

研究へのアプローチ 20世紀篇

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阿部公彦「読んだふりの構造 ジョージ・オーウェル『1984』」(『英語的思考を読む
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T.S. Eliot 'The Metaphysical Poets'

By collecting these poems from the work of a generation more often named than read, and more often read than profitably studied, Professor Grierson has rendered a service of some importance. Certainly the reader will meet with many poems already preserved in other anthologies, at the same time that he discovers poems such as those of Aurelian Townshend or Lord Herbert of Cherbury here included. But the function of such an anthology as this is neither that of Professor Saintsbury's admirable edition of Caroline poets nor that of the *Oxford Book of English Verse*. Mr. Grierson's book is in itself a piece of criticism and a provocation of criticism; and we think that he was right in including so many poems of Donne, elsewhere (though not in many editions) accessible, as documents in the case of "metaphysical poetry." The phrase has long done duty as a term of abuse or as the label of a quaint and pleasant taste. The question is to what extent the so-called metaphysicals formed a school (in our own time we should say a "movement"), and how far this so-called school or movement is a digression from the main current.

Not only is it extremely difficult to define metaphysical poetry, but difficult to decide what poets practise it and in which of their verses. The poetry of Donne (to whom Marvell and Bishop King are sometimes nearer than any of the other authors) is late Elizabethan, its feeling often very close to that of Chapman. The "courtly" poetry is derivative from Jonson, who borrowed liberally from the Latin; it expires in the next century with the sentiment and witticism of Prior. There is finally the devotional verse of Herbert, Vaughan, and Crashaw (echoed long after by Christina Rossetti and Francis Thompson); Crashaw, sometimes more profound and less sectarian than the others, has a quality which returns through the Elizabethan period to the early Italians. It is difficult to find any precise use of metaphor, simile, or other conceit, which is common to all the poets and at the same time important enough as an element of style to isolate these poets as a group. Donne, and often Cowley, employ a device which is sometimes considered characteristically "metaphysical"; the elaboration (contrasted with the condensation) of a figure of speech to the farthest stage to which ingenuity can carry it. Thus Cowley develops the commonplace comparison of the world to a chess-board through long stanzas (*To Destiny*), and Donne, with more grace, in *A Valediction*, the comparison of two lovers to a pair of compasses. But elsewhere we find, instead of the mere explication of the

content of a comparison, a development by rapid association of thought which requires considerable agility on the part of the reader.

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

Here we find at least two connexions which are not implicit in the first figure, but are forced upon it by the poet: from the geographer's globe to the tear, and the tear to the deluge. On the other hand, some of Donne's most successful and characteristic effects are secured by brief words and sudden contrasts:

A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,

where the most powerful effect is produced by the sudden contrast of associations of "bright hair" and of "bone." This telescoping of images and multiplied associations is characteristic of the phrase of some of the dramatists of the period which Donne knew; not to mention Shakespeare, it is frequent in Middleton, Webster, and Tourneur, and is one of the sources of the vitality of their language.

Johnson, who employed the term "metaphysical poets," apparently having Donne, Cleveland, and Cowley chiefly in mind, remarks of them that "the most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together." The force of this impeachment lies in the failure of the conjunction, the fact that often the ideas are yoked but not united; and if we are to judge of styles of poetry by their abuse, enough examples may be found in Cleveland to justify Johnson's condemnation. But a degree of heterogeneity of material compelled into unity by the operation of the poet's mind is omnipresent in poetry. We need not select for illustration such a line as:

Notre âme est un trois-mâts cherchant son Icarie;

we may find it in some of the best lines of Johnson himself (*The Vanity of Human Wishes*):

*His fate was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious band;
He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.*

where the effect is due to a contrast of ideas, different in degree but the same in principle, as that which Johnson mildly reprehended. And in one of the finest poems of the age (a poem which could not have been written in any other age), the *Exequy* of Bishop King, the extended comparison is used with perfect success: the idea and the simile become one, in the passage in which the Bishop illustrates his impatience to see his dead wife, under the figure of a journey:

*Stay for me there; I will not faile
To meet thee in that hollow Vale
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And evry houre a step towards thee.
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my West
Of life, almost by eight houres sail,
Than when sleep breath'd his drowsy gale. . . .
But heark! My Pulse, like a soft Drum
Beats my approach, tells Thee I come;
And slow howere my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by Thee.*

(In the last few lines there is that effect of terror which is several times attained by one of Bishop King's admirers, Edgar Poe.) Again, we may justly take these

quatrains from Lord Herbert's Ode, stanzas which would, we think, be immediately pronounced to be of the metaphysical school:

*So when from hence we shall be gone,
And be no more, nor you, nor I,
As one another's mystery,
Each shall be both, yet both but one.*

*This said, in her uplifted face,
Her eyes, which did that beauty crown,
Were like two starrs, that having faln down,
Look up again to find their place:*

*While such a moveless silent peace
Did seize on their becalmed sense,
One would have thought some influence
Their ravished spirits did possess.*

There is nothing in these lines (with the possible exception of the stars, a simile not at once grasped, but lovely and justified) which fits Johnson's general observations on the metaphysical poets in his essay on Cowley. A good deal resides in the richness of association which is at the same time borrowed from and given to the word "becalmed"; but the meaning is clear, the language simple and elegant. It is to be observed that the language of these poets is as a rule simple and pure; in the verse of George Herbert this simplicity is carried as far as it can go--a simplicity emulated without success by numerous modern poets. The *structure* of the sentences, on the other hand, is sometimes far from simple, but this is not a vice; it is a fidelity to thought and feeling. The effect, at its best, is far less artificial than that of an ode by Gray., And as this fidelity induces variety of thought and feeling, so it induces variety of music. We doubt whether, in the eighteenth century, could be found two poems in nominally the same metre, so dissimilar as Marvell's *Coy Mistress* and Crashaw's *Saint Teresa*; the one producing an effect of great speed by the use of short syllables, and the other an ecclesiastical solemnity by the use of long ones:

*Love, thou art absolute sole lord
Of life and death.*

If so shrewd and sensitive (though so limited) a critic as Johnson failed to define metaphysical poetry by its faults, it is worth while to inquire whether we may not have more success by adopting the opposite method: by assuming that the poets of the seventeenth century (up to the Revolution) were the direct and normal development of the precedent age; and, without prejudicing their case by the adjective "metaphysical," consider whether their virtue was not something permanently valuable, which subsequently disappeared, but ought not to have disappeared. Johnson has hit, perhaps by accident, on one of their peculiarities, when he observes that "their attempts were always analytic"; he would not agree that, after the dissociation, they put the material together again in a new unity.

It is certain that the dramatic verse of the later Elizabethan and early Jacobean poets expresses a degree of development of sensibility which is not found in any of the prose, good as it often is. If we except Marlowe, a man of prodigious intelligence, these dramatists were directly or indirectly (it is at least a tenable theory) affected by Montaigne. Even if we except also Jonson and Chapman, these two were notably erudite, and were notably men who incorporated their erudition into their sensibility: their mode of feeling was directly and freshly altered by their reading and thought. In Chapman especially there is a direct sensuous apprehension of thought, or a recreation of thought into feeling, which is exactly what we find in Donne:

*in this one thing, all the discipline
Of manners and of manhood is contained;
A man to join himself with th' Universe
In his main sway, and make in all things fit
One with that All, and go on, round as it;
Not plucking from the whole his wretched part,
And into straits, or into nought revert,
Wishing the complete Universe might be
Subject to such a rag of it as he;
But to consider great Necessity.*

We compare this with some modern passage:

*No, when the fight begins within himself,
A man's worth something. God stoops o'er his head,*

*Satan looks up between his feet--both tug--
He's left, himself, i' the middle; the soul wakes
And grows. Prolong that battle through his life!*

It is perhaps somewhat less fair, though very tempting (as both poets are concerned with the perpetuation of love by offspring), to compare with the stanzas already quoted from Lord Herbert's Ode the following from Tennyson:

*One walked between his wife and child,
With measured footfall firm and mild,
And now and then he gravely smiled.
The prudent partner of his blood
Leaned on him, faithful, gentle, good,
Wearing the rose of womanhood.
And in their double love secure,
The little maiden walked demure,
Pacing with downward eyelids pure.
These three made unity so sweet,
My frozen heart began to beat,
Remembering its ancient beat.*

The difference is not a simple difference of degree between poets. It is something which had happened to the mind of England between the time of Donne or Lord Herbert of Cherbury and the time of Tennyson and Browning; it is the difference between the intellectual poet and the reflective poet. Tennyson and Browning are poets, and they think; but they do not feel their thought as immediately as the odour of a rose. A thought to Donne was an experience; it modified his sensibility. When a poet's mind is perfectly equipped for its work, it is constantly amalgamating disparate experience; the ordinary man's experience is chaotic, irregular, fragmentary. The latter falls in love, or reads Spinoza, and these two experiences have nothing to do with each other, or with the noise of the typewriter or the smell of cooking; in the mind of the poet these experiences are always forming new wholes.

We may express the difference by the following theory: The poets of the seventeenth century, the successors of the dramatists of the sixteenth, possessed a mechanism of sensibility which could devour any kind of experience. They are

simple, artificial, difficult, or fantastic, as their predecessors were; no less nor more than Dante, Guido Cavalcanti, Guinizelli, or Cino. In the seventeenth century a dissociation of sensibility set in, from which we have never recovered; and this dissociation, as is natural, was aggravated by the influence of the two most powerful poets of the century, Milton and Dryden. Each of these men performed certain poetic functions so magnificently well that the magnitude of the effect concealed the absence of others. The language went on and in some respects improved; the best verse of Collins, Gray, Johnson, and even Goldsmith satisfies some of our fastidious demands better than that of Donne or Marvell or King. But while the language became more refined, the feeling became more crude. The feeling, the sensibility, expressed in the *Country Churchyard* (to say nothing of Tennyson and Browning) is cruder than that in the *Coy Mistress*.

The second effect of the influence of Milton and Dryden followed from the first, and was therefore slow in manifestation. The sentimental age began early in the eighteenth century, and continued. The poets revolted against the ratiocinative, the descriptive; they thought and felt by fits, unbalanced; they reflected. In one or two passages of Shelley's *Triumph of Life*, in the second *Hyperion*, there are traces of a struggle toward unification of sensibility. But Keats and Shelley died, and Tennyson and Browning ruminated.

After this brief exposition of a theory--too brief, perhaps, to carry conviction--we may ask, what would have been the fate of the "metaphysical" had the current of poetry descended in a direct line from them, as it descended in a direct line to them? They would not, certainly, be classified as metaphysical. The possible interests of a poet are unlimited; the more intelligent he is the better; the more intelligent he is the more likely that he will have interests: our only condition is that he turn them into poetry, and not merely meditate on them poetically. A philosophical theory which has entered into poetry is established, for its truth or falsity in one sense ceases to matter, and its truth in another sense is proved. The poets in question have, like other poets, various faults. But they were, at best, engaged in the task of trying to find the verbal equivalent for states of mind and feeling. And this means both that they are more mature, and that they wear better, than later poets of certainly not less literary ability.

It is not a permanent necessity that poets should be interested in philosophy, or in any other subject. We can only say that it appears likely that poets in our

civilization, as it exists at present, must be *difficult*. Our civilization comprehends great variety and complexity, and this variety and complexity, playing upon a refined sensibility, must produce various and complex results. The poet must become more and more comprehensive, more allusive, more indirect, in order to force, to dislocate if necessary, language into his meaning. (A brilliant and extreme statement of this view, with which it is not requisite to associate oneself, is that of M. Jean Epstein, *La Poésie d'aujourd'hui*.) Hence we get something which looks very much like the conceit--we get, in fact, a method curiously similar to that of the "metaphysical poets," similar also in its use of obscure words and of simple phrasing.

*O géraniums diaphanes, guerroyeurs sortilèges,
Sacrilèges monomanes!
Emballages, devergondages, douches! O pressoirs
Des vendanges des grands soirs!
Layettes aux abois,
Thyrses au fond des bois!
Transfusions, représailles!
Relevailles, compresses et l'éternel potion,
Angélus! n'en pouvoir plus
De débâcles nuptiales! de débâcles nuptiales!*

The same poet could write also simply:

*Elle est bien loin, elle pleure,
Le grand vent se lamente aussi . . .*

Jules Laforgue, and Tristan Corbière in many of his poems, are nearer to the "school of Donne" than any modern English poet. But poets more classical than they have the same essential quality of transmuting ideas into sensations, of transforming an observation into a state of mind.

*Pour l'enfant, amoureux de cartes et d'estampes,
L'univers est égal à son vaste appétit.
Ah, que le monde est grand à la clarté des lampes!
Aux yeux du souvenir que le monde est petit! [Baudelaire]*

In French literature the great master of the seventeenth century--Racine--and the great master of the nineteenth--Baudelaire--are in some ways more like each other than they are like any one else. The greatest two masters of diction are also the greatest two psychologists, the most curious explorers of the soul. It is interesting to speculate whether it is not a misfortune that two of the greatest masters of diction in our language, Milton and Dryden, triumph with a dazzling disregard of the soul. If we continued to produce Miltons and Drydens it might not so much matter, but as things are it is a pity that English poetry has remained so incomplete. Those who object to the "artificiality" of Milton or Dryden sometimes tell us to "look into our hearts and write." But that is not looking deep enough; Racine or Donne looked into a good deal more than the heart. One must look into the cerebral cortex, the nervous system, and the digestive tracts.

May we not conclude, then, that Donne, Crashaw, Vaughan, Herbert and Lord Herbert, Marvell, King, Cowley at his best, are in the direct current of English poetry, and that their faults should be reprimanded by this standard rather than coddled by antiquarian affection? They have been enough praised in terms which are implicit limitations because they are "metaphysical" or "witty," "quaint" or "obscure," though at their best they have not these attributes more than other serious poets. On the other hand, we must not reject the criticism of Johnson (a dangerous person to disagree with) without having mastered it, without having assimilated the Johnsonian canons of taste. In reading the celebrated passage in his essay on Cowley we must remember that by wit he clearly means something more serious than we usually mean today; in his criticism of their versification we must remember in what a narrow discipline he was trained, but also how well trained; we must remember that Johnson tortures chiefly the chief offenders, Cowley and Cleveland. It would be a fruitful work, and one requiring a substantial book, to break up the classification of Johnson (for there has been none since) and exhibit these poets in all their difference of kind and of degree, from the massive music of Donne to the faint, pleasing tinkle of Aurelian Townshend--whose *Dialogue between a Pilgrim and Time* is one of the few regrettable omissions from the excellent anthology of Professor Grierson.

IN English writing we seldom speak of tradition, though we occasionally apply its name in deploring its absence. We cannot refer to “the tradition” or to “a tradition”; at most, we employ the adjective in saying that the poetry of So-and-so is “traditional” or even “too traditional.” Seldom, perhaps, does the word appear except in a phrase of censure. If otherwise, it is vaguely approbative, with the implication, as to the work approved, of some pleasing archæological reconstruction. You can hardly make the word agreeable to English ears without this comfortable reference to the reassuring science of archæology.

Certainly the word is not likely to appear in our appreciations of living or dead writers. Every nation, every race, has not only its own creative, but its own critical turn of mind; and is even more oblivious of the shortcomings and limitations of its critical habits than of those of its creative genius. We know, or think we know, from the enormous mass of critical writing that has appeared in the French language the critical method or habit of the French; we only conclude (we are such unconscious people) that the French are “more critical” than we, and sometimes even plume ourselves a little with the fact, as if the French were the less spontaneous. Perhaps they are; but we might remind ourselves that criticism is as inevitable as breathing, and that we should be none the worse for articulating what passes in our minds when we read a book and feel an emotion about it, for criticizing our own minds in their work of criticism. One of the facts that might come to light in this process is our tendency to insist, when we praise a poet, upon those aspects of his work in which he least resembles anyone else. In these aspects or parts of his work we pretend to find what is individual, what is the peculiar essence of the man. We dwell with satisfaction upon the poet’s difference from his predecessors, especially his immediate predecessors; we endeavour to find something that can be isolated in order to be enjoyed. Whereas if we approach a poet without this prejudice we shall often find that not only the best, but the most individual parts of his work may be those in which the dead poets, his ancestors, assert their immortality most vigorously.

And I do not mean the impressionable period of adolescence, but the period of full maturity.

Yet if the only form of tradition, of handing down, consisted in following the ways of the immediate generation before us in a blind or timid adherence to its successes, “tradition” should positively be discouraged. We have seen many such simple currents soon lost in the sand; and novelty is better than repetition. Tradition is a matter of much wider significance. It cannot be inherited, and if you want it you must obtain it by great labour. It involves, in the first place, the historical sense, which we may call nearly indispensable to anyone who would continue to be a poet beyond his twenty-fifth year; and the historical sense involves a perception, not only of the pastness of the past, but of its presence; the historical sense compels a man to write not merely with his own generation in his bones, but with a feeling that the whole of the literature of Europe from Homer and within it the whole of the literature of his own country has a simultaneous existence and composes a simultaneous order. This historical sense, which is a sense of the timeless as well as of the temporal and of the timeless and of the temporal together, is what makes a writer traditional. And it is at the same time what makes a writer most acutely conscious of his place in time, of his contemporaneity.

No poet, no artist of any art, has his complete meaning alone. His significance, his appreciation is the appreciation of his relation to the dead poets and artists. You cannot value him alone; you must set him, for contrast and comparison, among the dead. I mean this as a principle of æsthetic, not merely historical, criticism. The necessity that he shall conform, that he shall cohere, is not one-sided; what happens when a new work of art is created is something that happens simultaneously to all the works of art which preceded it. The existing monuments form an ideal order among themselves, which is modified by the introduction of the new (the really new) work of art among them. The existing order is complete before the new work arrives; for order to persist after the supervention of novelty, the *whole* existing order must be, if ever so slightly, altered; and so the relations, proportions, values of each work of art toward the whole are readjusted; and this is conformity between the old and the new. Whoever has approved this idea of order, of the form of European, of English literature, will not find it preposterous that the past should be altered by the present as much as the present is directed by

the past. And the poet who is aware of this will be aware of great difficulties and responsibilities.

In a peculiar sense he will be aware also that he must inevitably be judged by the standards of the past. I say judged, not amputated, by them; not judged to be as good as, or worse or better than, the dead; and certainly not judged by the canons of dead critics. It is a judgment, a comparison, in which two things are measured by each other. To conform merely would be for the new work not really to conform at all; it would not be new, and would therefore not be a work of art. And we do not quite say that the new is more valuable because it fits in; but its fitting in is a test of its value—a test, it is true, which can only be slowly and cautiously applied, for we are none of us infallible judges of conformity. We say: it appears to conform, and is perhaps individual, or it appears individual, and may conform; but we are hardly likely to find that it is one and not the other.

To proceed to a more intelligible exposition of the relation of the poet to the past: he can neither take the past as a lump, an indiscriminate bolus, nor can he form himself wholly on one or two private admirations, nor can he form himself wholly upon one preferred period. The first course is inadmissible, the second is an important experience of youth, and the third is a pleasant and highly desirable supplement. The poet must be very conscious of the main current, which does not at all flow invariably through the most distinguished reputations. He must be quite aware of the obvious fact that art never improves, but that the material of art is never quite the same. He must be aware that the mind of Europe—the mind of his own country—a mind which he learns in time to be much more important than his own private mind—is a mind which changes, and that this change is a development which abandons nothing *en route*, which does not superannuate either Shakespeare, or Homer, or the rock drawing of the Magdalenian draughtsmen. That this development, refinement perhaps, complication certainly, is not, from the point of view of the artist, any improvement. Perhaps not even an improvement from the point of view of the psychologist or not to the extent which we imagine; perhaps only in the end based upon a complication in economics and machinery. But the difference between the present and the past is that the conscious present is an awareness of the past in a way and to an extent which the past's awareness of itself cannot show.

Some one said: "The dead writers are remote from us because we *know* so much more than they did." Precisely, and they are that which we know. 7

I am alive to a usual objection to what is clearly part of my programme for the *métier* of poetry. The objection is that the doctrine requires a ridiculous amount of erudition (pedantry), a claim which can be rejected by appeal to the lives of poets in any pantheon. It will even be affirmed that much learning deadens or perverts poetic sensibility. While, however, we persist in believing that a poet ought to know as much as will not encroach upon his necessary receptivity and necessary laziness, it is not desirable to confine knowledge to whatever can be put into a useful shape for examinations, drawing-rooms, or the still more pretentious modes of publicity. Some can absorb knowledge, the more tardy must sweat for it. Shakespeare acquired more essential history from Plutarch than most men could from the whole British Museum. What is to be insisted upon is that the poet must develop or procure the consciousness of the past and that he should continue to develop this consciousness throughout his career. 8

What happens is a continual surrender of himself as he is at the moment to something which is more valuable. The progress of an artist is a continual self-sacrifice, a continual extinction of personality. 9

There remains to define this process of depersonalization and its relation to the sense of tradition. It is in this depersonalization that art may be said to approach the condition of science. I shall, therefore, invite you to consider, as a suggestive analogy, the action which takes place when a bit of finely filiated platinum is introduced into a chamber containing oxygen and sulphur dioxide. 10

II

11

Honest criticism and sensitive appreciation is directed not upon the poet but upon the poetry. If we attend to the confused cries of the newspaper critics and the susurrus of popular repetition that follows, we shall hear the names of poets in great numbers; if we seek not Blue-book knowledge but the enjoyment of poetry, and ask for a poem, we shall seldom find it. In the last article I tried to point out the importance of the relation of the poem to other poems by other authors, and suggested the conception of poetry as a living whole of all the poetry that has ever been written. The other aspect of

this Impersonal theory of poetry is the relation of the poem to its author. And I hinted, by an analogy, that the mind of the mature poet differs from that of the immature one not precisely in any valuation of “personality,” not being necessarily more interesting, or having “more to say,” but rather by being a more finely perfected medium in which special, or very varied, feelings are at liberty to enter into new combinations.

The analogy was that of the catalyst. When the two gases previously mentioned are mixed in the presence of a filament of platinum, they form sulphurous acid. This combination takes place only if the platinum is present; nevertheless the newly formed acid contains no trace of platinum, and the platinum itself is apparently unaffected; has remained inert, neutral, and unchanged. The mind of the poet is the shred of platinum. It may partly or exclusively operate upon the experience of the man himself; but, the more perfect the artist, the more completely separate in him will be the man who suffers and the mind which creates; the more perfectly will the mind digest and transmute the passions which are its material.

12

The experience, you will notice, the elements which enter the presence of the transforming catalyst, are of two kinds: emotions and feelings. The effect of a work of art upon the person who enjoys it is an experience different in kind from any experience not of art. It may be formed out of one emotion, or may be a combination of several; and various feelings, inhering for the writer in particular words or phrases or images, may be added to compose the final result. Or great poetry may be made without the direct use of any emotion whatever: composed out of feelings solely. Canto XV of the *Inferno* (Brunetto Latini) is a working up of the emotion evident in the situation; but the effect, though single as that of any work of art, is obtained by considerable complexity of detail. The last quatrain gives an image, a feeling attaching to an image, which “came,” which did not develop simply out of what precedes, but which was probably in suspension in the poet’s mind until the proper combination arrived for it to add itself to. The poet’s mind is in fact a receptacle for seizing and storing up numberless feelings, phrases, images, which remain there until all the particles which can unite to form a new compound are present together.

13

If you compare several representative passages of the greatest poetry you see how great is the variety of types of combination, and also how completely

14

any semi-ethical criterion of “sublimity” misses the mark. For it is not the “greatness,” the intensity, of the emotions, the components, but the intensity of the artistic process, the pressure, so to speak, under which the fusion takes place, that counts. The episode of Paolo and Francesca employs a definite emotion, but the intensity of the poetry is something quite different from whatever intensity in the supposed experience it may give the impression of. It is no more intense, furthermore, than Canto XXVI, the voyage of Ulysses, which has not the direct dependence upon an emotion. Great variety is possible in the process of transmutation of emotion: the murder of Agamemnon, or the agony of Othello, gives an artistic effect apparently closer to a possible original than the scenes from Dante. In the *Agamemnon*, the artistic emotion approximates to the emotion of an actual spectator; in *Othello* to the emotion of the protagonist himself. But the difference between art and the event is always absolute; the combination which is the murder of Agamemnon is probably as complex as that which is the voyage of Ulysses. In either case there has been a fusion of elements. The ode of Keats contains a number of feelings which have nothing particular to do with the nightingale, but which the nightingale, partly, perhaps, because of its attractive name, and partly because of its reputation, served to bring together.

The point of view which I am struggling to attack is perhaps related to the metaphysical theory of the substantial unity of the soul: for my meaning is, that the poet has, not a “personality” to express, but a particular medium, which is only a medium and not a personality, in which impressions and experiences combine in peculiar and unexpected ways. Impressions and experiences which are important for the man may take no place in the poetry, and those which become important in the poetry may play quite a negligible part in the man, the personality. 15

I will quote a passage which is unfamiliar enough to be regarded with fresh attention in the light—or darkness—of these observations: 16

And now methinks I could e’ en chide myself
For doating on her beauty, though her death
Shall be revenged after no common action.
Does the silkworm expend her yellow labours
For thee? For thee does she undo herself?

Are lordships sold to maintain ladyships
For the poor benefit of a bewildering minute?
Why does yon fellow falsify highways,
And put his life between the judge's lips,
To refine such a thing—keeps horse and men
To beat their valours for her?...

In this passage (as is evident if it is taken in its context) there is a combination of positive and negative emotions: an intensely strong attraction toward beauty and an equally intense fascination by the ugliness which is contrasted with it and which destroys it. This balance of contrasted emotion is in the dramatic situation to which the speech is pertinent, but that situation alone is inadequate to it. This is, so to speak, the structural emotion, provided by the drama. But the whole effect, the dominant tone, is due to the fact that a number of floating feelings, having an affinity to this emotion by no means superficially evident, have combined with it to give us a new art emotion.

It is not in his personal emotions, the emotions provoked by particular events in his life, that the poet is in any way remarkable or interesting. His particular emotions may be simple, or crude, or flat. The emotion in his poetry will be a very complex thing, but not with the complexity of the emotions of people who have very complex or unusual emotions in life. One error, in fact, of eccentricity in poetry is to seek for new human emotions to express; and in this search for novelty in the wrong place it discovers the perverse. The business of the poet is not to find new emotions, but to use the ordinary ones and, in working them up into poetry, to express feelings which are not in actual emotions at all. And emotions which he has never experienced will serve his turn as well as those familiar to him. Consequently, we must believe that “emotion recollected in tranquillity” is an inexact formula. For it is neither emotion, nor recollection, nor, without distortion of meaning, tranquillity. It is a concentration, and a new thing resulting from the concentration, of a very great number of experiences which to the practical and active person would not seem to be experiences at all; it is a concentration which does not happen consciously or of deliberation. These experiences are not “recollected,” and they finally unite in an atmosphere which is “tranquil” only in that it is a passive attending upon the event. Of

course this is not quite the whole story. There is a great deal, in the writing of poetry, which must be conscious and deliberate. In fact, the bad poet is usually unconscious where he ought to be conscious, and conscious where he ought to be unconscious. Both errors tend to make him “personal.” Poetry is not a turning loose of emotion, but an escape from emotion; it is not the expression of personality, but an escape from personality. But, of course, only those who have personality and emotions know what it means to want to escape from these things.

III

ὁ δὲ ποῦς ἴσως θεϊώτερόν τι καὶ ἀπαθές ἐστιν

This essay proposes to halt at the frontier of metaphysics or mysticism, and confine itself to such practical conclusions as can be applied by the responsible person interested in poetry. To divert interest from the poet to the poetry is a laudable aim: for it would conduce to a juster estimation of actual poetry, good and bad. There are many people who appreciate the expression of sincere emotion in verse, and there is a smaller number of people who can appreciate technical excellence. But very few know when there is expression of *significant* emotion, emotion which has its life in the poem and not in the history of the poet. The emotion of art is impersonal. And the poet cannot reach this impersonality without surrendering himself wholly to the work to be done. And he is not likely to know what is to be done unless he lives in what is not merely the present, but the present moment of the past, unless he is conscious, not of what is dead, but of what is already living.

T. S. ELIOT,
ANTI-SEMITISM, AND
LITERARY FORM

ANTHONY JULIUS



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It needs literary criticism to do justice to Eliot.

F. R. Leavis, 'Eliot's Classical Standing', *Lectures in America*,
52.

In Cape Town [Eliot] was entertained by Mr Justice Millin and his wife, Sarah Gertrude Millin, the novelist and biographer whose books were published by Eliot's firm ... That night before going to bed Mrs Millin was brushing up her acquaintance with Eliot's verse ... when her eye fell on 'Burbank with a Baedeker: Bleistein with a Cigar', and particularly these lines:

The rats are underneath the piles.

The Jew is underneath the lot.

Mrs Millin was a Jew. She went and rapped on Eliot's door, asked whether he acknowledged these lines (he did) and then asked him to leave her house next morning.

T. S. Matthews, *Great Tom*, 163.

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position), he must accept that a plurality of targets for the poem's animus does not make equivocal its hostility towards the Jews. It would be as absurd to suggest that the Jew is anything other than repellent as to suggest that the house is anything other than a tenement. Gerontion does not occupy a mansion, nor is his Jewish landlord a cultivated and handsome philanthropist. It cannot plausibly be argued that Gerontion's self-scepticism undermines 'his' account of the Jewish landlord. Those lines in the poem depend for their effect on a received notion of Jews. It is an effect that takes for granted a certain version of Jewish history. That notion, and that version, are real in the poem.

CHAPTER 3

*'Sweeney Among the Nightingales', 'Burbank', and
the poetics of anti-Semitism*

PRELIMINARY

Notwithstanding my efforts to avoid reductive analyses, and my resolve to respect the literary nature of the texts examined in the preceding two chapters, there may be resistance to what I have so far argued. This resistance, which can be more than just a defensive reflex or the pain of wounded admiration, must now be considered. It is likely to derive from a tendency to elevate literature to an instance of 'Art', and a parallel tendency to diminish 'anti-Semitism' to mere rant. These tendencies have the effect of severing any relation between the two, because, so it is commonly believed, 'the artist never rants'.¹ This severance is bogus. There is no necessary incompatibility between the language and forms of poetry and the verbal thrusts of anti-Semitism. In this chapter I will try to show up some of literature's pretensions. My object is to prove that the study of the anti-Semitism of 'Sweeney Among the Nightingales' is the proper concern of literary criticism. I expect thereby to discredit literature's claims to immunity from anti-Semitism.

In discussions of the supposed anti-Semitism of certain of his poems, Eliot has been the beneficiary of a complex bundle of ideas about poetic truth. These ideas have placed a 'cordon sanitaire'² around poetry. They derive from the belief that while poetry has a different and less direct relation with the world to prose, it is also superior to prose. This is so because while poetry does not make statements about the world, it discloses essential truths about it (or, in the deconstructionist version, about language³). Poetic discourse is thus both non-propositional and benevolent. It informs without asserting, and what it discloses is enlightening. These ideas underlie the tenets of both Symbolism, which provided the context for the composition of Eliot's poetry, and the New Criticism, which provided

(and to an extent, continues to provide) the context for its reception and study. Indeed, Eliot was an exemplary figure for the New Critics, as de Man observed:

The perfect embodiment of the New Criticism remains, in many respects, the personality and the ideology of T. S. Eliot, a combination of original talent, traditional learning, verbal wit and moral earnestness, an Anglo-American blend of intellectual gentility not so repressed as not to afford tantalizing glimpses of darker psychic and political depths, but without breaking the surface of an ambivalent decorum that has its own complacencies and seductions.⁴

Eliot wrote out of Symbolism for New Criticism, which 'populariz[ed] ... the modernist idea of literature'⁵ and was itself 'anchored in non-purposive Kantian-symbolist aesthetics'.⁶ Purportedly a theory of all poetry, it aided brilliantly the explication of certain kinds of poetry, while ignoring or undervaluing other kinds. The aesthetics of these schools of poetry and criticism did not emerge fresh from a theoretical void. They were related to older views about the constitutive properties of poetry, and of literature in general. They persist as influences on many of those critics of Eliot who would neither regard themselves as New Critics nor regard his poetry as Symbolist.

In the following two chapters I define and then reject two arguments about the relation between anti-Semitism and poetry. Both insist that anti-Semitism negates poetry: where the poetic prevails, the anti-Semitic is deemed absent. The first asserts that since poetry cannot be propositional, it lapses into prose when it descends to anti-Semitism. The second asserts that since poetry discloses truths, it cannot articulate the wicked, false doctrine of anti-Semitism. To the extent, then, that there is anti-Semitism in Eliot's poetry, it damages it. It exists in the form of a number of blemishes, or incidental 'ugly touches'. The ugliness of anti-Semitism disfigures what would otherwise be the poetry's unblemished beauty. The obscurity of Eliot's earlier poetry and the candidly Christian nature of his later poetry together encourage these defences. The poetry up to and including *The Waste Land* resists prose paraphrase, while the poetry thereafter is too pious to be capable of fostering anything other than virtue in its readers. Against the first argument I contend that poetry can be propositional; it can present a 'CASE for the prosecution' (Pound, Canto XLVI). Literary works may specifically

be written to dramatize and empower a set of beliefs.⁷ Poems can affirm; in consequence, they can lie.⁸ Against the second argument I contend that poetry may, but need not, disclose truths. Anti-Semitism, which is mired in ugliness and loathing, does not make poetry impossible. Indeed, not only can it provide the material for a poem, it can be a poet's inspiration. It can be a muse. I contend that, on occasion, it was Eliot's muse. 'We could make it a rule', the Jewish critic A. Tabachnick wrote, 'that if a work is art it is not anti-Semitic, even where the writer is an anti-Semite, and conversely, if a work is anti-Semitic it is not art, even if the author is a great writer'.⁹ If there is such a rule, Eliot provided several exceptions to it.

POETRY AND THE PROPOSITIONAL

I begin with Cleanth Brooks's essay 'Irony as a Principle of Structure'.¹⁰ He argues that metaphor, which dominates modern poetic technique, interferes with the direct statement of propositions by loading them with particulars. These particulars weigh down the general meaning; the abstract is freighted by concrete detail. But what exposes prose to the hazards of partialness and obscurity, defines poetry. Abstraction takes us out of poetry; metaphor keeps us within its borders. Poetry's metaphors are not mere illustrations of abstract statements, they are constitutive of the poem and are related to one another as an organic whole. Their connection is not one of mere contiguity, like the blossoms of a bouquet, but of interrelatedness, like the parts of a plant. They compose, they do not merely decorate. They do not ornament the poem's argument, they are its argument. It follows that particular images must be examined in relation to the sum of the poem's other images. As with the plant's stalk, leaf, or hidden roots, they derive their meaning from the whole poem, which is their context. This entails a re-evaluation of the meaning of ostensibly general statements in poetry. Take the apparently abstract 'Ripeness is all' in *King Lear*, and the apostrophic 'Never, never, never, never, never'. The reflective first, just as much as the protesting second, has to be understood as a dramatic utterance, spoken by a particular character at a particular moment in the play. The former is no more philosophical than the latter. Each is a component part of a complex, dramatic unity. This warping of statement by context is the province of irony, hence the essay's title.

Brooks admits to an overuse of the term 'irony': it is the best available to point to the effects achieved by drama in consequence of its organic nature. As with drama, so with poetry. Metaphor is to poetry what character is to drama: guarantor of the situation-specific nature of the language. Statements made in poems are to be read as if they were speeches in a drama.

There are two objections to this general argument. First, if every poem is to be read dramatically, poems that are dramatic monologues lose their generic distinctness. Secondly, while lyric poetry may be said to invite Brooks's special reading, to read philosophical poetry thus is to read it against its grain. Taken together these objections suggest that Brooks has overshot his target, mistaking one kind of poetry for poetry in general. Brooks neglects the differences between poems in pursuit of a unifying principle. He neglects the similarities in language uses in pursuit of a distinguishing principle. Against Brooks I adopt the following propositions. Poetry and prose cannot always be distinguished by reference to their use of metaphor. One way in which some poems differ from others is the manner in which the abstract is rendered. They can achieve a many-sided articulation of a philosophical problem that discursive prose cannot match. Poems that resist abstraction may yet thereby declare a general position in relation to the abstractions they resist. Poems that do not contain propositions may be otherwise referential. They can be propagandistic, inciting readers to action. They can make things happen.¹¹ They demand to be read in different ways and the demands that they make may be part of their challenge. Finally, one cannot escape the problem of poetry and politics – poetry and anti-Semitism – by arguing a super-strong case for the non-referential nature of poetry. The furthest that one can go is to insist upon the special difficulties of reading poetry in the same way as fly-sheet prose. I rely on Eliot's own critical observations as authority for certain of these propositions. I also rely on his poetry, large parts of which would be diminished to banality if read as 'dramatic' in Brooks's sense. I want to rescue that poetry from banality even at the price of asserting its anti-Semitism.

What is the effect of Brooks's theory on any argument about the anti-Semitism of part of Eliot's work? It makes it more difficult to assert of a poem: 'This is anti-Semitic'. It makes it very difficult to assert of its author: 'He is an anti-Semite'. It effects a severance both between poet and poem and between the voice of the poem and the

voice in the poem. Reading a text dramatically creates a space in which to argue one of two alternative cases: first, that an opinion expressed within it is rejected by the text itself, or second, that the text makes no assertions more general than those that are relevant to the specific situation it addresses. The *first* case acknowledges that the text itself has an opinion, endorsing or rejecting other opinions expressed within it. The *second* denies precisely this: the text is merely the showcase for those opinions. The two cases are often confused. For example, it is often claimed of *The Merchant of Venice* that neither the anti-Semitism of the Venetians in the play, nor the play's own hostility to Shylock, is sufficient to indict the play of anti-Semitism. The play itself does not assert anything about Jews in general, only about the Jews on the stage during its performance; the statements about Jews in general are made by others on the stage who speak under the pressure of their own defined circumstances. While these characters may purport to make hostile claims about Jews as a whole, the play robs these animadversions of their generality, enclosing them in a context and ensuring that they are trapped in the specifics of their utterers' dramatic situation. So on this account the play hovers on the brink of, but does not collapse into, anti-Semitism. That is the *second* case. However, in its refusal to admit the abstractions of its characters (that is, their anti-Semitism), it may be said to repudiate those abstractions. And at this point one reverts to the *first* case, that is, the proposition that the play rejects the opinions that its characters voice, either because of the essential difference between what they say and what it is, or because as an aspect of its mode of existence, it ironises those opinions.

I reject both these accounts, and against them I contend that the shift from hostility to Shylock to hostility to Jews in general is achieved by the play, that such a shift is accordingly possible in any play, and therefore possible in any poem too (like Brooks, I assume the equivalence of play and poem). The refusal to admit of this possibility is one of the difficulties with Brooks's general argument. Wrongly, he refuses to recognise that a poem can endorse a speaker's 'dramatic utterance', thereby assuming the burden of a general position that would otherwise be a feature only of a subordinate part within it. Venetian anti-Semitism, endorsed by the play's own hostility to Shylock (by which I mean his given character and fate), amounts to the anti-Semitism of *The Merchant of Venice*. Shylock is 'a very Jew' (II, ii. 100); he has a 'Jewish heart' (IV, i. 80). The play is

an anti-Semitic work of art.¹² There is no saving gap here, nor is there any equivalent such gap in 'Sweeney Among the Nightingales'.

Brooks would (by application of his general position), and Ricks does, tentatively but expressly, argue otherwise. The New Critics, in their founding distinction between poetic discourse where metaphor is constitutive, and non-poetic discourse in which metaphor is ornament or interference, do not address the problem posed by non-poetic discourses whose propositional impact is dependent upon metaphor. Concede that propaganda may rely upon metaphor to advance its propositions and the argument about the essentially metaphorical nature of poetic language, and hence its non-propositional status, wobbles. Eliot made the same point: 'Metaphor is not something applied externally for the adornment of style, it is the life of... language... we are [completely] dependent upon metaphor for even the abstractest thinking'.¹³ Take, for example, the misrepresentation of a nation's heterogeneous Jewish population as part of an international army of rats. This is both metaphor and misrepresentation, or misrepresentation by metaphor. Recommending the expulsion of these Jews thereby becomes a moderate proposal, given that rats are usually destroyed: 'Cannot we as easily shove the vermin across Turkey?'¹⁴ This is propaganda reliant for its persuasive force upon a poetic effect. Similarly 'Sweeney Among the Nightingales' is a poem reliant for its aesthetic force upon an anti-Semitic effect. I want to test Brooks's case against this poem.

Ricks wears Brooks's clothes in his explication of the poem. Of the sinister effect achieved by the withholding of Rachel's married (or otherwise new) name, he comments:

The effect is dramatic, in both senses of dramatic, and the line... is beaded with the sweat of two equally horrible fears: the fear that the terrors, here in this sleazy dive, may be paranoid, and the fear that they may not be.¹⁵

'Dramatic', that is, in the sense of being arresting, and also in Brooks's sense. Ricks leaves the issue of the author's presence far behind: it is not Eliot's anti-Semitism. His interest is in whether the fear of Jews, not promoted by the poem but merely disclosed confessionally by the poem's narrator, is a response to a real threat. Rachel may be gentle and nondescript, or she might be bestially menacing. Ricks endorses a 'robustly demotic account of the dramatization of the narrator' in the poem, which proposes that '[h]e does not know what the hell is going on'.¹⁶ There is, however,

no reason to suppose the existence of a narrator. This is an unnecessary interpretive step, explaining nothing. It is a feint, the value of which is to enable the pleading of a special case about Eliot's anti-Semitism. The poem perplexes. By attributing that perplexity to a phantom narrator one escapes perplexity oneself. It becomes his perplexity rather than one's own. But the result is that at this moment of attribution, which is also the moment of escape, one has abandoned the poem.

'Sweeney Among the Nightingales' is enclosed by Agamemnon's agony. The epigraph quotes his cry when felled by his wife: 'Alas, I am struck deep by a mortal blow.' The concluding stanza returns to the scene of his murder, but this time the cry is silent, obscured by the sound of birds, his body dirtied by their waste. Within this frame the poem presents a sequence of low actions. Sweeney is slumped on a chair in a dive. Probably drunk, his arms hang by his sides, his legs gape. A caped woman slides off his lap onto the floor, tugging the tablecloth and knocking a cup over. This interior is at odds with the atmosphere outside. It is night. The air is thick with the portentous. Clouds obscure the moon, the stars are veiled, the sea stirs distantly. Sweeney has company. A waiter brings in exotic fruit. Another man, first met sprawling at the window sill, leaves the room and leans back into it through a window. Grinning, mouth framing gold fillings, he is a picture of sinister crassness. He is Jewish, as is the second, predatory woman in the scene. Her name is 'Rachel née Rabinovitch'. All we are told about her is that she 'Tears at the grapes with murderous paws'. That is enough. In this powerfully condensed sentence, which does much more than merely give a name and describe an action, Eliot concentrates three horrors – of Jews, of women, and of animals. A sense of danger is insinuated, associating the scene inside with the nocturnal disturbances outside. The two women and the man are, perhaps, plotting together. It is also possible that the man might be conspiring with just one of them, or even intriguing against both of them. They are all customers. Their host talks with someone else at the door. Nightingales sing near a convent, just as they did when Agamemnon was hacked to death by his wife Clytemnestra. Indifferent to time and culture, they celebrate their song, and defecate, thereby diminishing by their presence, and degrading by their evacuations the dead king's tragedy. 'Birds of the air will tell of murders past? / I am ashamed to hear such fooleries', remarks Machevill in *The Jew of Malta*,¹⁷ a favourite play of Eliot's.

The poem's principal effect, of which the Agamemnon/Sweeney pairing is the chief cause, is of an extraordinary literary dissonance, yoking Greek tragedy with a fractured and experimental poetic melodrama, farcical and vicious in equal measure. The later, tamer Eliot of *The Confidential Clerk* and *The Elder Statesman* trod on safer ground, among more consonant harmonies designed to make classical and modern drama complementary.

It is as if the spaciousness of Aeschylean drama, the terrible significance of Agamemnon's death, has been emptied and replaced with something altogether meaner and more trivial. That space is filled with sordid, indecipherable detail. Tragedy has not put the quotidian in its place; the quotidian has instead intruded to rob tragedy of its pretensions. This is worse than Agamemnon dying as Icarus, in the corner of the picture. The birds do not just sing by him, as they would in Bruegel. They defecate on him. It is a spoiling, anticipatory variation on a theme that Auden later made his own. It is also an inverting of the Oresteian pattern. In Aeschylus's trilogy, the murder of Agamemnon was the second in a series of three deaths. In Eliot's poem, it inaugurates, and ends, an unrelated and less predetermined sequence, one of ambiguous acts, menacing silences, and lewd gestures. Agamemnon was first perpetrator and later victim, clearly one, and then clearly the other, in a mirroring play of guilty deed punished by guilty deed, the avenger assuming the burden of the crime avenged. Sweeney and the others are in the toils of no such logic. They are among neither the violators nor the violated, lacking both the knowledge of the former, and the innocence of the latter. In place of the *Oresteia*'s narrative simplicity, the poem substitutes murky uncertainties. It offers ambiguous but close detail (the fruit, the foliage) in order to avoid offering explanations, showing, so to speak, the trees because it cannot divine the wood, then returning to Agamemnon's story to disclose – by contrast and literally – the wood ('the bloody wood'). It dwells on contiguities because it cannot identify causalities. Why is Sweeney there? Are the two women in league? If so, against whom? What is their occupation? Whose 'gambit' does the man 'decline', and why? (The 'Therefore' of the seventh stanza establishes no obvious connection.) What is the host discussing, and with whom? Aeschylus tells you everything you need to know. Eliot, by contrast withholds the information that would make the poem's narrative intelligible. He shows Sweeney in a room with (amongst others) Jews – predatory women, sinister men.

The presence of these Jews is disquieting, because while their intentions cannot be guessed, their ill-will can be assumed. They are drawn from an anti-Semite's imagination. But he does not give any reason for their presence, nor does he identify the nature of the threat that they pose. It is therefore also a perplexed imagination.

Just as the *Oresteia* assumes Homeric mythology so is anti-Semitism taken for granted by 'Sweeney Among the Nightingales'. Yet while the former truly provides an explanatory context for the plays, the latter only purports to do so for the poem. Both Homeric mythology and anti-Semitism offer explanations intended to make sense of puzzling misfortunes in human life, the one by the intervention of the gods, the other by the intervention of the Jews. But while the former give meaning to the plays, the latter deny it to the poem, which hesitates before the larger claims of anti-Semitism. Jews are not malign Olympians who dispose of humankind by manipulative wizardry. The poem alludes to a world of squabbling gods and goddesses while refusing to endorse a darker world of conspiring Jews. Though offensive in its jibing at Rachel, the poem creates suspicion without delivering certainty. It will not reveal the Jew underneath the lot. It circumscribes anti-Semitism while adopting it. Jews are unpleasant. But though the women may be base and rapacious, and the men coarsely unappealing, they are not soldiers in a disciplined army at war with Christian civilisation. They are not rats. They are not even mysterious – the poem knows Rachel's real name. Fears are greater than realities. Olympian jealousies and rivalries may have dominated Greek life, thereby accounting for its direction, but positing an international Jewish conspiracy does not help to explain modern times. Eliot's anti-Semitism is at its closest, in this poem, to an aspect of Weininger's: '[the Jew] is non-moral, neither very good nor very bad, with nothing in him of either the angel or the devil'.¹⁸

When the anti-Semite feels at ease and unthreatened by Jews, he regards Jewish assimilation with contempt, mocking the efforts of those who try to conceal or abandon their Jewishness. In times of social dislocation and anxiety, the anti-Semite regards the same phenomenon as evidence of malign intentions. Anti-Semitism thereby passes back and forth between disdain and consternation, contempt and fear, snobbery and paranoia. In 'Sweeney Among the Nightingales', the most poised of Eliot's anti-Semitic poems, the account of Rachel and the grinning man are derived from the

disdain, the contempt and the snobbery. Rachel does not fool Eliot; he knows what she is. He can fix her in a formulated phrase.

The anti-Semitism of the poem is akin here to that of de Man's wartime article 'The Jews in Contemporary Literature'.¹⁰ The authors are similarly secure in their superiority to Jews. De Man complains that vulgar anti-Semitism, which regards post-war culture as degenerate because it is Judaised, condemns an entire literature. In such a context, a person who values modern literature could be taken to believe that it is indebted to the Jews, a myth to which Jews themselves have contributed. Though they have been important in the disordered and phoney life of Europe since 1920, literature obeys its own laws. The modern novel, for example, still follows Stendhal's definition of it as a mirror carried down an open road. Gide, Kafka, Hemingway, Lawrence, and others simply hold up this mirror to the interior life of their characters, thus continuing rather than breaking with past traditions. The same is true of recent poetry. Modern literature is not just a product of its times, and therefore the Jews, though now important, cannot take credit for it. Indeed, their insignificance in literature is surprising given that their detached intelligence is especially relevant to novel writing. Jewish writers have always been second rank, which is comforting. If even novelists have been able to protect themselves from Jewish influence, it is a sign that our civilisation is healthy. Segregating the Jews in a colony isolated from Europe – a solution to the Jewish problem – would thus have no damaging cultural consequences. We would lose some mediocrities, and literature would continue to develop according to its own laws.

De Man and the Eliot of 'Sweeney Among the Nightingales' may be taken to agree: repellent and untrustworthy though they may be, Jews do not matter as much as vulgar anti-Semites think. Putting the poem in the context of the article helps make this point. I should add that putting the article in the context of the poem helps make a second point. It demonstrates the folly of those, like Derrida,²⁰ who argue that de Man's opening repudiation of 'vulgar anti-Semitism' makes problematical (even if it doesn't altogether deny) the anti-Semitism of the rest of his article. Scoffing at vulgar anti-Semitism, and scoffing at the vulgarity of anti-Semitism are distinct activities. Anti-Semitism has always had rival versions – de Man picked the one that accented scorn for Jews over the one that accented fear of them. It was an arrogance made easy by the miserable conditions in which

Jews were then being forced to live. It is this, indeed, that makes the article especially squalid. It is triumphalist, celebrating the powerlessness of the Jews, at an historical moment of persecution and humiliation for them. De Man adds his own celebration to the sum of those other Fascist crowings over Jewish defeat.

