome it all is.
TEGEUS. It was you, each time,
Who said I was supernatural. When did I say so?

You're making me into whatever you imagine
And then you blame me because I can't live up to it.
DYNAMENE. I shall call you Chromis. It has a breadlike sound.
I think of you as a crisp loaf.
TEGEUS. And now
You'll insult me because I'm not sliceable.
DYNAMENE. I think drinking is harmful to our tempers.
TEGEUS. If I seem to be frowning, that is only because
I'm looking directly into your light: I must look
Angrily, or shut my eyes.
DYNAMENE. Shut them.—Oh,
You have eyelashes! A new perspective of you.
Is that how you look when you sleep?
TEGEUS. My jaw drops down.
DYNAMENE. Show me how.
TEGEUS. Like this.
DYNAMENE It makes an irresistible
Moron of you. Will you waken now?
It's morning; I see a thin dust of daylight
Blowing on to the steps.
TEGEUS. Already? Dynamene,
You're tricked again. This time by the moon.
DYNAMENE. Oh well,
Moon's daylight, then. Doto is asleep.
TEGEUS. Doto
Is asleep . . .
DYNAMENE. Chromis, what made you walk about
In the night? What, I wonder, made you not stay
Sleeping wherever you slept? Was it the friction
Of the world on your mind? Those two are difficult
To make agree. Chromis—now try to learn
To answer your name. I won't say Tegeus.
TEGEUS. And I
Won't say Dynamene.
DYNAMENE. Not?
TEGEUS. It makes you real.
Forgive me, a terrible thing has happened. Shall I
Say it and perhaps destroy myself for you?
Forgive me first, or, more than that, forgive
Nature who winds her furtive stream all through
Our reason. Do you forgive me?
DYNAMENE. I'll forgive

Anything, if it's the only way I can know
What you have to tell me.
TEGEUS. I felt us to be alone;
Here in a grave, separate from any life,
I and the only one of beauty, the only
Persuasive key to all my senses,
In spite of my having lain day after day
And pored upon the sepals, corolla, stamen, and bracts
Of the yellow bog-iris. Then my body ventured
A step towards interrupting your perfection of purpose
And my own renewed faith in human nature.
Would you have believed that possible?
DYNAMENE. I have never
Been greatly moved by the yellow bog-iris. Alas,
It's as I said. This place is for none but the spider,
Raven and worms, not for a living man.
TEGEUS. It has been a place of blessing to me. It will always
Play in me, a fountain of confidence
When the world is arid. But I know it is true
I have to leave it, and though it withers my soul
I must let you make your journey.
DYNAMENE. No.
TEGEUS. Not true?
DYNAMENE. We can talk of something quite different.
TEGEUS. Yes, we can!
Oh yes, we will! Is it your opinion
That no one believes who hasn't learned to doubt?
Or, another thing, if we persuade ourselves
To one particular Persuasion, become Sophist,
Stoic, Platonist, anything whatever,
Would you say that there must be areas of soul
Lying unproductive therefore, or dishonoured
Or blind?
DYNAMENE. No, I don't know.
TEGEUS. No. It's impossible
To tell. Dynamene, if only I had
Two cakes of pearl-barley and hydromel
I could see you to Hades, leave you with your husband
And come back to the world.
DYNAMENE. Ambition, I suppose,
Is an appetite particular to man.
What is your definition?

TEGEUS. The desire to find
A reason for living.
DYNAMENE. But then, suppose it leads,
As often, one way or another, it does, to death.
TEGEUS. Then that may be life's reason. Oh, but how
Could I bear to return, Dynamene? The earth's
Daylight would be my grave if I had left you
In that unearthly night.
DYNAMENE. O Chromis——
TEGEUS. Tell me,
What is your opinion of Progress? Does it, for example,
Exist? Is there ever progression without retrogression?
Therefore is it not true that mankind
Can more justly be said increasingly to Gress?
As the material improves, the craftsmanship deteriorates
And honor and virtue remain the same. I love you,
Dynamene.
DYNAMENE. Would you consider we go round and round?
TEGEUS. We concertina, I think; taking each time
A larger breath, so that the farther we go out
The farther we have to go in.
DYNAMENE. There'll come a time.
When it will be unbearable to continue.
TEGEUS. Unbearable.
DYNAMENE. Perhaps we had better have something
To eat. The wine has made your eyes so quick
I am breathless beside them. It *is*
Your eyes, I think; or your intelligence
Holding my intelligence up above you
Between its hands. Or the cut of your uniform.
TEGEUS. Here's a new roll with honey. In the gods' names
Let's sober ourselves.
DYNAMENE. As soon as possible.
TEGEUS. Have you
Any notion of algebra?
DYNAMENE. We'll discuss you, Chromis.
We will discuss you, till you're nothing but words.
TEGEUS. I? There is nothing, of course, I would rather discuss,
Except—if it would be no intrusion—you, Dynamene.
DYNAMENE. No, you couldn't want to. But your birthplace, Chromis,
With the hills that placed themselves in you for ever
As you say, where was it?

TEGEUS. My father's farm at Pyxa.
DYNAMENE. There? Could it be there?
TEGEUS. I was born in the hills
Between showers, a quarter of an hour before milking time.
Do you know Pyxa? It stretches to the crossing of two
Troublesome roads, and buries its back in beechwood,
From which come the white owls of our nights
And the mulling and cradling of doves in the day.
I attribute my character to those shadows
And heavy roots; and my interest in music
To the sudden melodious escape of the young river
Where it breaks from nosing through the cresses and kingcups.
That's honestly so.
DYNAMENE. You used to climb about
Among the windfallen tower of Phrasidemus
Looking for bees' nests.
TEGEUS. What? When have I
Said so?
DYNAMENE. Why, all the children did.
TEGEUS. Yes: but, in the name of light, how do you *know* that?
DYNAMENE. I played there once, on holiday.
TEGEUS. O Klotho,
Lachesis and Atropos!
DYNAMENE. It's the strangest chance:
I may have seen, for a moment, your boyhood.
TEGEUS. I may
Have seen something like an early flower
Something like a girl. If I only could remember how I must
Have seen you. Were you after the short white violets?
Maybe I blundered past you, taking your look,
And scarcely acknowledged how a star
Ran through me, to live in the brooks of my blood for ever.
Or I saw you playing at hiding in the cave
Where the ferns are and the water drips.
DYNAMENE. I was quite plain and fat and I was usually
Hitting someone. I wish I could remember you.
I'm envious of the days and children who saw you
Then. It is curiously a little painful
Not to share your past.
TEGEUS. How did it come
Our stars could mingle for an afternoon
So long ago, and then forget us or tease us

Or helplessly look on the dark high seas
Of our separation, while time drank
The golden hours? What hesitant fate is that?
DYNAMENE. Time? Time? Why—how old are we?
TEGEUS. Young,
Thank both our mothers, but still we're older than to-night
And so older than we should be. Wasn't I born
In love with what, only now, I have grown to meet?
I'll tell you something else. I was born entirely
For this reason. I was born to fill a gap
In the world's experience, which had never known
Chromis loving Dynamene.
DYNAMENE. You are so
Excited, poor Chromis. What is it? Here you sit
With a woman who has wept away all claims
To appearance, unbecoming in her oldest clothes,
With not a trace of liveliness, a drab
Of melancholy, entirely shadow without
A smear of sun. Forgive me if I tell you
That you fall easily into superlatives.
TEGEUS. Very well. I'll say nothing, then. I'll fume
With feeling.
DYNAMENE. Now you go to the extreme. Certainly
You must speak. You may have more to say. Besides
You might let your silence run away with you
And not say something that you should. And how
Should I answer you then? Chromis, you boy,
I can't look away from you. You use
The lamplight and the moon so skilfully,
So arrestingly, in and around your furrows.
A humorous ploughman goes whistling to a team
Of sad sorrow, to and fro in your brow
And over your arable cheek. Laugh for me. Have you
Cried for women, ever?
TEGEUS. In looking about for you.
But I have recognized them for what they were.
DYNAMENE. What were they?
TEGEUS. Never you: never, although
They could walk with bright distinction into all men's
Longest memories, never you, by a hint
Or a faint quality, or at least not more
Than reflectively, stars lost and uncertain

In the sea, compared with the shining salt, the shiners,
The galaxies, the clusters, the bright grain whirling
Over the black threshing-floor of space.
Will you make some effort to believe that?

DYNAMENE. No, no effort.
It lifts me and carries me. It may be wild
But it comes to me with a charm, like trust indeed,
And eats out of my heart, dear Chromis,
Absurd, disconcerting Chromis. You make me
Feel I wish I could look my best for you.
I wish, at least, that I could believe myself
To be showing some beauty for you, to put in the scales
Between us. But they dip to you, they sink
With masculine victory.

TEGEUS. Eros, no! No!
If this is less than your best, then never, in my presence,
Be more than your less: never! If you should bring
More to your mouth or to your eyes, a moisture
Or a flake of light, anything, anything fatally
More, perfection would fetch her unsparing rod
Out of pickle to flay me, and what would have been love
Will be the end of me. O Dynamene,
Let me unload something of my lips' longing
On to yours receiving. Oh, when I cross
Like this the hurt of the little space between us
I come a journey from the wrenching ice
To walk in the sun. That is the feeling.

DYNAMENE. Chromis,
Where am I going? No, don't answer. It's death
I desire, not you.

TEGEUS. Where is the difference? Call me
Death instead of Chromis. I'll answer to anything.
It's desire all the same, of death in me, or me
In death, but Chromis either way. Is it so?
Do you not love me, Dynamene?

DYNAMENE. How could it happen?
I'm going to my husband. I'm too far on the way
To admit myself to life again. Love's in Hades.

TEGEUS. Also here. And here are we, not there
In Hades. Is your husband expecting you?

DYNAMENE. Surely, surely?

TEGEUS. Not necessarily. I,

If I had been your husband, would never dream
Of expecting you. I should remember your body
Descending stairs in the floating light, but not
Descending in Hades. I should say "I have left
My wealth warm on the earth, and, hell, earth needs it."
"Was all I taught her of love," I should say, "so poor
That she will leave her flesh and become shadow?"
"Wasn't our love for each other" (I should continue)
"Infused with life, and life infused with our love?
Very well; repeat me in love, repeat me in life,
And let me sing in your blood for ever."

DYNAMENE. Stop, stop, I shall be dragged apart!
Why should the fates do everything to keep me
From dying honourably? They must have got
Tired of honour in Elysium. Chromis, it's terrible
To be susceptible to two conflicting norths.
I have the constitution of a whirlpool.
Am I actually twirling, or is it just sensation?

TEGEUS. You're still; still as the darkness.

DYNAMENE. What appears
Is so unlike what is. And what is madness
To those who only observe, is often wisdom
To those to whom it happens.

TEGEUS. Are we compelled
To go into all this?

DYNAMENE. Why, how could I return
To my friends? Am I to be an entertainment?

TEGEUS. That's for to-morrow. To-night I need to kiss you,
Dynamene. Let's see what the whirlpool does
Between my arms; let it whirl on my breast. O love,
Come in.

DYNAMENE. I am there before I reach you; my body
Only follows to join my longing which
Is holding you already.—Now I am
All one again.

TEGEUS. I feel as the gods feel:
This is their sensation of life, not a man's:
Their suspension of immortality, to enrich
Themselves with time. O life, O death, O body,
O spirit, O Dynamene.

DYNAMENE. O all
In myself; it so covets all in you,

My care, my Chromis. Then I shall be
Creation.

TEGEUS. You have the skies already;
Out of them you are buffeting me with your gales
Of beauty. Can we be made of dust, as they tell us?
What! dust with dust releasing such a light
And such an apparition of the world
Within one body? A thread of your hair has stung me.
Why do you push me away?

DYNAMENE. There's so much metal
About you. Do I have to be imprisoned
In an armoury?

TEGEUS. Give your hand to the buckles and then
To me.

DYNAMENE. Don't help; I'll do them all myself.

TEGEUS. O time and patience! I want you back again.

DYNAMENE. We have a lifetime. O Chromis, think, think
Of that. And even unfastening a buckle
Is loving. And not easy. Very well,
You can help me. Chromis, what zone of miracle
Did you step into to direct you in the dark
To where I waited, not knowing I waited?

TEGEUS. I saw
The lamplight. That was only the appearance
Of some great gesture in the bed of fortune.
I saw the lamplight.

DYNAMENE. But here? So far from life?
What brought you near enough to see lamplight?

TEGEUS. Zeus,
That reminds me.

DYNAMENE. What is it, Chromis?

TEGEUS. I'm on duty.

DYNAMENE. Is it warm enough to do without your greaves?

TEGEUS. Darling loom of magic, I must go back
To take a look at those boys. The whole business
Of guard had gone out of my mind.

DYNAMENE. What boys, my heart?

TEGEUS. My six bodies.

DYNAMENE. Chromis, not that joke
Again.

TEGEUS. No joke, sweet. To-day our city
Held a sextuple hanging. I'm minding the bodies

Until five o'clock. Already I've been away
For half an hour.

DYNAMENE. What can they do, poor bodies,
In half an hour, or half a century?
You don't really mean to go?

TEGEUS. Only to make
My conscience easy. Then, Dynamene,
No cloud can rise on love, no hovering thought
Fidget, and the night will be only to *us.*

DYNAMENE. But if every half-hour——

TEGEUS. Hush, smile of my soul,
My sprig, my sovereign: this is to hold your eyes,
I sign my lips on them both: this is to keep
Your forehead—do you feel the claim of my kiss
Falling into your thought? And now your throat
Is a white branch and my lips two singing birds—
They are coming to rest. Throat, remember me
Until I come back in five minutes. Over all
Here is my parole: I give it to your mouth
To give me again before it's dry. I promise:
Before it's dry, or not long after.

DYNAMENE. Run,
Run all the way. You needn't be afraid of stumbling.
There's plenty of moon. The fields are blue. Oh, wait,
Wait! My darling. No, not now: it will keep
Until I see you; I'll have it here at my lips.
Hurry.

TEGEUS. So long, my haven.

DYNAMENE. Hurry, hurry! (*Exit* TEGEUS)

DOTO. Yes, madam, hurry; of course. Are we there
Already? How nice. Death doesn't take
Any doing at all. We were gulped into Hades
As easy as an oyster.

DYNAMENE. Doto!

DOTO. Hurry, hurry,
Yes, madam.—But they've taken out all my bones.
I haven't a bone left. I'm a Shadow: wonderfully shady
In the legs. We shall have to sit out eternity, madam,
If they've done the same to you.

DYNAMENE. You'd better wake up.
If you can't go to sleep again, you'd better wake up.
Oh dear.—We're still alive, Doto, do you hear me?

DOTO. You must speak for yourself, madam. I'm quite dead.
I'll tell you how I know. I feel
Invisible. I'm a wraith, madam; I'm only
Waiting to be wafted.
DYNAMENE. If only you *would* be.
Do you see where you are? Look. Do you see?
DOTO. Yes. You're right, madam. We're still alive.
Isn't it enough to make you swear?
Here we are, dying to be dead,
And where does it get us?
DYNAMENE. Perhaps you should try to die
In some other place. Yes! Perhaps the air here
Suits you too well. You were sleeping very heavily.
DOTO. And all the time you alone and dying.
I shouldn't have. Has the corporal been long gone,
Madam?
DYNAMENE. He came and went, came and went,
You know the way.
DOTO. Very well I do. And went
He should have, come he should never. Oh dear, he must
Have disturbed you, madam.
DYNAMENE. He could be said
To've disturbed me. Listen; I have something to say to you.
DOTO. I expect so, madam. Maybe I *could* have kept him out
But men are in before I wish they wasn't.
I think quickly enough, but I get behindhand
With what I ought to be saying. It's a kind of stammer
In my way of life, madam.
DYNAMENE. I have been unkind,
I have sinfully wronged you, Doto.
DOTO. Never, madam.
DYNAMENE. Oh yes. I was letting you die with me, Doto, without
Any fair reason. I was drowning you
In grief that wasn't yours. That was wrong, Doto.
DOTO. But I haven't got anything against dying, madam.
I may *like* the situation, as far as I like
Any situation, madam. Now if you'd said mangling,
A lot of mangling, I might have thought twice about staying.
We all have our dislikes, madam.
DYNAMENE. I'm asking you
To leave me, Doto, at once, as quickly as possible,
Now, before—now, Doto, and let me forget

My bad mind which confidently expected you
To companion me to Hades. Now good-bye,
Good-bye.

DOTO. No, it's not good-bye at all.
I shouldn't know another night of sleep, wondering
How you got on, or what I was missing, come to that.
I should be anxious about you, too. When you belong
To an upper class, the netherworld might come strange.
Now I was born nether, madam, though not
As nether as some. No, it's not good-bye, madam.

DYNAMENE. Oh Doto, go; you must, you must! And if I seem
Without gratitude, forgive me. It isn't so,
It is far, far from so. But I can only
Regain my peace of mind if I know you're gone.

DOTO. Besides, look at the time, madam. Where should I go
At three in the morning? Even if I was to think
Of going; and think of it I never shall.

DYNAMENE. Think of the unmatchable world, Doto.

DOTO. I do
Think of it, madam. And when I think of it, what
Have I thought? Well, it depends, madam.

DYNAMENE. I insist,
Obey me! At once! Doto!

DOTO. Here I sit.

DYNAMENE. What shall I do with you?

DOTO. Ignore me, madam.
I know my place. I shall die quite unobtrusive.
Oh, look, the corporal's forgotten to take his equipment.

DYNAMENE. Could he be so careless?

DOTO. I shouldn't hardly have thought so.
Poor fellow. They'll go and deduct it off his credits.
I suppose, madam, I suppose he couldn't be thinking
Of coming back?

DYNAMENE. He'll think of these. He will notice
He isn't wearing them. He'll come; he is sure to come.

DOTO. Oh.

DYNAMENE. I know he will.

DOTO. Oh, oh.
Is that all for to-night, madam? May I go now, madam?

DYNAMENE. Doto! Will you?

DOTO. Just you try to stop me, madam.
Sometimes going is a kind of instinct with me.

I'll leave death to some other occasion.
DYNAMENE. Do,
Doto. Any other time. Now you must hurry.
I won't delay you from life another moment.
Oh, Doto, good-bye.
DOTO. Good-bye. Life is unusual,
Isn't it, madam? Remember me to Cerberus.
(*Re-enter* TEGEUS. DOTO *passes him on the steps*)
DOTO (*as she goes*). You left something behind. Ye gods, what a moon!
DYNAMENE. Chromis, it's true; my lips are hardly dry.
Time runs again; the void is space again;
Space has life again; Dynamene has Chromis.
TEGEUS. It's over.
DYNAMENE. Chromis, you're sick. As white as wool.
Come, you covered the distance too quickly.
Rest in my arms; get your breath again.
TEGEUS. I've breathed one night too many. Why did I see you,
Why in the name of life did I see you?
DYNAMENE. Why?
Weren't we gifted with each other? O heart,
What do you mean?
TEGEUS. I mean that joy is nothing
But the parent of doom. Why should I have found
Your constancy such balm to the world and yet
Find, by the same vision, its destruction
A necessity? We're set upon by love
To make us incompetent to steer ourselves,
To make us docile to fate. I should have known:
Indulgences, not fulfilment, is what the world
Permits us.
DYNAMENE. Chromis, is this intelligible?
Help me to follow you. What did you meet in the fields
To bring about all this talk? Do you still love me?
TEGEUS. What good will it do us? I've lost a body.
DYNAMENE. A body?
One of the six? Well, it isn't with them you propose
To love me; and you couldn't keep it for ever.
Are we going to allow a body that isn't there
To come between us?
TEGEUS. But I'm responsible for it.
I have to account for it in the morning. Surely
You see, Dynamene, the horror we're faced with?

The relatives have had time to cut him down
And take him away for burial. It means
A court martial. No doubt about the sentence.
I shall take the place of the missing man.
To be hanged, Dynamene! Hanged, Dynamene!

DYNAMENE. No; it's monstrous! Your life is yours, Chromis.

TEGEUS. Anything but. That's why I have to take it.
At the best we live our lives on loan,
At the worst in chains. And I was never born
To have life. Then for what? To be had by it,
And so are we all. But I'll make it what it is,
By making it nothing.

DYNAMENE. Chromis, you're frightening me.
What are you meaning to do?

TEGEUS. I have to die,
Dance of my heart, I have to die, to die,
To part us, to go to my sword and let it part us.
I'll have my free will even if I'm compelled to it.
I'll kill myself.

DYNAMENE. Oh, no! No, Chromis!
It's all unreasonable—no such horror
Can come of a pure accident. Have you hanged?
How can they hang you for simply not being somewhere?
How can they hang you for losing a dead man?
They must have wanted to lose him, or they wouldn't
Have hanged him. No, you're scaring yourself for nothing
And making me frantic.

TEGEUS. It's section six, paragraph
Three in the Regulations. That's my doom.
I've read it for myself. And, by my doom,
Since I have to die, let me die here, in love,
Promoted by your kiss to tower, in dying,
High above my birth. For god's sake let me die
On a wave of life, Dynamene, with an action
I can take some pride in. How could I settle to death
Knowing that you last saw me stripped and strangled
On a holly tree? Demoted first and then hanged!

DYNAMENE. Am I supposed to love the corporal
Or you? It's you I love, from head to foot
And out to the ends of your spirit. What shall I do
If you die? How could I follow you? I should find you
Discussing me with my husband, comparing your feelings,

Exchanging reactions. Where should I put myself?
Or am I to live on alone, or find in life
Another source of love, in memory
Of Virilius and of you?

TEGEUS. Dynamene,
Not that! Since everything in the lives of men
Is brief to indifference, let our love at least
Echo and perpetuate itself uniquely
As long as time allows you. Though you go
To the limit of age, it won't be far to contain me.

DYNAMENE. It will seem like eternity ground into days and days.

TEGEUS. Can I be certain of you, for ever?

DYNAMENE. But, Chromis,
Surely you said——

TEGEUS. Surely we have sensed
Our passion to be greater than mortal? Must I
Die believing it is dying with me?

DYNAMENE. Chromis,
You must never die, never! It would be
An offence against truth.

TEGEUS. I cannot live to be hanged.
It would be an offence against life. Give me my sword,
Dynamene. O Hades, when you look pale
You take the heart out of me. I could die
Without a sword by seeing you suffer. Quickly!
Give me my heart back again with your lips
And I'll live the rest of my ambitions
In a last kiss.

DYNAMENE. Oh, no, no, no!
Give my blessing to your desertion of me?
Never, Chromis, never. Kiss you and then
Let you go? Love you, for death to have you?
Am I to be made the fool of courts martial?
Who are they who think they can discipline souls
Right off the earth? What discipline is that?
Chromis, love is the only discipline
And we're the disciples of love. I hold you to that:
Hold you, hold you.

TEGEUS. We have no chance. It's determined
In section six, paragraph three, of the Regulations.
That has more power than love. It can snuff the great
Candles of creation. It makes me able

To do the impossible, to leave you, to go from the light
That keeps you.

DYNAMENE. No!

TEGEUS. O dark, it does. Good-bye,
My memory of earth, my dear most dear
Beyond every expectation. I was wrong
To want you to keep our vows existent
In the vacuum that's coming. It would make you
A heaviness to the world, when you should be,
As you are, a form of light. Dynamene, turn
Your head away. I'm going to let my sword
Solve all the riddles.

DYNAMENE. Chromis, I have it! I know!
Virilius will help you.

TEGEUS. Virilius?

DYNAMENE. My husband. He can be the other body.

TEGEUS. Your husband can?

DYNAMENE. He has no further use
For what he left of himself to lie with us here.
Is there any reason why he shouldn't hang
On your holly tree? Better, far better, he,
Than you who are still alive, and surely better
Than *idling* into corruption?

TEGEUS. Hang your husband?
Dynamene, it's terrible, horrible.

DYNAMENE. How little you can understand. I loved
His life not his death. And now we can give his death
The power of life. Not horrible: wonderful!
Isn't it so? That I should be able to feel
He moves again in the world, accomplishing
Our welfare? It's more than my grief could do.

TEGEUS. What can I say?

DYNAMENE. That you love me; as I love him
And you. Let's celebrate your safety then.
Where's the bottle? There's some wine unfinished in this bowl.
I'll share it with you. Now forget the fear
We were in; look at me, Chromis. Come away
From the pit you nearly dropped us in. My darling,
I give you Virilius.

TEGEUS. Virilius.
And all that follows.

DOTO (*on the steps, with the bottle*). The master. Both the masters.

POETRY

If you have read Part I in this book, you have learned already that poetry has much in common with fiction and drama. For the sake of emphasizing this fact, we might briefly review the aspects of craftsmanship considered there in relationship to poetry.

Happenings. If anything, happenings in poetry are more diverse than they are in fiction and drama. At one extreme, the poet may do nothing more than observe a duck flying against a crimson evening sky; at the other, he may detail the heroic and bloody activities of a ten-year war. Happenings are especially important in narrative and epic poetry.

Characterization. Characterization also is a matter of first importance in narrative and epic poetry, and in dramatic monologues like Browning's "My Last Duchess." Ordinarily you do not associate problems of characterization with lyric poetry unless you consider how the poem characterizes the intrusive author. (See p. 99.) In that sense, characterization becomes an important aspect of many lyrical poems.

Setting. Setting, too, exhibits great range. It may be set forth in great detail, as in Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." Or it may be omitted completely, as in a philosophical poem like Emerson's "Brahma" (p. 139). Background is especially prominent in lyric poems developing atmosphere or mood. Poe's "The City in the Sea" (p. 776) is a good example of this.

Language. There are certain differences between the ways that poets and prose writers select and arrange their words, differences that we shall consider shortly. In the main, however, these are less marked than many suppose. Possibly you have heard about "poetic diction" or "poetic license" and have developed the notion that poets use a special language. To support this belief you can point to words like "e'er," "thou," and "swain." It is true that at one time poets did employ terms which were not so commonly seen in prose, but there was rarely a significant difference, and today there is—in most poetry—none at all. Miss Marguerite Wilkinson claims in her *New Voices,* "No good poet of today wants a license for any unfair dealings with words." By their employment of words in context, poets often pack more meaning and emotion into them than prose writers do, but the words themselves are the ones you know already, and probably the ones you use daily.

Certainly, too, the function of words in poetry is the same as in prose. They body forth the happenings, characters, settings—images of all kinds. They withhold or give emphasis, emotional colorations, and interpretations.

When we add to these matters of craftsmanship their effects in terms of *tone* and *meaning,* and find that these achievements are substantially the same in poetry and in prose, you may well ask what makes poetry a distinctive literary form. What special characteristics does it have? More specifically,

what should you look for as you read poetry that you have not already been looking for in prose? The answer lies especially in five characteristics: *rhythm, sound patterns, compactness, figurativeness,* and *emotional intensity,* the last being the result of the first four. We shall consider them in that order.

Rhythm

POETRY is distinct from prose not because poetry has rhythm but because it has a more regular rhythm than prose. We need not explain what rhythm is since you already know that from dancing and listening to music. Nor do we need to elaborate much on the thesis that rhythm is part of everyday life. You need only to recall the beating of your own heart to recognize that rhythm is, in fact, a necessity of life. Doubtless you will be quick to admit, too, that you have characteristic rhythms for doing even the simplest things, that you take greater satisfaction out of smooth, rhythmic performances than jerky ones. In short, rhythm is natural to you and gives you pleasure. If this is so in general, it should be so in poetry also. You should find that the rhythms of poetry are natural and pleasurable.

Traditionally, English poetry (but not Anglo-Saxon) has based its rhythm upon accent. Whereas in prose accented and unaccented syllables occur in irregular fashion throughout a sentence, in poetry they create a relatively regular pattern. Notice the difference:

Prose:

My father, a mountaineer, in addition to swinging a hard fist, was very quick on his feet. Unfortunately, however, he stammered.

Poetry:

My father, he was a mountaineer,
His fist was a knotty hammer;
He was quick on his feet as running deer
And he spoke with a Yankee stammer.[1]

If you mark all the accented syllables in these two examples you will discover that whereas there is no pattern in the prose passage, the stanza of verse has four accents in the first and third lines, three accents in the second and fourth, and that unaccented syllables combine with accented ones to form a pattern.

Regular rhythmical arrangement like this is usually called *meter.* In English there are four conventional types of meter, each being distinguished from the others by the number and accent of syllables. By far the most popular, and probably the most natural to English expression, is called *iambic.* The basic unit, or foot, of iambic has one unaccented and one accented syllable (˘ /).

| *The shades* | *of night* | *were fall* | *ing fast* |

Just the reverse of iambic meter is the *trochaic,* each foot of which contains an accented and an unaccented syllable (/ ˘). Ordinarily the trochaic rhythm is slower than the iambic, thus creating a heavier and more dignified beat, as in the following example:

| *Swift of* | *foot was* | *Hia* | *watha* |

Anapestic meter contains in each foot two unaccented syllables and one accented (˘ ˘ /). Sprightly and frolicsome in rhythm, this meter is usually

[1] Stephen Vincent Benét, "The Ballad of William Sycamore."

best adapted to relatively light subjects.

For the moon | never beams | without
bring|ing me dreams|

Dactylic meter reverses the anapestic (/ ˘ ˘). It is considerably slower and often is employed to create a mood of strangeness.

This is the|forest pri|meval |

"Scanning" a line of poetry consists of seeing what the metrical units are and how many of them occur in the line. A one-foot line is called a monometer line, a two-foot line dimeter, and others in progression up to a seven-foot line are called, respectively, trimeter, tetrameter, pentameter, hexameter, and heptameter. Thus the anapestic line quoted above is a tetrameter, and the dactylic line a trimeter. Such scanning is valuable not only that you may see the prevailing pattern of lines and stanzas but also that you may see diversions from the patterns.

For few poets use the same type of foot throughout a poem, since the result would be too monotonous. To achieve variety and, even more important, to achieve emphasis or onomatopoeia, they use *substitute feet.* These may be feet of the sort we have considered (e.g., the trochaic foot in "This is the forest primeval") or they may be feet of a sort used only as substitutes, perhaps the *spondee* (/ /), two accented syllables, or the *pyrrhus* (˘ ˘), two unaccented syllables. Keats offers an example of the former in the line,

The hare|limped trem|bling through|
the fro|zen grass.|

wherein the spondaic second foot serves to emphasize and to imitate the uneven progress of the hare in a stanza describing a bitter chill night. Paradoxical as it may seem, you will find that one of the chief insights you get from observing a poem's rhythmic pattern derives from considering where and why the poet deviates from that pattern.

Many modern poets have come to believe that none of these metrical schemes is adequate for what they have to say. Rhythm, they assert, must be organic, must rise naturally out of mood and content and must not be a regularized system imposed upon them. As a result, they write what is called *free verse,* poetry which follows no systemized metrical pattern. At its worst such poetry seems like nothing so much as bad prose; at its best it achieves a variety and subtlety of rhythm quite beyond the possibilities of the more conventional methods. One of the best examples of free verse in this book is Whitman's "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd" (p. 785).

Sound patterns

As we have seen, English rhythm is largely a matter of accent patterns. Corresponding to these are certain sound patterns, the most obvious and familiar of which is rhyme. Rhyme adds melody, creates harmony, and gives finish to line endings. Most important, it distinguishes parts of a poem by setting them off from one another. Wordsworth's sonnet "Evening on Calais Beach" exemplifies this last point especially well.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad
sun

Is sinking down in its tranquility;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea;
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

The rhyme scheme here is like that of the Petrarchan sonnet: *abba, acca, def, dfe*. According to this pattern, the first eight lines are distinct from the last six, with each of these divisions being subdivided into two equal parts. Notice how the sense of the poem corresponds. The first eight lines describe the scene; the last six evaluate the child's and, incidentally, the poet's reaction to the scene. The first half of the first division deals with evening and sun, the second with the sea. The first half of the second division suggests the child's apparent indifference to the scene; the second half accounts for this attitude. What is clear, therefore, is that rhyme can be a valuable clue to meaning.

But when all this is said, the fact still remains that much great poetry has been written without rhyme. Consequently, though rhyme is valuable and delightful for many reasons, it is not indispensable to all kinds of verse.

Other prominent sound patterns are alliteration, assonance, onomatopoeia, and cacophony. Some of these have already been illustrated in this text (p. 84) and are defined in the Glossary and Index of Critical Terms. Nevertheless, it should be pointed out here, briefly, that these devices are peculiarly valuable to the poet since like rhyme they help create the mood which he feels an essential part of his experience. What is especially important to him is that they do this quickly. Notice how in a single line Coleridge gives you a sense of a curse simply by repeating the "s" sound until he gets a sustained hiss:

Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse.

To get the full effect of these sound patterns you should read poetry aloud. Try it with Poe's "The City in the Sea" (p. 776) and notice how much sound contributes to your awareness and your pleasure.

Compactness

WHEREAS the prose writer within sensible limits may be as discursive as he wishes, the poet should never be so. Because of the limitation of his form, the poet must choose his material with especial care and screen his language for all useless words. This careful selection and sifting result in compactness and consequently the necessity for thoughtful, sensitive reading.

At first glance you may question what the selection of material has to do with compactness of expression. The answer can be discovered by examining the poet's purpose and his medium. The poet's purpose is to communicate experience in as vivid and memorable a fashion as possible. If he is a good poet, he is admirably equipped to do this, for

he has the faculty, as Elizabeth Drew shows, of revealing things in relationships which in normal experience are hidden. Especially, he is sensitive to the *quality* of experience. Let us try to clarify this with a simple example. Undoubtedly, you have had that sore, empty feeling that comes at the time of the death of someone dear to you. You continue with your daily tasks, but your mood is different, and somehow the tasks themselves take on a new quality. Now the poet would be interested in this special quality, and he would try to communicate it by selecting the details which most powerfully suggest it.

To be sure, this is what the prose writer does also. But the job of the poet is a harder one. The prose writer may achieve his effect by an accumulation of details—hundreds of them, if he wishes. The poet, however, is held down by the shortness of his form. Possibly he has room for only five details, possibly three, possibly only one. Every detail, therefore, must be supremely right.

Compactness also results from the way poets use words. Like anyone else, they use them first for meaning. But because of the space limitations of the poetic form, they frequently try to pack more meaning into them than prose writers do. Often they have words operating at several levels of meaning at the same time. The example has already been cited (p. 115) of Whitman's "Passage to India," in which the word "passage" refers not only to the physical trip to the Orient, but to the race's circling back to the land of its origins, the mind's journey from the world of science to the world of intuitive insight, and the soul's flight to God.

The poet selects his words, again with probably more care than the prose writer, for their connotations, the moods and associations which they stir up in us. This is not surprising since it is through the connotations of words that the poet can best communicate the quality of his experience within the few lines at his command. He does this, first, by using a great many concrete words. Among concrete words, the poet then chooses those which give him the precise quality that he wants. Even so simple a poem as Edgar Allan Poe's "The Bells" gives us a chance to observe this. In it Poe set for himself the little exercise of catching the quality of four different kinds of bells. Notice the key words he uses with each. In meaning, the words within each group are not too dissimilar; in connotation they are quite different:

Silver bells: *tinkle, tintinnabulation, jingling*
Golden bells: *ring, rhyming, chiming*
Bronze bells: *shriek, clamor, clanging*
Iron bells: *tolling, moaning, groaning.*

What this comes down to is that in poetry compactness with words is not so much a matter of cutting away needless ones as packing the useful ones with all the meaning and emotion possible. Those learning to write freshman themes can, after practice, eliminate deadwood, but only someone highly sensitive to the potentialities of words can make every one count to the utmost.

The implications of all this for the reader are clear. He must realize that competent poetry is too compact for skimming. He must realize that each detail, each word—literally each word—is important.

Figurativeness

In discussing details under the heading of compactness, we made no attempt to distinguish between the lit-

eral and the figurative. This now should be done, since one of the most outstanding characteristics of poetry is its extensive use of metaphors, similes, personifications, and other figures of speech.

Of all these figures, metaphors and similes are by far the most important. Through the images they create, the poet can catch the quality of the experience he is after far more quickly and vividly than he can by describing his thought or his action literally. You can see why this is so. Metaphors and similes are concrete: they create images which appeal to your senses. Therefore, when well chosen they are easily visualized and remembered. When well phrased, they are richly connotative. Being comparisons, they fuse the original experience with other experiences, thus compounding the physical, emotional, and even intellectual values.

All of this would contradict a popular notion that similes and metaphors are extraneous decorations which can be lopped off without undue loss to meaning or emotion. Figures of speech can be such if they are simply tacked on for no purpose other than to show the poet's cleverness. But when well used they are structural necessities, and often are more essential than a literal statement would be. One must constantly keep in mind that the poet is anxious to convey his sense of the meaning and quality of experience and to do it in considerably less space than the prose writer. For this purpose metaphors and similes are indispensable. How quickly or well, for instance, could a literal prose definition of the word "presentiment" carry the quiet foreboding suggested in Emily Dickinson's metaphor:

Presentiment is that long shadow on the lawn
Indicative that suns go down;
The notice to the startled grass
That darkness is about to pass.

And notice how Coleridge conveys the sense of complete inactivity, first by the metaphor "stuck" and second by the simile of the painting:

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion:
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Through another figure, personification, poets can achieve a startling vividness often quite beyond the potentialities of more conventional statements. In "Grass," for example, Sandburg creates an effect that no disquisition on the transitoriness of life could hope to achieve. Here are the first lines:

Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo.
Shovel them under and let me work:
I am the Grass; I cover all.

Other figures, too, create images and symbols; you can look them up in the Glossary under such headings as hyperbole and synecdoche. Intentionally we have repeated here much about figures of speech which we discussed earlier (pp. 82-83) in order to emphasize the fact that though figures are the tools of all imaginative writers they are especially useful to the poet. In poetry, therefore, you can expect to find them used more extensively and, on the whole, more brilliantly.

Emotional intensity

If rhythm, sound patterns, compactness, and figures of speech are all handled in a craftsmanlike way, the

inevitable result is that the poem will make a stronger emotional impact upon the reader than any equivalent passage in prose can do. The truth of this is almost self-evident. Rhythm heightens feelings almost always; think of one of the simplest kinds, the beat of a drum. Sound patterns add tone values; compactness keeps the material from being thinned out through careless selection or through pale and useless words; figures make the subject vivid and memorable. The most intense realizations of human experiences, therefore, when stated verbally, must almost inevitably find expression in poetry. Prose cannot do them justice.

Except for rhyme, no one of these characteristics which we have discussed is peculiar to poetry. There is simply a difference in degree. This means that there is no sharp line between prose and poetry. One merges into the other as the rhythm becomes more regular, the imagery more vivid, the statement more compact, and the emotion more intense. You cannot measure the difference with a pair of literary calipers, but you can feel it as you read. It is like a man in love. He cannot measure the difference between his affection for a cousin and that for his fiancée, but he knows it is there, that it is a reality.

If you are to read poetry well, you must know, then, what its characteristics are and what the poet is attempting to do. You must not expect the fully developed situations of the novel, the play, or even the short story. Rather, you should look for sudden bursts of insight into some corner of human experience. More important, possibly, you should look forward to sharing briefly in the experience itself. For it is part of the magic of poetry that at one and the same time it can tell you about experience and make you feel its peculiar significance.

In the following section we have tried to show you the characteristic types of poetry which have been written in the English language. All of the selections included here were originally written in English except those from the Bible and the *Iliad.* These are included because they have been read as much or more in America and England than our original verse, and because the sources they represent have had so profound an effect upon our native poets. The poems are arranged chronologically so that you can see how tastes and forms have changed even though the basic characteristics have remained constant.

Hebrew lyrics

Psalm 1

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.
But his delight is in the law of the Lord;
And in his law doth he meditate day and night.
And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water,
That bringeth forth his fruit in his season,
His leaf also shall not wither;
And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.
The ungodly are not so;
But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.
Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment,
Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous:
But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Psalm 23

THE LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil; for thou art with me:
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Psalm 24

THE EARTH is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.
For he hath founded it upon the seas,

And established it upon the floods.
Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
Or who shall stand in his holy place?
He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
This is the generation of them that seek him,
That seek thy face, O Jacob.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors:
And the King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory?
The Lord strong and mighty,
The Lord mighty in battle.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors:
And the King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory?
The Lord of hosts,
He is the King of glory.

Psalm 100

MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord all ye lands.
Serve the Lord with gladness:
Come before his presence with singing.
Know ye that the Lord he is God:
It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves;
We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.
Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,
And into his courts with praise:
Be thankful unto him, and bless his name.
For the Lord is good;
His mercy is everlasting;
And his truth endureth to all generations.

Psalm 121

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills:
From whence cometh my help.
My help cometh from the Lord.

Which made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved.
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord is thy keeper:
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil;
He shall preserve thy soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in,
From this time forth and even for evermore.