'Sweeney Among the Nightingales' flirts with but refuses the notion of a Jewish conspiracy, and is thus to be compared to 'The Hollow Men', another poem that scorns conspiracies and the vanity of conspirators, successful or otherwise. Hollow men conspired with Brutus to assassinate Julius Caesar, and with Guy Fawkes to blow up Parliament. It is the vanity of the unregenerate to assume that they have the power to intervene in history and redeem it. It is the folly of one kind of anti-Semite to credit Jews with the power to intervene in history and possess it. Eliot's poetry is contemptuous of the claims of both. By a coincidence, that anti-Semitic fantasy of Jewish conspiracy, *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, was published in England in February 1920, the same month and year as *Ara Vos Prec.*²¹ Eliot's sinister Jews would have been instantly recognisable to readers of *The Times* and those other journals which gave credence to the genuineness of *The Protocols*.²² It is 'Burbank', however, rather than 'Sweeney Among the Nightingales', that comes closest to their outlook. The pretension of Sir Ferdinand Klein matches Bleistein's grossness. He is the corruption at the top, Bleistein is the rottenness below. How does one explain Jewish power? How can one account for Sir Ferdinand's authority over Princess Volupine? 'The Jews vanquish', says Hegel, condensing to an epigram one of anti-Semitism's paradoxes, 'but they have not battled'.²³ It is out of this paradox – Jewish weakness, Jewish power – that conspiracy theories are born. Yet in Eliot's poetry, one might say, they are stillborn.

Attributing the anti-Semitism to a voice in the poem, and thereby neutralising it, ironically becomes the means by which the poem's own critique of a certain form of anti-Semitism is itself blanked out. Analysis of the poem's effects is falsely resolved into amateur psychology, and one considers: does the narrator witness the scene or imagine it? Is this an exterior or an interior landscape? Reality or fantasy? Ricks, reading for clues, discovers the answer in the poem's failure, when using 'née', to give the married name. It is fantasy; the poem is exonerated.²⁴ Yet the poem's title does not suggest the existence of a narrator nor does the poem itself use the first person. 'Sweeney Among the Nightingales' is not a dramatic monologue.

Title, form, and content are against the presence of a narrator. Entities are not to be multiplied beyond necessity: the interpretation of this poem does not require the postulate of a narrator – that redundant, extra entity.²⁵ Furthermore, the poem's Modernist edge disappears with his introduction. The complex spinning out of relations between the *Oresteia* and its own invented narrative vanishes. Instead, it is read as the outpourings of a deranged mind. Confession takes the place of literary experiment, and verisimilitude becomes the measure of its success. The narrator is mad, the poem is his discourse.²⁶ But the poem is not thereby so much explained as explained away. 'Sweeney Among the Nightingales' is less mediated, more demanding, than this, and protecting it from the charge of anti-Semitism thereby converts it from something extraordinary into something much duller. Insofar as this reading works, it does so at the price of making the poem banal.

Yet it is not a banal poem. It is an anti-Semitic, Modernist work of considerable complexity and interest. The anti-Semitism and the Modernism go together. Introducing the notion of a narrator entails the misreading of the poem as a puzzle concealing an answer signalled by clues. With ingenuity the answer will be discovered. This misses the point of the poem, which is precisely that there is no answer. The Jews comprise the clues to the question: what is the danger that the poem is attempting to understand? But the clues do not provide the answer, which the poem leaves suspended. Exegetical ingenuity is not a relevant talent to bring to this poem. It obstructs one's reading, distracting one from the text toward, amongst other things, Jewish conspiracy. (Anti-Semitism is to 'Sweeney Among the Nightingales' what the notes to *The Waste Land* are to the poem itself: bogus answers to the naïve question, 'what is going on?') This is where the anti-Semitism fits in. The poem suggests: though anti-Semites claim that the existence of Jews explains misery, identifying the Jew in the narrative of your suffering may not lead to a discovery of its cause. Sceptical of anti-Semitism's larger claims, the poem adopts a more limited version. It is the anti-Semitism of the club, not the platform. It accents the snobbery, not the fear. It meets Jews with scorn rather than hatred. The Jews do not conspire like Homeric gods against humankind. 'Sweeney Among the Nightingales' is thus the most poised of Eliot's anti-Semitic poems. It places Jews; but it also places anti-Semites. It draws on their overdrawn, poisonous anxieties to effect a connection with the universe of Greek tragedy (where the

poem speaks, as Yeats incompletely appreciated, 'in the great manner'²⁷). An unsettling poem, it invokes anti-Semitic anxieties in order to stoke its atmosphere of threat. Jewish menaces are invariably mysterious: 'many Jews toiled at that *obscure* conspiracy against Christendom, which some of them can never abandon' (Chester-ton²⁸). The poem is not a serious stab at arguing Jewish conspiracy; it does not adopt what has been termed the 'deadliest kind of anti-Semitism'.²⁹ It knows that this is a fiction, but exults in its artistic possibilities.

Indeed, the poem provides opportunities for anti-Semitism that pamphlet prose denies. Compare, for example, Pound and Eliot on 'Rabinovitch'. In wartime broadcasts from Italy, Ezra Pound would name Jews and 'servant[s] of Jewry', who were America's true enemies. On one such occasion he named Frances Perkins, to whose surname he appended, with a pseudo-revelatory flourish, 'née Rabinovitch or something equally Oriental'.³⁰ Frances Perkins was a Roosevelt adviser, a New Deal administrator, and, for a period, Secretary of Labor. She was not Jewish, though she is said to have shared Roosevelt's openness to advice from Jews,³¹ and Perkins was her maiden and not her married name. This phrase represents a small debt owed by Pound to Eliot, who was, in the matter of literary anti-Semitism, the better craftsman. Pound could not match the charged economy of Eliot's anti-Semitism.

'Sweeney Among the Nightingales' is exemplary in this regard. Just like 'Gerontion', it repudiates a Victorian precursor poem by a pointed anti-Semitism. The poem is Arnold's 'Rachel',³² which celebrates the life of the great French actress, a 'Greek-soul'd artist ... Sprung from the blood of Israel's race.' Born in a 'mean inn', her stage was the 'French Theatre'. She experienced, as we do, the contending influences of 'Germany, France, Christ, Moses, Athens, Rome', but her genius and glory were all her own. She was simply and superbly 'Rachel'. In Eliot's counter-poem, Rachel has not escaped the 'mean inn', her place of business. Her degraded gestures are antithetical to her namesake's sublime performances. Inescapably and wholly Semitic, yoked to her family name, she knows nothing of Athens and Rome, or Christ. She is instead a succinct reworking of five distinct anti-Semitic themes.

First, she is a product of those fantasies of feminine evil in *fin de siècle* culture described by Bram Dijkstra in *Idols of Perversity*. Rachel is a predatory Jewish woman (or 'Jewess', which evokes 'tigress'), like

those other murderous Jewish women, Salome, the cause of John the Baptist's death, and Judith, who decapitated Holofernes. These two women figured prominently in the cultural imagination of the late nineteenth century. Salome was celebrated as an 'essentially Semitic type... with the sensuous and soulless beauty of the tigress rather than the woman'.³³ Drumont described the actress Rachel as 'a little Bohemian tigress, a lascivious Jewess'.³⁴ Though farcically diminished, Rachel too is half-beast, possessing paws that tear rather than hands that caress or supplicate. Dijkstra has noted that in the art of that time, the 'bestial Jew' commonly was represented to be woman's closest degenerate companion in an otherwise civilised world. 'Salome and Judith were both Jewish women, as the intellectuals of the turn of the century did not tire of pointing out.' As such, Dijkstra observes, they 'combined the crimes of women with those of a "degenerate race"'.³⁵ Maurras wrote of a Semitic witch who 'did harm by evil magic, withdrew her spells and cast them again... the thick smoke of her lair, the pernicious fever present in the heavy air added to the effect of the incantations which she chanted from the depth of her throat. She agitated men's hearts'.³⁶ Something of this atmosphere is intimated in Eliot's poem.

Secondly, and relatedly, Rachel is a whore; 'nightingale' is slang for 'prostitute'. Associating Jewish women with prostitution is a stock anti-Semitic practice; in late nineteenth-century France, for example, it was a commonplace. For Maupassant, the 'Beautiful Jewess' was an obligatory brothel 'type'. 'It is the Jewesses', asserted Drumont, 'who provide the largest contingent of prostitutes in all the great capitals'.³⁷ Pound connected Jews with prostitution and sexual excess.³⁸ The superior sensuality of Jewish women was a familiar literary theme: 'He thought of what Gallagher had said about rich Jewesses. Those dark Oriental eyes, he thought, how full they are of passion, of voluptuous longing!';³⁹ 'the mere term "Jewess"... brings to my mind some vague, mysterious, exotically poetic image of all I love best in a woman. I find myself dreaming of Rebecca of York';⁴⁰ 'What voluptuous yet touching purity, love, sweetness, goodness, shone in that wondrous face that might have been gazing down from the minarets of Jerusalem'.⁴¹ The Jewish prostitute is a degraded version of that theme – think of Baudelaire's 'affreuse Juive', vile but available to the poet, in contrast to his frigid beloved, 'reine des cruelles'.⁴² Eliot degrades the theme still further by denying Rachel any allure. Hence the poem's seedy location by the

River Plate, attributable to the then topical anti-Semitic charge that Jews ran the White slave trade. South America was one of its centres. The anti-Semites ignored the small Jewish involvement, the unusualness of the phenomenon in Jewish history, the fact that Jewish traffickers dealt mainly in Jewish women, and the widespread and effective opposition to it from within Jewish communities. Anti-Semites regarded the trade as another instance of immutable Jewish vice. Their account owed much to the 'blood libel', that is, the canard that Jews abduct and murder Christian children at Passover; it bore little relation to the reality of commercial vice.⁴³

Thirdly, Rachel is a creature from anti-Semitism's bestiary. For St Jerome Jewish prayers were as 'the grunting of a pig and the braying of an ass'. 'The Jews', preached St John Chrysostom, 'behave no better than pigs or goats in their gross lasciviousness and excessive gluttony'.⁴⁴ In the Middle Ages non-Jews who married or cohabited with Jews were prosecuted for bestiality.⁴⁵ In nineteenth-century France, once again, Jews were identified with vultures, crows, apes, monkeys, hyenas, jackals, foxes, wolves, dogs, goats, pigs, rats, snakes, crocodiles, toads, sharks, worms, locusts, fleas, spiders, slugs, and wasps.⁴⁶ A German anti-Semite of the same period expressed the view that Jews had 'the tenacity of a snake, the cunning of a fox, the look of a falcon, the memory of a dog, the diligence of an ant, and the sociability of a beaver'.⁴⁷ Browning drew from a similar bestiary with ironic effect in 'Holy-Cross Day', where Jews complain about being crammed into church for an Easter sermon: 'Higgledy piggedly, packed we lie, / Rats in a hamper, swine in a sty, / Wasps in a bottle, frogs in a sieve, / Worms in a carcass, fleas in a sleeve'.⁴⁸ Eliot's Jews vindicate the Pythagorean doctrine expounded in *The Merchant of Venice* '[t]hat souls of animals infuse themselves / Into the trunks of men' (iv. i. 132–3). Representing Rachel as an animal is another way in which Eliot relates the anti-Semitism of the poetry of *Ara Vos Prec* to its larger themes. With the rat-like Bleistein, the lupine Rachel belongs in the company of '[a]peneck Sweeney', the 'red-eyed scavengers', the reptilian 'silent vertebrate in brown', and the rankly feline Grishkin. As for 'Gerontion': the Jew squats, the goat coughs, companions in an animal realm. While Shylock at least is 'a creature that did bear the shape of man' (iii. ii. 274), Rachel's paws ensure that no one can doubt her animal nature. Her 'desires', like Shylock's, '[a]re wolvis, bloody, starv'd and ravenous' (iv. i. 137–8). She is not the Swinburnian 'Lady of Pain' whose 'ravenous

teeth... have smitten',⁴⁹ but a low Jewish woman whose paws tear.

Fourthly, Rachel is the Jewish daughter of a Jewish father. Her name is the clichéd sign of that relationship: 'what Moses does not obtain by subservience and flattery... his pretty daughter Rachel, prattling in French, conversant with romances and herself not averse to a little romancing, does.'⁵⁰ In Eliot's fictional social register, Rachel could have been 'née Klein' (or 'née Nathan', as she is named in the poem's French version, the translator correctly perceiving that any recognisably Jewish name would do⁵¹). She is the type of the convert: in the thirteenth-century collection of religious tales, *The Dialogue on Miracles*, the Jewish daughter who converts to Christianity against her father's wishes is named Rachel.⁵² She is also related, as the daughter of Rabinovitch, to all those other, often faithless, literary daughters of Jewish fathers. She is sister to Shakespeare's Jessica and Marlowe's Abigail. She appears in Smollett's *Peregrine Pickle* and in numerous nineteenth-century novels and plays. Among the variations played on the theme, in 'Rebecca and Rowena', Thackeray's comic continuation of *Ivanhoe*, she repudiates her faith and marries the hero, while in an American novel of approximately the same period, her infatuation with a Gentile debtor of her father leads to her death.⁵³ She represents a theme that was all but played out by the time Eliot came to write his 'Sweeney' poem, in part because modern anti-Semitism denied just that possibility of redemption through conversion on which the theme was predicated. Still, it lingered on at the margins of James's *The Tragic Muse*, and in an enfeebled state in Waugh's *Decline and Fall*. It had become a literary cliché, fit only for trivial 'romances' such as Glossop's *The Jewess of Hull*. Lessing provided an early challenge to this theme, by writing a play about the adopted daughter of a Jew who grieves when she learns that he is not her natural father and that she was born a Christian (*Nathan the Wise*); George Eliot challenged it by writing a novel about a son who returns to the faith of his Jewish mother (*Daniel Deronda*). Eliot evoked the theme in a phrase, but he challenged it by making his Jewish daughter odious.⁵⁴

Fifthly, Rachel attempts to deny her Jewishness by repudiating her surname. Eliot restores it, thereby enacting the anti-Semitic practice of revealing the Jewish origins of men and women who, for the worst of attributed reasons, are thought to deny those origins. 'Jews', remarked Santayana, 'are ashamed of their race.'⁵⁵ They often

concealed their names, anti-Semites said, the better to deceive and subvert. It was once the practice to 'unmask' revolutionists: 'The real name of Chernov... is Feldman. The real name of Steklov... is Nahinkes, German Jew... As for Lenin, everyone knows that his name is Zedebblum',⁵⁶ in 1920, a book listed the 'pseudonyms', 'real names', and 'race' of the Bolshevik leaders, most being 'revealed' as Jewish.⁵⁷ These remarks of Céline are merely a fantasy version of an anti-Semitic commonplace: 'The Jews, you know, they're all camouflaged, disguised, chameleon-like, they change names like they cross frontiers... anything at all... that throws people off, that sounds deceptive.'⁵⁸ Part of the poise of 'Sweeney Among the Nightingales' derives from the poem's assurance that it has not been 'thrown off' by the Jewish Rachel. When Jews were not conspiring together, they were attempting integration. This too should not be permitted. Jews should not be allowed 'to pretend to be Christians', as the Prussian Friedrich Wilhelm III put it, rejecting a petition from a Jew for permission to change his name; 'for some time', the king complained, 'the Jews have been adopting names which mean that they can no longer be recognised as Jews'.⁵⁹ Liberated from the gates of their legal ghettos, Jews were to be confined in a ghetto of names. In 1922 Hilaire Belloc suggested that one of the causes of anti-Semitism was the Jewish 'assumption of false names and the pretence of non-Jewish origin in individuals'.⁶⁰ In a letter to Pound, Eliot praised Louis Zukofsky for not concealing his origins: 'his verse is highly intelligent and honourably Jewish';⁶¹ by 'honourably', Eliot means 'openly'. Rooting out the Jew behind the Anglicised name was a party game for the Jew-conscious; thus Eliot wrote to Pound, 'Burnham is a Jew merchant, named Lawson (sc. Levisohn?)'.⁶² Others have played a similar game: 'Viscount Beaconsfield - an Israelite by birth (né Disraeli)'.⁶³ Likewise, Christopher Hitchens can't resist mocking Ralph Lauren's phoney 'Edwardianism of dress' by unmasking his phoney surname: 'Ralph Lauren, née Lipschitz'.⁶⁴ Lauren, a purveyor of Anglophilic snobbery, is put in his place by a superior snobbery.

Eliot's anti-Semitism was thus compact. 'Rachel née Rabinovitch tears at the grapes with murderous paws' is a line derived from a cluster of literary and anti-Semitic clichés: conventions exhausted through overexposure, and abuse staled by repetition. What unpromising material! With great virtuosity, Eliot turns that material into art. He compresses it into a single, powerfully charged sentence,

and thereby restores its resonance and its menace. The conventions acquire new life, the abuse, a sharper edge. Our sense of this poet's vocation has to be enlarged to take in his aesthetic commitment to anti-Semitism.

ANTI-SEMITISM AND THE NON-PROPOSITIONAL

If I have been wrong so far, and poetry does by its supposed 'statement-denying dynamic'⁶⁵ refuse the propositional, does this make the phrase 'anti-Semitic poetry' oxymoronic? Is the tension between the two such that either poetry refines anti-Semitism into something pure, or anti-Semitism degrades poetry to the level at which it is no longer poetry, so that one has only to ask: does anti-Semitism cease to be anti-Semitic, or poetry cease to be poetic, when attempts are made to write anti-Semitic poetry? Until now I have treated anti-Semitism as if it were simply a series of false and wicked propositions about Jews. I have assumed that to be anti-Semitic, poetry must thereby be propositional. I have disputed the contention that poetry thereupon ceases to be truly poetic and becomes something else, posing as poetry. I have argued that, to the extent that anti-Semitism can be characterised as propositional, it is not inaccessible to poetry. I now approach the problem from the opposite end and consider the degree to which poetry can suit an anti-Semitism that precisely is *not* propositional. I develop my case by reference to Symbolist poetry, partly because I take Eliot's poetry to be explicable by reference to Symbolism, and partly because poetry of this kind is the least susceptible to such an argument. Indeed, one might suppose that its esoterics, its intangibilities, and its rarefied and personal visions, would make it invulnerable to the conformist vulgarities of anti-Semitism. As Mallarmé put it: 'Le sens trop précisé / Ta vague littérature'.⁶⁶ To be sure, poetic language in general would seem to sit uneasily with anti-Semitism. Too generative of ambiguity, designed to be read with too heightened a sense of nuance, and of the plurality of meanings, surely (someone might insist) poetry demands to be set apart from the flat statements of the bigot? Isn't the language of anti-Semitism 'heavily dependent on clichés', while the poet's task precisely is to 'renounce the comforts of cliché'?⁶⁷ Doesn't anti-Semitism speak solely in the more limited language of prose, and in particularly debased forms of prose at that?

Is it not articulated either in the clotted, polysyllabic prose of 'scholarship', or in the telegraphic sentences of the political agitator, harsh and direct? To which one answers: yes, it is true that to study anti-Semitism is to immerse oneself in stultifying treatises, and slogans one step away from assaults. But such lumpen texts do not represent the limit of one's research – poems have to be studied too. To think otherwise would be to misunderstand the elastic scope of anti-Semitism. Anti-Semitism is not limited to a series of opinions. It derives from corrupt imaginations that neglect truth; it is a 'passion'.⁶⁸ It lives in fiction; it is, in Maurice Blanchot's phrase, a 'portrait-accusation'.⁶⁹ It comprises a parcel of descriptions of 'Jews' that are adverse, and hostile, but also incoherent and contradictory. The descriptions of 'Jews' in Eliot's Symbolist poetry are pulled out of that parcel.

The following, from an article written in 1898 by J. K. Huysmans, has the force of a disagreeable revelation for Eliot's readers. It discloses his affinity with an aspect of Symbolism that is unpleasant and not wholly contingent. Here are the Jews of a Symbolist:

They were hideous with their skulls covered with astrakhans, their glassy eyes bulging as if on stalks, their mouths like unbandaged wounds, their beards like dirty yellow vegetation, their cheeks puffed-out and crimson, like the raw backsides of monkeys. They stank like animals; all the horror of immiscible tribes was there ... a detailed map of all the vices; they seemed to me to represent, in their features, in the lines of their faces, the folds and crevasses of innumerable bankruptcies, a whole chart of the geography of greed and money-making.⁷⁰

Huysmans's novel *A Rebours* is one of Symbolism's principal texts. Mallarmé dedicated one of his most opaque texts to its protagonist, des Esseintes.⁷¹ Huysmans has a place both in Arthur Symons's *The Symbolist Movement in Literature* (1899), and in Edmund Wilson's *Axel's Castle* (1931). While Symons's book introduced Symbolism to Eliot, Wilson's book introduced Eliot to a reading public perplexed by Modernism and its relation to Symbolism. Huysmans continues to figure both in studies of Symbolism and anti-Semitism.⁷² He gave public support to organised anti-Semitism: 'I am an anti-Semite, because I am convinced that it is the Jews who have turned France into the sad country, agitated by the lowest passions, the sad country without God, which we now see.'⁷³ His Symbolism and his anti-Semitism make common cause in the passage quoted above. In the

dramatising of an extreme emotion, in the exotic, abundant, and vertiginous use of metaphor, in the visionary pose that it strikes, and in its combination of fantasy and revelation, it is a Symbolist prose poem masquerading as a piece of reportage. When Symons said of Huysmans that he has 'a brain all eye, a brain which sees even ideas as if they had a superficies', that he 'cares only to give you the thing seen, exactly as he sees it, with all his love or hate, and with all the exaggeration which that feeling brings into it', and that 'no one has ever invented such barbarous and exact metaphors for the rendering of visual sensations',⁷⁴ he could have had (though he did not have) this passage in mind.

This illustration of the Symbolist possibilities of anti-Semitism, and the anti-Semitic possibilities of Symbolism, helps to make my general argument, which is that while Eliot's poetry is Symbolist, and its anti-Semitism is of this kind, the anti-Semitism also represents a crisis in its Symbolism. Anti-Semitism marks the site of the poet's struggle against the non-propositional nature of his poetry. It represents the point at which he engages with the world, and with a kind of human experience that is social and collective, rather than hieratically personal. The anti-Semitism is therefore both an effect of the poetry's Symbolism and an effect of its struggle against it.

Though in 'From Poe to Valéry', Eliot avoided acknowledging his own debt to the Symbolist tradition at the point where one would most expect it,⁷⁵ his other assessments were not so disengaged. Edmund Gosse's belief that late nineteenth-century French poetry had no influence on 'English metrical writers' showed, Eliot had said, that he was 'completely out of touch with modern poetry'.⁷⁶ Even as late as 1946, when praising 'the tradition which starts with Baudelaire, and culminates in Paul Valéry', he remarked that without it his own poetry 'would hardly be conceivable'.⁷⁷ Certainly Eliot's indebtedness to French Symbolism has been a critical commonplace since *Axel's Castle*. Donald Davie endorsed and built upon this commonplace in 'Pound and Eliot: A Distinction'. From his early Laforguian exercises to the paraphrase in translation of Mallarmé in 'Little Gidding', Eliot remains, for Davie, the one poet writing in English 'centrally in the symboliste tradition'.⁷⁸ Wilson, in typically brisk fashion, lists its characteristics. There is the Symbolist poet's desire to approximate the condition of music. There is a blurring of the distinctions between the real world and the imaginary world, and between the perceptions of the different senses. There is

an attempt to communicate unique personal feelings. The poet chooses arbitrary symbols to stand for special ideas of his own and the symbols are, Wilson says, a 'disguise' for these ideas, not tokens of them.⁷⁹ By contrast with Dante, whose symbolism is 'conventional, logical and definite',⁸⁰ the symbolism of Mallarmé is vague and suggestive, obliquely allusive rather than direct and specific.

Davie, who combines an exposition of Symbolism with a Symbolist account of Eliot's poetry, emphasises the musical, anti-propositional, and reflexive, aspects of the tradition. This is an advance on Wilson's account of Symbolism, which has a *fin de siècle* quality. Davie recognises that these aspects appeal to the Symbolist poet because they allow for a poetry that is not merely non-propositional, but non-referential. He thus scorns the hunt for meaning in 'A Cooking Egg', an especially difficult puzzle poem for Eliot critics.⁸¹ The mind's capacity to make connections that cannot be made in the external world is Symbolism's revelation. It represents a yoking together of disparate, which exceeds metaphor. Symbolism is the poetry that is produced when metaphor is rejected as inadequate. It is poetry beyond metaphor, without anchorage in reality; in I. A. Richards's terms, 'vehicles' cut loose from their 'tenors'.⁸² Kermode, in his exposition of the aesthetics of Symons and Pater, explains it thus: 'the work ... must not *mean* but *be*. The art that most perfectly achieves this state is music; in poetry there are difficulties of the sort that start barren arguments about the status of the poet's thought extracted and discursively considered ... [music is] the one art divinely void of meaning'.⁸³ The Paterian critic would argue that it is as absurd to postulate anti-Semitic Symbolist poetry as to postulate anti-Semitic music. Except that it is easy to imagine such music, which could take themes associated with Judaism in order to mock or silence them. One cannot wholly escape 'meaning', even in music.⁸⁴

The Symbolist assimilation of poetry to music helped one Jewish critic, Harold Rosenberg, to avoid taking personally the insults of 'Gerontion' and 'Sweeney Among the Nightingales':

Why should I resent Eliot's poem for its Jewish landlord repulsive to the aristocrat who lost his property? Alas, says, Eliot, in the modern world there is no entailed real estate, no integrated culture, no 'roots', no high ritual, nothing but capitalism, Jews, and progress, tsk, tsk. I take this music as I do that of a Hungarian string trio in a restaurant with atmosphere (the very restaurant of 'Rachel née Rabinovitch'): So aristocratic, dancers in genuine ermine. What if the waiter is a White Guardist and an ex-pogromchick?

Another chilled vodka, please! It is quite a different thing when Eliot puts down his harmonica, mistakes himself for the dispossessed Prince Romanoff, and proposes communities with no Jews signs on them.⁸⁵

This is to degrade the music of poetry to mere background ambience. The flippancy of tone masks an argument in a state of some desperation. There is no difference between the propositions Rosenberg derives from 'Gerontion' and from *After Strange Gods*. Yet the first is acceptable to him, while the second is not. The distinction between prose and poetry has rarely looked so threadbare.

It is easy to characterise anti-Semitic discourse in Symbolist terms. Anti-Semitism blurs the distinction between the real world and an imaginary one. It too, when covert, may be vague and suggestive. Like Symbolism, anti-Semitism also posits arrangements that do not correspond to any that obtain in the real world. And while none of this should be taken as contending either that anti-Semitism is inadvertently Symbolist, or that Symbolism is potentially anti-Semitic,⁸⁶ there is sufficient congruence between the two to make for the possibility of anti-Semitic, Symbolist poetry. This is a possibility that distinctions between the literary and the non-literary, the fictional and the mythic, cannot frustrate.

Frank Kermode has argued that '[f]ictions can degenerate into myths whenever they are not consciously held to be fictive. In this sense anti-Semitism is a degenerate fiction, a myth; and *Lear* is a fiction.'⁸⁷ This is too categoric. Anti-Semitism does not consist solely of lies. It is also bulky with descriptions, which is why it cannot be defeated by counter-proofs and refutations alone. It is a way of imagining Jews, a pernicious, elaborate fiction, and not just a series of theorems about the Jewish people. Furthermore, Kermode's distinction depends either on imputing a reflexive consciousness to the work, which is fanciful, or on making the sincerity of the author determinative, which is futile. If it depends on the first, it imports the pathetic fallacy into literary criticism: if on the second, it imports a variety of the intentional fallacy especially difficult to defend. Kermode is also too easy on himself. Since there is nothing in *Lear* to relate it to the genocidal anti-Semitism of Buchenwald, the myth/fiction distinction seems manifestly just. But what if, instead of *Lear*, 'Burbank' had been Kermode's example? Is it myth as fiction? What does it mean to ask of that poem: does it consciously hold anti-Semitism to be fictive? It does not ironise, it embraces, anti-Semitism. Kermode's argument does not admit of the possibility of

anti-Semitism being anything other than a degenerate fiction, that is, ontologically non-literary. Yet while 'Burbank' is 'consciously' a poem, that is, one which owns its formal properties, it does not consciously hold its anti-Semitism to be fictive. If anti-Semitism is a degenerate fiction, and 'Burbank', as a poem, is a fiction, how does one understand the anti-Semitism of 'Burbank'? The answer is that one cannot. Either Kermode's distinction has to go, or the poem.

But if Kermode's general argument does not work, and it is true that Symbolism may accommodate anti-Semitism – as Eliot's anti-Semitic Symbolist poetry suggests – it is equally true that there are tendencies in anti-Semitic discourse that pull away from the Symbolist toward the unequivocally assertive, thus moving not so much from the Mallarméan to the Dantean (to adopt Wilson's distinction), as from the Mallarméan to the comic-strip caricatural. Eliot's poetry suggests this, too. It is this tension between accommodation and rejection that I now want to consider.

It can be approached by an examination of the notion of the 'symbolic': 'in 1918 or 1919 such a reference to the Jew as a *symbol* of capitalist-industrialist exploitation was hardly more prejudicial than it would be today to refer to the Scot as cheese-paring'⁸⁸ (my italics). This remark of Spender's is plainly unsatisfactory: identifying the Jew with the evil of the modern world is to focus upon him an animus far greater than anything likely to be directed at supposed skinflints. (The 'Jew joke', remarked Orwell, is 'always somewhat more ill-natured than the "Scotch" joke'.⁸⁹) More importantly, however, Spender also neglects to place this 'symbolic' Jew in the context of the Symbolism of the poem. For him Bleistein is symbolic in the sense that he is a token for something else. To borrow Wilson's characterisation of Dante's symbolism, 'Bleistein' is a conventional, logical and definite symbol. This Jew stands for 'capitalist-industrialist exploitation' and, by implication, nothing else. The relative innocence of the poem's anti-Semitism is held to lie exactly in this supposedly thin and unremarkable rendering of a typical Jew. Spender imagines Bleistein to possess the flat fixity of an anti-Semitic caricature in a broadsheet. In its propagandistic edge of incitement, it is the polar opposite to the diffuse evocations – the semantic 'blur' – finessed by a Symbolist poetry which is, in this sense, like all other kinds of poetry, only more so. Symbolism has therefore been treated as paradigmatically poetic, and invoked by those like Brooks and Sartre who argue a strong case for distinguishing prose from poetry.⁹⁰

I have three comments to make on this.

First, this 'jew' is much more than the cipher of Spender's reading. 'Burbank' adopts the anti-Semite's doctrines of the unity and wickedness of the Jewish people, and the trans-historical struggle between Jews and Gentiles. The title, and the poem's characters, together amount to an acknowledgment of the truth of those doctrines by the related pair Bleistein and Klein, and the opposing pair Burbank and Bleistein. The poem itself rehearses some major themes of anti-Semitism in the space of its eight stanzas. It is densely packed, both complex and succinct. Oblique, ironical, and allusive, the poem is also occasionally direct, and sometimes prosaically flat. A bravura piece, it has to be explicated with patience. It takes time to do justice to the multiple injustices that 'Burbank' does to Jews.

Secondly, achieving these complicated effects is just what Symbolism is good at. In 'Burbank' Eliot achieves in a twenty-four line poem what prosy anti-Semites cannot cram into two-volume treatises. His Symbolism is both a technique of compression and a method of reconciling contradictory meanings. Anti-Semitism's confusions become the suggestiveness of 'Burbank'. Defending the range of allusions in 'Burbank', I. A. Richards wrote: 'These things come in ... for the sake of the emotional aura which they bring and the attitudes they incite. Allusion in Mr Eliot's hands is a technical device for compression. *The Waste Land* is the equivalent in content to an epic. Without this device twelve books would have been needed.'⁹¹ 'Burbank', if not quite an epic, is still a match to any Jew-hating treatise in the pregnant fullness of its anti-Semitism.

Thirdly, the poem's Symbolism actually encompasses both the Dantean and the Mallarméan, and shuttles back and forth between the starkly categoric and the allusively suggestive. There is the anti-Semitism of 'The jew is underneath the lot', which is conventionally symbolic, and the anti-Semitism of 'A saggy bending of the knee', which echoes other such sneers and caricatures ('the Jew with crooked heel, / crooked nose and baggy slacks'⁹²). But there is also the anti-Semitism of 'A lustreless protrusive eye / Stares from the protozoic slime', which evokes reptilian associations without explicitly making them, and the anti-Semitism of 'Who clipped the lion's wings', which insinuates an answer without expressly articulating it.

The title 'Burbank with a Baedeker: Bleistein with a Cigar' is a Baedeker to the poem, presenting a contrast, and by implication

inviting a choice. It also invokes an anti-Semitic cliché. The American carries with him a Baedeker; the Jew has a cigar. Their needs are expressed in these artefacts: for the one, a textbook of permanent treasures; for the other, an instrument of ephemeral pleasure. The cigar offers immediate gratification and is the symbol of both plutocrat and father: both witnesses to and beneficiaries of the labour of others. The contrast has the attenuated force of cliché. It thus immediately suggested itself to the anti-Semitic Rupert Brooke, when describing two kinds of American. There is 'the tall, thin type of American, with pale blue eyes of an idealistic, disappointed expression' and by contrast, there is the 'small, bumptious, eager, brown-faced man, with a cigar raking at an irritating angle from the corner of his mouth'.⁹³ In his survey of London's East End, Walter Besant described a Jewish shop proprietor with 'a large cigar ... between his lips; it is a sign and a symbol'.⁹⁴ 'The smell of the cheap cigar puts the final touch', remarked Wyndham Lewis, to anti-Semitism's picture of the Jew;⁹⁵ even by the end of World War II, it was still supposed that Jews 'wear gold watches, [and] smoke cigars'.⁹⁶

The first three stanzas of the poem are about Burbank, the second three are about Bleistein, the seventh stanza introduces Sir Ferdinand Klein, and the last stanza returns to Burbank. The poem opens with an account, in the idiom of a detective's report, of Burbank and Princess Volupine's rendezvous in a 'small hotel'. It then shifts idiom when observing what happens thereafter to each. The middle stanzas savage Bleistein, concluding with lines that obtrude from the poem like a fist. Sir Ferdinand Klein is 'entertained' by the Princess. Klein and Bleistein are a complementary pair: the one effortlessly philistine, the other bogusly aristocratic, and both Jewish. The poem concludes with Burbank in meditative pose, brooding on Venice and other mysteries. 'Burbank' may be read as a Symbolist rendering of a Jamesian theme. It is constructed out of two kinds of engagement with Venice. There are the meetings of Burbank and Klein with Princess Volupine. There are also the encounters of Burbank and Bleistein with the culture and history of Venice.

The indiscriminating nature of the Princess's attentions allows for two possible inferences. It is prostituted Venice, either extending hospitality to Jew and Gentile alike, or else submitting to a specifically Jewish pimping. The courtesan's degraded impartiality toward her clients is a parodic, anticipatory version of *The Waste Land's*

embracing of 'Gentile or Jew'. It may also be read as postulating one part of the two-part, and typically contradictory anti-Semitic sexual fantasy of Jewish women as prostitutes (Rachel *née* Rabinovitch) and Jewish men either as pimps who exploit non-Jewish women or as 'pleasure-loving ... businessmen [who] pursue Gentile girls'.⁹⁷ Either way, however, Princess Volupine is to be contrasted both with Burbank's republican lack of title, and with Sir Ferdinand Klein's newly acquired handle. The pairings tell their own story of defeat: the republican seduced by the aristocratic; the aristocratic subordinated to the plutocratic. Burbank submits to the Princess just as she herself ministers to Sir Ferdinand. Venice was once both republican and independent, but can only re-establish contact with its past through its tourists, representing aspects of that past. In that sense both Burbank and Klein become part of the texture of the poem's evocation of Venice. They represent ways of imagining both its civic decline and its waning power as a literary subject. Venice has lost a double independence. Assimilated into Italy, the city also has been absorbed into the many literary treatments of it. It has lost its distinctness. Visit Venice and you visit Italy; write about Venice and you write about Browning, or Gautier, or Shakespeare, or James, writing about Venice. 'Burbank' makes both points. The impossibility of getting to the essential Venice – the absence of an 'essential' Venice – is a frustration relieved only by the poem's ready ability to get to the essential Jew. An anti-Mosaic mosaic, 'Burbank' is also a compressed Baedeker to literary Venice.

The poem does not damn Klein and Bleistein in order to praise Burbank. His brooding is as debased as his romance. Each is as trivial as the other, while both are conducted in obscurity. His rendezvous with Princess Volupine takes place in the secrecy of an hotel; his reflections on Venice are hidden in mysteries. This 'meditation' is impossibly complex and obscure. As a subject for reflection, 'Time's ruins' is demanding enough. Taken together with (all) 'seven laws', a satiric purpose becomes evident. The sterility of Burbank's engagements is rendered by a text of exceptional literary pregnancy. For example, the first stanza's 'They were together and she fell' alludes to Tennyson's 'The Sisters',⁹⁸ a violent revenge poem. It is a dramatic monologue, spoken by one sister of another. The poem is about the shame of seduction, and the extremities of disgrace and revenge. It is about madness and loyalty, and it has a single voice of commanding individuality. In each particular, the poem reverses 'Bur-

bank'. The banalities of clichéd thought and clichéd sex, not passion, is its theme. The brief, trite exchange between Burbank and Princess Volupine is matched by the ponderous banality of Burbank's subsequent musings. Burbank is equally incapable of sin and meditation. Just as he does not truly 'fall' following his encounter with the Princess, so his brooding on Venice's decline does not elevate him.

When Bleistein appears, he assumes the representative form of the anti-Semite's Jew. The poem stays outside him. We share what Burbank thinks; he is our fellow. Bleistein is merely part of what we see; he has no 'inner life'.⁹⁹ Inside Venice, the poem surveys the city, describing its residents, sketching its place in literature. It speaks of Venice by gathering texts that take it as their subject. Then: 'Chicago Semite Viennese'. The cities of 'Burbank' have different lives. While Venice is unnamed and thus elusive, 'Chicago' is a bare noun and 'Viennese' a self-explanatory adjective. The second is alien in its lack of feature, the third has the fatigued presence of a cliché. 'Viennese' invokes a conventional, xenophobic sense of the city: promiscuous, decadent, heretical, Jewish. The poem blurs the distinction between what Venice is, and how it has been imagined. The city is evoked by fragments of other evocations of Venice.

Bleistein's perspective on it is subaqueous, where the most primitive forms of life are first quickened: 'A lustreless protrusive eye / Stares from the protozoic slime / At a perspective of Canaletto.' Bleistein 'stares' because he does not understand. Jews lack an aesthetic sense. They can neither create nor appreciate art. They are either bogus artists or traders in the art of others. They are fakers or dealers. This rehearses a familiar anti-Semitic jibe. Maurras, for example, claimed that no Jew could understand Racine's 'Dans l'Orient désert, quel devint mon ennui'.¹⁰⁰ These views have their origins in eighteenth-century aesthetics, as Sander Gilman explains: 'The sense of the beautiful became one of the major touchstones distinguishing between the civilized and the barbaric. And the Jews were among the barbarians.' A Jewish critic of the time complained of the denial to Jews of 'any sense of the beautiful, good, [or] noble'.¹⁰¹ A modified version of this libel allowed Jews an aesthetic sense, and thus a measure of creativity, but deriving only from Jewish tradition.

Consider this remark of Eliot's:

The poetry of Isaac Rosenberg ... does not only owe its distinction to its being Hebraic: but because it is Hebraic it is a contribution to English

literature. For a Jewish poet to be able to write like a Jew, in western Europe and in a western European language, is almost a miracle.¹⁰²

The two versions of the libel I have just described are thus represented by Bleistein and Rosenberg respectively. Eliot's eccentric praise of the Jewish poet is consistent with his larger deprecations. 'That a Jew can do this!' registers the surprise of the anti-Semite. What is it to write like a Jew? Richard Wagner explains: 'The Jew speaks the language of the country in which he has lived from generation to generation, but he always speaks it as a foreigner.'¹⁰³ A Jew cannot compose German music; when he purports to do so, he deceives. The Jewish composer could only compose music as a Jew by drawing on the 'ceremonial music' of the synagogue service, a 'nonsensical gurgling, yodelling and cackling'. These 'rhythms... dominate his musical imagination';¹⁰⁴ they are irresistible. So while the talented Jewish composer is disqualified by his race from composing German music, he is disqualified by his talent from composing Jewish music. Rosenberg was luckier. He was able, by 'almost a miracle', to write in English 'like a Jew'. The difference between Eliot's anti-Semitism and Wagner's is defined, on this point, by the possibility of this 'miracle'.

The poem's sixth stanza presents a landscape drawn by an anti-Semite. 'Piles' can be great fortunes or ancient, lofty buildings. They can be supporting timber posts for bridges, or driven into river beds or marshes. A 'pile', furthermore, can be the reverse side of a coin, or downy, short hair such as a rat has. 'Burbank' draws on all these meanings. 'Piles' evokes the buildings and the timber posts, the fortunes and more particularly the coins, and the rats. These rats are related obscurely to the wealth, both at its source as well as being the cause of its undoing. They are so closely to be identified with what they destroy that, by the synecdoche 'piles', they become it. 'The Jew is underneath the lot' is to be glossed as *first*: Bleistein's subaqueous perspective, 'star[ing] from the protozoic slime', is beneath even that of a rat, Jews being lower than vermin; and *secondly*: the world, which is rotten but perplexing, is to be explained by reference to the Jews, their influence and power. This is a common enough anti-Semitic trope: '[the Jewish people are] indestructible and humiliated, the enemy of mankind and its eternal slave'.¹⁰⁵ The Jews are 'underneath' both in the sense of being the most worthless, and in the sense of being the most significant, as

when one asks, 'what's at the bottom of all this?' (As in: 'The Jews here are at the bottom of most of our troubles and will someday suffer for it';¹⁰⁶ '[Jews] are always to be found at the bottom of every new villainy';¹⁰⁷ '[the] subterranean and invisible influence [of the Jews]'.¹⁰⁸) Jews, asserts Eliot, will make money out of anything, even rats' pelts; in the early twentieth century the American fur industry had a predominantly Jewish character.¹⁰⁹ Jews become, in the poem's extravagant spasm of disgust, furry rats themselves.

Identifying Jews with rats is an anti-Semitic commonplace, and entails a recommendation: expel them, or exterminate them! Thus: 'If you want to avoid the bubonic plague, send the yids to Panama';¹¹⁰ 'this usurious vermin' should be exterminated 'like trichinae and bacilli';¹¹¹ 'For us, the Jews are only a passing pest and a cholera.'¹¹² '[Rothschild] belong[s] to the rodent order; he looks like a rat, a colossal Leviathan of a rat';¹¹³ 'the Jerusalem of filth, stinking of rats, in which Jews, covered in muck, scramble for pieces of gold';¹¹⁴ 'this poisoned rat [Reinach] behind the woodwork';¹¹⁵ '[a fictional Jew:] a dirty, greasy rat [with] a strange power over women';¹¹⁶ '[Jewish refugees to Australia:] weedy East Europeans... slinking, rat-faced men';¹¹⁷ '[Jewish refugees to England:] the unwashed verminous alien';¹¹⁸ '[Jewish immigrants] live like rats in a hole—I cannot find words bad enough for them.'¹¹⁹ Pound fulminated against 'importations ancient and modern from the sewers of Pal'stine'.¹²⁰ 'Freud, Bergson', he wrote, were 'crawlin' in through all the crevices'.¹²¹ American 'sovereignty', he insisted, had been 'handed over to VERMIN';¹²² elsewhere he wrote of 'usury vermin'.¹²³ In a short, typically apodictic piece written in 1939, Pound declared: 'We want an European religion. Christianity is verminous with semitic infections.'¹²⁴ Anti-Semitism's most poisonous invective hisses in 'Burbank'.

However, such is its formal poise that though not a monologue it seems to call for an actor's delivery. With 'this or such was Bleistein's way' one imagines a pose being struck. 'Money in furs' is another histrionic moment: one imagines the sentence lispingly spoken, with satirical relish. It evokes a raconteur's mimicry. The lines 'She entertains Sir Ferdinand / Klein' offers another opportunity for comedy, the enjambment allowing for a comedian's sense of timing, the drop to Klein deferred by a pause that promises something significant but delivers something small (something klein). Add

Burbank's musings and it becomes clear that this is a poem to read aloud, in different voices.

Klein shares his forename with Ferdinand of Aragon, who expelled the Jews from Spain. Giving Klein that name, like linking Bleistein with anti-Semitic Vienna (indeed, 'the most anti-Semitic city in Europe'¹²⁵), is one of the poem's jokes on the Jews. It associates them with their persecutors. He is not the only 'little' Jew in Eliot's poetry. Lady Kleinwurm ('little worm') and 'little Ben Levin the tailor' figure in the pre-Pound version of *The Waste Land*.¹²⁶ Anti-Semites refer to Jews as 'little' when they have the confidence to mock: 'this little Jew [Hore-Belisha] who was inflated to become Minister of War in time of grave national emergency';¹²⁷ 'There were thousands of little chairs and almost as many little Jews; and there was music in an open rotunda, over which the little Jews wagged their big noses';¹²⁸ 'And when the little sheenies die / Their souls will go to hell';¹²⁹ 'undersized Semites';¹³⁰ 'The Jews...fell into both littleness and arrogance: into the littleness of being content with anything, with small gains and private safety; and into arrogance in proclaiming that, in their littleness they possessed the highest good';¹³¹ '[of Disraeli:] a little great man'.¹³² In a characteristic anti-Semitic trope, contempt is allied to fear: 'the small may bring down the great by using suitable weapons'.¹³³ The poem clips Klein's wings by the mocking pause between the grandeur of his title and forename and littleness of his surname.¹³⁴ And then a new sentence, and a question: 'Who clipp'd the lion's wings / And flea'd his rump and pared his claws?' If the poem has an answer to Burbank's question it is Klein. Change the punctuation from a full stop to a comma and the culprit is disclosed: 'Klein, who clipp'd the lion's wings...' Clipping, fleaing and paring: do these emasculate or simply manicure? Has Klein subdued the lion or is he merely its ignoble personal servant? Clipping and paring could render Venice, the winged lion, powerless; fleaing it would perform a necessary but menial service. The first is a threat, while the second is a propitiatory, servile gesture. The poem is divided between the two. Klein is both domesticator and domestic, or in a stronger version both degrader and degraded. In the first role he is savaged, in the second he is derided. 'Burbank', unwilling to choose between the two, adopts both by its own act of emasculation. This points to the incoherence of anti-Semitism: the dual gesture of defeat and scorn. Either Jews are omnipotent or they are contemptible. If the first, their dominance cannot be combated. If the

second, their existence cannot provide an explanation for the injuries for which the anti-Semite would hold them responsible. The anti-Semite always seeks to have it both ways, yoking together in his account of the Jew the most disagreeable though contradictory characteristics. While the poem hovers over this dilemma by its punctuation, it favours scorn over defeat. Hence the full stop. The anti-Semitism of 'Burbank' is defined by that period.

Ricks writes of 'Burbank': 'the effect of the article, "The Jew", is to disparage all Jews... while nevertheless leaving open a bolt-hole for the disingenuous reply that a particular Jew only is meant.'¹³⁵ The criticism of the poem's anti-Semitism becomes a criticism of the poem; 'Burbank' has failed to dramatise the prejudice and therefore has fallen victim to it. Good poems cannot be anti-Semitic. Ricks's critical practice here submits to the slogan: 'Dramatise or condemn!' He dramatises 'Gerontion' and 'Sweeney Among the Nightingales', and condemns 'Burbank'. What Brooks was able to do with 'Ripeness is all',¹³⁶ Ricks is unwilling to do with 'The jew is underneath the lot'. He is right. Indeed, it is this refusal that makes his analysis of the poem superior to the analyses of certain other critics. For example, Ronald Bush proposes, and James Longenbach agrees, that it is not Eliot speaking in the poem but 'an [Henry] Adams-like compatriot'. Bush adds that we do not 'see' Bleistein 'through the lens of an objective narrator but through Burbank's refined yet debilitating sensibility'.¹³⁷ That is, Burbank is an anti-Semite. If this is what he 'sees', he must hate Jews. Bush is too nonchalant about the poem's anti-Semitism to make this point expressly; it is there by implication of his argument only. Longenbach goes slightly further. He argues generally of the poems of *Ara Vos Prec* that their 'layer of self-consciousness does not always save [Eliot] from the implications of the anti-Semitism or anti-feminism of the poems' personae'.¹³⁸ Not always? Against these evasions and half-readings it is my case that Eliot manipulates anti-Semitism in 'Burbank'. But to what purpose?