The classical epic

from The Iliad

The Iliad *is attributed to Homer, a poet supposed to have lived about the ninth century* B.C. *It is the story of the main events which took place in the tenth year of the siege of Troy by the Greeks. As the poem opens, Achilles has withdrawn from the rest of the Greeks because of a quarrel with Agamemnon, leader of the Greeks and older brother of Menelaus. The gods quarrel over the affair, too, with the result that Jupiter, incited by Thetis, persuades Agamemnon to lead the Greeks into battle without the aid of the sulking Achilles and his Myrmidons. The troops almost revolt, but they are persuaded otherwise by Ulysses, Nestor, and other Greek chieftains. They then group themselves for battle.*

Through the eloquence of Hector, son of Priam, the Trojan king, both armies agree to decide the battle by single combat. The lots fall appropriately to Menelaus (Atrides), jilted husband of Helen, and to Paris (Alexander), also Priam's son, who started the war by carrying Helen off to Troy. The following passage (from the translation by William Cullen Bryant) tells of the combat and how Paris, though beaten, is transported to Helen by Venus, with whom he is a favorite.

from BOOK III

BUT HECTOR, son of Priam, and the great
Ulysses measured off a fitting space,
And in a brazen helmet, to decide

Which warrior first should hurl the brazen spear,
They shook the lots, while all the people round
Lifted their hands to heaven and prayed the gods;
And thus the Trojans and Achaians said:—
"O Father Jove, who rulest from the top
Of Ida, mightiest one and most august!
Whichever of these twain has done the wrong,
Grant that he pass to Pluto's dwelling, slain,
While friendship and a faithful league are ours."
So spake they. Hector of the beamy helm
Looked back and shook the lots. Forth leaped at once
The lot of Paris. Then they took their seats
In ranks beside their rapid steeds, and where
Lay their rich armor. Paris the divine,
Husband of bright-haired Helen, there put on
His shining panoply,—upon his legs
Fair greaves, with silver clasps, and on his breast
His brother's mail, Lycaon's, fitting well
His form. Around his shoulders then he hung
His silver-studded sword, and stout, broad shield,
And gave his glorious brows the dreadful helm,
Dark with its horse-hair plume. A massive spear
Filled his right hand. Meantime the warlike son
Of Atreus clad himself in like array.
And now when both were armed for fight, and each
Had left his host, and, coming forward, walked
Between the Trojans and the Greeks, and frowned
Upon the other, a mute wonder held
The Trojan cavaliers and well-greaved Greeks.
There near each other in the measured space
They stood in wrathful mood with lifted spears.
First Paris hurled his massive spear; it smote
The round shield of Atrides, but the brass
Broke not beneath the blow; the weapon's point
Was bent on that strong shield. The next assault
Atrides Menelaus made, but first
Offered this prayer to Father Jupiter:—
"O sovereign Jove! vouchsafe that I avenge
On guilty Paris wrongs which he was first
To offer; let him fall beneath my hand,
That men may dread hereafter to requite

The friendship of a host with injury."
He spake, and flung his brandished spear; it smote
The round shield of Priamides; right through
The shining buckler went the rapid steel,
And, cutting the soft tunic near the flank,
Stood fixed in the fair corselet. Paris bent
Sideways before it and escaped his death.
Atrides drew his silver-studded sword,
Lifted it high and smote his enemy's crest.
The weapon, shattered to four fragments, fell.
He looked to the broad heaven, and thus exclaimed:—
"O Father Jove! thou art of all the gods
The most unfriendly. I had hoped to avenge
The wrong by Paris done me, but my sword
Is broken in my grasp, and from my hand
The spear was vainly flung and gave no wound."
He spake, and, rushing forward, seized the helm
Of Paris by its horse-hair crest, and turned
And dragged him toward the well-armed Greeks. Beneath
His tender throat the embroidered band that held
The helmet to the chin was choking him.
And now had Menelaus dragged him thence,
And earned great glory, if the child of Jove,
Venus, had not perceived his plight in time.
She broke the ox-hide band; an empty helm
Followed the powerful hand; the hero saw,
Swung it aloft and hurled it toward the Greeks,
And there his comrades seized it. He again
Rushed with his brazen spear to slay his foe.
But Venus—for a goddess easily
Can work such marvels—rescued him, and, wrapped
In a thick shadow, bore him from the field
And placed him in his chamber, where the air
Was sweet with perfumes. Then she took her way
To summon Helen. On the lofty tower
She found her, midst a throng of Trojan dames,
And plucked her perfumed robe. She took the form
And features of a spinner of the fleece,
An aged dame, who used to comb for her
The fair white wool in Lacedaemon's halls,
And loved her much. In such an humble guise

The goddess Venus thus to Helen spake:—
"Come hither, Alexander sends for thee;
He now is in his chamber and at rest
On his carved couch; in beauty and attire
Resplendent, not like one who just returns
From combat with a hero, but like one
Who goes to mingle in the choral dance,
Or, when the dance is ended, takes his seat."
She spake, and Helen heard her, deeply moved;
Yet when she marked the goddess's fair neck,
Beautiful bosom, and soft, lustrous eyes,
Her heart was touched with awe, and thus she said:—
"Strange being! why wilt thou delude me still?
Wouldst thou decoy me further on among
The populous Phrygian towns, or those that stud
Pleasant Maeonia, where there haply dwells
Some one of mortal race whom thou dost deign
To make thy favorite? Hast thou seen, perhaps,
That Menelaus, having overpowered
The noble Alexander, seeks to bear
Me, hated as I must be, to his home?
And hast thou therefore fallen on this device?
Go to him, sit by him, renounce for him
The company of gods, and never more
Return to heaven, but suffer with him; watch
Beside him till he take thee for his wife
Or handmaid. Thither I shall never go,
To adorn his couch and to disgrace myself.
The Trojan dames would taunt me. O, the griefs
That press upon my soul are infinite!"
Displeased, the goddess Venus answered: "Wretch,
Incense me not, lest I abandon thee
In anger, and detest thee with a zeal
As great as is my love, and lest I cause
Trojan and Greeks to hate thee, so that thou
Shalt miserably perish." Thus she spake;
And Helen, Jove-begotten, struck with awe,
Wrapped in a robe of shining white, went forth
In silence from amidst the Trojan dames,
Unheeded, for the goddess led the way.
When now they stood beneath the sumptuous roof
Of Alexander, straightway did the maids

Turn to their wonted tasks, while she went up,
Fairest of women, to her chamber. There
The laughing Venus brought and placed a seat
Right opposite to Paris. Helen sat,
Daughter of aegis-bearing Jove, with eyes
Averted, and reproached her husband thus:—
"Com'st thou from battle? Rather would that thou
Hadst perished by the mighty hand of him
Who was my husband. It was once, I know,
Thy boast that thou wert more than peer in strength
And power of hand, and practice with the spear,
To warlike Menelaus. Go then now,
Defy him to the combat once again.
And yet I counsel thee to stand aloof,
Nor rashly seek a combat, hand to hand,
With fair-haired Menelaus, lest perchance
He smite thee with his spear and thou be slain."
Then Paris answered: "Woman, chide me not
Thus harshly. True it is, that, with the aid
Of Pallas, Menelaus hath obtained
The victory; but I may vanquish him
In turn, for we have also gods with us.
Give we the hour to dalliance; never yet
Have I so strongly proved the power of love,—
Not even when I bore thee from thy home
In pleasant Lacedaemon, traversing
The deep in my good ships, and in the isle
Of Cranaë made thee mine,—such glow of love
Possesses me, and sweetness of desire."
He spake, and to the couch went up. His wife
Followed, and that fair couch received them both.
Meantime Atrides, like a beast of prey,
Went fiercely ranging through the crowd in search
Of godlike Alexander. None of all
The Trojans, or of their renowned allies,
Could point him out to Menelaus, loved
Of Mars; and had they known his lurking-place
They would not for his sake have kept him hid,
For like black death they hated him. Then stood
Among them Agamemnon, king of men,
And spake: "Ye Trojans and Achaians, hear,
And ye allies. The victory belongs

To warlike Menelaus. Ye will then
Restore the Argive Helen and her wealth,
And pay the fitting fine, which shall remain
A memory to men in future times."
  Thus spake the son of Atreus, and the rest
Of the Achaian host approved his words.

Through the meddling of the gods the truce is broken and the battle resumes. Finding the contest going against them, the Trojans withdraw to entreat the help of Minerva. After performing the proper rites, Hector visits his wife, Andromache. The tenderness of this passage is in sharp contrast to the battle accounts which characterize most of this poem.

from BOOK VI

HECTOR left in haste
  The mansion, and retraced his way between
The rows of stately dwellings, traversing
The mighty city. When at length he reached
The Scaean gates, that issue on the field,
His spouse, the nobly-dowered Andromache
Came forth to meet him,—daughter of the prince
Eëtion, who, among the woody slopes
Of Placos, in the Hypoplacian town
Of Thebè, ruled Cilicia and her sons,
And gave his child to Hector great in arms.
She came attended by a maid, who bore
A tender child—a babe too young to speak—
Upon her bosom,—Hector's only son,
Beautiful as a star, whom Hector called
Scamandrius, but all else Astyanax,—
The city's lord,—since Hector stood the sole
Defence of Troy. The father on his child
Looked with a silent smile. Andromache
Pressed to his side meanwhile, and, all in tears,
Clung to his hand, and, thus beginning, said:—
  "Too brave! thy valor yet will cause thy death.
Thou hast no pity on thy tender child,
Nor me, unhappy one, who soon must be
Thy widow. All the Greeks will rush on thee
To take thy life. A happier lot were mine,
If I must lose thee, to go down to earth,
For I shall have no hope when thou art gone,—

Nothing but sorrow. Father have I none,
And no dear mother. Great Achilles slew
My father when he sacked the populous town
Of the Cilicians,—Thebè with high gates.
'Twas there he smote Eëtion, yet forbore
To make his arms a spoil; he dared not that,
But burned the dead with his bright armor on.
And raised a mound above him. Mountain-nymphs,
Daughters of aegis-bearing Jupiter,
Came to the spot and planted it with elms.
Seven brothers had I in my father's house,
And all went down to Hades in one day.
Achilles the swift-footed slew them all
Among their slow-paced bullocks and white sheep.
My mother, princess on the woody slopes
Of Placos, with his spoils he bore away,
And only for large ransom gave her back.
But her Diana, archer-queen, struck down
Within her father's palace. Hector, thou
Art father and dear mother now to me,
And brother and my youthful spouse besides.
In pity keep within the fortress here,
Nor make thy child an orphan nor thy wife
A widow. Post thine army near the place
Of the wild fig-tree, where the city-walls
Are low and may be scaled. Thrice in the war
The boldest of the foe have tried the spot,—
The Ajaces and the famed Idomeneus,
The two chiefs born to Atreus, and the brave
Tydides, whether counselled by some seer
Or prompted to the attempt by their own minds."
  Then answered Hector, great in war: "All this
I bear in mind, dear wife; but I should stand
Ashamed before the men and long-robed dames
Of Troy, were I to keep aloof and shun
The conflict, coward-like. Not thus my heart
Prompts me, for greatly have I learned to dare
And strike among the foremost sons of Troy,
Upholding my great father's fame and mine;
Yet well in my undoubting mind I know
The day shall come in which our sacred Troy,
And Priam, and the people over whom

Spear-bearing Priam rules, shall perish all.
But not the sorrows of the Trojan race,
Nor those of Hecuba herself, nor those
Of royal Priam, nor the woes that wait
My brothers many and brave,—who all at last,
Slain by the pitiless foe, shall lie in dust,—
Grieve me so much as thine, when some mailed Greek
Shall lead thee weeping hence, and take from thee
Thy day of freedom. Thou in Argos then
Shalt, at another's bidding, ply the loom,
And from the fountain of Messeis draw
Water, or from the Hypereian spring,
Constrained unwilling by thy cruel lot.
And then shall some one say who sees thee weep,
'This was the wife of Hector, most renowned
Of the horse-taming Trojans, when they fought
Around their city.' So shall some one say,
And thou shalt grieve the more, lamenting him
Who haply might have kept afar the day
Of thy captivity. O, let the earth
Be heaped above my head in death before
I hear thy cries as thou art borne away!"
  So speaking, mighty Hector stretched his arms
To take the boy; the boy shrank crying back
To his fair nurse's bosom, scared to see
His father helmeted in glittering brass,
And eying with affright the horse-hair plume
That grimly nodded from the lofty crest.
At this both parents in their fondness laughed;
And hastily the mighty Hector took
The helmet from his brow and laid it down
Gleaming upon the ground, and, having kissed
His darling son and tossed him up in play,
Prayed thus to Jove and all the gods of heaven:—
  "O Jupiter and all ye deities,
Vouchsafe that this my son may yet become
Among the Trojans eminent like me,
And nobly rule in Ilium. May they say,
'This man is greater than his father was!'
When they behold him from the battle-field
Bring back the bloody spoil of the slain foe,—

That so his mother may be glad at heart."
So speaking, to the arms of his dear spouse
He gave the boy; she on her fragrant breast
Received him, weeping as she smiled. The chief
Beheld, and, moved with tender pity, smoothed
Her forehead gently with his hand and said:—
"Sorrow not thus, beloved one, for me.
No living man can send me to the shades
Before my time; no man of woman born,
Coward or brave, can shun his destiny.
But go thou home, and tend thy labors there,—
The web, the distaff,—and command thy maids
To speed the work. The cares of war pertain
To all men born in Troy, and most to me."

The fortune of battle, controlled largely by the gods, favors one side and then the other. The Greeks try to persuade Achilles to join them, but he continues to sulk. Finally his closest friend, Patroclus, with his permission and wearing his armor, goes out to do battle. Seeing the armor of Achilles, the Trojans fall back in consternation until Apollo intervenes and makes it possible for Hector to kill Patroclus. The two forces fight for his body until the Greeks, after beating off the Trojans, bear it back toward their ships. The graphic picture of the battle which still rages follows.

from BOOK XVII

He ended, and the warriors in their arms
Raised with main strength the body from the ground.
The Trojans, as they saw it borne away,
Shouted behind them, rushing on like hounds
That spring upon a wounded forest-boar
Before the hunter-youths now pressing close
Upon his flank, to tear him, then again,
Whene'er he turns upon them in his strength,
Retreating in dismay, and put to flight
Hither and thither. Thus, in hot pursuit
And close array, the Trojans following strook
With swords and two-edged spears; but when the twain
Turned and stood firm to meet them, every cheek
Grew pale, and not a single Trojan dared
Draw near the Greeks to combat for the corse.
Thus rapidly they bore away the dead

Toward their good galleys from the battle-field.
Onward with them the furious battle swept,
As spreads a fire that, kindled suddenly,
Seizes a city, and the dwellings sink
In the consuming blaze, and a strong wind
Roars through the flame. Such fearful din of steeds
And warriors followed the retreating Greeks.
As from a mountain summit strong-backed mules
Drag over the rough ways a ponderous beam
Or mast, till weary with the mighty strain
And streaming sweat, so they with resolute toil
Bore off the dead. Behind them as they went
Their two defenders kept the foe aloof.
As when a river-dike o'ergrown with trees
Crosses a plain, and holds the violent course
Of the swoln stream in check, and, driving back
The waters, spreads them o'er the level fields,
Nor can their fury force a passage through,—
So did the warriors Ajax hold in check
The Trojans; yet they followed close, and two
More closely than the rest,—Æneas, son
Of old Anchises, and the illustrious chief,
Hector. As when a company of daws
Or starlings, startled at a hawk's approach,
The murderous enemy of the smaller birds,
Take wing with piercing cries, so, driven before
The might of Hector and Æneas, fled
The Greeks with clamorous cries, and thought no more
Of combat. In the trench and near it lay
Many fair weapons, which the fugitive Greeks
Had dropped in haste, and still the war went on.

Angered by the killing of Patroclus, Achilles makes friends once more with Agamemnon, and resumes his place in battle. So inspired are the Greeks that, slaughtering many, they push the Trojans back inside the city walls. Hector alone remains outside. Achilles pursues him three times around the walls before, with the help of Minerva, he is able to make him stand and fight. Then occurs the crucial engagement of the war, described here.

The remainder of the poem tells of the funeral rites for Patroclus, and of the sorrow of the Trojans over Hector.

He spake, and, brandishing his massive spear,
Hurled it at Hector, who beheld its aim
From where he stood. He stooped, and over him
The brazen weapon passed, and plunged to earth.
Unseen by royal Hector, Pallas went
And plucked it from the ground, and brought it back
And gave it to the hands of Peleus' son,
While Hector said to his illustrious foe:—
"Godlike Achilles, thou hast missed thy mark;
Nor hast thou learned my doom from Jupiter,
As thou pretendest. Thou art glib of tongue,
And cunningly thou orderest thy speech,
In hope that I who hear thee may forget
My might and valor. Think not I shall flee,
That thou mayst pierce my back; for thou shalt send
Thy spear, if God permit thee, through my breast
As I rush on thee. Now avoid in turn
My brazen weapon. Would that it might pass
Clean through thee, all its length! The tasks of war
For us of Troy were lighter for thy death,
Thou pest and deadly foe of all our race!"
He spake, and brandishing his massive spear,
Hurled it, nor missed, but in the centre smote
The buckler of Pelides. Far away
It bounded from the brass, and he was vexed
To see that the swift weapon from his hand
Had flown in vain. He stood perplexed and sad;
No second spear had he. He called aloud
On the white-bucklered chief, Deiphobus,
To bring another; but that chief was far,
And Hector saw that it was so, and said:—
"Ah me! the gods have summoned me to die.
I thought my warrior-friend, Deiphobus,
Was by my side; but he is still in Troy,
And Pallas has deceived me. Now my death
Cannot be far,—is near; there is no hope
Of my escape, for so it pleases Jove
And Jove's great archer-son, who have till now
Delivered me. My hour at last is come;

Yet not ingloriously or passively
I die, but first will do some valiant deed,
Of which mankind shall hear in after time."
He spake, and drew the keen-edged sword that hung,
Massive and finely tempered, at his side,
And sprang—as when an eagle high in heaven,
Through the thick cloud, darts downward to the plain
To clutch some tender lamb or timid hare,
So Hector, brandishing that keen-edged sword,
Sprang forward, while Achilles opposite
Leaped toward him, all on fire with savage hate,
And holding his bright buckler, nobly wrought,
Before him. On his shining helmet waved
The fourfold crest; there tossed the golden tufts
With which the hand of Vulcan lavishly
Had decked it. As in the still hours of night
Hesper goes forth among the host of stars,
The fairest light of heaven, so brightly shone,
Brandished in the right hand of Peleus' son,
The spear's keen blade, as, confident to slay
The noble Hector, o'er his glorious form
His quick eye ran, exploring where to plant
The surest wound. The glittering mail of brass
Won from the slain Patroclus guarded well
Each part, save only where the collar-bones
Divide the shoulder from the neck, and there
Appeared the throat, the spot where life is most
In peril. Through that part the noble son
Of Peleus drave his spear; it went quite through
The tender neck, and yet the brazen blade
Cleft not the windpipe, and the power to speak
Remained. The Trojan fell amid the dust,
And thus Achilles boasted o'er his fall:—
"Hector, when from the slain Patroclus thou
Didst strip his armor, little didst thou think
Of danger. Thou hadst then no fear of me,
Who was not near thee to avenge his death.
Fool! there was left within the roomy ships
A mightier one than he, who should come forth,
The avenger of his blood, to take thy life.
Foul dogs and birds of prey shall tear thy flesh;

The Greeks shall honor him with funeral rites."
And then the crested Hector faintly said:
"I pray thee by thy life, and by thy knees,
And by thy parents, suffer not the dogs
To tear me at the galleys of the Greeks.
Accept abundant store of brass and gold,
Which gladly will my father and the queen,
My mother, give in ransom. Send to them
My body, that the warriors and the dames
Of Troy may light for me the funeral pile."
The swift Achilles answered with a frown:
"Nay, by my knees entreat me not, thou cur,
Nor by my parents. I could even wish
My fury prompted me to cut thy flesh
In fragments, and devour it, such the wrong
That I have had from thee. There will be none
To drive away the dogs about thy head,
Not though thy Trojan friends should bring to me
Tenfold and twentyfold the offered gifts,
And promise others,—not though Priam, sprung
From Dardanus, should send thy weight in gold.
Thy mother shall not lay thee on thy bier,
To sorrow over thee whom she brought forth;
But dogs and birds of prey shall mangle thee."
And then the crested Hector, dying, said:
"I know thee, and too clearly I foresaw
I should not move thee, for thou hast a heart
Of iron. Yet reflect that for my sake
The anger of the gods may fall on thee,
When Paris and Apollo strike thee down,
Strong as thou art, before the Scæan gates."
Thus Hector spake, and straightway o'er him closed
The night of death; the soul forsook his limbs,
And flew to Hades, grieving for its fate,—
So soon divorced from youth and youthful might.
Then said the great Achilles to the dead:—
"Die thou; and I, whenever it shall please
Jove and the other gods, will meet my fate."
He spake, and, plucking forth his brazen lance,
He laid it by, and from the body stripped
The bloody mail. The thronging Greeks beheld

With wonder Hector's tall and stately form,
And no one came who did not add a wound;
And, looking to each other, thus they said:—
"How much more tamely Hector now endures
Our touch than when he set the fleet on fire!"

Geoffrey Chaucer

from The Canterbury Tales

The Canterbury Tales is usually considered the first great poem indigenous to England. Even the earlier works of Chaucer himself are more French and Italian than English. But here the foreign elements are assimilated, and the work is native in both material and tone. "The Prologue," parts of which are given here, introduces the persons who are making a pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket in Canterbury. In the main part of the poem each pilgrim tells a story, the tales varying from the most pious of moralities to the bawdiest kind of roughhouse.

The language is the East Midland dialect of Late Middle English. Most of the words you can recognize because of their resemblance to modern English. The footnotes will help you with the others.

WHAN that Aprille with his shoures soote
The droghte of Marche hath percéd to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Inspiréd 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,

1. *soote,* sweet. 5. *eek,* also. 6. *holt,* wood. 8. *halfe cours y-ronne,* after April 11. 11. *corages,* spirit, heart. 14. *ferne,* distant. *halwes,* shrines. *couthe,* known.

The holy blisful martir for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.
Bifel that, in that sesoun on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,
At night was come in-to that hostelrye
Wel nyne and twenty in a companye,
Of sondry folk, by aventure y-falle
In felawshipe, and pilgrims were they alle,
That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde;
The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
And wel we weren esed atte beste.
And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everichon,
That I was of hir felawshipe anon,
And made forward erly for to ryse,
To take our wey, ther as I yow devyse.
But natheles, whyl I have tyme and space,
Ere that I ferther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it acordaunt to resoun,
To telle yow al the condicioun
Of ech of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degree;
And eek in what array that they were inne:
And at a knight than wol I first biginne.

A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the tyme that he first bigan
To ryden out, he loved chivalrye,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,
And therto hadde he riden (no man ferre)
As wel in cristendom as hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.
At Alisaundre he was, whan it was wonne;
Ful ofte tyme he hadde the bord bigonne

17. *martir*, Thomas à Becket. 18. *seke*, sick. 29. *atte beste*, in the best manner possible. 32. *hir*, their. 46. *fredom*, liberality. 48. *ferre*, farther. 49. *hethenesse*, heathen lands. 51. *Alisaundre*, Alexandria. 52. *bord bigonne*, sat at the head of the table.

Aboven alle naciouns in Pruce.
In Lettow hadde he reysed and in Ruce,
No cristen man so ofte of his degree.
In Gernade at the sege eek hadde he be
Of Algezir, and riden in Belmarye.
At Lyeys was he, and at Satalye,
Whan they were wonne; and in the Grete See
At many a noble aryve hadde he be.
At mortal batailles hadde he been fiftene,
And foughten for our feith at Tramissene
In listes thryes, and ay slayn his foo.
This ilke worthy knight hadde been also
Sometyme with the lord of Palatye,
Ageyn another hethen in Turkye:
And everemore he hadde a sovereyn prys,
And though that he were worthy, he was wys,
And of his port as meek as is a mayde.
He nevere yet no vileinye ne sayde
In al his lyf, un-to no maner wight.
He was a verray parfit gentil knight.
But for to tellen yow of his array,
His hors were goode, but he was nat gay.
Of fustian he weréd a gipoun
Al bismoteréd with his habergeoun,
For he was late y-come from his viage,
And wente for to doon his pilgrimage.

With him there was his sone, a yong SQUYER,
A lovyere, and a lusty bacheler,
With lokkes crulle, as they were leyd in presse.
Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse.
Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,
And wonderly deliver, and greet of strengthe.
And he had been somtyme in chivachye,
In Flaundres, in Artoys, and Picardye,

53. *Pruce,* Prussia. 54. *Lettow,* Lithuania. *Rucė,* Russia. 56. *Gernade,* Granada, Spain. 57. *Algezir,* Algeciras. *Belmarye,* Benmarin, Morocco. 58. *Lyeys,* Lyas in Armenia. *Satalye,* Atalia in Asia Minor. 62. *Tramissene,* Tlemçen in Algeria. 64. *ilke,* same. 65. *Palatye,* Balat, Turkey. 70. *vileinye,* rudeness. 71. *wight,* person. 75. *gipoun,* short doublet worn under armor. 76. *bismoteréd,* besmirched. *habergeoun,* coat of mail. 81. *lokkes crulle,* curly hair. 84. *deliver,* quick, active. 85. *chivachye,* cavalry raids.

And born him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his lady grace.
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
Al ful of fresshe floures, whyte and rede.
Singinge he was, or floytinge, al the day;
He was as fresh as is the month of May.
Short was his goune, with sleves longe and wyde.
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.
He coude songes make and wel endyte,
Juste and eek daunce, and wel purtreye and wryte.
So hote he lovede, that by nightertale
He sleep namore than doth a nightingale.
Curteys he was, lowly, and servisable,
And carf biforn his fader at the table.

Ther was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,
That of hir smyling was ful simple and coy,
Hir gretteste ooth was but by seÿnt Loy;
And she was cleped madame Eglentyne.
Ful wel she song the service divyne,
Entuned in hir nose ful semely;
And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.
At mete wel y-taught was she with-alle;
She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,
Ne wette hir fingres in hir sauce depe.
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
That no drope ne fille up-on hir brest.
In curteisye was set ful muche hir lest.
Hir over lippe wyped she so clene,
That in hir coppe was no ferthing sene
Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir draughte.
Ful semely after hir mete she raughte,
And sikerly she was of greet disport,
And ful plesaunt, and amiable of port,
And peyned hir to countrefete chere

91. *floytinge,* whistling, playing the flute. 96. *juste,* joust. *purtreye,* draw. 97. *nightertale,* nighttime. 121. *cleped,* called, named. 124. *fetisly,* handsomely. 130. *kepe,* care, notice. 132. *lest,* desire. 136. *raughte,* reached. 137. *sikerly,* surely. 139. *peyned,* took pains. *countrefete,* imitate. *chere,* expressions, behavior.

Of court, and been estatlich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence.
But, for to speken of hir conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe, if that she sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel breed.
But sore weep she if oon of hem were deed,
Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte:
And al was conscience and tendre herte.
Ful semely hir wimpel pinched was;
Hir nose tretys; hir eyen greye as glas;
Hir mouth ful smal, and ther-to softe and reed;
But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed;
It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe;
For, hardily, she was nat undergrowe.
Ful fetis was hir cloke, as I was war.
Of smal coral aboute hir arm she bar
A peire of bedes, gauded al with grene;
And ther-on heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On which ther was first write a crowned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia.*

A FRERE ther was, a wantown and a merye,
A limitour, a ful solempne man.
In alle the ordres foure is noon that can
So muche of daliaunce and fair langage.
He hadde maad ful many a mariage
Of yonge wommen, at his owne cost.
Un-to his ordre he was a noble post.
Ful wel biloved and famulier was he
With frankeleyns over-al in his contree,
And eek with worthy wommen of the toun:
For he had power of confessioun,
As seyde him-self, more than a curat,

141. *digne,* worthy. 142. *conscience,* tender feelings. 149. *yerde smerte,* smartly with a stick. 152. *tretys,* well-formed. 157. *war,* aware. 208. *wantown,* sportive, lascivious. 209. *limitour,* a friar licensed to beg within certain limits. *solempne,* pompous.

For of his ordre he was licentiat.
Ful swetely herde he confessioun,
And plesaunt was his absolucioun;
He was an esy man to yeve penaunce
Ther as he wiste to han a good pitaunce;
For unto a povre ordre for to yive
Is signe that a man is wel y-shrive.
For if he yaf, he dorste make avaunt,
He wiste that a man was repentaunt.
For many a man so hard is of his herte,
He may nat wepe al-thogh him sore smerte.
Therfore, in stede of weping and preyeres,
Men moot yeve silver to the povre freres.
His tipet was ay farsed ful of knyves
And pinnes, for to yeven faire wyves.
And certeinly he hadde a mery note;
Wel coude he singe and pleyen on a rote.
Of yeddinges he bar utterly the prys.
His nekke whyt was as the flour-de-lys;
There-to he strong was as a champioun.
He knew the tavernes wel in every toun,
And everich hostiler and tappestere
Bet than a lazar or a beggestere;
For un-to swich a worthy man as he
Acorded nat, as by his facultee,
To have with seke lazars aqueyntaunce.
It is nat honest, it may nat avaunce
For to delen with no swich poraille,
But al with riche and sellers of vitaille.
And over-al, ther as profit sholde aryse,
Curteys he was, and lowly of servyse.
Ther nas no man nowher so vertuous.
He was the beste beggere in his hous;
For thogh a widwe hadde noght a sho,

220. *licenciat*, a person licensed by the Pope. 223. *yeve*, give. 224. *ther as*, where. *wiste*, knew. *pitaunce*, pittance. 226. *y-shrive*, confessed. 227. *yaf*, gave. *avaunt*, boast. 233. *tipet*, cape. *farsed*, stuffed. 234. *yeven*, give. 236. *rote*, a stringed instrument. 237. *yeddinges*, songs. *utterly*, entirely. *prys*, worth. 239. *champioun*, wrestler. 241. *tappestere*, tapster. 242. *bet*, better. *lazar*, leper. *beggestere*, beggar. 244. *facultee*, official position. 246. *avaunce*, be profitable. 247. *poraille*, poor people. 249. *over-al*, everywhere.

So plesaunt was his *"In principio,"*
Yet wolde he have a ferthing, er he wente.
His purchas was wel bettre than his rente.
And rage he coude, as it were right a whelpe.
In love-dayes ther coude he muchel helpe.
For ther he was nat lyk a cloisterer,
With a thredbar cope as is a povre scoler,
But he was lyk a maister or a pope.
Of double worsted was his semi-cope,
That rounded as a belle out of the presse.
Somwhat he lipsed, for his wantownesse,
To make his English swete up-on his tonge;
And in his harping, whan that he had songe,
His eyen twinkled in his heed aright,
As doon the sterres in the frosty night.
This worthy limitour was cleped Huberd.

A good WYF was ther of bisyde BATHE,
But she was som-del deef, and that was scathe.
Of clooth-making she hadde swiche an haunt,
She passed hem of Ypres and of Gaunt.
In al the parisshe wyf ne was ther noon
That to th' offring bifore hir sholde goon;
And if ther dide, certeyn, so wrooth was she,
That she was out of alle charitee.
Hir coverchiefs ful fyne were of ground;
I dorste swere they weyeden ten pound
That on a Sonday were upon hir heed.
Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed,
Ful streite y-teyd, and shoos ful moiste and newe.
Bold was hir face, and fair, and reed of hewe.
She was a worthy womman al hir lyve,
Housbondes at chirche-dore she hadde fyve,
Withouten other companye in youthe;
But thereof nedeth nat to speke as nouthe.
And thryes hadde she been at Jerusalem;
She hadde passed many a straunge streem;

256. *purchas,* gain. *rente,* income. 257. *rage,* frolic. 259. *cloisterer,* one restricted to a cloister. 262. *semi-cope,* short outer coat. 268. *doon,* do. 446. *som-del,* somewha'. *scathe,* shame. 447. *haunt,* skill. 448. *passed hem,* surpassed them. 450. *goon,* '.o. 453. *ground,* texture. 462. *nouthe,* now.

At Rome she hadde been, and at Boloigne,
In Galice at seint Jame, and at Coloigne.
She coude muche of wandring by the weye:
Gat-tothed was she, soothly for to seye.
Up-on an amblere esily she sat,
Y-wimpled wel, and on hir heed an hat
As brood as is a bokeler or a targe;
A foot-mantel aboute hir hipes large,
And on hir feet a paire of spores sharpe.
In felawschip wel coude she laughe and carpe.
Of remedyes of love she knew perchaunce,
For she coude of that art the olde daunce.

The MILLER was a stout carl, for the nones,
Ful big he was of braun, and eek of bones;
That proved wel, for over-al ther he cam,
At wrastling he wolde have alwey the ram.
He was short-sholdred, brood, a thikke knarre,
Ther nas no dore that he nolde heve of harre,
Or breke it, at a renning, with his heed.
His berd as any sowe or fox was reed,
And ther-to brood, as though it were a spade.
Up-on the cop right of his nose he hade
A werte, and ther-on stood a tuft of heres,
Reed as the bristles of a sowes eres;
His nose-thirles blake were and wyde.
A swerd and bokeler bar he by his syde;
His mouth as greet was as a greet forneys.
He was a janglere and a goliardeys,
And that was most of sinne and harlotryes.
Wel coude he stelen corn, and tollen thryes,
And yet he hadde a thombe of gold, pardee.
A whyt cote and blew hood wered he.
A baggepype wel coude he blowe and sowne,
And therwithal he broghte us out of towne.

467. *coude,* knew. 471. *targe,* shield. 472. *foot-mantel,* cloth worn over skirt when riding. 476. *the olde daunce,* all about it. 545. *for the nones,* loosely translated "to be sure." 547. *over-al,* everywhere. 549. *knarre,* knave. 550. *harre,* hinges. 554. *cop,* top. 557. *nose-thirles,* nostrils. 559. *forneys,* furnace. 560. *janglere,* chatterer. *goliardeys,* buffoon, jester. 561. *harlotryes,* lewd jokes. 562. *tollen thryes,* take toll three times, i.e., charge excessively. 563. *A thombe of gold.* There is an old proverb that an honest miller has a thumb of gold. In other words, the miller was honest according to his lights.

Ballads

ANONYMOUS Sir Patrick Spens

THE KING sits in Dunfermline toune
Drinking the blude-red wine:
"O whar will I get guid sailor,
To sail this schip of mine?"

Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the kings richt kne:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That sails upon the se."

The king has written a braid letter,
And signed it wi his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

"O wha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me,
To send me out this time o' the yeir,
To sail upon the se!

"Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne":
"O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

"Late late yestreen I saw the new moone,
Wi the auld moone in hir arme,
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will cum to harme."

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild schoone;
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
Wi thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spens
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
Wi thair gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they'll see thame na mair.

Haf owre, haf owre to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom deip,
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi the Scots lords at his feit.

ANONYMOUS The wife of Usher's well

THERE lived a wife at Usher's well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came to the carline wife
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carline wife
That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fashes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me
In earthly flesh and blood!"

It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh;
But at the gates o' Paradise
That birk grew fair eneugh.

"Blow up the fire, my maidens!
Bring water from the well!
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide;
And she's ta'en her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bedside.

Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
" 'Tis time we were away."

The cock he hadna crawed but once,
And clapped his wings at a',
When the youngest to the eldest said,
"Brother, we must awa'."

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin' worm doth chide;
Gin we be missed out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide."

"Lie still, lie still but a little wee while,
Lie still but if we may;
Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes,
She'll go mad ere it be day."

"Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire."

William Shakespeare

from Love's Labour's Lost

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
"Tu-whit, tu-who!" A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
"Tu-whit, tu-who!" A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot. (1590-1592; 1598)

from Twelfth Night

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure. (1599-1601; 1623)

from 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.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
  Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
    This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
  As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
    As friend remember'd not
Heigh-ho! sing, & c. (1600)

Sonnet 18

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st 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. (1609)

Sonnet 29

WHEN, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,

With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings. (1609)

Sonnet 30

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since canceled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanéd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end. (1609)

Sonnet 73

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long. (1609)

Sonnet 94

THEY that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds. (1609)

Sonnet 129

THE EXPENSE of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell. (1609)

Sonnet 146

POOR soul, the center of my sinful earth—
Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?

Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then. (1609)

Renaissance lyrics

SIR THOMAS WYATT They flee from me

THEY flee from me that sometime did me seek
With naked foot, stalking in my chamber.
I have seen them gentle, tame, and meek,
That now are wild, and do not remember
That sometime they put themselves in danger
To take bread at my hand; and now they range
Busily seeking with a continual change.

Thankèd be fortune, it hath been otherwise
Twenty times better; but once in special,
In thin array, after a pleasant guise,
When her loose gown from her shoulders did fall,
And she me caught in her arms long and small,
Therewith all sweetly did me kiss
And softly said, *'Dear heart, how like you this?'*

It was no dream; I lay broad waking:
But all is turned, through my gentleness,
Into a strange fashion of forsaking;
And I have leave to go of her goodness,
And she also to use newfangleness.
But since that I so kindly am served,
I would fain know what she hath deserved. (1557)

JOHN DONNE Song

Go and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all past years are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot;
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights
Till Age snow white hairs on thee;
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee
And swear
No where
Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know;
Such a pilgrimage were sweet.
Yet do not, I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet.
Though she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three. (1633)

Love's alchemy

Some that have deeper digg'd love's mine than I,
Say, where his centric happiness doth lie.
I have lov'd, and got, and told,
But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,
I should not find that hidden mystery;

Oh, 'tis imposture all.
And as no chemic yet th' elixir got,
But glorifies his pregnant pot,
If by the way to him befall
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal,
So, lovers dream a rich and long delight,
But get a winter-seeming summer's night.
Our ease, our thrift, our honor, and our day,
Shall we, for this vain bubble's shadow pay?
Ends love in this, that my man
Can be as happy as I can, if he can
Endure the short scorn of a bridegroom's play?
That loving wretch that swears,
'Tis not the bodies marry, but the minds,
Which he in her angelic finds,
Would swear as justly, that he hears,
In that day's rude hoarse minstrelsy, the spheres.
Hope not for mind in women; at their best
Sweetness and wit they are, but mummy, possest. (1633)

BEN JONSON An epitaph on Salathiel Pavy

Weep with me, all you that read
This little story;
And know, for whom a tear you shed
Death's self is sorry.
'Twas a child that so did thrive
In grace and feature,
As heaven and nature seemed to strive
Which owned the creature.
Years he numbered scarce thirteen
When fates turned cruel,
Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel;
And did act, what now we moan,
Old men so duly,
As sooth, the Parcae thought him one,
He played so truly.
So, by error, to his fate
They all consented,

But viewing him since, alas, too late!
They have repented;
And have sought, to give new birth,
In baths to steep him;
But being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him. (1602)

JONSON Hymn to Diana

QUEEN and Huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close:
Bless us then with wishéd sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright. (1600)

ROBERT HERRICK Corinna's going a-Maying

GET UP, get up for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colors through the air:
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see

The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept and bowéd toward the east
Above an hour since: yet you not dressed;
Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said
And sung their thankful hymns, 't is sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the springtime, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair:
Fear not; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept;
Come and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green and trimmed with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch: each porch, each door ere this
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn, neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields and we not see 't?
Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
The proclamation made for May:
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let 's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have dispatched their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream:
And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green-gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even:
Many a glance too has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks picked, yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go while we are in our prime;
And take the harmless folly of the time.
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And, as a vapor or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come let's go a-Maying. (1648)

THOMAS CAREW Song

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 heaven 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
Fixéd 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. (1640)

GEORGE HERBERT

Virtue

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
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. (1630-1633)

HENRY VAUGHAN

The world

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright;

And round beneath it, Time, in hours, days, years,
Driven by the spheres
Like a vast shadow moved; in which the world
And all her train were hurled.
The doting lover in his quaintest strain
Did there complain;
Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
Wit's sour delights,
With gloves, and knots, the silly snares of pleasure,
Yet his dear treasure,
All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour
Upon a flower.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and woe,
Like a thick midnight-fog moved there so slow,
He did not stay, nor go;
Condemning thoughts, like sad eclipses, scowl
Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout.
Yet digged the mole, and lest his ways be found,
Worked under ground,
Where he did clutch his prey; but one did see
That policy;
Churches and altars fed him; perjuries
Were gnats and flies;
It rained about him blood and tears, but he
Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
Sat pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust,
Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
In fear of thieves.
Thousands there were as frantic as himself,
And hugged each one his pelf;
The downright epicure placed heaven in sense,
And scorned pretense;
While others, slipped into a wide excess,
Said little less;
The weaker sort, slight, trivial wares enslave,
Who think them brave;

And poor, despiséd Truth sat counting by
Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing and weep, soared up into the ring;
But most would use no wing.
O fools, said I, thus to prefer dark night
Before true light!
To live in grots and caves, and hate the day
Because it shows the way,
The way, which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God;
A way where you might tread the sun, and be
More bright than he!
But, as I did their madness so discuss,
One whispered thus
"This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide,
But for his bride." (1650)

ANDREW MARVELL To his coy mistress

HAD WE but world enough, and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before The Flood,
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews;
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires and more slow;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state;
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear
Time's wingéd 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 honor turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust:
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour
Than languish in his slow-chapped power,
Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron gates of life:
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run. (c. 1650; 1681)

John Milton

On the late massacre in Piedmont

AVENGE, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old
When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in Thy book record their groans
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant, that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe. (1655; 1673)

On his blindness

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait." (1655; 1673)

from Paradise Lost

Milton wrote his great epic with the express purpose of justifying the ways of God to man. In it he shows how Satan, an angel who revolted from God, is driven from heaven, and with all his crew is forced down to the depths of hell. There in a great debate the satanic hordes decide to retaliate by perverting the inhabitants of a new world they have heard about. Satan himself volunteers to scout out the new world. After reaching the Garden of Eden, he hides there, observing its wonders and admiring Adam and Eve. Soon he decides that the best way to bring about their downfall is to induce them to eat the forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge. Through the angel Raphael, God warns Adam of his danger and of the necessity for obedience. At Adam's request, Raphael describes the creation of the world and the reasons for its creation.

The morning after Raphael's visit Adam and Eve go separately to their labors. Adam, fearing danger, warns Eve not to go without him, but because

of her pride she refuses to yield. Once alone, Eve is approached by Satan in the guise of the Serpent. After much flattery he is able to persuade her to eat the fruit. She then returns to tell Adam, who, though shocked, resolves because of his love for Eve to perish with her. Thus he too eats the fruit. Its first effect upon them is an awareness of sex, and they surrender themselves to carnal love. The selection given here (from Book IX) opens as they awake the following morning.