It could be argued that 'Burbank' economically rehearses, and subverts, the clichés associated with the innocent abroad and the malign philistinism of Jews. Such an argument would go as follows. While the poem's anti-Semitism is harsh, hysterical, and concise, it is also uncertain. 'The jew is underneath the lot' refers neither to Bleistein nor Klein. Dislocated from the poem's narrative, this line perplexes by positing the dominance of Jews while also representing

them in a state of degradation and squalor. Its slogan-like simplicity jars, a dissonance that derives from a sharp division in the poem's tone – a street shout, against the library murmur of Burbank's musings. And the street shout doesn't quite work as a shout. It is alienated in its context and so compressed that it articulates more than a slogan could convey. What would otherwise come close to an incitement, instead becomes part of the puzzle. 'Burbank' puts anti-Semitic discourse on display, and thereby unmasks it. 'Naturally scorning [such a] credulous view of the world', the poem presents anti-Semitism as a 'visible object'.¹³⁹ Looked at in this way, it is susceptible to a deconstructionist analysis: 'To deconstruct a poem is to indicate the precise location of its figuration of doubt, its uncertain notice of that limit where persuasion yields to a dance or interplay of tropes'.¹⁴⁰ What would otherwise have been read as the central proposition of the poem's anti-Semitism instead has been disclosed as 'its figuration of doubt', unmoored from reference and divided within itself. One could say that Eliot has kept the arguments open and the poetic object closed.¹⁴¹ One learns about anti-Semitism when one reads 'Burbank'. The poem purports to assent to it, while in fact undermining it by the play of its language, which cannot be straitjacketed by the rigidities of anti-Semitic discourse. The poem makes its readers work; it does not work on its readers. It is not manipulative; it is resistant to manipulation. To describe it in language borrowed from an account of another poem, also read as univocally political, 'it confounds the clarity' of anti-Semitism.¹⁴² Jerome McGann, advancing a sophisticated version of this argument in relation to a work most resistant to it, Pound's *Cantos*, thus asserts that 'poetry may not be "totalitarian" even when its ideology is'. Certain lines in the *Cantos* 'open to critical thought those ideologies to which the poetry has committed itself'. This is something that 'poetry always does'.¹⁴³

This is an argument one can respect, though I reject it. In 'Sweeney Among the Nightingales', anti-Semitism is indeed interrogated. Some of its claims look weaker after a reading of the poem. In *The Rock*, anti-Semitism of a certain kind is repudiated expressly. But in 'Burbank' it is equally expressly endorsed. This can only be denied if one holds that every ostensibly anti-Semitic poem must, as a principle of its poetic being, undermine anti-Semitism's dogmas. To adopt this position is to ignore the differences between poems. Some will query anti-Semitism, others may endorse it. They cannot avoid

its contradictions, so even those poems that promote anti-Semitism to that extent 'expose' them. Yet the contradictions that they expose are evident in every anti-Semitic pamphlet pushed through a door, and in every anti-Semitic speech delivered at a rally. When one witnesses the collapse of a process of reasoning in an anti-Semitic poem, it is not the operation of literary language at work but the pressures of anti-Semitism's own irrationality. Identifying 'illogic' in an anti-Semitic passage is not in itself evidence that its author is 'ill at ease with his prejudice'.¹⁴⁴ On balance, therefore, the above interpretation is too generous, conforming with the worst aspect of deconstruction, 'its dreary and repetitious discovery of tiresomely familiar "inherent strains and contradictions"'.¹⁴⁵ While the anti-Semitism of 'Burbank' is elusive, it is also capturable. Though the poem subjects anti-Semitism to intense pressure, it holds up. This exemplary modern poem, thus 'full of gaps and full of lights, filled with absences and overnourishing signs, without foresight or stability of intention, and ... so opposed to the social function of language',¹⁴⁶ yet finds a place for anti-Semitism. Indeed, anti-Semitism is embraced as an opportunity for a modern poem; it also represents a moment of recoil from that indeterminacy of meaning which is modern poetry's regime. 'The task', wrote Eliot of Kipling's poetry, 'is the opposite of that with which we are ordinarily faced when attempting to defend contemporary verse. We expect to have to defend a poet against the charge of obscurity: we have to defend Kipling against the charge of excessive lucidity'.¹⁴⁷ The anti-Semitism of 'Burbank' is precisely of this excessively lucid kind; it is both the occasion for the poem, and an anomalous element within it. It is a challenge both to our understanding of the nature of modern poetry and of the aesthetics in which that poetry has been cultivated.

Let me return to the impact of a first reading of 'Burbank'. The anti-Semitism is unmistakable. It reaches out like a clear signal to the reader, bemused by everything else in the poem. There is the music hall, open-palmed gesture of Bleistein, his fat cigar and subhuman, dead eyes; there is the manipulative, corrosive sophistication of Klein; there is the destructive philistinism of them both, and their parasitic homelessness; and there are the rats that spread plague, noiselessly and invisibly destroying what they infest. The poem demands a careful reading, one that takes us some distance from our first impressions. But to forget those impressions is an error. 'Burbank' does not ironise anti-Semitism – it is not a love mas-

querading as a hate. When the world becomes too variously complex to grasp, simplifications seem to become necessary. Anti-Semitism is the great simplifier. It offers coherence and comfort. In the words of Eliot's mentor, Charles Maurras: 'Everything seems impossible, or frightfully difficult, without the providential arrival of anti-Semitism, through which all things fall into place and are simplified.'¹⁴⁸

Eliot's own account of the place of 'subject-matter' in a Symbolist poem is germane. He proposes that 'it is important as *means*: the *end* is the poem. The subject exists for the poem, not the poem for the subject.'¹⁴⁹ If this was right, one might say of 'Burbank' that anti-Semitism is its means. It enables a Symbolist poem to be written, with nothing in view but itself.¹⁵⁰ But Eliot is wrong, and so it would be wrong to leave the problem at this point. He postulates a mistakenly complete distinction between 'poem' and 'subject', and a false antithesis between Symbolist and non-Symbolist poetry. Insofar as the two entities can be abstracted, it is perhaps better to argue that the relation between 'subject' and 'poem' is dialectical, that is to say, reciprocally shaping. Specifically, anti-Semitism is not just one topic amongst others that the Symbolist freely may choose without that choice having implications for his poetry. When a poet chooses this 'subject matter', he discloses his relation to Symbolism. The 'means' corrupt the 'end', thereby ensuring that the complicated, corrupting anti-Semitism of some of Eliot's earlier poetry produces a complicated, corrupt Symbolism. An account of the Symbolism of Eliot's poetry that is not also an account of its occasional anti-Semitism is thus incomplete. The anti-Semitism is evidence of a Symbolism in crisis. Its appearance represents the moment at which the impressions of a sensitive, self-dramatising poet have become the prejudices of a vicious group. The intuitive has become the programmatic, and the vague and suggestive, a fantasy of half-glimpsed conspiracies. Symbolist obliquity promotes anti-Semitic obloquy.

This is similar to Gabriel Pearson's argument in 'Eliot: An American Use of Symbolism'.¹⁵¹ He maintains that for Eliot, Symbolism was both his patrimony and his predicament, and that this predicament in turn became a central issue of his poetry. Eliot's poetry does not celebrate but struggles against the 'self-substantive verbal universe' that it creates. It is marked by 'the intolerable wrestle / With words and meanings', a contest that can lead to the extreme conclusion that 'The poetry does not matter'.¹⁵² For Symbolism, the referential aspect of language is something to

overcome, an obstacle to the realisation of the ideal poem.¹⁵³ Hence the privileging of music as the model art form. For Eliot, by contrast, this dimension of language in poetry is both inevitable and necessary. He rejects the goal of 'pure poetry', because 'poetry is only poetry so long as it preserves some "impurity" in this sense: that is to say, so long as the subject matter is valued for its own sake'.¹⁵⁴ Pearson asks: what poetry can a Symbolist write if he acknowledges that words 'are [also] ... social deposits and repositories of social acts'?¹⁵⁵

To which one answers: anti-Semitic poetry, and Christian poetry. Each reaches out to relate words to forms of existence outside language. In its barbarisms, anti-Semitism degrades 'the word'; Christianity is the triumph of 'the word' become Word. The language of anti-Semitism is abandoned for soundless violence. The language of Christianity is transcended by voiceless prayer. Anti-Semitism is realised in the infliction of humiliations, Christianity in the rituals of worship. Acts of persecution, acts of reverence – anti-Semitism and Christianity are each integrally gestural as well as linguistic. Pearson correctly identifies the Christian resolution to Eliot's dilemma: 'Eliot took the logic of Symbolism to an extreme and then attempted to return it to experience by connecting the word with the Word'.¹⁵⁶ But there is also the anti-Semitic resolution. Pearson's case for the affinity of Symbolism with anti-Semitism is an external affair, to be described in political terms as a 'resistance against the debasements of bourgeois democratic mass society'. This gives Symbolism an ideological dimension, allowing him to identify the anti-Semitism in Eliot's work as central to it because it is central in 'Gerontion', which is itself 'central to Eliot's poetic practice'.¹⁵⁷ This is worth saying, though too contingent to Eliot's poetics to be helpful in the present context. I propose instead the following as Eliot's anti-Semitic resolution.

It is to return Symbolism to experience by connecting 'the word' with 'the jew'. In opposition to the upper-case 'Word', there is the lower-case 'jew'. The word reaches upwards to one and downwards to the other. 'The jew' is the lowest, to be found in places beneath the reach even of wharf rats, in the protozoic slime. Christianity and anti-Semitism themselves represent two possible extremes of experience. The Christian wishes to become that which he worships; the anti-Semite wishes to crush that which he fears and despises. The ambition of the first is effacement of the (sinning) Self; the ambition of the second is erasure of the (Jewish) Other. Christianity and 'the

'jew' are thus in polar contrast in Eliot's poetry. Eliot insisted, it will be recalled, on the impossibility of a Christian anti-Semitism.¹⁵⁸ This self-serving and erroneous claim becomes intelligible in the context of what I have just been describing. Such a combination would make his poetics incoherent, pulling his poetry in opposite directions. What can a poetry of the 'Word' have to do with the 'jew'?

CHAPTER 4

*'Dirge', 'A Cooking Egg', The Waste Land,
and the aesthetics of ugliness*

THE UGLY AS A PROBLEM AND AS A PROJECT

'Beauty is difficult' (Canto LXXIV), remarked Pound in a work which explores the limits of the beautiful in order to transgress them. 'The poets loved by Ezra Pound are tired of Beauty', wrote John Butler Yeats to his son, 'since they have met it so often ... I am tired of Beauty my wife, says the poet, but here is that enchanting mistress Ugliness.'¹ In 'The Serious Artist', Pound praised the 'cult of ugliness' as 'diagnosis'.² Wyndham Lewis derided, while also reflecting in his own work, the fashionable modernity of the ugly: 'It did not take [Picasso] long to see that "beauty" was the last thing his contemporaries demanded of the artist. And since then he has never looked back – a long succession of novel brands of idiocy, acromegalic sluggishness, hysteria and abortion have continually poured from his brush.'³ C. K. Stead has observed: 'With the establishment of Eliot as a major critic and poet, "Truth" was out as a simple test of poetic merit; so was "Beauty".'⁴ So much for Modernism; now for the Jews. At the end of Richard Sheridan's *The Duenna*, the duped Jew is abused: 'Dare such a thing as you pretend to talk of beauty? A walking rouleau! – a body that seems to owe all its consequences to the dropsy! – a pair of eyes like two dead beetles in a wad of brown dough? – a beard like an artichoke, with dry shrivelled jaws that would disgrace the mummy of a monkey!'⁵ According to Sander Gilman, it was a 'commonplace in the anthropological literature' of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, that Jews 'could never be truly beautiful'.⁶ 'Anti-Semitism', Phillipe Lacoue-Labarthe suggests, 'is primarily, fundamentally, an aestheticism. (In his essence, the "Jew" is a caricature: ugliness itself.)'⁷ According to Hegel, 'With the Jews, the state of independence was to be a state of total passivity, of total ugliness.'⁸ Indeed, one commentator has

- 152 Bush 1985, 33.
 153 Ricks 1988, 29.
 154 Danto 1986, 117-33. Danto makes certain remarks about obscenity in art which bear, by analogy, on my discussion of anti-Semitism: 'one could not mention an obscenity without through that act *using* the obscenity: obscenity was a kind of solvent that ate through the device even of quotation or display, so that the effort at mere imitation of the obscene utterance was doomed: there was no allowed distance of the sort that had long since insinuated itself in dramatic representation, separating the words the actor spoke from those the character spoke, even when phonically identical' (ibid., 122). Anti-Semitism is a similarly strong 'solvent'.
 155 Ricks 1988, 30.

3. 'SWEENEY AMONG THE NIGHTINGALES', 'BURBANK', AND THE
 POETICS OF ANTI-SEMITISM

- 1 Collingwood 1965, 122.
 2 Norris 1991, 208.
 3 Rorty 1991, 129-32.
 4 De Man 1986b, 6.
 5 Graff 1979, 5.
 6 Russo 1989, 541.
 7 Abrams 1991, 104.
 8 Cf.: Sidney 1971, 31.
 9 Tabachnick 1969, 754.
 10 Brooks 1962, 729-41. The privileging of irony by the New Critics became a reflex, and was thus liable to be overstated: 'Irony may be regarded', remarked John Crowe Ransom, 'as the ultimate mode of the great minds' (quoted in Gelpi 1990, 9). Irony continues to enjoy a good press: see Rorty 1989, ch. 4.
 11 Objecting to Auden's 'apophthegm' (from 'In Memory of W. B. Yeats'), Richard Ellmann observes that 'events cannot be separated from the emotions to which they give birth, nor roused human feelings from subsequent events' (Ellmann 1989, 85). It is for this reason that Keats's account of 'the poetical Character' is unsatisfactory: 'It has as much delight in conceiving an Iago as an Imogen. What shocks the virtuous philosopher, delights theameleon Poet. It does no harm from its relish of the dark side of things any more than from its taste for the bright one; because they both end in speculation' (Keats 1987, 157).
 12 Cohen 1991, 306.
 13 Eliot 1918, 114.
 14 Quoted in Mendes-Flohr and Reinartz 1980, 261. The falsely metaphoric becomes falsely literal in Nazi anti-Semitism: 'The discovery of the Jewish virus is one of the greatest revolutions which has been undertaken

- in the world. The struggle we are waging is of the same kind as in the past century, that of Pasteur and Koch. How many diseases can be traced back to the Jewish virus? We shall regain our health only when we exterminate the Jews' (quoted in Lang 1990, 16).
 15 Ricks 1988, 31.
 16 Quoted ibid., 32.
 17 Prologue: Marlowe 1979, 9.
 18 Weininger 1906, 309.
 19 De Man 1988, 45.
 20 Derrida 1989, 205-10. Derrida considers the article to be 'nonconformist'. He is wrong. The disdain for 'vulgar anti-Semitism' probably stemmed from an instinct of self-defence. De Man had praised modern literature in earlier columns. Only vulgar anti-Semites, he contended, could take that to mean that he was endorsing the Jewish contribution to that literature. Flesch, making a related point, interprets the article as striking a bargain with the Nazis: 'the Nazis can have the Jews if they leave literature, especially French literature, alone' (Flesch 1989, 179).
 21 Cohn 1967; Holmes 1979, ch. 9.
 22 Though *The Times* later changed its mind: Cohn 1979, 155. During his detention at St Elizabeth's, Pound urged visitors to read the 'Protocols' (Tytell 1987, 304). In a wartime radio broadcast, he alleged that the 'Protocols' deliberately had been 'garbled' so that it could later be claimed that they were 'a forgery, and the kike is slandered'. In a later broadcast he put the point more succinctly: 'Certainly they are a forgery, and that is the one proof we have of their authenticity' (Pound 1978a, 198, 283).
 23 Hegel 1971, 190.
 24 Ricks suggests implausibly that withholding the new surname is more sinister than Rachel herself: 'But in Eliot's line the surname which is now Rachel's is remarkably - just because unremarked - withheld in a way that is sinisterly inconceivable in any world of social remark; what is sinister is such a dark way of speaking, much more than any darkness possessed by Rachel' (Ricks 1988, 31). This is fanciful. Rachel's 'tear[ing] at grapes with murderous paws' cannot be regarded as less sinister than the failure to follow convention when naming her.
 25 I apply Occam's Razor to Ricks's reading of the poem: 'if everything in some science can be interpreted without assuming this or that hypothetical entity, there is no ground for assuming it' (Russell 1961, 462-3). Russell says that he has found it most useful in logical analysis. It also has its uses in literary criticism.
 26 This is a critical reflex: 'the strange or deviant is brought within a discursive order and thus made to seem natural... If all else failed, we could read a sequence of words with no apparent order as signifying absurdity or chaos and then, by giving it an allegorical relation to the world, take it as a statement about the incoherence and absurdity of our own language... Much of Robbe-Grillet can be recuperated if we

- read it as the musings or speech of a 'pathological narrator' (Culler 1975, 136-7). This is a misreading of Robbe-Grillet (Heath 1972, 67-8, 119-20), just as it misreads 'Sweeney Among the Nightingales'.
- 27 Yeats 1936, xxii.
 - 28 Chesterton 1940, 95 (my italics).
 - 29 Holmes 1979, 63.
 - 30 Pound 1978a, 257.
 - 31 Dinnerstein 1987, 62. In 1933 she tried, but failed, to relax the immigration rules that kept out German Jewish refugees (Kraut and Breitman 1987, 177). When challenged with her alleged Jewishness, she responded, 'If I were a Jew, I would make no secret of it. On the contrary, I would acknowledge it' (quoted in Dinnerstein 1991, 221). Anti-Semites were convinced that Jews powerfully influenced the Roosevelt administration (Shapiro 1987, 134).
 - 32 Arnold 1969, 167-8. It is evidence of Gwendolyn's unthinking anti-Semitism early on in *Daniel Deronda* that she can dismiss Rachel as 'that thin Jewess' (Eliot 1967, 84).
 - 33 Quoted in Dijkstra 1986, 387.
 - 34 Quoted in Wilson 1982, 593.
 - 35 Dijkstra 1986, 277, 401.
 - 36 Quoted in Wilson 1982, 548.
 - 37 *ibid.*, 591, 594.
 - 38 Casillo 1988, 222.
 - 39 Joyce 1972, 80. On 'Joyce and the mystique of the Jewish woman', see Nadel 1989, 154-80.
 - 40 Du Maurier 1947, 541.
 - 41 Glossop 1923, 34.
 - 42 Baudelaire 1986, 96. Eliot was dismissive of Baudelaire's 'stock of imagery': 'His prostitutes, mulattoes, Jewesses, serpents, cats, corpses form a machinery which has not worn very well' ('Baudelaire': Eliot 1951, 424).
 - 43 See Bristow 1982, which reproduces a warning notice to 'young women travelling alone' on the 'Brazil and River Plate' steamer service.
 - 44 Simon 1986, 216-18.
 - 45 Jaher 1994, 71. On medieval bestiaries, and their anti-Semitic applications, see Lazar 1991, 55-6.
 - 46 Wilson 1982, 485.
 - 47 Mosse 1985, 117.
 - 48 Browning 1981, 1, 706.
 - 49 Swinburne 1992, 81.
 - 50 Quoted in Katz 1978, 86.
 - 51 Hooker 1983, 225. It is noteworthy, however, that 'rabin' in 'Rabinovitch', a status name, means 'rabbi' (see Hanks and Hodges

- 1988, 440). In some sense it confers a certain quintessential 'Jewishness' on Rachel. 'Rabbi' has been a term of abuse since Jesus said 'Be not ye called Rabbi!' (Matthew 23: 8; and see Alexander 1991, 81).
- 52 Marcus 1974, 142-4.
 - 53 Jaher 1994, 166.
 - 54 One critic reads 'Sweeney Among the Nightingales' as asserting that 'a Jewess ought not to marry a Gentile' (Harrison 1967, 151). I disagree: the poem asserts the pointlessness of such marriages because Rachel remains identifiably Jewish.
 - 55 Quoted in McCormick 1988, 360.
 - 56 Quoted in Poliakov 1985, iv, 275. This is a 'rhetoric of specious nomenclature' (Kaplan 1986, xii).
 - 57 Kadish 1992, 34-5.
 - 58 Quoted in Kristeva 1982, 181.
 - 59 Bering 1992, 50-1.
 - 60 Belloc 1922, 100.
 - 61 Quoted in Carpenter 1988, 482.
 - 62 Eliot 1988a, 206.
 - 63 Dostoevsky 1985, 430.
 - 64 Hitchens 1991, 49.
 - 65 Lentricchia 1983, 324.
 - 66 Mallarmé 1965, 96.
 - 67 Lecercle 1990, 114, 117.
 - 68 Sartre 1965, 10.
 - 69 Blanchot 1993, 124.
 - 70 Quoted in Wilson 1982, 478.
 - 71 Mallarmé 1965, 62-5.
 - 72 Kermode 1971b; Wilson 1982.
 - 73 Quoted in Wilson 1982, 554. Wilson distinguishes the leading writers who sided with the anti-Semites from those others who were the theoreticians of the movement: 'those who elaborated antisemitic ideology were writers of lesser prestige and status, but men with a sense of their status as writers none the less' (606-7). Huysmans, Alphonse Daudet, Edmond de Goncourt, and others, were fellow-travellers of anti-Semitism. Huysmans's anti-Semitism was, nevertheless, violent and extreme (Griffiths 1966, 76-7, 309-10).
 - 74 Symons 1958, 81.
 - 75 Eliot 1978, 42.
 - 76 Eliot 1927b, 195.
 - 77 'The Unity of European Culture': Eliot 1963a, 112. In the foreword to Joseph Chiari's *Symbolisme from Poe to Mallarmé*, Eliot observed: '[w]ithout [the Symboliste] aesthetic I do not think that the work of some other modern writers would be quite what it is (I am thinking of Rilke, for example, and some of my own later work)' (vii: my italics).

- 78 Davie 1970, 63.
- 79 Wilson 1974, 23.
- 80 *ibid.*, 23.
- 81 Davie 1970, 79.
- 82 Richards 1971, 99-101.
- 83 Kermode 1971b, 80.
- 84 Said 1992, 65.
- 85 Rosenberg 1973, 246.
- 86 Notwithstanding the example of Huysmans, and trivial instances such as Rimbaud's 'A vendre ce que les Juifs n'ont pas vendu, ce que noblesse ni crime n'ont goûté' (Rimbaud 1962, 295).
- 87 Kermode 1967, 39.
- 88 Spender 1975, 60.
- 89 Orwell 1970, II, 187.
- 90 'Lack of dependence on logical structure distinguishes symbolist poetry from simple expository prose; but this is also true of poetry in general. In this sense, then, all poetry is *symbolist* poetry' (Brooks 1948, 67); 'The empire of signs is prose; poetry is on the side of painting, sculpture, and music... Doubtless, emotion, even passion - and why not anger, social indignation, and political hatred? - are at the origin of [a poem by Rimbaud]. But they are not expressed there, as in a pamphlet or confession... It is true that the prose-writer and the poet both write. But there is nothing in common between these two acts of writing except the movement of the hand which traces the letters. Otherwise their universes are incommunicable...' (Sartre 1983, 4-5, 10). Symbolist poetry becomes the type of all poetry in Sartre's analysis and represents 'the discovery that words may have meanings though they have no referents' (Davie 1970, 78).
- 91 Richards 1926, 232.
- 92 Quoted in Glaser 1978, 224.
- 93 Brooke 1931, 9-10.
- 94 Besant 1903, 200.
- 95 Lewis 1939, 40.
- 96 Quoted in Kushner 1989, 124.
- 97 Quoted in Lindemann 1991, 222. In John Peal Bishop's poem 'This is the Man' (quoted in Dobkowski 1979, 235), the poet sits with his girlfriend. An ugly and dishevelled Jew passes them and then doubles back to kiss the woman's hand: 'Semitic snout / Returned and upturned eyes came / back, and while I stared there speechless bent and / kissed your hand.' As with 'Burbank', there is the easy familiarity that the Jew shows toward the woman, and the same incongruity of a Jewish chivalry (in 'Burbank' evidenced by Klein's title, in 'This is the Man' evidenced by the Jew's gesture).
- 98 Tennyson 1971, 41.
- 99 Gross 1992, 209.

- 100 Sartre 1965, 24.
- 101 Gilman 1986, 119.
- 102 Eliot 1935b, 611.
- 103 Wagner 1973, 27.
- 104 *ibid.*, 32-3.
- 105 Quoted in Langmuir 1990, 27.
- 106 Quoted in Dinnerstein 1988, 320.
- 107 Quoted in Jaher 1994, 225.
- 108 Quoted in Holmes 1979, 66. Jews are infernal: 'Demons escaped from hell, / Race of the Jews, detestable men, / More accursed than Lucifer / And more wicked than all the devils' (quoted in Poliakov 1974-5, 1, 192).
- 109 Polenberg 1989, 14.
- 110 Quoted in Wilson 1982, 155.
- 111 Pulzer 1964, 62.
- 112 *ibid.*, 242.
- 113 Quoted in Wilson 1982, 485.
- 114 Quoted in Kushner 1989, 110.
- 115 Quoted in Poliakov 1985, IV, 51.
- 116 Quoted in Kushner 1989, 110.
- 117 Quoted in Blakeney 1985, 186.
- 118 Quoted in Holmes 1979, 38.
- 119 *ibid.*, 18.
- 120 Pound 1978a, 345.
- 121 *ibid.*, 115.
- 122 *ibid.*, 111.
- 123 *ibid.*, 253.
- 124 Pound 1973, 71.
- 125 Gilman 1993, 15.
- 126 Eliot 1971a, 5, 23.
- 127 Quoted in Kushner 1989, 4.
- 128 James 1975, 176.
- 129 Quoted in Dobkowski 1979, 158.
- 130 Kramnick and Sheerman 1993, 252.
- 131 Santayana 1987, 257.
- 132 Quoted in Blakeney 1985, 14.
- 133 Quoted in Holmes 1979, 55.
- 134 This enjambment is 'perhaps the most brilliant technical stroke of all the poems in the Gautier stanza' (Gross 1968, 185). Thus does literary virtuosity partner a contemptuous anti-Semitism in Eliot's work.
- 135 Ricks 1988, 35.
- 136 Brooks regarded this line, and Keats's 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty', as challenges to his poetics: "'Beauty is truth, truth beauty" has precisely the same status, and the same justification, as Shakespeare's "Ripeness is all". It is a speech "in character" and supported by

- dramatic context' (Brooks 1968, 135). The critics compete to capture for poetry lines typically read as contextless prose. Eliot dismissed 'Beauty is truth' but defended 'Ripeness is all' ('Dante': Eliot 1951, 270).
- 137 Bush 1985, 25-6.
- 138 Longenbach 1991, 56, 58.
- 139 I have adapted a sentence from Macherey 1978, 133. It has long been regarded a mark of sophistication in Marxist literary theory to reject any simple equation of literature and ideology. This has led to a tendency to disregard, or otherwise play down or excuse, the objectionable nature of certain texts. Wyndham Lewis is a beneficiary of just this tendency (see Jameson 1979, *passim*).
- 140 Bloom 1977, 386.
- 141 Krieger 1981, 18-19.
- 142 Kermode 1990b, 66, on Auden's 'Spain, 1937'.
- 143 McGann 1989, 117, 123. This is a commonplace of modern criticism, usefully applicable to otherwise intractably objectionable texts. Thus, with Wyndham Lewis's 'protofascist' work in view, Frederic Jameson proposes that 'great art distances ideology by the way in which, endowing the latter with figuration and with narrative articulation, the text frees its ideological content to demonstrate its own contradictions' (1979, 22-3).
- 144 Redman (1991, 244) argues this of an article by Pound.
- 145 Rorty 1991, 107.
- 146 Barthes 1977, 41.
- 147 Eliot 1987, 6.
- 148 Quoted in Bredin 1987, 28. '[On Céline:] That object, the Jew, gives thought a focus where all contradictions are explained and satisfied' (Kristeva 1982, 178).
- 149 'From Poe to Valéry': Eliot 1978, 39.
- 150 *ibid.*, 40.
- 151 Pearson 1970, 83-101.
- 152 'East Coker', II.
- 153 Kermode, writing about Mallarmé, Hulme and Pound, expresses it thus: 'In varying degrees they all obscurely wish that poetry could be written with something other than words, but since it can't, that words may be made to have the same sort of physical presence "as a piece of string". The resistance to words in their Image is explained by the fact that words are the means of a very different sort of communication; they are so used to being discursive that it is almost impossible to stop them discoursing' (Kermode 1971b, 151).
- 154 'From Poe to Valéry': Eliot 1978, 39.
- 155 Pearson 1970, 83. Karl Shapiro anticipated Pearson's thesis: '[Eliot] begins as an uneasy Symbolist; he knows something is wrong with Symbolism and that it hasn't worked' (Shapiro 1960, 96). Chace

comments that 'Eliot's partisan activities [may be seen] in part as an awkward emergence from the Symbolist quarantine' (Chace 1973, xviii).

- 156 Pearson 1970, 93.
- 157 *ibid.*, 83, 93, 94.
- 158 Levy and Scherle 1969, 81.

4. 'DIRGE', 'A COOKING EGG', *THE WASTE LAND*, AND THE AESTHETICS OF UGLINESS

- 1 Quoted in Ellmann 1989, 49.
- 2 Pound 1960, 45.
- 3 Lewis 1987, 185. On the 'first step[s] of art into the land of the ugly', see Butler 1994, 106-23.
- 4 Stead 1983, 126.
- 5 Sheridan 1970, 202.
- 6 Gilman 1991, 68-9.
- 7 Lacoue-Labarthe 1990, 69.
- 8 Hegel 1971, 202.
- 9 Quoted in Levinas 1990, 236.
- 10 Poliakov 1985, IV, 297.
- 11 'Dante': Eliot 1951, 169 (my italics).
- 12 Eliot 1964, 106 (my italics).
- 13 Quoted in Wellek 1983, III, 168 (my italics).
- 14 Levenson 1986, 162.
- 15 Grant 1982, I, 98.
- 16 Sigg 1989, 38.
- 17 Long 1988, 101.
- 18 Smith 1956, 54. 'Beauty' was the reviewers' criterion: 'The established poets receive full-length reviews, in which they are invariably praised for the quality of "beauty" their poetry displays. In the same year [1909] Ezra Pound's *Personae* is dismissed in a few lines for lacking that quality' (Stead 1983, 56). Those who praised the early Pound did so in the language of his detractors: "'In Praise of Ysolt" is ... beautiful ... The beauty of it is the beauty of passion, sincerity and intensity' (quoted in Sullivan 1970, 37).
- 19 Gross 1968, 185.
- 20 Quoted in Ricks 1988, 28. Steiner echoes Fiedler, and no doubt many other similarly perplexed critics: 'what was I to do when I discovered similar slanders at the heart of their [i.e., Eliot's and Pound's] greatest poems, preserved still in present-day anthologies for classroom use, thanks in large part (it is a final irony) to a generation of Jewish critics and pedagogues - including me' (Fiedler 1991, 10).
- 21 Ricks 1988, 29.
- 22 *ibid.*, 39.

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CHAPTER ONE

With Automatic Hand

WRITING *THE WASTE LAND*

In memory of Donald Gallup (1913–2000),
Bibliographer of T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound

TO STUDENTS OF TWENTIETH-CENTURY modernism, 1971 was the year when Valerie Eliot published a facsimile edition of *The Waste Land's* prepublication manuscripts. The event invited new accounts of the poem's development and fresh assessments of how that might bear on our understanding of the poem.¹ One year later Hugh Kenner and Grover Smith published essays which, while differing sharply in premises and procedures, reached a consensus that part III, "The Fire Sermon," was the earliest portion of the poem to have been written, probably around midsummer 1921, followed first by parts I and II and then by IV and V (these latter completed in December 1921).² Their efforts were followed in 1977 by Lyndall Gordon's attempt at "Dating *The Waste Land* Fragments," a wide-ranging survey which addressed both the principal parts of *The Waste Land* and the various drafts and ancillary poems.³ In the end, however, Gordon remained divided over the claims of two sharply incompatible hypotheses for dating the principal parts of *The Waste Land* and concluded that the question was, at least for the present, "unresolved" ("DTWLF," 146). In 1979 there was still another consideration of the dating by Peter Barry.⁴ Barry urged a complicated chronology which assigned priority to the first leaf in the typescript for part I, a passage recounting a rowdy night on the town in Boston (assigned to April–May 1921), followed by all of part III (September–October), then the rest of part I and all of part II (early November),

and finally parts IV and V (November–December). Finally, in 1984, Ronald Bush offered a reading of the poem which echoed Smith's and Kenner's thesis assigning priority to part III, and relied on Gordon's conjecture that a specific fragment, the one beginning "London, the swarming life," might date from as far back as 1918.⁵

By 1985, however, debate had come to a standstill, and since then a lack of new evidence or argumentation has effectively put a halt to discussion. What had once seemed a new dawn has turned into a lunar landscape, with critics condemned to retracing the dusty tracks left by Kenner, Smith, Gordon, and Barry. At the same time, as Christine Froula has lately noted, more recent criticism has increasingly drawn upon the prepublication manuscripts to offer "readings that cross easily between the 1921 and 1922 texts," despite legitimate uncertainty about the date or status of virtually all the prepublication manuscripts.⁶ Indeed, as Froula's repeated references to "the 1921 manuscript" and "the 1921 text" indicate, the specificity of the prepublication materials—their heft, their material and historical density—has been leveled by a process of abstraction into "text," or even "the 1921 text," that definite article urging a monolithic entity that is at odds with the experience of pondering the undated, disordered scraps that jostle one another in the facsimile edition. That experience inevitably raises a host of questions. Did one passage or fragment antedate the others and preserve the trace of an original program which had later dissolved? Were specific passages composed all at once or in discrete and discontinuous moments? Were the ancillary poems conceived as independent works or meant to form part of the poem's texture? Was the poem's composition a straightforward progress or did it entail more entangled loopings? If we are to address these questions, if we are to restore the specificity of the prepublication materials and assess their bearing on critical understanding of *The Waste Land*, we must first return to the manuscripts themselves, revisiting the debates which ground to a halt in the mid-1980s. More concretely, we must resolve the vexing question concerning the priority of parts I and II versus part III, a question that hinged on the identity of a typewriter that mysteriously disappeared. Then we must establish a chronology for the entire corpus of prepublication materials to furnish a coherent account of the poem's production, assaying its significance for long-standing debates about the plan or program which shaped the poem's composition. And last, we need to integrate those considerations into a

history specific to the early twentieth century, a culture of the book that gravitated around that epitome of modern communication flows, the typewriter, and that recognizably modern protagonist, the typist. "Such an exercise needs no apology," wrote Hugh Kenner at the outset of his own attempt to address the prepublication manuscripts some thirty years ago. "*The Waste Land* is still a determinant of modernist consciousness, post-modernist also if it has come to that, and the profit . . . may be that we shall learn a little more about the history of our own minds" ("UA," 24). Or, as Ezra Pound put it in his preface to the facsimile, "The more we know of Eliot, the better" (TWL:AF, vii).

CONFESSIONS OF A TYPEWRITER

The first two scholars who attempted to date the *Waste Land* manuscripts, Hugh Kenner and Grover Smith, agreed that the principal question was the problem of the typewriters—three of them, to be exact. One was especially distinctive: its characters were discernibly larger than those of the others, and, as Valerie Eliot noted that it had been used with the kind of "violet ribbon used by Pound" (TWL:AF, 63), both critics inferred that this machine was Pound's. Eliot must have worked on it while visiting him in Paris in January 1922, they reasoned, and it had been used to type fair copies of parts IV and V of the poem because these were apparently the last to be drafted and had still not been typed when Eliot came to Paris ("UA," 24; "MOTWL," 131). That left a more difficult question: what was the relationship between parts I and II, typed on a second kind of typewriter, and part III, typed on a third? The facts were both suggestive and confusing: suggestive because in theory the different typewriters offered a key to identifying discrete levels or times of composition; confusing because in practice there seemed to be no way of establishing the chronology of their usage.

These typewriters produced characters generally rather similar in appearance. Yet on closer scrutiny they can be distinguished from each other by several features. One is the minuscule forms of the letters *t* and *f*. In the typewriter used for parts I and II (Fig. 1), the descender of the lowercase *t* ends with a finishing stroke that seems oddly constricted, curving back sharply as it rises toward the cross-stroke above. Similarly, the ascender of the lowercase *f* concludes with an arc that curls back toward the character's body, giving it a crabbed appearance, and it ends at a point

high above the level of the cross-stroke. The characters from the other typewriter, the one used for part III, are recognizably different (Fig. 2). The finishing stroke of the lowercase *t* culminates in a wide, stately curve, arcing beyond the length of the cross-stroke above, while the ascender of the lowercase *f* also finishes with a wide, graceful arc, circling downward until it nearly touches the cross-stroke below. Moreover, this machine produced apostrophes and quotation marks that are notably elongated; numerals such as 2 and 3 without serifs; alignment that is straight and even, as opposed to the often wobbly alignment of the other machine; and characters that are crisp and well-defined, as opposed to the worn appearance of the other machine ("UA," 24; "MOTWL," 131-132). There is one other distinction that Kenner and Smith did not notice: the machine with apparently wider characters, the one used for part III, actually allocated less space per letter than the other, 2.10 mm, while the machine with the crabbed finishing strokes (parts I and II) allocated more, 2.12 mm.

Both Kenner and Smith concluded that part III, typed on the 2.10 typewriter, was the earlier material, though they did so on very different grounds. Kenner noted that much of the material in part III was written in elegiac quatrains (a stanza pattern so named because of its use by Thomas Gray in his famous "Elegy in a Country Churchyard"). The same stanza, he observed, had also been used by John Dryden in his "Annus Mirabilis," a poem that celebrates the reconstruction of London after the fire of 1666 and elaborates a sustained analogy between modern London and ancient Rome. Eliot published a review of a new book on Dryden on 9 June 1921, allowing us to infer that he was reading in Dryden in May. Further, on 9 May he had notified John Quinn that he had "a long poem in mind," and that it was "partly on paper" already.⁷ Thus, Kenner concluded, the material "partly on paper" was probably the typescript draft for part III. And even if this typescript draft was not completed by 9 May, it was certainly completed shortly thereafter, and certainly preceded the composition of parts I and II. The 2.10 machine, with its rounded, stately finishing strokes was Eliot's "London typewriter" ("UA," 25), which had first been used to type part III; while the 2.12 was "the one he used at Lausanne" ("UA," 38).

Grover Smith reached the same conclusion by a complex body of assumptions and inferences. First and foremost, Smith assumed that the passage depicting Madame Sosostriis in part I derived from Aldous Huxley's

The Chair she sat in, like a burnished throne
Glowed on the marble, where the swingin' glass
Held up by standards wrought with golden vines
From which one tender Cupidon peeped out
(Another hid his eyes behind his wing)
Doubled the flames of seven-branched candelabra
Reflecting light upon the table ~~where~~ as
The glitter of her jewels rose to meet ~~for~~ it,
From satin cases poured in rich profusion;

1 Text typed with the typewriter that allocates 2.12 mm per character, used for parts I and II of *The Waste Land*. From Valerie Eliot, ed., *The Waste Land: A Facsimile and Transcript of the Original Drafts* (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1971), 10.

portrait of a fortune-teller in *Crome Yellow*, a novel published in November 1921. If so, he reasoned, parts I and II, both typed with the 2.12 machine, could not have been written earlier. Second, Ezra Pound had once remarked that the passage beginning "Summer surprised us . . ." contained "snatches of conversation heard by Eliot from his fellow patients" in Lausanne ("MOTWL," 132).⁸ If so, Smith inferred, it reinforced the hypothesis that parts I and II were written after Eliot's journey there in November 1921. Third, Vivien Eliot's written comments on one copy of part II indicated that she was surprised when she saw it for the first time; and though Smith did not explicitly state this, apparently he assumed that "the first time" could only have been in Paris in January 1922. If so, it corroborated the view that parts I and II were primarily composed and typed in Lausanne. That inference, in turn, became the premise for another. If parts I and II were composed and typed in Lausanne, then Eliot must have taken this typewriter with him: "It is assumed that Typewriter [2.12] was a portable machine and that Eliot took it to Lausanne" ("MOTWL," 133). And from this premise, yet another inference followed: part III was neither composed nor typed in December in Lausanne, for Eliot would have used the same typewriter to do so; "it follows, then, that the fair [typescript] copy of Part III was made before Eliot left England on November 18" ("MOTWL," 133). Indeed, it was very likely that "Part III, or some prototype of it, existed by the time Eliot and Vivienne went to Margate about the middle of October" ("MOTWL," 133).⁹

Twist twist twist twist twist twist twist
 Tereu tereu
 So rudely forced.
 Ter

2 Text typed with the typewriter that allocates 2.10 mm per character, used for part III of *The Waste Land*. From Valerie Eliot, ed., *The Waste Land: A Facsimile and Transcript of the Original Drafts* (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1971), 30.

Kenner and Smith, then, agreed that part III, typed on the 2.10 machine with the rounded *t*'s and *f*'s, had been written and typed before parts I and II, typed on the 2.12 machine. Part III was for Kenner "the earliest continuous stretch of the poem" ("UA," 25), for Smith "the first germ of *The Waste Land*" ("MOTWL," 133). They also agreed on its date of composition: Kenner assigned it to May 1921, or not long thereafter; while Smith thought it had "probably" been composed by early May, and in any case sometime before Eliot left for Margate in mid-October 1921 ("MOTWL," 133). Finally, they concurred that the 2.12 typewriter, the one with the crabbed finishing strokes used for parts I and II, was firmly linked with Eliot's experience in Lausanne: for Kenner it was "the one he used at Lausanne" ("UA," 25), for Smith "a portable machine . . . that he took . . . to Lausanne" ("MOTWL," 133). But that claim entailed an obvious puzzle: if Eliot used this typewriter in Lausanne to type parts I and II, why did he not use it to prepare a typescript of parts IV and V as well? Why, in fact, bother to prepare a fair copy of parts IV and V by hand if one had a typewriter at one's disposition? Smith never considered the question, but Ken-

ner clearly anticipated it: when Eliot prepared part IV, he reasoned, "a typewriter" was "for some reason inaccessible" ("UA," 41). It was at least an answer, however vague. ("For some reason"? What reason?) To Smith's hypothesis that Eliot had taken a "portable machine" with him to Lausanne there was a still stronger objection. For when Eliot went on to Paris in January 1922, why did he use Ezra Pound's typewriter to prepare typescripts of parts IV and V? Had he jettisoned his own typewriter while in Lausanne, or lost it while en route to Paris?

Lyndall Gordon, writing seven years later, struggled to address these questions. She was the first to consult the manuscripts themselves and to focus on evidence offered by study of their papers. By collating the kinds of paper used in the *Waste Land* manuscripts with those used in poems whose dates of composition were already established, she hoped to date not just the major parts of *The Waste Land* but all the fragments and independent poems. For our purpose, her comments on the chronology of parts I and II, versus part III, are the most important. Having examined the typescripts of other poems by Eliot, Gordon was aware that the 2.12 typewriter, the one with the crabbed finishing strokes, was used not only for parts I and II of *The Waste Land* but for numerous poems that Eliot had composed much earlier. Gordon, in fact, dubbed it "his Harvard typewriter" ("DTWLF," 144), implying that he had used it at least since 1914, perhaps even earlier. But if so, its usage typified not Eliot's stay in Lausanne but his everyday life in London, and therefore it would seem that parts I and II had been written not late in 1921 in Lausanne but earlier. And this suspicion was buttressed for Gordon by other evidence. First, parts I and II were written on the same kind of paper as a poem titled "Song for the Ophion," and since "Song" had been published already in April 1921, in the *Tyrol*, parts I and II presumably had been composed long, long before the Lausanne period (late November–December) urged by Kenner and Smith. Second, the original opening of part I had described a raucous evening in Boston, a scene redolent of the Night-town episode in *Ulysses*, which Eliot was reading in manuscript in early May 1921, so corroborating an earlier dating of parts I and II. And third, Eliot's letter of 9 May to Quinn, stating that his "long poem" was already "partly on paper," could be deemed further confirmation: "on paper" might refer not to part III or some part of it, as Kenner and Smith had urged, but to parts I and II.

But against this scenario were two arguments that Gordon found

compelling. Eliot, she assumed, would always show any new poems almost immediately to Pound. Eliot and Pound are known to have met briefly in mid-October 1921, when Pound returned to London for a week, and since Pound's letter describing their encounter to John Quinn made no reference to Eliot's new poem, it could only be because no major poem was yet in existence. Also, Gordon accepted Smith's assumption that the name of Madame Sosostriis came from "Sesostriis the Sorceress" in Huxley's *Crome Yellow*, published in November 1921 and completed only in August 1921—much too late to permit the inference that parts I or II had been composed in the spring of 1921. On these grounds Gordon rejected her first hypothesis and advanced another. Since nothing about a major poem had been mentioned to Pound in mid-October, nothing had yet been composed. Immediately thereafter, Eliot went to Margate, taking only a few fragments assembled from poems written much earlier, and there wrote part III, "The Fire Sermon." The different typewriter used for this manuscript, the 2.10, was "an office typewriter" ("DTWLF," 145) that he presumably borrowed from Lloyds Bank. (The idea that a bank would lend out office equipment may strike some readers as a bit far-fetched.) After leaving Margate, Eliot had returned to London, then traveled to Paris for a few days. It was there that Pound made his first comments on part III. Eliot next proceeded to Lausanne, where he composed parts I and II, then IV and V. Gordon confessed, however, to being puzzled by an obvious objection to this view: why had Eliot typed only parts I and II in Lausanne, and not IV and V? She concluded: "The story of *The Waste Land*'s composition in 1921 remains, as yet, unresolved. There are two possible hypotheses and one can do no more at present than weigh one body of circumstantial evidence against the other" ("DTWLF," 146).

Gordon's account revealed the impasse which had been reached in efforts to date the *Waste Land* manuscripts which were based primarily on the facsimile edition. Even her attempt to draw on the papers used in Eliot's earlier poems rested on a documentary base too slender to resolve the outstanding questions. It was only in 1988, when Valerie Eliot published the first volume of Eliot's letters through 1922, that scholars could gain a panoramic view of his correspondence, a precondition for an account of his writing practices that would have sufficient breadth to address not only the vexed debate about the typewriters but also the papers used in the fragments and independent poems affiliated with *The Waste Land*. If

we could collate data about the papers that were used in the *Waste Land* manuscripts with corresponding data from Eliot's letters from 1914 to 1922, we would have reasonable grounds to infer the manuscripts' dates, for most of Eliot's letters are dated, and those that are not can be conjecturally dated with sufficient accuracy.

Mrs. Eliot's edition of *The Letters of T. S. Eliot*, vol. 1 1898–1922, printed transcriptions of 509 letters by Eliot. (It also contained 37 by his first wife, Vivien, and 40 by various third parties.) Not all the 509, however, were derived from extant originals. For 16 letters included in Valerie Eliot's edition, the text was taken from published transcriptions, the originals being no longer extant (chiefly letters to the editors of periodicals); for another 13 letters, the originals turned out to be held in private collections that could not be consulted. In addition, there are 6 letters for which the originals have been lost since they were first located by Mrs. Eliot; and for 2 other letters, both from Eliot to his brother Henry and both dating from December 1922, I did not obtain permission to examine the originals (though these last two would not affect the dating of the *Waste Land* manuscripts).¹⁰ In short, there were 37 published letters whose originals I could not examine, leaving 472 of the published letters whose originals I consulted. In addition, I have examined another 166 unpublished letters which were omitted from the 1988 edition: all together then, 638 letters, written on more than 900 leaves. These letters, together with synoptic descriptions of the paper on which they were written, are registered in Table 1, pages 158–175. In addition, I have examined more than 200 leaves of Eliot's student papers, which range in date from 1910 to 1915 and are held at the Houghton Library of Harvard University. These are described in synoptic form in Table 2, pages 194–195. Finally, I have also examined more than a hundred leaves containing poems and essays by Eliot in a variety of libraries, and these are described in Table 3, pages 198–199. Taken together, more than 1,200 leaves of Eliot's writing have been examined, ranging over a decade, from 1913 to the end of 1922.

The evidence from these documents tells an unequivocal story about the 2.10 and 2.12 typewriters. In all of Eliot's student papers from 1913 to 1915, in all his typed letters from 1914 up through 6 July 1921, and in all the typescripts of his poems and essays during the same period, Eliot uses only one typewriter, the 2.12 machine with the crabbed finishing strokes, the one also used in typing parts I and II of *The Waste Land*. Type

from the 2.10 machine with wider finishing strokes (the one used in typing part III) appears for the first time in a letter to Richard Aldington, dated 8 September 1921 (*LOTSE*, 468–469), and it appears in every typescript letter and essay that Eliot wrote thereafter until the end of 1922. Moreover, evidence of the 2.12 machine vanishes forever, at least in Eliot's usage.

What brought about this change of typewriters is sketched in a letter by Vivien Eliot to Eliot's brother Henry, written only three days after Henry, together with his mother and sister, had left England on 20 August 1921. Eliot's mother and sister had been staying in the Eliots' flat at 9, Clarence Gate Gardens for some ten weeks since their arrival on 10 June, while Eliot and Vivien had moved to a temporary flat at 12, Wigmore Street. Returning to their old flat in August after the Eliot family had vacated it, Vivien wrote to Henry: "And the typewriter? What does that mean please? You can hardly have mistaken them *in* (as Tom insists) the circumstances. But whatever it means, you are shown up as an angel. A bloody angel, as they say over here. . . . Tom will write about the typewriter" (*LOTSE*, 465–466). As he did finally, though not until six weeks later, on 3 October: "I was most painfully touched at finding that you had secretly left your typewriter behind instead of my old wretched one, which I hope will not fall to pieces" (*LOTSE*, 472). Henry, it is now clear, had done something remarkable when he left the Eliots' flat and England on 20 August: he had taken away Eliot's old typewriter, the 2.12 with the crabbed finishing strokes, the one Eliot had used a few months earlier to type parts I and II of *The Waste Land*, and in its place left behind his own, newer machine, the 2.10 typewriter with the wider strokes, the one that Eliot would soon use to type part III of *The Waste Land*.

In retrospect, we can see all too plainly how the speculative arguments about the dating of *The Waste Land*'s parts went astray. One mistake was the repeated attempt to postulate an opposition between a "London typewriter" ("UA," 25) and "the one [Eliot] used at Lausanne" ("UA," 38) or even "a portable machine . . . that he took . . . to Lausanne" ("MOTWL," 133), or "an office typewriter" ("DTWLF," 145) which Eliot borrowed and then mysteriously lost while in Lausanne. The other was the assumption that the name of Madame Sosostriis in part I could only be derived from the character of Sesostriis the Sorceress in *Crome Yellow*, and hence that part I could have been written only after Huxley's novel was published, in No-

vember 1921.¹¹ As if Eliot were incapable, on his own account, of using that most common expression "so so" to invent a name meant to suggest equivocation.

PAPER TIGERS

Evoking the holidays in France which he had spent together with Eliot in the summer of 1919, Wyndham Lewis recalled that his companion possessed a curious habit: "I hope I shall not be destroying some sentimental illusion if I record that to my surprise my companion entered most scrupulously in a small notebook the day's expenses. This he would do in the evening at a café table when we had our night-cap. There was not much more he could spend before he got into bed."¹² Eliot was a frugal man, at least in the years 1914–1922. Despite earning a relatively substantial salary at Lloyds Bank from 1917 onward, he was beset by worries over money, prompted chiefly by Vivien's many medical expenses and the need to keep a cottage in the country where she spent much of her time. His frugality extended to his consumption of paper as well: he seems to have purchased relatively small batches of paper that would last at most a few months, often only a few weeks, before he would purchase another (see Table 1). As a consequence, his letters can serve as a control base for establishing the dates of the prepublication materials of *The Waste Land*. No, we cannot identify the precise day on which a given passage or poem was composed; but often we can establish the week or weeks, and more broadly we can establish a working account of the poem's documentary evolution and an understanding of its composition—up to a point. And yes, the boundaries of that point will need to be carefully delineated later.

The twenty-six documents which make up the *Waste Land* manuscripts can be divided into four principal groups. One consists of the manuscripts and typescripts which contain the text (or a large block of it) for each of the five parts of the published poem:

1. Burial of the Dead, typescript, 3 ll.
2. A Game of Chess, typescript, 3 ll.
3. A Game of Chess, carbon copy typescript, 3 ll.
4. The Fire Sermon, typescript, 5 ll.
5. The Fire Sermon, carbon copy typescript, 5 ll.
6. Death by Water, autograph fair copy, 4 ll.

7. Death by Water, typescript, 4 ll.
8. What the Thunder Said, autograph fair copy, 6 ll.
9. What the Thunder Said, typescript, 2 ll.

A second group consists of autograph fragments and independent poems which were written contemporaneously with the main text of *The Waste Land*; the fragments were wholly or partly incorporated into parts I and III, while the independent poems were ultimately set aside:

FRAGMENTS

10. "Those are pearls," autograph, 1 l., incorporated into part I
11. "O City, City," "London, the swarming life," autograph, 1 l., incorporated into part III
12. "The river sweats," autograph, 1 l., incorporated into part III
13. "Highbury bore me," autograph, 1 l., incorporated into part III
14. "On Margate Sands," autograph, 1 l., incorporated into part III
15. "From which, a Venus Anadyomene," autograph, 1 l., incorporated into part III, then rejected

INDEPENDENT POEMS

16. "Elegy"/"Dirge," autograph, 1 l.
17. "Dirge," autograph fair copy, 1 l.
18. "Exequy," typescript, 1 l.

A third group consists of four poems, conserved in five documents, which are known to have been written some years before *The Waste Land*, though there is no agreement concerning their precise dates:

19. "The Death of St. Narcissus," autograph draft, 1 l.
20. "The Death of St. Narcissus," autograph fair copy, 1 l., of which five lines, with alterations, are incorporated into part I
21. "The Death of the Duchess," typescript, 2 ll., of which six lines, with alterations, are incorporated into part II
22. "So through the evening," autograph, 1 l., of which eight lines are incorporated into part V
23. "After the turning," autograph, 1 l., of which one line was incorporated into part V

A fourth group consists of two brief poems, of which no part was ever incorporated into *The Waste Land*:

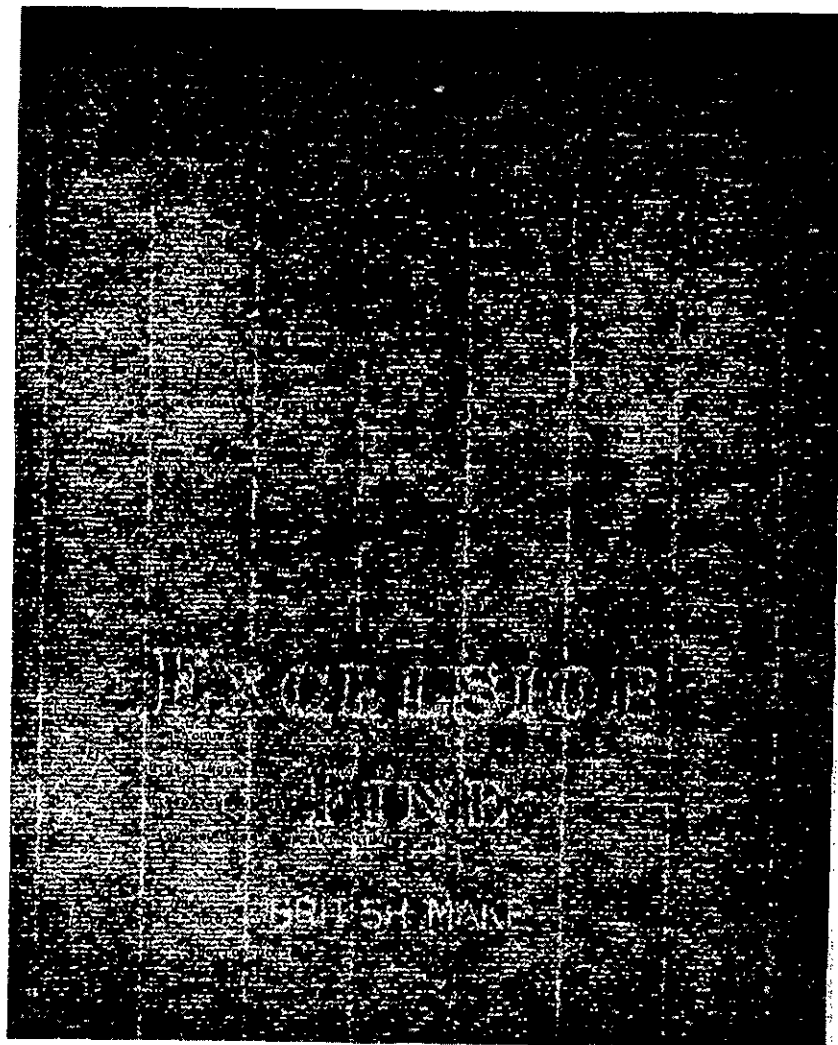
24. "I am the Resurrection," autograph, 1 l.
25. "Song [for the Ophion]," typescript, 1 l.

Finally, there is the title page, which was added to the manuscripts in January 1922, after Eliot had returned from Paris to London.

The earliest stratum of materials consists of three poems, of which two ("After the Turning" and "So Through the Evening," *TWL:AF*, 108–109, 112–113) provided lines incorporated into part V, while the third ("I am the Resurrection," *TWL:AF*, 110–111) left no traces in *The Waste Land*. "From the handwriting," Valerie Eliot urged that all three "were written about 1914 or even earlier" (*TWL:AF*, 130). Certainly all three are on the same kind of paper, which measures 267 × 205 mm and has a thickness of 0.12 mm. Each has a watermark reading "Linen Ledger," which measures 36 × 124 mm, and a distinctive pattern of quadruled lines. Though Eliot used several varieties of paper bearing the watermark "Linen Ledger" during the academic year 1913–1914 (see Table 2), these can be distinguished from one another by their thickness and different patterns of printed lines. Only two exemplars match the paper used in the three poems. One is Eliot's "Notes on Eastern Philosophy," dated 3–10 October 1913, the other his notes on "Perry: Philosophy 25," dated 2 October 1913. These leave little doubt that the three poems should be dated to the same period, between 2 and 10 October 1913.

The second stratum of materials consists of two poems, one of which ("The Death of St. Narcissus," *TWL:AF*, 90–93) is conserved in both draft and fair-copy form. Five lines from this poem became, after revision, lines 26–29 of part I of *The Waste Land*. Six lines from the other poem, "The Death of the Duchess" (*TWL:AF*, 104–107), became, after alteration, lines 108–110 and 136–138 of part II of *The Waste Land*.

The draft version of "The Death of St. Narcissus" is written on paper which measures 262 × 203 mm and has a thickness of 0.09 mm. The paper is laid and has eight chainlines which appear as vertical lines on the leaf at intervals of 28 mm. It also has a watermark reading "EXCELSIOR / FINE / BRITISH MAKE," measuring 71 × 125 mm. The same sort of paper turns up only once in Eliot's correspondence, in a letter to Ezra Pound which is dated 15 April [1915] from Merton College, Oxford (Fig. 3). Tellingly, however, the same type of paper also was used for three of Eliot's student essays, titled "[On Matter]," "[Matter and Form]," and "[Aristotle: Definition



3 Excelsior Fine watermark, with chainlines; letter from T. S. Eliot to Ezra Pound, 15 April [1915]; courtesy of the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University.

of . . .]” (see Table 2, items 35–37.1). None is dated, but all clearly stem from the same period when, as he explained in a contemporary letter, he “was writing papers for Joachim on Aristotle” (*LOTSE*, 98; Harold Henry Joachim was the Fellow and Tutor in Philosophy at Merton College). The penciled first draft of “Mr. Apollinax” appears on the same paper (see Table

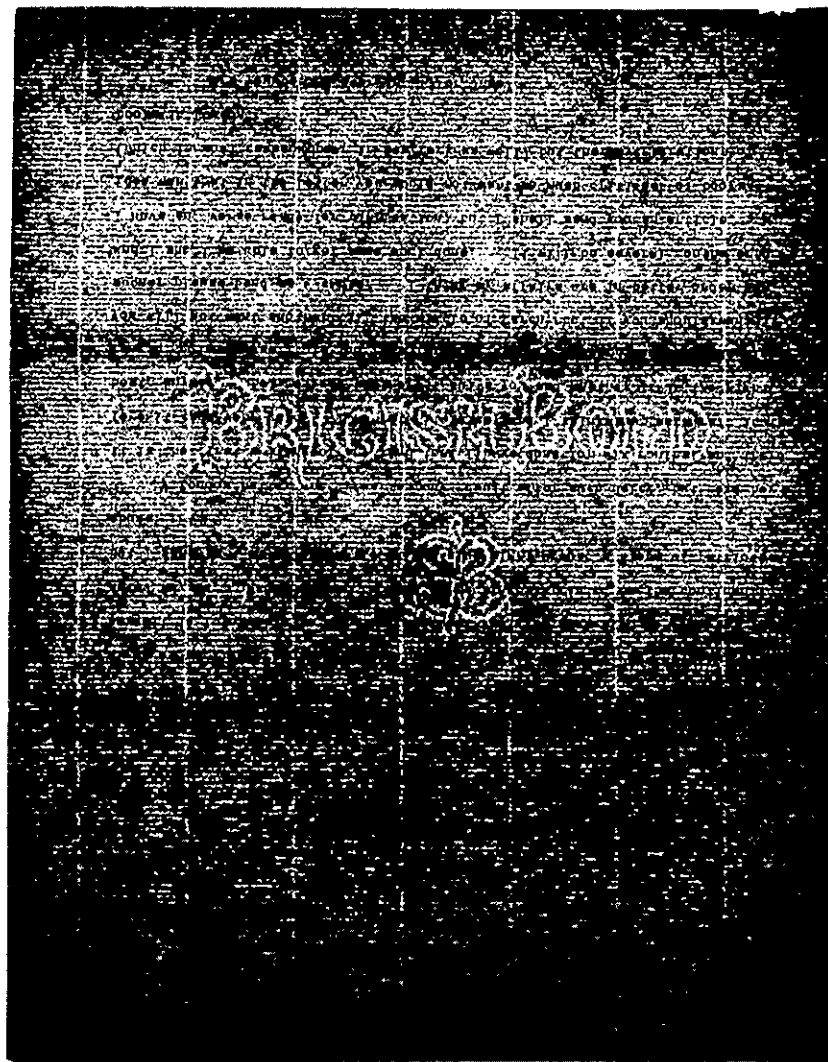
3, item 16), and we may assume that this poem should also be assigned to the same period, mid-April 1915.¹³

The fair-copy version of “The Death of St. Narcissus” is written on paper which measures 250 × 198 mm and has a thickness of 0.10 mm. The paper has no watermark, but it does have eight horizontal chainlines at intervals of 27 mm. The paper is also quadruled, forming an identifiable pattern: the horizontal lines begin 29 mm from the top edge of the leaf, occupy a block of space that measures 207 mm and contains 24 lines, and come to an end 14 mm from the bottom edge of the leaf (or: 29.207(24).14). No such paper appears in Eliot’s correspondence, nor among his student papers. The same sort of paper is used, however, for the autograph fair copy of “Mr. Apollinax,” written in black ink (Table 3, item 17). Since Eliot typically made fair copies shortly after writing a draft, the fair copies of both poems should be assigned to May 1915.

“The Death of the Duchess” is written on paper which measures 258 × 202 mm and has a thickness of 0.07 mm. It has no watermark but is laid, with nine horizontal chainlines at intervals of 27 mm. The same paper appears in a small group of five letters by Eliot, all written between 5 and 7 September 1916 (to Eleanor Hinkley, his mother, Henry Eliot, Harriet Monroe, and J. H. Woods; see Table 1). The poem should also be assigned to the same period, early September 1916.¹⁴

The third stratum of material for *The Waste Land* consists of a single poem, “Song [for the Ophion]” (*TWL:AF*, 98–99). A brief work of fifteen lines, it was published under the pseudonym Gus Krutzsch in the first issue of Wyndham Lewis’s new journal the *Tyrol*, which appeared on 9 April 1921.¹⁵ The typescript, with corrections in black ink and pencil, is on paper which measures 263 × 200 mm and has a thickness of 0.07 mm. The paper is laid, with eight vertical chainlines at intervals of 26 mm. It also has a watermark, “BRITISH BOND / [device: S entwined with B],” which lies horizontally on the leaf and measures 65 × 125 mm. There are three different papers among Eliot’s correspondence which have the British Bond watermark, but this one (which I shall designate British Bond [B]) is distinguished from British Bond [A] and British Bond [C] by having chainlines (Figs. 4, 5).¹⁶ In Eliot’s correspondence it was used for sixteen letters which date from 13 September 1920 to 30 January 1921, a period comprising nearly twenty weeks.¹⁷ I suspect, however, that “Song” was written at the very end of this period, around 23–30 January 1921. For on 30 January,

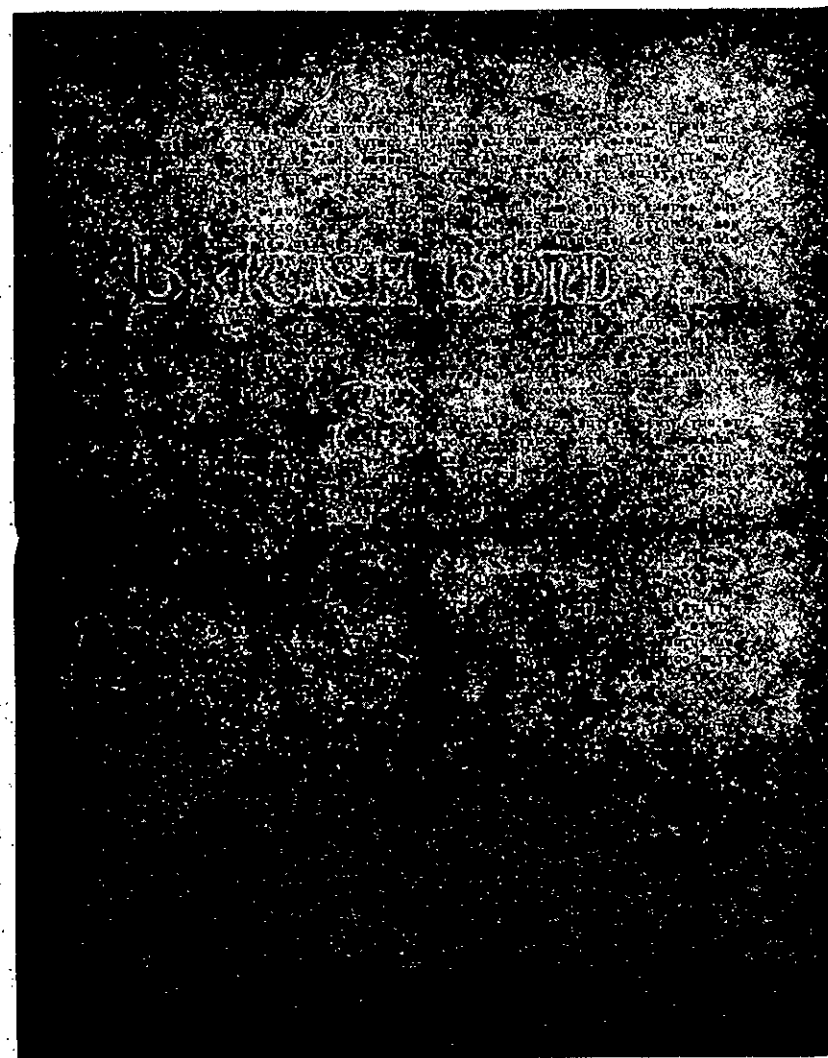
64



4 British Bond [B] watermark, with chainlines; letter from T. S. Eliot to Scofield Thayer, 30 January 1921; courtesy of the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University.

when Eliot wrote to Scofield Thayer, the editor of the *Dial*, to apologize for the poor quality of a "London Letter" he had sent him only "a week ago," he added a comment about his recent writing: "But remember it is the first writing of any kind that I have done for six months; and therefore it came very hard" (LOTSE, 435). There is every reason to credit Eliot's testi-

16



5 British Bond [C] watermark, without chainlines; letter from T. S. Eliot to Scofield Thayer, 21 May 1921; courtesy of the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University.

mony, and on the basis of it we should assume that "Song" was written not long after his "London Letter," in late January 1921.¹⁸

The fourth stratum of materials for *The Waste Land* marks the beginning of the poem as it was eventually published. It comprises four documents: first, a verse fragment beginning "Those are pearls" (TWL:AF,

122-123), one line from which is incorporated into the next document; second, the typescript of part I (TWL:AF, 4-9); third and fourth, the typescript and carbon of part II (TWL:AF, 10-15, 16-21). All these are found on paper which measures 264 × 203 mm with a thickness of .08 mm. The paper has a watermark reading "BRITISH BOND / [device: S entwined with B]," which lies horizontally on the leaf and measures 66 × 123 mm. What distinguishes this paper from the British Bond paper used in "Song" is that it has no chainlines.

The British Bond [C] paper also was used for seven letters by Eliot from the first half of 1921:

DATE	RECIPIENT	LOTSE PP.	NO.
13 February	Mother	436	T.329
9 May	John Quinn	450	T.343
21 May	Scofield Thayer	453	T.345
22 May	Robert McAlmon	449	T.342
22 May	Dorothy Pound	456	T.347
[15 June]	Mary Hutchinson		U.82
15 June	Leonard Woolf	457	T.349

(The letter to Robert McAlmon is incorrectly assigned to 2 May in Mrs. Eliot's edition.) In addition, the same paper appears in the typescript of Eliot's "London Letter, May 1921" for the *Dial*, which appeared published in the June issue.

In his correspondence from this period, Eliot made three references to his work on the poem. Writing to Sydney Schiff on 3 April, he commented (LOTSE, 444): "My poem has still so much revision to undergo that I do not want to let any one see it yet, and also I want to get more of it done—it should be much the longest I have ever written. I hope that by June it will be in something like final form. I have not had the freedom of mind."

Nearly three weeks later, on 22 April, apparently replying to a query from John Middleton Murry, Eliot observed: "It is true that I have started a poem" (LOTSE, 444). More than two weeks later again, on 9 May 1921, Eliot wrote to John Quinn: "I am not anxious to produce another [book of criticism] for a year or two; and meanwhile have a long poem in mind and partly on paper which I am wishful to finish." But there were also

problems: "The chief drawback to my present mode of life is the lack of continuous time, not getting more than a few hours together for myself, which breaks the concentration required for turning out a poem of any length" (LOTSE, 451).

Given the preponderance of letters on British Bond [C] which date from the period 9-22 May, as well as the "London Letter, May 1921," which must have been posted by 1 May or thereabouts, it seems safe to say that the typescripts of parts I and II were produced during this period, and that they represented a summation of work that had been in progress since March or February, perhaps even the last week of January.¹⁹ Eliot had good reason for attempting to sum up his work on the poem at just this time: his mother, together with his sister Marian and brother Henry, was due to arrive in England on 10 June, and since Eliot and Vivien were to vacate their flat for them, now was an appropriate time to summarize his progress to date. No doubt there were other autograph drafts and fragments, aside from "Those are pearls," which were jettisoned when Eliot prepared the typescripts in mid-May. How many, we shall see later.

Two qualifications need to be added to this account. The first concerns the first leaf of the typescript for part I, "The Burial of the Dead," which portrays several incidents in the course of a drinking binge that takes place one night in Boston. The protagonists go to a vaudeville show, stop in a brothel, and later are saved from being arrested by the police through the intervention of a Mr. Donavan, a respectable citizen who boasts about his influence down at City Hall. The episode loosely recalls the closing portions of the "Circe" episode in *Ulysses*, with Mr. Donavan playing much the same role as Corny Kelleher. Joyce evidently sent a copy of both the "Oxen of the Sun" and "Circe" episodes to Ezra Pound in April 1921. On 20 April Pound wrote to a friend: "Joyce's new chapter is enormous—megalo-scrumptious—mastodonic."²⁰ Four days later he reiterated this view to his mother: "Joyce next chapter great stuff."²¹ It is not clear whether Pound forwarded the manuscript to Eliot or Joyce sent it to him independently, though it is far more likely that Pound did so just after 9 May.²² Eliot must have read the material quickly, since he returned the manuscript to Joyce on 21 May and commented specifically on what he termed "the Descent into Hell," or "Circe": "I have nothing but admiration; in fact, I wish for my own sake that I had not read it" (LOTSE, 455). The very next day he also wrote to Robert McAlmon, praising "Oxen of the Sun" for its "marvellous

parody of nearly every style in English prose from 1600 to the *Daily Mail*" (LOTSE, 450), and in a letter written the same day to Dorothy Pound he exclaimed: "The unprinted manuscript [of *Ulysses*] is even finer stuff than the printed" (LOTSE, 456). While the precise chronology of this complex of events is unclear at several points, it seems likely that the Boston incident, typed on a separate leaf, was a late addition to the typescript which had originally begun on leaf two, with "April is the cruellest month." If so, it may explain why what was then the provisional title of the poem as a whole, "He Do the Police in Different Voices," is so conspicuously out of alignment with the block of the text on the first leaf of the typescript. In this scenario, both the title for the whole poem and the page numbers of leaves two and three were added when the Boston incident was incorporated into the already existing typescript in late May 1921.

That scenario invites a second qualification to our tentative dating of parts I and II. For if it is true that the first leaf of part I, the leaf that follows a lead from Joyce in recounting a drinking binge in Boston, was added to the typescript only sometime after 9 May, it follows that the earlier or original version of part I consisted only of the four verse-paragraphs that we also have in the published poem, the result of Pound's having deleted the drinking episode when he later edited the poem in Paris. That scenario is confirmed by a letter from Wyndham Lewis to Sydney Schiff, the generous patron who was funding the first issue of Lewis's new journal, the *Tyrol*. Reporting on his progress in gathering materials for the issue, on 7 February 1921, Lewis wrote: "Everything is practically now complete. . . . Eliot I saw 2 nights ago. He is doing his article apace. He also showed me a new long poem (in 4 parts) which I think will be not only very good, but a new departure for him."²³ Lewis, we must infer, had seen part I of *The Waste Land* in its original state ("in four parts"), before it acquired a fifth part, the beginning scene of the drinking binge which was added three months later, sometime in May 1921. If so, Eliot's progress had been rapid at first. Beginning sometime after 23 January, when he completed his "London Letter" ("the first writing of any kind I have done for six months"), he had already completed part I much as we have it today by 5 February, when he showed it to Lewis. Distracted by the two essays he was writing for the *Tyrol*, by another on "Prose and Poetry" for Harold Monro's *Chapbook*, by two more substantial ones on "Andrew Marvell" and "John Dryden" for the *Times Literary Supplement*, and by yet

another "London Letter" due at the *Dial*, Eliot progressed slowly in writing part II during the period from February to April. With his mother and family due to arrive on June 10, sometime toward mid-May he summarized his progress so far, preparing the typescript of parts I and II and adding a new beginning, the incident of the drinking binge influenced by "Circe," to part I.

RECONNOITERING

Before we address the fifth stratum of materials in the *Waste Land* manuscripts, we must briefly recall the events which engulfed Eliot in mid-1921, and which shaped the conditions of his writing in this period. On 10 June, Eliot's family arrived in London, where they would stay for ten weeks before leaving on 20 August. Eliot's mother and his older sister, Marian, stayed in the Eliots' flat at 9, Clarence Gate Gardens, while Eliot and Vivien moved into some portion of a flat taken by Lucy Thayer, sister of Scofield Thayer (editor of the *Dial*) and a friend of Vivien's since 1915. Eliot's brother Henry, meanwhile, would be lodged in a separate room at 41, Gordon Square.²⁴ But with Vivien still feeling poorly, as she had been since February, it was decided in early July that she would go out "to a place in the country on Chichester harbour" (LOTSE, 459), while Henry would leave Gordon Square and join Eliot in the flat at 12, Wigmore Street.

It was at this moment, however, that Lady Rothermere first broached a plan for publishing a literary and cultural journal, an idea that eventually led to the creation of the *Criterion*. In the short term, it threatened considerable correspondence to work out the terms of her support and Eliot's participation, and by mid-July, Vivien was called back from the country to help. Now Eliot, Vivien, and his brother Henry were "encamped in an attic with a glass roof" (LOTSE, 461) at Wigmore Street, as Vivien put it, or in "very confined and uncomfortable quarters for three people" (LOTSE, 461), as Eliot put it. There they would stay for the next five weeks until the Eliot family departed. When they left, as we have seen, Henry Eliot took away Eliot's old typewriter, the one he had used since early 1914 at Harvard, and left in its place his own, much newer machine as a present.

The Eliots themselves spent yet another week at Wigmore Street and moved back to Clarence Gate Gardens only on the weekend of 27-28 August. Both Eliot and Vivien were increasingly ill. To Mary Hutchinson he wrote on 1 September: "Also I am feeling completely exhausted—the

departure of my family laid us both out—and have had some splitting headaches” (LOTSE, 467). And six days later he reported to Richard Aldington: “My wife has been very ill, we have had to have new consultations, and to make matters worse we have been moving from Wigmore Street back here” (LOTSE, 468). There were also pressing commitments for journalism. In late August he wrote his regular “London Letter, September 1921” for the *Dial*, his first essay typed on the new 2.10 machine that Henry had left him. On 16 September he “finished an article, unsatisfactory to myself, on the metaphysical poets” (LOTSE, 469–470), his review of Herbert J. C. Grierson’s anthology, *Metaphysical Lyrics and Poems of the Seventeenth Century: Donne to Butler*, which would appear the next month in the *Times Literary Supplement*.²⁵ By the end of September, Eliot’s condition was so poor that Vivien arranged for him to see a “nerve specialist,” who promptly advised Eliot to “go straight away for three months complete rest and change and . . . live according to a strict regimen which he has prescribed” (LOTSE, 471). But because plans for the *Criterion* had now crystallized and called for Eliot to produce a first number in January 1922, he took a further ten days to postpone the journal’s planned appearance and wrap up affairs in London. It was during this interval, on 10 October, that Ezra Pound arrived in London, where he stayed for eight days with his mother-in-law, Olivia Shakespeare, at 12, Brunswick Gardens in Kensington. Pound met Eliot on the evening of 12 October (Wednesday), went to Oxford to visit Yeats on 13 October, and reported to his wife, Dorothy, on 14 October: “Eliot at last ordered away for 3 months—he seems rejuvenated [*sic*] at prospect.”²⁶

Finally, on 15 October, Eliot left for Margate, accompanied by Vivien. Vivien stayed with him at the Albemarle Hotel, Cliftonville, until 31 October, then returned to London, leaving him alone. But already by 26 October she had reported to a friend that Eliot was “getting on *amazingly*,” looking “younger, and fatter and nicer” (LOTSE, 479). Eliot, in the solitude of a seaside resort grown quiet after its high season, stayed for another twelve days, then returned to London late on 12 November.

He stayed for less than a week, from 12 to 18 November, when he departed for Paris, again accompanied by Vivien. In Paris they stayed in the Sixth Arrondissement at the Hotel Pas du Calais, 59 rue des Saints Pères, where Ezra and Dorothy Pound had been residing until only a few weeks before. Pound and Eliot certainly met during the brief period when Eliot

was in the city. But it seems unlikely that Pound would have had enough time to go through *The Waste Land*. Eliot departed for Lausanne, on either 21 or 22 November, leaving Vivien behind in Paris.²⁷ In the weeks ahead she would receive little companionship from the Pounds, who were preoccupied with other matters. On 1 November they had moved into a studio at 70 bis, rue Notre Dame des Champs, and Pound was soon busy painting the walls and constructing furniture. More alarmingly, on 13 December, Dorothy was hospitalized for an abscess on her left forefinger; it required surgery to cut off the tip of the bone, and she remained in the hospital until 27 December.²⁸ In Pound’s extensive correspondence Eliot’s visit went almost unnoticed, except for one letter written on 5 December to Scofield Thayer: “Eliot seemed fairly well when I saw him on his way through Paris last week.”²⁹

In Lausanne, Eliot stayed at the Hotel St. Luce, a quiet pension, from 24 November until 2 January, when he returned to Paris. Lausanne, he wrote on 4 December, was a “very quiet town, except when children come downhill on scooters over the cobbles. Mostly banks and chocolate shops” (LOTSE, 490). But it was there, amid “banks and chocolate shops,” that Eliot finished his draft of *The Waste Land*. Now, having set out the parameters of Eliot’s movements from June through December of 1921, we can turn to the remaining strata of his manuscripts.

MORE PAPER TIGERS

The fifth stratum of materials for *The Waste Land* comprises five documents. The first is a single leaf containing two independent poems, both in autograph, “Elegy” and the first draft of “Dirge” (TWL:AF, 116–119). The second is also a single leaf (TWL:AF, 48–49), this one containing a section of verse of twenty-six lines, beginning “The river sweats.” With very light revisions, this became lines 266–291 of the published poem. The third document is yet another single leaf (TWL:AF, 50–51) which contains a section of verse of nineteen lines, beginning “Highbury bore me,” a draft for two of the three songs of the Thames-daughters. With the excision of ten lines and some further revisions, these became lines 291–299 of the published poem. The fourth document is another single leaf (TWL:AF, 52–53), which contains twelve lines after cancellations, beginning “On Margate Sands.” With no revisions at all these became lines 300–311 of the final poem.

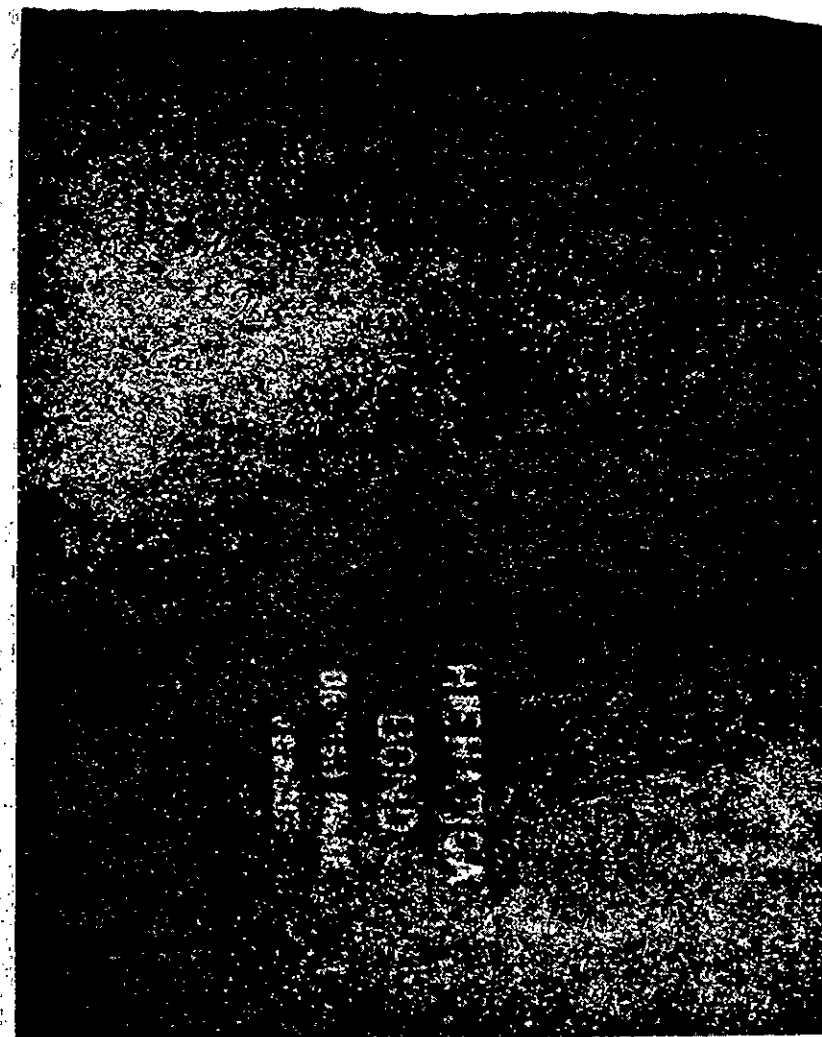
The fifth and final document is a single leaf (TWL:AF, 36–37) which contains two fragments. One consists of seven lines and begins, “O City, City”; the passage was later lightly revised to become lines 259–265 of the published poem. The other consists of twelve lines and begins, “London the swarming life”; this passage became lines 106–119 in the typescript of part III which Eliot typed up later in London.

These five documents were written on a distinctive type of paper. Each leaf measures 227 × 177 mm and has a thickness of 0.11 mm. The paper is “wove” rather than laid—that is, it has no chainlines—but has a watermark reading “HIERATICA / BOND / BRITISH MAKE / J. S. & CO L^{TD}.” The watermark is vertical on the leaf, and measures 45 × 48 mm. Hieratica Bond was a popular brand of paper, and it is hardly surprising that other instances of it should turn up in Eliot’s correspondence. The first time is in late 1914, but the size is very different (226–227 × 152 mm), and the paper has a printed letterhead reading “Merton College” (see Table 1, T.19 and T.23; for the sake of clarity we’ll call this paper Hieratica Bond [A]).³⁰ It also turns up for one letter of August 1918 (Table 1, T.143), but once again the size is very different (224 × 151 mm; we can call this paper Hieratica Bond [B]).³¹ And it even turns up a third time in 1919 (Table 1, T.218 and T.222), but this time its size differs more sharply still (178 × 114 mm; we’ll call this paper Hieratica Bond [C]).³²

The fourth time that a Hieratica Bond paper appears in Eliot’s correspondence (Hieratica Bond [D], see Fig. 6), its size exactly matches that of the five documents we have been discussing. And the dates of its usage are revealing:

DATE	RECIPIENT	NO.
16 November 1921	Harold Monro	U.89
[16? November 1921]	Sydney Schiff	T.382, <i>LOTSE</i> , p. 486
17 November 1921	Mary Hutchinson	U.90
17 November 1921	Richard Aldington	T.383, <i>LOTSE</i> , p. 487
30 November 1921	Ottoline Morrell	T.385, <i>LOTSE</i> , p. 490
6 December 1921	Jacques Rivière	U.92

Eliot, in other words, began to use the Hieratic Bond [D] paper in his correspondence in the first letters that he wrote after his return from Margate to London. Quite plainly, the paper was part of a small supply which



6 Hieratica Bond watermark; letter from T. S. Eliot to Harold Monro, 16 November 1921; courtesy of Donald Gallup.

he had purchased while in Margate, the remainder of which he then proceeded to use up while in London. The Hieratic Bond [D] passages, then, were all composed while Eliot was in Margate, an inference which is confirmed by Eliot himself. For while still in Margate he wrote on [4? November] to Sydney Schiff: “I have done a rough draft of part of part III, but do not know whether it will do, and must wait for Vivien’s opinion as

to whether it is printable. I have done it while sitting in a shelter on the front—as I am out all day except when taking rest. But I have written only some fifty lines” (LOTSE, 484–485). If we now take the passages written on Hieratica Bond [D] and count not the total lines written but only those passages which were not deleted, and correlate them with the published poem, we see a distinct pattern:

HIERATICA BOND [D] PASSAGE	NO. LINES	PUBLISHED POEM
“O City, City” (TWL:AF, 36–37)	7 lines	259–265
“The river sweats” (TWL:AF, 48–49)	25 lines	266–291
“Highbury bore me” (TWL:AF, 50–51)	9 lines	292–299
“On Margate Sands” (TWL:AF, 52–53)	12 lines	300–311
Total	53 lines	

These passages, then, were plainly the ones that Eliot had in mind when he wrote to Schiff that he had “written only some fifty lines.” They were in good enough shape for Eliot to regard them as an identifiable unit: “a rough draft of part of Part III.”

But a word of qualification needs to be entered here. Eliot plainly wrote these passages sometime after Vivien left—either on 30 or 31 October—since she had not yet seen them, and before he wrote to Schiff. But when did he write to Schiff? Eliot’s letter to him is dated simply “Friday evening,” and the date of [4? November] is Mrs. Eliot’s conjecture. But is this the best conjectural date? Eliot’s letter to Schiff complains that Vivien “tells me very little about her own health, in spite of my complaints.” The plural “complaints” implies (a) that Eliot has already received several letters or notes from Vivien, and (b) that in reply to them he has already complained at least twice, something it would have been difficult to do in only four days’ time. Instead, it seems more likely that the letter to Schiff should be conjecturally dated to Friday, 11 November, and therefore that the passages in question were written between 31 October, when Vivien left, and 11 November, the most likely date when Eliot addressed Schiff.

There are further implications which can be drawn from Eliot’s comments to Schiff. We should recall that the four passages that I have listed immediately above do not exhaust the Hieratica Bond [D] documents. Three texts are conspicuously not included in Eliot’s account to Schiff: the

two independently titled poems, “Dirge” and “Elegy” (both written on one leaf), and the passage beginning “London, the swarming life” (this last written on the same leaf that contains “O City, City,” though separated from it by a line that slashes across the middle of the page). Let us deal first with the independently titled poems. Eliot makes no mention of them to Schiff. It is possible, of course, that he makes no mention of them because they were not yet composed—in other words, that they were composed only after he had written to Schiff on 11 November, and before he returned to London on 12 November. But that seems rather unlikely. And if they were not composed after the Schiff letter, if instead they were composed before, then Eliot’s decision not to mention them carries the implication that the independent poems “Elegy” and “Dirge” were not viewed as part of the long poem which he had been discussing with Schiff since April, but were conceived as independent works. I suspect that this was the case, and there is further evidence for it in the way that Eliot treats the independent poems. For Eliot never mines them for lines or passages to be inserted into *The Waste Land*. Instead, they are conceived as having their own integrity. And this treatment differs sharply from how he treats the poems and passages contained in the first two strata of materials which date from October 1913 (“After the turning” and “So through the evening”), mid-April 1915 (“The Death of St. Narcissus”), and September 1916 (“The Death of the Duchess”). These, though originally conceived as independent or potentially independent works, were now in 1921 considered simply raw material from which lines and passages might be wrested—quite different from the independent poems which Eliot wrote in the course of 1921, such as “Dirge” and “Elegy,” or later “Exequy.” Those poems, written contemporaneously with the drafts of *The Waste Land*, were a concession to Eliot’s concern that his long poem might not be long enough to make up a book, and they were intended to do just that—make up a book. In effect, their place was later assumed by the notes to the poem.

The third text not mentioned in the letter to Schiff is the twelve-line passage, beginning “London, the swarming life,” written on the same leaf that contains “O City, City.” Unlike the independent poems, which were neither incorporated into the larger poem nor treated as raw material from which individual lines or passages might be wrested, this passage was incorporated, with alterations, into the typescript draft of part III (and its carbon) that Eliot produced the next week while in London (TWL:AF,

30-31 and 42-43, lines 106-119). Why was it not mentioned to Schiff? There are two possible reasons. The first is that Eliot was describing a coherent "part of Part III," the section that was to become part III's conclusion and stretch across lines 259-311 of the published poem. Since "London, the swarming life" formed no part of that coherent section, there was no need to mention it. At the moment he was writing to Schiff, it was simply a fragment that might or might not be later incorporated into part III, too trifling an affair to announce to a devoted reader and friend. The second possibility is that it simply had not yet been composed. On that hypothesis, it was written still later, sometime during the span of six days when Eliot was back in London (12-18 November), hurriedly preparing the typescripts of part III, hastily packing for Lausanne. Possible, but not very likely. Better to assign it to the period between 31 October and 11 November, with the other Margate or Hieratica Bond [D] materials.³³

The sixth stratum of manuscript materials for *The Waste Land* consists of two typescripts of part III, a top copy and a carbon (each five leaves); one independent poem titled "Exequy" (one leaf), which is also in typescript; and an autograph draft of ten lines, beginning "The rivers tent is broken," which has been written on the verso of leaf one of the typescript part III. For the moment we can set this last text aside and deal with the other three documents. All three documents are preserved on the same kind of paper, which measures 265 x 202 or 203 mm and has a thickness of 0.06 mm. The paper has eight chainlines, which are vertical, at intervals of 25.5 mm. It also has a watermark reading: "VERONA LINEN." It measures 14 x 128 mm.

Dating the typescript copies of part III presents little difficulty. Incorporated into each is the fourteen-line passage beginning "London, the swarming life" (TWL:AF, 30-31 and 42-43, lines 106-119) which Eliot had recently drafted in Margate, the passage preserved in autograph draft on the same leaf as the "O City, City" passage (TWL:AF, 37). The typescripts, therefore, can only have been produced *after* the Margate or Hieratica Bond [D] passage, and can only have been produced when Eliot had access to the new, 2.10 typewriter which Henry Eliot had given to him as a gift when he left England on 20 August. That dovetails with what we already know: that Eliot did not have access to his typewriter when in Margate, since the eight letters and the Hieratica Bond [D] passages and poems which he wrote there were all written by hand. It follows that these type-

scripts were produced in the brief interval between Eliot's stays in Margate and Lausanne, the period of little less than a week, from 12 to 18 November, when Eliot was in London again and had access to his typewriter. It is most likely that the independent poem "Exequy" was also typed up during the same period.

Having dated these typescripts to the six-day period when Eliot was back in London, or between his stays in Margate and Lausanne, we can also discern the broad arc of Eliot's intentions in producing them. Knowing that he would be away in Lausanne for some six weeks, and planning to make a final effort to bring his long poem to completion, Eliot was assembling a working version of the materials he had so far written, a neatly typed "working draft" which he could consult while in Lausanne. Not that Eliot managed to fulfill his good intentions: he plainly failed to type up the autograph leaves which form the fifth or Margate stratum of materials for *The Waste Land* (apart from the passage "London, the swarming life"), those that correspond to the closing portion of part III of the published poem (lines 259-311). Probably he simply didn't have enough time.

While we can pinpoint the moment when these typescripts were produced, and integrate that knowledge into a coherent account of Eliot's travel and writing plans, we can only speculate about when Eliot first wrote the rough drafts which he must have used (and then jettisoned) as he produced the typescripts of part III and "Exequy." When were they written? Not, plainly, during the Margate period from 15 October to 12 November, when he was writing the autograph drafts ("O City, City," "The river sweats," "Highbury bore me," and "On Margate Sands") and the independent poems ("Dirge," "Elegy") which we have already discussed. The rough drafts that went into making the typescript of part III must date from earlier. In fact, there are really only two periods possible: one, the period from 20 August to 15 October which followed his family's departure for the United States; the other, the period from 10 June to 20 August when his family was visiting and he was staying at Wigmore Street. The later period, 20 August to 15 October, seems less likely. Eliot was busy moving back into his flat from 20 August to 27-28 August, occupied with typing up his "London Letter, September 1921" for the *Dial* in early September, pressed with writing "The Metaphysical Poets" in mid-September, obliged to visit the Woolfs in late September, and worried by his health and hastily planned departure for Margate from 1 to 14 October. It is more likely that he wrote the rough

drafts that went into the typescript of part III during the ten weeks when his family was visiting, a lengthy period (10 June to 20 August) when he was wholly free from his regular round of social obligations, the dutiful visits to Mary Hutchinson, the Woolfs, the Schiffs, and Richard Aldington. Though we cannot be certain, this period is the more likely candidate.

Finally, we must turn to the passage that we momentarily set aside, the autograph draft of ten lines beginning "The rivers tent is broken" (TWL:AF, 24-25), which is found on the verso side of leaf one in the "Fire Sermon" typescript, the top copy. These lines are, of course, the famous opening to part III of *The Waste Land*. It is possible that they were drafted contemporaneously with the production of the typescript, the period between 12 and 18 November before Eliot left for Lausanne. And if so, they would have been thought of as a fragment awaiting some future destination. But such a scenario defies what little we know of Eliot's compositional practices at this time: if his comments to Sydney Schiff are indicative, he wrote with the idea in mind that a new draft would form part of something already in progress or definitely planned, "a rough draft of part of Part III," for example, rather than just writing for the sake of writing. Yet if that is true, then it is much more likely that he wrote what would later become the beginning of part III only when he was actually in need of a beginning to part III. That was hardly the case when he was back in London from 12 to 18 November. Then he had a firm, perhaps even too firm, beginning for part III:

Admonished by the sun's inclining ray,
And swift approaches of the thievish day,
The white-armed Fresca blinks, and yawns, and gapes,
Aroused from dreams of love and pleasant rapes.
(TWL:AF, 22-23)

Moreover, Eliot believed that the seventy-two-line passage about Fresca formed the beginning to part III not just when he was briefly in London from 12 to 18 November but during the entire time when he was in Lausanne, from 22 November to 2 January, so much so that while there he even drafted another passage of seventeen lines, "From which, a Venus Anadyomene" (TWL:AF, 28-29), that was to be inserted into the Fresca passage between lines 56 and 57. By now, of course, it will be obvious that Eliot needed a beginning for part III only after Pound, in Paris, had re-

peatedly run his pen downward across the entire Fresca passage, with nine swift gashes, one so deep that it scored the paper and allowed the ink to bleed through to the verso side. Appropriately, it is on that very verso, and literally right on top of the ink left by Pound's pen, that Eliot wrote "The rivers tent is broken." For when in Paris, as we shall see in more detail below, Eliot lacked paper and had to borrow some from Pound. To write a new beginning to part III, then, he used the only paper to hand, the discarded old beginning to part III. In short, Eliot wrote this passage in Paris, probably between 5 and 10 January. It was the last passage that he composed for *The Waste Land*, wedged into the middle of the poem, and preserved in a documentary stratum that antedated its composition by two months.

The challenge posed by the passage beginning "The rivers tent is broken" throws into relief a potential problem which until now has remained only latent, a tension between the poem's documentary stratification and its compositional stratification. That tension surfaces only twice in *Waste Land* manuscripts, both times within the sixth documentary stratum which we have just discussed. It surfaces here, with "The rivers tent is broken," and it surfaces again with the two typescripts for part III, which, though typed between 12 and 18 November in London, were clearly written earlier (between 10 June and 20 August, in my view). For the moment we need not tease at the implications of that tension, since it has no practical consequences for dating the prepublication manuscripts.

The seventh stratum of materials for *The Waste Land* consists of four documents: the autograph fair copies of parts IV and V of the poem (TWL:AF, 54-61 and 70-79); an autograph fair copy of the independent poem "Dirge" (TWL:AF, 120); and the autograph passage of seventeen lines, beginning "From which, a Venus Anadyomene" (TWL:AF, 28-29), which was inserted into the Fresca episode.

All four are written on paper which measures 270-271 x 208 mm and has a thickness of 0.06 mm. The paper is wove, and so without chain-lines. It also lacks a watermark. It has, however, a distinctive pattern of violet quadrules: the horizontal lines, which begin 21 mm from the top edge of the leaf, consist of twenty-seven lines that occupy a block of space that measures 234 mm and come to an end 16 mm from the bottom edge of the leaf (or: 21.234(27).16). The paper is not of the quality which Eliot normally used in his correspondence. It should be no surprise, then, that

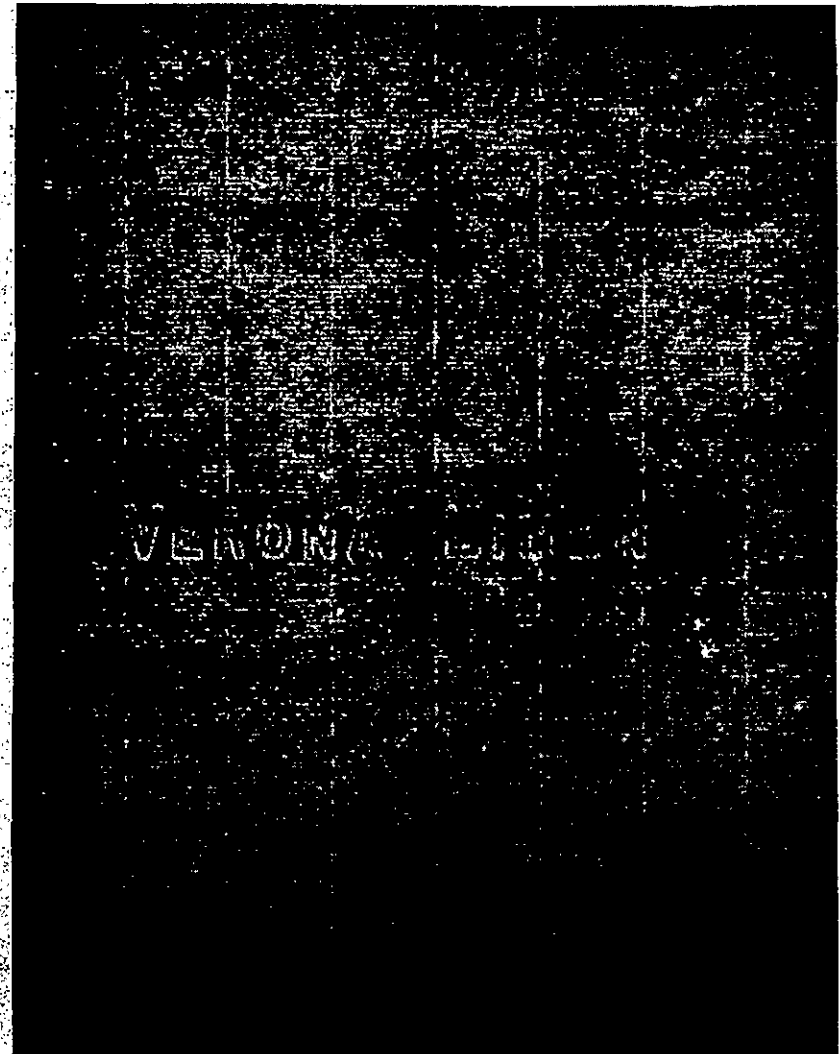
it appears in only one letter, a note from Eliot to Sydney Schiff, dated 19 December 1921 and written when Eliot was in Lausanne. As scholars have long suspected, these materials were composed between 21–22 November, when Eliot left for Lausanne, and 2 January, when he returned to Paris with the sheaf of manuscripts which Ezra Pound would now edit.

The eighth stratum of materials for *The Waste Land* consists of two documents, the typescripts for parts IV and V of the poem (TWL:AF, 62–69 and 82–89). The paper used in each is briefly described in Table 4 (pages 200–201), an account that need not be repeated here. The papers do not match any found in Eliot's letters, and for an obvious reason: we have no surviving letters from Eliot for the period between 25 December 1921 and 20 January 1922, and it is very likely that these papers were simply borrowed from Ezra Pound. The violet typewriter ribbon and the large sized typewriter (its individual characters are 2.54 mm in width) are recognizably those of Ezra Pound. There can be no doubt that these typescripts were prepared in Paris sometime between 2 January 1922, when Eliot arrived from Lausanne, and 16 January, when he left Paris to return to London. It is reasonable to infer that the typescript was made early in the visit, between 2 and 5 January.