The remainder of the poem tells of God's displeasure, of Christ's intercession, and of man's loss of the garden and of pure delight.

Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,
That with exhilarating vapour bland
About their spirits had played, and inmost powers
Made err, was now exhaled, and grosser sleep,
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams
Encumbered, now had left them, up they rose
As from unrest, and, each the other viewing,
Soon found their eyes how opened, and their minds
How darkened. Innocence, that as a veil
Had shadowed them from knowing ill, was gone;
Just confidence, and native righteousness,
And honour, from about them, naked left
To guilty Shame: he covered, but his robe
Uncovered more. So rose the Danite strong,
Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap
Of Philistean Dalilah, and waked
Shorn of his strength; they destitute and bare
Of all their virtue. Silent, and in face
Confounded, long they sat, as strucken mute;
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abashed,
At length gave utterance to these words constrained:—
"O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear
To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfeit Man's voice—true in our fall,
False in our promised rising; since our eyes
Opened we find indeed, and find we know
Both good and evil, good lost and evil got:
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
Our wonted ornaments now soiled and stained,
And in our faces evident the signs

Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store,
Even shame, the last of evils; of the first
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or Angel, erst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld? Those Heavenly Shapes
Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze
Insufferably bright. Oh, might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade
Obscured, where highest woods, impenetrable
To star or sunlight, spread their umbrage broad,
And brown as evening! Cover me, ye pines!
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more!
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
What best may, for the present, serve to hide
The parts of each from other that seem most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen—
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves, together sewed,
And girded on our loins, may cover round
Those middle parts, that this new comer, Shame,
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean."
  So counselled he, and both together went
Into the thickest wood. There soon they chose
The fig-tree—not that kind for fruit renowned,
But such as, at this day, to Indians known,
In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms
Branching so broad and long that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillared shade
High overarched, and echoing walks between:
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
At loop-holes cut through thickest shade. Those leaves
They gathered, broad as Amazonian targe,
And with what skill they had together sewed,
To gird their waist—vain covering, if to hide
Their guilt and dreaded shame! O how unlike
To that first naked glory! Such of late
Columbus found the American, so girt
With feathered cincture, naked else and wild,
Among the trees on isles and woody shores.
Thus fenced, and, as they thought, their shame in part

Covered, but not at rest or ease of mind,
They sat them down to weep. Nor only tears
Rained at their eyes, but high winds worse within
Began to rise, high passions—anger, hate,
Mistrust, suspicion, discord—and shook sore
Their inward state of mind, calm region once
And full of peace, now tost and turbulent:
For Understanding ruled not, and the Will
Heard not her lore, both in subjection now
To sensual Appetite, who, from beneath
Usurping over sovran Reason, claimed
Superior sway. From thus distempered breast
Adam, estranged in look and altered style,
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renewed:—
"Would thou hadst hearkened to my words, and stayed
With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
Desire of wandering, this unhappy morn,
I know not whence possessed thee! We had then
Remained still happy—not, as now, despoiled
Of all our good, shamed, naked, miserable!
Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
Such proof, conclude they then begin to fail."
To whom, soon moved with touch of blame, thus Eve:—
"What words have passed thy lips, Adam severe?
Imput'st thou that to my default, or will
Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which who knows
But might as ill have happened thou being by,
Or to thyself perhaps? Hadst thou been there,
Or here the attempt, thou couldst not have discerned
Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake;
No ground of enmity between us known
Why he should mean me ill or seek to harm.
Was I to have never parted from thy side?
As good have grown there still, a lifeless rib.
Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head,
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger, as thou saidst?
Too facile then, thou didst not much gainsay,
Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
Hadst thou been firm and fixed in thy dissent,
Neither had I transgressed, nor thou with me."

To whom, then first incensed, Adam replied:—
"Is this the love, is this the recompense
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, expressed
Immutable when thou wert lost, not I—
Who might have lived, and joyed immortal bliss,
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?
And am I now upbraided as the cause
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,
It seems, in thy restraint! What could I more?
I warned thee, I admonished thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,
And force upon free will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on, secure
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps
I also erred in overmuch admiring
What seemed in thee so perfect that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee. But I rue
That error now, which is become my crime,
And thou the accuser. Thus it shall befall
Him who, to worth in woman overtrusting,
Lets her will rule: restraint she will not brook;
And, left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse."
Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning;
And of their vain contest appeared no end. (1665; 1667)

Restoration and eighteenth-century poems

JOHN DRYDEN A song for St. Cecilia's Day

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
When Nature underneath a heap

Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high:
"Arise, ye more than dead."

Then cold and hot and moist and dry
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell!
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell!

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries: "Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!"

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.
Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,

Depths of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.
Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees unrooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

Grand Chorus

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blessed above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky. (1687)

MATTHEW PRIOR To a child of quality

Five years old, MDCCIV, *the author then forty*

LORDS, knights, and squires, the numerous band
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command,
To show their passions by their letters.

My pen among the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read

Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality nor reputation
Forbid me yet my flame to tell;
Dear five years old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For while she makes her silkworms beds
With all the tender things I swear,
Whilst all the house my passion reads
In papers round her baby hair,

She may receive and own my flame,
For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then too, alas! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends,
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For, as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordained, (would Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love,
When she begins to comprehend it. (1704)

ALEXANDER POPE *from* An Essay on Man

The argument of the first sections of Epistle One as summarized by Pope is given here:

OF MAN in the abstract. I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things. II. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place

and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown. III. That it is partly on his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice of his dispensations. V. The absurdity of conceiting himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world which is not in the natural. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand, he demands the perfections of the angels: and on the other, the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable. VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradation of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason: that reason alone countervails all the other faculties.

The poem goes on as follows:

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing.—On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed:
From nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,

Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,
Being on being wrecked, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their center nod,
And nature tremble to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—O madness! Pride! Impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspired to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this general frame:
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,
The great directing mind of all ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart:
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Cease then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blessed as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;

All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And, in spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.* (1732; 1734)

WILLIAM COLLINS Ode

Written in the beginning of the year 1746

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes bless'd!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there! (1747)

THOMAS GRAY Elegy written in a country churchyard

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
  Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
  Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
  Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
  Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
  Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
  And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
  The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
  And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
  The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
  Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
  The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
  And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
  Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
  And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
  To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
  With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonored dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
  Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
  Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
  Along the heath and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
  Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next with dirges due in sad array
  Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
  Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

The Epitaph
Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
  A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
  And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
  Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
  He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
  Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
  The bosom of his Father and his God. (1751)

Romantic and Victorian poems

WILLIAM BLAKE The tiger

TIGER! Tiger! 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 watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry? (1794)

BLAKE London

I WANDER through each chartered street,
Near where the chartered Thames does flow,
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every man,
In every infant's cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forged manacles I hear:

How the chimney-sweeper's cry
Every blackening church appalls,
And the hapless soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down palace walls.

But most, through midnight streets I hear
How the youthful harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born infant's tear,
And blights with plagues the marriage hearse. (1794)

ROBERT BURNS

The deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman

Chorus

THE DEIL'S awa, the deil's awa,
The deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman;
He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,
He's danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman!

The deil cam fiddlin thro' the town
And danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman.
And ilka wife cries: "Auld Mahoun,
I wish you luck o' the prize, man!

"We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink,
We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man;
And monie braw thanks to the meikle black deil,
That danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman."

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land
Was *The Deil's Awa wi' th' Exciseman.*

Chorus

The deil's awa, the deil's awa,
The deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman;
He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,
He's danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman! (1792)

7. *ilka,* every. *Auld Mahoun,* Old Mahomet (an ancient name for the devil). 9. ***maut,*** malt. 11. *monie braw,* many fine. *meikle,* great. 13. *threesome reels,* reels in which three take part. 14. *strathspeys,* lively Scottish dances.

BURNS

O, wert thou in the cauld blast

O WERT thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen. (1796; 1800)

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The world is too much with us

THE WORLD is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
The sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn. (1806; 1807)

O, wert thou in the cauld blast. 3. *airt,* direction, quarter of the wind. 7. *bield,* shelter.

London, 1802

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men:
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free;
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay. (1802; 1807)

Ode

Intimations of immortality from recollections of early childhood

I

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Appareled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose;
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

III

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday;—
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd-boy!

IV

Ye blesséd Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
Oh, evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the Children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there's a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V

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:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And even with something of a Mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnéd art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral,
And this hath now his heart,

And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

VIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity;
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX

Oh, joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed

For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Falling from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts today
Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. (1803-1806; 1807)

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE Kubla Khan

In xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,

Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.
But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing
A mighty fountain momently was forced;
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me,
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,

And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise. (1797; 1816)

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY Ozymandias

I MET a traveler from an antique land
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed:
And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away." (1817; 1818)

Ode to the west wind

I

O WILD WEST WIND, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine aëry surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulcher,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh, hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: oh, hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear,
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even 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 withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind? (1819; 1820)

JOHN KEATS Ode to a nightingale

MY HEART aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains

One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness—
That thou, light-wingéd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delvéd 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-stainéd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and specter-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,

But, in embalméd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child.
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time,
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a muséd rime,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self,
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hillside; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music—Do I wake or sleep? (1819)

KEATS Ode on a Grecian urn

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rime:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearièd,
Forever piping songs forever new.
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
Forever panting, and forever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

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 dressed?
What little town by river or seashore,

Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets forevermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know. (1819; 1820)

KEATS Ode on melancholy

No, no! go not to Lethe, neither twist
Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kissed
By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
Or on the wealth of globéd peonies;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung. (1819; 1820)

RALPH WALDO EMERSON The rhodora:

On Being Asked, Whence Is the Flower?

In MAY, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.
(1834; 1839)

Each and all

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon

Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;—
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.
The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;—
The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none.
Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth":—
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;

Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;—
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole. (1834?; 1839)

EMERSON Days

DAUGHTERS of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn. (1852?; 1857)

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON Tithonus

THE WOODS decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapors weep their burthen to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
The ever-silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

Alas! for this gray shadow, once a man—
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd
To his great heart none other than a God!
I ask'd thee, "Give me immortality."
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
Like wealthy men who care not how they give.
But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,
And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,

And tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
Immortal age beside immortal youth,
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even now,
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
To hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift:
Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly race of men,
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance
Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes
A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.
Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,
And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the gloom,
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful
In silence, then before thine answer given
Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,
In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?
"The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts."

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart
In days far-off, and with what other eyes
I used to watch—if I be he that watch'd—
The lucid outline forming round thee; saw
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all

Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,
Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm
With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd
Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,
Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,
While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not for ever in thine East:
How can my nature longer mix with thine?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Release me, and restore me to the ground;
Thou seëst all things, thou wilt see my grave:
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;
I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
And thee returning on thy silver wheels. (c. 1842; 1860)

EDGAR ALLAN POE To Helen

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs, have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land! (1831)

POE The city in the sea

Lo! DEATH has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently,
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free:
Up domes, up spires, up kingly halls;
Up fanes, up Babylon-like walls,
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers,
Up many and many a marvelous shrine
Whose wreathed friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.

Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves;
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye,—
Not the gayly-jewelled dead,
Tempt the waters from their bed;
For no ripples curl, alas,

Along that wilderness of glass;
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea;
No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene!

But lo, a stir is in the air!
The wave—there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide;
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven!
The waves have now a redder glow,
The hours are breathing faint and low;
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence. (1831; 1845)

ROBERT BROWNING

Soliloquy of the Spanish cloister

Gr-r-r—there go, my heart's abhorrence!
Water your damned flower-pots, do!
If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,
God's blood, would not mine kill you!
What? your myrtle-bush wants trimming?
Oh, that rose has prior claims—
Needs its leaden vase filled brimming?
Hell dry you up with its flames!

At the meal we sit together:
Salve tibi! I must hear
Wise talk of the kind of weather,
Sort of season, time of year:
Not a plenteous cork-crop: scarcely
Dare we hope oak-galls, I doubt:
What's the Latin name for "parsley"?
What's the Greek name for Swine's Snout?

Whew! We'll have our platter burnished,
Laid with care on our own shelf!

With a fire-new spoon we're furnished,
And a goblet for ourself,
Rinsed like something sacrificial
Ere 'tis fit to touch our chaps—
Marked with L for our initial!
(He-he! There his lily snaps!)

Saint, forsooth! While brown Dolores
Squats outside the Convent bank
With Sanchicha, telling stories,
Steeping tresses in the tank,
Blue-black, lustrous, thick like horsehairs,
—Can't I see his dead eye glow,
Bright as 'twere a Barbary corsair's?
(That is, if he'd let it show!)

When he finishes refection,
Knife and fork he never lays
Cross-wise, to my recollection,
As do I, in Jesu's praise.
I the Trinity illustrate,
Drinking watered orange-pulp—
In three sips the Arian frustrate;
While he drains his at one gulp.

Oh, those melons! If he's able
We're to have a feast! so nice!
One goes to the Abbot's table,
All of us get each a slice.
How go on your flowers? None double?
Not one fruit-sort can you spy?
Strange!—And I, too, at such trouble
Keep them close-nipped on the sly!

There's a great text in Galatians,
Once you trip on it, entails
Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
One sure, if another fails:
If I trip him just a-dying,
Sure of heaven as sure can be,
Spin him round and send him flying
Off to hell, a Manichee?

Or, my scrofulous French novel
On gray paper with blunt type!
Simply glance at it, you grovel
Hand and foot in Belial's gripe:
If I double down its pages
At the woeful sixteenth print,
When he gathers his greengages,
Ope a sieve and slip it in't?

Or, there's Satan!—one might venture
Pledge one's soul to him, yet leave
Such a flaw in the indenture
As he'd miss till, past retrieve,
Blasted lay that rose-acacia
We're so proud of! *Hy, Zy, Hine. . . .*
'St, there's Vespers! *Plena, gratiâ,*
Ave, Virgo! Gr-r-r—you swine! (1842)

BROWNING

The bishop orders his tomb at Saint Praxed's Church

Rome, 15—

VANITY, saith the preacher, vanity!
Draw round my bed; is Anselm keeping back?
Nephews—sons mine . . . ah, God, I know not! Well—
She, men would have to be your mother once,
Old Gandolf envied me, so fair she was!
What's done is done, and she is dead beside,
Dead long ago, and I am Bishop since,
And as she died so must we die ourselves,
And thence ye may perceive the world's a dream.
Life, how and what is it? As here I lie
In this state-chamber, dying by degrees,
Hours and long hours in the dead night, I ask,
"Do I live, am I dead?" Peace, peace seems all.
Saint Praxed's ever was the church for peace;
And so, about this tomb of mine. I fought
With tooth and nail to save my niche, ye know—
Old Gandolf cozened me, despite my care;
Shrewd was that snatch from out the corner South

He graced his carrion with, God curse the same!
Yet still my niche is not so cramped but thence
One sees the pulpit o' the epistle-side,
And somewhat of the choir, those silent seats,
And up into the aëry dome where live
The angels, and a sunbeam's sure to lurk;
And I shall fill my slab of basalt there,
And 'neath my tabernacle take my rest,
With those nine columns round me, two and two,
The odd one at my feet where Anselm stands:
Peach-blossom marble all, the rare, the ripe
As fresh-poured red wine of a mighty pulse.
—Old Gandolf with his paltry onion-stone,
Put me where I may look at him! True peach,
Rosy and flawless; how I earned the prize!
Draw close; that conflagration of my church—
What then? So much was saved if aught were missed!
My sons, ye would not be my death? Go dig
The white-grape vineyard where the oil-press stood,
Drop water gently till the surface sink,
And if ye find . . . Ah, God, I know not, I! . . .
Bedded in store of rotten fig-leaves soft,
And corded up in a tight olive-frail,
Some lump, ah, God, of *lapis lazuli*,
Big as a Jew's head cut off at the nape,
Blue as a vein o'er the Madonna's breast . . .
Sons, all have I bequeathed you, villas, all,
That brave Frascati villa with its bath,
So, let the blue lump poise between my knees,
Like God the Father's globe on both his hands
Ye worship in the Jesu Church so gay,
For Gandolf shall not choose but see and burst!
Swift as a weaver's shuttle fleet our years;
Man goeth to the grave, and where is he?
Did I say basalt for my slab, sons? Black—
'Twas ever antique-black I meant! How else
Shall ye contrast my frieze to come beneath?
The bas-relief in bronze ye promised me,
Those Pans and Nymphs ye wot of, and perchance
Some tripod, thyrsus, with a vase or so,
The Savior at his sermon on the mount,

Saint Praxed in a glory, and one Pan
Ready to twitch the Nymph's last garment off,
And Moses with the tables . . . but I know
Ye mark me not! What do they whisper thee,
Child of my bowels, Anselm? Ah, ye hope
To revel down my villas while I gasp
Bricked o'er with beggar's moldy travertine
Which Gandolf from his tomb-top chuckles at!
Nay, boys, ye love me—all of jasper, then!
'Tis jasper ye stand pledged to, lest I grieve.
My bath must needs be left behind, alas!
One block, pure green as a pistachio-nut,
There's plenty jasper somewhere in the world—
And have I not Saint Praxed's ear to pray
Horses for ye, and brown Greek manuscripts,
And mistresses with great smooth marbly limbs?
—That's if ye carve my epitaph aright
Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word,
No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second line—
Tully, my masters? Ulpian serves his need!
And then how I shall lie through centuries,
And hear the blessed mutter of the Mass,
And see God made and eaten all day long,
And feel the steady candle-flame, and taste
Good strong thick stupefying incense-smoke!
For as I lie here, hours of the dead night,
Dying in state and by such slow degrees,
I fold my arms as if they clasped a crook,
And stretch my feet forth straight as stone can point,
And let the bedclothes, for a mortcloth, drop
Into great laps and folds of sculptor's work;
And as yon tapers dwindle, and strange thoughts
Grow, with a certain humming in my ears
About the life before I lived this life,
And this life too, popes, cardinals, and priests,
Saint Praxed at his sermon on the mount,
Your tall pale mother with her talking eyes,
And new-found agate urns as fresh as day,
And marble's language, Latin pure, discreet—
Aha, ELUCESCEBAT quoth our friend?
No Tully, said I, Ulpian at the best!

Evil and brief hath been my pilgrimage.
All *lapis*, all, sons! Else I give the Pope
My villas! Will ye ever eat my heart?
Ever your eyes were as a lizard's quick,
They glitter like your mother's for my soul,
Or ye would heighten my impoverished frieze,
Piece out its starved design, and fill my vase
With grapes, and add a visor and a term,
And to the tripod ye would tie a lynx
That in his struggle throws the thyrsus down,
To comfort me on my entablature
Whereon I am to lie till I must ask,
"Do I live, am I dead?" There, leave me, there!
For ye have stabbed me with ingratitude
To death—ye wish it—God, ye wish it! Stone—
Gritstone, a-crumble! Clammy squares which sweat
As if the corpse they keep were oozing through—
And no more *lapis* to delight the world!
Well, go! I bless ye. Fewer tapers there,
But in a row; and, going, turn your backs—
Aye, like departing altar-ministrants,
And leave me in my church, the church for peace,
That I may watch at leisure if he leers—
Old Gandolf—at me, from his onion-stone,
As still he envied me, so fair she was! (1845)

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL To the dandelion

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth,—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow

Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease,
'Tis the spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:
Not in mid June the golden cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap, and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam

Of heaven and could some wondrous secret show
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book. (1844; 1845)

WALT WHITMAN One's-self I sing

ONE'S-SELF I sing, a simple separate person,
Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-Masse.

Of physiology from top to toe I sing,
Not physiognomy alone nor brain alone is worthy for the Muse,
I say the Form complete is worthier far,
The Female equally with the Male I sing.

Of Life immense in passion, pulse, and power,
Cheerful, for freest action form'd under the laws divine,
The Modern Man I sing. (1867; 1871)

Once I pass'd through a populous city

ONCE I pass'd through a populous city imprinting my brain for future use with its shows, architecture, customs, traditions,
Yet now of all that city I remember only a woman I casually met there who detain'd me for love of me,
Day by day and night by night we were together—all else has long been forgotten by me,
I remember I say only that woman who passionately clung to me,
Again she holds me by the hand, I must not go,
I see her close beside me with silent lips sad and tremulous. (1860; 1867)

I saw in Louisiana a live-oak growing

I SAW in Louisiana a live-oak growing,
All alone stood it and the moss hung down from the branches,
Without any companion it grew there uttering joyous leaves of dark green,
And its look, rude, unbending, lusty, made me think of myself,
But I wonder'd how it could utter joyous leaves standing alone there without its friend near, for I knew I could not,
And I broke off a twig with a certain number of leaves upon it, and twined around it a little moss,
And brought it away, and I have placed it in sight in my room,

It is not needed to remind me as of my own dear friends,
(For I believe lately I think of little else than of them,)
Yet it remains to me a curious token, it makes me think of manly love;
For all that, and though the live-oak glistens there in Louisiana solitary in
a wide flat space,
Uttering joyous leaves all its life without a friend, a lover near,
I know very well I could not. (1860)

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd

I

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night,
I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.

Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring,
Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star in the west,
And thought of him I love.

II

O powerful western fallen star!
O shades of night—O moody, tearful night!
O great star disappear'd—O the black murk that hides the star!
O cruel hands that hold me powerless—O helpless soul of me!
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul.

III

In the dooryard fronting an old farm-house near the white-wash'd palings,
Stands the lilac-bush, tall-growing with heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with the perfume strong I love,
With every leaf a miracle—and from this bush in the dooryard,
With delicate-color'd blossoms and heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
A sprig with its flower I break.

IV

In the swamp in secluded recesses,
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.

Solitary the thrush,
The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,
Sings by himself a song.

Song of the bleeding throat,
Death's outlet song of life (for well dear brother I know,
If thou wast not granted to sing thou would'st surely die).

V

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,
Amid lanes and through old woods, where lately the violets peep'd from the ground, spotting the gray débris,
Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes, passing the endless grass;
Passing the yellow-spear'd wheat, every grain from its shroud in the dark-brown fields uprisen,
Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink in the orchards,
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,
Night and day journeys a coffin.

VI

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
Through day and night with the great cloud darkening the land,
With the pomp of the inloop'd flags, with the cities draped in black,
With the show of the States themselves as of crape-veil'd women standing,
With processions long and winding and the flambeaus of the night,
With the countless torches lit, with the silent sea of faces and the unbared heads,
With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the somber faces,
With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices rising strong and solemn,
With all the mournful voices of the dirges pour'd around the coffin,
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs—where amid these you journey,
With the tolling tolling bells' perpetual clang,
Here, coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac.

VII

(Nor for you, for one alone,
Blossoms and branches green to coffins all I bring.
For fresh as the morning, thus would I carol a song to you O sane and sacred death.

All over bouquets of roses,
O death, I cover you over with roses and early lilies,
But mostly and now the lilac that blooms the first,
Copious I break, I break the sprigs from the bushes.
With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,
For you and the coffins all of you O death.)

VIII

O western orb sailing the heaven,
Now I know what you must have meant as a month since I walk'd,

As I walk'd in silence the transparent shadowy night,
As I saw you had something to tell as you bent to me night after night,
As you droop'd from the sky low down as if to my side (while the other stars all look'd on),
As we wander'd together the solemn night (for something I know not what kept me from sleep),
As the night advanced, and I saw on the rim of the west how full you were of woe,
As I stood on the rising ground in the breeze in the cold transparent night,
As I watch'd where you pass'd and was lost in the netherward black of the night,
As my soul in its trouble dissatisfied sank, as where you sad orb,
Concluded, dropt in the night, and was gone.

IX

Sing on there in the swamp,
O singer bashful and tender, I hear your notes, I hear your call,
I hear, I come presently, I understand you,
But a moment I linger, for the lustrous star has detain'd me,
The star my departing comrade holds and detains me.

X

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I loved?
And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul that has gone?
And what shall my perfume be for the grave of him I love?

Sea-winds blown from east and west,
Blown from the Eastern sea and blown from the Western sea till there on the prairies meeting:
These and with these and the breath of my chant,
I'll perfume the grave of him I love.

XI

O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?
And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the walls,
To adorn the burial-house of him I love?

Pictures of growing spring and farms and homes,
With the Fourth-month eve at sundown, and the gray smoke lucid and bright,
With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, indolent, sinking sun, burning, expanding the air,
With the fresh sweet herbage under foot, and the pale green leaves of the trees prolific,

In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the river, with a wind-dapple here and there;
With ranging hills on the banks, with many a line against the sky, and shadows;
And the city at hand with dwellings so dense, and stacks of chimneys,
And all the scenes of life and the workshops, and the workmen homeward returning.

XII

Lo, body and soul—this land,
My own Manhattan with spires, and the sparkling and hurrying tides, and the ships,
The varied and ample land, the South and the North in the light—Ohio's shores and flashing Missouri,
And ever the far-spreading prairies cover'd with grass and corn.
Lo, the most excellent sun so calm and haughty,
The violet and purple morn with just-felt breezes,
The gentle soft-born measureless light,
The miracle spreading bathing all, the fulfill'd noon,
The coming eve delicious, the welcome night and the stars,
Over my cities shining all, enveloping man and land.

XIII

Sing on, sing on you gray-brown bird,
Sing from the swamps, the recesses, pour your chant from the bushes;
Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and pines.

Sing on dearest brother, warble your reedy song,
Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe.

O liquid and free and tender!
O wild and loose to my soul—O wondrous singer!
You only I hear—yet the star holds me (but will soon depart,)
Yet the lilac with mastering odor holds me.

XIV

Now while I sat in the day and look'd forth,
In the close of the day with its light and the fields of spring, and the farmers preparing their crops,
In the large unconscious scenery of my land with its lakes and forests,
In the heavenly aerial beauty (after the perturb'd winds and the storms,)
Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift passing, and the voices of children and women,

The many-moving sea-tides, and I saw the ships how they sail'd,
And the summer approaching with richness, and the fields all busy with labor,
And the infinite separate houses, how they all went on, each with its meals and minutia of daily usages;
And the streets how their throbbings throbb'd, and the cities pent—lo, then and there,
Falling upon them all and among them all, enveloping me with the rest,
Appear'd the cloud, appear'd the long black trail;
And I knew death, its thought, and the sacred knowledge of death.

Then with the knowledge of death as walking one side of me,
And the thought of death close-walking the other side of me,
And I in the middle as with companions, and as holding the hands of companions,
I fled forth to the hiding receiving night that talks not,
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in the dimness,
To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still.

And the singer so shy to the rest receiv'd me,
The gray-brown bird I know receiv'd us comrades three,
And he sang the carol of death, and a verse for him I love.

From deep secluded recesses,
From the fragrant cedars and the ghostly pines so still,
Came the carol of the bird.

And the charm of the carol rapt me,
As I held as if by their hands my comrades in the night;
And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the bird.

Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death.

Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.

Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come unfalteringly.

Approach strong deliveress,
When it is so, when thou hast taken them, I joyously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss O death.

From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose saluting thee, adornments and feastings for thee,
And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread sky are fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.

The night in silence under many a star,
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I know,
And the soul turning to thee O vast and well-veil'd death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and the prairies wide,
Over the dense-pack'd cities all and the teeming wharves and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee O death!

XV

To the tally of my soul,
Loud and strong kept up the gray-brown bird,
With pure, deliberate notes spreading filling the night.

Loud in the pines and cedars dim,
Clear in the freshness moist and the swamp-perfume,
And I with my comrades there in the night.

While my sight that was bound in my eyes unclosed,
As to long panoramas of visions.

I saw askant the armies;
And I saw as in noiseless dreams hundreds of battle-flags,
Borne through the smoke of the battles and pierc'd with missiles I saw them,

And carried hither and yon through the smoke, and torn and bloody,
And at last but a few shreds left on the staffs (and all in silence,)
And the staffs all splinter'd and broken.
I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,
And the white skeletons of young men, I saw them,
I saw the débris and débris of all the slain soldiers of the war,
But I saw they were not as was thought,
They themselves were fully at rest, they suffer'd not,
The living remain'd and suffer'd, the mother suffer'd,
And the wife and the child and the musing comrade suffer'd.
And the armies that remain'd suffer'd.

XVI

Passing the visions, passing the night,
Passing, unloosing the hold of my comrades' hands,
Passing the song of the hermit bird and the tallying song of my soul,
Victorious song, death's outlet song, yet varying ever-altering song,
As low and wailing, yet clear the notes, rising and falling, flooding the night,
Sadly sinking and fainting, as warning and warning, and yet again bursting with joy,
Covering the earth and filling the spread of the heaven,
As that powerful psalm in the night I heard from recesses,
Passing, I leave thee lilac with heart-shaped leaves,
I leave thee there in the dooryard blooming, returning with spring.

I cease from my song for thee,
From my gaze on thee in the west, fronting the west, communing with thee,
O comrade lustrous with silver face in the night.

Yet each I keep and all, retrievements out of the night,
The song, the wondrous chant of the gray-brown bird,
The tallying chant, the echo arous'd in my soul,
With the lustrous and drooping star with the countenance full of woe,
With the holders holding my hand hearing the call of the bird,
Comrades mine and I in the midst, and their memory ever to keep, for the dead I loved so well,
For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands—and this for his dear sake;
Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul,
There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk and dim. (1865; 1881)

GEORGE MEREDITH Lucifer in starlight

On a starred night Prince Lucifer uprose.
Tired of his dark dominion, swung the fiend
Above the rolling ball, in cloud part screened,
Where sinners hugged their specter of repose.
Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those.
And now upon his western wing he leaned,
Now his huge bulk o'er Afric's sands careened,
Now the black planet shadowed Arctic snows.
Soaring through wider zones that pricked his scars
With memory of the old revolt from Awe,
He reached a middle height, and at the stars,
Which are the brain of heaven, he looked, and sank.
Around the ancient track marched, rank on rank,
The army of unalterable law. (1883)

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI A birthday

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me. (1857)

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EMILY DICKINSON The chariot

Because I could not stop for Death,
He kindly stopped for me;
The carriage held but just ourselves
And Immortality.

We slowly drove, he knew no haste,
And I had put away
My labor and my leisure too,
For his civility.

We passed the school where children played
At wrestling in a ring;
We passed the fields of gazing grain,
We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed
A swelling of the ground;
The roof was scarcely visible,
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 't is centuries; but each
Feels shorter than the day
I first surmised the horses' heads
Were toward eternity. (1890)

There's a certain slant of light

There's a certain slant of light,
On winter afternoons,
That oppresses, like the weight
Of cathedral tunes.

Heavenly hurt it gives us;
We can find no scar,
But internal difference
Where the meanings are.

None may teach it anything,
'Tis the seal, despair,—

An imperial affliction
Sent us of the air.

When it comes, the landscape listens,
Shadows hold their breath;
When it goes, 'tis like the distance
On the look of death. (1890)

THOMAS HARDY The darkling thrush

I LEANT upon a coppice gate
When Frost was specter-gray,
And Winter's dregs made desolate
The weakening eye of day.
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted night
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
The Century's corpse outleant,
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
Seemed fervorless as I.

At once a voice arose among
The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings
Of such ecstatic sound

"The Darkling Thrush" and "In Time of 'The Breaking of Nations'" from *Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy*. Copyright 1923 by The Macmillan Company. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Was written on terrestrial things
  Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
  His happy good-night air
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
  And I was unaware. (1900)

In time of 'the breaking of nations'

I

ONLY a man harrowing clods
  In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
  Half asleep as they stalk.

II

Only thin smoke without flame
  From the heaps of couch-grass;
Yet this will go onward the same
  Though Dynasties pass.

III

Yonder a maid and her wight
  Come whispering by:
War's annals will cloud into night
  Ere their story die. (1915)

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS The habit of perfection

ELECTED Silence, sing to me
  And beat upon my whorléd ear;
Pipe me to pastures still and be
The music that I care to hear.

Shape nothing, lips; be lovely-dumb—
It is the shut, the curfew sent
From there where all surrenders come
Which only makes you eloquent.

"The Habit of Perfection" and "I Wake and Feel the Fell of Dark" reprinted from *The Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins* by permission of the Hopkins family and the Oxford University Press.

Be shelléd, eyes, with double dark
And find the uncreated light;
This ruck and reel which you remark
Coils, keeps, and teases simple sight.

Palate, the hutch of tasty lust,
Desire not to be rinsed with wine;
The can must be so sweet, the crust
So fresh that come in fasts divine!

Nostrils, your careless breath that spend
Upon the stir and keep of pride,
What relish shall the censers send
Along the sanctuary side!

O feel-of-primrose hands, O feet
That want the yield of plushy sward,
But you shall walk the golden street
And you unhouse and house the Lord.

And, Poverty, be thou the bride
And now the marriage feast begun,
And lily-colored clothes provide
Your spouse not labored-at nor spun. (1866; 1918)

HOPKINS I wake and feel the fell of dark

I WAKE and feel the fell of dark, not day.
What hours, O what black hours we have spent
This night! what sights you, heart, saw; ways you went!
And more must, in yet longer light's delay.
With witness I speak this. But where I say
Hours I mean years, mean life. And my lament
Is cries countless, cries like dead letters sent
To dearest him that lives alas! away.
I am gall, I am heartburn. God's most deep decree
Bitter would have me taste: my taste was me;
Bones built in me, flesh filled, blood brimmed the curse.
Selfyeast of spirit a dull dough sours. I see
The lost are like this, and their scourge to be
As I am mine, their sweating selves; but worse. (1886; 1918)

Contemporary poems

A. E. HOUSMAN The true lover

THE LAD came to the door at night,
When lovers crown their vows,
And whistled soft and out of sight
In shadow of the boughs.

"I shall not vex you with my face
Henceforth, my love, for aye;
So take me in your arms a space
Before the east is grey.

"When I from hence away am past
I shall not find a bride,
And you shall be the first and last
I ever lay beside."

She heard and went and knew not why;
Her heart to his she laid;
Light was the air beneath the sky
But dark under the shade.

"Oh do you breathe, lad, that your breast
Seems not to rise and fall,
And here upon my bosom prest
There beats no heart at all?"

"Oh loud, my girl, it once would knock,
You should have felt it then;
But since for you I stopped the clock
It never goes again."

"Oh lad, what is it, lad, that drips
Wet from your neck on mine?

"The True Lover" and "To an Athlete Dying Young" from *A Shropshire Lad* by A. E. Housman. By permission of the publishers, Henry Holt and Company, Inc.

What is it falling on my lips,
My lad, that tastes of brine?"

"Oh like enough 'tis blood, my dear,
For when the knife has slit
The throat across from ear to ear
'Twill bleed because of it."

Under the stars the air was light
But dark below the boughs,
The still air of the speechless night,
When lovers crown their vows. (1896)

HOUSMAN To an athlete dying young

THE TIME you won your town the race
We chaired you through the market-place;
Man and boy stood cheering by,
And home we brought you shoulder-high.

Today, the road all runners come,
Shoulder-high we bring you home,
And set you at your threshold down,
Townsman of a stiller town.

Smart lad, to slip betimes away
From fields where glory does not stay
And early though the laurel grows
It withers quicker than the rose.

Eyes the shady night has shut
Cannot see the record cut,
And silence sounds no worse than cheers
After earth has stopped the ears.

Now you will not swell the rout
Of lads that wore their honors out,
Runners whom renown outran
And the name died before the man.

So set, before its echoes fade,

The fleet foot on the sill of shade,
And hold to the low lintel up
The still-defended challenge-cup.

And round that early-laureled head
Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,
And find unwithered on its curls
The garland briefer than a girl's. (1895; 1896)

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS Among school children

I

I WALK through the long schoolroom questioning;
A kind old nun in a white hood replies;
The children learn to cipher and to sing,
To study reading-books and history,
To cut and sew, be neat in everything
In the best modern way—the children's eyes
In momentary wonder stare upon
A sixty-year-old smiling public man.

II

I dream of a Ledaean body, bent
Above a sinking fire, a tale that she
Told of a harsh reproof, or trivial event
That changed some childish day to tragedy—
Told, and it seemed that our two natures blent
Into a sphere from youthful sympathy,
Or else, to alter Plato's parable,
Into the yolk and white of one shell.

III

And thinking of that fit of grief or rage
I look upon one child or t'other there
And wonder if she stood so at that age—
For even daughters of the swan can share
Something of every paddler's heritage—
And had that color upon cheek or hair,
And thereupon my heart is driven wild:
She stands before me as a living child.

From *The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats.* Copyright 1928 by The Macmillan Company. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

IV

Her present image floats into the mind—
Did Quattrocento finger fashion it
Hollow of cheek as though it drank the wind
And took a mess of shadows for its meat?
And I though never of Ledaean kind
Had pretty plumage once—enough of that,
Better to smile on all that smile, and show
There is a comfortable kind of old scarecrow.

V

What youthful mother, a shape upon her lap
Honey of generation had betrayed,
And that must sleep, shriek, struggle to escape
As recollection or the drug decide,
Would think her son, did she but see that shape
With sixty or more winters on its head,
A compensation for the pang of his birth,
Or the uncertainty of his setting forth?

VI

Plato thought nature but a spume that plays
Upon a ghostly paradigm of things;
Solider Aristotle played the taws
Upon the bottom of a king of kings;
World-famous golden-thighed Pythagoras
Fingered upon a fiddle-stick or strings
What a star sang and careless Muses heard:
Old clothes upon old sticks to scare a bird.

VII

Both nuns and mothers worship images,
But those the candles light are not as those
That animate a mother's reveries,
But keep a marble or a bronze repose.
And yet they too break hearts—O Presences
That passion, piety or affection knows,
And that all heavenly glory symbolize—
O self-born mockers of man's enterprise;

VIII

Labor is blossoming or dancing where
The body is not bruised to pleasure soul,
Nor beauty born out of its own despair,
Nor blear-eyed wisdom out of midnight oil.

O chestnut tree, great rooted blossomer,
Are you the leaf, the blossom or the bole?
O body swayed to music, O brightening glance,
How can we know the dancer from the dance? (1903)

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON Miniver Cheevy

MINIVER CHEEVY, child of scorn,
Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;
He wept that he was ever born,
And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old
When swords were bright and steeds were prancing.
The vision of a warrior bold
Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
And dreamed, and rested from his labors;
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,
And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
That made so many a name so fragrant:
He mourned Romance, now on the town,
And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,
Albeit he had never seen one;
He would have sinned incessantly
Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;
He missed the mediæval grace
Of iron clothing.

Reprinted from *The Town Down the River* by Edwin Arlington Robinson; copyright 1910 by Charles Scribner's Sons, 1938 by Ruth Niveson; used by permission of the publishers.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,
  But sore annoyed was he without it;
Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,
  And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
  Scratched his head and kept on thinking:
Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
  And kept on drinking. (1907)

WALTER DE LA MARE The listeners

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,
  Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
  Of the forest's ferny floor:
And a bird flew up out of a turret,
  Above the Traveller's head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
  "Is there anybody there?" he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller;
  No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
  Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
  That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
  To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
  That goes down to the empty hall,
Hearkening in an air stirred and shaken
  By the lonely Traveller's call.
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
  Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
  'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even

From *Collected Poems* by Walter de la Mare. Copyright, 1941, by Walter de la Mare. By permission of the publishers, Henry Holt and Company, Inc.

Louder, and lifted his head:—
'Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word,' he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake:
Aye, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone. (1912)

ROBERT FROST After apple-picking

My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree
Toward heaven still,
And there's a barrel that I didn't fill
Beside it, and there may be two or three
Apples I didn't pick upon some bough.
But I am done with apple-picking now.
Essence of winter sleep is on the night,
The scent of apples: I am drowsing off.
I cannot rub the strangeness from my sight
I got from looking through a pane of glass
I skimmed this morning from the drinking trough
And held against the world of hoary grass.
It melted, and I let it fall and break.
But I was well
Upon my way to sleep before it fell,
And I could tell
What form my dreaming was about to take.
Magnified apples appear and disappear,
Stem end and blossom end,
And every fleck of russet showing clear.
My instep arch not only keeps the ache,
It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round.
I feel the ladder sway as the boughs bend.
And I keep hearing from the cellar bin

From *Collected Poems of Robert Frost.* Copyright, 1930, 1939, by Henry Holt and Company, Inc. Copyright, 1936, by Robert Frost. By permission of the publishers, Henry Holt and Company, Inc.

The rumbling sound
Of load on load of apples coming in.
For I have had too much
Of apple-picking: I am overtired
Of the great harvest I myself desired.
There were ten thousand thousand fruit to touch,
Cherish in hand, lift down, and not let fall.
For all
That struck the earth,
No matter if not bruised or spiked with stubble,
Went surely to the cider-apple heap
As of no worth.
One can see what will trouble
This sleep of mine, whatever sleep it is.
Were he not gone,
The woodchuck could say whether it's like his
Long sleep, as I describe its coming on,
Or just some human sleep. (1913; 1914)

JOHN MASEFIELD On growing old

BE WITH me, Beauty, for the fire is dying,
My dog and I are old, too old for roving,
Man, whose young passion sets the spindrift flying
Is soon too lame to march, too cold for loving.

I take the book and gather to the fire,
Turning old yellow leaves; minute by minute,
The clock ticks to my heart; a withered wire
Moves a thin ghost of music in the spinet.

I cannot sail your seas, I cannot wander
Your cornland, nor your hill-land nor your valleys,
Ever again, nor share the battle yonder
Where the young knight the broken squadron rallies.

Only stay quiet while my mind remembers
The beauty of fire from the beauty of embers.

From *Poems* by John Masefield. Copyright 1942 by John Masefield. By permission of The Macmillan Company.

Beauty, have pity, for the strong have power,
The rich their wealth, the beautiful their grace,
Summer of man its sunlight and its flower,
Springtime of man all April in a face.