Because we are tracing both the compositional and documentary strata of the prepublication materials, we must devise an additional or ninth stratum here to account for the ten-line passage beginning "The rivers tent is broken." Composed by Eliot to serve as a new beginning for part III after Pound had removed the entire Fresca passage, it represents the last stretch of continuous writing that Eliot did for *The Waste Land*.

The tenth and final stratum of the *Waste Land* materials consists of a single typescript leaf that contains the poem's title and an epigraph from Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*. The paper measures 263 × 203 mm and has a thickness of 0.06 mm. It has eight chainlines, which are vertical, at intervals of 25.5 mm. It also has a watermark ("VERONA LINEN") that measures 14 × 128 mm. The same type of paper appears in two letters by Eliot from January 1922: one, dated 20 January 1922, addressed to Scofield Thayer (T.391, LOTSE, 501; see Fig. 7), the other dated [26 January 1922] to Ezra Pound (T.394, LOTSE, 504).³⁴

The second of these is the more important, for it replies to Pound's comment in a letter written two days earlier on "24 Saturnus," or January (LOTSE, 497–499): "I doubt if Conrad is weighty enough to stand the ci-



7 Verona Linen watermark; letter of T. S. Eliot to Scofield Thayer, 20 January 1922; courtesy of the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University.

tation." In his reply of 26 January, Eliot asked: "Do you mean not use Conrad quot. or simply not put Conrad's name to it? It is much the most appropriate I can find, and somewhat elucidative" (LOTSE, 504). Though Pound's response was diffident ("Do as you like . . . re the Conrad; who am I to grudge him his laurel crown" [LOTSE, 505]), Eliot decided to jettison the

epigraph by Conrad and find another. All of which makes clear that the single leaf which we have been discussing, containing the Conrad epigraph and the title of the poem, was the topmost sheet of the nineteen-page manuscript seen by Pound on 24 January, containing the penultimate version of *The Waste Land*. It had never formed part of the materials which Pound saw in Paris between 2 and 15 January 1922, nor was it part of that nebulous entity which recent scholars have called "the 1921 text." It was typed between 16 January 1922, the day Eliot returned to London, and 20 January, the day he probably sent the typescript off to Pound. Sadly, the rest of the famous nineteen-page manuscript has never been found and was probably discarded by Eliot when he made a final draft of the poem sometime after 30 January; but if the missing manuscript ever does turn up, we can be sure that it will have been typed with the same 2.10 machine which Henry Eliot had left behind on 20 August 1921, and that it will be on paper bearing the Verona Linen watermark.

Having completed our tour through the prepublication manuscripts which are reproduced in Valerie Eliot's facsimile edition, we can summarize our conclusions in a synoptic table:

Stratum 1

Dates: 2–10 October 1913, Cambridge, Massachusetts

"After the turning" (TWL:AF, 108–109)

"So through the evening" (TWL:AF, 112–113)

"I am the Resurrection" (TWL:AF, 110–111)

Stratum 2

Date: c. 15 April 1915, Oxford

"The Death of St. Narcissus," autograph draft (TWL:AF, 90–91)

Date: May 1916, London

"The Death of St. Narcissus," autograph fair copy (TWL:AF, 92–93)

Date: September 1916, London

"The Death of the Duchess" (TWL:AF, 104–107)

Stratum 3

Dates: 23–31 January 1921, London

"Song for the Ophion," autograph draft (TWL:AF, 98–99)

Stratum 4

Dates: typed 9–22 May 1921; missing drafts for lines 1–76 of the published poem composed between 23 January and 5 February, shown to Wyndham Lewis on 5 February; missing drafts for part II composed between 6 February and 9 May; missing draft for Boston version of "Night-town" incident (TWL:AF, 4–5) composed c. 21 May.

"Those are pearls," autograph draft (TWL:AF, 122–123)

part I, typescript (TWL:AF, 4–9)

part II, typescript (TWL:AF, 10–15)

part II, carbon typescript (TWL:AF, 16–21)

Stratum 5

Dates: composed 31 October to 11 November 1921, Margate

"Elegy" and "Dirge," first draft (TWL:AF, 116–119)

"O City, City," autograph draft (TWL:AF, 36–37)

"The river sweats," autograph draft (TWL:AF, 48–49)

"Highbury bore me," autograph draft (TWL:AF, 50–51)

"On Margate Sands," autograph draft (TWL:AF, 52–53)

"London, the swarming life," autograph draft (TWL:AF, 36–37)

Stratum 6

Dates: typed 12–18 November 1921, London; composed 10 June to 20 August 1921, London

part III, typescript (TWL:AF, 22–23, 26–35)

part III, carbon typescript (TWL:AF, 38–47)

"Exequy," typescript (TWL:AF, 100–101)

Dates: composed 5–10 January 1922, Paris (see also *Stratum 9*)

"The rivers tent," autograph draft on part III, typescript, leaf 1, verso (TWL:AF, 24–25)

Stratum 7

Dates: composed 22 November–31 December 1921, Lausanne, Switzerland

part IV, autograph fair copy (TWL:AF, 54–61)

part V, autograph fair copy (TWL:AF, 70–79)

"Dirge," autograph fair copy (TWL:AF, 120–121)

"From which, a Venus Anadyomene," autograph draft (TWL:AF, 28–29)

Stratum 8

Dates: typed 2-5 January 1922, Paris
part IV, typescript (TWL:AF, 62-69)
part V, typescript (TWL:AF, 82-89)

Stratum 9

Dates: composed 5-10 January 1922, Paris; preserved on document from Stratum 6.
"The rivers tent," autograph draft on part III, typescript, leaf 1, verso (TWL:AF, 24-25)

Stratum 10

Dates: typed 17-22 January 1922, London
Title page with epigraph, typescript (TWL:AF, 2-3)

The creation of the title page for a penultimate version of the poem marked only a passing moment in the protracted conclusion to the poem's genesis. Even after Eliot returned to London on 16 January, his manuscripts now bearing Pound's editorial interventions, the poem had still not assumed the shape we know today. Writing on 20 January to Scofield Thayer to offer him the poem for publication in the *Dial*, Eliot briefly characterized his new work as "a poem of about four hundred and fifty lines, *in four parts*" (LOTSE, 502; italics mine). Remarkable as it seems to us, Eliot was planning to issue the poem without part IV. But evidently he had second thoughts about this plan and reinserted part IV into the poem again within a few days. A few days later, however, Eliot had third thoughts when writing again to Pound on 26 January, asking: "Perhaps better omit Phlebas also???" (LOTSE, 504). Pound replied with characteristic vigor: "I DO advise keeping Phlebas. In fact I more'n advise. Phlebas is an integral part of the poem; the card pack introduces him, the drowned phoen. sailor, and he is needed ABSolootly where he is. Must stay in" (LOTSE, 505).

For Eliot, at least, the decision to retain part IV effectively marked the end of his actively composing the poem, a process that had required just over a year of time, from the final days of January 1921, when he had first begun the draft of part I that he soon showed to Wyndham Lewis, to the final days of January 1922, when he was absorbing the last admonitions of Ezra Pound. Indeed, in contemporary letters Eliot repeatedly alluded to the length of time it had taken him to write the poem. When Scofield

Thayer offered him \$150 for the poem (sight unseen), Eliot refused because the sum "did not strike me as good pay for a year's work" (LOTSE, 507); he had no intention of accepting such a figure "for a poem which it has taken me a year to write" (LOTSE, 515). The yearlong saga of the poem had indeed reached its end. But the story of its coda, the composition of the notes, was just beginning.

Even after he had acceded to Pound's demand that part IV, the ten lines of "Phlebas," be restored, Eliot still faced a nagging problem which had intermittently troubled him throughout the time when he had been composing *The Waste Land*. The poem was too short to make up an independent book. Worse still, Pound had vetoed the idea of including what Eliot called the "miscellaneous pieces" (three independent poems, "Song," "Exequy," and either "Dirge" or "Elegy"), or what Pound termed "Those at end" (LOTSE, 504). Moreover, Eliot's concern over this question had been exacerbated by that of an eminent authority, the American publisher Horace Liveright. Back in January 1922, when Eliot had first returned to Paris from Lausanne, he had been introduced by Pound to Liveright, who was traveling in France and England in search of new authors. Liveright had promptly agreed to offer Eliot a \$150 advance for the poem and a royalty of 15 percent, largely on Pound's recommendation, as he hadn't yet read the poem. But already on 11 January, Liveright, by then in London, had written to Pound about his concern over the poem's length: "I'm disappointed that Eliot's material is as short. Can't he add anything?" he pleaded with Pound, who doubtless relayed his worry to Eliot, still in Paris.³⁵

It was Liveright's suggestion that Eliot "add anything" which ultimately led Eliot to furnish the poem with notes. While they might not make the poem long enough to suit Liveright, they would suffice to make up a small volume which could be published as a deluxe or limited edition in the event that Liveright balked. On 16 February, having learned from his friend Conrad Aiken about Maurice Firuski, a publisher of deluxe editions who was situated in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Eliot wrote to pursue this prospect:

Your name has been given me by Conrad Aiken. . . . I understand that you issue these books in limited editions, and that for the volumes you take in this series you give a sum down in advance royalty.

My poem is of 435 lines; with certain spacings essential to the sense, 475 book lines; furthermore, it consists of five parts, which would increase the space necessary; and with title pages, some notes that I intend to add, etc., I guess that it would run to from 28 to 32 pages.³⁶

But Firuski was slow to reply, and by 12 March Liveright had confirmed his interest in publishing the poem as a book. When Liveright finally sent a contract in mid-June, however, Eliot was alarmed at the vagueness of its terms and turned to John Quinn, the New York lawyer and cultural patron who had generously handled Eliot's contracts with his previous American publisher, Knopf, without charging a fee. To Quinn, therefore, he wrote describing his new work: "I have written . . . a long poem of about 450 words [lines], which, with notes that I am adding, will make a book of 30 to 40 pages" (LOTSE, 530). Even now, four months after his letter to Firuski, Eliot had still not completed the poem's notes, and at best had begun "adding" them. But "with notes that I am adding" may well have been more a pious aspiration than a statement of fact, and as late as mid-June 1922, Eliot may not have written even a portion of the poem's notes.

Meanwhile, the deadline for submission of a final manuscript, if the book was to be included in the autumn list, was fast approaching: "Liveright said he would print it for the autumn if he had the poem by the end of July" (LOTSE, 531). When Liveright, around 9 July, sent Eliot a letter suggesting that he was amenable to the revised contract that Quinn had proposed in the interim, Eliot hurriedly addressed the problem of a typescript in a letter to John Quinn, dated 19 July: "As it is now so late I am enclosing the typescript to hand to him when the contract is complete, or to hold if he does not complete. I had wished to type it out fair, but I did not wish to delay it any longer. This will do for him to get on with, and I shall rush forward the notes to go at the end" (LOTSE, 547). If Eliot really had begun "adding" the notes in mid-June, he must have proceeded very slowly if he hadn't finished by mid-July. Plainly it was a task he approached with diffidence, even indifference.

When Ezra Pound requested a copy of the poem in order to show it to James Sibley Watson, Jr., the co-owner of the *Dial* who had been entrusted with negotiating for the serial rights to the poem after Eliot had quarreled with his colleague Scofield Thayer, Eliot replied on 28 July: "I

will let you have a copy of the Waste Land for confidential use as soon as I can make one. Of the two available copies, one has gone to Quinn to present to Liveright on completion of the contract, and the other is the only one I possess" (LOTSE, 552). If this second copy of the poem was an exact replica of the copy sent to Liveright, it, too, lacked the notes. Though we cannot be entirely certain, it appears that the notes were not completed until early August, and that they were then posted directly to Liveright. Only then was *The Waste Land* completed in the form that we know it today.

By 15 September, Eliot could tell Pound, in a brief postscript to a letter about other matters: "Liveright's proof is excellent" (LOTSE, 570). Eliot was much less happy, though, with the printer who produced the *Criterion* version of the poem in London. To Richard Cobden-Sanderson he wrote on 27 September, "I am also sending you the manuscript and the proof of the first part of my poem, so that you may have a record of the undesired alterations made by the printers" (LOTSE, 574). And on 3 October, Eliot wrote him again: "You will see that I am enclosing the corrected proof of the rest of *The Waste Land*. I shall ring you up tomorrow morning at about eleven and will explain why I have done so" (LOTSE, 576). But at last the long travails of the poem were drawing to a close. Two weeks later, on 16 October, the first number of the *Criterion* appeared, containing the first publication of *The Waste Land*, without notes. Publication of the poem in the *Dial*, an American magazine, took place a few days later. Five weeks after that, about 1 December, the poem appeared for the first time as an independent book, complete with notes, issued by the American firm of Boni and Liveright.³⁷

CONNECTING THE DOTS

Most of the prepublication manuscripts for *The Waste Land* are typescript and autograph fair copies rather than drafts, documents which Eliot assembled from extant drafts in anticipation of a turning point in his private life (parts I and II in May before the arrival of his family in June; the typescript of part III between 12 and 18 November, before he left for Lausanne). Drafts, in contrast, can tell us more about the process of composition. If we set aside the materials produced before February 1921, or strata 1 to 3, then we have only seven or eight autograph drafts extant: seven if we think, as Mrs. Eliot does, that "Highbury bore me" and "On Margate Sands" formed a single draft; eight if we think, as I am inclined, that these were

separate drafts. If we arrange them in order by their length, from shortest to longest, and then note how many lines from each draft were retained in the final poem, the result would look like this:

PASSAGE	NO. OF LINES	LINES SURVIVING IN PUBLISHED POEM
"Those are pearls" (TWL:AF, 122-23)	5	1
"O City, City" (TWL:AF, 36-37)	7	7
"Highbury bore me" (TWL:AF, 50-51)	8	8
"The river's tent" (TWL:AF, 24-25)	10	10
"On Margate Sands" (TWL:AF, 52-53)	12	12
"London, the swarming life" (TWL:AF, 36-37)	12	0
"From which, a Venus Anadyomene" (TWL:AF, 28-29)	17	0
"The river sweats" (TWL:AF, 48-49)	25	25
Total	96	63

Whether these figures are the product of seven or eight drafts, it remains remarkable how short was a typical draft by Eliot: 13.7 lines in length if they represent seven drafts, only 12 lines if they represent eight. Moreover, since on average only two-thirds of a draft typically survived into the published text, it is equally remarkable how many drafts it would have required to make a poem of 433 lines. If the 63 lines that have survived into the final poem represent seven drafts, it would have required forty-eight drafts of comparable average length. If they represent eight drafts, the poem would have required fifty-five such drafts. (These calculations suggest that between forty and fifty drafts may have been lost or discarded during composition.) The trick in writing such a long poem, then, was how to stitch together between 48 and 55 separate drafts. Connectedness, plainly, was a pressing problem.

Of the seven drafts that survive (henceforth we shall follow Mrs. Eliot's view that "Highbury bore me" and "On Margate Sands" are a single draft), one went into the making of part I ("Those are pearls"), while the other six went into part III. Of those six, we recall that four were composed in Margate between 31 October and 11 November, and that three were already conceived as forming a "part of Part III" by about 11 November, when Eliot described them to Sydney Schiff—"O City, City" (TWL:AF, 36-37), "The

river sweats" (TWL:AF, 48-49), and "Highbury bore me" (TWL:AF, 50-53). Together they make up lines 259-311 of the poem as published and form the conclusion to part III. What unites the three is an associative logic dictated by motifs of music and the river, both fused (after line 266) by the ghostly echo of Wagner's Rhine-maidens, now the Thames-daughters. For our purpose, we needn't tease out all the possible implications of these passages, the subject of considerable debate.³⁸ Instead we want to stay close to the surface of the poem, to the associative logic and syntactic patterning which shape the flow of composition. The first of the three passages starts up just after the loveless coupling of the young man carbuncular and the unnamed typist, a scene followed by two lines that quote from *The Tempest* (already quoted in part I), then surge eastward across the cityscape of London, as if traveling from the flat of the typist toward the heart of the financial district, the City (already invoked in part I):

"This music crept by me upon the waters"
And along the Strand, up Queen Victoria Street.

Now the poem resumes with a new draft:

O City, City, I have heard and hear
The pleasant whining of the a mandoline
Outside/Beside a public bar in lower Thames Street,
And a clatter and a chatter in the bar from within
Where fishmen lounge and loafe and spit at noon at noontime
out there/where the walls
Of Magnus Martyr stood, and stand, and hold
Inviolable { music
Their joyful splendour of Corinthian white and gold
Inexplicable (TWL:AF, 36-37)³⁹

What is striking in this draft is the repeated tension among three conflicting imperatives: the ambition to assert connectedness to earlier parts of the poem (and especially to earlier passages in part III) through either repeated images or syntactic and aural patterning; a countervailing tendency to turn away or digress into new subject matter that threatens to prove a dead end; and a discernible worry that the assertion of connectedness will be too obvious. The phrase "I have heard and hear," for example, resolutely recalls "But at my back from time to time I hear" (a line that appears twice

in the earlier portions of part III), but is also vexed by the need to be different, to avoid mere repetition.⁴⁰ When not working to establish external connectedness to previous portions of the poem, local revisions enhance an assertion of internal relatedness within the draft passage itself: the word "Beside" replaces "Outside" so as to reiterate the plosives of "public bar" and "pleasant," while "there" (in "there the walls of Magnus Martyr") must give way to "where" so as to create exact syntactic repetition ("Where fishermen lounge" and "where the walls"). Yet this way of proceeding also courts the risk of too much repetition, of being rather too obvious in its way of asserting relatedness, a dilemma that is played out in the last line of the "O City, City" passage: the phrase "inviolable music" obviously echoes the "inviolable voice" of the nightingale in part II—much too obviously, we want to say. And so it must be deleted, to be replaced instead with "Inexplicable splendour," a phrase which reinforces aural connectedness with the preceding lines (still three more plosives), but which is no longer too obvious in reinforcing the motif of music. "Inexplicable splendour" now harks back to "inviolable voice," but in a very muted way, having changed the ground of likeness from an auditory to a visual register. So muted, in fact, that the passage effectively reaches an impasse: for if one risk that attended this passage had been the danger that it might become too obvious in emphasizing music ("inviolable music"), the other was that it would simply trail off to nowhere, twist away into a dead end, turning into a "withered stump" of composition, we might say. And so it does. True, a marvelous "withered stump"—but still a "withered stump." And the passage comes to an end. There is no choice now except to begin again, which is precisely what Eliot will do in his next draft.

And just as we see these procedures at work at a micro-level, so they can also be discerned at a macro-level. For when Eliot completes the three drafts that now form the ending to part III, with their insistent stress on music, the river, and nymphs or watery semideities (the Thames-daughters), the conclusion isn't just good, it is too good: it seems strangely unrelated to part III's opening, the seventy-odd lines of acerbic couplets that depict the wealthy socialite Fresca. The only solution is to force the Fresca passage into having more relatedness with the conclusion, and that is just what Eliot does in the draft that he subsequently writes in Lausanne. As before, the point of connection must be water, and so Eliot puts a large asterisk

and the command "insert" directly opposite a passage about Fresca's reading habits, her immersion "in a soapy sea / of Symonds-Walter Pater-Vernon Lee." Once more he begins, this time transforming Fresca into a version of Venus rising from the sea:

From which, a Venus Anadyomene
She stept ashore to a more varied scene,
Propelled by Lady Katzege's guiding hand,
She knew the wealth and fashion of the land.
(TWL:AF, 28–29)

And so it continues for another thirteen lines, all in what Pound called the "too loose" manner of Eliot's pastiche of Pope (TWL:AF, 38–39). (The image of Venus Anadyomene even furnishes a neat echo of the "gilded shell" in which Elizabeth and Leicester sail, in the Thames-daughters' song.) But our concern here is not with the passage's success or failure but with the kind of order which is dictating the composition of the poem: that order is fundamentally contingent and retrospective. It is not, in other words, an order being achieved as the realization of a plan or program, dictated by some predetermined notion of mythic structure or ritual pattern; what *The Waste Land* achieves are always relative and incremental orders of coherence that are local, contingent, and retrospective in nature.

Which brings us to the last of the six drafts written for part III, the one written so late that it is effectively the final extended passage of the poem, penciled in only after Pound had gutted the eighty-seven lines devoted to Fresca. As before, when drafting "From which, a Venus Anadyomene," Eliot starts with the same givens inherited from his earlier composition of the ending to part III, music, the river, and nymphs or watery semideities:

The rivers tent is broken and the last fingers of leaf
Clutch and sink into the wet bank. The wind
Crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.
(Sweet Thames etc.)
The river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers
Ca Newspapers, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends
Or other testimony of summer nights. The nymphs are departed.

(And their friends, the loitering heirs of City directors)
Departed, have left no addresses.
By the waters (TWL:AF, 24-25)

In one sense, this passage does exactly what it was meant to do: it "anticipates" the City location, the motifs of music and song, and the nymphs (or Thames-daughters) that appear at part III's end. Its diction resonates with calculated echoes that extend both backward and forward, with "clutch" looking back to part I ("What are the roots that clutch?" line 19), or "brown," glancing not only back to a line in part I ("Unreal City, / Under the brown fog . . ." lines 60-61) but also ahead to its repetition in part III ("Unreal City / Under the brown fog . . ." lines 207-208), and still farther ahead to the brown tones that dominate the opening of part V ("the sandy road" [332], "the mountains of rock" [334], the "mudcracked houses" [345], and "dry grass" [355]) and culminate in the mysterious figure "gliding wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded" (364). And because this new introduction so closely "anticipates" the terms of part III's conclusion, part III now acquires an envelope, circular, or ring structure in which music, nymphs, and City location appear at both the beginning and the end, a structure that all the more firmly sets off the little five-line coda which has been excluded from the circle's interior and so contrasts all the more violently with, and comments all the more damningly on, what has come before it:

To Carthage then I came
Burning burning burning burning
O Lord Thou pluckest me out
O Lord Thou pluckest
burning

Surely it does. Surely the desolating power of the coda has only been enhanced by the new introduction to part III. And yet many readers, I think, may still deem the introduction to part III a bit forced, a tad strained. And signs of such strain are all too readily detected: why is that we are being asked to bid farewell to nymphs who, until this point in the poem, have never appeared? How can we say "good-bye" before we've managed to mutter "hello"? And doesn't this transparent rupture in logical-causal relatedness work to undermine the very assertion of connectedness which

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this passage was meant to achieve through the use of anticipatory repetition? Or is it perhaps the other way around? For isn't it the case that the factitious use of repetition to intimate connectedness, say at the beginning and ending of part III, works to disable, to neutralize, to annihilate the claims to logical and spatiotemporal connectedness which are elsewhere being asserted, say in the line "and along the Strand, up Queen Victoria Street" (258), that line which was to transport us from the flat of the typist to the locale of the City? Such attention to the demands of the cityscape, and to an implied logic of spatiotemporal coordination, is rendered otiose by the competing claims of a wholly different kind of order that is organized around the use of repetition and pattern to suggest symbolic depth, resonance, and development. The outcome is something of a standoff: the incremental moments of coherence which *The Waste Land* fashions are not only local, contingent, and retrospective in nature, they are also driven by conflicting imperatives derived from their claim to modes of coherence—one appealing to repetition and pattern to invoke symbolic depth, resonance, enhancement; the other appealing to the kind of logical, causal, and spatiotemporal connectedness typical of narrative—that are deeply contradictory, perhaps even self-canceling.

Yet that self-canceling quality is not solely or strictly an effect of juxtaposition. Consider the tensions at play in one especially notable instance of repetition and patterning which spins around the phrase "Unreal City" that turns up with artful symmetry in parts I, III, and V:

Unreal City
Under the brown fog of a winter dawn (60-61, part I)

Unreal City,
Under the brown fog of a winter noon (207-208, part III)

Readers, by this point, will reasonably expect the next variant to run:

Unreal City
Under the brown fog of a winter evening

Or perhaps:

Unreal City
Under the brown fog of a winter twilight

But instead the poem offers up:

Falling towers
 Jerusalem Athens Alexandria
 Vienna London
 Unreal (374-377)

Pattern, in this stunning sequence, dissolves into something that resembles patter—the schemata of a list, that lowest of all literary forms, unorganized by any syntax; a bare heap lacking even the fig leaf of a comma. Surely repetition and pattern have been invoked in this sequence of passages; but just as surely they have also been undermined in a histrionics of non-relationship. “Unreal City / Under the brown fog of . . .”: that phrase, we are led to infer, has somewhat the same status as the “inviolable music” which flickered into view when Eliot was drafting the “O City, City” passage. It is obvious, the poem seems to say; it is too obvious. And the effect is wickedly corrosive, for it also decomposes the claim to connectedness and resonance advanced by the repetition of “brown”—the “brown land,” the “sandy road,” or the “brown mantle, hooded.” Here are likenesses, the poem murmurs, but likenesses that only turn into illusions. So perhaps the real work of signifying, we reason, is being done somewhere else: perhaps there, in that grim catalogue of toponyms, or in the kind of spatio-temporal connectedness which place names imply, connectedness that is a property both of realistic fiction and of our sense of the world to which such fiction lays claim. But of course, we have already traveled “along the Strand, up Queen Victoria Street” once before, and we have seen where that led.

Consider another example; the verse paragraph that makes up the poem’s famous opening, with its surfeit of lexical, syntactic, and thematic gestures toward pattern and cohesion, some of which I have highlighted for emphasis:

April is the cruellest month, *breeding*
 Lilacs out of the dead land, *mixing*
 Memory and desire, *stirring*
 Dull roots with spring rain.
 Winter kept *us* warm, *covering*
 Earth with forgetful snow, *feeding*
 A little life with dried tubers.
 Summer surprised *us*, *coming* over the *Starnbergersee*

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With a shower of rain; *we* stopped in the colonnade,
 And went on in sunlight, into the *Hofgarten*, 10
 And drank coffee, *and* talked for an hour.
Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch.
 When *we* were children, *staying* at the archduke's,
 My cousin's, he took *me* out on a sled,
 And *I* was frightened. He said, Marie, 15
 Marie, hold on tight. *And* down *we* went.
 In the mountains, there *you* feel free.
I read, much of the night, *and* go south in the winter.

Here is pattern and repetition—and with a vengeance. As sentence after sentence uncoils, new modes of syntactic and lexical patterning spring into shape, creating recognizable if evanescent zones of coherence.⁴¹ No one, after all, can miss the five participial constructions that set off the line endings in lines 1–6, or the insistent use of six adjective-noun pairings (“cruellest month,” “dull roots,” “spring rain,” “forgetful snow,” “little life,” and “dried tubers”). A second and overlapping zone of coherence springs up at line five with the appearance of the poem’s first pronoun, an “us” first echoed and then elaborated in lines eight, nine, and thirteen before giving way to “me” (14) and “I” (15, 18). Still a third zone, overlapping with the second, looms into view at line eight, stretching to at least line thirteen and typified by words that are either German (“Starnbergersee,” “Hofgarten”) or associated with a German-speaking area, the former Austria-Hungary (“archduke”). While yet a fourth zone, overlapping again with both the second and third, begins to materialize at line ten with the conjunction “and,” which is artfully reiterated at lines eleven (two times), fifteen, sixteen, and eighteen. And we might identify still other tonal zones within this verse paragraph—the gnomic sobriety of the opening or the conversational banality of the closing, separated by the uneasy oscillations of the middle—while we would certainly agree that a semantic vein that concerns the seasons flickers across the entire verse paragraph: “April” (1), “spring” (4), “winter” (5), “summer” (8), “winter” (18). Yet one may legitimately wonder why should there be no “autumn” in this catalogue of the seasons, if catalogue it be; or why the catalogue follows no discernible order. And is the winter that occurs in “Winter kept us warm, covering / earth with forgetful snow” really identical with the one that occurs in “I read, much of

the night, and go south in the winter"? The one is oracular, the other insipid. Yet the effect of their conjunction is devastating: for here repetition functions not to intensify semantic likeness but to eviscerate it. Likeness, again, is giving way to illusion. And indeed, a similar movement occurs over the paragraph's entire trajectory, which begins by intoning a pattern of oracular solemnity but ends by reporting empty patter—those final spasms of vacant thought, twitching like the limbs of a dying animal.

The problem, then, is not in recognizing the syntactic and lexical repetitions that unfold in the opening verse paragraph. If anything, they are not just discernible but are too readily discernible. Five participial constructions; six adjective-noun pairings; eight first-person pronouns; six instances of the conjunction "and"—in only eighteen lines? Their obviousness seems to urge their unimportance; it is not here that the poem is doing the real work of offering an account of the world. And that impression is reinforced by another: the assertions of connectedness may be remarkably insistent, but the connectedness itself isn't really vivid; it remains inert and extraneous, like so much scaffolding erected around a building that remains obstinately and mysteriously invisible. (Even today, eighty years after the poem was first published, critics disagree about that building's shape or how many rooms it contains, still divided over how many speakers are voicing these lines.) As zones of coherence loom into sight and recede, like ghosts who beckon us down darkened paths that repeatedly issue in dead ends, they insinuate that the poem's real reckoning with the world must be happening elsewhere: perhaps in the intersection and overlap of those evanescent zones; or in the interchange of oracular solemnity and cosmopolitan banality, in the overall play of opacity and transparency. Or perhaps somewhere else altogether.

Critics have not, of course, been slow to respond to that insinuation. After all, one "somewhere else" is quite explicitly indicated in the first note which immediately follows the poem proper: "Not only the title, but the plan and a good deal of the incidental symbolism of the poem were suggested by Jessie Weston's book on the Grail legend: *From Ritual to Romance* . . ." But surely this is just one more dead end, perhaps the deadest of them all. *The Waste Land* has as much to do with Grail legends and vegetation rituals as *Ulysses* has with the rickety schema that Joyce concocted as he neared the end of his masterpiece. Both writers, as publication approached, worried that their works might seem too disordered, too struc-

tureless for contemporary readers and critics, and each responded by hinting that his work was governed by an arcane logic that could be reconstructed "by any who think such elucidation of the poem worth the trouble." But the core of *The Waste Land* is not to be found in the turgid speculations of Jessie Weston, or in the pseudo-arcana of vegetation rituals.

Critics have also been fond of turning the poem into a narrative in which there is a "protagonist" or (in more Grail-inflected versions) "quester" who, in some mysterious way, moves through the poem's scenes. And there is a sense in which this responds, however crudely, to one aspect of the poem. Although much attention has been given to Pound's role in cutting out three major narratives from the draft poem (from parts I, III, and IV), not enough has been given to his insistence that the final ten lines of the original part IV be retained as an independent part. Pound was typically laconic when explaining his view, offering a rationale that borders on tautology. "Phlebas is an integral part of the poem; the card pack introduces him, the drowned phoen. sailor, and he is needed ABSolutely where he is" (*LOTSE*, 505). Yet his appeal to the cards dealt out by Madame Sosostris is suggestive, for it implies that he assigned her and the card pack a certain degree of authority. Threadbare authority, perhaps, but enough for the needs of the poem. "She must," one critic has observed, "provide the dots that the rest of the poem must connect into a semblance of plot."⁴² This is a perceptive account, provided we understand that its key word is really "semblance," to be taken in the strong sense as "an assumed or unreal appearance of something; mere show." What *The Waste Land* needed wasn't plot or narrative coherence, but the likeness of a plot, one that would instantly dissolve into illusion. For it requires only a moment to recall that Madame Sosostris is a charlatan, or that the drowned Phoenician sailor isn't even a card in the traditional Tarot pack. And when she discloses the drowned Phoenician card, the text swiftly divorces itself from straightforward narrative, intruding cruelly: "Those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!" Phlebas the Phoenician, whose reappearance (repetition) at first promises narrative connectedness between the first and later parts of the poem, turns out to be another figure in the poem's grim histrionics of nonrelationship. *The Waste Land* doesn't have a narrative; instead, it has the scent of a narrative, hovering in the air like a perfume after someone has left the room.

THE OFFICE BOMBSHELL

Histrionics: an exaggerated, wild quality; and fierceness, a notion comprising wildness and rage, even cruelty—*The Waste Land* thrives on those dark qualities. To say that, admittedly, is to depart sharply from our received notion of Eliot as a neoclassical poet. But depart from it we must. "It has been too tempting for too long," one of Eliot's most astute readers has recently observed, "to assimilate the poem to the events that came later in the decade, even shortly later, to see it as safely predicting the dispositions of the mid- and late twenties: the poem as proto-Anglican, crypto-classical, or neo-monarchist."⁴³ Indeed, to read the ten essays that Eliot wrote in 1921 while working on *The Waste Land* is to discern the discontinuous but coherent outline of an aesthetics deeply at odds with the notions of decorum, repose, sobriety, and equilibrium typically associated with neoclassicism.⁴⁴ One key word in Eliot's critical vocabulary is "surprise," a term he stresses again and again. Writing about Andrew Marvell in February 1921, Eliot notes "the high speed, the succession of concentrated images" in Marvell's "Coy Mistress," then observes that these are the basis for another effect: "When this process has been carried to the end and summed up, the poem turns suddenly with that surprise which has been one of the most important means of poetic effect since Homer." Citing another passage by Marvell, Eliot remarks: "There is here the element of *surprise* . . . the surprise which Poe considered of the highest importance, and also the restraint and quietness of tone which makes the surprise possible."⁴⁵ Writing in early April, when now well into work on part II of *The Waste Land*, he praises Dryden's "Mac Flecknoe" because it offers "the most fun . . . the most sustained display of surprise after surprise of wit from line to line. . . . Dryden's method here is something very near to parody"; while in the same essay he dismisses a passage by Abraham Cowley because it lacks "the element of *surprise* so essential to poetry."⁴⁶ Writing in mid-June, when at work on the first half of part III, Eliot reformulates his view of "surprise": "The strange, the surprising, is of course essential to art. . . . The craving for the fantastic, for the strange, is legitimate and perpetual; everyone with a sense of beauty has it."⁴⁷ The strange, the surprising, the fantastic, something very near to parody . . . these are terms at some remove from the cool sobriety conjured by "Tradition and the Individual Talent." Not that "Tradition and the Individual Talent" doesn't encapsulate certain Eliotic aspirations which will grow more prominent over time, so

much so that Eliot himself will eventually enshrine it as the gateway into that vast graveyard known as his *Selected Essays*. But that was much later. In 1921, instead, "Tradition and the Individual Talent" was only one of several options facing Eliot, and in relation to *The Waste Land*, "The Road Not Taken" might be the most appropriate title for it. And the road taken? The strange, the surprising, the fantastic, something very near to parody . . . histrionics.

Similar terms preoccupy Eliot over the course of 1921, among them "ferocity." Praising Marie Lloyd, the music hall star whose death a year later would elicit one of Eliot's finest essays, he praises her for having "wit" that is "mordant, ferocious." Of Nellie Wallace, another music hall star whom he admired, Eliot writes: "The fierce talent of Nellie Wallace . . . holds the most boisterous music hall in complete subjection."⁴⁸ He finds some of H. M. Bateman's caricatures compelling because they "continue the best tradition from Rowlandson and Cruikshank. They have some of the old English ferocity." And he adopts with relish Baudelaire's dictum concerning caricature: "*Pour trouver du comique féroce et très-féroce, il faut passer la Manche*" (To find comedy that is ferocious and very ferocious, one has to cross the English Channel).⁴⁹ A related if more muted term is "intensity," and the cognate words "intense" and "intensify." They appear twenty-one times in Eliot's essays from the first half of 1921 ("The Romantic Englishman," "The Lesson of Baudelaire," "Andrew Marvell," and "Prose and Verse"). But Eliot also deploys another term far more extreme than "intensity." Quoting Dr. Johnson late in 1921, he praises the metaphysical poets because in their works "the most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together."⁵⁰ A few months earlier he praises Baudelaire over Dryden because he "could see profounder possibilities in wit, and in violently joined images."⁵¹ While around the same time he enthusiastically takes up Baudelaire's view on the distinctive trait of English comedy: "*le signe distinctif de ce genre de comique était la violence*" (the distinctive sign of this kind of comedy was violence).⁵² Ferocity, intensity, violence, companions to the strange, the surprising, the fantastic, something very near to parody: here is the core of Eliot's aesthetics while he was writing *The Waste Land*. Which is why, of course, his essays of the time also show him so responsive to caricature and music hall, modes of cultural production which thrive on wild exaggeration, hyperbolic repetitions which pivot on the play of likeness and illusion, a grotesque machinery of extremism.

If *The Waste Land* repeatedly engages in a histrionics of nonrelationship which effectively undermines the modes of connectedness (repetition, narrative) that the poem elsewhere takes pains to assert, nowhere do the tensions between these assume starker form than in the grisly puppet show staged by the typist and the young man carbuncular at the heart of the poem, the middle of part III. The typist, after all, is repetition personified, her task to repeat someone else's words, whether dictated aloud or transcribed in longhand; while the young man carbuncular is a paradigm of the stranger or intruder whose arrival sets in motion the mechanics of event and plot, sparks narrated activity. Their story is a narrative of repetition, in the sense that their loveless coupling is inferred to be but one in a protracted series of similar encounters; while it is also a repetition of narrative, in the sense that it elaborates *topoi* associated with representations of the typist in realist and naturalist fiction of the period 1910–1922. (We shall examine those *topoi* shortly.) Moreover, a juxtaposition of narrative and repetition serves to structure the presentation of their encounter from beginning to end: a laconic narrative, divided into three scenes or tableaux, is punctuated by the stark repetition (three times) that demarcates the presence of the observing “I Tiresias.”

Little wonder that Eliot, in a note which he wrote as much as one year later, should assign this episode exemplary status: “What Tiresias *sees*, in fact, is the substance of the poem.” True, that is “a declaration that critics have tended to view rather sceptically,” as Carol Christ has noted, and the rationale behind their skepticism has been voiced by another critic: “But it is doubtful . . . whether Tiresias attains within the poem as a whole the importance that Eliot attributes to him in his Note on this passage. . . . The *persona* of Tiresias fails to control the tone of the whole passage and the result is a failure of proper impersonality.”⁵³

Still, we may harbor suspicions about the standard that is guiding such evaluations. For it assigns “Tradition and the Individual Talent” a normative function epitomized in the phrase “proper impersonality,” while that essay presents an aesthetics radically incommensurate with the sort articulated in the essays Eliot wrote while producing *The Waste Land*. We need, in short, to revisit a scene so casually dismissed by Eliot's admirers, a scene which also brings us back—by what arcane logic?—to the subject we first began with, the typewriter. For in the period that ran from Eliot's birth to roughly 1920, the typewriter and the typist were virtually one,

designated by the same term, “typewriter.” *Confessions of a Type-Writer*, a sensational novel published in 1893, recounted the seduction of a young woman by a caddish swindler, not the fantastic avowals of a machine; just as *Confessions of a Typewriter; or, Merciful Unto Me, a Sinner* (1903, 1910), recounted a similarly lurid tale but culminated in the heroine's discovery of Christian Science. Or consider the play *Miss Robinson*, performed in 1918 and published in 1920: it shows us Lister, horrified by his mother's plan to marry off his brother to the young secretary who has been working for their father, exclaiming, “You can't expect him to marry a typewriter.”⁵⁴

It is difficult today to appreciate just how unprecedented it was to make a “typewriter,” or typist, a key protagonist within a serious poem. Before *The Waste Land* typists had appeared almost exclusively in light verse that was humorous or satirical in nature.⁵⁵ Fiction was the medium which most fully registered the growing presence of typists in offices after 1885, first in short stories and then, after 1893, in novels. Only quite recently have literary scholars and historians taken note of the typist in fiction, in three essays which together assay seven novels (all British) published between 1893 and 1936.⁵⁶ In general the typist, as a subject of cultural representation, has been tacitly dismissed as unworthy of serious study, an object of misogynist scorn. For millions of women, however, clerical work offered the first occupational alternative to teaching or nursing and marked a massive change in their range of experience. The phenomenon was at once international, spreading from the United States to Britain, then France and Germany, and irreducibly local, with specific histories in different countries, even cities.

In 1921, when Eliot was writing *The Waste Land*, female office workers were still relatively new, more so in Britain than in the United States. Increasingly employed in nearly all kinds of business, typists were especially concentrated in the insurance and banking sectors, both centered in the City, or financial district, of London. In March 1917 Eliot began to work for Lloyds Bank, already a huge corporation and the second-largest of the “Big Six” British clearing banks which had emerged after decades of merger and acquisition activity that straddled the turn of the century.⁵⁷ The process was just drawing to an end during Eliot's early years at the bank, as Lloyds absorbed four last banks during the period 1918–1923. As a result of this horizontal integration process, Lloyds represented an immensely powerful concentration of capital which was now expanding into the international

arena. (In 1911 it had purchased Armstrong & Co., with branches in Paris and Le Havre, and in 1917 it entered into a fifty-fifty partnership with National Provincial Bank to create the Lloyds and National Provincial Foreign Bank; by 1938 the firm had twelve branches on the Continent, serving British companies operating in Europe and British nationals abroad.) Indirectly, it was this expansion which led to Eliot's employment. For it was a friend of Vivien's family, L. E. Thomas, then the chief general manager of National Provincial Bank, who gave Eliot his letter of introduction to Lloyds. Eliot was duly assigned to the Colonial and Foreign Department, with its offices at 17 Cornhill Street in the heart of the City, one of several abutting buildings owned by Lloyds.

After two years Eliot was transferred to the Information Department, a much smaller unit reporting directly to the bank's board of directors. Eliot himself was in daily contact with typists. He was one of 7,400 employees engaged by Lloyds, and it was during the First World War that women clerks had first appeared at the firm. By late 1918 they totaled 3,300, nearly 45 percent of the bank's labor force. With the war's end, they were soon being dismissed, and after 1920 women were engaged only for typing or filing. (By 1925 there were still 1,500 left, all of them single, for until 1949 women were obliged to resign upon marriage.) "My typist is in a bad temper now because I gave a couple of letters to do to someone else who happened to have nothing to do at the moment," Eliot laments to his father in 1917 (*LOTSE*, 204). "I have half of a room, two girls, and half of a typist," he told his mother the next year, explaining, "I share a typist with someone else" (*LOTSE*, 232). In September 1919, after completing his move to the new Information Department, Eliot tells his mother that he is awaiting "a French typist for foreign correspondence": "Next week I shall have an assistant and a typist to write my letters and do card indexing, but last week I have had to struggle through chaos myself, receiving hundreds of reports from Branches of the bank, classifying them, picking out the points that needed immediate attention, interviewing other banks and Government Departments, and trying to elucidate knotty points in that appalling document the Peace Treaty" (*LOTSE*, 369).

It may seem a small matter, but it's worth noting that comment about doing "card indexing." Card indexing was a relatively new office procedure, one of many which attended what business historians have increas-

ingly recognized as "a veritable revolution in communication technology" which took place between roughly 1890 and 1910.⁵⁸ The epitome of that revolution was the typewriter, first manufactured in 1873 but widely used in offices only after 1890. Another was something as modest as the loose-leaf (ring- or post-bound) ledger system, first marketed in 1894 to replace the bound ledger books which had been used until then.⁵⁹ Whereas before a client's growing account had to be continued on the next available page at the end of a bound book, with laborious cross-referencing to connect the two parts of the account, now it was possible to extend or add new accounts as needed. In effect the loose-leaf ledger introduced the idea of interchangeable parts to the office. It was soon followed by the card file ledger, and then by the vertical file such as we still know it today. By roughly 1910 vertical filing was universal among larger firms. The recording of outgoing correspondence was done through carbon copies, another novelty which had also become standard in large firms by 1910, while the reproduction of internal documents for large firms was facilitated by the invention of the rotary mimeograph in 1888, and the creation of new stencil papers. Eliot, in short, worked in a new office culture which had only recently taken form, an interlocking grid of new communications and storage-and-retrieval technologies—typewriters, telephones, Dictaphones, adding machines, duplicators, loose-leaf ledgers, card indexes, and vertical filing systems. The typist was the epitome of that grid—capital concentrated into flesh, flesh turned into a nexus of formal communication flows under the impress of systematic management.

That was one aspect of the typist as a distinctively modern figure. Another was related to it, yet also in contradiction. The typist was one of a family of figures who represented the promise of modern freedom: an allegedly new, autonomous subject whose appetites for pleasure and sensuous fulfillment were legitimated by modernity itself, by its promise that those new technologies, harnessed under systematic management, would ultimately enhance individual agency and create a richer life-world. (More exotic members of this family included the aviator and the automobile racer.) It was this belief which prompted early feminists to embrace the typewriter and its emancipatory potential for women, even as they swiftly noted mounting signs of betrayal (low wages, depressing workplace routines, the raw exploitation). And it was this same thematic which obliquely

lunch at city restaurants of the cheaper kind will realize the truth of this. . . . Besides, grumble as the clerks might and did at the quality of the food, it was not worse, and certainly far cheaper, than that provided by the surrounding restaurants. (TQB, 42-43)

These accounts of typists and food, though dating from 1903 and 1914, were by no means irrelevant in the immediate aftermath of World War I. When some 1,100 women who had been secretaries or typists in 1919 were asked to recall their work experiences, they stressed the subject of food again and again. They recalled eating at Lyons or ABC tea shops and getting "a boiled egg, ginger pudding with treacle and a cup of tea for 1/3d." Or, since even these cut into the weekly pay packet, "the large majority" took sandwiches. Some companies even paid their women for overtime work with food: "Bread, jam and tea for one hour," and "Scrambled eggs, scones and tea for two hours." Summarizing their recollections, an unidentified writer commented: "It was not unknown for a girl to faint at her work from lack of adequate nourishment."⁶⁴ And the topic persisted as a topos in contemporary fiction after the war. Consider the following scene from *Money Isn't Everything*, a novel published in 1923, which recounts a dialogue between Jim Rogers, who is a clerk at a City legal firm, and Elizabeth Tudor, a typist who lives alone and shares her daily lunch with him in the garden of St. Paul's:

This morning, however, as they sat on a bench watching the sparrows feed on crumbs thrown them by lunchers, he did venture to ask, when she offered him a chocolate, "Is that all you've had for lunch?"

"I had a cup of coffee and a bun at an A.B.C."

"That's not enough."

"I don't want more. I have dinner when I get home in the evening."

He could give a pretty shrewd guess at the kind of dinner it was—not the substantial appetising meal which, thanks to [his sister] Letty's skill as a cook, he found awaiting him on his own return at night from the office.⁶⁵

When novelists took up typists as fictional protagonists, they inherited

the topics and topoi of contemporary journalism. Food was one. Lodgings were another, and the small room, scarcely large enough to house a young woman and her belongings, also became a fictional topos. "I had one small room, at the top of a dreary old house, in a small turning off the Tottenham Court Road," says the first-person narrator of Tom Gallon's *The Girl Behind the Keys*.⁶⁶ The single small room also presented a practical problem for receiving visitors—the bed. When Fred Norman, a successful New York lawyer in David Graham Phillips's novel *The Grain of Dust* (1911), goes to visit the room of typist Dorothea Hallowell, he immediately notes this feature: "It was a small neat room, arranged comfortably and with some taste. . . . The bed was folded away into a couch—for space and for respectability."⁶⁷ The room of Rachel Cohen, the typist working in the London office of the New Insurance Society in Ivy Low's *The Questing Beast* (1914), is equally small and Spartan:

Besides the bed, the room contained a small enamelled wash-stand, six deal shelves holding a good many books, and a little table-crockery, a round table, two rush-bottomed "bedroom chairs," one fairly comfortable-looking upholstered arm-chair, and a large knee-hole desk, fitted with a great many small drawers and littered, not only with books and papers, but with various articles of clothing, a bunch of bananas and a glass jar half full of potted meat. (TQB, 8)

And whether adopting the voice of the narrator or a character, the novels often focus on female sleeping and undergarments, stressing their threadbare quality. In *The Questing Beast*, the narrator tells us: "Rachel Cohen, rising twenty, standing barefooted in her meagre cotton nightgown (they can only be got rather meagre for two and eleven three), looked like a very tired child of thirteen years" (TQB, 9). A more elaborate account appears in *The Grain of Dust*: "He went up with her [to her room] and helped her to pack—not a long process, as she had few belongings. He noted that the stockings and underclothes she took from the bureau drawers were in anything but good condition, that the half dozen dresses she took from the closet and folded on the couch were about done for. Presently she said, cheerfully and with no trace of shame: 'You see, I'm pretty nearly in rags.'"⁶⁸ *The Grain of Dust* is pertinent because Eliot evidently knew of its author, David Graham Phillips, damning him in an essay he wrote in

informed novels about typists, which often explore the boundaries of legitimate desire through the blunt but pressing question of how far a young woman should go in sexual relations with men.

But novels about typists did not emerge in a social vacuum. Often they developed topoi first articulated in contemporary journalism. Consider what might be called the food or diet debate, a subject taken up in an essay by "Frances," an otherwise anonymous journalist whose feature "Five O'Clock Tea Talk" appeared in the popular British newspaper *T.P.'s Weekly*. (The newspaper sold between 120,000 and 175,000 copies a week, reaching "an estimated half a million readers, chiefly among the culturally aspiring urban working- and lower-middle-classes.")⁶⁰ Frances notes widespread agreement that the lunch food available to typists and secretaries is extremely poor:

Over the quality of that mid-day meal there need not be any contradictions. Goldsmith's inquiring citizen might pursue his way from Broad Street to St. Paul's . . . putting his head in at the glass door of every tea shop he met, yet have naught to report at his journey's end but "coffee or tea and roll," with the sometimes addendum of "sandwich," or "sausage," or "pastry," or "jam." Can the girl-worker thrive and be happy on such fare, and does it content her?⁶¹

Frances goes on to give a journalistic history of "the girl-worker of to-day." The invention of the typewriter has led to the proliferation of typists, "the crowds of girls who go hurrying through the city's big highways morning and mid-day and evening." These, in turn, have given rise to another institution: "And as the typewriter was responsible for the girl-worker as she is to-day, so may she be said to be responsible for the tea shop." But the proliferation of tea shops has led only to increasingly poor diets for female office workers. The root of the problem is low salaries, especially for "the homeless girl":

For the girl who lives in a comfortable home and goes out to business in order to have extra dress and pocket money, the tea-shop lunch is well enough—a substantial dinner awaits her when the day's work is done. But the girl who has to provide food, lodgings, and clothing out of a salary which does not always reach a pound a week, and rarely exceeds thirty shil-

lings, more often than not has to make her tea-shop lunch her principal meal. She would die rather than confess it, and I have heard her talk quite bravely of not being able to eat meat or vegetables in the middle of the day, and pretend to look forward to dinner, whilst I knew that it was only by the most exquisite manipulation of her pence that cold meat supper could be managed.