Only, as in the jostling in the Strand,
Where the mob thrusts or loiters or is loud
The beggar with the saucer in his hand
Asks only a penny from the passing crowd,

So, from this glittering world with all its fashion,
Its fire and play of men, its stir, its march,
Let me have wisdom, Beauty, wisdom and passion,
Bread to the soul, rain where the summers parch.

Give me but these, and though the darkness close
Even the night will blossom as the rose. (1922)

VACHEL LINDSAY The leaden-eyed

LET NOT young souls be smothered out before
They do quaint deeds and fully flaunt their pride.
It is the world's one crime its babes grow dull,
Its poor are ox-like, limp and leaden-eyed.
Not that they starve, but starve so dreamlessly;
Not that they sow, but that they seldom reap;
Not that they serve, but have no gods to serve;
Not that they die, but that they die like sheep. (1912)

SARA TEASDALE The long hill

I MUST have passed the crest a while ago
And now I am going down—
Strange to have crossed the crest and not to know,
But the brambles were always catching the hem of my gown.

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From *The Collected Poems of Sara Teasdale.* Copyright 1937 by The Macmillan Company. By permission of The Macmillan Company.

All the morning I thought how proud I should be
To stand there straight as a queen,
Wrapped in the wind and the sun with the world under me—
But it's no use now to think of turning back,

It was nearly level along the beaten track
And the brambles caught in my gown—
But it's no use now to think of turning back,
The rest of the way will be only going down. (1920)

ELINOR WYLIE Velvet shoes

Let us walk in the white snow
In a soundless space;
With footsteps quiet and slow,
At a tranquil pace,
Under veils of white lace.

I shall go shod in silk,
And you in wool,
White as a white cow's milk,
More beautiful
Than the breast of a gull.

We shall walk through the still town
In a windless peace;
We shall step upon white down,
Upon silver fleece,
Upon softer than these.

We shall walk in velvet shoes:
Wherever we go
Silence will fall like dews
On white silence below.
We shall walk in the snow. (1921)

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LEONARD BACON An afternoon in Artillery Walk

(Mary Milton loquitur)

I THINK it is his blindness makes him so
He is so angry, and so querulous.
Yes, Father! I will look in Scaliger.
Yes, Cousin Phillips took the notes—I think—
May all the evil angels fly away
With Cousin Phillips to the Serbonian Bog,
Wherever that may be. And here am I
Locked in with him the livelong afternoon.
There's Anne gone limping with that love of hers,
Her master-carpenter, and Deborah
Stolen away. Yes, Father, 'tis an aleph
But the Greek glose on't in the Septuagint
Is something that I cannot quite make out.
The letter's rubbed.
Oh, thus to wear away
My soul and body with this dry-as-dust
This tearer-up of words, this plaguey seeker
After the things that no man understands.
'Tis April. I am seventeen years old,
And Abram Clark will come a-courting me.
Oh what a Hell a midday house can be!
Dusty and bright and dumb and shadowless,
Full of this sunshot dryness, like the soul
Of this old pedant here. I will not bear
Longer this tyranny of death in life
That drains my spirit like a succubus.
I am too full of blood and life for this—
This dull soul-gnawing discipline he sets
Upon our shoulders, the sad characters.
Chapter on chapter, blank and meaningless.
Now by the May-pole merry-makers run,
And the music throbs and pulses in light limbs,
And the girls' kirtles are lifted to the knee.
Ah would that I were blowsy with the heat,
Being bussed by some tall fellow, and kissing him

From *Guinea-Fowl and Other Poetry* by Leonard Bacon. Copyright, 1927, by Harper and Brothers.

On his hot red lips—some bully royalist
With gold in's purse and lace about his throat
And a long rapier for the Puritans.
Or I would wander by some cool yew-hedge,
Dallying with my lover all the afternoon,
And then to cards and supper—cinnamon,
Some delicate pastry, and an amber wine
Burning on these lips that know a year-long lent.
Then to the theatre, and Mistress Nell
That the king's fond of. Mayhap gentlemen
About would praise me, and I should hear them buzz,
And feel my cheek grow warm beneath my mask,
And glance most kindly—
I was in a muse
I have the paper, father, and the pens.
Now for the damnable dictation. So!
"High—on a throne—of royal state—
which far
Outshone—the wealth of Ormus"—S or Z?
How should I know the letter?—*"and of Ind.*
Or where—the gorgeous East—with richest hand
Showers—on her kings—barbaric—pearl and gold.
Satan exalted sate." (1927)

T. S. ELIOT Sweeney among the nightingales

ὤμοι πέπληγμαι καιρίαν πληγὴν ἔσω.[1]

APENECK SWEENEY spreads his knees
Letting his arms hang down to laugh,
The zebra stripes along his jaw
Swelling to maculate giraffe.

The circles of the stormy moon
Slide westward toward the River Plate,
Death and the Raven drift above
And Sweeney guards the hornèd gate.

From *Collected Poems 1909–1935* by T. S. Eliot. Copyright, 1936, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

[1] Alas! I am stricken by a timely blow within (from the drama *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus).

Gloomy Orion and the Dog
Are veiled; and hushed the shrunken seas;
The person in the Spanish cape
Tries to sit on Sweeney's knees

Slips and pulls the table cloth
Overturns a coffee-cup,
Reorganized upon the floor
She yawns and draws a stocking up;

The silent man in mocha brown
Sprawls at the window-sill and gapes;
The waiter brings in oranges
Bananas, figs and hothouse grapes;

The silent vertebrate in brown
Contracts and concentrates, withdraws;
Rachel *née* Rabinovitch
Tears at the grapes with murderous paws;

She and the lady in the cape
Are suspect, thought to be in league;
Therefore the man with heavy eyes
Declines the gambit, shows fatigue,

Leaves the room and reappears
Outside the window, leaning in,
Branches of wistaria
Circumscribe a golden grin;

The host with someone indistinct
Converses at the door apart,
The nightingales are singing near
The Convent of the Sacred Heart,

And sang within the bloody wood
When Agamemnon cried aloud,
And let their liquid siftings fall
To stain the stiff dishonoured shroud. (1919)

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

You, Andrew Marvell

And here face down beneath the sun,
And here upon earth's noonward height,
To feel the always coming on,
The always rising of the night.

To feel creep up the curving east
The earthly chill of dusk and slow
Upon those under lands the vast
And ever-climbing shadow grow,

And strange at Ecbatan the trees
Take leaf by leaf the evening, strange,
The flooding dark about their knees,
The mountains over Persia change,

And now at Kermanshah the gate,
Dark, empty, and the withered grass,
And through the twilight now the late
Few travellers in the westward pass.

And Baghdad darken and the bridge
Across the silent river gone,
And through Arabia the edge
Of evening widen and steal on,

And deepen on Palmyra's street
The wheel rut in the ruined stone,
And Lebanon fade out and Crete
High through the clouds and overblown,

And over Sicily the air
Still flashing with the landward gulls,
And loom and slowly disappear
The sails above the shadowy hulls,

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And Spain go under and the shore
Of Africa, the gilded sand,
And evening vanish and no more
The low pale light across that land,

Nor now the long light on the sea—
And here face downward in the sun
To feel how swift, how secretly,
The shadow of the night comes on. . . . (1926; 1930)

HART CRANE At Melville's tomb

OFTEN beneath the wave, wide from this ledge
The dice of drowned men's bones he saw bequeath
An embassy. Their numbers as he watched,
Beat on the dusty shore and were obscured.

And wrecks passed without sound of bells,
The calyx of death's bounty giving back
A scattered chapter, livid hieroglyph,
The portent wound in corridors of shells.

Then in the circuit calm of one vast coil,
Its lashings charmed and malice reconciled,
Frosted eyes there were that lifted altars;
And silent answers crept across the stars.

Compass, quadrant and sextant contrive
No farther tides . . . High in the azure steeps
Monody shall not wake the mariner.
This fabulous shadow only the sea keeps. (1930)

LEONIE ADAMS Country summer

NOW the rich cherry whose sleek wood
And top with silver petals traced,
Like a strict box its gems encased,

From the *Collected Poems of Hart Crane.* By permission of Liveright Publishing Corporation.

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Has spilt from out that cunning lid,
All in an innocent green round,
Those melting rubies which it hid;
With moss ripe-strawberry-encrusted,
So birds get half, and minds lapse merry
To taste that deep-red lark's-bite berry,
And blackcap-bloom is yellow-dusted.

The wren that thieved it in the eaves
A trailer of the rose could catch
To her poor droopy sloven thatch,
And side by side with the wren's brood,—
O lovely time of beggars' luck—
Opens the quaint and hairy bud.
And full and golden is the yield
Of cows that never have to house.
But all night nibble under boughs,
Or cool their sides in the moist field.

Into the rooms flow meadow airs,
The warm farm-baking smell blows round;
Inside and out and sky and ground
Are much the same; the wishing star,
Hesperus, kind and early-born,
Is risen only finger-far.
All stars stand close in summer air,
And tremble, and look mild as amber;
When wicks are lighted in the chamber
You might say stars were settling there.

Now straightening from the flowery hay,
Down the still light the mowers look;
Or turn, because their dreaming shook,
And they waked half to other days,
When left alone in yellow-stubble,
The rusty-coated mare would graze.
Yet thick the lazy dreams are born;
Another thought can come to mind,
But like the shivering of the wind,
Morning and evening in the corn. (1926; 1929)

W. H. AUDEN 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. (1940)

STEPHEN SPENDER The express

AFTER the first powerful plain manifesto
The black statement of pistons, without more fuss
But gliding like a queen, she leaves the station.
Without bowing and with restrained unconcern
She passes the houses which humbly crowd outside,
The gasworks and at last the heavy page
Of death, printed by gravestones in the cemetery.
Beyond the town there lies the open country
Where, gathering speed, she acquires mystery,
The luminous self-possession of ships on ocean.

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It is now she begins to sing—at first quite low
Then loud, and at last with a jazzy madness—
The song of her whistle screaming at curves,
Of deafening tunnels, brakes, innumerable bolts.
And always light, aerial, underneath
Goes the elate meter of her wheels.
Steaming through metal landscape on her lines
She plunges new eras of wild happiness
Where speed throws up strange shapes, broad curves
And parallels clean like the steel of guns.
At last, further than Edinburgh or Rome,
Beyond the crest of the world, she reaches night
Where only a low streamline brightness
Of phosphorus on the tossing hills is white.
Ah, like a comet through flames she moves entranced
Wrapt in her music no bird song, no, nor bough
Breaking with honey buds, shall ever equal. (1933)

KARL SHAPIRO Auto wreck

Its quick soft silver bell beating, beating,
And down the dark one ruby flare
Pulsing out red light like an artery,
The ambulance at top speed floating down
Past beacons and illuminated clocks
Wings in a heavy curve, dips down,
And brakes speed, entering the crowd.
The doors leap open, emptying light;
Stretchers are laid out, the mangled lifted
And stowed into the little hospital.
Then the bell, breaking the hush, tolls once,
And the ambulance with its terrible cargo
Rocking, slightly rocking, moves away,
As the doors, and afterthought, are closed.

We are deranged, walking among the cops
Who sweep glass and are large and composed.

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One is still making notes under the light.
One with a bucket douches ponds of blood
Into the street and gutter.
One hangs lanterns on the wrecks that cling,
Empty husks of locusts, to iron poles.

Our throats were tight as tourniquets,
Our feet were bound with splints, but now
Like convalescents intimate and gauche,
We speak through sickly smiles and warn
With the stubborn saw of common sense,
The grim joke and the banal resolution.
The traffic moves around with care,
But we remain, touching a wound
That opens to our richest horror.

Already old, the question Who shall die?
Becomes unspoken Who is innocent?
For death in war is done by hands;
Suicide has cause and stillbirth, logic.
But this invites the occult mind,
Cancels our physics with a sneer,
And spatters all we knew of dénouement
Across the expedient and wicked stones. (1942)

DYLAN THOMAS Twenty-four years

TWENTY-FOUR years remind the tears of my eyes.
(Bury the dead for fear that they walk to the grave in labour.)
In the groin of the natural doorway I crouched like a tailor
Sewing a shroud for a journey
By the light of the meat-eating sun.
Dressed to die, the sensual strut begun,
With my red veins full of money,
In the final direction of the elementary town
I advance for as long as forever is. (1939)

By permission of New Directions.

ROBERT LOWELL The holy innocents

LISTEN, the hay-bells tinkle as the cart
Wavers on rubber tires along the tar
And cindered ice below the burlap mill
And ale-wife run. The oxen drool and start
In wonder at the fenders of a car
And blunder hugely up St. Peter's hill.
These are the undefiled by woman—their
Sorrow is not the sorrow of this world:
King Herod shrieking vengeance at the curled
Up knees of Jesus choking in the air,

A king of speechless clods and infants. Still
The world out-Herods Herod; and the year,
The nineteen-hundred forty-fifth of grace,
Lumbers with losses up the clinkered hill
Of our purgation; and the oxen near
The worn foundations of their resting place,
The holy manger where their bed is corn
And holly torn for Christmas. If they die,
As Jesus, in the harness, who will mourn?
Lamb of the shepherds, Child, how still you lie. (1946)

From *Lord Weary's Castle*, copyright, 1944, 1946, by Robert Lowell. Reprinted by permission of Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 64 63 62 61 60 59 58

GLOSSARY AND INDEX OF CRITICAL TERMS

USED IN BETTER READING TWO: LITERATURE

ABSTRACT, apart from particular persons, places, and things. Thus, *life* and *firmness* are abstract when considered apart from a person who is alive or a thing which is firm. 3, 81f.

ACCENT, the stress given a syllable because of its length, sound, position, nature, or meaning. 693.

ACT, a division of a drama which, as a rule, marks off a stage in the development of the action. In the modern theater, its beginning and conclusion are indicated by the raising and lowering of the curtain. 456.

ACTION, that which occurs during the course of a narrative. See *happenings*, 36-51. See also *patterns of*, 37-38; *probable action*, 53; *relationship to characters*, 53, 54, 100.

ALEXANDRINE, a line of poetry regularly consisting of six iambic feet with a caesura or break after the third.

ALLEGORY, an expanded metaphor in the form of a narrative, using characters, happenings, and other elements to expound a concept. 219.

ALLITERATION, the repetition of consonant sounds, usually those at the beginnings of words.

And how the silence surged softly backward

ANALOGY, a comparison. Usually the term is applied to a figurative rather than a literal comparison.

ANAPEST, 693.

ANTAGONIST, 54, 70.

ANTICLIMAX, a sentence or work in which the effect decreases at the conclusion.

ANTITHESIS, a contrast, heightened by the arrangement of the opposing elements.

APOLOGUE, a short piece of fiction designed to communicate a moral or practical truth.

ASSONANCE, strictly speaking, a repetition of vowel sounds. Often, however, the term is used to indicate any repetition of sounds not exact enough to be classified as rhyme.

There open fanes and gaping graves

ATMOSPHERE, the emotional quality in a literary work achieved by the handling of the setting. 71f.

ATTRACTIVE CHARACTER, one toward whom the reader is generally sympathetic. 54, 111, 457.

BACKGROUND, the setting against which the events in an imaginative work take place. 70, 692.

BALLAD, a simple and often tragic story told in verse. Conventionally the ballad appears in four-line stanzas of alternating iambic tetrameter and trimeter. The folk ballad is usually distinguished from the literary ballad, the former being often of indeterminate origin and usually concerned with physical action of a vigorous and melancholy sort. The latter is written as an imitation of the folk ballad, and is usually more sophisticated, more concerned with the psychological and moral implications of the action.

BLANK VERSE, unrhymed iambic pentameter. A good example in this book is the selection from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, 740.

BURLESQUE, 108.

CACOPHONY, harsh and unpleasing sound.

CAESURA, a pause or break, demanded by the sense, coming within a line of poetry.

CATHARSIS, a term used by Aristotle to describe the proper effect of tragedy—"a purging of pity and fear." 162.

CHARACTERISTICS, 52.

CHARACTERIZATION, 52f., 70-71, 692.
CHARACTERS, 52-69, 152, 216ff. See also *antagonist; attractive; complex,* 52; *confidant; developing; foil; functions of,* 52, 53-55; *hero; heroine; in drama,* 455; *protagonist; raisonneur; related to author,* 97ff.; *to happenings,* 53; *relationship between,* 113f.; *simple,* 52, 150; *stock; type,* 149f., 458; *unattractive; villain,* 54, 140, 458.
CHORUS, (1) in Greek drama, 462; (2) in poetry, a stanzaic refrain repeated after each verse of the lyric.
CLASSICISM, often defined as the golden mean between *romanticism* and *realism.* Based on the tenets of Greek art and literature, it stresses such characteristics as beauty and simplicity of form, restraint of emotion, and clarity of statement.
CLIMAX, the high point of a series of happenings. In some narratives, the action mounts to a climax at the end; in others, the climax occurs at the point of a reversal. At times, critics define "climax" as the point in reading or seeing a work where the reader or spectator experiences the highest emotional reaction. 38.
CLOSED COUPLET, a couplet in which an idea is begun and completed. Ordinarily the punctuation at the end of a closed couplet is a colon, semicolon, or period.
True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
145. See also *heroic couplet.*
COINCIDENCE, an incident in a series of happenings which can only be accounted for as accidental or fortuitous. 149.
COMEDY, 457ff. See also *manners, comedy of.*
COMPLICATION, a situation which forces a character in a narrative to react.
CONCRETE, that which is experienced through or appeals to the senses. 3, 81ff., 94, 218f., 696.
CONFIDANT, a character to whom another character expresses his thoughts and feelings.
CONFLICT, the interplay between opposing forces in a narrative. 38, 113-114, 457f.
CONNOTATION, an experience, feeling, attitude, or association suggested by a word. 82, 84, 696.
CONSISTENCY, 150ff.
CONVENTION, an artistic practice generally accepted as a substitute for a more natural and realistic mode of expression. A good example is the lowering of the curtain during a play to indicate the passing of time. 210, 455.
COUPLET, two successive lines of poetry which rhyme. Usually they are of about the same length. See *closed couplet* and *heroic couplet.*
DACTYL, 694.
DENOTATION, the dictionary or scientific meaning of a word, irrespective of its associations. 82.
DENOUEMENT, literally, the untying; hence, the untangling of the threads of a plot, the solution or outcome of a series of happenings. See *happenings,* 36-51.
DESCRIPTION, discourse designed to re-create human experience in words. Often the term is applied more narrowly to that discourse which attempts to re-create for the imagination the outward aspects of a person, place, or thing. 3, 70.
DEVELOPING CHARACTER, one whose characteristics undergo change in the course of a narrative. 71, 178.
DIALOGUE, the presentation, in direct discourse, of conversation between two or more characters. 53, 84, 100.
DICTION, the language employed in a work. See *language,* 81-95.
DIDACTICISM, obvious preachiness in literary works. 99.
DRAMA, imaginative narrative designed to be performed by actors before an audience. See 454-691. See also *acts in,* 456, *closet,* 454; *experimental,* 647; *foreshadowing; Greek,* 460ff.; *parts in,* 456; *relationship to audience, to theater,* 454, 507f., 577f.; *representation of,* 454; *scenes in,* 456; *tone in,* 456-459; *treatment of,* 454.
DRAMATIC, descriptive of an action—in drama, fiction, or poetry—in a way which

is concrete and direct rather than summarized; also sometimes used to signify the emotional quality of happenings involving conflicts. 94.

DRAMATIC IRONY, a device by which the audience is made aware of the outcome of a situation before the characters in the play realize it.

ELEGY, a poem soberly and philosophically treating of death. Its parts often involve (1) a lamentation, (2) a discussion of the philosophical implications, and (3) an affirmation of belief, resulting in consolation.

EMPHASIS, 81, 149, 218-219.

ENVELOPING ACTION, that part of a narrative at the beginning and perhaps at the end which introduces a narrator and unfolds the circumstances under which the story is told. Examples are the opening paragraphs of *Heart of Darkness* (317ff.), or the *Prologue* to *The Canterbury Tales* (714ff.).

EPIC, a narrative poem dealing with action of heroic proportions. Usually the chief characters are national heroes, either real or mythical. Familiar epics are the Greek *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the Latin *Aeneid*, the German *Nibelungenlied*, the Finnish *Kalevala*, and the Anglo-Saxon *Beowulf*.

EPISODE, a happening in a narrative which is complete in itself and which may or may not be loosely connected with the main line of action. 458.

EUPHONY, a verbal effect which is pleasing to the ear.

EVALUATION, a thoughtful appraisal. In literary criticism the term implies an appraisal reached through the use of standards which are themselves clear and valid. 6, 135-213.

EVALUATION, STANDARDS OF: *clarity*, 138-139; *criticism of life*, 191-194; *effect upon reader*, 161-165; *escape*, 140-141; *internal consistency*, 138, 176-179; *personality of author*, 95f., 166-176; *pleasure in details*, 155-157; *real life*, 147-155; *special doctrine*, 142-146.

EXPOSITION, explanation; in fiction and drama specifically the explanation of the situation and character which is necessary for an understanding of what takes place.

EXPRESSIONISM, a dramatic mode in which the author conveys meanings, not by literal realism, but by fantastic or psychological symbolism; e.g., O'Neill's *The Hairy Ape* and the dream scenes in *Emperor Jones*.

FABLE, a narrative, usually about animals, designed to make clear a moral truth. Sometimes the term applies to the action or plot of a literary work, usually a play, an epic, or a narrative poem.

FARCE, 458f.

FICTION, the interpretation of life in an imaginative narrative. 2-35, 216. See also *adventure*, 140; *detective*, 140, 193; *romantic*, 140.

FIGURES OF SPEECH, rhetorical devices designed to appeal to the reader's senses and intellect in such a way as to heighten his perception of the essential quality of the experience described. Figures which appeal primarily to the senses are simile, metaphor, personification, synecdoche, metonymy, hyperbole, litotes, allegory, fable, apologue, and parable; those which appeal primarily to the intellect are analogy, antithesis, and irony. 82f., 85, 94, 697.

FOCUS, the centering of attention by the author upon a certain element or certain elements of a literary work. A figurative term for emphasis. 221.

FOCUS OF NARRATION, the point of view. 219.

FOIL CHARACTER, a character whose qualities contrast to, and thus illuminate, the nature of another character.

FOOT, METRICAL, 693, 694.

FORESHADOWING, the pointing forward to a happening in an imaginative work; an intimation to the reader of what is to follow. 456.

FORM, in literature a species of production, such as fiction, drama, or poetry; or a subspecies, such as the novel, one-act play, or sonnet. The term is also used to designate the arrangement or structure of

a work as distinct from its content, or to designate everything that appears on the printed page as distinct from what went through the author's mind or goes through the reader's. 96-97, 216.

FREE VERSE, 694.

FREUDIANS, authors and critics who believe that life should be interpreted in literature in terms of the psychology of Sigmund Freud (1856-1939). 148.

FUNCTIONAL, applies to details in characterization, happenings, and other elements in a work which are useful to other elements or to the unity of the work as a whole. Thus some characterizations motivate action, and some actions contribute to total meaning. 70, 152.

HAPPENINGS, 36-51, 53, 81-82, 97f., 692.

HERO, the chief attractive male character in an imaginative work; the male protagonist. 54, 141, 457f.

HEROIC COUPLET, a closed couplet in which the metrical form is iambic pentameter.

A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

HEROINE, the chief attractive feminine character in an imaginative work; the feminine protagonist. 54, 141, 457f.

HYPERBOLE, an extravagant exaggeration as a rule deliberately planned with an eye to its effect.

IAMBUS, 693.

IMAGERY, concrete details which stimulate the senses. Often the term is employed more narrowly to designate figurative details as distinct from literal ones. 697.

IMAGISM, the type of poetry which is intended to do no more than present small, sharp pictures with special attention to mass, line, and color.

IMPRESSIONISM, in literature the mode of writing in which the author describes an object or experience, not in clear terms of its reality as he knows or thinks it is, but in terms of his immediate, sometimes momentary sensory reactions to it.

INCONSISTENCY, 458. See also *consistency.*

INEVITABILITY, in a literary work, the relating of character and action in such a way as to convince the reader that the action is the only possible one under the circumstances presented. 457.

IRONY, discourse in which the author or speaker says the opposite of what he means, yet does it in such a fashion as to imply his real meaning. 112.

ITALIAN SONNET, see *sonnet.*

LANGUAGE, 81-95, 156; dialect, 151; poetic, 692.

LITOTES, a deliberate understatement for the sake of effect. The opposite of hyperbole.

MANNERS, COMEDY OF, a comedy which shows and satirizes the manners and conventions of contemporary upper-class society.

MARXISTS, critics and authors who believe that literature should interpret life in accordance with the social and economic doctrines of Karl Marx (1818-1883). 144.

MEANINGS, 110-135, 192, 217; in poetry, 696; related to character, 55.

MELODRAMA, 458.

METAPHOR, an implied comparison. 113, 697.

METAPHYSICAL POETRY, poetry characterized by subtleties of thought and expression. Most frequently the term is applied to the work of seventeenth-century poets like Donne and Herbert.

METER, 693.

METONYMY, a figure of speech using an associated idea for the one meant, as a cause for an effect, an effect for a cause, the container for the thing contained, an attribute of an object for the object itself.

Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth *and* cumbrous pomp *repose.*

MONOLOGUE, the direct representation of the speech or thought of a single character; e.g., *My Last Duchess,* 60.

MOTIVATION, the depiction of the personalities and of the circumstances acting upon them in an imaginative work which makes certain actions of theirs probable or inevitable. 151, 455.

NATURALISM, an extreme form of realism which emphasizes scientific aspects of heredity and environment, and which is relatively very frank in its presentation of unpleasant details.

OBJECTIVE PRESENTATION, (1) with regard to the author, a presentation which involves a minimum of the overt expression of the author's feelings; (2) with regard to the character, the objective or dramatic point of view. 219, 221, 455.

OBLIGATORY SCENE, the scene in which the main conflict in a literary work reaches a decisive stage. It is called "obligatory" since ordinarily the author is obliged to give dramatic treatment to this important happening.

ODE, a formal, dignified, and elaborate poem written for a special purpose and often for a special occasion. The *regular* or *Pindaric* ode, designed to be chanted by a chorus, has three parts: the strophe, antistrophe, and epode. The *stanzaic* or *Horatian* ode breaks with this formality but is written in regular stanzas. The *irregular* ode follows no set pattern. 462.

OMNISCIENCE, the point of view of an author who sees and records what is going on in the hearts and minds of all the characters. 220.

ONOMATOPOEIA, a device by which sound is suited to the sense. 84.

OTTAVA RIMA, see *stanza.*

PARABLE, a brief fictional work which concretely illustrates an abstract idea or ideas; for example, Christ's parable of the prodigal son.

PARADOX, a statement which is or which seems to be self-contradictory.

PARODY, 108.

PASTICHE, 108.

PENTAMETER, 694.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE, narrative written in the first person. 220ff.

PERSONALITY, (1) of authors, 95ff.; 166-176; (2) of characters, 52-53.

PERSONIFICATION, a figure of speech in which human qualities are attributed to inanimate objects or to abstract qualities. 697.

PETRARCHAN SONNET, 694f. See also *sonnet.*

PLOT, the patterned sequence of happenings which makes up an imaginative narrative. The term is variously defined, sometimes as the structure of action, sometimes as a series of stages in a conflict, etc. 37, 70-71, 454. See also *happenings,* 36-51.

POETRY, 83f., 156f., 176f.; 692-816.

POINT OF VIEW, 219-222.

PRIMITIVISTS, authors and critics who believe that the primitive and universal emotions related to physical pleasure or pain are those most significant both in life and art.

PROSODY, the science or art of metrical structure. More specifically the term is used to designate a particular theory or practice in versification, like Keats' *prosody.*

PROTAGONIST (from a Greek word meaning "first contestant"), the leading figure in a narrative. 54, 457.

PYRRHUS, 694.

RAISONNEUR, a character in a drama or fictional work who voices and supports the attitude of the author concerning the problem involved.

REALISM, variously defined, has been characterized by James Weber Linn and Houghton Taylor, in *A Foreword to Fiction,* as "the tendency to accept in *some way* the limitations which actual circumstances put on human desires and motives, and to portray *some* of the effects of these circumstances." They continue, "One must say *some* because no realist, even the apparently most unselective, can make clear all the kinds of limitation at once. But if the novelist shows even one aspect of the confining power of actuality, if he shows in any way how life actually affects people, what feelings and motives they actually have, he is to that extent a realist." 147.

RESOLUTION OF PLOT, see *denouement.*

REVERSAL, 38, 53.

RHYME, similarity in the terminal sounds of words. By nature, rhyme can be perfect (*cloud, proud*), imperfect (*woman, human*), apparent (*gone, bone*), and identical (*light*, used in two senses). According to the placement of words in poetry, rhyme can be tail or terminal (words at the ends of lines rhyming), internal (word within a line rhyming with end word), and initial (beginning words rhyming). Any of these can, in turn, be masculine (ending on an accented syllable), or feminine (ending on an unaccented syllable). 156, 694.

RHYTHM, the cadence created chiefly by the accent pattern, though other elements like sound values and sentence structure are contributory causes. 83-84; in poetry, 94, 693-694, 698.

RIME ROYAL, see *stanza*.

ROMANTICISM, the opposite of realism in the sense that it is a tendency to avoid accepting the limitations which actual circumstances put on human desires and motives. Contrary to realism, romanticism stresses the exotic rather than the ordinary, the individual rather than society as a whole, the subjective rather than the objective, the idealistic rather than the skeptical, a disregard for laws and conventions rather than a resignation to them in the belief that they are irresistible.

RUN-ON LINE, a line of poetry in which the sense flows without stop to the succeeding line. A run-on line is easily recognized by the absence of any end punctuation.

SATIRE, a witty or humorous criticism, in fiction, drama, or poetry, of some individual, class, institution, or idea.

SCENE, in drama, a division of an act or of a whole play which indicates (1) a stage in the action, (2) a shift in place, or (3) a change in the number of actors on the stage. 456. As background, see *setting*, 70-80.

SCÈNE À FAIRE, see *obligatory scene*.

SELECTION, 36-37, 79, 82, 695f.

SENTENCES, 83-84, 85.

SENTIMENTALISM, excessive emotional response—on the part of a character, the author, or the reader—to life or to an imaginative work or some element in an imaginative work.

SETTING, 70-80, 97, 217, 219, 692.

SHAKESPEARIAN SONNET, see *sonnet*.

SHORT STORY, 216-453.

SIBILANTS, sounds which resemble hissing. In English the sibilants are *s, z, sh, zh, ch,* and *j*. 84.

SIMILE, a stated comparison, usually distinguishable because of the presence of the word *like* or *as*. 82, 697.

SOLILOQUY, a speech revealing the thoughts and feelings of a character in a play, and usually delivered when the character is alone on the stage. 455.

SONNET, a short, formalized, lyrical poem containing fourteen lines and written in iambic pentameter. The *Italian* or *Petrarchan* sonnet contains an octet (eight lines) rhyming *abba abba,* and a sestet (six lines) most frequently rhyming *cde cde* or *cdc dcd*. The *English* or *Shakespearian* sonnet contains three quatrains and a couplet, and rhymes *abab cdcd efef gg*. A variation on this is the *Spenserian* sonnet, which rhymes *abab bcbc cdcd ee*. Much of the skill in writing sonnets is in making thought breaks correspond with rhyme breaks. 694f.

SPENSERIAN SONNET, see *sonnet*.

SPENSERIAN STANZA, a nine-line stanza rhyming *ababbcbcc*. The first eight lines are iambic pentameter; the last is iambic hexameter or an Alexandrine.

SPONDEE, 694.

STANZA, a group of lines composing a division within a poem. Usually these divisions are relatively short and have the same pattern. The most familiar stanzas are the *quatrain* (four lines), *quintain* (five lines), *sextain* (six lines), and *octave* (eight lines). A few special forms are the *heroic stanza* (an iambic pentameter quatrain with alternate lines rhyming), *ballad stanza* (alternating tetrameter and trimeter iambic lines which form a quatrain rhyming *abcb*), *rime royal* (a seven-

line stanza of iambic pentameter rhyming *ababbcc*), and *ottava rima* (an iambic pentameter octave rhyming *abababcc*). 156, 176f.

STOCK CHARACTER, one conventionally associated with certain types of dramas or scenes; e.g., the villain in the old-fashioned melodrama who threatens to foreclose the mortgage on the farm. 150.

STREAM-OF-CONSCIOUSNESS, 221.

STRUCTURE, the selection, arrangement, and handling of details and elements in an imaginative work which give the work the form and unity it has. 156f., 179.

STYLE, variously defined, a term used to signify (1) the language of an author, (2) the distinctive handling of language by an author, (3) the distinctive craftsmanship in general of an imaginative artist 92f., 99.

SUBJECTIVE PRESENTATION, presentation which stresses the author's reaction to his material rather than the material itself.

SUSPENSE, (1) the excited interest of reader or spectator in what will happen next, (2) the quality or form of the work which excites such an interest.

SYMBOL, anything used to represent something else, as a word is used to represent an idea. In literature the term usually refers to a concrete image employed to designate an abstract quality or concept. 112-113.

SYNECDOCHE, a figure of speech in which a part is used for a whole or a whole for a part. *The* world *is too much with us*

TECHNIQUE, the craftsmanship employed by the author to give a literary work form and significance. 169.

TETRAMETER, 694.

THEME, 115f., 219.

THESIS, the theme, proposition, or central idea.

THRENODY, a poem in which the poet somberly writes of death and of its implications.

TONE, 95-109, 112, 217.

TONE-COLOR, the effect achieved by the arrangement of sounds. Chiefly it is dependent upon the natural pitch of vowel sounds and upon the emotional responses which we make to different sounds. Poe's *The Bells* is an exercise in tone-color. For words quoted from it, see 696. See also 84, 156.

TRAGEDY, 457ff.

TRITENESS, the quality of an artistic work which derives from the author's using phrasings or materials which have been used in other works until the reader has become tired of them.

TROCHEE, 693.

UNATTRACTIVE CHARACTER, one toward whom the reader is generally unsympathetic. 54, 100.

UNITIES, DRAMATIC, elements in drama wrongly ascribed to Aristotle and rigidly prescribed by French classicists. These include unity of time (a twenty-four-hour period), of place (one setting), and of action (one main action).

UNITY, the quality achieved by an artistic work when everything in it is so interrelated as to form a complete whole. 37f., 162, 177, 216ff.

VERSE, a line or stanza of poetry. The term also designates poetry in general.

VERSIFICATION, the art or science of metrical composition.

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MORISON, SAMUEL ELIOT, 1887–, American historian; author of *Admiral of the Ocean Sea* (1942); coauthor with H. S. Commager of *The Growth of the American Republic* (1942). I: 135
MORRIS, LLOYD, 1893–, American writer; author of *Postscript to Yesterday* (1947) and *America: The Last Fifty Years* (1947). I: 34
MORRISON, THEODORE, 1901–, American educator; director of freshman English at Harvard University; director of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference. I: 247
Mrs. Medwin, II: 299
MUNRO, H. H., see SAKI
Musée des Beaux Arts, II: 813
My First Encounters with Politics, I: 371
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O Mistress Mine, II: 725
On a Ship at Sea, II: 88

Once I Pass'd Through a Populous City, II: 784
One-party Press, The, I: 326
O'NEILL, EUGENE (Gladstone), 1888–1953, American playwright, a leading figure in contemporary drama ever since his first plays were produced by the experimental Provincetown Theater (1916–1920). II: 647
One's-Self I Sing, II: 784
On Growing Old, II: 804
On His Blindness, II: 739
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On the Late Massacre in Piedmont, II: 738
Open Air Life in the West, I: 13
Open Window, The, II: 158
OSBORN, FAIRFIELD, 1887–, American naturalist; president of the New York Zoological Society since 1940; author of *Our Plundered Planet* (1948). I: 333
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O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast, II: 756
Ozymandias, II: 764
PAINE, THOMAS, 1737–1809, born in England; American political propagandist and controversialist; wrote *Common Sense* (1776) and *The Age of Reason* (1794–1796). I: 78
Paradise Lost, excerpt from, II: 739
PARKER, DOROTHY (née Rothschild), 1893–, American poet and short story writer. II: 102
PARKMAN, FRANCIS, 1823–1893, American historian; author of *The Oregon Trail* (1849). I: 173
PERELMAN, S(idney) J(oseph), 1904–, American humorist, author of *Crazy Like a Fox* (1944) and *Dream Department* (1943). II: 105
PERRY, GEORGE SESSIONS, 1910–, American writer; served as war correspondent for *The New Yorker* and *The Saturday Evening Post;* author of *Hold Autumn in Your Hand* (1941) and *Cities of America* (1945). I: 10
Phoenix Too Frequent, A, II: 659
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PLATO, 427–347 B.C., Greek philosopher; student of Socrates. I: 380
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PLUTARCH, 46?–120?, Greek biographer. II: 21
Plutarch's Lives, excerpt from, II: 21
POE, EDGAR ALLAN, 1809–1849, American critic, poet, and short story writer. II: 72, II: 162, II: 207, II: 775
POPE, ALEXANDER, 1688–1744, English satirist and poet. II: 746
PORTER, KATHERINE ANNE, 1894–, American short story writer, author of *Flowering Judas and Other Stories* (1930, 1935) and *Pale Horse, Pale Rider* (1939). II: 413
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PRIOR, MATTHEW, 1664–1721, English poet and diplomat. II: 745
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Recipe for New England Pie, A, I: 6
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REPPLIER, AGNES, 1855–1950, American writer; particularly prominent as an essayist; author of *Books and Men* (1888) and *Eight Decades* (1937). I: 277
Revolt of Capital, The, I: 91
Rhodora, The, II: 771
ROBINSON, EDWIN ARLINGTON, 1869–1935, American poet, author of *Children of the Night* (1897), *The Man Against the Sky* (1916). II: 801
ROBINSON, FRANCIS P., 1906–, American educator; professor of psychology at Ohio State University; author of *Effective Study* (1941 and 1946). I: 8
ROOSEVELT, FRANKLIN DELANO, 1882–1945, thirty-second president of the United States. I: 95, I: 396
ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGINA, 1830–1894, English poet, author of *Goblin Market and Other Poems* (1862), the sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. II: 792
SAKI (Hector Hough Munro), 1870–1916,

Scottish humorist, author of *The Chronicles of Clovis* (1912). II: 158
SALINGER, J(erome) D(avid), 1919–, American fiction writer, author of *The Catcher in the Rye* (1951). II: 436
SANDBURG, CARL, 1878–, American poet, biographer, and novelist; author of two Lincoln volumes, *The Prairie Years* (1926) and *The War Years* (1939); *Remembrance Rock* (1948). I: 141
Sarah Pierrepont, II: 169
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SEVAREID, (Arnold) ERIC, 1912–, American journalist; author of *Not So Wild a Dream* (1946). I: 301
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM, 1564–1616, English playwright and poet. II: 22, II: 82, II: 88, II: 151, II: 167ff., II: 507, II: 725
SHANE, TED, 1900–, American writer. I: 31
SHAPIRO, HARRY L(ionel), 1902–, American anthropologist; curator of the American Museum of Natural History, New York. I: 113
SHAPIRO, KARL, 1913–, American poet, author of *Person, Place and Thing* (1942) and *An Essay on Rime* (1945). II: 814
SHAW, IRWIN, 1913–, American novelist, short story writer, and playwright, author of *The Young Lions* (1948). II: 12
SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE, 1792–1822, English romantic poet. II: 764
Sin, I: 277
Sir Patrick Spens, II: 722
SMITTER, WESSEL, 1894–1951, American writer of fiction on modern industrial life, author of *F.O.B. Detroit* (1938). II: 153
Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister, II: 777
Song: Ask me no more where Jove bestows, II: 734
Song for Saint Cecilia's Day, A, II: 743
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SOPHOCLES, 496?–406 B.C., Greek tragic playwright. II: 460
SPENDER, STEPHEN, 1909–, English poet and critic now living in America, formerly an editor of the English literary magazine *Horizon.* II: 813
Spirit of the Times, The, I: 356
State, The, selections from, I: 109
STAUFFER, DONALD, 1902–1952, American scholar and teacher. II: 184
STEFFENS, LINCOLN, 1866–1936, American editor, writer, and lecturer; author of *The Shame of the Cities* (1904), *Autobiography* (1931). I: 179
STEINBECK, JOHN, 1902–, American writer of fiction, usually about the poor or oppressed; author of *Cannery Row* (1945), *Tortilla Flat* (1935), and *Of Mice and Men* (1937). I: 7
STEVENSON, ADLAI E(wing), 1900–, American lawyer and politican, presidential candidate in 1952. I: 326
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS (Balfour), 1850–1894, Scottish essayist, poet, and novelist, author of *Kidnapped* (1886). II: 71, II: 248
Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening, II: 156
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Survey Q3R Method of Study, The, I: 8
Survival Is Yet Possible, I: 61
Swan Song, The, II: 63
Sweeney among the Nightingales, II: 808
TEASDALE, SARA, 1884–1933, American poet, author of *Love Songs* (1917) and *Dark of the Moon* (1926). II: 805
Tempest, The, excerpt from, II: 88
TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD, 1809–1892, English Victorian poet, author of *Idylls of the King* (1859–1885), and *In Memoriam* (1850). II: 84, II: 773
There's a Certain Slant of Light, II: 793
They Flee from Me, II: 729
They Talk Past Each Other, I: 214
THIEME, FRED P., 1914–, American physical anthropologist. I: 121
THOMAS, DYLAN, 1914–1953, Welsh poet, author of *The World I Breathe* (1939). II: 815
THOREAU, HENRY DAVID, 1817–1862, American naturalist and writer; author of