Frances wistfully urges that "a woman's restaurant" be established to meet the needs of these workers, but holds out little prospect for immediate change:

Mark the tone of resignation with which they at last ask for the inevitable roll, or pastry, or sausage, or egg, or any of the other edibles which will not map out beyond the eightpence or tenpence which forms the lunch allowance. . . . It does not require very strong powers of observation to see that all those girls who throng the tea shops would welcome any change which would give them a chance of getting varied and palatable food. Their sticking to the much-condemned rolls and coffees and pastries is purely and simply a matter of purse—nothing else.

The problem was indeed genuine, and larger firms soon addressed it by building "bars" on site to cater for their employees. One of the first to do so was the Prudential Assurance Company, which, having completed its new headquarters on Holborn in the City in 1906, soon employed more than four hundred young women as office workers.⁶² One of them was Ivy Low, an aspiring writer who joined the firm in 1908 and later drew on her experience in creating the setting for *The Questing Beast* (1914), her novel about a typist named Rachel Cohen.⁶³ At one point the narrator describes the lunchtime routine:

Lunch time was a pleasant break in the day. The directors of the New Insurance Society were too careful of their female employees to allow them to go into the streets and seek their lunch in crowded restaurants. . . . At any rate, whether they admitted it or not, it was a distinct advantage to the girls that they were able to get even an indifferent lunch in the office. Anyone, that is to say any woman, who has attempted to get

late January 1921, just before beginning *The Waste Land*: "The conventional literature of America is either wretchedly imitative of European culture, or ignorant of it, or both; and by this standard one easily dispels . . . Mr. David Graham Phillips, with his exploitation of the Noble Fallen Woman who, in England, has vanished into the underworld of romance."⁶⁹ Eliot was referring here to Phillips's most recent and posthumously published novel, *Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise* (New York: D. Appleton, 1917), which recounts the heroine's plunge to prostitution and her rise as a Broadway star. But at least he was familiar with Phillips, who enjoyed a considerable reputation in the period 1900–1920, and Eliot may well have known his earlier *Grain of Dust*. Likewise, Ivy Low's novel *The Questing Beast* could easily have come to Eliot's attention. Low was a good friend of Katherine Mansfield and John Middleton Murry, and Eliot was in frequent contact with Murry during the two years (1919–1920) when Murry edited the *Athenaeum* and published thirty-three essays and reviews by Eliot.⁷⁰ *The Questing Beast* is doubly suggestive because Low uses the disarray of Rachel Cohen's room to index her character's moral confusion, the trait that lets her be seduced by a caddish young clerk named Giles Goodey—treatment which has striking similarities to the narrative trajectory which, it has been urged, Eliot adopts for the typist in *The Waste Land*.

These, then, were topoi of contemporary journalism and realistic fiction which treated typists: a single room with cramped conditions, poor food, a bed that doubles as a couch or divan, references to female garments and undergarments. *The Waste Land* evokes them all in the eight lines of its first tableau:

At the violet hour, the evening hour that strives
Homeward, and brings the sailor home from sea,
The typist home at teatime, clears her breakfast, lights
Her stove, and lays out food in tins.
Out of the window perilously spread
Her drying combinations touched by the sun's last rays,
On the divan are piled (at night her bed)
Stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.

Subject matter is being stressed here: details of setting, the props of the realist and naturalist novel, are being summoned. And the voice of the poem itself, Tiresias, directs our attention to this fact: "I Tiresias, old man

with wrinkled dugs / Perceived *the scene . . .*" (italics mine). We are, in short, in a play or novel about a typist, and the plot line is predictable (" . . . and foretold the rest").

But that is not all. For our novel or play about a typist also does something else here: it invokes poetry. Beginning at the midpoint of this passage a quatrain slowly emerges into view, and by its end it lies spread before us as neatly as "Stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays." Well, perhaps not quite so neatly: for the meter of this passage is marked by deep uncertainty, shifting uneasily between four and five stresses per line, ranging from nine to thirteen syllables, uncertainty that turns it into a sign of poetry's flimsiness, its fragility in the face of the modern world, or that tacitly asks a question about whether poetry's traditional resources, rhythm and rhyme, suffice for what the modern world can throw in its path—a typist, her room, a scene of urban squalor. But at least now we have the rudiments of our story laid out before us: we have a typist, subject matter of the contemporary novel; we have a "scene," set with the props of realism and naturalism; we have signs of poetry's resources, or resourcefulness, to be tested against the matter of modernity; and we have our more or less predictable plotline.

But "predictable" in what sense? What expectations about plot or genre conventions would contemporary readers have brought to a scene that turns around a typist? The answer to that question is more complicated than we might expect, chiefly because of changes in the constellation of popular genres that took up the typist as subject matter over the long period that extends from 1890 to roughly 1925.⁷¹ In the earlier decades, 1890 to 1910, typists were depicted chiefly in two kinds of novel. One was overtly melodramatic, drawing on conventions and plotlines derived from late Victorian melodrama. In these the heroine was typically threatened by the predatory desires of an unscrupulous employer, a villain who resorted to deception and violence to attain his end, and she was invariably saved from danger by her beloved, the hero whom she would eventually marry.⁷² The other kind of novel was broadly realistic and was written by such British authors as George Gissing, whose *The Odd Women* (London: Lawrence and Bullen, 1893) is one of the earliest explorations of "the New Woman," or Ménie Muriel Dowse, a "New Woman" writer whose novel *The Crook of the Bough* (London: Methuen, 1898) probes the contradictory expectations faced by women entering the new world of work. Their American

counterpart was Henry Blake Fuller, whose novel *The Cliff Dwellers* (New York: Harper, 1893) addressed the life forms in the new skyscrapers being built in Chicago.

But in subsequent years, a period running from roughly 1910 to 1925, the melodramatic novel vanished, its place gradually assumed by a new, still-emerging genre, women's romance, the genre that would later produce Barbara Cartland and Catherine Cookson. In such novels the heroine typically experienced a series of temptations and tribulations, often precipitated by an older and wealthier man, and ended by marrying another man of considerable wealth—or, what comes to the same thing, her employer.⁷³ Realism, meanwhile, continued to serve as a counterweight. Less driven by plot conventions than by protocols of treatment, it was an elastic mode perpetually in search of subject matter which could not be represented within the conventions of other genres, and increasingly it was turning to that controversial topic, sexual activity outside or prior to marriage. It was epitomized by such British authors as Arnold Bennett, Rebecca West, and Ivy Low; or by American authors following in the tracks of Theodore Dreiser and Upton Sinclair, writers like Sinclair Lewis, or the muckraking journalist David Graham Phillips, or Winston Churchill, now forgotten but from 1900 to 1920 "the author most widely read by the American middle class."⁷⁴ Between 1911 and 1922 each of the six authors published a novel about a typist or stenographer, four of which portray a heroine who engages in consensual sex before marriage—depictions which explicitly transgress the convention which had made the preservation of the heroine's chastity a governing device of melodrama and romance.⁷⁵ (One of the novels, Ivy Low's *Questing Beast*, was banned by W. H. Smith and Son, which refused to handle it.)⁷⁶ Yet it is precisely at this point that all four novels encounter serious difficulties with plotting. For in the real world an unmarried and pregnant woman of limited financial resources faced only one prospect, the certainty of social ostracism, and most likely the necessity of putting an illegitimate child up for adoption. But for novelists bent on affirming the dignity of protagonists who engaged in consensual sex before marriage, that outcome could only validate the social prejudice they hoped to question. The result was an impasse. Consider *The Questing Beast*. The heroine Rachel Cohen is first seduced by a caddish clerk named Giles Goodey, then engages in consensual sex with a young actuary named Noel Young and becomes pregnant. Low resolves the impasse by resorting

to what can only be called a fairy-tale ending: the heroine's landlady miraculously possesses enough money to support her throughout her pregnancy, and meanwhile her former colleagues at the office type up the novel she has been working on, which is soon published to critical acclaim and commercial success. The final chapter jumps forward, leaping over seven years and all potential complications: Rachel, still accompanied by the benevolent landlady, is now a successful novelist living in an isolated village by the sea, where she is successfully raising her child. Winston Churchill resolves the dilemma by having the pregnant heroine, Janet Bumpus, be taken in by two friends; the child's father is soon murdered, and when the heroine-mother dies only a few months after childbirth, the child is adopted by her benevolent friends. Rebecca West, in a daring strategy, leaves the future of the mother and child radically open and unresolved: the novel ends just at the moment when the heroine reaches her decision to sleep with the protagonist, even though she knows that he has killed his mother only a few hours earlier, that he will soon be apprehended by the police, and that she and he will never have a life together. Arnold Bennett depicts a heroine who frankly acknowledges her innate propensity to give pleasure to a man (a woman's true nature, it is implied): she freely accepts her employer's offer to lead a life of pleasure on the Continent; but when it is learned that he is gravely ill, he hastily organizes a wedding, carefully arranges his will in her favor, and conveniently dies within days, leaving her the proprietor of the typing agency in London where she had been employed. After childbirth she returns to London, admired and envied by all her former colleagues. Bennett is out to subvert the melodramatic and romance convention which makes the seductive employer into a villainous cad; but to do so he resorts to turns of plot as improbable and unmotivated as those of the genres he is subverting. Yet his dilemma was highly representative, shared by all the realistic novelists who wanted to shape a sympathetic account of a young woman who, having engaged in consensual sex before marriage, became pregnant: the consequences in the real world were unspeakable, ineffable in the most literal sense, and could be evaded only through recourse to a *deus ex machina*, a magical or fairy-tale ending. In effect, the contradictory impulses at work in the realist novel's depiction of the typist turned her into something strange and paradoxical: a figure for what was resistant to figuration, a sign of what could not be signified but had to be circumvented.

Which brings us back to the typist in *The Waste Land*, whose appearance in the first tableau has been accompanied by a "scene," set with the props of realism and naturalism; signs of poetry's resources or resourcefulness; and the promise of a fairly predictable plot ("... and foretold the rest"). These elements, in turn, have been juxtaposed with two others. One is the way in which the poem takes pains to assert an identity between the typist and the figure for its own activity: "I too awaited the expected guest," says Tiresias in the brief interlude that separates the first tableau from the second; "And I Tiresias have foresuffered all" (243), he will reiterate at the next interlude (*italics mine*). Both comments merely reinforce an earlier identification drawn between the typist, Tiresias, and the modern machine, all three connected through reiteration of the word "throbbing" in the passage which brings the typist onstage:

At the violet hour when the eyes and back
Turn upward from the desk, when the human engine waits
Like a taxi throbbing waiting,
I Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives (215-218)

But that identification is further complicated by another element, the poem's oblique recognition that the typist exceeds the capacity of conventional representation.⁷⁷ For which perspective is it that enables us to see, at the same time, "the eyes and back" of that "human engine"?

All these elements make what happens next only the more startling. For when the curtain next opens on the scene, the principal actress is abruptly whisked off the stage:

He, the young man carbuncular, arrives,
A small house agent's clerk, with one bold stare,
One of the low on whom assurance sits
As a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire.
The time is now propitious, as he guesses,
The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,
Endeavours to engage her in caresses
Which still are unreproved if undesired.
Flushed and decided, he assaults at once;
Exploring hands encounter no defence;
His vanity requires no response,

And makes a welcome of indifference.

Bestows one final patronising kiss,
And gropes his way, finding the stairs unlit ...

(231-242, 247-248)

In the second tableau the typist vanishes entirely as an autonomous agent. She exists only through the thoughts of the young man carbuncular, a present-tense variant of free indirect discourse ("as he guesses, / ... she is bored and tired"), or as a pronominal object of his gropings ("Endeavours to engage her ..."). And as the passage goes on, she dissolves into a ghastly/ghostly series of negations: "unreproved," "undesired," "no defence," "no response," "indifference," their horror amplified because four of them are placed in the emphatic position of ending a line of verse, reverberating with each other ("no defence"/"indifference") and other rhyme words ("tired"/"undesired" and "at once"/"no response"). The privative prefixes ("un-," "in-," "no-") throbbing across the desolate syntax sequester the typist in a region of inexplicable, unbearable privation.

Nor is it just the typist who disappears in the course of the central tableau. The young man carbuncular, as soon as he "assaults at once," is displaced with *synechdoche* ("Exploring hands encounter ...") and then vanishes under personification ("His vanity requires ..."). Even his "final patronising kiss" has nobody and nothing that serves as a grammatical subject to bestow it; we must infer that "bestows" is governed—but is anything being "governed" here?—by the subject of the preceding clause, "His vanity." Vanishing and vanity, both stemming from the Latin *vanus*, meaning "empty," or to cite a fuller definition: "1, *that contains nothing, empty, void, vacant*; 2, *empty as to purport or result, idle, null, groundless, unmeaning, fruitless, vain*."⁷⁸ Void and vacant; groundless and unmeaning: stark terms, but they seem to be all that this conjuncture of repetition and narrative leaves us. Yet is that all there is to "the substance of the poem," if we may borrow the language of the much-discussed note which Eliot later provided for this passage?

That withering final kiss is horrific. It toys with a convention, of course, one in which the novel makes a kiss into the climax of a scene, a chapter, or even a whole work. And lodged within that convention is another, those martial metaphors which crop up in the central tableau: "Flushed and

decided, he *assaults* at once; / Exploring hands encounter *no defence*" (italics mine). No doubt the lover as soldier has a venerable pedigree in lyric poetry, one that reaches back to Propertius and Ovid and flourishes anew in sixteenth- and seventeenth-century poetry.⁷⁹ But by the early twentieth century it has become fossilized language in the novel. Ivy Low adopts it at the moment when Giles Goodey begins to seduce Rachel, a climactic moment in the book. He has been reading aloud a manuscript in her room, which she is typing up as extra work on a freelance basis, and during a pause they both step to the room's window:

Then Rachel turned and faced him, her eyes a little ghastly, her cheeks suddenly flushed, her mouth almost imperceptibly trembling. The little bells over their heads chimed ever so faintly. Giles took a step towards her, and she suddenly shrank back against the window, never taking her eyes off his face. The sudden movement touched Giles. He stooped and kissed her wrist.

"Are you afraid of me, little girl?" he said.

"Oh, no, Giles, not of *you*," said Rachel, looking at her wrist with a quaint air of surprise. "Of *me*!" she continued, and looked up at him with a crooked smile.

The appeal was double-edged. There was an invitation to his chivalry and subtler invitation to his desire in it. "Poor little girl, I must help her," suggested one voice, and "The fortress is not impregnable. It *wants* to be stormed!" clamoured another.

Another short step forward and Rachel was in his arms, timid, unresponsive, but submissive. He kissed her dark head several times, then bent it back and tried to quench a long thirst at that traitorous mouth of hers. She remained cold and bewildered—a girl under her first kiss. . . . Her acquiescence, coupled with such a truly virginal quality of coldness, was maddening, intolerable, adorable! (*TQB*, 150–151; ellipsis in original)

Eliot's use of the kiss could hardly be more different. It comes not as a climax, but as willfully gratuitous anticlimax. What had promised to be a narrative has given way to a world in which characters vanish, actions are

reduced to random flailings ("exploring hands"), and the conventions of a seduction scene evoke only a grisly pantomime of nonrelationship.

The final tableau concludes with a ferocious coda, a savage travesty of the novelistic scene where the typist, in the aftermath of her sexual encounter, finds herself alone and reflects on her deed. When Rachel Cohen wakes up the next morning:

She wondered if she had not plumbed the limits of disgust. She could not believe that life would ever hold zest for her again. A very plain person, who had never seen his face in a glass and had had to form an opinion of his features from his natural vanity and the features of other people, might have felt, on being suddenly presented with a mirror, something of the shock and horror that Rachel now felt. Exactly the question that this person would most naturally ask was constantly in Rachel's mind: "Am I like *that*? I?" . . . Rachel, hitherto triumphant over other people's weakness, now thought, in her bitter humiliation, that none was so fallen that she was not sister to. Again and again the memory of her pride in being "not that sort of girl" stung her to fresh writhings. (*TQB*, 157; ellipsis mine)

A similar moment occurs in *Chickie*, a popular novel by Elenore Meherin that was serialized in newspapers in 1923 and turned into a successful film in 1925. Here the protagonist, Helen Bryce, or "Chickie" (aged twenty), has not been seduced by a caddish villain but has simply made love with her fiancé, a twenty-five-year-old lawyer named Barry Dunne:

In her mind was a black sport of terror. It grew large—a stark live thing, shaking her pulse with dread. It was the memory of the night.

She shrank from it. It pressed down and seized her heart. It was a dark, heavy beast crouching on her chest. She tried to beat it off. It came nearer and blew warm, sickening breaths in her nostrils. Fighting, she had to draw them down. Again and again. . . . She hid from it—oh she would get away—push off this thing of horror weighing so heavily on her breast. Be free—be light again. . . .

She hated herself. Turning on the pillow, her hair fell across her face. With a violent revulsion she flung it back. Oh, this sickening contact with herself. If she could only get away from her breath, from her own hands, from her feet that were so cold they ached! If she could fly out of this body that held her fast to the immutable yesterday.⁸⁰

Disgust, shock, horror, bitter humiliation, terror, dread, memories that sting, seize the heart, or weigh heavily . . . here is the lexicon of the contemporary novel when treating a postseduction or postcoital scene. And here is *The Waste Land*:

She turns and looks a moment in the glass,
Hardly aware of her departed lover;
Her brain allows one half-formed thought to pass:
"Well now that's done: and I'm glad it's over."
When lovely woman stoops to folly and
Paces about her room again, alone,
She smooths her hair with automatic hand,
And puts a record on the gramophone. (249-256)

Horror and terror: they are the more powerfully present for being inscribed in silence.

But it is the "automatic hand" that is most arresting here, riveting the reader's attention. For in Western philosophy from Aristotle to Heidegger, the hand has been invoked to signal the critical difference between the human and the animal, at once the instrument of reason and its material counterpart.⁸¹ Yet the typist's gesture erases precisely that boundary between willful human action and the helplessness of automatism. Paradoxically, at the same time it also invokes what might be called a lyrical temporality and effect: for it interrupts, shocks, and freezes the scene. Gesture, here, is being summoned to substitute for speech, assigned a total expressivity that rests upon the ineffability of what is to be expressed. It becomes the consummate figure for what cannot be figured, a sign of what resists, exceeds, or dwarfs signification. Connoisseurs of art history will inevitably be reminded of how the hand was used in early Byzantine churches to substitute for a representation of God at a time when it was deemed blasphemous to depict him on the assumption that divine form exceeded the

limits of human representation.⁸² Tellingly, Eliot himself urges that the hand performs an analogous function in the Jacobean play *The Duchess of Malfi*. Reviewing a recent performance of it in 1920, he singles out the notorious scene in which the Duchess, trapped in a darkened chamber, is deceived into kissing a severed hand, one which she is told is that of her lover Antonio. It was "extraordinarily fine," Eliot says, for "here the actors were held in check by violent situations which nothing in their previous repertory could teach them to distort." "The scene of the severed hand," as Eliot calls it, has an uncanny effect: it prevents the actors from acting, prohibits the presenters from representing. Frozen and contracted in the clutch of rigor mortis, the dead hand dispenses with all mediation, which can only "distort," and is transformed into an eerie paradox: it is a trope of not troping and, at the same time, is pure, unmediated communication. "Here," writes Eliot in summarizing his view of the scene, "the play itself got through, magnificently, unique."⁸³

What is it, then, that "gets through" the typist's "automatic hand," that hand momentarily and yet forever contracted in a gesture charged with communicating what is otherwise ineffable, unspeakable? Doubtless there are many answers to that question, and ours can be only a tentative one, a provisional extrapolation from two phrases perhaps insignificant in themselves. One is a note that Eliot probably wrote in December 1921, when in Lausanne under the care of the Swiss psychiatrist Dr. Roger Vittoz. It is found in the margin of Eliot's own copy of Vittoz's book, *The Treatment of Neurasthenia by Means of Brain Control*. Opposite a sentence by Vittoz which reads, "The muscles are at first more or less contracted and sometimes painful," Eliot has penciled a single word: "handwriting" (LOTSE, 480 n. 1). The other phrase, somewhat strangely, is found in the final words of *The Waste Land*. By that I do not mean the famous "Shantih shantih" which closes the published poem of 1922 but rather the last passage of text proper which Eliot composed, the passage that he wrote in Paris in January 1922, after Pound had deleted the entire passage about Fresca which had originally opened part III, leaving Eliot no choice but to find a new beginning. Oddly, it too begins with the image of a hand contracted:

The rivers tent is broken and the last fingers of leaf
Clutch and sink into the wet bank. . . .

Yet it ends not with a phrase or even an image intended to suggest the ineffable, but with ineffability itself, with speechlessness:

By the waters

What is unbearable, what cannot be written even when concluding the poem, is the rest of that line: ". . . I sat down and wept." The ineffable is that sense of immense commiseration, at once a profound pity at the lacerating horrors of modernity and an unspeakable sorrow that there is no language, whether in narrative or lyric (epitomized by repetition), adequate to the terror which the poem wishes to account for. Fictively situated beside the heart of modernity which is the financial district of London, the poem offers only speechless weeping, a wild pathos at once unutterable and irredeemable, over the conditions that have governed its production. Perhaps that truly is "the substance of the poem."

CHAPTER TWO

The Price of Modernism

PUBLISHING THE WASTE LAND

"HISTORY IS A NIGHTMARE," wrote James Joyce. "History has many cunning passages, contrived corridors / And issues," murmured T. S. Eliot. It distinguishes the epic, declared Ezra Pound, in a transparent reference to his own life's work, *The Cantos*.¹ The modernists were obsessed with history. They mourned it and damned it, contested it as tenaciously as Jacob wrestling with the image of God: "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." Yet if the deity of history had ever deigned to reply to them, it might have said: "Behold, I set before you this day a blessing and a curse." Modernism, scholars announced in 1965, had "passed into history."² The comment appeared in the preface to a textbook; it was in part a historical description and in part a speech act enacting the event that it appeared to describe, modernism's passage to academic respectability. Today, of course, we live on the other side of that moment. We take for granted modernism's place in the canon or even equate its progress among the professors with its trajectory through history. Yet in doing so, we forget that modernism flourished long before 1965, that it had erupted into the public consciousness at least forty years earlier, and that its status as a cultural resource had been secured by an array of institutions at some remove from the academy. The event that epitomized this process was the publication of *The Waste Land* in late 1922, which announced modernism's unprecedented arrival on the scene of public debate. It generated a substantial amount

a highly distinctive critical tradition, one repeatedly molded by historical contingencies as varied and intricate as those that also informed the poem's composition. Doing so, we can remain open to the pleasure of amazement and the sense of wonder that a reading of *The Waste Land* inevitably brings, attentive to the poem's vertiginous twists and turns of language, responsive to its richly varied ironic and climactic moments, receptive to its lacerating wildness and stubborn refusal to accommodate our expectations.

"IMMENSE. MAGNIFICENT. TERRIBLE." Yes, that will do as a starting point.

NOTES

1. WITH AUTOMATIC HAND

1. Valerie Eliot, ed., *The Waste Land: A Facsimile and Transcript of the Original Drafts Including the Annotations of Ezra Pound* (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1971), hereafter cited as TWL:AF.
2. Hugh Kenner, "The Urban Apocalypse," in A. Walton Litz, ed., *Eliot in His Time: Essays on the Occasion of the Fiftieth Anniversary of "The Waste Land"* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1973), 23–49, hereafter cited as "UA"; Grover Smith, "The Making of *The Waste Land*," *Mosaic* 6, no. 1 (1972): 127–141, hereafter cited as "MOTWL."
3. Lyndall Gordon, *Eliot's Early Years* (New York: Farrar, Straus, 1977), appendix II, "Dating *The Waste Land* Fragments," 143–146, hereafter cited as "DTWLF."
4. Peter Barry, "The *Waste Land* Manuscript: Picking Up the Pieces—In Order," *Forum for Modern Language Studies* 15 (1979): 237–248. See also David Moody, "Appendix B: The Drafts of 'The Waste Land,'" in *Thomas Stearns Eliot: Poet* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1979), 310–318; Moody assumed that the poem was written straightforwardly in the sequence that we know from the published version, and he set aside the question of the various typewriters that had sparked debate about the priority of parts I and II or part III, while offering a judicious synthetic account for dating some of the ancillary poems and fragments.
5. Ronald Bush, *T. S. Eliot: A Study in Character and Style* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1984), chapter 5, "Unknown Terror and Mystery": *The Waste Land*, 53–78.

6. Christine Froula, "Corpse, Monument, *Hypocrite Lector*: Text and Transference in the Reception of *The Waste Land*," *Text: An Interdisciplinary Journal of Textual Studies* 6 (1996): 297-314, here 313.
7. "I am not anxious to produce another [book of criticism] for a year or two; and meanwhile have a long poem in mind and partly on paper which I am wishful to finish." T. S. Eliot to John Quinn, 9 May 1921, in Valerie Eliot, ed., *The Letters of T. S. Eliot*, vol. 1, 1898-1922 (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1988), 451; hereafter cited as LOTSE.
8. Smith furnished no reference for this claim allegedly made by Pound, and I can find no evidence that Pound said anything of the sort.
9. This was but one of several overlapping chronologies Smith offered for part III's composition. He suggested at one point that the "long poem . . . partly on paper" to which Eliot referred in his letter of 9 May to John Quinn, "probably . . . included . . . Part III or the outlines of Part IV" ("MOTWL," 133). But later he observed: "Part III, or some prototype of it, existed by the time Eliot and Vivienne went to Margate about the middle of October" ("MOTWL," 133).
10. See the headnote of Table 1 for the numbering system used here. The sixteen letters for which no original is extant are:

DATE	RECIPIENT	LOTSE PP.	NO.
23 August 1914	Mother	51-54	T.13
December 1917	Editor of the <i>Egoist</i>	211-212	T.119
March 1918	Editor of the <i>Egoist</i>	225	T.130
4 Sept. 1918	Robert Ross	243	T.148
1 June 1919	Lytton Strachey	298-299	T.200
3 Oct. 1919	John Rodker	338	T.231
[24 Oct. 1919]	Editor of the <i>Athenaeum</i>	341-342	T.235
[7 Nov. 1919]	Editor of the <i>Athenaeum</i>	344	T.238
[7 Feb. 1920]	Editor of the <i>Athenaeum</i>	369-370	T.264
[22 Apr. 1920]	Editor of the <i>TLS</i>	380-381	T.275
[25 June 1920]	Editor of the <i>Athenaeum</i>	387	T.282
[6 Aug. 1920]	Editor of the <i>Athenaeum</i>	396	T.292
[28 Oct. 1920]	Editor of the <i>TLS</i>	415-417	T.312
[3 Nov. 1920]	Editor of the <i>TLS</i>	483	T.377
[24 Nov. 1920]	Editor of the <i>TLS</i>	489	T.384
[30 Nov. 1922]	Editor of the <i>Liverpool Daily Post</i>	602-603	T.495

The six letters for which the originals have been lost since they were located by Mrs. Eliot are:

DATE	RECIPIENT	LOTSE PP.	NO.	INSTITUTION
5 Aug. [1915]	Conrad Aiken	11	T.45	Huntington
15 Aug. [1915]	J. H. Woods	112-113	T.47	Harvard Archive
[25? Aug. 1919]	Lytton Strachey	327	T.220	British Library
[24 Aug. 1920]	Mother	403-404	T.299	Houghton Libr.
15 Aug. 1922	Sydney Schiff	561	T.454	British Library
17 Aug. 1922	Paul Valéry	562	T.456	Bib. Nat. Paris

The thirteen letters for which the originals are in private collections that could not be consulted:

DATE	RECIPIENT	LOTSE PP.	NO.	OWNER
4 Aug. 1917	Robert Nichols	190	T.101	Mrs. Charlton
10 Nov. 1918	Hugh Walpole	253-254	T.156	Valerie Eliot
[20 Oct. 1919]	Sydney Schiff	340-341	T.234	Valerie Eliot
5 Nov. 1920	Walter de la Mare	420-421	T.314	De la Mare Estate
8 Nov. 1920	Walter de la Mare	421	T.315	De la Mare Estate
2 Jan. 1921	Maxwell Bodenheim	431-432	T.323	E. Goldsmith Estate
14 Dec. 1921	André Gide	494	T.388	Mme. C. Gide
24 Jan. 1921	André Gide	502	T.392	Mme. C. Gide
[21 Feb. 1922]	J. M. Murry	506	T.396	Valerie Eliot
2 Aug. 1922	Sydney Schiff	555	T.446	Valerie Eliot
9 Aug. 1922	Sydney Schiff	557	T.449	Valerie Eliot
7 Nov. 1922	Ezra Pound	592	T.483	Valerie Eliot
1 Dec. 1922	Gilbert Seldes	604	T.497	Valerie Eliot

The two letters for which I could not obtain permission, both at the Houghton Library, to see the originals are:

DATE	RECIPIENT	LOTSE PP.	NO.
8 Dec. 1922	Henry Eliot	608-610	T.500
31 Dec. 1922	Henry Eliot	616-618	T.509

11. The myth that the name Madame Sososttris was derived from "Sesosttris, the Sorceress of Ecbatana" in Huxley's *Crome Yellow* was first promulgated by Grover Smith, "The Fortuneteller in Eliot's *Waste Land*," *American Literature* 25 (1954): 490-492. In support of his claim Smith cited a letter he had received from Eliot, dated 10 March 1952, in which Eliot had said it was "almost certain" that he had borrowed the name from *Crome Yellow*. "Almost

certain" are the only words of the letter which were directly quoted by Smith. He then paraphrased the rest of the letter: Eliot "has also said that, being unconscious of the borrowing, he was unaware of any connection between the name of the clairvoyant and that assumed by Mr. Scogan," the character in *Crome Yellow* who pretends to be a fortune-teller. Eliot had better reason than he knew for being "unaware of any connection" between the two characters. As we shall see below, Eliot had probably completed the scene with Madame Sosostriis by early February, if we accept the evidence of a letter by Wyndham Lewis; and at the very latest he completed the typescript of parts I and II sometime in mid-May, 1921. Aldous Huxley, then living in Italy, did not even start to write his novel until the beginning of June that same year, "pledging himself to finish it within two months," according to his biographer. It took just a bit longer, and he finished it in the second week of August, the same biographer says (see Sybille Bedford, *Aldous Huxley: A Biography*, vol. 1, 1894-1939 [London: Chatto and Windus, 1973], 117, 119). Eliot and Huxley did not correspond during this period, as the two men were not close; Eliot, writing late in January 1921, had damned Huxley's recent long poem "Leda" as "a concession to the creamy top of the General Reading Public" (see T. S. Eliot, "London Letter, March 1921," in Lawrence Rainey, ed., *The Annotated "Waste Land" with Eliot's Contemporary Prose* [New Haven: Yale University Press, 2005], 139.) Smith went on to diffuse the claim in his subsequent monographs on Eliot: *T. S. Eliot's Poetry and Plays: A Study in Sources and Influence* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1956), 76, a work that went through numerous impressions and a second edition in 1974; and *The Waste Land* (London: George Allen and Unwin, 1983), 47, 67-68. Through these it has become a standard note in all commentaries on the poem. See, for example: B. C. Southam, *A Guide to the Selected Poems of T. S. Eliot* (New York: Harcourt, 1968), 74-75, note to line 43; and Michael North, ed., *The Waste Land: A Norton Critical Edition* (New York: Norton, 2001), 6 n. 4, which also reprints the entire passage from *Crome Yellow*, 40-42. It is fairly likely that Huxley, in adopting the name Sesostriis, was drawing on a name common to three rulers of ancient Egypt during the Middle Kingdom, who were named Senusret, or in a variant rendering, Sesostriis: Senusret or Sesostriis I, II, and III ruled for various spells between 1971 and 1841 B.C. Whether Eliot also had these names in mind is a matter of speculation.

12. Wyndham Lewis, "Early London Environment," in Tambimuttu and Richard March, eds., *T. S. Eliot: A Symposium* (London: Frank and Cass, 1965; 1st ed., 1948), 24-32, here 30.
13. "Mr. Apollinax" is assigned to 1916 by Christopher Ricks in his edition of T. S. Eliot, *Inventions of the March Hare* (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1996), xli, evidently on the basis of its first publication in *Poetry* 8, no. 6 (September 1916): 294. For the text of both the autograph draft and the fair-copy versions of the poem see *ibid.*, 344, 345. Gordon urges that both "The Death of St. Narcissus" and "Mr. Apollinax" were "written by January 1915 for, on 2 February, Eliot alluded to them in a letter to Pound ('I understand that

Priapism, Narcissism etc. are not approved of . . .')" ("DTWLF," 143). But Gordon misunderstands Eliot's comment. He is referring to the infamous King Bolo poems that Wyndham Lewis chose not to publish in *Blast* 2, not to "The Death of St. Narcissus" and "Mr. Apollinax."

14. Gordon, "DTWLF," 43, claims that the paper "matches that of an unpublished 1916 review of H.D.'s translation of choruses from *Iphigenia in Aulis*." I have been unable to locate this unpublished review of H.D., *Choruses from Iphigenia in Aulis* (London: Egoist, 1916), no. 3 in the Poets' Translation series.
15. On 9 April Lewis held a private viewing of his exhibition "Tyros and Portraits" at the Leicester Galleries, where he distributed the first copies of the journal to visitors; see Paul O'Keefe, *Some Sort of Genius: A Life of Wyndham Lewis* (London: Jonathan Cape, 2000), 229-230.
16. The British Bond [A] paper was used for only a single extant letter, from Eliot to Wyndham Lewis, dated November[?] 1915, T.55, in *LOTSE*, 122. Between the British Bond [B] and the British Bond [C] there is also a small distinction in color: the British Bond [B] used for "Song" is yellow white (Centroid 92; see the headnote to Table 1 for notes on these terms for standardized color descriptions), while British Bond [C], used in other *Waste Land* manuscripts described below, is white. Lyndall Gordon confuses the two papers because, although she notes their distinct colors, she fails to note that [B] has chain-lines while [C] does not: "Eliot used . . . British Bond paper for the *Waste Land* copy. Parts I and II of *The Waste Land* use the same typewriter and paper [as 'Song'], though the paper of 'Song' is slightly yellower, perhaps a different batch" ("DTWLF," 144).
17. The sixteen letters written on British Bond [B] are:

DATE	RECIPIENT	LOTSE PP.	NO.
13 Sept. 1920	Henry Eliot	406	T.303
20 Sept. 1920	Mother	408	T.304
17 Oct. 1920	Scofield Thayer	413	T.310
23 Oct. 1920	Leonard Woolf	415	T.311
31 Oct. 1920	Mother	417	T.313
2 Dec. 1920	Mother	423	T.317
8 Dec. 1920	Edgar Jepson		U.75
10 Dec. 1920	R. C. Trevelyan	426	T.319
[22 Dec. 1920]	Ezra Pound	426	T.320
26 Dec. 1920	Leonard Woolf	427	T.321
1 Jan. 1921	Scofield Thayer	428	T.322
16 Jan. 1921	Mother	432	T.324
18 Jan. 1921	Leonard Woolf		U.77
22 Jan. 1921	Mother	432	T.325
30 Jan. 1921	Scofield Thayer	434	T.326
30 Jan. 1921	Scofield Thayer	435	T.327

18. That Eliot did not begin working on *The Waste Land* sometime during 1920 is abundantly evident from his own comments in various letters written throughout that year. True, already on 5 November 1919 he had made a statement widely interpreted as his earliest reference to *The Waste Land* when, writing to the New York lawyer and cultural patron John Quinn, he enumerated his current projects: "I am at work now on an article ordered by the *Times*, and when that is off I hope to get started on a poem that I have in mind" (LOTSE, 344). But throughout 1920 Eliot was prevented from working on the "poem that I have in mind" by a combination of events. First, writing *The Sacred Wood* proved far more difficult than he had anticipated: Eliot had originally hoped to complete it by the end of May, but the final manuscript was not posted to the publisher until 9 August 1920, more than two months late. Second, there was the flat at Crawford Mansions, which he and Vivien had "come to loathe on account of the noise and sordidness." In June he began searching for another one, horrified to learn that many were priced at "two to four times what we pay now" (LOTSE, 390). Only at the end of October did Eliot finally agree on rental terms for a new flat at 9, Clarence Gate Gardens, and only at the end of November did he move in. But there was a third event which further consumed his time, an enormous stomach abscess which nearly killed Vivien's father, requiring an emergency operation and weeks of painful recovery attended by Vivien. Finally, throughout 1920 Eliot complained of poor health and exhaustion—sometimes his own, sometimes Vivien's, often that of both. Eliot's regrets over not working on his projected poem recur throughout the year. To a novelist who was finding it difficult to concentrate he wrote in January 1920: "I have been trying to start work myself, and it is very difficult when *both* people in a household are run down" (LOTSE, 355). To his brother he wrote in September: "I have not done any writing for months, and now we are both sleeping very badly. . . . I feel maddened now because I want to get settled quietly and write some poetry" (LOTSE, 407). A week later he wrote to his mother: "I do not suppose that I shall be properly settled at work again till November; I have several things I want to do; and I want a period of tranquility to do a poem that I have in mind" (LOTSE, 408). "Am I writing much?" he asked himself in another letter, echoing his correspondent's question. "Only signing my name to leases and agreements" (LOTSE, 409). In October he advised his mother regretfully: "I have of course been unable to write, or even read and think, for some weeks" (LOTSE, 412). "You see," he explained to one correspondent, "we began looking for a flat in June, and since then I have simply not had the time to do a single piece of work. . . . But I want to get to work on a poem I have in mind" (LOTSE, 419). By December even the success of *The Sacred Wood* was beginning to irritate him: "I am rather tired of the book now, as I am so anxious to get on to new work, and I should more enjoy being praised if I were engaged on something which I thought better or more important. I think I shall be able to do so soon" (LOTSE, 424).
19. That Eliot sent off the manuscript of his "London Letter, May 1921" by

- around 1 May can be inferred from his comment, made on 21 May, to Scofield Thayer, editor of the *Dial*, who was then in Berlin: "I am glad to hear that my letter was received in time." Given how long it would take for Eliot to send his essay to the *Dial's* office in New York (nine days), for the office then to notify Thayer in Berlin (another nine days), and for Thayer to acknowledge receipt to Eliot, the essay must have been posted by early May.
20. Ezra Pound to Agnes Bedford, 20 April 1921, Indiana University, Lilly Library, Pound Mss. II.
21. Ezra Pound to Isabel Pound, 24 April [1921], Yale University, Beinecke Library, YCAL ms. 43.
22. That the manuscript reached Eliot after 9 May can be inferred from Eliot's comment to John Quinn in his letter of 9 May: "I have had no news whatever from Pound, beyond two postcards with no address, since he left this country" (LOTSE, 451).
23. Wyndham Lewis to Sydney Schiff, 7 February 1921, British Library, ms. add. 52919. The existence of this letter was first noted by Peter Ackroyd, *T. S. Eliot: A Life* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1984), 110, 345 n. 6.
24. Unpublished letter (U.82) from T. S. Eliot to Mary Hutchinson [15 June 1921; postmark 16 June 1921], University of Texas, Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center.
25. T. S. Eliot, "The Metaphysical Poets," *Times Literary Supplement*, no. 1031 (20 October 1921): 669–670. Rpt. in Rainey, *Annotated "Waste Land,"* 192–201.
26. Unpublished letter from Ezra Pound to Dorothy Pound, 14 [October 1921], Indiana University, Lilly Library, Pound Mss. III.
27. Valerie Eliot assigns Eliot's departure from Paris to "22? November" (LOTSE, xxxvi). But a difficulty for this date is posed by Eliot's letter to the editor of the *Times Literary Supplement*, which was datelined Lausanne and published on 24 November. Surely it had to have been set in type by at least 23 November, and surely it must have been posted at least one day earlier, on 22 November. It seems to ask too much to suppose that Eliot could have taken the train from Paris to Lausanne, arrived, and then written and posted a letter the same afternoon. It seems more likely that he left Paris on 21 November, perhaps even 20 November. Pound, in a letter to Scofield Thayer, indicated that Eliot was simply "on his way through Paris," not staying for a more extended period.
28. Unpublished letters from Ezra Pound to his father, Homer Pound, 3 December [1921] and 25[–26] December 1921, Beinecke Library, YCAL ms. 43.
29. Unpublished letter from Ezra Pound to Scofield Thayer, 5 December 1921, Beinecke Library, *Dial* Papers.
30. Hieratica Bond [A] was used for Eliot's letters of [14 October 1914] to William Greene (T.19, LOTSE, 65) and 21 November [1914] to Conrad Aiken (T.23, LOTSE, 69).
31. Hieratica Bond [B] was used for a letter from Eliot to Wyndham Lewis, 5 August 1918 (T.143, LOTSE, 240).

32. Hieratica Bond [C] was used for two letters, one dated 6 August 1919 to Harold Monro (T.218, *LOTSE*, 325), the other dated 3 September 1919 to Eliot's mother (T.222, *LOTSE*, 328).
33. This dating differs sharply from that of Lyndall Gordon, "DTWLF," 144, who urges: "It is impossible, so far, to date the Hieratica cluster exactly, but 1918 seems a reasonable guess." The guess is just that, a guess, and it is by no means a reasonable one. Her arguments are followed by Ronald Bush, *T. S. Eliot: A Study in Character and Style* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1984), 53–78, in particular 56–57 and 248, nn. 14–15, who then uses this early dating of the passage of "London, the swarming life" to make an argument about Eliot having programmatic intentions which later "fell away" (57).
34. The letter to Pound is misdated by Valerie Eliot, who assigns it to [24? January 1922]. The mistake results from her error in dating an earlier letter by Pound, one which he had dated "24 Saturnus" according to an arcane calendar ("The Little Review Calendar") that he published in the *Little Review* 7, no. 2 (Spring 1922): 2. The month "Saturnus" was to correspond with January. Mrs. Eliot, in her edition of *LOTSE*, mistakenly assigned the letter to December, following D. D. Paige, the editor of Ezra Pound, *Selected Letters, 1907–1941* (New York: New Directions, 1971), 169. Paige's error was first noticed back in 1972 by Hugh Kenner, "UA," 44 n. 7, but it evidently had not come to Mrs. Eliot's attention before she published her edition of the letters in 1988.
35. On these discussions over publishing the poem see Chapter 2.
36. *Ibid.*
37. On the various publication dates see Chapter 2, n. 3.
38. Much of the discussion has focused on Eliot and Wagner. See Sarah Wintle, "Wagner and *The Waste Land*—Again," *English: The Journal of the English Association* 38, no. 162 (Autumn 1989): 227–250; Philip Waldron, "The Music of Poetry: Wagner in *The Waste Land*," *Journal of Modern Literature* 18, no. 4 (Fall 1993): 421–434; and Margaret Dana, "Orchestrating *The Waste Land*: Wagner, Leitmotiv, and the Play of Passion," in John Xiros Cooper, ed., *T. S. Eliot's Orchestra: Critical Essays on Poetry and Music* (New York: Garland, 2000), 267–294.
39. My transcription departs from Valerie Eliot's at line 5. She seems to think that the word "there" replaces "where"; but exactly the opposite is true, as a glance at the facsimile reproduction of the manuscript (TWL:AF, 36) suffices to indicate. My reading is also confirmed by the published text of the poem, which in all versions has always given "where" as a final reading.
40. Indeed, the form which these lines will assume in the published poem only accentuates both their relatedness and their difference:

But at my back in a cold blast I hear (line 185)
 But at my back from time to time I hear (line 196)
 O City City, I can sometimes hear (line 259)
41. Readers will recognize that I am drawing here on Michael Levenson's excellent discussion of the opening passage in his *A Genealogy of Modernism* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1984), 165–173.
42. Calvin Bedient, *He Do the Police in Different Voices: "The Waste Land" and Its Protagonist* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1986), 56.
43. Michael Levenson, "Does *The Waste Land* Have a Politics?" *Modernism/Modernity* 6, no. 3 (September 1999): 1–13, here 1.
44. The ten essays which Eliot published while writing *The Waste Land* are conveniently collected in Lawrence Rainey, ed., *The Annotated "Waste Land" with Eliot's Contemporary Prose* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2005). The first note to each essay provides the rationale used to assign it a date of composition, and those dates of composition (as opposed to publication) are followed in the discussion below.
45. T. S. Eliot, "Andrew Marvell," *Times Literary Supplement* 1002 (31 March 1921): 201–202. Rpt. in Rainey, *Annotated "Waste Land"*, 149, 150.
46. T. S. Eliot, "John Dryden," *Times Literary Supplement* 1012 (9 June 1921): 361–362. Rpt. in Rainey, *Annotated "Waste Land"*, 174, 175.
47. T. S. Eliot, London Letter, July 1921, *Dial* 71, no. 2 (August 1921): 213–217. Rpt. in Rainey, *Annotated "Waste Land"*, 186.
48. T. S. Eliot, London Letter, May 1921, *Dial* 70, no. 6 (June 1921): 448–453. Rpt. in Rainey, *Annotated "Waste Land"*, 168.
49. *Ibid.* Rpt. in Rainey, *Annotated "Waste Land"*, 169.
50. T. S. Eliot, "The Metaphysical Poets," *Times Literary Supplement* 1031 (20 October 1921): 669–670. Rpt. in Rainey, *Annotated "Waste Land"*, 194.
51. Eliot, "John Dryden." Rpt. in Rainey, *Annotated "Waste Land"*, 180.
52. Eliot, London Letter, May 1921. Rpt. in Rainey, *Annotated "Waste Land"*, 169.
53. Carol Christ, "Gender, Voice, and Figuration in Eliot's Early Poetry," in Ronald Bush, ed., *T. S. Eliot: The Modernist in History* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1991), 33; Martin Scofield, *T. S. Eliot: The Poems* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1988), 118.
54. See Clara del Rio, *Confessions of a Type-Writer* (Chicago: Del Rio Publishing, 1893), and Elinor Dawson, *Confessions of a Typewriter; or, Merciful Unto Me, a Sinner* (Chicago: Charles Thompson, 1903). The Library of Congress catalogues the latter under the title *Merciful Unto Me, a Sinner* and dates it to 1905; but the copy of the novel I own, a 1912 reprint, has the title as I've given it here and dates the copyright to 1903. See also Elizabeth Baker, *Miss Robinson: A Play in Three Acts* (London: Sidgwick and Jackson, 1920), 58.
55. Examples include T. W. H. [Thomas William Hodgson] Crosland (1865–1924), "To the American Invader," in his *Outlook Odes* (London: At the Unicorn, 1902), 30–32; Enoch Miner [pseud.: Topsy Typist], *Our Phonographic Poets: Written by Stenographers and Typists upon Subjects Pertaining to Their Arts. Compiled by "Topsy Typist"* (New York: Popular Publishing, 1904); Samuel Ellsworth Kiser, *Love Sonnets of an Office Boy* (Chicago: Forbes, 1907), twenty-eight sonnets addressed to the office typewriter girl; Andrew Lang,

- "Matrimony," in *The Poetical Works of Andrew Lang*, ed. Leonora Blanche Lang (London: Longmans, 1923), 3: 179–180. A serious and hence rare poem about a typist is "Interlude: Eurydice," by Arthur Henry Adams, in his *London Streets* (London: T. N. Foulis, 1906), 34–36.
56. See Christopher Keep, "The Cultural Work of the Type-Writer Girl," *Victorian Studies* 40 (1997): 401–426; Morag Shiach, "Modernity, Labour, and the Typewriter," in Hugh Stevens and Caroline Howlett, eds., *Modernist Sexualities* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2000), 114–129; and Pamela Thurschwell, "Supple Minds and Automatic Hands: Secretarial Agency in Early-Twentieth-Century Literature," *Forum for Modern Language Studies* 37 (2001): 155–168.
 57. The discussion which follows draws on J. R. Winton, *Lloyds Bank, 1918–1969* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1982), 1–43.
 58. JoAnne Yates, *Control Through Communication: The Rise of System in American Management* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1989), 37.
 59. On the changes detailed here and below see Elyce J. Rotella, "The Transformation of the American Office: Changes in Employment and Technology," *Journal of Economic History* 41 (1981): 51–57; Thomas Whalen, "Office Technology and Socio-Economic Change, 1870–1955," *IEEE [Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers] Technology and Society Magazine* 2, no. 2 (June 1983): 12–18; and Yates, "Communication Technology and the Growth of Internal Communication," in *Control Through Communication*, 21–64.
 60. Peter D. McDonald, *British Literary Culture and Publishing Practice, 1880–1914* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1997), 96.
 61. "Frances," "Five O'Clock Tea Talk: A Woman's Restaurant," *T.P.'s Weekly*, 11 December 1903, 918. All subsequent citations are from this page. My thanks to Tom Holland for drawing my attention to this essay.
 62. The Prudential Assurance headquarters, Holborn Bars, was constructed between 1899 and 1906, designed by Alfred Waterhouse (1830–1905). The neo-Gothic edifice was one of fifteen office buildings which Waterhouse designed for Prudential. See Alastair Service, *London 1900* (New York: Rizzoli, 1979), 97–98.
 63. Ivy Low, *The Questing Beast* (London: Martin Secker, 1914), hereafter cited within the text as *TQB*. In 1916 Ivy Low married Maxim Litvinov and changed her name; she moved with him to the new Soviet Union after 1917, where ultimately he became foreign minister under Stalin. After his death she returned to England. *The Questing Beast* was her second novel. Her first, *Growing Pains* (London: William Heinemann), was published in 1913; while her next, *His Master's Voice* (London: William Heinemann), appeared in 1930. Low/Litvinov also translated many works from Russian literature. See John Carswell, *Exile: The Life of Ivy Litvinov* (London: Faber, 1983).
 64. Anonymous, "Suffragette Secretaries: A Report on Office Life 60 Years Ago," *Survey of Secretarial and Clerical Salaries: Alfred Marks Bureau, Statistical Services Division* (October 1979): 19–29.
 65. Sophie Cole, *Money Isn't Everything* (London: Mills and Boon, 1923), 24–25.
 66. Tom Gallon, *The Girl Behind the Keys* (London: Hutchinson, 1903), 5.
 67. David Graham Phillips, *The Grain of Dust* (New York: D. Appleton, 1911), 300.
 68. *Ibid.*, 326.
 69. T. S. Eliot, "London Letter, March 1921," *Dial* 70, no. 4 (April 1921): 448–453, here 450. Rpt. in Rainey, *Annotated "Waste Land"*, 135–140, here 137.
 70. For Low's rapport with Mansfield and Murry, see Carswell, *Exile*, 74, 96–97, 165. Eliot's publications in the *Athenaeum* are catalogued by Donald Gallup, *T. S. Eliot: A Bibliography*, rev. ed. (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1963), 203–207.
 71. The following discussion on novels about typists, secretaries, and stenographers in fiction is based on a book-length study of the typist in modern culture from 1890 to the present, a study that I currently am at work on.
 72. See, for example, Grace Miller White, *Edna, the Pretty Typewriter* (New York: J. S. Ogilvie, 1907), and Eliza Margaret J. Humphreys (pseud. Rita), *Betty Brent, Typist* (London: T. Werner Laurie, 1908).
 73. See, for example, Sophie Cole, *A Plain Woman's Portrait* (London: Mills and Boon, 1912); Ruby M. Ayre, *The Winds of the World* (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1918); Elinor Glynn, *Man and Maid* (London: Duckworth, 1922); Sophie Cole, *Money Isn't Everything* (London: Mills and Boon, 1923); and the novel cited below, n. 77.
 74. Warren Titus, *Winston Churchill* (New York: Twayne, 1963), 7.
 75. The four novels which portray a heroine having consensual sex before marriage are Low, *The Questing Beast*; Winston Churchill, *The Dwelling-Place of Light* (New York: Macmillan, 1917); Arnold Bennett, *Lilian* (London: Cassell, 1922); and Rebecca West, *The Judge* (London: Hutchinson, 1922; rpt. London: Virago, 1980). The other two realistic novels about a typist or stenographer are by Phillips, *The Grain of Dust*, and Sinclair Lewis, *The Job: An American Novel* (New York: Harper, 1917; rpt. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1994).
 76. Carswell, *Exile*, 72. The offending passage was the seduction of Rachel by Giles Goodey, quoted further below.
 77. The identification of the typist and Tiresias is noted by Christ, "Gender, Voice, and Figuration," 33; that of machine, typist, and Tiresias by Michael North, *The Political Aesthetic of Yeats, Eliot, and Pound* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1991), 99.
 78. Charlton Lewis and Charles Short, *A Latin Dictionary* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1980), s.v. *vanus*.
 79. Propertius compares his relation to Cynthia to military service at 1.6.40 and 4.1.135–138. Ovid extends the conceit with comic hyperbole in *Amores* 1.9. For the view that this conceit has no history but is a timeless propensity of the human mind, see George Laskoff and Mark Johnson, *Metaphors We Live By* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1980), 49.

80. Elenore Meherin, "Chickie": A Hidden, Tragic Chapter from the Life of a Girl of This Strange "Today" (New York: Grosset and Dunlap, 1925), 272–273.
81. See Jonathan Barnes, ed., *The Complete Works of Aristotle* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1984), vol. 1, *Parts of Animals*, 1071–1072; for Heidegger see the terms "presence-at-hand" and "ready-to-hand," which recur throughout his *Being and Time*, trans. John Macquarrie and Edward Robinson (New York: Harper and Row, 1961). For a view of the hand in English and American literature, see Katherine Rowe, *Dead Hands: Fictions of Agency, Renaissance to Modern* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1999).
82. See Martin Kirigin, *La mano divina nell'iconografia cristiana* (Vatican City: Istituto pontefice di archeologia cristiana, 1976); for a discussion of the hand in Byzantine churches and its development from Jewish tradition, see André Grabar, *L'Art de la din de l'antiquité et du moyen age*, vol. 2 (Paris: Collège de France, 1968), 791–794.
83. T. S. Eliot, "'The Duchess of Malfi' at the Lyric; and Poetic Drama," *Art and Letters* 3, no. 1 (Winter [1919/1920]): 36–39, here 37.

2. THE PRICE OF MODERNISM

1. The quotations are from Joyce's *Ulysses*, Eliot's "Gerontion," and Pound's *Guide to Kulchur*.
2. Richard Ellmann and Charles Feidelson, Jr., eds., *The Modern Tradition: Backgrounds of Modern Literature* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1965), vi.
3. For the English publication, see T. S. Eliot to Henry Ware Eliot, 11 October 1922: "The Criterion is due to appear next Monday [16 October]," in *LOTSE*, 580. See also Eliot to Richard Cobden-Sanderson, 16 October 1922, in *LOTSE*, 582. The exact date of the American publication in the *Dial* is less clear. "We are to publish the text of the poem, without the notes, in the November *Dial*, which will be published about October 20th" (carbon copy of Gilbert Seldes to Horace Liveright, 7 September 1922, Yale, Beinecke Library, *Dial Papers*, box 41, folder 1153; hereafter *Dial Papers*). With a delay of perhaps one or two days, the *Dial* apparently met its schedule: Burton Rascoe reported that he received his copy of the November issue on Thursday, 26 October 1922 (see Burton Rascoe, "A Bookman's Day Book," *New York Tribune*, 5 November 1922, section V, 8). More mystery surrounds the exact date of the Liveright release. In a letter to Seldes of 12 September, Liveright confirmed that his firm was "not to publish *The Waste Land* prior to its appearance in *The Dial*," and speculated, "I don't think that we'll publish it before January" (*Dial Papers*, ms. 34, box 41, folder 1153). However, it is clear that the book had already been typeset in August, for Eliot had received and corrected the proofs by 15 September (see *LOTSE*, 570), and by late October the volume must have needed only binding. Apparently Liveright hastened to release it on 15 December in order to capitalize on the publicity generated by the announcement of the *Dial* Award in its December issue (presumably released around 20 November). For the date, see Donald Gallup, *T. S. Eliot:*

A Bibliography, rev. ed. (New York: Harcourt, 1969), A6, 29–32. For an earlier study on *The Waste Land*'s publication, see Daniel Woodward, "Notes on the Publishing History and Text of *The Waste Land*," *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America* 58 (1964): 252–269.

4. James E. B. Breslin, *From Modern to Contemporary American Poetry, 1945–1965* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1984), 11 and 11 n. 53. Breslin cannot assign the epithet "drunken Bolshevik" to a source because it has none. The ultimate source of the phrase is a book review by Arthur Waugh (1866–1943), father of the two novelists Alec and Evelyn. Writing in 1916, he assessed the *Catholic Anthology, 1914–1915* (London: Elkin Mathews, 1915), a collection of poems edited by Ezra Pound which included Eliot's "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock." Waugh condemned the entire volume for being "the very stronghold of literary rebellion, if not of anarchy," and he singled out "Prufrock" for special attention, saying that it called for "a hint of warning": "It was a classic custom in the family hall, when the feast was at its height, to display a drunken slave among the sons of the household, to the end that they, being ashamed at the ignominious folly of his gesticulations, might determine never to be tempted into such a pitiable condition themselves." Ezra Pound, in an angry defense of Eliot's work, seized upon the phrase "drunken slave," transformed it ever so slightly into "drunken helot," and charged Waugh with applying it to Eliot. From there, in the lore of the young, it went on to become "drunken Bolshevik" and lodged itself in the memory of Stephen Spender, and from Spender it was taken up by Breslin and turned into a comment representing public opinion of the 1920s, or even a judgment on *The Waste Land*. For the review by Waugh and the counterblast by Pound, see *T. S. Eliot: The Critical Heritage*, ed. Michael Grant (London: Routledge, 1942), 67–73. For Spender's contribution, see his essay "The New Orthodoxies," in Robert Richman, ed., *The Arts at Mid-Century* (New York: Horizon, 1954), 11, which in turn is the source that is cited by Breslin.
5. On Bishop see Elizabeth Carroll Spindler, *John Peale Bishop* (Morgantown: West Virginia University Library, 1980), chapters 5–7. It should be noted that Spindler often errs on points of detail, especially in transcribing letters. See below, note 8, for examples.
6. Gilbert Seldes to Scofield Thayer, cable of 6 March 1922 (*Dial Papers*, box 40, folder 1138); Thayer to Seldes, cable of 9 March 1922; Seldes to Thayer, letter of 11 March 1922 (both in the *Dial Papers*, box 40, folder 1139).
7. Ezra Pound to Jeanne Foster, 6 May 1922 (Harvard University, Houghton Library, bMS Am 1635). On Foster and Quinn, see B. L. Reid, *The Man from New York: John Quinn and His Friends* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1968), 313, 367 (her background and their meeting in 1918), 464–465, 579 (her poetry), and 549 (her work for *Vanity Fair*). On Quinn's own work for *Vanity Fair* and his relations with its editor, Frank Crowninshield, see *ibid.*, 276–277, 302–304, 373. For a Foster contribution to *Vanity Fair* that was

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he grows older), with striking porcelain-blue eyes. Nancy has 'the heaviest head of black hair that I have ever come across'. Given recessive genes, hair colour is by no means a clinching factor. Dates are. When the four principals meet at Nauheim in summer 1904, Edward is 33. This gives a birth-date of 1870 or 1871. When Florence kills herself it is 1913, and Nancy is something between 21 and 22, which gives a birth date of 1891 or 1892. When Nancy was conceived (1890 or 1891), Edward was between 20 and 21. It was at the age of 22 that he married Leonora, at which time he was, Dowell tells us, 'almost as pure in mind as Leonora herself. It is odd how a boy can have his virgin intelligence untouched in this world.' Edward's career in extra-marital 'libertinism' begins with the Kilsyte case, in 1895.⁹

Dates are notoriously slippery in *The Good Soldier*. But those I have listed here are among the most reliable we can determine in the novel. They are the pegs on which the narrative hangs. If they are not reliable, nothing is—even the names of the characters and the places they visit. It is hard, almost inconceivable, to picture 'virginal' Edward in his early twenties fathering Nancy, by the wife of a Scottish officer in a Highland regiment. Such acts belong to his later life. Probably like the mad (if she is mad) governess in James's *The Turn of the Screw*, Nancy's paternity will become one of modernism's chewed bones. But the balance of evidence is against its being Edward Ashburnham.

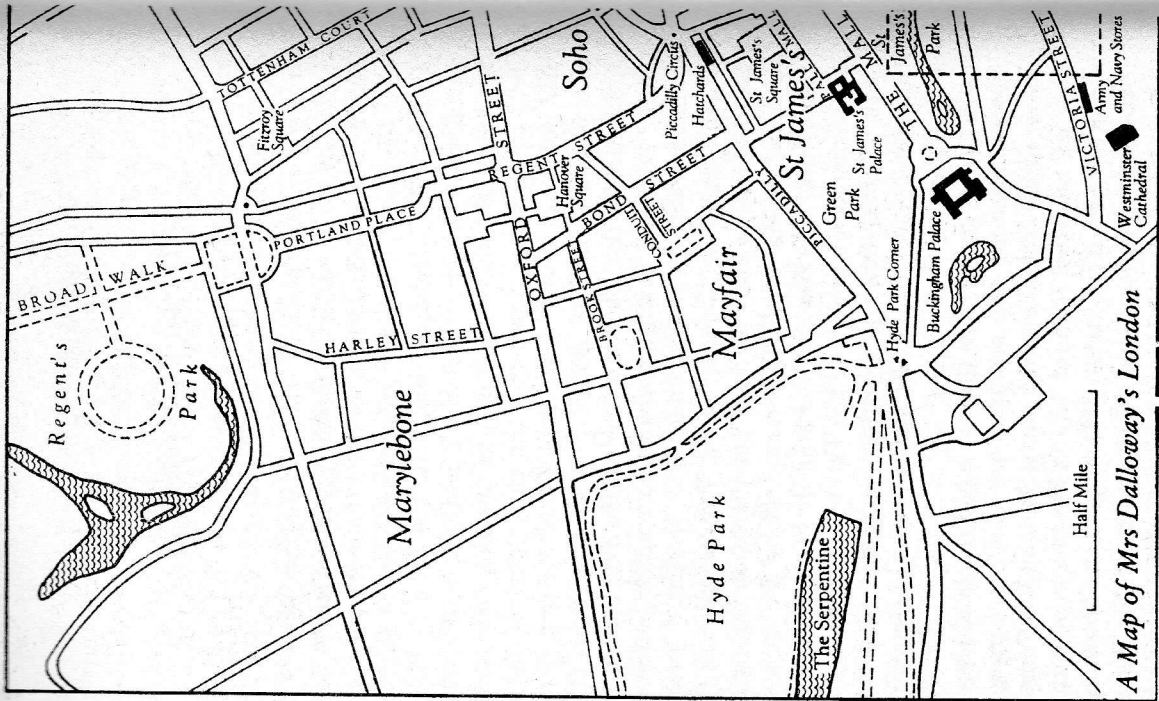
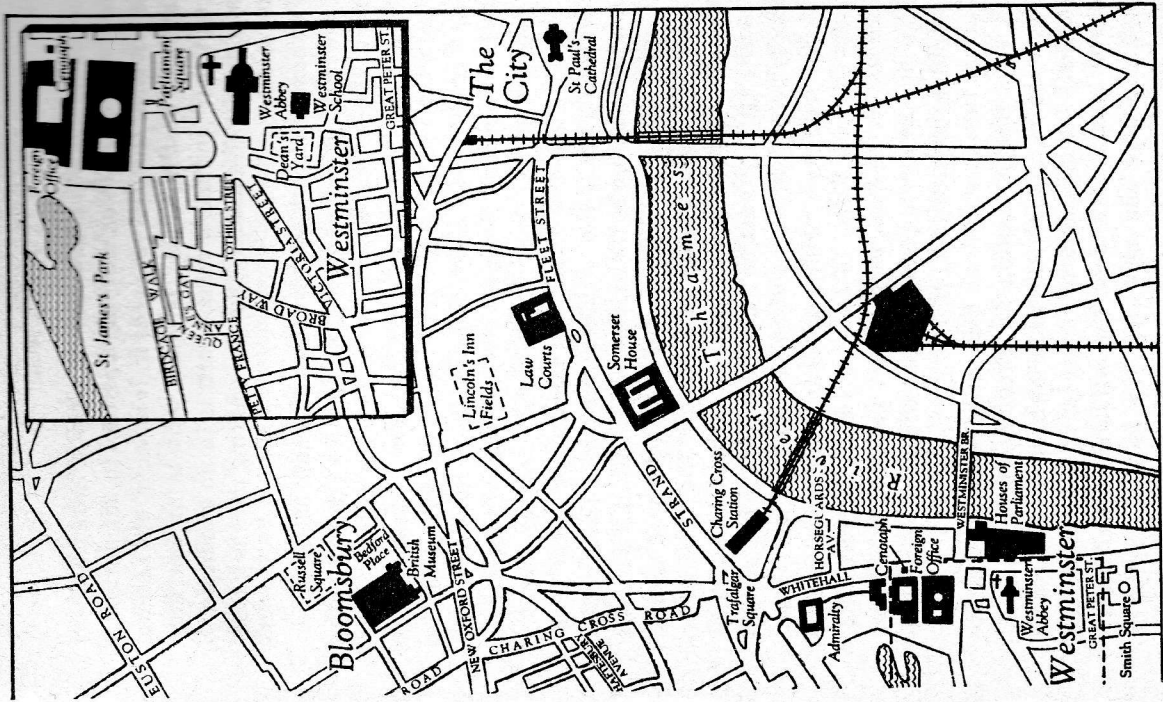
The Oxford World's Classics *The Good Soldier* is edited by Thomas Moser.

Virginia Woolf · *Mrs Dalloway*

Clarissa's invisible taxi

It is not an easy novel to read, but Virginia Woolf's *Mrs Dalloway* is the easiest of novels to summarize. 'A day in the life of a middle-aged upper-class London woman planning her party', is how the *Oxford Companion to Twentieth Century Literature* encapsulates it. The long prelude to the novel is Clarissa Dalloway's morning walk through the West End on a brilliant June morning (the 13th) in 1923 to select the flowers for the entertainment she and her politician husband are giving that evening. One of the pleasures of *Mrs Dalloway* is that you can follow quite exactly the route taken by Clarissa on her morning walk.¹ OUP has helpfully provided a map for pedestrian-minded readers. They should also set their watches. Woolf originally called her novel 'The Hours', and Clarissa Dalloway's early morning peregrination through the London streets is precisely measured by the chimes of two clocks, Big Ben and the slightly belated St Margaret's (the parish church of the House of Commons). It is with Mrs Dalloway's morning excursion that I am concerned—specifically, the puzzle of how she makes her return journey.

The novel opens, 'Mrs Dalloway said she would buy the flowers herself'—the servants are busy preparing the house for the grand evening party. She and her Conservative MP husband, Richard, live in Westminster (within a stone's throw of the House of Commons and Westminster Abbey). As she crosses busy Victoria Street, Big Ben tolls 'the hour, irrevocable' (p. 4). It is not indicated what hour



is sounding but we assume it is ten o'clock.² Mrs Dalloway is, we learn much later, carrying a parasol (p. 25), although it is not clear that she yet needs it. It is 'early' but London is already bustling. Mrs Dalloway, who is 'in her fifty-second year' and has a weak heart, is in no condition to bustle with it. We assume that her walking pace is a moderate stroll.

The next landmark the text gives us is that she is 'entering the Park'. This is evidently St James's Park, just to the south of the Mall and Green Park. It is not clear by what route she got here—presumably the short distance along Storey's Gate to Birdcage Walk. In St James's Park she meets her old friend Hugh Whitbread, on his way to the House of Commons. Reveries about the past (mainly concerning her former lover Peter Walsh, and the country house, Bourton, where they had their affair thirty years earlier) bring her to the 'middle of the Park'. The shortest path would lead her to the exit gate on the Mall, just to the east of Buckingham Palace. But the next topographical reference we have is: 'She had reached the Park gates. She stood for a moment, looking at the omnibuses in Piccadilly' (p. 7). From this we deduce that she has absent-mindedly passed through *both* St James's Park, and Green Park. She has, presumably, passed in front of the palace and up Queen's Walk, to the hurly-burly of Piccadilly (where the Green Park tube station and Ritz Hotel now are). At her presumed pace, Clarissa will be some twenty-five minutes into her walk.

Clarissa turns right along Piccadilly, remaining on the south side. She is making for Bond Street (Old Bond Street, as it now is) some 200 yards down, on the other side. She actually walks past Bond Street (without crossing the road), to browse awhile at the window of Hatchard's Bookshop, where she toys with the idea of buying a present for Hugh Whitbread's ailing and menopausal

wife, Evelyn (whom she does not much like). Nothing suits, so 'Clarissa . . . turned and walked back towards Bond Street'. She is now in the fashionable shopping area of London: 'Bond Street fascinated her; Bond Street early in the morning in the season; its flags flying; its shops; no splash; no glitter; one roll of tweed in the shop where her father had bought his suits for fifty years; a few pearls; salmon on an iceblock' (p. 9). She stops at the fishmongers (to look, not to buy) and the glove shop 'where, before the War, you could buy almost perfect gloves'. Mrs Dalloway proceeds up Bond Street to Mulberry's the florists, 'where they kept flowers for her when she gave a party'. As far as we can make out, this fictional shop is located at the junction with Brook Street—well into New Bond Street (p. 15). Another reverie about her daughter Elizabeth (who is modern and difficult) and about Elizabeth's former governess, the unpleasant Miss Kilman, preoccupy Clarissa in the seconds before pushing through the shop's swing-doors. Once inside she is attended on by Miss Pym ('whose hands were always bright red, as if they had been stood in cold water with the flowers'—the spiteful comment explains why she fictionalizes Mulberry's but not Hatchard's). Clarissa spends some time with Miss Pym, sampling the shop's extensive stock of blooms, relishing the colours and scents. She is uplifted. The sensations are 'a wave which she let flow over her and surmount that hatred, that monster, surmount it all; and it lifted her up and up when—oh! a pistol shot in the street outside.'

Her mood is shattered. It is not, however, a pistol shot. Miss Pym goes to the window and reports that it is merely a car backfiring (Londoners are still jumpy from the Zeppelin raids, we assume). The time elapsed up to this point in the narrative would be some thirty-five minutes easy walking (I timed it myself, on foot, in June 1996) with some

ten minutes to a quarter-of-an-hour's conference in Mulberry's with Miss Pym. It is, therefore, around 10.45 to 10.50 a.m.

Up to this point the narrative has been solely attached to Clarissa's consciousness. Now, with the 'violent explosion', it becomes detached. We in fact see little more of Clarissa until she is back at her house in Westminster. Instead, we follow the repercussions of the backfiring motor car. It is no ordinary automobile, but a limousine containing 'a face of the very greatest importance'. Whose face? 'Rumours were at once in circulation from the middle of Bond Street to Oxford Street.' Was it the Prince of Wales, the Queen, the Prime Minister? No one is sure. Septimus Smith, a shell-shocked World War One veteran, overhears people discussing the matter. He too is evidently passing Mulberry's shop, on his way north to Regent's Park with his wife, who has brought him out for his daily exercise. Septimus has heard the report of the car backfiring and it terrifies him (in fact, it sows the seed of the suicide he will commit, later that day). Rezia Smith wonders, with other passers-by, whether the Queen herself is in the car.

After this introduction to the Smiths we follow the mysterious car, which proceeds, 'with inscrutable reserve', south to Piccadilly. Meanwhile, Mrs Dalloway (thinking like others, 'It is probably the Queen') emerges from Mulberry's 'with her flowers'. The car 'glides across Piccadilly', turns left, and then left again down St James's Street, through London's clubland. Gentlemen looking out of the great window at White's 'perceived instinctively that greatness was passing, and the pale light of the immortal presence fell upon them as it had fallen upon Clarissa Dalloway' (p. 16). It passes the sentries at St James's Palace, who salute, then turns right along the Mall to Buckingham Palace (the flag is flying, so it may

indeed be the Queen in the car), where a crowd of hopeful onlookers is gathered.

Suppositions about the occupants of the mysterious car ripple among them, as they did among the pedestrians in Bond Street (readers never learn who actually was in the car, although Woolf's working materials indicate it was the Prime Minister, who makes an appearance later at Mrs Dalloway's party). Suddenly, in addition to the great person's limousine, there is another distraction. Above the gawpers clustered outside the Palace an *aeroplane* is sky-writing a message. It is evidently an advertisement, but no one can quite make out the words. A Mrs Bletchley hazards it is 'Kreemo'; Mr Bowley thinks he sees 'toffee'. As Londoners silently gaze into the sky, 'bells struck eleven times' (p. 18).

Meanwhile, in the time taken by the limousine to get from Bond Street to Buckingham Palace, Septimus and Rezia have reached the fountains at the southern end of Broad Walk in Regent's Park. Given the fact that it is about a mile-and-a-half (it takes me twenty brisk minutes to walk it), they may have taken a bus or a tube from Oxford Circus to Regent's Park Station (which Woolf mentions on page 22) although for one stop it would hardly seem worth it. They too see the skywriting: 'It was toffee; they were advertising toffee, a nursemaid told Rezia. Together they began to spell t . . . o . . . f . . . "K . . . R . . ." said the nursemaid.' Septimus, enclosed in his private psychosis, thinks 'So . . . they are signalling to me'. Evidently this too is happening at eleven o'clock—although Regent's Park is (unlike Buckingham Palace) beyond earshot of Big Ben and St Margaret's. The narrative remains for a few pages with people in the park.

Suddenly, on page 25, the narrative reverts to Clarissa. She is now, we discover, home. 'What are they looking at?' she asks the maid who opens the door to her house in

Westminster. Presumably 'they' are pedestrians, and what they are looking at is the Kreemo toffee message in the sky. This would suggest a third simultaneity: Mrs Bletchley's remarks outside the Palace; Rezia's conversation with the nursemaid in Regent's Park; Clarissa's return home to her house in Westminster—all occur with the chimes at eleven o'clock. This is confirmed, a few pages (but only a couple of minutes) later, when—hearing that she has a visitor (her old lover, Peter Walsh, as it turns out)—Clarissa finds it 'outrageous to be interrupted at eleven o'clock on the morning of the day she was giving a party' (p. 34).

The question is—how did Clarissa get back from upper Bond Street so quickly? Although we are given a minute topographic description of her walk to Mulberry's, we have no idea how she returned. It is accomplished, we may calculate, in the time it takes a chauffeured limousine to make its sedate way from upper Bond Street through the Mall to Buckingham Palace—ten minutes, fifteen at most if the traffic is heavy. A good middle-distance runner could hare down Bond Street and across the parks to Westminster in that time. Doubtless many commuters with trains to catch at Victoria do it every working day. But if Mrs Dalloway did it walking (carrying a large bunch of flowers, a handbag, and a parasol), she should cancel the next appointment with her heart specialist.

The solution, once one thinks of it, is blindingly obvious. She took a taxi. But why are we not told this fact? None of the student guides I have seen (*Coles Notes*, for instance) mentions this invisible taxi. Clarissa's morning expedition is assumed to be, going and coming, entirely on foot. But unless those feet are very swift indeed, a taxi there must be. The taxi hypothesis would also explain why, until she alights from the vehicle outside her front door, Mrs Dalloway has been blissfully ignorant of the skywriting that all pedestrian London is looking at.

But even if one inserts the unmentioned taxi, there are still loose ends. The last we saw of Clarissa in the West End was at Bruton Street, watching the queenly limousine. Was it there she got her taxi? Or did she walk down to Piccadilly? What route did her vehicle take (did she, for instance, pass in front of Buckingham Palace, a few feet from Mrs Bletchley and Mr Bowley?) What sights did she see on the way? It is not entirely inconceivable that there was no cab: she walked up to Oxford Circus (possibly alongside Septimus and Rezia) and got the underground to Westminster—although carrying flowers it would not have been an inviting prospect. The taxi seems more likely.

The reason why Woolf does not mention the taxi is to be found, I think, in her and Mrs Dalloway's class habits when in town. For 'upper-middle-class ladies' in 1923 to take a mile's walk to a florist's to save a servant's legs was unusual to the point of eccentricity ('What a lark! What a plunge!' Clarissa thinks as she sets out on her stroll). The wife of Richard Dalloway, MP, would routinely hail a taxi when shopping in Bond Street, or have some shop assistant do it for her. The act is so natural that there is no need to mention it: any more than one need mention that there are pigeons in Trafalgar Square—or that there are underpaid, unidentified servants who keep things shipshape in the Dalloway household. (When she was writing her famous polemic about a room of one's own and £500 a year, the Woolfs had two live-in female servants, Lotte and Nellie, who earned £76 per annum between them. They did not, one suspects, have rooms of their own.)

In his essay on Tolstoy, the Marxist critic Georg Lukacs argues that in reading *Anna Karenina* or *War and Peace*, we should always insert into the narrative 'the invisible serf'. That is, we should visualize (as the novels often do not) the vast servile infrastructure which made the principals' drama possible. Similarly, in *Mrs Dalloway* we

should recall the 'invisible taxi'—the fleets of carriages (they used to be called 'horseless'), the armies of servants (now sadly thinned by post-war democracy and insubordination), the attentive shop assistants (only visible when, like the luckless Miss Pym with her cherry-red hands, they are ludicrous or clumsy)—all of which exist to make Clarissa Dalloway's life bearable.

The Oxford World's Classics *Mrs Dalloway* is edited by David Bradshaw.

Notes

Robinson Crusoe

1. Giving Robinson shoes, boots, or moccasins is a very common error, although specifically contradicted by the 1719 illustration, which follows the text closely. See Fig. 1.
2. Stith Thompson's *Motif Index of Folk Literature* (Copenhagen, 1955), contains many entries on the motif of the devil—and sometimes angels—leaving single footprints in rock or soil.

Fanny Hill

1. When, in the 1940s, it was learned that the Cambridge teacher and critic F. R. Leavis was in the habit of referring to James Joyce's *Ulysses* in his classes, he was visited and warned by the police.
2. *Fanny Hill* was prosecuted and banned by London magistrates in the early 1960s. The ban was never formally lifted, although later in the decade Cleland's novel drifted back into print. See J. A. Sutherland, *Offensive Literature* (London, 1982), ch. 3.
3. Joss Lutz Marsh, 'Good Mrs Brown's Connections: Sexuality and Story-telling in Dealings with the Firm of Dombey and Son', *English Literary History*, 58: 2 (Summer 1991), 405–26.
4. See the episode with the sailor in vol. ii, in which Mrs Cole specifically warns Fanny against the dangers of disease ('the risk to my health in being so open-legg'd and free of my flesh', p. 142).
5. Peter Fryer, *The Birth Controllers* (London, 1965), chs. 1–2.

Tristram Shandy

1. Barbara Hardy, 'A Mistake in *Tristram Shandy*', *Notes and Queries*, 207 (1962), 261.
2. On the question of fifth-of-a-second measurements, see David S. Landes, *Revolution in Time: Clocks and the Making of the Modern World* (Cambridge, Mass., 1983), p. 130: 'The growing importance of small unities of time led to the invention in the 1740s of center-seconds watches—that is watches whose second hands ran off the center arbor and tracked the circumference of the dial . . . These watches were customarily fitted with a stop lever, which allowed

Moser, also briefly raises this possibility, only to pass it by as implausible.

8. Max Saunders, *Ford Madox Ford* (Oxford, 1996), i. 422.
9. It is possible to date this episode as 1897, but I follow Cheng in preferring 1895.

Mrs Dalloway

1. The novel began as the short story, 'Mrs Dalloway in Bond Street', which is occupied only with the morning expedition.
2. In 'Mrs Dalloway in Bond Street' the time is given specifically as 'eleven o'clock'. See *The Complete Shorter Fiction of Virginia Woolf*, ed. Susan Dick (London, 1985), 146.

1. Elizabeth Bowen, 'A Passage to E. M. Forster' in *Aspects of E. M. Forster*, ed. Oliver Stallybrass (London: Edward Arnold, 1969), pp. 1-12. Quote from p. 11.
2. Stephen Spender quoted in Nicola Beauman, *Morgan: A Biography of E. M. Forster* (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1993), p. 363.
3. P. N. Furbank, *E. M. Forster: A Life* (2 vols., Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1979), vol. II, p. 288.
4. Christopher Gillie, *A Preface to Forster* (Harlow: Longman, 1983), p. 38.
5. Malcolm Bradbury, 'Two Passages to India: Forster as Victorian and Modern', in *Aspects of E. M. Forster*, ed. Oliver Stallybrass, pp. 123-42. Quote from p. 123.
6. E. M. Forster, *Aspects of the Novel*, ed. Oliver Stallybrass (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1976), p. 133.
7. David Garnett, 'Forster and Bloomsbury', in *Aspects of E. M. Forster*, ed. Stallybrass, pp. 29-35. Quote from p. 30.
8. S. P. Rosenbaum, *Victorian Bloomsbury: The Early Literary History of the Bloomsbury Group*, vol. 1 (Basingstoke and London: Macmillan, 1987), p. 214.
9. G. E. Moore, *Principia Ethica* (London: Cambridge University Press, 1929), p. 166.
10. *Ibid.*, p. 187.
11. *Ibid.*, p. 188.
12. *Ibid.*, p. 189.
13. Garnett, 'Forster and Bloomsbury', pp. 31-2.
14. Joseph Bristow, 'Fratrum Societati: Forster's Apostolic Dedications', in *Queer Forster*, ed. Robert K. Martin and George Piggford (Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press, 1997), pp. 113-36. Quotes from pp. 116 and 117 respectively.
15. Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson, *The Greek View of Life* (London: Methuen, 1904), p. 226.
16. Samuel Hynes, *The Auden Generation: Literature and Politics in England in the 1930s* (London: Pimlico, 1992), p. 303.
17. For a detailed discussion of Forster's liberalism and humanism, see David Medalie, *E. M. Forster's Modernism* (Basingstoke and New York: Palgrave, 2002), pp. 1-62.
18. John Beer, 'Introduction: The Elusive Forster', in *E. M. Forster: A Human Exploration: Centenary Essays*, ed. G. K. Das and John Beer (London and Basingstoke: Macmillan, 1979), pp. 1-10. Quote from p. 5.
19. Garnett, 'Forster and Bloomsbury', p. 30.
20. Kenneth Graham, *Indirections of the Novel: James, Conrad, and Forster* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1988), p. 10.
21. E. M. Forster, *Pharos and Pharillon* (London: Hogarth Press, 1961), p. 92.
22. Stephen Spender, *World Within World: The Autobiography of Stephen Spender* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1951), p. 167.

Forster and England

It is an opportune moment to consider Forster and England: the past few years have witnessed the publication of an important body of work in history, literary criticism, and cultural studies on Englishness during the late Victorian, Edwardian, and Georgian periods, when Forster came of age as an author.¹ Drawing on this work, a number of critics read *Howards End* as a 'condition of England' novel, a fictional expression of popular anxieties about rising poverty, imperial decline, and race degeneration.² Such analysts contend that *Howards End*, insistently focused on personal relations, also carries social and political implications. They interpret the novel as a national allegory in which interactions between various English types analyse England's unhealthy condition and project a better future. Other critics read *A Passage to India* as a dissenting imperial allegory, which assails the ills of Anglo-India and allegorises the impossibility of friendship between English and Indians under empire.³ I argue similarly that most of Forster's literary works can be understood as national allegories that diagnose an ailing nation and offer literary cures for the malaise they anatomise. Thus while he frequently writes against Edwardian England, Forster is also something of a literary patriot.

Forster's national allegories function in two ways: as parables of Englishness enlivened and as fantasies of England reconciled. Some offer women and men suffering from the pathologies of middle-class Englishness a passage to nature, passion, and freedom. In *Where Angels Fear to Tread* (1905), *A Room with a View* (1908), and *A Passage to India* (1924), Forster's English abroad are confronted with individuals and events that shock them. His bravest and most sensitive characters react by embracing difference, discovering love, passion, and the hope of enduring happiness; his more timorous and close-minded characters fail or refuse to accept the lessons life offers them. These national allegories function parabolically: Forster dares English readers to learn from his characters' experiences, to refuse suburban repression and hypocrisy, and to embrace life and nature. Other Forster

fictions prescribe cures more fantastic. The early short stories, first published between 1903–12 and collected in *The Celestial Omnibus* (1911) and *The Eternal Moment* (1928), present Forster's critique of Englishness through mythology and fantasy: a visit from Pan enlivens an English boy abroad ('The Story of a Panic' (1904)); a faun converts an English curate to paganism ('The Curate's Friend' (1907)); an Irish girl pursued by her domineering English husband disappears, dryad-like, into the trees ('The Other Kingdom' (1909)). Forster's novels generally refuse fantasy for realism. But a number of them (especially and not coincidentally those set entirely in England – *The Longest Journey* (1907), *Howards End* (1910), and *Maurice* (written 1913–14)) – conclude, often against significant odds and realist expectations, with the formation in idealised English places of unconventional but redemptive English families. These new national families redress England's maladies by connecting – in love, marriage, blood – different national types: suburbanites and farmers, intellectuals and clerks, gentlemen and gamekeepers. Offered as paradigms for a renewed England, Forster's cross-bred families embody the hope of a nation converted from urban 'progress' and capitalism, from suburban intolerance and repression, to rural decency, freedom, and truth. But because these novels are overwhelmingly realist in technique, their endings strike some as unconvincing, as if the deep-seated differences Forster so realistically elaborates between national types miraculously can be overcome through love or bridged by the comingling of different bloodlines. Yet even as his English novels conclude by affirming these pastoral idylls as social-political ideals, Forster questions them, acknowledging their fantastical status, authorising his most sceptical readers' doubts. This literary paradox exposes a political ambivalence that Forster's writings on England and the English never fully resolve.

That the plots of the English novels function therapeutically and their endings turn mythic and ambivalent focuses another paradox in Forster's treatment of England and Englishness that clarifies his literary liberalism – a topic of long-standing concern for critics – and its relations to British liberalism between 1906 and 1914.⁴ On the one hand, the novels critique suburbia and the city, modernisation, and models of Englishness that authorise empire, confirming Forster's investments in an older, more individualistic and libertarian liberalism, rather than the statist and imperialist 'New Liberalism' of the British Government after 1906. On the other, Forster's English fictions idealise 'traditional' Englishness and locate the essence of England in the rural south, strategies compatible, as analysts of Englishness demonstrate, with a broader period project to relocate the essential English place, rehabilitate Englishness for the competitive realities of a new century, and to re-legitimate imperialism.

This paradox clarifies why Forster's narratives, keenly critical of Edwardian society, were easily adapted to the interests of Thatcherite England when filmed in the 1980s and early 1990s, becoming part of England's culture industry and cultural mythology. Unsurprisingly, England under Thatcher and Major (and America under Reagan and Bush père), responded powerfully to the films' idealisation of upper-class Englishness, an idealisation that domesticates the more critical and dissident aspects of Forster's vision. Analysis of Forster's literary treatments of England is therefore doubly productive: it illuminates his radicalism and the susceptibility of his England to political domestication and commercial co-optation. For Forster's potent critiques of suburban modernity and sincere celebrations of rural England also served key interests of the Edwardian urban and imperial establishment. The ideological process the films epitomise was initiated by the novels: the commodification of an idealised vision of a neo-feudal, rural England as the heart and soul of the nation, authorising Britain's rulers and the system of capitalist modernity they represent. Despite Forster's complicity with early-century efforts to reconstruct Englishness and relocate an authentic England, however, his national allegories imagine a nation notably illegitimate and unconventional. Forster's renderings of England position him alongside those who greeted the new century with concern, turning from the realities of urban modernity towards a mythic rural Englishness. But they also confirm him as one of the Edwardian period's greatest critics and analysts of England and Englishness.

The condition of Englishness

In Forster's works, England and its ailing condition are first approached through Englishwomen and men travelling abroad. As his early short stories and first novel render English tourists encountering people and places markedly different from their own, Forster begins articulating his characteristic critique of suburban, middle-class Englishness. These fictions analyse the repressed, close-minded, and timid English psyche. The typical plot portrays a conventional English person who encounters an unconventional male other, usually foreign or lower class, and is thereby transformed and enlivened, enabled to overcome to some extent the pathologies of Englishness and more fully accept passion, vitality, and difference.⁵

Forster's first published novel, *Where Angels Fear to Tread*, exemplifies the process. The opening chapters narrate recently widowed Lilia Herriton's attempt to escape from the repressive and close-minded society of suburban Sawston, epitomised by her in-laws. Forster makes readers sympathise with Lilia's rebellion even as he emphasises her naïveté, self-involvement, and

arrogance. So while the novel mocks the prejudices, snobbery, and rigidity of the Sawston society she rejects, it exposes Lilia's errors and failings and renders the society of Monteriano, Italy, where she weds, as far from ideal. Eventually, Lilia realises that her Italian husband, the lively and passionate Gino Carella, is no prince charming, but a penniless and philandering dentist's son, and that Italy is not a dreamland of freedom and romance, but a nation as constraining as the one she fled. Lilia's pitiful fate – her suffering under Italy's repressive gender conventions and eventual death in childbirth – casts a sceptical light on the effort to escape Englishness, playing on popular English anxieties about intercourse with foreigners.

But if the first half of *Where Angels Fear to Tread* works as a parable about the dangers of an overly naïve attempt to escape nationality, the later chapters insist that encounters with otherness can be transfiguring, particularly if unplanned or violent. Forster emphasises the most terrible costs suburban Englishness exacts through the novel's tragic climax. Lilia's sister-in-law, Harriet Herriton, perhaps Forster's cruellest and most hilarious caricature of suburban Englishness, kidnaps Lilia's and Gino's son; later, in a carriage crash, the baby is killed. Forster's rendering of Harriet as an English haridan presents his critique of English normality at its most harsh: although she bears primary culpability for the death, she denies any guilt, returning quickly to her 'old self' (WAFT, p. 143). Some suburban Englishers are immune to any type of shock treatment, but Harriet's more sensitive and artistic brother, Philip, reacts differently, clarifying Forster's sense that violent contact with difference can shake some suburbanites out of complacency. Philip's education advances through a series of jolting events: Lilia's death; the kidnapping; the carriage accident that kills the infant and breaks Philip's arm; the climactic struggle between Philip and Gino (in which Caroline Abbott saves both men from further tragedy); and, finally, Miss Abbott's revelation that she loves not Philip (as he hopes), but Gino. Cumulatively, these shocks 'transfigure' Philip's perceptions of the novel's tragic events, Caroline, and himself, revealing their beauty and wonder (WAFT, p. 147). In rewarding Philip, Forster invites readers to consider him a better, healthier Englishman, touched by life and love. Philip's transfiguration refigures popular constructions of Englishness, which idealised conventional masculinity and identified the English with the masculine.⁶ By promoting Philip, sensitive, artistic, imaginative, as an ideal Englishman, Forster resists the Englishness that idealises masculine insensitivity and aggression. This new paradigm of English manhood emphasises the dissenting aspects of Forster's allegories of Englishness.

Philip's transfiguration also has important implications for Forster's Edwardian readers. Like his English characters, Forster's English readers

need to be shocked out of the complacencies and rigidities of (national) character. This awareness explains a recurrent motif in Forster's work that troubles critics: the unexpected occurrence of violence and death. Forster uses these tools of melodrama and unexpectedly shifts generic gears, swerving between comedy, romance, and tragedy, to maximise the likelihood of transforming readers. Ideally, such formal shocks will shake them into a more humble and humane Englishness. *Where Angels Fear to Tread* thus presents a therapeutic parable about the condition of Englishness, diagnosing a malady of nationality and offering its most responsive characters and readers possible cures: encounters – sometimes shocking – with difference.

The condition of England

Forster's diagnosis of modern Englishness also prepares readers for his analysis of modern England. His works anatomise a declining, unhealthy nation undergoing unprecedented historical transformation as rural life slips away under the relentless advance of modern 'civilisation', with its suburbs, motorcars, and apartment blocks. Suburbia and the city are literally taking over England's green and pleasant land, spreading repression, hypocrisy, and intolerance. These national vices lead Forster's Englishwomen and men away from the essence of their nation: the beauties and truths of nature, still alive, but under siege, in the downlands of the rural south. The 'undeveloped heart' of bourgeois Englishness is thus 'largely responsible' not only for 'the difficulties of Englishmen abroad', as Forster's 'Notes on the English Character' (1926) contends, but also for the difficulties of Englishmen at home (AH, p. 5). Just as *A Passage to India* condemns the middle-class arrogance and insensitivity fuelling British imperialism, Forster's English novels render suburbia and the city as alien colonies, conquering England's rural soul. This vision of internal colonisation by the forces of bourgeois modernity elaborates Forster's anti-imperialism: in his English novels, the heart of darkness lies not in Africa or India, but at home, where a battle is being fought between old England – the country, feudal social organisation, traditional values – and new England – suburbia, urbanism, empire.

Forster's second published and most autobiographical novel, *The Longest Journey*, exemplifies his anatomy of modern England and clarifies its conservative and mythologising ambitions. The first of Forster's novels set entirely in England, *The Longest Journey* maps the nation's ailing condition through three exemplary locales: Cambridge, a cloistered and fraternal community of homosocial privilege, near to nature and sympathetic to elite unconventionality; Sawston, Forster's quintessential English suburb of intolerance, selfishness, and cruelty, epitomised by the Machiavellian workings of

Sawston School; and Wiltshire, Forster's first extended portrayal of England's rural south, a place of natural beauty, mythic history, and human decency. (London appears only briefly, as the dark 'heart of the modern world' (*LJ*, p. 246), anticipating Forster's damning representation in *Howards End*.)

The Longest Journey at first seems a modern *Bildungsroman*, like Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* or Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*, that records the journey of its protagonist, the Forster-like, Rickie Elliot, as he travels from the safety and happiness of Cambridge, through the degradation and misery of Sawston, to reconciliation and rehabilitation in Wiltshire. Typifying a tendency in Forster's English novels to naturalise character to place, Rickie's education is affected in each location by its quintessential inhabitant(s): in Cambridge, the brilliant but unconventional philosophy student, Stewart Ansell, son of a Jewish draper; in Sawston, the aggressively conventional schoolmaster Herbert Pembroke and his domineering sister Agnes (whom Rickie will misguidedly wed after the untimely death of her fiancé, the athletic bully Gerald Dawes); and, in Wiltshire, the coarse but vital natural philosopher Stephen Wonham, love child of an affair between Rickie's suburban mother and the Wiltshire farmer Robert. Forster leads readers to expect that Rickie will complete his education by reconciling with his illegitimate half-brother and embracing rural life and the Wiltshire countryside. But Forster unexpectedly derails the *Bildungsroman*: after Rickie resignedly drags the drunken Stephen off the tracks one night, he is run down by an oncoming train (a typical Forsterian symbol of modernity's inhumanity and violence).

Critics concentrate on Rickie's personal journey, especially his bloody fate, interpreting the novel finally as a sado-masochistic, mock-*Bildungsroman* which punishes its Forster-like protagonist for his failings.⁷ Less attention is paid to how *The Longest Journey* works as a condition-of-England novel like *Howards End*, a national allegory of conflict, reconciliation, and regeneration. *The Longest Journey* diagnoses a national sickness in modern England, epitomised by the pathologies of Sawston and the Pembrokes – intolerance, selfishness, hypocrisy – and proposes as a cure a return to the values of brotherhood, honest labour, and natural morality that characterise the yeoman culture of Wiltshire. These ideals distinguish Wiltshire's native inhabitants: Mrs Elliot's lover Farmer Robert; their illegitimate son Stephen; and, in the final chapter, Stephen's wife and young daughter. Enabled by Stephen's realisation of familial responsibilities in response to Rickie's death – in this context a kind of national sacrifice – this new English family heals an ailing nation by reconciling class and regional differences (a pattern *Howards End* will repeat), embodying the hope for a better future that Stephen intuitively

the novel's closing pages: 'Though he could not phrase it, he believed that he guided the future of our race, and that, century after century, his thoughts and his passions would triumph in England' (*LJ*, p. 289). Stephen's fantastic self-projection as guide of 'our' future suggests that Forster's allegories should be understood as national myths that interrogate and arraign the middle-class suburban status quo, daring readers to embrace their ideals of ruralism, brotherhood, and reconciliation.

In his 1927 Clark Lectures, Forster famously dismissed George Meredith for making 'the home counties pos[e] as the universe' (*AN*, p. 63), casting himself as the less provincial, more cosmopolitan writer. But the mythical ending of *The Longest Journey* confirms that Forster's works participate in the period idealisation of the rural south. Although Forster's narratives demonstrate that the Home Counties do not constitute the universe – his universe also includes London, its suburbs, Italy, Greece, Egypt, and India – they nonetheless locate an authentic England and an ideal Englishness there. Forster's England overtly criticises the relentless spread of urban modernity. But within the broader context of Edwardian society and politics, Forster's idealisation of rural life and the countryside serves certain interests of the modern British state, especially its effort to justify imperial expansion by 'stretching the short, tight skin of the nation over the gigantic body of the empire'.⁸

Fantasies of national reconciliation

If Forster's English novels narrate the passing of rural England in the face of relentless suburbanisation and urbanisation, they also resist that process, as *The Longest Journey* suggests, through plots that construct an ideal England by connecting disparate English types and literary modes and genres: comedy and tragedy, romance and satire, and, especially, realism and fantasy. A consideration of fantasy in Forster's fiction clarifies the importance of this formal hybridity for the allegorical project of the English novels. Narratives of Forster's career typically begin with a consideration of his short stories and the place of fantasy in his *oeuvre*.⁹ In these accounts, the stories play two roles: as prototypes for the later work, which anticipate the themes, characters, and methods of the novels; as offspring of Forster's juvenile flirtation with an antiquated literary mode the novels thankfully outgrow. Forster's early forays into fantasy continue to resonate, as we've seen, in his later works. But fantasy is neither incidental to the novels, nor an aesthetic cul-de-sac they leave behind. Forster's conjunction of realism and fantasy is essential to his allegorical project, especially its diagnosis and treatment of an ailing nation and nationality.

Forster's first published short story, 'Albergo Empedocle' (1903), thematises the problem of fantasy and protests the modern tendency to psychologise and pathologise it. Foster's protagonist, Cantabrigian Harold, on a prenuptial trip to Greece with his soon-to-be in-laws, the Peaslakes (Forster's earliest satirical take on the English family), awakens from a cat nap aside his fiancée, Mildred, to the realisation that he lived a previous life as an ancient Greek, who "loved very differently" (LC, p. 25). Initially drawn to Harold's story, Mildred embraces it as proof of love's transcendent power. But when she asserts that she too has lived before and is "remembering", Harold calmly but firmly discounts her claim (LC, p. 26). Overwhelmed by the unspoken implications of this pagan past, Mildred recoils. Like her respectable father Sir Edwin, who will tolerate "no queerness in a son-in-law!" (LC, p. 19), she rejects Harold and his fantasy, pathologising her fiancé and reinterpreting his story as the hallucination of a mad man. From a conventional English perspective, as reductive and small-minded as the name Peaslake implies, Harold's conviction that his fantasy is real convicts him of mental illness.

Modern life, like modern realism, accepts neither what it dismisses as the delusional experiences of Harold nor the vindication of fantasy that concludes 'Albergo Empedocle'. Contemplating Harold's institutionalisation, Forster's narrator, Harold's best friend Tommy, rises to the defence. Consistent with his assertion on the opening page that Harold is 'the man I love most in the world' (LC, p. 10), Tommy asserts defiantly:

I firmly believe that he has been a Greek – nay, that he is a Greek, drawn by recollection back into his previous life . . . And if I could look at the matter dispassionately – which I cannot – I should only rejoice at what has happened. For the greater has replaced the less, and he is living the life he knew to be greater than the life he lived with us. And I also believe that if things had happened otherwise he might be living that greater life among us.

(LC, p. 35)

Given the homoerotic implications of Tommy's love for Harold and Forster's later decision not to republish the story until after his death, these words can be read as a passionate – though repressed – plea for tolerance of homosexuality. More importantly for us, Tommy not only believes Harold, but also entertains his own fantasy, which illuminates the genre's significance in Forster's work more generally. In Tommy's dream, 'if things had happened otherwise', the life Harold lives in his mind, would come alive 'among us'. This fantasy of a 'greater life' of neo-pagan, homosocial friendship alive in the modern world has critical force, despite its opposition to 'reality' and realism, because the story's arraignment of the Peaslakes and the middle-class

close-mindedness they epitomise is so persuasive. Forster challenges readers to understand Harold and Tommy's fantasies neither as the delusions of defective characters nor as deviations of a defective narrative, but as aesthetic provocations toward a new consciousness.

In the Clark Lectures, Forster ruminates revealingly on the limits and powers of fantasy:

The general tone of novels is so literal that when the fantastic is introduced it produces a special effect; some readers are thrilled, others choked off; it demands an additional adjustment because of the oddness of its method or subject-matter – like a side-show in an exhibition where you pay sixpence as well as the original entrance fee. Some readers pay with delight, it is only for the side-shows that they entered the exhibition, and it is only to them I can address myself now. Others refuse with indignation, and these have our sincere regards, for to dislike the fantastic in literature is not to dislike literature. It does not even imply poverty of imagination, only a disinclination to meet certain demands that are made on it.

(AN, pp. 75–6)

This passage is important in part because it explains why readers have trouble with the English novels' closing turns to pastoral fantasy. In the passage's parlance, such readers are unwilling to make the additional adjustment, pay the further price, and attend to the fantastic 'side-show'. But the rigour of the novels' critique of the condition of England and Englishness suggests that Forster believes more is at stake in the modern resistance to fantasy than a matter of literary taste. Forsterian fantasy may appear a 'side-show' to readers who prefer realism's verisimilitude and social-political critique, but it nonetheless indicates and indicts, as Tommy's protest implies, the heart of an ailing nation.

Forster's English novels dare readers to pay the price and assent to their fantasies of national reconciliation not only because they offer imaginary refuge from the realities of modern life, but also because they expose England's unhealthy condition and prompt English readers to more natural, tolerant, and passionate lives. *Howards End* provides Forster's most elaborate fantasy of national reconciliation. The novel ends with the inheritance of the mythic English house, Howards End, symbol of England's rural heart, by Margaret Schlegel and her nephew, the illegitimate child of Helen Schlegel and Leonard Bast. This new English family connects English class factions, conjuring a new nation, more mongrelised and unconventional than the modernising and repressive England the novel diagnoses. This imagined nation, which unites rich and poor, prose and passion, finds its peace and promise in the places and traditions of rural England and serves as a paradigm for a rehabilitated, neo-feudal Englishness.

Given *Howards End*'s mythologising and, for some, reactionary conclusion, the novel has understandably provoked the most sustained and critical discussion of Forster's England. Less attention has been paid to how the Schlegel sisters' German lineage impacts the novel's handling of England and Englishness. Obeying a hereditarian logic, Forster imbues the Schlegel sisters with an imaginative idealism identified as 'German' and derived from their expatriate father. Mr Schlegel appears in the text as a romantic idealist German incompatible with the militaristic, materialist, and expansionist Germany of Edwardian popular literature.¹⁰ Thus, despite their Aunt Juley's approving claim that she regards her nieces as 'English to the backbone' (*HE*, p. 5), the Schlegel sisters are 'to the backbone' neither English nor German.

In light of the novel's pastoral-idealist conclusion, Forster's rendering of the Schlegel sisters as Anglo-German hybrids evokes a common Edwardian concern about the fitness of the English 'race' and illuminates *Howards End*'s treatment for an ailing nation. Forster's fictive therapy entails not only the intermingling of different English types and bloodlines, as in *The Longest Journey*, but also the mixing of English and German bloods. Motivated by similar concerns about England's condition during the 1860s, Matthew Arnold, in works like *Culture and Anarchy* (1869) and 'The Literary Influence of Academies' (1875), had urged the unimaginative and provincial English to look to the Greeks and French. But Forster's implication that England's ills can be cured in part through infusions of German blood is more racist than Arnold's cultural internationalism, and, in the increasingly anti-German atmosphere of prewar England, more provocative politically. The literalising logic that underwrites Forster's new English families – in which the reconciliation of factions of English society requires the mingling of their bloodlines – shows Forster partaking of Edwardian hereditarianism, but in unconventional ways. Early-century racists defensively idealised the pure-blood Englishman, exposing concerns that foreign blood might weaken or overwhelm Englishness.¹¹ In contrast, Forster idealises mixed-blood Englishness and foreign intermixture, making them integral parts of his fictional treatment for the nation's disease. Evoking the biologicistic and racist terms of Edwardian science, Forster literalises Arnold's ideal of cultural internationalism, as if to make his ideal of national reconciliation more solid, substantive, real.

Just as *The Longest Journey* and *Howards End* find closure in fictional families that connect disparate national types, classes, and bloods, embodying Forster's fantasy of national reconciliation and rejuvenation, they connect disparate literary genres – realism and fantasy, comedy and tragedy, satire

and romance – to embody that ideal formally. This formal hybridity, especially the fusion of realism and fantasy, is critical to Forster's allegorical project. The English novels' tendency to migrate from realism to pastoral fantasy, which troubles some readers as an aesthetic and political failing, a deviation from 'truth' and political analysis, demonstrates Forster's convictions that fantasy can function as an instrument of cultural critique, and, most important, that the mingling of literary genres enacts aesthetically the political ideal of national reconciliation. Understanding Forster's generic fusion and its mythic ambitions not as aesthetic faults, but as formal strategies essential to his allegorical treatment of England and Englishness clarifies the stakes of his particular, peculiar style and its relations to canonical modernism. For Forster's English novels anticipate the modernist generic hybridity and 'mythic method' that achieve their most elaborate and spectacular realisation in Eliot's *The Waste Land* and Joyce's *Ulysses*.

Querying national allegory

If *The Longest Journey* and *Howards End* are animated by a desire to realise a fantasy of national reconciliation, Forster's next English novel, the posthumously published, homosexual romance, *Maurice*, interrogates that imagined England with its fantasy of class-crossing gay love, a fantasy that finally requires the social excommunication of Forster's two lovers, Maurice Hall and Alec Scudder. Like *The Longest Journey* and *Howards End*, *Maurice* concludes with the formation of a new English family, unconventional and illegitimate, connecting different English types, social positions, and national locations. The novel's penultimate chapter binds the bourgeois suburbanite Hall to the gamekeeper Scudder in a union of lasting love. Forster's 'Terminal Note' (1960) calls this 'happy ending' (*M*, p. 215) imperative because it realizes in fiction the homosexual union Edwardian laws and mores made impossible. Forster's fantasy of gay love provides Hall and Scudder a home together in England's 'greenwood', 'for the ever and ever that fiction allows' (*M*, pp. 219, 216). But *Maurice* is crucial in our context not only because it sustains Forster's idealisation of rural England and elaborates his critique of English masculinity. It also interrogates the fantasies of national reconciliation his English novels render, emphasising the doubts and ambivalences that are as characteristic of Forster's representations of England as the patriotic desire to locate an essential nation and redress an ailing nationality.

By situating Hall and Scudder's refuge in England's embattled greenwood, Forster again affirms rural England over suburbia, urbanism, and modernity:

They must live outside class, without relations or money . . . But England belonged to them. That, besides companionship, was their reward. Her air and sky were theirs, not the timorous millions' who own stuffy little boxes, but never their own souls.
(M, p. 207)

This vocabulary of ownership works to authorise Hall and Scudder's natural life of love and to connect it to rural England. But the internal exile they accept as social outlaws queries the fantasy that England 'belongs' to this new English family and that the countryside will survive modernity's relentless spread. On the evidence of *Maurice*, indeed, the fictive therapy Forster's earlier novels prescribe seems to have failed to cure modern England's ills. *Maurice*'s nation of 'timorous millions' remains as immune as Harriet Herriton to Forster's lessons of tolerance, passion, and love.

The endings of a number of Forster's later homosexual stories refuse Hall and Scudder's refuge of pastoral fantasy and intensify the pessimistic implications lurking in *Maurice*'s conclusion. In 'Arthur Snatchfold' (written in 1928), a brief and satisfying sexual encounter between the older, urban businessman, Sir Richard Conway, and the young country milkman, Arthur Snatchfold, results in Snatchfold's arrest and conviction for indecency, a fate Conway – like Hall and Scudder – narrowly avoids. And in one of Forster's last fictions, 'The Other Boat' (written around 1957–8), a race-crossing, homosexual love affair ends tragically as the result not of intolerant authorities, but of a young gay Englishman's internalisation of the English antipathy to homosexuality. The shipboard affair between the young English officer, Lionel March, and his mixed-race lover, Cocoanut, eventually provokes within March a psychic backlash. Overwhelmed by guilt, he terminates the affair, inciting Cocoa to bite back (literally) and March to strangle his lover and throw himself overboard. Together, 'Arthur Snatchfold' and 'The Other Boat' interrogate the crossing of different types idealized in the English novels, exposing doubts and ambivalences alive in all Forster's national allegories. (Both stories are in *LC*, pp. 97–112 and 166–97 respectively.)

Despite their pastoral-idealistic conclusions, their fantasies of national reconciliation, Forster's English novels are riddled with anxiety, violence, and death. In late 1906, Foster delivered a lecture to The Working Men's College, concerning 'Pessimism in Literature', on modern literature's distrust of optimism and rejection of the happy endings typical of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century fiction. Forster explains this literary pessimism to his audience of culturally ambitious working men – among whom Leonard Bast might sit – as a result of modern writers' conviction, derived from their saturation with 'the idea of evolution', that 'all things change'. Such a worldview makes 'separation' the only convincing way to end a modern fiction

(*AE*, pp. 136–8). This view clarifies why Forster's English novels paradoxically resist the reconciliations they render. Death, disconnection, and failure are as common in them as marriage, connection, and success. So while *The Longest Journey* promotes the Wonham family as a paradigm for a rehabilitated England, the narrative journey toward that nation is littered with literal and figurative corpses: Gerald Dawes, Rickie's public-school nemesis and Agnes Pembroke's first fiancé, dies of a broken back suffered in a football match; later, after the marriage of Rickie and Agnes turns sour, their newborn daughter, weak and lame like her father, dies after a brief illness; soon after their daughter's death, Rickie and Agnes's marriage breaks apart; and, in the novel's closing pages, Rickie himself is killed by the train from which he saves his half-brother. Similarly, while *Howards End* optimistically positions Margaret and her nephew as England's true inheritors, the novel leaves its own casualties: the freedom of Charles Wilcox, incarcerated for accidentally killing Bast; the ambition and willpower of Henry Wilcox, devastated by his son's incarceration; and, most significant, the lives of Mrs Wilcox, whose sojourn in London drains her life away, and Bast, whose weak heart fails under Charles's onslaught and the bookshelf he grabs hold of as Charles strikes him. In this light, the ending of *Maurice*, despite being relatively free of figurative or literal corpses, appears less 'happy' than Forster's 'Terminal Note' insists. The union of Hall and Scudder requires, after all, their total withdrawal from English society.

Forster's plots struggle to construct a freer, more natural, and healthier Englishness and preserve a mystical rural England from modernity's relentless expansion. But the recurrence of failure, violence, and death raises serious questions about the price and efficacy of Forster's reformist fantasies. Paradoxically, Forster aggravates the problem, exerting as much narrative effort interrogating the English novels' fantastic endings as defending them:

Howards End, Oniton, the Purbeck downs, the Oderberge, were all survivals, and the melting-pot was being prepared for them. Logically, they had no right to be alive. One's hope was in the weakness of logic . . .

'Because a thing is going strong now, it need not go strong for ever,' [Margaret] said. 'This craze for motion has only set in during the last hundred years. It may be followed by a civilization that won't be a movement, because it will rest on the earth. All the signs are against it now, but I can't help hoping, and very early in the morning in the garden I feel that our house is the future as well as the past.'
(*HE*, p. 337)

Margaret Schlegel argues idealistically against modern civilisation's relentless, colonising logic. But Forster refuses to deny, 'all the signs are against

it', emphasising the illogicality of her dream that *Howards End* 'is the future as well as the past'. Accordingly, Margaret's hope evades an important fact threatening the novel's edenic conclusion, its pastoral fantasy of national regeneration: neither Henry's legal transfer of *Howards End* to Margaret, nor his eldest son Charles's jail term, inhibits Charles's literal inheritance of Mrs Wilcox's Howard blood (English rural gentry) and the perpetuation of the Howard line through his proliferating offspring ('they breed like rabbits' says Miss Avery – one of Forster's mythic country folk – upsetting Margaret (*HE*, p. 271)). Given Mrs Wilcox's mystic significance to the novel and its rendering of her link with *Howards End* and rural England as mythic, the spectre of this growing brood of Wilcox competitors for the inheritance of the (English) earth exerts further pressure on the fantasy that England's future lies in a return to rural life and a reconciliation of England's classes and class factions. Similarly, Stephen Wonham's belief at the end of *The Longest Journey* that he guides the future of the English 'race', that his thoughts and passions will 'triumph in England' (*LJ*, p. 289), is menaced by the ongoing presence of the novel's reviled suburbanites, Herbert Pembroke, who becomes a clergyman, and his sister Agnes, who remarries after Rickie's death and starts producing children. And while Hall and Scudder's homosexual union in *Maurice* may endure 'for the ever and ever that fiction allows' (*M*, p. 216), Forster informs readers that the lovers are condemned by society to live as outlaws and by 'Nature' to 'go the way of all sterility' (*M*, p. 78), unable to reproduce their love, as can intolerant English heterosexuals like Charles Wilcox and Agnes Pembroke.

In the end, I want to stress this aesthetic and political ambivalence at the centre of Forster's allegories of England and Englishness: their refusal to resolve competing desires to confront and escape modernity, to assail and restore England, to prosecute and rehabilitate Englishness. This ambivalence may explain why readers find neither Forster's realist diagnoses of England and Englishness, nor his fantastic prescriptions for their ailing condition wholly convincing. But it also explains why Forster's national allegories are worth reading and thinking about. For they articulate with particular honesty and interest the aesthetic and political complexities and contradictions of Forster's moment, confirming him as one of the most fascinating and important English writers of the early twentieth century.

Notes

1. See, for example, the essays in *Englishness: Politics and Culture 1880–1920*, ed. Robert Colls and Philip Dodd (London: Croom Helm, 1986).
2. Peter Widdowson, *E. M. Forster's 'Howards End': Fiction as History* (London: Chalton and Windus for Sussex University Press, 1977), pp. 21–36; Daniel Born,

'Private Gardens, Public Swamps: *Howards End* and the Revaluation of Liberal Guilt', *Novel*, 25:2 (1992), 141–59.

3. Ian Baucom, *Englishness, Empire, and the Locations of Identity* (Princeton University Press, 1999), pp. 116–34.
4. Lionel Trilling, *E. M. Forster* (New York: New Directions, 1943); Frederick Crews, *E. M. Forster: The Perils of Humanism* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1962), pp. 19–36; Michael Levenson, *Modernism and the Fate of Individuality: Character and Novelistic Form from Conrad to Woolf* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1990), pp. 78–93.
5. Dodd, 'England, Englishness, and the Other in E. M. Forster', in *The Ends of the Earth: 1876–1918*, ed. Simon Gatrell (London: Ashfield, 1992), p. 213.
6. Dodd, 'Englishness and the National Culture,' in Colls and Dodd, *Englishness: Politics and Culture*, pp. 4–7.
7. Trilling, *E. M. Forster*, pp. 76–99; Wilfred Stone, *The Cave and the Mountain: A Study of E. M. Forster* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1966), pp. 184–215.
8. Benedict Anderson, *Imagined Communities: Reflections on the Origin and Spread of Nationalism* (London: Verso, 1983), p. 82.
9. Trilling, *E. M. Forster*, pp. 38–56; Stone, *The Cave and the Mountain*, pp. 122–61.
10. Samuel Hynes, *The Edwardian Turn of Mind* (London: Pimlico, 1991), pp. 33–53.
11. See, for example, N. C. Macnamara, *Origin and Character of the British People* (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1900), esp. pp. 211–13.

まには、真剣さだの悲しさだの真実だのといったものをひっくり返すものがあったもいい。それが文学の度量の広さでもある。

ワイルドの実人生は最後まで軽やかというわけにはいかなかった。一時は当代きってのセレブにまで上り詰めたワイルドだが、同性愛の嫌疑で投獄されてからは凋落の一途をたどる。財産を失い、放浪の果てに病死。さっそうとスーツの胸に薔薇の花を飾っていたかつての“セレブ”は、変わり果てた姿となっていた。それを *Life imitates Art.* ととらえるかどうかは、読者におまかせということになるだろうか。

注

- 1 出典は『頭でっかちさんの教育のための金言』(*A Few Maxims for the Instruction of the Over-Educated* [1894], p. 570).
- 2 同上, p. 570.
- 3 *The Decay of Lying*, p. 228.
- 4 同上, p. 218.

2

風刺

読んだふりの構造

ジョージ・オーウェル『一九八四年』

2009年7月にジョージ・オーウェル『一九八四年』の新訳が早川書房より刊行されました。村上春樹の『1Q84』が出てからちょうど二ヶ月ほどたった頃で、確か偶然ではなかったと聞いていますが、『1Q84』の愛読者にとっては嬉しいニュースだったでしょう。

『一九八四年』は1984年には日本でもとても話題になったものですが、英国でももちろんよく知られた作品です。ただ、この「有名さ」にはちょっといわくがあります。翻訳に付された「訳者あとがき」(高橋和久)によると、『一九八四年』の原著は「読んでいないのに、見栄によるのか礼儀によるのか、読んだふりをしてしまう」人がたいへん多い本とのことで、英国では何と「読んだふり本」なるランキングで堂々第一位にも輝いたことがあるそうです。1983年から84年にかけて、この本はベストセラーリストのトップを走っていたそうですから、飛ぶように売れた原著の多くはほとんど開かれぬまま本棚に眠っているということになります。

もちろん、読まれないまま眠るというのはベストセラーにありがちな現象ですが、これだけ有名でなおかつ読まれず、皆がこぞって「読んだふり」をして済ますという本も珍しいかもしれません。そもそも本が売れる背景には微妙な市場のメカニズムがからんでいるわけですが、買わせておいてしかも読ませないためには、そこにさらなるひねりが必要となります。ひょっとするとこれは、『一九八四年』にとっては勲章ですらあるのかもしれません。

この章では『一九八四年』がこれだけよく知られた作品なのに、いったいなぜ読まれないのか、そこにはどのような仕掛け

が隠されているのかといった問いを中心にすえてみたいと思います。この問題から出発することで、「読んだふり」をさせがちな作品ならではの文章の特色が見えてくるとともに、そもそも文章とは何か、文章を通して得られる知とは何かといったことにも考えを進められると思っています。

あなたは本当に読んだのか？

何と言っても気になるのは、なぜ人が読んだふりをするのかということです。「読んだふり本」の一位に輝くためには、読者の努力だけではなく、作品の協力も欠かせない。つまり、作品の側にも読んだふりをさせるような、読んだふりを誘うような仕掛けがあるはずなのです。

この問いに対する、ひとつの答えはこうです。その仕掛けはきつと、「読む前からまるで読んだような気になる」という気分と関係するのではないか。読む前から読了感がある。変です。ご飯を食べる前から満腹感があるのと同じ。食事であれば、食べたかどうかを確かめるのに胃の中身をチェックすればいい。本の場合はどうでしょう。読書というのは独特の体験で、何をもって「読んだ」と認定するかは難しいところです。ただ、ひとつの試金石となるのは、読んで何か新しい情報を得たかどうかという点かもしれません。たとえ小説であっても、これはあてはまります。学校の試験などで課題図書をほんとうに読んだかどうかを確かめるために、作品の細部について質問を出すなどということはよく行われます。

『一九八四年』という小説は、どうもこの点で「ずる」を誘発する仕掛けがありそうに思えます。というのも、この小説はあ

まりに要約可能なのです。タイトルからして内容をそのまま表している。オーウェルはこの作品を1948年に執筆し、翌1949年に出版しています。この作品の設定されている時代が、執筆年である48年をひっくり返した84年だというのもよく知られた事実です。

48をひっくり返して84——この「ひっくり返す」という行為に注目してみましょう。反転の身振りには、まずは“この世界とは違う別の世界”とか“仮想現実”というニュアンスがこめられます。同時に、“今ではない時代”としての未来という含みもあるでしょう。いずれにしても、この小説に書かれている世界が、作家のどんな意識の産物なのかははじめから明らかなのです。転覆させたい。反転させたい。現実にあるものを踏み台にした上で、それを転倒させたい。私たちはこうした操作をパロディとか、アイロニーとか、諷刺という言葉で受け取るのに慣れています。こうした操作は現実を批判したり否定したりするのに使われ、そういう意味ではたいへん先鋭でラディカルなものです。でも、出発点はあくまで私たちの見知っている現実です。それを反転させるにすぎない。ということはその限界もはっきりしてきます。¹

諷刺にしてもアイロニーにしてもパロディにしても、大前提となるのは、読者と作品とが現実なり常識なりを共有しているということでしょう。それがなければそもそも反転もかなわない。諷刺は英文学の歴史の中でもっとも強力な流れのひとつで、英文学に特徴的なもの、いかにも“英文学的なもの”とも言えますが、諷刺がとりわけ流行したのは理性と秩序への志向が強くなった17世紀から18世紀にかけての時代です。つまり、

動乱と革命の時代の後、王政復古をへて、枠組みを共有しようとする態度が、読者の側でも書き手の側でも強くなった時代。そういう中でこそ、諷刺が有効な装置として重宝されたわけです。

『一九八四年』は、諷刺という言葉から連想されるような笑いの要素は少ないのですが、諷刺的な作品によく見られる“前提共有”の意識はとても強いと言えます。たとえば作品中の重要な存在であるビッグ・ブラザーが、スターリンもしくはそれに類する独裁者を指しているらしいと読者が理解することは必要でしょうし、テレビとか、盗聴器とか、洗脳など、1948年という時代ならではの“新兵器”もさまざまな箇所ですぐに利用されています。原爆や全体主義の恐怖など、当時話題になっていたトピックも頻出する。このような作品世界は、ゼロから築きあげられるというより、すでにある情報に依存する形で、その“改編”として成立するという印象があります。すでに流通している観念が先行し、それを共有することが前提とされた上で、その枠組みの中で作品が組み立てられるのです。

要約と了解

このような状況は、文章という視点から見ると、どうでしょう。たとえば次の一節は、こうした観念先行的な『一九八四年』の作品世界を代表する箇所だと言えるでしょう。

From where Winston stood it was just possible to read, picked out on its white face in elegant lettering, the three slogans of the Party:

WAR IS PEACE
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY
IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH (6)

ウィンストンが立っているところからかろうじて読めるのは、白い壁面に品のいい字体で刻まれた党の三つのスローガンだった。

戦争は平和
自由は隷属
無知は力

これは小説の冒頭近くの箇所、主人公ウィンストンの住む世界がどんなところであるかが示される描写の一部です。真理省 (Ministry of Truth) という、いかにも怪しげな組織の建物に三つのスローガンが掲げられている。これが、巨大帝国オセアニアを支配する「党」のスローガンだということです。

スローガンはどれも実に単純な文で、出てくる語も「戦争」、「平和」、「自由」、「隷属」、「無知」、「力」と、ごくふつうのものばかりです。ただ、「戦争は平和である」というように、いずれも通常私たちが反対語と考えそうな言葉を is でつないでいて、たいへんアイロニカルに響きます。いかにも「ね、わかるでしょ？ 変でしょ？」という作家のジェスチャーが感じられます。作品中、この三つの文のセットは何度か繰り返され、最後までその象徴性を保ちつづけます。

このスローガンは、もし『一九八四年』という小説を読んだふりをしようとするなら、必ず言及しなければならないものだと言えるでしょう。何しろ、きわめて観念先行型で組み立てら

れている『一九八四年』という小説の、その観念のもっとも中心にあるスローガンなのです。これらのスローガンや、同じく頻出する BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU というフレーズなどを覚えておけば、かなりの程度まで、作品を読んだことにしてしまえる、そういう便利さがあります。ということは、逆に言うと、『一九八四年』という作品の購入者の多くに“読んだふり”をさせる要因のひとつはまさにここにあるとも言えるでしょう。このようなスローガンが繰り返し出てきて、しかもそれがちょうどいい具合に『一九八四年』という作品の勘所に触れているからこそ、私たちはこの作品を要約したくなる。あるいは要約的にわかったふりをして、すっ飛ばして読みたくなる。ここから“読んだふり”までは、あと一歩です。

一般に小説家というのは、要約を嫌うものです。みなさんも「要約できるくらいなら、最初から小説なんか書かねえよ」という作家の台詞を耳にしたこともあるかもしれません。たしかに、一言では言えないような微妙で複雑なものを表現するためにこそ小説というジャンルがあるという考え方は、“常識”ともなってきました。²

でも、そうすると、オーウェルがいったい何をやろうとしているのかということが気になってきます。もしこの作品が、上記の三行のモットーや表紙に掲げられたスターリンそっくりの写真によって要約されてしまうなら、そもそもペンギン版ペーパーバックで 300 頁にも及ぶ文章を延々と書き連ねる必要はない。

神語りと法の言葉

このことを考えるために、あらためて先の引用部の言葉の使い方について検討してみたいと思います。あのスローガンは、文章として見ると、どのような特徴を持っているでしょう。まず目につくのは、当たり前ですが、とても短い、ということです。それから、いずれも A is B という構文で書かれている。これはギリシャ神話のご託宣などでおなじみの、「神語り」と呼んでもいいような文体です。簡単かつ単純だけど、愛想がない。神秘的。こちらをよせつけない。権威を感じさせる。「箇条書き」をも彷彿とさせます。³ 箇条書きについて言えるのは、それが文脈から切り離されてばらばらになっているがゆえに、かえってこちらの内面に文脈の補填を強いるということです。不明な部分を読者が補って考えよ、というシグナルを出してくる。そのために、文章がこちらの内面に入り込んでくるかのような浸透性が出てきます。そこでは、法的な文章特有の、内面に対する強制力が発揮されます。読んだ人が、「～しなければならない」と自発的に思うような仕組みが文章にそなわっているのです。

『一九八四年』のスローガンにも箇条書き的な戒律性があります。何しろこれは神の語りを模した、党からの命令なのです。WAR IS PEACE というのは、一見、ただの叙述で、「～である」と言っているだけですから、必ずしも「～せよ」と行為を強制しているわけではないのですが、そこには「〈～である〉ということをお前は受け入れなければならない」という「押しつけ」が感じられます。

これに加えて忘れてはいけないのが、このスローガンが先行する地の文の間に割って入るように現れるということです。設定としては、あくまでウィンストンを中心にすえた語りの一コマとして、このスローガンが出てくる。でも、頁面のレイアウトにも表れているように、単なる一コマであるはずの引用が、むしろ地の文の流れを乗っ取っているように見えます。

引用文が地の文を乗っ取るというこの構造は『一九八四年』という小説のあり方を体現しているのかもしれませんが。地の文が『一九八四年』のふつうに“小説的な部分”を代表しているのだとすると、今の引用箇所はこの作品の“要約的な部分”を示している。このようなパターンは、作品を読み進めていくと、さらにはっきり目につくようになってきます。作品を読めば読むほど、“小説的な部分”が“要約的な部分”に従属するという傾向が強くなってくるのです。その結果として、おもしろいことに、ほんとうにこの小説を読んだにもかかわらず、私たちはこの小説の“要約”にしか接していないのではないかという気にもなってくる。ほんとうに読んだにもかかわらず読んだふりをしているような、まるで犯していない罪を自供しているような、自分で自分を冤罪に追いこんでいるような不思議な気分になってくるのです。

『一九八四年』はほんとうに小説なのか？

『一九八四年』のストーリー展開は、従来の“小説らしさ”からそれほど逸脱するものではありません。要約しようと思えばできるけど、ストーリーそのものが“要約的”なわけではない。むしろ、書き込まれた細部を読み味わうようにし向ける構成に

なっていて、実際、ウィンストンがジュリアと出会い、少しずつ関係を深めていくあたりは、読者の興味を上手に惹く形で、たいへんおもしろい読み物に仕上がっています。記憶に焼きつくような印象的な場面もいくつかある。

しかし、このようにふつうに小説的な構成をとっているにもかかわらず、「自分は読んだふりをしているだけなのだ」と読む者に無実の罪を背負い込ませてしまうような何かが『一九八四年』という小説にはある。実に不思議なところです。試しに以下、この作品の粗筋を確認してみましょう。その後で、そのいかにも“小説的”な粗筋がどのように、必ずしも“小説的”とは言えないような観念に従属していくかを見てみたいと思います。

小説の冒頭は、主人公ウィンストンを取り巻く世界がいかに異常なものであるかをじわじわと描写することに費やされます。一種の異世界体験です。そして、この異常さの中心にあるのは、すでに触れた「戦争は平和 自由は隷属 無知は力」という妙なスローガンです。

たしかに変な世界です。昨日までほんとうだと思われていた事柄が、突然、歴史から抹消されたりする。戦争していたはずの国が、突然友好国になったりする。ある日、忽然と誰かが消えてしまったりする。おかしいのは世界ではなく、自分の頭なのではないかと思いたくなる。だからウィンストンも、絶えず妄想にとりつかれているような、夢うつつのような世界を生きざるを得ません。作品の文章は淡々としたものなのですが、描かれる現実とは、つねにうっすらと霞がかかったような不確実なもので、絶えざる不安をこちらに強いてきます。落ち着かない、危ういものとなっています。

しかし、そんな危うい世界の中で、ウィンストンは一縷^{いちる}の希望を見出します。ジュリアという若い女性と出会うのです。接近してきたのはジュリアの方です。あまりに積極的な彼女のアプローチに、はじめはウィンストンは警戒し身構えるのですが、どうやらジュリアは純粋に恋を楽しみたいだけのようです。ウィンストンを遠くから見初めて、声をかけてきた。

この出会いに先立ち、三十代の終わりにさしかかったウィンストンが、あちこちに肉体の衰えを感じていることが強調されています。若さの喪失。中年化。あるいは、1940年代ということを見ると初老への入り口という意識さえあるかもしれません。階段を上るのにも息がきれる。足には静脈瘤。

生命の衰えを痛感しているそんなウィンストンに、いきなり若い女性が言い寄ってくるのです。まさに回春。しかし、このようなロマンスは、当局の監視に引かかる危険があります。そもそもウィンストンは、別居中とはいえ既婚者です。性について抑圧的なオセアニアの体制のもとでこうした関係に踏み込めば、制裁を受けるのは必至です。そこでふたりは苦勞して違い引きを重ねることになります。都心から遠く離れた田園地帯まで出かけて行って、肉体関係を持ったりする。はじめてのとき、ウィンストンはうまく行為ができませんが、その後は機能が回復してきます。

こうしてウィンストンとジュリアはどんどん関係にのめりこんでいきます。さらにふたりは欲望や反乱についても語り合うようになり、ついに体制を覆す秘密組織への加入を考えるに至ります。しかし、ウィンストンの束の間の「春」はここで暗転することになる。彼らははめられていたのです。反抗組織の活

動家だと思っていたオブライエンは、実は当局の手先だった。ふたりは警察に捕らえられ、おぞましい拷問にかけられることになります。小説の後半部はこれでもかというばかりの拷問シーンの連続で、それが肉体的なものから精神的なものへと及ぶだけに、絶望感はより強烈です。

——どうでしょう。これだけなら、まあ、ありがちだけど、無事に読みとおせることの可能な、物語らしい物語という印象を受けるかもしれません。しかし、『一九八四年』は、このような粗筋に示されるのとはちょっと違う意味での“要約性”にとりつかれてもいて、それがこの作品の独特の持ち味につながっているように思うのです。

『一九八四年』がほんとうに小説になる瞬間

『一九八四年』をわかりやすくまとめる助けになるのは、例の「戦争は平和……」といったスローガンや、同じく有名な BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU というキャプションです。これらの言葉こそがオセアニアという帝国を表す。オセアニアとは、いかにもやさしげにこちらを見守る「ビッグ・ブラザー」がすべてを監視し、支配し、そこから逸脱する者がいとも簡単に抹殺されてしまうような恐怖の国。そこでは戦争こそが平和を維持しており、自由は隷属から生まれ、無知が力の源になる……こんなふうに説明を並べるだけで、『一九八四年』という小説が何をしようとしているのかわかった気にはなります。

しかし、こうしたスローガンやキャプションの内容を知ることだけが、『一九八四年』の要約しやすさを生み出しているわけではありません。言葉としての作用にも注意しなければなりま

せん。これらの言葉が地の文に割り込む一種の“神語り”として、目に見えない権威を補強していることは前半でも確認しましたが、このような「割り込み」のもたらす作用をもう少し丁寧にしておく必要があります。

たとえばウィンストンとジュリアがオブライエンと面会し、反抗組織への忠誠を誓う場面。オブライエンは次々にウィンストンに質問を浴びせてきます。

He began asking his questions in a low, expressionless voice, as though this were a routine, a sort of catechism, most of whose answers were known to him already.

“You are prepared to give your lives?”

“Yes.”

“You are prepared to commit murder?”

“Yes.”

“To commit acts of sabotage which may cause the death of hundreds of innocent people?”

“Yes.”

“To betray your country to foreign powers?”

“Yes.”

(175-76)

彼は低い、抑場のない声で質問をしはじめた。まるでこれがいつもの日課で、教理問答のようなものであり、答えのほとんどはすでにわかりきったものだともいうようだった。

「命を捧げる覚悟はあるか？」

「はい」

「人を殺す覚悟はあるか？」

「はい」

「何百という無辜の民を巻き添えにするような破壊工作は？」

「はい」

「外国勢力のために国を裏切るのは？」

「はい」

地の文でも言及がありますが、このやり取りはどこか機械的で、ふつうの会話における質疑応答とは違って聞こえます。まるで問いと答えとがあらかじめ決められているかのようです。そういう意味ではキリスト教の教理問答(カテキズム)とそっくりで、教理を覚えるための思考の“練習”のようなものとも聞こえる。

そこであらためて注目したいのが、言葉の明瞭さです。有無を言わせぬとばかりに、意味内容が突きつけられてくる。こんな当たり前のことを強調するのは、引用部分に続く地の文では対照的に、意味内容の不明瞭さこそが描出されているからです。たとえばオブライエンの質問がウィンストンとジュリアとの関係に及んだときのこと。

“You are prepared, the two of you, to separate and never see one another again?”

“No!” broke in Julia.

It appeared to Winston that a long time passed before he answered. For a moment he seemed even to have been deprived of the power of speech. (176-77)

「君たち二人は、離ればなれになって二度と会わない覚悟はあるか？」

「ないわ！」ジュリアが割りこんできた。

自分が口を開くまでにかかなり長い時間が経過したようにウィンストン

は思った。しばらくの間は、しゃべる力を失ってしまったようにさえ感じた。

地の文に入った途端に、appeared とか seemed といった語が続き、いかにウィンストンの知覚が曖昧かが示されます。しかも彼ははっきり言葉で自分を表現することができない (he seemed even to have been deprived of the power of speech.)。ウィンストンと世界との間には一枚の膜がはさまったかのようで、どうもすっきりと意味のやり取りが行われないのです。しかし、その曖昧さを突き破るようにして、妙にはっきりした言葉が割り込んでくる、ということになっている。

こうした“割り込み”は、次のような箇所でも印象的に発生しています。ある意味では作品の芯をなす部分と言えるでしょう。いよいよふたりが禁書とされているゴールドスタインの著書を手に入れる場面です。

A heavy black volume, amateurishly bound, with no name or title on the cover. The print also looked slightly irregular. The pages were worn at the edges, and fell apart easily, as though the book had passed through many hands. The inscription on the title-page ran:

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE
OF OLIGARCHICAL COLLECTIVISM

by Emmanuel Goldstein

[Winston began reading.]

Chapter 1.

IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH

Throughout recorded time, and probably since the end of the Neolithic Age, there have been three kinds of people in the world, the High, the Middle, and the Low. They have been subdivided in many ways, they have borne countless different names, and their relative numbers, as well as their attitude towards one another, have varied from age to age; but the essential structure of society has never altered.

(188)

重たい黒い本で、作りもつたなく、表の装丁には著者名もタイトルもなかった。印字も少しでこぼこだ。頁は隅がすり切れ、容易にばらばらになる。いろんな人の手を渡ってきたかのようにだった。扉には次のように記されている。

独裁的集産主義の理論と実践

エマニュエル・ゴールドスタイン著

(ウィンストンは読み始めた)

第一章

無知は力

有史以来ずっと、そしておそらく新石器時代の終わり頃までさかのぼれるだろうが、世界にいるのは三種類の人々である。高級層、中間層、

低級層である。それぞれが種々の形で分けられ、さまざまな名前を持ち、時代によって数の上での比率や、お互いの関係なども変化してきたが、社会の本質的な構造はまったく変わっていない。

本はくすんで安っぽく、表にはタイトルもないし、印刷の文字も不揃いだという。ところが、実際に本の中で語られる言葉は、ここでもたいへんはっきりしています。力がみなぎってさえる。本の引用に先立つ地の文が、躊躇するウィンストンのおっかなびっくりな手つきを反映して、薄暗いぼやけた雰囲気を与えてくるのとはだいぶ違います。

このような箇所をたどっていくと、この作品にある今ひとつのプロットのようなものが見えてきます。どうやら『一九八四年』という小説で大事なものは、ウィンストンの個人史や、ウィンストンとジュリアの恋の顛末や、拷問をめぐるサスペンスとといったいかにも小説的な展開の部分だけではなく、曖昧模糊とした世界に、明瞭なものが割って入ることで表現される“視界鮮明化”の作用のようなものではないかと思うのです。つまり、そこでは絶えず“発見”の物語が語られている。しかし、その“発見”は物語内の出来事として起きるのではなく、むしろ出来事の“停止”や“寸断”として生ずるのです。雑音をいろいろ拾うような、いかにも小説的なやわらかい散文が、堅固で明晰なイデオロギーの言葉によって寸断され圧倒される、その過程を私たち読者が「うわっ」という思いとともに一種の発見として体験する、そのプロセスのすべてが『一九八四年』という作品の骨格をなしているのではないかと。もっと言うと、『一九八四年』という作品は、それが小説でなくなる瞬間にこそ作品とし

てひとつの完成に達するということになる。

なぜウィンストンは中年なのか？

こんなふうに考えてみると、「あ、そういえば!」と思い当てることがあります。主人公のウィンストンの39歳という年齢です。どうしてウィンストンはわざわざ中年男と設定されているのでしょうか。そのもっともわかりやすい理由はおそらく、主人公をこのような年齢に設定することで、1984年という年に1948年を思い出そうとすることが可能になる、ということがあるでしょう。1984年に39歳なら、1948年には3歳くらい。だから、かろうじて当時の風景が記憶に残っていたりする。

たしかに『一九八四年』は記憶をめぐる物語として展開します。かつて妻だった女性の記憶。母の記憶。幼年時代の、別の世界の記憶。オセアニアの戦ってきた戦争の記憶。蒸発した人間たちの記憶。ウィンストンは記憶にとりつかれた人間として描かれます。それも覚えている記憶にとりつかれているのではなく、失った記憶にこそとりつかれている。失った記憶をたぐりよせようとするのが、ウィンストンの人生のモチベーションにさえなっている。しかし、まさにそのような歴史・時間意識ゆえに、彼は思想警察による処罰を受けることにもなります。

ただ、これが“39歳”という設定にこめられたすべてではありません。もうひとつ大事なことがある。彼は単なる39歳ではなく、39歳であることの“老い”を背負った人物なのです。階段も上れないくらいに体力のない、静脈瘤の浮き出た39歳。だからこそ、彼は思い出すことができないのです。彼が記憶にとりつかれ、必死に忘れつつあることを思い出そうとするのは、

まさに老いた中年として、今までできたことができなくなりつつある危機感に襲われているからでしょう。脳の働きが鈍り、知覚や記憶は衰え、目の前の世界には鮮明さが失われてしまった。つい数年前のこともはっきりとは思い出せない。

もちろん、『一九八四年』の執筆時、著者であるオーウェルが結核のためにたいへん衰弱していたということも考慮に入れる必要があるでしょう。⁴ また、第二次大戦中、空襲におびえていたロンドン市民の心境を、オーウェルが「半麻酔」という言葉で描写しているのも参考になる(I don't know whether this semi-anæsthesia in which the British people contrive to live is a sign of decadence ... or whether ... it is a kind of instinctive wisdom.' [Collected Essays, 385])。自身の衰弱や戦争下の人々の心理は、この作家にとっては恰好の材料だったのです。そういうものを元に、老化を感じたり世界に違和感を覚えたりするウィンストンという人物が作り上げられた。これはほぼ間違いないでしょう。しかし、言うまでもなく、それで終わりなのではありません。私たちはそうやってオーウェルが用意してくれたものを、あらためて文章の仕掛けとして読む必要がある。

そこであらためて気になるのは、“鬱”の作用です。世界が遠く不鮮明に感じられるとか、世界の生々しさを実感できないといった感覚は、英文学の中でしばしば用いられてきた“鬱”の症状を連想させます。ワーズワスからイェイツに至るまでの広い意味でのロマン主義的な詩人は、しばしば感動の欠如や知覚機能停止などからくる疎外感や不安を出発点にして、その克服の軌跡を詩にしていたわけですが、『一九八四年』という小説も、39歳の男の早すぎた老化からくる“鬱”が出発点にあると

いう点ではそれと類似した構成になっているように思えます。
 “鬱”に伴う重苦しい気分、病の意識、知覚の鈍化、記憶の喪失
 といった要素が物語のいわばデフォルトとしてあり、それが早
 すぎた老化であるからこそ、回復の可能性も夢想される。春の
 再来が、束の間、期待される。

しかし、“鬱”からの回復は晴れやかな気分の広がりによって
 成就されることはありません。訪れるのはむしろ、激しい鮮明
 な痛みなのです。“鬱”特有の得体の知れない鈍い苦しみに、明
 瞭な苦痛が、まるで霞がかかったぼんやりした世界から霞を追い
 散らすようにして割って入ってくる。ときにはその苦痛は、ネ
 ズミに目玉を食いちぎられるというようなおぞましいイメージ
 に結晶したりします。

はじめからわかっている“答え”

小説のとくに後半部で目につくのは、物理的な暴力よりも言
 葉による暴力です。小説の中でもとりわけぞっとするような思
 いをさせるのは、ふたりきりのはずのウィンストンとジュリア
 の部屋にいきなり「声」が響くところでしょう。

“We are the dead,” he said.

“We are the dead,” echoed Julia dutifully.

“You are the dead,” said an iron voice behind them.

They sprang apart. Winston's entrails seemed to have
 turned into ice. He could see the white all round the
 irises of Julia's eyes. Her face had turned a milky yellow.
 The smear of rouge that was still on each cheekbone
 stood out sharply, almost as though unconnected with

the skin beneath.

“You are the dead,” repeated the iron voice.

“It was behind the picture,” breathed Julia.

“It was behind the picture,” said the voice. “Remain
 exactly where you are. Make no movement until you are
 ordered.” (227)

「僕たちは死者だ」と彼は言った。

「私たちは死者」ジュリアは従順に繰り返した。

「君たちは死者だ」二人の背後から冷たい声が言った。

二人は飛び上がらんばかりに身を離れた。ウィンストンははらわたが
 凍りついたような気分だった。ジュリアの目が見開かれて、虹彩のまわ
 りにはたつぷり白目が見える。顔は白みがかかった黄色に染まっていた。
 両頬にまだ残る頬紅の染みはくっきりと目立ち、まるでその下の皮膚と
 は無関係のようだった。

「君たちは死者だ」冷たい声が繰り返した。

「絵の後ろから」ジュリアがささやいた。

「絵の後ろからだ」と声が告げた。「そこにいろ。命令されるまで一歩
 も動くんじゃない」

ここでも例によって“割り込み”が言葉の暴力性をいっそう際だ
 たせているわけで、それが命令の形をとっているのもおもしろ
 い。ただ、何より注目したいのは、この指図が、いぶかるジュ
 リアやウィンストンに対する“答え”の形をとっているというこ
 とです。つまり“割り込み”の言葉は、ウィンストンの周囲の世
 界に蔓延する不確かさに対する答えとして、解説として、説明
 として聞こえてくるようなのです。そういう意味では、それは
 彼らが自ら招いたものだとも言える。しかし、いくら答えを求

めているとはいえ、彼らはほんとうに答えを与えられるべきなのではないでしょうか？

この場面、“It was behind the picture”とつぶやくジュリアの言葉に対し、ほとんどオウム返しのように「声」が“It was behind the picture”と繰り返すというあたりには、答えを期待していない問いに対してなぜか答えが返されてしまったような、下手をすると喜劇寸前に聞こえるような珍妙さがあるように思います。答えを想定していない修辞疑問に答えが返されてしまうような、だぶついた感じがある。しつこい。

ここに限らず『一九八四年』の中では、すでに言われたことやすでにわかっていること、言わなくてもいいことが、いちいち答えや解説や説明という形をとって提示されています。このような状況は、『一九八四年』という小説における独特な言葉のあり方を示しているのではないのでしょうか。問題なのは、答えが出されることそのものではなく、答えが提示されたときの受け取り方なのです。この小説には、問われる前から答えがわかっているという感覚がとても強くある。先に引用した問答のやり取りはカテキズムに喩えられていましたが (as though this were a routine, a sort of catechism, most of whose answers were known to him already)、ここでも「答えがあらかじめわかっている」という言い方がされています。オブライエンによる拷問を受けているウィンストンにもっともダメージを与えるのは、頭の中で何を考えてもオブライエンが先回りして彼の思考を読んでしまうということです。彼は頭の中でさえ、当局の監視から自由になれない、それだけ逃れようがない状況になっているわけですが、考えてみるとこれも、「口に出す前から何をしゃべ

るかがあらかじめわかっている」という意味では、すべてがあらかじめわかっているという状況の一部なのだと言えます。

鍵になるのは、思い出すという行為なのかもしれません。教理を覚えるために問答を繰り返すカテキズムの訓練が象徴的に示すのは、思い出すということが、あらかじめ知っていることをあらためて知った気分にするための一種の儀式だということです。この儀式は、ある意味で、知ることをめぐる私たちの限界をも示唆します。私たちはすでに知っていることを知ることしかできないのではないか。

ゴールドスタインの書物を読んだウィンストンが抱くのも、まさにこのような考えでした。ただ、この時点でウィンストンは、あらかじめ知っていることしか知ることができないことの忌まわしさについては充分にはわかっていないので、むしろ同志を得たかのような興奮にひたっています。

The book fascinated him, or more exactly it reassured him. In a sense it told him nothing that was new, but that was part of the attraction. It said what he would have said, if it had been possible for him to set his scattered thoughts in order . . . The best books, he perceived, are those that tell you what you know already.

(208; 下線引用者)

本はとてもおもしろかった。いや、より正確に言えば、心強く思ったのである。ある意味では新しいことは何もなかったが、そこがまたよかった。本には、もし彼が自分の乱れた思考を整理できれば、彼自身が言ったであろうことが記されていた。(中略)最良の本というものは自分がず

で知っていることを教えてくれるものだ、と彼は感じた。

この引用箇所の文章そのものに注目してください。言葉の使い方に関して気づくことがないでしょうか。or more exactly (より正確に言うとか、In a sense (ある意味では)といった決まり文句を用いることで、ひとつひとつの文が、その直前に述べられたことの“言い換え”となるように演出されているのです。そもそも“明瞭化”や“からみ”のポーズも、この“言い換え”の演出の一環なのかもしれません。こうした部分から見えてくるのは、『一九八四年』の文章が、文から文への移行のレベルにおいても、どこことなく“あらかじめ知っていることしか伝えない”というパタンを意識させる作りになっているということです。文が、あくまで先行する文を繰り返すかのようにして継起する。

ストーリーの上では、ウィンストンはやがて厳しい現実直面することになります。すでに知っていることをあらためて知るということは、魅了したり勇気を与えてくれたりするどころか、むしろ絶望の淵に彼を突き落とす。抽象的なイデオロギーの言葉が散文的に世界を切断するととても暴力的に響くけれど、その暴力性のほんとうの由来は、切断そのものより、自分たちがすでに知っていることを再認識しているにすぎないという自滅と閉塞の気分にこそあると言えます。この「すぎない」という感覚ゆえに、登場人物は、そして読者である私たちも、より深い絶望と諦めの境地に追いこまれるのです。

こう考えてくると、人が『一九八四年』について“読んだふり”をしてしまうということの意味がはっきりしてくるようになります。私たちが、ほんとうに『一九八四年』を読んだ場合

にも、まるで“読んだふり”をしているにすぎないような気分になるのは、この作品の言葉に、「あなたはあなたがすでに知っていることをあらためて思い出しているにすぎないですよ」という感覚が伴っているからなのです。それが既知の「答え」の割り込みという形で、いやらしい衝撃とともに突きつけられるところにこの作品の持ち味がある。とすると、『一九八四年』を上手に読むとは、「自分は『一九八四年』を読んでなどいない。ほんとうはあらかじめ知っていることをあらためて知っただけなのだ。自分はむしろ『一九八四年』を読んだふりをしているだけなのだ」というような「ニセ読書」の境地に達することなのかもしれません。『一九八四年』を読むとは、『一九八四年』を読んだことを否定することにほかならないのです。

何ということでしょう。もしこれが『一九八四年』が「読んだふり本」の一位に輝いたことの背景にある真相だとすると、何とも手の込んだ小説だと言わざるを得ません。

注

- 1 「一九八四年」がどのような現実世界を諷刺しているかについては、これまでもさまざまな批評家がコメントしてきましたが、たとえばオーウェルの伝記の執筆者であるバーナード・クリックは、スターリン・ルーズベルト・チャーチルによる世界の分割から、マスメディアと「大衆」の誕生、全体主義的な権力への渴望など七つの点をあげて、作品の諷刺の対象を整理してみせています (*The Cambridge Companion to George Orwell*, 147)。
- 2 本書4章を参照。
- 3 『英語文章読本』10章を参照。
- 4 「一九八四年」執筆時のオーウェルの体調などについてはクリックを参照のこと (*George Orwell: A Life*, Ch.17)。

ジョージ・オーウェル (1903-1950)



イギリスの作家・ジャーナリスト。インド生まれ。イートン校を卒業後、ビルマの警察官となり、植民地の実態を目の当たりにする。スペイン内戦に共和国側として参加、人民戦線の内部抗争などを『カタロニア讃歌』(1938)で活写した。その後、左翼の全体主義を批判するようになり、スターリン治下のソ連を諷刺した『動物農場』(1945)、言語・思考を含めた生の全体が管理される社会を描いたディストピア小説『一九八四年』(1949)などを発表。

英語名言読本 ②

“絶望”と仲よしになるために
フィリップ・ラーキン

僕にはちょっと遅かった

英国の新聞は文学作品からの引用が豊富である。その“被引用ランキング”をリードするのはダントツでシェイクスピア。では、その次は？ となると明確な答えは出せないのだが、おそらく20世紀の文学者としては詩人のフィリップ・ラーキン(1922-85)が頭ひとつ抜けているのではないかなと思う。

中でもとりわけ有名なのは次の一節だ。

Sexual intercourse began
In nineteen sixty-three
(Which was rather late for me)